

# THE CHECK POINT

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# Chapter 1

Captain Kubeck turned a small wheel on the stocks clamped about Rachel Langford's naked breasts, driving the tip of a gleaming, screw-threaded bodkin a little deeper into their pillowy-soft sides. Rachel's scream of pain reverberated between the grim stone walls of Checkpoint One's interrogation room.

Checkpoint One was both the central customs post and police headquarters of the Duchy of Barovia, a small state that lay between Austria, Slovakia and the Czech Republic, and guarded access to and from its immediate neighbour to the east, Nove Krasnic. It occupied the west wing of a castle that had once been the home of a prince when their capitals, Strakensburg and Zilny, had been two halves of one great city but which now vied with each other for tourist business. Long ago the heart of the castle had been destroyed by fire and demolished leaving only its opposing wings and ancient walled gardens intact. Now the boarder ran along the crest of the low hills that were the southern extremity of the Little Carpathians and through the castle's former central courtyard, which was now a popular crossing point for tourists. During her stay in Barovia Rachel herself had passed across it several times without incident, until today...

'All I want is the truth, Miss Langford,' Kubeck said in his almost faultless English. 'And with a suspected terrorist sympathiser such as yourself I will go to any lengths to get it. Although Barovia is on friendly terms with the European Union we are not restricted by any of its laws about the treatment of prisoners. As you see we have our own methods of questioning suspects. They may seem harsh to you but they've served us well for many years...'

Rachel's arms were drawn up about her head by heavy rubber-lined wrist cuffs strung from a chain that passed over a pulley bolted to one of the dark oak roof beams and down to a windlass mounted on the wall. Her legs were spread wide by more rubber-lined cuffs closed about her ankles and fastened to the ends of an iron bar, which was in turn secured by a snap hook to a recessed ring set in the heavy worn floorboards. Between the two sets of

restraints her body twisted and swayed tautly in a futile struggle to escape her fear and pain.

A chain looped round the back of Rachel's neck supported the stocks imprisoning her breasts. These were two short thick wooden planks with inner sides butted together and linked at each end by long heavy bolts and wing nuts. Pairs of scallops cut out of the boards encircled her breasts and squeezed them into fleshy balloons. On the outer faces of the boards were a dozen screw-threaded bodkins with small knurled adjusting wheels for heads. They passed through pivoting sleeves arranged in threes and set out in arcs about each scallop so that their points faced inwards. These had been advanced until their tips were pressed deeply into the swollen side of Rachel's imprisoned breasts.

Collar-length dark hair framed Rachel's open, pretty face and large brown eyes that were now red-rimmed with tears. Her skin was pale and clear and there was a feminine fleshiness about her breasts, buttocks and hips that accentuated their curves. Her nipples were normally a virginal pink but were now flushed darker by the abuse they had suffered. A bikini-line-trimmed but still thick tangle of dark hair capped her pubic mound.

'I...I've told you the truth again and again,' Rachel sobbed wretchedly. 'I'm not a terrorist! It's all a mistake! Please let me go!'

However her words went unheeded. Kubeck's hard face did not soften and the green-uniformed guards who had escorted her into the chamber continued to gaze on her naked, chained and tormented body with appreciative interest but no sign of mercy. Her shameful exposure mortified Rachel almost as much as the pain in her clamped and pinned breasts. She had always been rather shy and until today Brian was the only man who had seen her naked. Now she was bared and degraded before total strangers.

Once more Kubeck held up a piece of paper in front of Rachel's face. 'Do you call this a mistake?' he demanded.

The paper was thin, almost translucent, and regularly creased, as though it had been folded up tightly. It was covered in columns of small print together with a few diagrams.

Kubeck pointed: 'Calls for the death to all unbelievers... the overthrow of Zionist capitalism... praise for suicide-bomb martyrs... advice on recruiting people to the cause... bomb-making instructions. This is practically a fundamentalist terrorist handbook. And it was found in your possession.'

'But it's not mine,' Rachel sobbed, 'I've never seen it before... ahhhh!'

Kubeck had tightened another screw, driving one of the bodkins deeper into the underside of her trembling left breast. The array of rods was indenting her yielding flesh frighteningly deeply. She could only see the top six. Had the ones on the undersides broken her skin yet? Was that blood or sweat she could feel on her chest? She imagined them being screwed on, skewering through her mammaries and meeting in the middle. What would that feel like? Yet despite the pain and fear, or perhaps because of them, her nipples were perversely erect, adding to her shame.

'Tell me again why you went to Zilny,' Kubeck said.

Rachel drew in a shuddering breath and fought to keep her voice steady against the pain and crushing embarrassment she felt speaking to the man who had reduced her to such a pitiful state. She tried to look over Kubeck's shoulder rather than meet those piercing eyes but he slapped her cheek and twisted her chin round.

'No, do not hide your face from me when you speak.'

Blushing furiously she choked out: 'I... I've been staying in Strakensburg with my boyfriend Brian Wilts for the music festival. But we had a stupid argument yesterday he went off and left me. I was feeling miserable so I walked over the hill to Zilny. It doesn't take long. There was a market and lots of small stalls. A man selling jewellery called out to me...'

'Can you describe him?'

'Uh... well he had a thick beard and a sort of skull-cap thing... and darkish skin.'

‘Did you notice the name of the stall?’

‘No... there was a small faded sign... I couldn’t read it.’

‘Go on.’

‘He showed me several pieces. There was a nice amber pendant. It was quite cheap so I bought it. I kept the receipt to show at the customs desk when I came back like you’re suppose to. I hadn’t noticed until then that it was so smudged you couldn’t read it properly. Then customs man opened up the back of the pendant and found that paper...’

And then they had taken her through to this forbidding room. It had high, barred lancet windows, store cupboards, some heavy high-backed chairs and against one wall what looked like a huge dark oak wardrobe that extended from floor to ceiling. Here she had first seen Kubeck seated behind a big desk: a lean man in his forties, looking immaculate in his crisp smart uniform, with close-cut iron-grey hair, a thin goatee beard and moustache and piercing grey eyes. He had examined the contents of her bag, the pendant and the hidden document and then ordered Rachel to strip for a body search to see if she was carrying any more prohibited items. When she hesitated the guards had jabbed her with the battens they carried hooked to their belts, except they were not battens but electric cattle prods. While she was too shocked to resist they had stripped her by force and Kubeck had examined every piece of her clothing. Then the guards had held her bent over the back of a chair while Kubeck had examined her body cavities. His hard rubber-gloved fingers had probed inside her, not just her vagina but her rectum as well. She had sobbed and squirmed and Kubeck had slapped her bottom and warned her to keep still. Nobody had ever treated her like that before. She could do nothing to stop him feeling her intimate hot wetness. When he was finished she thought at least she would be allowed to dress, but instead they had cuffed her arms above her and brought out the terrible stocks and it seemed that from then on she had not stopped crying...

Kubeck was looking at her thoughtfully. ‘Perhaps you have simply been the victim of a cruel hoax,’ he said. ‘Or possibly this paper was intended for somebody else and it was passed to you by mistake.’

Rachel's heart lifted. 'Yes, that's it!'

'However,' Kubeck continued grimly, 'that does not explain this...' He held up a copy of the guidebook to Strakensburg that had been in her bag. 'Is this yours?'

Rachel was confused. 'Yes, but I...'

Kubeck flipped it open at the foldout map of the city and held it up to the light so Rachel could see. Half a dozen bright pinpoints shone out of the page.

'If you are innocent why are the locations of the police headquarters, the main power station, the central telephone exchange, the Duke's Palace and several other key sites all marked by pinholes? That's an odd selection for a genuine tourist to make. If you had to highlight them why not use a clear pencil mark, unless you wanted to hide your interest. Are they targets for your bombs?'

'No... I didn't... I mean... I don't know...' Rachel stammered.

'Possessing one item of incriminating evidence might be misfortune, but a second is stretching coincidence too far...'

There was a flash and crack as Kubeck's shock batten jabbed quickly into the heavy under-swells of Rachel's imprisoned breasts, left and then right. She shrieked as burning electric hammers seemed to slam into her. She had never experienced such sharp deliberate pain delivered with such cruel calculation before. It left her shaking and sobbing uncontrollably. Her mind was spinning. This could not be happening to her. It was a nightmare...

Kubeck grasped her hair and pulled her head up. Rachel blinked the tears from her eyes to find herself staring into Kubeck's implacable face.

'They're recruiting people like you now: a foolish girl from a good family who would be easily led. I suppose you were told to keep your western dress and manners so you'd blend in. When were you converted?'



‘I... I wasn’t... uhhh!’

He had pressed the tip of his batten into her hard right nipple and she jerked like a puppet in her chains as the jolt tore through her, leaving her nipple burning, stinging and pulsing fiercely.

‘Admit it: you had that paper all along and simply transferred it to the pendant so you could claim it was not yours if it was found, just as you have done. Maybe you had other copies and have already passed them on. We’ll find out when we search your hotel room.’

‘No...ahhh!’

He had shocked her left nipple. Her entire breast seemed to burn.

‘Did you come to the music festival to make new contacts and convert others? Perhaps you see Barovia as a small vulnerable state ripe to be destabilised.’

‘No!’

He was dragging the tip of the shock batten down her body over her tremulous belly and through her pubic curls until it slipped into the mouth of her vagina. Cold metal contacts pressed into the folds of her warm wet tender flesh. Why was she so wet? Oh God, no, her clitoris was growing hard. How could it react like this? Yet even as Rachel whimpered in terror Kubeck’s slate-grey eyes bored into her, so masterful and dominating. He would do it. Nobody had ever handled her like this. She wanted to hate him but instead was filled with the frightening insight that this was perfectly natural. He was a powerful man and she was just a helpless naked bound girl. She felt the will to resist draining out of her.

‘Was this so called break-up between you and your boyfriend all part of your strategy? Will he return with materials for you bombs after you have selected the targets?’

Rachel knew what was going to happen but she could only tell the truth.  
‘No.... ahhhheeee...!’

The pain was unbelievable and seemed unending, setting her hips jerking as though in an obscene parody of sexual frenzy. Her wetness carried the current through every intimate crevice and deep up inside her. Her pussy was on fire, exploding, spasming, pulsing, shuddering, while her clitoris was a beacon of delirious pain. She was impaled on a rod of torment crackling within her. Hot pee erupted from her cleft and sprayed across the floor in fitful jets. Something seemed to explode in her brain and she sagged limply in her chains.

When Rachel's senses returned the terrible pain had gone, though her vulva was still a throbbing gash of tingling flesh that seemed to have been freshly cut out of her. Yet at first that did not seem to matter. She felt dreamily light-headed, almost as if she was drunk. It took her a few seconds to realise she was standing over a cooling puddle of her own urine. There were splashes of it on her thighs. It was still dripping out of her. A new burden of shame descended about her shoulders. She had wet herself like a child in front of strangers.

Kubeck was wiping his hands on a cloth. Oh God, had she peed over him as well? No, no, no...

He was staring at her thoughtfully. 'I admit you do stick to your story. It's a pity if it's true, but I have my duty to do. We shall alert our colleagues in Zilny and they will no doubt investigate this jewellery stall you spoke of, but since on balance the hard evidence suggests your guilt, I must according to international law also inform your Embassy, National Police force and Europol.'

Despite her sense of personal crushing shame, the idea of all those organizations becoming involved with her misfortune appalled Rachel. 'Why?' she croaked.

'Because terrorism has serious international implications and you are a foreign citizen,' Kubeck said harshly. 'The Americans might even get involved. Who can tell nowadays.'

'Please,' Rachel begged in a tiny voice, 'can I call my family, or a lawyer...

somebody?’

‘You will say “Sir” when you speak to me,’ Kubeck corrected her. ‘You’re a state prisoner now so you’ll address me respectfully at all times, do you understand?’

‘Yes... Sir.’

‘And no, you cannot call anybody. You might be warning other members of a terrorist cell for all we know. You’ll be taken away, kept isolated and interrogated further. The first thing your family and friends will know about it is likely to be an early morning raid by your security services. This boyfriend of yours will also have to be arrested, of course. Over the next few months your life and that of everybody connected with you will be picked apart until there are no secrets left.’

The full implications of what he was saying penetrated Rachel’s numbed mind. It would be a whole new kind of violation, and not just for her personally. ‘They can’t treat everybody I know like that, Sir,’ she choked out miserably.

The corner of his mouth turned up in what might have been a sympathetic smile. ‘I’m afraid they can treat people like that, girl. Threats from potential terrorists are taken very seriously nowadays, as you must know. The pity is that even if they eventually find nothing the suspicion remains, especially after the news media learn of it. Do you have a responsible press in your country?’

Rachel thought of screaming banner headlines in the red top newspapers and shuddered. ‘No, Sir.’

‘Ah, a pity.’ He sighed. ‘In Barovia we deal with guilt or innocence more directly without such fuss and give people a chance to prove their word alone. The old laws still have a lot to teach us in this complicated modern age.’

There seemed to be a thin straw of hope in his words and Rachel clutched at it. She was so low that nothing she did now could possibly make her situation

any worse. 'Please, Sir, what old laws?'

'The old laws that used to be enforced here in medieval times, long before wars and the communists swallowed up Barovia. Some were created especially to allow women to prove their word when they had few other rights. We still use their methods to discipline our more troublesome females, or to determine the truth in difficult cases. But they were ordeals to punish or test tough peasants, not soft western girls like you, even if they could be applied to your case.'

He stepped towards the phone on his desk.

'But if I was judged by them what would happen, Sir?' Rachel persisted.

'You'd suffer, of course. That's unavoidable. You may after all be a threat to our country and we must determine the truth. However, your family and friends would be spared the shame of learning what you might be until they had to. And if you were found innocent then they would never have to know. But as I said they're not for your kind...'

It was a choice between private pain or public shame, but was she brave enough to take it? A tiny spark of resentment at being dismissed so casually flared inside Rachel. She still had a little pride left... and Kubeck clearly had a lot more.

'Please Sir,' she asked meekly. 'What comes first: international law or the law of Barovia?'

'Barovian law, of course,' Kubeck said.

'And... could I ask to be judged by Barovian law?'

'Had you committed a purely domestic crime then naturally you would be judged by our laws. We have some foreign women in our dungeons right now. But as I said your case has international implications and so international authorities must become involved.'

Horror of being labelled a terrorist seemed to lend Rachel inspiration. 'But

only if I was found guilty, Sir. If I'm innocent then all that investigation is a waste of time and there would be no international implications. And I know I'm innocent. I'll do anything to prove that.'

Kubeck fixed her with his gimlet gaze. 'Anything? Are you sure?'

Rachel felt herself wilting under his stare but willed herself not to turn aside. 'Anything, Sir.'

Kubeck gave a dismissive chuckle. 'You don't know what you're saying. You think what I've done to you in this room is bad?' He flicked her nipples, making her wince. 'You think these pins in your pretty titties hurt? If you were judged according to the old laws then you would face an ordeal in keeping with the times they were first conceived. They used pain and humiliation to test and punish, and not over an hour but days. You would be kept naked like an animal, denied any privacy and abused sexually in every way. That's called *permezatenci*, which means a "permitted violation", legally sanctioned: one you would have brought on yourself. Even if you are telling the truth you're not strong enough to see it through.'

Rachel gulped but said: 'Please, Sir, if there's any chance, I want to prove I'm innocent right here and now. I don't want my friends and family to suffer. I don't want to make any... trouble.'

Even as she said it she knew it sounded like classic middle-class fear of a scandal but it was true. Innocent or not it would all be her fault and she could not stand that.

'Hmm....' Kubeck walked round her taut bound body, looking her up and down thoughtfully and examining her from every angle, as though assessing her strength and determination. Rachel swivelled her eyes to try to follow him, feeling her heart thudding. She was amazed at her own sudden boldness even as she was terrified of where it might lead.

Kubeck stroked and pinched her fleshy buttocks and then he slid his fingers into the humid valley between them, toying with the crinkled mouth of her anus. 'Anything?'

Rachel trembled. 'Anything, Sir.'

Without warning he slapped her bottom so hard the crack of her flesh rippling under his hand rang back from the walls. 'Anything?'

Rachel gasped and blinked back fresh tears, but replied: 'Anything, Sir.'

He came round to stand before her. Ramming stiff fingers into the mouth of her sex he pumped them in and out of her vaginal passage meaningfully, rubbing her clitoris with his thumb as he did so.

'Anything?'

Even as she shuddered and rolled her eyes at this rough penetration Rachel felt herself helplessly lubricating afresh. Oh God, he could feel her response, she thought as she burned with shame. What kind of slut would he think she was? And this was just a taste of what was to come. She was a quietly brought up English girl. How could she possibly agree to such a barbaric test? He was right and she was not strong enough. She must give herself up to civilized law.

'Anything, Sir,' she said, wondering at her own words.

Taking hold of a nipple each between his thumb and forefinger Kubeck pinched and lifted firmly. Her already unnaturally bulging breasts were stretched upward into soft pale cones, digging the tips of the bodkins even deeper into them. She felt her skin being pierced and hot blood begin to well up about them. She screamed inside but only a gurgle of pain passed her lips. So that was what real pain felt like while staring into the eyes of a torturer.

'Anything?' he asked, holding them taut.

She whimpered: 'Anything... Sir.'

Kubeck let her nipples go and her breasts dropped back with a wobble, dragging the steel points through her flesh. But it was a small step down in pain that left her dizzy with relief and warmed by a strange flush of pride that

she had not begged for release.

Kubeck smiled and patted her head. 'It seems you have some courage after all. And it might save some tedious paperwork. Very well, I promise nothing but I'll make a call to determine the legal situation...'

He went to his desk picked up the phone.

Rachel watched him with helpless intensity. She was aware of the steady throbbing pain in her imprisoned breasts and a few thin trickles of blood running round their plump curves. Yesterday such wounds would have horrified her but suddenly they were not as important as Kubeck and his phone call.

Kubeck spoke in his own language for some minutes, occasionally making notes on a pad. Then he said a curt goodbye and put the receiver down. He took a digital camera from a drawer then came back over to stand in front of Rachel. He drew a finger across the underside of her hot, trembling breast, gathering a smear of blood that he showed to her.

'You understand if this happens you will suffer like this and worse?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'If this was to be permitted how long could you stay in Boravia without causing problems, assuming you could, under strict supervision of course, phone or send postcards home to assure family or friends you were well?'

'Uh... about three weeks, maybe a month, Sir.'

'Good. Twenty-one days is the minimum duration of your ordeal that I could get them to accept.'

Rachel felt a surge of pitiful gratitude. 'Oh... thank you, Sir.'

'Don't thank me, girl, this is justice and there are conditions.' He held up the camera and pointed it at her face, setting it recording. 'First you must make the traditional declaration for the official records. At least nowadays you do not have to stand naked in front of a court to do so. Repeat after

me...’

Rachel did so, and found herself saying: ‘I declare I am innocent of the charge against me. I am prepared to sacrifice my body and my honour and embrace torment to prove my word.’

‘Good,’ Kubeck said, still recording. ‘Now, you will be kept under conditions of maximum security at all times. You will be adequately fed and watered but it will not be comfortable. That is part of your trial. Any attempt to escape will be severely punished. Do you understand?’

Rachel gulped. ‘Yes, Sir.’

‘Your suffering will be recorded to ensure it is genuine. At the end of your ordeal a court will view the records and judge if it has been sufficient. Each day you will be asked if you maintain your innocence. If you are broken and admit your guilt we will give you to Europol with all the evidence we have found, do you understand?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘If at the end of the ordeal you still maintain your innocence you will be free to leave our country without a stain on your character. But if afterwards you ever reveal you were arrested or anything about the case we will be compelled to hand over the evidence and let international law take its course again, with serious consequences for both you and your family, do you understand?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘Then I shall arrange for your possessions at the hotel to be stored. For the next three weeks you do not exist as a person, just a number on our records.’

He turned off the camera.

One of the green guards had opened up the cupboard. Now he came forward with a chain leash. Kubeck clipped one end to a ring in the front of Rachel’s breast stocks. The other guard was turning the handle of the windlass that



controlled the ceiling chain. The tension on Rachel's up-stretched arms relaxed and she lowered them, wincing as her shoulders protested. Kubeck unhooked them from the chain, freed one cuff, pulled her arms behind her back and secured them once more. Then he stooped and freed her ankle cuffs.

He took up the leash and gave a small tug. Rachel gasped as it twisted the breast stocks, digging the bodkins further into her flesh. She took a stumbling, stiff-legged step forward to ease the pain.

'You will follow at my heel,' he told her. 'You know what will happen if you resist.'

Rachel blinked back her tears. 'Yes, Sir.'

He led her over to the strange floor-to-ceiling wardrobe and opened its big double doors. Lights came on automatically revealing a small lift-cage. The "wardrobe" was actually a boxed-in lift shaft.

They stepped inside and Kubeck closed the doors. There was a brass control handle set on a numbered dial. He turned it to the lowest level.

'You're going down to the dungeons,' he told her with a thin smile. 'And there you'll show us how well you can suffer. I hope you do it prettily.'

He raised the chain, lifting and twisting the stock boards and digging the bodkins into her imprisoned breasts again. Rachel bit her lip, stifling a whimper of pain as fresh trickles of blood ran down the upper slopes of her breasts.

What had she done?

## Chapter 2

When the lift doors opened again Kubeck and Rachel stepped out into a stone-flagged windowless chamber lit by electric bulbs that seemed to fill it with shadows. Rachel blinked away her tears and saw the roof was formed by a series of interconnected barrel vaults supported by an array of massive stone piers.

A fat man in uniform trousers and rolled shirtsleeves was standing waiting for them. His double chin was blue with stubble. A shock batten and a large bundle of keys hung from his straining belt. He beamed and greeted Kubeck respectfully in Barovian.

There were walls of bars spanning the gaps between the pillars about them. Beyond them Rachel only saw more shadows. Within this enclosure the walls were hung with many racks of hooks from which dangled chains, rods, metal rings, straps, lashes, sinister phallic-shaped objects and things she could not even identify. In a corner was a pair of long low metal troughs with a water cooler bottles mounted on one end, a sink, and a squat toilet pit with a coiled hose beside it and a stained brass showerhead above it. Opposite them was a large store cupboard and big chair set before a solid table with a half eaten meal amongst the litter on its top.

‘We have a little English maid for the torment, Hodza,’ Kubeck said, switching to that language.

‘Ah, yes, Captain,’ Hodza said, also replying in English but with a thicker accent. He looked Rachel up and down lecherously. ‘I shall make her feel at home.’

Kubeck unscrewed the bodkins on Rachel’s breasts stocks. She shivered as they pulled out of her flesh, tipped with red. He unclamped the halves of the boards, revealing deep bands indented about their roots, unhooked the supporting chain and lifted it off her neck. The relief of having its weight removed from her shoulders was beyond belief.

‘Shall I clean her up for you, Captain?’ Hodza asked.

‘Yes, do so.’

Hodza lumbered over to a cupboard by the sink and came back with a lint pad soaked in disinfectant with which he wiped the blood off Rachel’s breasts, handling them with rough familiarity. Rachel winced as the chemical stung her cuts but once they were cleaned up they looked smaller than she had feared. Hodza closed them with a styptic pencil and then gave her breasts a final squeeze. ‘Hah, good udders here, Captain. Plenty of fun to have with them. You wish the usual set?’

‘Yes, Hodza.’

From the racks on the wall Hodza took down a bundle of items of dark leather and shiny metal and laid them out on the table. He handed them to Kubeck as he fastened them onto Rachel.

First was a broad collar hung with tethering rings and secured by a brass padlock. A metal disk like a large dog tag hung from its front ring stamped with letters and a number. Above this ring a ball gag nestled in a ring gag, both strung on pairs of rubber cords that ran round to eyelets riveted below the back ring of the collar.

Rachel shivered as Kubeck closed the collar about her neck, looking up helplessly into his eyes. She felt the weight and constraint of it against her skin and realized there was a metal core within the stitched leather that was itself polished on the inside from long contact with skin. How many girls had worn it before her? There was a click as Kubeck turned the key and let the padlock hang cold against her throat.

‘Open your mouth...’

She obeyed. That was all she could do now: obey and accept her fate.

He pulled the ball gag up from the front of the collar and jammed it between her teeth where it was held in place by the tension of the cords. ‘From now on you will only be permitted to talk when we allow it,’ he told

her. 'You will also hold you mouth open wide when required without speaking...' He pulled the ball gag out and replaced it with the ring gag, jamming it behind her teeth and forcing her mouth into an inviting "O". Rachel's eyes saucered as she realised the use her mouth could be put to in that state.

He swapped it with the ball gag once more. 'This one it better to bite on when you're in pain,' he said ominously.

Leather cuffs replaced the steel and rubber ones that had bound her wrists. They were fitted with rings and spring hooks that Kubeck used to clip them together in front of her. Matching cuffs went on her ankles.

To Rachel's surprise Kubeck then fitted her with high-heeled leather shoes with reinforced toecaps, matching her cuffs and collar. The straps padlocked about her ankles. The shoes felt heavy and solid, forcing her up onto her toes.

'They show off your legs and also prevent you from running effectively,' Kubeck explained, 'although you may be made to try for the fun of it. Hodza will show you their other use later.'

The last items looked like thinly padded leather boxing gloves and slid over her hands in the same way, forcing them to ball into fists. They had metal locking tabs that slid into the sides of her wrist cuff locks and clicked fast. This still allowed her to flex her wrists but clearly the gloves would not come off unless the cuffs were undone. Now she could hardly use her hands at all, far less do anything as delicate as working a spring hook. Turning them over Rachel saw the gloves had a pattern of thick cord piping stitched to their undersides, forming a semi-circle about the rims broken in the middle where both halves turned down to meet in a "V".

Kubeck must have read the dismay in her face. 'Don't worry, you won't have much need of your hands for the next few weeks,' he assured her.

Kubeck clipped the chain leash onto her new collar, then stepped back to look her up and down as she stood trembling before him. 'Now you look like a proper fekujo. Do you know what that means?'

Rachel shook her head

‘It means “Little pig”. All girls down here are just little numbered pigs.’ He tapped the tag on her collar. ‘You’re number 13, do you understand?’

She nodded miserably. That sounded horribly appropriate. They’d taken away her freedom, her dignity, her voice and her hands. Of course, the piping patterns on the gloves represented cloven hooves. They’d turned her hands into little trotters. Yes, she was an unlucky little animal.

‘Do you wish to welcome her properly, Captain?’ Hodza asked with a grin. ‘Cell Five is free.’

Rachel felt her stomach knot.

‘That will do perfectly.’

From a wall hook Hodza handed Kubeck a folded piece of black cloth that he opened up and pulled on over his head. It was an executioner’s hood that covered everything but his eyes and mouth.

Rachel shivered as his eyes glinted at her. ‘Over the next three weeks people wearing hoods like this one will test you, either in the old gardens or down here. You will never know their names or see their faces. All you need to know is that they have the right to try to break your will through pain, humiliation or both. Now I’m going to give you a taste of what to expect...’

Hodza unlocked a door in one of the barred walls, revealing a long arched corridor beyond with recessed doorways on each side. Kubeck led Rachel along the corridor. Each door was of heavy dark oak studded with large nail heads and bore a wrought iron number.

Kubeck paused in the doorway of number 5 and said softly in Rachel’s ear: ‘Remember this is all being recorded for the final judgement of your case, so don’t try to be brave. There are cameras in the cell but they’re quite unobtrusive. Best to forget them and behave naturally. You’re here to suffer and to be seen to suffer. Also remember, however shameful it may feel, an

orgasm is your friend...'

Then he opened the door and flipped a light switch.

The walls were whitewashed so it was quite bright, presumably for recording purposes. Automatically Rachel looked round for the cameras but saw none. Were they hidden by the stone covings that ran up the corners of the room? Other sinister shapes dragged her attention away from them. There was a rack of lashes and sex toys on the wall, while in the centre of the room stood a sturdy wooden trestle with a padded top.

A sense of unreality seemed to envelop Rachel as Kubeck bent her over the trestle. He didn't to explain anything to her anymore. There was no need. This was where it was going to happen, this was where she would be ra... No, that was too ugly and frightening a word to use. What was it, yes: *permezatenci*. It sounded less frightening in another language. Yes, this was an ordeal not a crime being perpetrated on her. It could not be a crime because the law permitted it and she had asked for it so that made it better. Didn't it?

He clipped her ankle and wrist cuffs to large staples hammered into the lower ends of the trestle legs, so that her hips and belly were pressed against its top and her heels lifted her bottom high in mute invitation, emphasising her total exposure. The cleft pout of her pussy and the cleavage of her buttocks were displayed before him, open and helpless. He could do what he liked to her. This was what she had begged for... the lesser of two evils, though it did not feel like that now.

Kubeck took a lash from the rack and trailed its pliant leather thongs through the gaping pink mouth of her vulva, working them back and forth. Rachel moaned and shuddered, rolling her eyes. What was he doing? Oh God, he was making the thongs wet! She was soaking them like a slut with her juices. Her clitoris was hard and erect. How could she do that? How could it feel so bad and good at the same time? Would it hurt more than the electric batten?

Swish, crack!

Searing fire blazed through her bottom as the thongs caressed her buttocks in their brief sadistic embrace, coiling up lovingly about her sex pouch to sting the orifice that had just fed them. She shrieked and bit on her gag and jerked at her bonds. The lash fell again from a different angle so no part of her rear escaped their attention. Blow after blow set her bottom shivering and burning as it turned from pink to scarlet. She writhed and sobbed, wanting to scream out that she was guilty and it was all a mistake and please, please stop. But all she could do was blubber and chew and dribble about her gag.

Then the lash fell to the floor, there was a rustle of cloth and Kubeck's hands gripped her hips. The head of his penis rammed between the lips of her sore red labia and his shaft filled her dripping vagina to the hilt.

He rammed into her again and again, harder than Brian had ever been, stretching her wide, using her for his pleasure and not hers. What she felt no longer mattered. He drove the breath from her and set her whimpering and snuffling. It was not love but raw male lust and she was just his poor little squeaking, squealing piggy.

He was making the trestle shake and her breasts jiggle and sway. She was clenching her sheath about his shaft by reflex as though she could soften his relentless pounding of her passage but it was too slippery because she was squelching and dripping.

Some seething liquid mass was boiling up inside her loins and straining to be released. She was going to orgasm! Then he grunted and she felt hot fluid spurting within her and thought for a second that she had burst but then her own dam gave way and flooded her with a surging wave of pleasure that filled her body and tore through her brain.

Ten minutes later Kubeck led Rachel back into Hodza's sanctum.

She tottered over the flagstones on her clicking heels, her hands fastened once more behind her back. She was feeling dazed and confused. The smarting of her raw backside made each step painful but that was not why she hung her head in the deepest shame. The insides of her thighs were slippery not only with Kubeck's sperm as it dribbled from her, degrading as

that was, but it was mingled with her own orgasmic juices. How could she have come? That was what you did when you enjoyed sex and how could she have enjoyed that? He had said, however shameful it felt, that an orgasm was her friend. Could that be true?

‘I hope she performed well, Captain,’ Hodza asked as he took her leash from Kubeck.

‘She was a lively little piggy,’ Kubeck said. He patted Rachel on her sore bottom. ‘Start her off in the sty tomorrow and treat her like dirt.’

‘Of course, Captain.’

Kubeck entered the lift and ascended, leaving Rachel alone with Hodza. The big man lifted her chin and grinned at her confused, tear-streaked face. She tried to turn aside.

‘No, piggy, you don’t get shy with Uncle Hodza, who will be wiping your bottom and pussy for you. You keep me happy and I look after you. Keep you clean and fed, yes?’ He slapped her cheek lightly until she forced a feeble frightened smile back about her gag. ‘Good. Now I put you in a training chain so you learn how to move...’

It was a single length of chain that ran through her collar ring and clipped to her ankle cuffs. It was so short she had to bend over until her head was nearly level with her hips. Hodza led her round the chamber by her leash and she stumbled after him humiliatingly hunched over with her bottom stuck out trying to balance on her high heels with her breasts swaying under her.

‘That is how piggies walk on two legs. Now on four...’

He freed her wrists and pushed her down onto her knees and gloved hands.

‘Lift your feet to me...’

She did so. He took a hex key from the bunch on his belt, slid it into a small socket in the insteps of her shoes and twisted. Rachel felt something click under the balls of her feet.



‘Now try to stand...’

She gasped in pain. There were what felt like small spikes pressing up from the soles of the shoes into the balls of her feet. Rachel quickly dropped back down onto her knees.

‘When we say you go on four legs, you go on four legs not two, yes?’

Rachel nodded.

He led her round the room again by her leash. The chain jingled as it ran back and forth through her collar chain as one leg and then the other pulled on it as she shuffled along. Again her breasts were set jiggling and bouncing under her. At least her trotter gloves protected her hands but her knees got scraped. Now she knew why her shoes had reinforced toecaps.

‘Good. That is how you move when you are on leash. Now you show how much you want to make me happy...’

He sat back in his chair, dragging her after him and drew her between his splayed legs. Pulling her ball gag out he replaced it with the ring so that her mouth gaped wide. Unzipping the long flaps of his flies he pulled out a fat, blue-veined, hardening cock that jutted out from under his belly.

From the depths of her despair Rachel gaped at it almost in weary resignation. Of course he would use her. That was what she was there for.

As she hesitated Hodza pulled out his shock batten and flicked it across her breasts, making her flinch. ‘You do this now or I make you squeal like a bad piggy...’

With a shudder Rachel bent forward. Hodza took her by the hair and ground her face against his cock until its purple head slid between her gaping lips. She tasted urine mingle with other, stranger, sweeter tangs. Other girl’s juices? She fought down the nausea filling her stomach, willing herself not to be sick. She had once sucked Brian off after he had pestered her about doing it and she hadn’t liked it and he had been young and clean. Now this gross thing was pressing against the back of her throat and she had no choice but to

pleasure it.

Hodza beamed down at her over his quivering belly and patted her head. ‘Ahhh, good... and you swallow every drop, yes?’

Wretchedly Rachel began to suck, bobbing her head back and forth as the fat, disgusting penis filled her mouth. The quicker she brought him off the sooner it would be over. She must pretend to be trying to please him. The wild thought struck her that if she was to survive her ordeal she must learn to wallow in filth and love it like a pig.

She felt his shaft pulse and strain as hot slimy gobbets of sperm pumped into her mouth. For a moment she thought she was going to be sick, but then with an effort she swallowed them down. Hodza sighed and relaxed.

His cock was still resting in her mouth and she did not dare spit it out. She had to wait until he stirred and patted her head ‘Good little fekujo. Now lick Uncle Hodza clean like a dirty girl should... there, that’s right.’

Finally he pulled his limp cock out of her mouth and zipped up. ‘Now, we shall clean you up...’

He retracted the spikes in the soles of her shoes then made her squat over the toilet hole with her back to the tiled wall and thighs spread wide. A few touches of his batten overcame the nervous tightness of her sphincters and with cheeks blazing with shame as she peed and voided her bowels.

‘You get used to doing your business for all to see,’ he advised her as he watched her wastes hiss and plop out of her orifices. ‘Remember, you are a dirty girl-pig now.’

He used the hose to flush her pussy and anus clean. Then led he over to the metal troughs with the water cooler bottle on one end and made her kneel down before one of them. She now saw there were four rubber teats, like those on babies’ bottles, stickling up along the trough rims on both sides. Tubes feeding them ran along the outside of the trough to the water bottle.

‘This is how you eat here each day like a pig with others. See the

teaties like your titties? You suck water from there before you eat. Now, I'm going to pull your gag out but not a piggy squeak or you go all night with gag in, right?'

She nodded. He pulled her gag out and laid it back against her collar. She sucked at the nearest teat gratefully, washing the taste of his sperm from her mouth.

Hodza opened up a large tin from which he scooped out a couple of handfuls of golfball-sized grey-green speckled balls and scattered them like food pellets into the trough in front of her.

'Eat, but only with mouth, never hands!'

She dipped her head into the trough. The balls were just moist enough to hold together and firm enough to pick up with her teeth. They were an almost tasteless mash of unseasoned chopped meat, potatoes and vegetables, but nevertheless she wolfed them down.

When she had drunk again to wash the food down Hodza led her on her hands and knees through a gate in a different set of dividing bars from the ones leading to the cells. Beyond was a double row of low brick kennels with solid metal doors, mostly swung open to reveal dark empty spaces within.

'These are the pig pens,' Hodza announced. 'Most of the piggies are still out being played with.' He stopped in front of a pen. 'There, this is thirteen like your number.' Inside was a space just large enough for one person to lie down in, lined with a coarse lumpy grey mattress. 'Look a straw bed for you.'

He removed her training chain and refastened her wrist cuffs to the front ring of her collar, bringing her gloved hands together before her as if she was praying.

'No playing with yourself,' he warned her. 'You must be all hot and ready to please tomorrow. In you go with the feet first...'

She slithered awkwardly into the pen. The straw-filled mattress crackled under her. Hodza swung the door to with a clang and a bolt slid across,

leaving only a small grid of light shining in through an air vent.

Rachel lay huddled up on the rough mattress feeling the many stings, throbs and aches still coursing through her body. Gradually she found herself marvelling at what she had done and what had been done to her. It had been terrible and frightening and yet somehow she had survived bondage, torture and sex with two strange men. Perhaps tomorrow would not be so bad...

Then she began to cry her heart out.

## Chapter 3

The next morning Rachel was woken from exhausted sleep by the muffled tones of Hodza's cheery voice and clangs from adjacent pen doors. She was stiff and cold and for a moment she did not know where she was and thought she was trapped in some bizarre dream. Then the horror of the previous day came back to her. This was no dream but a living nightmare and it would be three weeks before she would be allowed to wake up back in the real world.

There was a lingering ache in her vagina where Kubeck had used her so brutally, her breasts still stung and there was a faint smarting across her buttocks, but she did not feel physically as bad as she had feared. Perhaps the greater damage had been done to her pride and self-respect. They already lay in tatters. But then that was the price she was paying to save herself and her family from greater shame and anguish. This was for the truth. She must not forget that.

Rachel huddled miserably in her tiny brick cell for a good twenty minutes until her door was swung open.

'Out you come, Piggy Thirteen,' Hodza said as she screwed up her eyes against the sudden light. He reached in and hauled her out by her collar. Then he unclipped her wrists, refastened her leash and training chain, put in her ball gag and led her back through to the gate.

Half a dozen young women, naked and harnessed as she was, were kneeling against one wall with their leashes clipped to tethering rings. The girls flicked frightened, tired, shy or uncertain eyes over Rachel but with their mouths all stopped with gags none made a sound.

Hodza made her squat over the toilet and relieve herself, using a long nozzle fitting on the hose to flush any lingering waste from her rectum. Then, while she stood astride the pan, he swiftly soaped her over with a sponge, scrubbed her off with a long-handle brush that might have been used to wash a car and rinsed her with the showerhead. He dried her with a rough towel and then

combed through her damp hair, his fat fingers working with surprising speed and care.

‘You start day nice and clean as new pin, eh? Then we see how dirty you can get.’

He made her bend and display her bottom to him. With a metal grease gun that looked as though it had come straight from a garage he pumped her rectum full of slippery gel.

‘Now you are ready to be used up every hole.’

Rachel shuddered.

He tethered Rachel with the others while he went back to the pens to bring out another girl.

Rachel tried to smile around her gag at the girls on either side of her but they simply stared at the floor. It did not seem like they would be given any opportunity to socialize so perhaps there was no point in trying to bond. At least she would have company during her ordeal, which was better than being totally alone, Rachel thought, even if it was as miserable as she was.

When Hodza was done washing the last of his charges Rachel counted fourteen of them in total, including herself. Though they were all of mixed body types and skin tones none looked to be much over thirty and all appeared reasonably fit and attractive. Were foreign girls and natives all held down here together, Rachel wondered? If so which were which? Who were actual criminals and who were there like her to prove their word? Without hearing them speak it was impossible to tell where they came from. To their tormentors perhaps it did not matter either. They were all there to suffer.

Hodza pulled the metal troughs out into the middle of the floor and filled them with food balls. Gathering up a few leashes at a time he then led the girls shuffling across the floor to the troughs, one to a teat, and he positioned them sitting back on their heels.

He went round pulling out their gags while repeating in several languages:

‘No talking, piggies.’ When they were all ready he barked: ‘Mangi!’

They ducked their heads gratefully to suck water and then buried their faces in the troughs. It was the same food as yesterday but Rachel was too hungry to care. Between mouthfuls she could see the girls at the next trough. Their bottoms wiggled as they chased the food balls, flashing the puckered mouths of their greased anuses. She had not realised how far women’s pussy clefts pouted out between their thighs when they bent over like that. Was hers doing the same? Was Hodza looking at it? Of course he was. They were being humiliated even while they were eating.

When they had literally licked the trough clean Hodza cuffed their hands behind their backs and re-gagged them. Short hobble chains were clipped between their ankle cuffs. Then he led them doubled over through the gate to the corridor that housed the cells. Here he had them kneel again and secured them to in a row of wall rings. He prodded their legs until they spread their knees wide, exposing their sexes.

‘Are you ready to squeal, little piggies?’ he asked them.

Miserably they nodded their heads.

In a few minutes the first of their tormentors appeared, striding along the corridor towards them. Rachel felt a shiver as she saw their sinister black hoods while a few of the girls moaned and whimpered.

The tormentors checked the numbered tags on their collars and unhitched their chosen girls. Some were led into nearby cells and shut away behind heavy doors. Others were led back along the corridor and the last Rachel saw of them was their out-thrust bottoms twinkling above their tottering chain-linked heels as they disappeared around the corner at its far end.

In fifteen minutes there was only Rachel left.

Hodza came back through the gate and grinned down at her. ‘You no worry, little pig. You are not forgotten. Had to see the other piggies off first. Now Uncle Hodza is going to take care of you.’

Gathering up her leash Hodza led Rachel along the corridor. Her breast swayed and her chains jangled as she shuffled along bent over on her high heels, trying not to trip. She had never imagined anybody could turn the simple act of walking into a humiliating act.

Around the corner at the end of the corridor was a heavy ironbound door that opened onto a spiral staircase. Hodza puffed as they ascended, dragging Rachel wobbling unsteadily on her clicking heels behind him. Two floors up he led her through another heavy door and they stepped out of a porch into bright warm sunlight that made Rachel blink.

The looming grey bulk of the checkpoint towers rose up behind her, while in front stone-flagged pathways wound away between wild shrubberies and high stone walls swathed in thick growths of moss and ivy, all overhung by the spreading boughs of ancient cedar trees.

‘Old castle grounds,’ said Hodza. ‘Fine and splendid long ago, now cut right through middle by boarder wall. Still we have found good use for them.’

He led her along one of the pathways away from the castle. Rachel cringed at her exposure. The dungeons had been bad enough but at least there she was enclosed. Now she was being led naked and bound outside in the open air. But of course that was part of her ordeal.

They passed through archways, along overgrown walks flanked by artfully broken columns and statues and under vine-hung pergolas. On either side were walls and hedgerows enclosing themed gardens. Through vistas in the planting to her left Rachel occasionally glimpsed the old crenellated outer walls of the castle grounds that looked out over Strakensburg while through the tress to her right could be seen the far newer wall of concrete slabs topped with barbed wire that formed the border with Nove Krasnic, now softened a little by moss and ivy.

A sudden sharp crack followed by muffled shriek came from somewhere on the other side of a tall hedge, making Rachel flinch.

‘Just a piggy squealing,’ Hodza assured her.



Rachel felt sick fear rising within her.

Through a gap in enclosing hedges Rachel saw an ugly hulking mass of concrete with a recessed rusting iron door, half smothered by moss and vines.

‘Old bunker from wartime,’ Hodza said. ‘Not pretty but it sometimes has uses.’ He tapped a finger to the side of his nose. ‘Thick walls. Screams cannot be heard.’

Rachel shuddered.

Finally they came to a small walled garden, already warming in the morning sun. In the middle was a small square brick pit, little more than two metres along each side, with its edge raised above the level of the surrounding grass. The pit was full of glistening brown mud, over which flies were buzzing. A low wire mesh fence, capped by what appeared to be tubular foam pipe lagging, topped its retaining walls. There was a single gate in the fence with a long chain stapled to its side post. Beside the gate was a standpipe and coiled hose. Against it rested a cane, an ore-like paddle on a long slim handle and some long straight freshly cut sticks with forked ends.

As Rachel shuddered at the sight Hodza said: ‘There, a little pig sty all to yourself, as the Captain asked for. There are cameras all round in the bushes. They’ll see all you do so be sure to be a good piggy...’

There were a couple of oddly shaped pink rubber items hung on the post to which the standpipe was bolted. Hodza picked them up and showed her. One was a clip-on pig snout and the other a stick-on curly pigtail. ‘There, so you look like a real fekujo,’ he said.

The snout fitted over her nose with spring clips pinching the sides and septum of her nostrils. Hodza put in her ring gag so that her mouth gaped eagerly under it. The tail he simply stuck to the base of her spine. Then he clipped the long chain from the gatepost to her collar in place of her leash. It had several spring hooks hanging from its links at intervals down from her collar fastening. He uncuffed her hands from behind her back and had her go down on hands and knees. Then he raised the spikes in her shoes.

‘No standing when you are being a real piggy,’ he said.

He removed her training chain, patted her through the gate and bolted it behind her.

The mud squelched about her trotter-gloved hand and shins as she crawled into it. As she disturbed the surface flies rose buzzing angrily and she smelt a waft of stale urine. Oh God this was vile.

‘Anybody can come in here and play with you if you are not being used,’ Hodza said. ‘They can use the stick or the paddles to make you squeal. If you are nice they will give you water and maybe their seed to eat, but you have to be a dirty little pig to get it. You must show yourself off. Up, on toes and push your bum end over top of fence.’

Stifling a sob Rachel turned about in the squelching mud and pushed her bottom up against the fence. She found she could hook her heels over brick edging to take some of the strain. Then she backed up, rising up on her toes in the mud while sliding her rear up the mesh, feeling it scraping the pout of her sex, until her buttocks slid over its foam-padded top. This left them presented nearly at the waist level of anybody standing outside, blatantly displaying her bottom cleft and vulva to them.

Hodza slapped her bottom approvingly. ‘Good, good. Now, put chin and hands on fence top!’

Miserably Rachel turned about, rose up on her knees and rested her chin and muddy trotters on the top of the fence. What must she look like with her mouth gaping wide and nose covered by her fake snout? She looked like what she was, of course: a prisoner turned into a sexual plaything and made to shamefully degrade herself while offering another hole for filling. The knowledge made her shudder even as her pussy tingled in perverse anticipation.

‘I want to see your nips through fence!’ Hodza commanded.

She pushed her breasts against the wire and her nipples popped through the gaps in the mesh. He flicked them playfully. How did they get so hard?

Hodza took hold of her tether chain and snapped one of its dangling spring hooks through the mesh under her chin. Now she could not raise her head or pull her nipples back.

‘Good, now you have to call like pig. Can you make piggy sound?’

Rachel whimpered, then tried to make a pig-like squeal. Her gagged mouth and clipped nose unexpectedly helped, and a pathetic oink, oink issued from her mouth.

‘Louder, louder!’ Hodza said. ‘I want to hear the squeals of a real stuck pig like you mean them...’

He took up one of the cleft sticks and walked round to the opposite side of the pit. Before Rachel realised what he was doing he had pushed the forked end of the stick into her groin, with one tip sliding up her grease anus and the other into her vagina. She yelped as the stubby wooden shafts skewered into her. Hodza jammed the other end of the stick against the pit retaining wall, the springy greenstick bowing and pressing Rachel harder against the fencing so that it cut into her breasts.

Hodza came back round to her. ‘Now be a real stuck piggy!’

Rachel sobbed and squealed and oinked more loudly and far more pitifully than before until she panted for breath.

‘That is good,’ said Hodza, patting her head. ‘Remember, you only speak piggy to men who use you, no English. I leave you now, but I shall be back later to see you have been a good piggy.’

Hodza walked out of the garden, leaving Rachel kneeling in the mud painfully jammed against the fence trapped between her impaled rear and chained neck with flies buzzing round her. She had discovered a new low of misery. She dare not push against the stick and though she might have been able to slide to one side a little to relieve a little of the pressure she did not attempt to do so. Her eyes flicked round the hedges, imagining the cold eyes of the video cameras on her. Was anybody watching her right now or was it simply being recorded? It did not matter. She was here to be seen to suffer,

Kubeck had said, and so she was.

Could she actually beg to be used and abused in such a degrading manner? The thought gave her a sick thrill but putting it off would be steadily more painful. She started to squeal and oink loudly. I'm a dirty little pig, she thought wretchedly, come and use me...

The first hooded man left her skewered against the fence and used the long handled paddle to beat her nipples as they protruded through the mesh and then her bottom. The cracks of rubber on soft bottom flesh filled the garden. The sty was small enough so he could walk round and reach her from any angle. Each blow made her flinch, grinding her breasts against the mesh, then bouncing her back to dig the cruel wooden cleft deeper into her.

Her squeals soon became very real ones of female pain. Any remaining shameful inhibitions crumbled and she stuck out her tongue as she oinked and grunted, trying to show how hungry she was and begging for him to feed her. Finally he stopped her mouth with his cock and she sucked on him with pitiful gratitude, just glad not to be hurt anymore. It was filthy but it was another choice between the lesser of two evils. She did not need to be told to swallow down his all his sperm when it finally spurted into her mouth. She would have spent time licking him dry to stop him beating her again but he pulled out of her and wiped his soiled cock in her hair. Another layer of filth...

He gave her a brief swallow of hose water to wash it down, for which she was grateful. But he then left her still impaled and now with a simmering bottom to add to her misery. She squealed and oinked even louder, hoping her next tormentor would at least take the spiked stick out of her.

He did. Her rosy bottom seemed to amuse him and he had her display it properly.

He pulled the stick out of her, making her shudder with relief. Then he unclipped her chain from the fence and had her turn round on all fours and push her bottom up over the fence top as Hodza had taught her. However he

then drew her tether chain back between her legs and through the fence mesh, doubling her over and pulling her head and shoulders down. Only when her face was nearly in the mud did he clip the chain to the mesh.

He fingered her sore upthrust buttocks, examining them closely. Rachel shivered, fearing he was going to beat her further and finding herself hoping that he would just go on fingering her which was really quite nice... Oh God what was she thinking?

His fingers were slipping into her buttock cleft, toying with the mouth of her greased anus. She clenched it tight at his touch. No, please not there. She had never had a cock up there even though Brian had pestered her about it.

She heard the man's zip come down. He grasped her hips and drove the head of his cock into her bottom. Her sphincter resisted for a second and then gave way. His whole length slid up into her. She squealed in pain and fear. He was huge and he was going to burst her. Grease was squeezing out around his shaft and squirting out of her poor stretched anus or else being driven even further up inside her by the piston of his penis head.

The fence shook and swayed as his thrusts into her rocked her forward and pushed her face into the stinking mud. She twisted her head sideways, spluttering and sobbing, before the next thrust pushed her down again... and again and again until he spouted inside her.

Callously he left her there sobbing with her rear pressed up to the fence and her face caked in mud. Her rear passage ached from its abnormal use. She snivelled, her tears dripping onto the mud below. Until yesterday she had experienced oral sex only once and anal never. Now within an hour she had done both. The last of her virginities had gone. What did that make her? Could she get any filthier inside or out?

She felt something warm and slippery trickling out of her distended anus. Oh God, blood. No, it was his sperm mingled with the grease she had been packed with. Slowly it ran down her inner thighs.

She felt she should be crying harder, if not for her own shame then for the cameras, but she did not have the strength. Oh God, what sort of picture

were they taking of her like this looking right up her backside as it dribbled cum and grease? At least he could have allowed her to turn round. Was she going to be left as she had last been used every time? What did they care? It was all part of her torment and took no effort on their part. He could at least have given her a drink.

Oink, oink, she said feebly.

She did not see the next man who used her enter the garden. She was hardly aware of his presence until he stroked between her legs. She flinched, fearing another sodomizing, but his fingers were cupping and probing the heavy pouch of her sex.

He used the hose to wash her groin clean of the discharge from her last user, the splash of cool water soothing her hot bottom. Rachel shivered as he took up the spanking paddle but he only beat her lightly across her sex. Fresh tears pricked her eyes even as her clitoris rose perversely under the stinging blows. Her response was confusing and deeply shameful but with her new insight she realised it could have been so much worse.

Then he slid into her vagina and began to pump into her in an unhurried way. The angle of his thrusts did not push her face into the mud. By contrast with what had gone before this felt almost normal.

She came. It was a little short sharp orgasm catching her by surprise. Even in the depths of her misery it seemed it was possible to find pleasure. Was that good or bad? If the cameras saw it would they think she was somehow enjoying this nightmare? No, this had been forced out of her so it was shameful and however shameful it felt an orgasm was her friend, Kubeck had said. Was this what he meant?

When the man was done and had filled her pussy with his seed, he pulled her upright and turned her round to lick him clean. Her face was still caked in drying mud but he did not seem to care and at least she did not have her nose in it anymore. She tasted her own juices on his cock, which was strange and made her feel slightly queasy. Then he gave her a drink from the hose that washed it away.

It could have been worse, she thought as he left.

The next man hosed her down until she was as clean as anybody could be crawling about on all fours in a muddy pigsty. It felt absurdly good to have the muck washed off her and she gave an actual squeal of pleasure. But then he held her head against the rim of the fence, pushed the nozzle of the hose into her mouth and made her drink and drink until her stomach was bulging and she felt sick.

He pulled something from his pocket and showed it to her. It was a crescent-shaped spring clamp on the end of a length of heavy cord.

He turned her bottom to him, peeled back her outer pussy lips and clamped the device about her inner labia. She squealed as her tender lips were pinched tightly together, sealing off the deepest valley of vulva. Then he dragged her up onto her knees by her hair, pulled her arms behind her and clipped her wrist cuffs together. Using one of the sticks he pushed her into the middle of the sty, paying out the cord and her tether chain as she went. Prodding with the stick he made her kneel upright with her knees wide, showing off the heavy pouch of her clamped sex with the handle of the clamp jutting out from its cleft.

Then he waited.

Pain from her clamped lips began to fade into numbness. She imagined them going purple. How much would it hurt when the blood came back?

After ten minutes Rachel began to wriggle and squirm as the water worked its way through her system and began to fill her bladder. She saw the mouth of hooded man turn up into a smile. He gave the cord a light tug, tweaking her pussy lips and letting her know he could pull it off her when he liked.

After another five minutes her belly felt like it was filled with lead and was she was wagging her hips frantically and imploring her captor with desperate squeals to pull the clamp off. She was bursting to go but with her labia pinched shut it had no way out of her, except to flow round up into her vaginal passage. Her clitoris was also trapped and was apparently being

pushed out her by the pressure from within and was straining inside its fleshy prison.

She was bucking and moaning in extremis, fearing she would literally burst, yet he just stood and watched her. It was so cruel, which it was meant to be, but she had never imagined anything like it. She was being treated literally like an animal. The pressure was building up in her belly and although it hurt it was also disturbingly like a mounting orgasm that it was horribly confusing. And she was moaning, wailing and squealing and she could not take any more and she had to go ...

Hot pee began to flow into her clamped sex valley, squirting in tiny hot jets out of the gaps in the folded flesh at each end.

The man jerked the cord and Rachel squealed in agony as the clamp was ripped cruelly off her inner lips, almost tearing them out of her. Pee gushed out of her in a torrent, blasting her numbed lips apart, freeing her clitoris, splashing into the mud and throwing up a dirty spray that splattered her thighs and belly.

Rachel rolled her eyes up and groaned in ecstasy. The relief was indescribable.

The stream of pee poured on and on and she knew she was voiding her bladder just like a pig in a sty but at that moment she did not care. The tingle of blood pulsing back into her numbed sex lips came and it hurt but that was still good. Her whole vagina was pulsing with life as the water hissed out of it and her clit was hard...

She shuddered as an orgasm coursed through her and she swayed, feeling weak at the knees. Again?

Finally the flow ceased, leaving her kneeling in a hot muddy pool of her own urine. Gasping and light-headed Rachel looked up at her tormentor through misty eyes, wondering if that was it.

He grinned and then gave her tether chain a sudden jerk, pulling her forward. With her hands cuffed behind her she could not keep her balance and she fell



flat on her face into the steaming muddy urine pool in front of her that she had just helped fill.

With a wail of revulsion she tried to struggle to her knees but her tormentor would not let her. Unclipping the end of her tether from the gatepost she walked round the outside of the pen, dragging her back and forth through the muck and her own mess until she was covered from head to toe in stinking mud. Every time she tried to get up he jerked her flat again, using the long stick to prod her down further into the muck, jabbing her buttocks and breasts. Finally she learnt her place and lay still and unresisting, letting the foul mud soak into her hair and pubic bush.

Then he dragged her through the mud by her tether, as though landing a fish on a riverbank, to the side of the pen and hooked her tether chain to the fence. She snivelled and looked up at him fearfully through a mud-plastered face.

He pulled out a stiff cock and rubbed it frantically for a few seconds until sperm spurted out into her face, spattering white goblets across her glistening, mud-smothered features. Then he left her.

Rachel closed her eyes and cried quietly.

She was still slumped against the wire when she felt somebody pulling on her chain. She opened her eyes to see Hodza's fat face beaming down at her.

'What a dirty piggy,' he observed.

Rachel felt a surge of absurd relief course through her at seeing a face and not another hood, even if it was that of her jailer.

'Oink, oink,' she said feebly.

Hodza took off her pig nose and tail and then hosed her down, flushing the mud from her body, even rubbing his fingers through her hair and pubic bush to work it out. And she let him handle her intimately without caring or shying away from his touch, just grateful to have the terrible stinking mud washed

off her. Finally she was clean to the eye, though she could still smell its lingering aroma.

‘You need more washing down,’ Hodza declared. ‘Next garden for you...’

Refastening her leash and uncuffing her hands, he led her still shivering and dripping on hands and knees through gap in hedge into the next garden. This was smaller than the sty garden, with a few old ivy-covered statues in the corners and a square of gravel with the weathered stub of an ancient classical column in the middle. The column was hung with iron rings and chains. A grating ran about the edge of its plinth. In one corner of the garden was another standpipe and hose with a spanking paddle resting against it. Rachel shuddered at the sight of it but at least there was no mud here.

Hodza retracted the spikes in Rachel’s shoes and then made her squat down with her back to the column and until she was sitting on her heels with knees wide and feet resting on its square plinth. The ancient fluted stone felt cool and reassuringly firm against her back. Hodza drew her arms out and backwards and cuffed them to rings in the sides of the column. This bent her shoulders and had the effect of pushing her chest and breasts forward. A chain bolted to a ring at the rear of the column connected to her rear collar ring, pulling her head up. Side chains hooked onto her ankle cuffs, holding her feet in place. More chains went across the insides of her bent and splayed thighs and then back between them and her calves, making it impossible for her to pull them closed as her instinct for modesty still told her she should. Now she could feel the sun shining on her still wet and dew-dropped bush and gaping pink cleft. Finally he swapped her ring gag over for the ball gag, allowing her to flex her jaw a little more.

Hodza frowned when he was finished securing her. ‘I wash you more, but first your bum is good and red but your titties are too white. I fix that...’

He took up the spanking paddle and swiped it across her breasts, smack, crack, sending them bouncing and heaving fluidly. Rachel shrieked and bit on her gag, straining at her chains. But the column held her firm and her posture made them perfect targets. After a dozen swipes they were as red as her bottom felt.

Hodza rested his hand and wiped her eyes. 'Don't cry, piggy. That was nothing. A few tickles just to make you look properly beaten.' He put his finger to his lips conspiratorially and pointed to the hedges. 'Remember, you have to show you have suffered. Now, do you still want to be washed more?'

Rachel sniffed bravely and nodded.

Hodza undid his flies, pulled out his penis and peed over her face and across her breasts. Rachel shrieked and screwed up her face and turned her head aside from the hot stream, but of course she could not escape it. It stung on her freshly beaten breasts.

Hodza chuckled. 'This is how we wash piggies down fresh from the sty.'

When he was done, leaving Rachel sobbing miserably, he tucked his member away again and took up the hose. 'Now if you want to be cleaned with water you say this: "Thank you for using me as your toilet." Say it!'

It was possible to speak with a ball gag in and even if her words were slurred and distorted the degrading sense of them was still clear. Miserably Rachel repeated the phrase. Hodza sprayed her over with the hose. The wastewater and flushed urine trickled away down the grating surrounding the base column.

'You say that to every man who come in here for rest of day, understand?'

She nodded wretchedly. Hodza left the garden.

That afternoon Rachel became the toilet for every hooded man in the gardens. As her mind wandered in between the humiliations she found herself thinking that it made sadistic sense. What greater fun than to relieve yourself not into a cold white toilet bowl but over a helpless, squirming, sobbing young woman, who had to thank you afterwards. And it she did not say it with enough feeling or she was too indistinct, they gave her breasts a beating until she got it right. For some it was a sport, aiming for her face or hair or, most difficult of all, her gaping pussy cleft. The feel of their pee gurgling into her cleft made her shiver and whimper. Some used the paddle on her pussy first until

she peed over the base of the column and their stream joined hers. Despite the regular hosing-down she felt she would never be rid of the smell of male urine. It was as if she had been marked as their property like animals in the wild.

And every time she had to thank them for pissing on her. That was almost the worst part of it, like having to make the pig noises. This was abusing her mind and making her complicit in her own torment. It was a humiliation beyond physical pain or suffering forced sex and compounded her misery. How low could she get? Lower still was the answer, because after a few hours she had to admit she was getting a strange dark thrill in saying the words. It connected her to them in an intimate way, as though she was sharing a little of their pleasure in degrading her.

How sick was that?

‘It’s nearly over, Fekujo Thirteen,’ said a voice, stirring her from her dark reverie.

Kubeck was standing over her, his grey eyes boring into her. Rachel gulped, feeling a sudden unexpected thrill at the sight of him in his immaculate uniform and the rich tone of his voice. It seemed a long time since yesterday when his presence had filled her with terror.

‘Now I have to challenge you for the record. Remember, if you admit your guilt your torment ends and we contact the international authorities with the consequences you already know. If you are resolved to see this through and still claim you are innocent then you must say so, despite what I do to you. Do you understand?’

She nodded. He pulled her gag out.

‘Rachel Langford, do you still claim you are innocent of involvement in a terrorist plot involving Barovia?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ she said.

He took up the spanking paddle and swiped it across her breasts, left and right setting them swinging like soft pink bells and bouncing off each other.

‘Do you still claim you are innocent?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ she gasped, blinking back her tears.

‘Open you mouth,’ he commanded.

She obeyed. He freed his penis, stood right over her and peed into her mouth.

She did not try to swallow, knowing she would choke, but she let the hot clear, slightly salty fluid bubble and overflow her mouth and splash onto her stinging breasts without attempting to turn aside. Her mouth was his living urinal bowl. And all the time she kept her eyes locked with his. Was this defying him? All she knew was it gave her a strange sense of something very like satisfaction amid the filth of the day.

When he was done, he asked: ‘Do you still claim you are innocent?’

She let the last of his pee dribble out of her mouth before saying: ‘Yes, Sir... and thank you for using me as your toilet, Sir.’

His mouth quirked up in a tight smile. ‘Very well, your trials will continue. Hodza will take you back to the dungeon shortly...’

That night back in the dungeon Hodza gave her a thorough shower and hairwash, for which she felt desperately grateful. Though he was her jailer and had cheerfully abused her, she did not feel the same way about him as the hooded men who had tormented her, who filled her with dread she could not explain. Was it that she could not see their faces or that they did not say anything?

Hodza changed her gloves and shoes, still redolent of the pigsty, for fresh ones, which allowed her to flex her fingers properly for the first time in a day. The skin of her hands was white and crinkled. While she had full use of them, Hodza led her over to his table where her phone was set out.

‘Now you make text message home saying what wonderful time you are having in Strakensburg and what friendly people we are. You show me before you send. Check other messages but only reply to important ones. Tomorrow you write postcards. No mention of dungeons or terrorist letters, yes?’

Rachel nodded.

There was a message from her stepfather reminding her she had promised to call them every day while she was abroad. She composed a completely fictitious text back assuring them she was well and saying she would send them a card soon. There was also a text from Brian saying he was annoyed that she was not answering his calls. There was no apology for their argument. He was now in Prague and seemed to expect her to follow after him. She felt an uncharacteristic flush of anger. He felt annoyed! He should see the suffering their argument had cost her! She sent a curt message back saying she would come when she was ready.

When she was done Hodza said: ‘Today make you feel like that, yes?’ He ground his thumb into the table as though squashing a fly. Rachel gulped and nodded. ‘Tomorrow is easier: more sex and beatings. Simple.’

Later that night curled up in her pen with her wrists cuffed to her collar, Rachel wondered how she had managed to survive the day. Of course most of the time she had been given no choice and had simply suffered, except when Kubeck had challenged her. She felt that Kubeck secretly wanted her to see it through and prove her innocence, though outwardly he had to play by the rules. Of course he was brutal in his methods but she supposed he was being honest with her in his way. That was strangely comforting.

# Chapter 4

‘I wish to apply for the position of assistant interrogator, Captain,’ Ivanka Stefanik said formally.

She stood before Kubeck’s large desk in her freshly cleaned and pressed uniform with her cap tucked under her arm. She had taken great care to ensure she was smartly turned out that morning. Her dark hair was severely pinned back, she had applied minimal makeup about her deep intelligent eyes, her skin was pale and clear and her figure was trim. Perhaps her nose was a shade too strong but she knew was not unattractive. Her worry was that at twenty-six Kubeck might think she was too young for the position.

Kubeck’s office was a big wood-panelled room occupying the old winding room of the western castle gate. Through its outer windows it looked out over the picturesque rooftops and spires of Strackensburg while through its eastern aspect it looked across at the other gate of the castle and down on the old central courtyard and the flow of people passing across it to and from Zilny.

Kubeck frowned. ‘Yes, I have your application form. You’ve been an interpreter at Checkpoint Six for three years?’

‘Yes, Captain.’

‘Your commander seems please with your work.’

‘That is very good of him to say so, Captain,’ Ivanka said, still keeping her face impassive.

‘You understand the duties of an official Interrogator are... unusual.’

‘I believe I am suitably qualified as a linguist, Captain. I am fluent in five languages and competent in three more.’

‘Undoubtedly, but there are certain necessities of the job that might make it... unsuitable for a woman.’

His concern for her feelings was courteous but not helpful. Ivanka decided it was time to speak plainly. ‘I know as do all Barovians that you punish local woman in the Checkpoint dungeons for disobedience and minor crimes, according to old traditions, Sir. The people also think you chastise a few female foreign tourists who have broken our laws. However I suspect that this is only half the story. Standing orders for border posts are to take special note of all female tourists crossing the boarder between the ages of eighteen and forty who are of attractive appearance and are travelling alone or in small parties without male companions. This information is to be passed direct to you at Checkpoint One, suggesting that you are actually targeting them before they have committed any crime. On some pretext you arrest and secretly prostitute them to certain select wealthy foreign clients while making recordings of their violation and torture as mementos. You do all this with, I assume, the full support and connivance of our country’s leaders, to earn necessary foreign revenue, Sir.’

Kubeck raised an eyebrow. ‘You are well informed. But are you prepared for the reality of it, like this?’

He touched a button recessed under the desktop. A panel in the wall beside his desk opened up, revolving on a turntable base to reveal its reverse side and what had been concealed within the scalloped alcove behind it.

A naked willowy blonde girl aged perhaps twenty or twenty-one, with a broad blindfold strap over her eyes and ears and a ballgag in her mouth, stood rigidly upright on the turntable base. She had no choice. A bracket extending from the panel at her back was clipped to the back of her collar, holding her head up. Her arms were cuffed behind her back and her feet, locked into high-heeled shoes, were spread wide by chains bolted to the baseboard and hooked to her ankle cuffs. Rising from the baseboard between her feet was a screw-threaded metal rod that rose up between the girl’s thighs and plunged into her anus, accounting in part for the rigidity of her posture. On an adjustable sleeve just below this point was an angled mount with a vibrator on its end that was buried deep in the mouth of in her golden haired sex.

A section of lashes and canes hung on the panel behind her. From the red stripes across her pale-high breasts, tipped with conical tan nipples, it was obvious they had been used on her recently.



Ivanka felt a delicious scooping in her stomach and sudden wetness in her loins, but fought to maintain a cool exterior. She was aware that Kubeck was looking at her closely, gauging her reactions.

‘This is Anika Soderman, Swedish, aged twenty-one,’ Kubeck said. ‘She can’t see or hear us, of course. Earplugs under the strap will muffle what little Barovian she may have picked up. Two weeks ago she was a free young woman innocently enjoying our last arts festival. Then we arrested her. Since then she has been imprisoned, beaten, humiliated and endured forced sex by every orifice, all of which has been recorded in detail. Today she is just sex meat on a stick that I’m using as a decoration for my office. I like to play with her and see how many times I can force her to orgasm. And she hates but accepts it all as part of an ordeal to prove her innocence in the face of an accusation that terrifies her...’

He pressed another button under his desk. The vibrator lodged inside Anika came to life, buzzing and pumping. The girl’s stomach clenched and she squirmed as far as her bonds permitted. Ivanka saw her sex lips tighten about the fat shaft as it slid into her and came out wet and glistening. The floor between her feet was stained with the drips of earlier such discharges.

Kubeck rose and walked over to Anika. He stroked and pinched her breasts, making her groan through her gag. Then he took a lash from the selection on the wall and swiped it across Anika’s breasts, making the firm globes shiver under the impact but then settle again with surprising speed. Their nipple caps were now swollen and hard as pebbles and darker tinted.

Ivanka stifled a groan of her own, feeling her panties becoming damp. She struggled to keep her face impassive.

‘As she is learning, pleasure and pain are never far apart here,’ Kubeck observed, hanging the lash up again. ‘Mind you, after what she had already endured this is virtually a rest day. Still, after she leaves us she I expect she may have a very different attitude to sexual relations.’ His sharp grey eyes flicked round to challenge Ivanka once more. ‘Doesn’t this offend you as a woman? We don’t treat male offenders the same way. They go straight to a hard labour camp.’

‘I’m a loyal Barovian before I am a woman, Captain,’ Ivanka said coolly. ‘No doubt the market for female suffering is more lucrative. I consider it is only a wider application of the traditional punishments we all grew up with. Our women have lived with such punishments for many years and it has done them no harm, so why should foreign women be exempt? Besides, I understand it is an economic necessity for the good of our country.’

‘Do you really, I wonder?’ Kubeck indicated a large map of central Europe mounted on the wall. ‘There we are, tiny Barovia, huddled back to back with equally miniscule Nove Kraznic and surrounded by Austria, Slovakia and the Czech Republic. We are mere flotsam and jetsam left over from the break-up and fall of communism now trying to make our way in the world alone. What do we have to offer but the novelty of a restored noble family, some passable local wine, some pretty scenery and quaint town architecture? Tourism is one of our few productive industries. That is why years ago we began to stage as many international festivals, concerts and conferences as we possibly could, running our dear Duke ragged presenting awards for the extra prestige royal patronage brings.’

Kubeck sighed. ‘Yet it was still not enough. Somehow we had to squeeze more money out of our guests but at the same time protect our reputation as a friendly tourist destination to avoid discouraging future custom. Now, many of our visitors turned out to be free, young, unattached western women on gap years from higher education, or else hiking their way across Europe, either for the adventure or mere curiosity about the newly opened East. Inevitably during their stay some broke the law. As we have certain long-established methods for punishing women when they misbehave it was realized that money could be made out of them if they were exploited properly.’

On her tiny podium Anika was still riding her softly pulsing and buzzing vibrator. The lips of her sex were very wet. Ivanka struggled to keep focussed on Kubeck even as she could smell the girl’s exuded juices scenting the air.

‘However, if we merely applied our punishments for ordinary crimes, even serious ones, we would have to do so openly,’ Kubeck continued.

‘When their sentences were ended the girls would take their well-tanned posteriors and raw vaginas back to their homelands and show them off and sob about how cruel we were. This would soon have their countries complaining about inhuman and degrading penal methods and we would become targets for foreign human rights campaigners, which would frighten fresh tourists away. As we have no strategic value or oil, which are the levers far stricter regimes than ours usually employ to mute the protests of the so-called “liberal democracies” and make them turn a blind eye, we had to think of something else.

‘Fortunately the worldwide paranoia over terrorism gave us the means. It excuses practically anything. So we planned more festivals and events that would appeal to younger people, especially young women. We then arranged for the most suitable targets amongst them to unknowingly acquire marked maps, photographs of certain military or security buildings, terrorist literature and the like. We have reciprocal arrangements with Nove Krasnic border police for monitoring their movements and planting the evidence.’

For the first time Ivanka felt shocked. ‘But Sir, they’re our old enemies. They’re socialists and they still claim Barovia as part of their land.’

‘Officially all that is true and our politicians regularly trade insults,’ Kubeck agreed. ‘But necessity makes strange bedfellows. We need them and they need us because we both need a steady supply of young women. This Checkpoint is the only one in our exclusive mutual control and this is where we can trap our selected guests most effectively. Do you see?’

‘Yes, Captain.’

‘As a consequence we know what the girls are carrying even if they do not know themselves and have an excuse to search them. Of course it is quite improper, but they are all pretty young women from rich countries compared to ours and have so many advantages that a few weeks inconvenience is a small price to pay. For some I suspect it it’s the highlight of their lives.

‘However, they must be handled with care. They must believe they

are being treated by the strict letter of the law and yet not given too much time to think. They must be convinced they and their friends and families are liable for arrest and interrogation as potential terrorists, with all the months of fear, public shame and suspicion that would entail and then be subtly guided to begging to undergo a simpler secret medieval ordeal to prove their innocence through suffering. They must accept that they will be tortured, abused and degraded yet they must also be made to believe it is the far lesser evil. The prospect of public shame is a powerful weapon.' He chuckled. 'Mentioning possible American involvement always seems to frighten them. Nobody really trusts our transatlantic neighbours.'

Anika was now groaning and trying to clench her thighs about the vibrator. Drool was running out of the corners of her gagged mouth.

'When they have survived their ordeal they must be returned to their normal life in the right state of mind and a tolerable state of body,' Kubeck continued. 'They must have no marks that will not heal or that cannot be innocently explained away. They must also be determined not to reveal what has happened to save themselves and their families shame and embarrassment and the threat of a full-blown terrorist investigation, not realising they are actually protecting our operation. You see the humane advantage of this method over the crude kidnapping and trafficking in girls for sexual exploitation. There are no international repercussions, our clients are satisfied and the girls think they have escaped an even worse fate. Some even return for another holiday.'

'I assume you do not entrap them again, Captain.'

'No, but interestingly a few appear to deliberately break our domestic laws knowing the consequences. However that is another story. All this requires they are intimately dominated and mastered by a figure of authority that they will continue to both fear and respect.'

'You mean their interrogator, Captain,' Ivanka said.

'Exactly. The man who first breaks their will, the ringmaster of the little pantomime they are put through. Having guided them into submission he must plan and oversee their torture sessions. He must continually assess their

state of mind and ensure they stay focussed on surviving their sentence. The last thing we want is for them to be broken, but we want to take them as close to that point as possible. The interrogator must choose which of our clients are best paired with which girls. Some have more “specialised” tastes than others, shall we say. They push the girls to their limits and their interrogator and jailer provide just enough sympathy and respite so they carry on. All this requires intimate handling of the girls, both physically and mentally. And so, with all due respect to your abilities and experience, Corporal, I do not think this work is for you.’

Ivanka chose her words carefully. ‘With all due respect to you, Captain, I believe I can do this job.’ Here it came... ‘You see I prefer women to men.’

‘Ah,’ said Kubeck.

Ivanka had feared this admission of her sexuality might prejudice him against her. Barovia was still in many ways a traditional male-dominated society. There was no turning back now, however. She must get a chance to prove herself. Before he could say any more she pressed on.

‘I don’t dislike men, Sir, but I prefer woman as sexual partners. I also greatly enjoy seeing an attractive woman suffer. My father was a strict man and did not spare the belt. That is when I first learnt how pain might sometimes be turned into pleasure. I can dominate any woman you choose but also empathise with her when necessary, keeping her suffering and earning money for the country we both love.’

Kubeck looked at her for a long moment then jerked a thumb at Anika, who was by now shivering and whimpering. The vibrator was now soaked in her juices, making its shaft slip inside her with less friction, so the intensity of its pumping and buzzing was no longer enough for her to climax, as Kubeck no doubt knew only too well.

‘Finish her off properly,’ he said commanded. ‘I want to see her orgasm in pain.’

Ivanka swallowed hard as she stepped over to the imprisoned girl until she could feel her body heat. The canes and lashes were obvious tools,

but she needed to show imagination.

She bent down, took hold of Anika's hips and kissed her pussy as it bulged with the pumping of the vibrator. Her sweet scent filled her nostrils making her feel dizzy with lust. Anika stiffened, momentarily confused by the strange touch of soft female lips on her pussy. Then Ivanka carefully parted the soft wet cleft of flesh and gently but firmly bit down on the hard nub of her clitoris.

Anika stiffened, her back arched and her shriek of pain sounded even through her gag. Ivanka continued to bite on her pulsing clitoris with increasing pressure. Anika convulsed, straining at her bonds, jerking frantically to and fro a few centimetres. The motor of the vibrator whined as her sheath clamped about it and its contractions sprayed her juices out of her stuffed vagina. Ivanka could not resist lapping a little up with her tongue.

After a minute Anika's struggles grew feebler and she sagged limply in her bonds. Kubeck turned off the vibrator.

Ivanka rose and returned to stand before Kubeck's desk, wiping a smear of Anika's juices from her mouth.

Kubeck looked at her thoughtfully. It was a hard calculating gaze and Ivanka felt the exciting thrill of power behind it. The control he had over both local and foreign women in his charge made her feel weak at the knees, but she did not let this show on her face. How was he assessing her? They were in the summer tourist season and must be busy so he would need an assistant. Her cautious enquiries had revealed that none of Kubeck's junior staff so far had proven to have the right touch with the girls when subtlety was required, or else they were weak on languages. Ivanka's fear had been that she might seem too sure of herself, but she could not hope to be an interrogator without displaying a measure of self-confidence.

'That was interesting,' he said at last, giving Ivanka a little thrill of hope.

He touched a button on his desk, rotating poor sex-stained Anika back into her alcove. Then got up and crossed to what Ivanka had assumed was a large built-in cupboard. Opening the doors he revealed a lift cage within. 'My

private access to the dungeons,' he explained. 'There's a new girl down there you can give me your opinion on...'

Sergeant Hodza was stiffly polite when Kubeck introduced Ivanka to him but looked at her doubtfully. Clearly he was not happy with the prospect of working with a woman, at least one who was not naked and chained. If anywhere in Barovia could be said to be a man's world, then it was surely down here where they were undisputed masters and women knew their places. Yet Kubeck clearly valued Hodza and if she had any hope of getting the job she would have to reassure him as soon as she could that she did not want to change the system, just be part of it.

Kubeck made enquiries about a "Fekujo Thirteen", and then led Ivanka along a corridor of cells until they reached number nine. Kubeck paused in the doorway.

'When our guest tormentors take girls into cells to play with they wear full hoods to protect their identities from their victims and the camera's,' he explained. 'The hoods provide a common "uniform" the girls recognise and also helps disguise the fact they are not local men. Its medieval associations are also useful. Generally we do not wear hoods after their introductory sessions so they can empathise with us more easily.'

'The little pig in here is called Rachel and she's English, so not surprisingly she's naïve and a little repressed. She was not one of our prime targets because she was travelling with her boyfriend. But they had a row and her left her, a fact that our monitor at their hotel reported, and we were able to set her up with incriminating evidence while she was still deciding what to do next. She's now served five days of a three-week ordeal. One of our guest tormentors has just finished a session with her and Hodza was letting her cool off before I visit her and test that she still maintains her innocence. The interval is important. If we ask too soon after a hard session the girl might break, which we don't want. That's also why we keep them gagged so much of the time, so they don't surprise us with a sudden loss of nerve and a confession of guilt.'

'What do you do in such circumstances, Sir?'

‘Shut her up until she changes her mind and then say she was lucky there was a fault with the equipment and her confession was never recorded. Anyway, I think the ordeal is having an interesting effect on this one. Make use of her and then tell me what you think.’

He stood back and let Ivanka open the heavy cell door.

Inside was a white-walled room. Ivanka could smell the mingled tang of recently spilled sperm and a girl’s juices. There was a rack of restraints, punishment devices and sex toys and in one corner a hose and bucket. In the middle of the room was a block made of heavy timbers standing about the height of a table. A pair of two metre high posts rose from adjacent corners. Both posts and block were hung about with tethering rings and chains.

A naked girl with collar length dark hair lay on the block doubled over on her back. Her cuffed wrists were clipped to heavy rings bolted to the sides of the posts just above the top of the block. Her legs were stretched up above her, parted and pulled back over her head. Short chains ran from the post tops to her ankle cuffs. Another chain running from rings in the sides of the block had been drawn tight across her waist, digging into her soft pale stomach. More chains ran up from the corners of the block and looped about the folds of her upper thighs where they joined her hips, pulling them down against the dark stained wood.

The tight stretched curves of her buttocks and the pouting swell of her pussy overhung the edge of the block. Both had clearly been well lashed. Her vulva was red-lipped and appeared still to be distended as though from recent vigorous use. The dark pucker of her anus sunk in its little ring mound of flesh was starkly exposed between her stretched and parted thighs. As Ivanka looked on a trickle of fluid ran out of the bottom of her vaginal cleft, round her anal well and dripped into the dark puddle on the floor at the base of the block.

Rachel’s face was turned towards the door. She had pretty, open features, Ivanka noted. Her mouth bulged with a ball gag and her eyes were closed in exhaustion. There were also fresh lash marks across her full breasts that rose and fell in a steady rhythm too fast and deep for sleep.



Ivanka felt a deep thrill of excitement and a stirring in her loins at the sight of her bound form. She had played torture games before in attics, garages and old barns, but never in a real dungeon equipped like this one, or with a truly helpless victim. But she must not let herself get carried away.

As she closed the door Rachel's eyes fluttered open. For a moment Ivanka saw they were full of nervous almost eager anticipation, which changed to doubt as she saw Ivanka. Who had she been hoping to see?

'Captain Kubeck ordered me to check on your condition, Fekujo Thirteen,' Ivanka said briskly in English, establishing her credentials without saying what her true purpose was.

Rachel blinked at her uncertainly through round dark eyes still crusted and red-rimmed from recent tears.

Ivanka made a show of walking round the block and posts, tugging at the rings and chains that bound Rachel, as though inspecting them. As she ran her hands over the chains holding her thighs spread she could feel the heat of the girl's rosy well-tanned flesh. The sperm of her last user was still oozing out of her lovely full-lipped pussy. From the way her hips were dawn back and lifted Ivanka could look right into the dark crinkle-edged mouth of her vaginal passage.

She ran a finger through the discharge from Rachel's sore and gaping cleft.

'Would you like that washed out of you so you're clean for the Captain?' she asked, as if it was a duty she could take or leave.

Rachel looked troubled, rolling her eyes about and squirming. Ivanka divined the cause of her uncertainty.

'I'm sure the camera's recorded all your suffering. In any case I'll make a point of telling the Captain you were well used. Now shall I clean you up?'

Rachel nodded in relief.

Ivanka brought over the hose and bucket and a towel that had been

hung on the end of the rack, together with one other item she had been pleased to find that she concealed from Rachel's view. 'I must not get my uniform dirty cleaning out a little pig like you,' she said casually. Briskly she stripped off her jacket, shirt and bra, leaving herself dressed only in her polished jackboots and trousers. Rachel looked up at her with delightful shyness. Ivanka was not ashamed of her body. Her arms were strong but shapely, her breasts were firm pink-tipped cones and her trim stomach showed the muscular tone of hard exercise.

Ivanka used the hose to flush Rachel's pussy out, delighting in making her squirm as she handled her while the wastes gushed back out of her passage into the bucket. When she was done, Rachel's pussy looked pink and tight once more. Ivanka then wiped her dry and then fingered her cleft, sliding stiff fingers into the hot clinging elastic wetness of her vagina while massaging her clitoris with her thumb.

Rachel's eyes widened in alarm and she groaned.

'Captain Kubeck wants you to experience something different,' she said, stirring her fingers in her fleshy sexpot. 'Have you ever made love with a woman?'

Rachel gave a mouse-like whimper and shook her head.

Ivanka held up the double-ended strap-on dildo she had taken from the rack

Presumably it was there when a client wanted prisoners to screw each other.

'You're going to now...'

Ivanka dropped her trousers and pants, already wet at the crotch, and plugged the dildo into her own shaven sex, strapping it about her waist. She stroked the rubber shaft jutting out of her groin. The only thing she envied a man was the experience of having a part of him so deeply inside another girl. This was as close as she could get.

Standing between Rachel's splayed legs she guided the tip of the dildo into the helplessly gaping mouth of her sex. Bending forward across Rachel's

body Ivanka grasped her nipples, which were in the act of swelling into full hardness, taking command of her delightfully full breasts. She looked into Rachel's wide frightened eyes and smiled. She had to be hard and not loving, but she had a suspicion Rachel would still respond.

Ivanka thrust with her hips, bracing herself with her fleshy handholds that stretched resiliently in her hands. Rachel gave a muffle shriek of pain. Ivanka bent forward and kissed her tearful eyes and then her gag-spread lips.

‘It’s all right. I’ll tell the Captain how much you cried...’

Fifteen minutes later, immaculately uniformed once again, Ivanka reported back to Kubeck, who was sitting in Hodza's chamber drinking coffee with the sergeant.

‘I believe prisoner Thirteen is a repressed natural submissive, Sir. She also has a high sexual capacity she probably represses. Even after having orgasmed within the last hour I forced her to do so again. From her responses every time I mentioned your name, I also believe she is forming an attachment to you, Captain, as the dominant figure of power and authority here. Of course she would not admit it being English but I could feel it in her pussy. Her boyfriend could not have been up to much.’

‘I told you so, Captain,’ Hodza grinned.

‘She’s a perfect subject for training, Captain,’ Ivanka continued enthusiastically. ‘In two weeks I could break her in and make her your bitch slave and have her doing tricks for you...’

From the darkening expression on Kubeck's face she knew she had presumed too much, but it was too late to take her words back.

He stood up. ‘Follow me,’ he said curtly.

He led her back along the corridor to cell three. Inside was a flogging rack. This was a sturdy wooden frame mounted on a base so it was tilted back about a third from vertical. A square net of thick ropes was strung across its

middle with heavy straps at its corners.

‘Strip!’ Kubeck commanded.

Ivanka gulped. In a daze she pulled off her boots, trousers and pants. In a minute she stood shivering before Kubeck totally naked. She felt her eyes take in the pale firm curves of her hard buttocks and the naked cleft of her shaven sex. She felt less proud of her well-honed body than she had a short time earlier. Under his relentless gaze she was wilting. How could she have imagined she could ever be a professional interrogator? She was just an amateur.

‘Put your boots back on,’ Kubeck snapped.

She hastened to obey. Now she was naked except for black leather jackboots, but they did not make her feel less exposed. They emphasised her bare flesh, like the prisoners’ high-heels.

‘Go to the rack, face down!’ Kubeck ordered.

Feeling sick Ivanka obeyed, lying on the lattice of ropes and spreading her arms and legs to the corners of the frame. Her pointed breasts slipped through gaps between the ropes and jutted out on the far side.

Kubeck buckled the restraining straps about her wrists and ankles, holding her tight against the ropes. From the array of restraints by the rack he selected a long thin buckled strap with a leather sleeve in the middle that pinched it together into a figure “8”. This he slipped over her breasts protruding through the ropes and drew tight until they bulged like small pink melons.

For a moment Kubeck assessed her bound body, noting the supple curve of her back and the firm rotundity of her pale bottom with the pout of her sex peeping between her spread thighs. Then he took down a long lash of broad thongs and positioned himself behind her.

‘You understand that I cannot have an overconfident officer working for me....’ he said, swiped the lash across her bottom left and right, leaving a glowing array of stripes behind. Ivanka stifled a yelp of pain. ‘Our unwilling

guests and innocent benefactors must be handled with the utmost care and that takes years of experience...' Swish, crack! The thongs had been angled up between Ivanka's thighs, their tips curling about her vulva and into her cleft. That forced a shrill sob of pain from her. 'We exploit them as planned before we ever talk of making sex pets of them. We do not put our essential work at risk. Fekujo Thirteen will serve her time here first before we think of our own pleasure, do you understand?'

'Yes, Sir!' she gasped.

'Also, you will never presume to know what I want...' he stepped round to the side of the frame and swung the thongs across her bound breasts as they poked through the mesh, driving them back against the ropes. She gasped. 'You can be dominant when you master prisoners but never forget I'm you superior at all times...' he shifted position and thrashed her breasts from the other side. As Ivanka whimpered they shivered and rebounded elastically under the lash strokes, turning from pink to scarlet.

Kubeck stood back to survey his handiwork. Ivanka hung in her rope bed stifling her miserable sobs and breathing heavily. Putting down the lash Kubeck took hold of her slender hips. His fingers cupped her sex, testing her wetness. Such had been her dejection she had not realised she had been lubricating copiously. It was an automatic reaction. She felt something burrowing between her thighs and then...

'Uhhh!'

Kubeck had entered her pussy from behind. He was big and he skewered her to the hilt. She squirmed miserably for a few moments then lay still in surrender. He was her master now.

He began pumping away inside her, adding emphasis to his words with a harder thrust. 'I don't *care* if you like *cocks* inside you or not, *this* is the one that *counts* and you never *forget* it. Now, do you *want* to work in Checkpoint One or *not*?'

The meaning of her words penetrated her pain and dejection. There was still a chance for her.

‘Oh, yes, sir!’ she choked.

Still plugged inside her Kubeck reached through the rope mesh and grasped her nipples, standing out in stiff cones above her simmering bound breasts. He pinched and twisted the tender nubs. ‘Will you obey my orders to the letter at all times?’

‘Eeek.... Oh yes, sir! I swear, sir!’

‘Very good. You’re on a month’s probation as assistant interrogator. I’ll inform your commander you are on secondment to Checkpoint One. Report here tomorrow...’

He was thrusting harder and harder into her, grinding her against the coarse ropes. She was gasping and pushing shamelessly back against him, thrilled by her sudden advancement and the masterful cock inside her. The one thing she envied in a man...

‘I have some new targets I hope to snare very shortly. A gaggle of three beauties I think will make very profitable prisoners. However I’ll need some assistance with handling them properly. No two girls are ever treated exactly alike and three will require special care so that ...’

Ivanka did not hear any more because at that point she orgasmed gloriously.

# Chapter 5

Kubeck's beauties were called Ornella Casinette, Tonia Ferrara and Helga Kassel. Two were dark-haired Italians and one a honey-blonde German, all were aged twenty and all were certainly pretty. They had apparently first met at an international school in Bern and had come to Barovia together for an exclusive fashion show featuring the work of young designers. Then today, passing through the checkpoint, a guard had asked to check the images on their cameras...

They had protested at their sudden arrest, they had struggled when they had been stripped and body-searched and so they had to be restrained. All three girls were now unwillingly seated strapped naked into sturdy interrogation room chairs. These were fitted with an array of restraints and also small pairs of wheel on their back legs.

The girls' arms were pulled round the backs of the chairs and held by broad cuffs bolted to the chair frames. A broad strap went across their throats, pulling their heads back. A pair of straps passed round from the chair backs about their arms and above and below their breasts, further restraining their struggles while squeezing their plaint orbs between them. Their legs were splayed wide, knees bent and feet tucked behind the front legs of the chairs where more cuffs secured them in place. There were also straps running over and around their inner thighs. This forced them to sit with their pubes on display to the whole room. All were bikini-line trimmed, the Italian girls with dark curls and the German with dark blonde. Their labial clefts gaped wetly open, perhaps out of involuntary excitement.

As their protests had become shriller and more voluble, each in keeping with their nationalities, Kubeck had ordered them gagged. Now they could only grunt and moan as Kubeck stood before them outlining their sorry situation.

Ivanka stood behind the girls, looking down over their shoulders at their trembling breasts and trying to contain the excitement she felt as she

waited for Kubeck's orders.

'Pro-terrorist literature found in your hotel rooms!' Kubeck said angrily, waving a sheaf of papers in their faces. He spoke precisely in Italian, which Helga seemed fluent in, so there was no doubt they understood the gravity of their situation. 'Then there are pictures of government offices and utilities we found on your cameras. Hardly the sort of things innocent tourists photograph, are they? Put the two together and what do you expect us to think? Clearly you are terrorist sympathisers. We have many distinguished foreign guests attending our cultural events, perhaps they are your targets for maximum publicity for your twisted cause. Well?'

The girls shook their heads desperately, their eyes wide with fear and confusion and blushes on their cheeks from anger and shame at their exposure. In a corner of the room the guards that had brought them in were watching them squirm and admiring their captive bodies.

'You want to speak up for yourselves?'

They nodded.

'But will you do so without shouting and calling me insulting names this time?'

They nodded their heads again.

'Corporal, if any of them speak out of turn use your batten on them. Show them how it works first.'

'Yes, Captain,' said Ivanka, also speaking in Italian. She unholstered her shock batten and held it out in front of the three girls. Then she jabbed it downwards onto their breasts, working her way along the line of captive and trembling mammaries. Sparks flashed against their nipples, making the girls squeal and try to flinch away. Ivanka felt her panties getting damp.

'What setting was that, Corporal?'

'The lowest, Sir,' Ivanka replied.



‘Do you want to feel the highest?’ he asked the girls.

They shook their heads fearfully.

‘Remove their gags...’

Ivanka pulled the ball gags out of their mouths and let them hang about their necks.

‘Now what have you to say for yourselves?’

‘You have no right to treat us like this!’ Helga said loudly.

Kubeck nodded and Ivanka jabbed her batten into Helga’s breasts again and held it there. Her shrieks of pain rang back from the walls while Ornella and Tonia shrank back in horror.

Kubeck waited until Helga had stopped shivering, then said coldly: ‘First, under Boravian law I have every right to do what I wish with terrorist suspects or sympathisers for as long as I like. Second, from now on you will all address me as “Sir” and do so politely. Do you understand?’

‘We are innocent... Sir,’ Ornella and Tonia said together in tremulous voices.

‘I... I am also innocent and I wish to call a lawyer, Sir,’ said Helga, blinking back her tears.

‘No calls, not for terrorist suspects.’

‘But we’re not terrorists, Sir!’ Ornella pleaded.

‘Then how do you explain what we found in the possession of not just one but all three of you?’

‘It... it must be a misunderstanding, Sir,’ Helga said.

‘How can you misunderstand this?’ Kubeck said, holding up a sheet of paper praising suicide martyrs and giving instructions on how to make a homemade bomb.

‘Then... it’s a bad joke, Sir,’ she said desperately.

‘Quite an elaborate joke,’ said Kubeck. ‘Tell me, do you have any enemies in Barovia who might perpetrate such a thing? Have you any rational explanation apart from the obvious?’

They were silent and Ivanka felt a brief pang of sympathy. How could they imagine that Boravian border police, with the full cooperation of hotel staff, planted the papers in their rooms and added the pictures to their cameras? Then she thought of the quality of their clothes and belongings and the softness of their hands and the fun she was going to have with them. She could already smell their fear mingled with a faint whiff of arousal. It was impossible for young healthy woman to be exposed and bound like this without getting a little excited.

‘The hard evidence dams you and all we have against it are your words that you are innocent,’ Kubeck persisted. ‘It’s known that young women are becoming more involved in fundamentalism and their leaders are getting more sophisticated. No doubt you were secretly turned but told to maintain an outward western lifestyle so you could spy for them. Perhaps even your families did not realise. What a shock they’ve got coming.’

‘No, no...’ Ornella moaned. ‘It would kill them.’

‘I’ve told you the truth, Sir,’ said Tonia.

‘Please, Sir, call my family,’ Helga begged. ‘They’ll tell you I’m innocent.’

‘No forewarning anybody, girl. The first any of them will know will be a dawn raid by security police.’

They looked horrified. Their faces were beginning to show rear fear and hopelessness.

Kubeck sighed. ‘Now I shall have to inform the international authorities, your governments, Europol, perhaps even the CIA. Your families will be interrogated, your schoolmates will be questioned, every possible connection with extremism will be investigated. You should not be surprised. Both your

countries have spawned radical movements in the past. The investigation could go on for months and you will be shut away and questioned and questioned. Even if they decide your families are innocent think what the press will make of the story if it drags out. Three pretty young terrorist spies. Why not spare them some of the pain to come and confess now. Do you need encouragement? Corporal...'

Ivanka came round from behind the girls and stood in front of them.

'Are any of you virgins?' she asked.

Fearfully they shook their heads.

Ivanka knelt down between Helga's wide-splayed legs, parted the lips of her sex and dipped the batten into the tightness of Helga's vagina. Helga groaned and bit her lip as she feel herself penetrated. When the batten shaft was good and wet Ivanka withdrew it, pushed the tip into Helga's clitoral hood and pressed the button.

Helga went rigid in her chair, her eyes bulging, every muscle standing out on her body as she strained at her straps. Her shriek of pain was painful to the ears. Ivanka felt a thrill of raw delight surge through her at the sound of a pretty young woman in pain, and the knowledge that she was inflicting that pain for her country. The dampness in her panties was becoming unashamed, patriotic wetness.

Leaving Helga slumped in her chair with tears dripping onto her breasts, Ivanka moved on to Tonia, who was already shaking her head in horror. Ivanka slid already lubricated the batten into the gaping mouth Tonia's sex and forced it up into her desperately clenching sheath.

'No, no, please don't.... ahhheee!'

Ornella was already sobbing by the time Ivanka knelt before her, trying to pull her strapped thighs together. 'You can't do this to us...'

Ivanka parted her olive-tinted love lips and looked up into her pretty, fear-creased face. 'Yes I can,' she said, dipping and stirring the batten inside

Ornella before pressing the button.

When their tears had subsided and their heads hung miserably over their trembling breasts, Kubeck asked: 'Do you confess?'

Feebly they shook their heads.

'You are stubborn,' he conceded. 'Perhaps it was all some sort of hoax. Perhaps you are telling the truth after all...'

All three girls lifted their heads, red-rimmed eyes widening in hope.

Kubeck shrugged. 'But the facts leave me no choice. I don't want to believe pretty young girls like you are guilty, but under international law I must report what we have found. I'm sorry for your families, whether you're innocent or not, but there it is. I must make the call...' He turned towards his desk phone.

'Excuse me, Captain,' Ivanka said on cue, still speaking in Italian, 'but if we only have their word that they're innocent, why can't they be judged by our law of ordeal?'

'Because they're not tough Boravian peasant woman, Corporal,' Kubeck said dismissively. 'Those old laws are not for them. They wouldn't last two minutes in our dungeons and simply waste our time, like the last ones.'

'But it would give them a chance, Sir. As you say, it's such a pity their friends and families will have to suffer all that shame for so long when we could discover the truth in a week or two.'

'Please, Sir,' Helga asked plaintively, struggling to keep her voice steady. 'What are these "old laws"?''

We've got you now! Ivanka thought in delight.

'Medieval laws of ordeal, written when woman had fewer rights,' Kubeck said. 'They could sacrifice their shame and honour to prove their word. They are still in force in our country, as are the punishments we use on our own women. We have some undergoing ordeals down in our dungeons right now.'

Sometimes foreign women who break our laws also choose to be judged by them. If they maintain their innocence through the ordeal then by ancient tradition they are allowed to go free without a criminal record. In your cases we would file the evidence against you instead of reporting it and let you go. If no fresh evidence ever came up against you, then nothing need ever be said about it.'

'We can do that,' Tonia said desperately.

'Didn't you hear, he said *dungeons*,' Ornella countered.

'I think they're strong enough, Sir,' Ivanka said. 'Perhaps we could test them quickly now in the dungeons. If they break then you can still make the calls.'

'It sounds like you're suggesting an introductory torment session for them, Corporal. This is not some health spa offer, you know.'

Ivanka contrived to look suitably contrite. 'Sorry, Sir. Of course, you must report them...'

The three bound girls moaned.

'However...' Kubeck looked at the girls thoughtfully. 'I suppose we should give them the chance. What are you prepared to sacrifice to prove you're telling the truth? Shall we test you quickly like the Corporal suggests? Don't make this choice lightly. The truth is only won by suffering. If you agree you will be abused, shamed and degraded in every way.'

'Please, Sir, worse than this?' Helga asked cautiously.

'Oh, yes, worse than this. And if you cannot stand it then I shall make the call to Europol and the rest. However, if you are truly innocent and strong enough and request a full trial by ordeal, then nobody need ever know about it or the grave accusations against you. As far as your friends and families were concerned you would simply be staying in Barovia longer than you planned. But it must be all three of you together or none of you at all, do you understand? If one refuses now or confesses later we hand you all over. It cannot work any other way. Our law or international law.' He checked his

watch. 'I'll give you one minute to decide...'

They looked at each other fearfully, exchanging a babble of urgent words between them. 'How much will it hurt?' 'We've nothing to lose.' 'What does he mean by "abused"?'

Ivanka could tell Helga was the most forceful amongst them with Ornella the weakest. But she wanted them all to be brave now. It meant their suffering would be so much more rewarding. She was beginning to discover there was a thrill in manipulating girls' minds almost as strong as manipulating their bodies.

Finally they looked back at Kubeck. 'We are innocent and we want to take the ordeal, Sir,' Helga said.

'Then that is all you need to say for now. For the next hour we shall treat you just like our regular prisoners. Re-gag them, Corporal...'

They wheeled the girls into the lift still strapped to their chairs and took them down to the dungeons.

Ivanka felt excited and nervous. Kubeck had briefed her on how he wanted them handled this first time, but she was aware of many things that could go wrong. They needed the commitment of all three of them to continue with their ordeal, which meant they had to suffer but in the right way. However it would be worth the effort. Kubeck had many clients who would be delighted to pay a premium for the opportunity of tormenting three attractive young women at the same time.

They wheeled the girls along to cell seven, which had already been arranged for their welcome. The girls groaned at what they saw inside, but with their gags in they could not panic each other into changing their minds.

There were racks of restraints and torture devices on the walls, together with hose and buckets, but the girls' attention was drawn to the three sets of stock boards laid out in a row on the cell floor, with the grille of a drain in between them. The pairs of split boards stood on their edges, each with a pair of holes

cut out of them, and were braced and joined by struts fitted with adjusting pegs, that held the boards about a metre apart. Chains incorporating heavy coil springs hung from the ceiling above the row of stocks.

As the girls took all this in Kubeck and Ivanka both stripped off their uniform jackets, rolled up their sleeves and pulled hoods on, leaving only their eyes and mouths showing. The captive girls flinched at the sight of their transformation.

‘This is the traditional tormentor’s garb,’ Kubeck told them. ‘Anybody wearing these hoods has a right to abuse you.’

What Kubeck did not say was that the hoods not only enhanced the medieval atmosphere of the setting but that they disguised Ivanka and himself so they could appear anonymously on the video of the girl’s torture. According to Kubeck copies would be offered to their established list of collectors. It gave Ivanka an additional thrill to know her first true torture session would be recorded. As she pulled on her hood she had an image of herself torturing a victim naked except for hood and boots. That would really be exciting. Perhaps if she were made a full assistant Kubeck would allow it.

When they were ready they unstrapped the girls from their chairs and put them in the stocks. They sat them down with their knees pulled up between the pairs of stock boards with their feet resting on the other side of the lower set. Through these they slipped their wrists and then clamped the board halves together. The girls squirmed and tried to pull their hands free, of course, but the inner rims of the holes were lined with rubber that gripped their skin. Then Kubeck and Ivanka pulled the girls’ legs up into the air and back over their heads, forcing them to roll over onto their shoulders. Forcing their legs on and down, Kubeck and Ivanka bent their legs until their knees were level with their heads, ignoring the girls’ whimpers as the tendons in the backs of their legs were stretched. They were young and supple and Ivanka knew they could take it. She and Kubeck pushed the girls’ ankles into the lower semi-circular holes in the stock boards and then clamped the top halves into place.

Soon Helga, Ornella and Tonia lay in a row side by side on the cell floor with their ankles clamped above their heads, all now forced to stare up past their

breasts as they tried to flow back towards their shoulders, through the inverted “V” of their thighs and into the mouths of their pubic mounds as they pouted from between the smooth taut hills of their buttocks. Their pretty bodies trembled with tension.

From Ivanka’s point of view as she looked down on them they had become three lovely bare upturned bottoms in a row. The parts of their bodies most often concealed from sight were now raised to the roof in plain sight. She could look down into the bronze eyes of their anuses, now forced into unhappy prominence by the compression of their stomachs. Swelling from their groins above their postern holes were the soft, light fuzzed clefts of their vulvas. Their delicate inner lips were definitely wet and filling out, protruding like crinkled tongues from the fuller deeper curves of their bigger sisters. Ivanka could smell their arousal more strongly now. Of course they could not help it. Their bodies knew what was coming and the wetter they were the easier this would be. Below these love mounds were the girls’ deliciously frightened faces, with their lips stretched about the plugs of their gags.

Kubeck took up the end of the cell hose and a graduated plastic funnel with short length of clear hose extending from it. Ivanka went down on her knees on either side of Tonia’s head and twisted her gag ball round until a hole appeared. Into this she plugged the end of the hose hanging from the funnel. Then she pinched Tonia’s nose, so the girl could only breathe through the funnel. She saw the Italian girl’s eyes go wide in fear.

‘You will drink all of this,’ Kubeck commanded.

He poured a measure of water into the funnel and watched it gurgle down the tube into Tonia’s mouth. The girl has no choice but to gulp it down so she could breathe again. Then Kubeck poured in another measure...

They continued like this until Tonia had drunk almost a litre. Then they moved on to Ornella. Having seen what they were doing she twisted her head round, making frightened little gurgles of protest and Ivanka had to pinch and twist her nipples until she held still for her to insert the tube. She choked a few times as she drank and a little came out of her nose. Helga was sensible enough not to struggle and drank down her measure stoically without Ivanka



having to force her.

While they waited for the drink to take effect Kubeck stood over them so that had to look up at him over their exposed sexes. He had a spanking paddle in his hand.

‘You are here to be shamed, abused and degraded. If you can survive the next hour you can survive the rest of the ordeal, because this is a sample of all that we will do to you. Punishments may take the form of physical pain...’ He swiped their bottoms and bare sexes with the paddle, working his way up and down the line of them. It was only a light tanning but the sharp smacks still rang back from the walls as pursed pussy lips shivered under the blows and puckered anal mouths clenched. The girls shrieked through their gags and clenched their fists, but they were too tightly bent over and firmly clamped to do more than twist their bottoms slightly. They could do nothing to stop Kubeck bringing a blush to their upturned cheeks and lovmouth lips.

Only when their groins were bright pink did he desist. When they had stopped snivelling and had blinked the tears from their eyes, he continued.

‘It may also take the form of forced sex...’

He peeled back his flies, exposing his erect shaft. The girls goggled at it in horror while Ivanka found the sight made her pants a little wetter. She knew he was simply using it as part of his patriotic job and was treating her as a working colleague, which she respected. Normally erect penises did not arouse her but she envied the places Kubeck’s had been. Including of course inside her...

Kubeck straddled Tonia’s upturned hips and drove his shaft into her red-lipped sex. She gasped and screwed up her eyes. Because of the angle of entry the thrusts made her lower stomach bulge with every deep penetration of its head within her.

After half a dozen pumping thrusts Kubeck pulled his manhood out of her clinging sheath, dripping with her juices, and moved sideways to plunge it into Ornella’s unwillingly ready pussy. After the same number of plunges he pulled out of her and moved on to plumb the delights of Helga’s Teutonic

vagina.

When he had delivered her quota he withdrew with his shaft still hard. He had not yet spent his sperm. They were all sobbing quietly now, but Ivanka saw that fluid was seeping out of the tops of their clefts and running over the forced folds of their stomachs.

‘Or it can take the form of bodily humiliation...’

Ivanka was already holding a light horizontal frame that had been hung on the wall ready. Onto it were screwed three greased black rubber double dildos mounted on springy cane handles. She hooked ringbolts in the frame onto the sprung ceiling chains that dangled above the row of upturned bottoms, taking most of its weight. As she held it steady and the girls’ whimpered in horror, Kubeck guided the tips of the narrower dildos into the girls’ anuses and fatter longer shafts into the vaginas he had just vacated.

Ivanka pulled down on the frame, plunging the dildos into the waiting orifices, making them bulge visibly as three vaginas and three rectums were simultaneously plugged. The girls’ red-rimmed eyes bulged as if in sympathy and saliva dribbled and bubbled about their gags as they screeched and sobbed at this double mechanical violation. Ivanka let the frame springs lift the dildos almost out of their fleshy sheathes, sucking them in visibly, then pushed down again.

‘This will not stop until you all piss,’ Kubeck told them. ‘The last girl who fountains I’ll drain my cock in and spank her breasts while I’m doing it.’

They sobbed at the prospect that faced them. Trapped between their growing need to relieve themselves, shame, sexual stimulation and fear, Ivanka thought their faces were perfect pictures of distress. Although the pressure was mounting in their bladders it went against all their instincts to soil themselves, especially into their own faces. But the dildos pumping away so intimately inside them could not be denied. The nipples of their rolled-back breasts were all hard. As she worked to plug their fleshy sockets again and again Ivanka saw with each downstroke that their erect clitorises were being pushed up out of their plugged clefts, which were already overflowing with their lubricating juices. She could smell their heady aroma as she pumped

their vapours into the close air of the cell. She saw their eyes were fixed on their alternately bulging and sucking vulvas and the shiny shafts rising and falling in the wells of their anuses like pumps extracting oil.

They would never have seen or felt anything like it before and the turmoil was showing on their faces as they became more desperate. The need to cum and the need to ease the pressure inside them were inexorably overcoming their pride and shame. Any moment now...

Ornella shrieked and gurgled about her gag as her pee gushed from her. Hot and steaming it splattered down her stomach, over her heaving breasts, into her face and over her hair. It hissed audibly as it burst from her, the stream wriggling as Ivanka continued to pump her sex. The thrill of pee jetting from her pussy so fiercely pushed Ornella over the edge and before the flow ceased her eyes widened in astonishment and then rolled up in their sockets as an orgasm racked her doubled-over body. While she was still shuddering and moaning Tonia's cleft gushed forth both pee and orgasmic juices, closely followed by Helga.

Ivanka pulled the six dildos out of their by now sopping and gently steaming boreholes and swung the frame aside. While Helga's head was still lolling to one side with her eyelids fluttering Kubeck mounted her again and, lightly spanking her wet breasts, rode her haunches until he came inside her with a grunt of satisfaction. Ivanka thought the girl was so dazed hardly aware what he was doing.

Kubeck got off Helga, pulling his glistening shaft from her sex. As he went to close his flies Ivanka felt an urge to go down on her knees before him and beg to lick him clean, but she had her orders. Now they must wait to see the results of their efforts.

Kubeck had spent some time planning this torment for the three girls. It was both ordeal and reward where humiliation and pleasure met. It had to be both hard and darkly exciting, delivering just enough pain to stimulate but not drown their natural sexual response. He had brought them to orgasm with perfection but would they submit to further torments?

Finally, with the pee cooling on their bodies, the girls began to stir. Kubeck

swiped their upturned bottoms lightly, bringing them back to full awareness.

‘That was a taste of what is to come,’ he said. ‘Now, are you strong enough to take two weeks of this, or are you the soft western women I think you are? If you are brave and truly innocent then nobody need ever know about this. If not I shall deliver all three of you and your families to the mercy of international justice. Do you chose the ordeal?’

Ivanka pulled their gags out so they could reply.

‘Tonia?’ Helga asked her companion.

Tonia’s eyes were still glazed. She took a deep breath and nodded feebly. ‘I’ll try.’

‘I can’t take any more of this,’ Ornella sobbed before Helga could ask, her face a picture of misery.

‘Yes you can,’ Helga insisted. ‘If you say no think of the shame it will mean to your family.’

‘But this is already shameful and disgusting. They’re going to treat us like animals... like shit!’

‘But this will stay secret. And it will be quick. Just two weeks. You can stand that. We’ll be with you.’

‘Yes, I promise you’ll have your friends close by you,’ Kubeck said.

Ivanka smiled. They did not realise how close.

Ornella snivelled. ‘Well... all right... I’ll try.’

Helga looked up at Kubeck and Ivanka thought she saw a strange rather exhilarated look in her eyes. ‘Yes, Sir, we’ll take the ordeal,’ she said.

## Chapter 6

‘It is good for the morale and dignity of a small country such as ours to occasionally dominate women from larger and more powerful countries,’ said Kubeck as he led his audience along the dungeon corridor. ‘Mastering those naïve foreign women is not only just but it feels particularly satisfying. After all, they have broken our laws so it is only right they should be made to suffer as our women do. In this way they learn that they are no better than us and to respect our customs and traditions. Magnanimously, when they have served their time, we allow them to return home and pretend their shameful ordeals never took place, but it is a secret they must always keep from their men. So Barovia holds a power over them ever after.’

His audience were a dozen young women of the senior class of the Royal Strakensburg Academy, looking very smart in their grey skirts, white shirts and wine-red blazers. By tradition every year, when they had come of age and before they graduated, the senior class had a tour of the castle and all its facilities, especially the dungeons and gardens and all they contained. By now the girls were hanging on his words in slightly horrified fascination.

The cell corridor was empty, as were most of the cells at this time. It was a period of the day when their paying tormentors were back in their hotels resting, so the school party would not interfere with business. However Kubeck had arranged for a few fekujos to be left out for educational purposes.

The old castle was still a symbol of law and order, and knowledge of what it contained a deterrent. Barovians had a robust approach to such things and did not hide the basic facts of life from their youth once they were old enough to appreciate them, namely that breaking the law had its penalties. The theory was that knowing what punishments they now faced would make them better citizens. Corporal punishment was still used in their school and this was its logical progression. Even now the girls’ male counterparts were being taken round the city’s hard labour camp where male criminals were sent.

Kubeck always found the tours satisfying occasions. He knew from long experience that some of these girls would still offend and find themselves sent up here in the castle for suitable chastisement, as they had by tradition for hundreds of years. But now he could look forward to beating them with a clear conscience because he knew they had been well warned.

He stopped the party outside the door of cell eight.

‘Self-evidently you must have penalties to enforce discipline and respect for the law,’ he said. ‘Now if death can be used in some countries as a punishment, why not the lesser punishments of acute shame and officially sanctioned violation? They also have the advantage that that can be applied more than once. After all, the objective is to make the punishment as memorable as possible, and nobody ever forgets a visit to our dungeons.’

‘In here we have a foreign girl in the middle of her period of ordeal. The punishments she has endured have already had the effect of making her more obedient and respectful. She had learned that the extremes of pain and pleasure are beyond her control and so she will be more grateful for what joys she does have in future. She will return to her country a better and more law-abiding citizen.’

He pushed open the door and ushered the class inside. They gave little gasps as they saw the cell’s occupant.

Rachel was hung upside-down in a rectangular frame of metal tubes. Her mouth was plugged with her ball gag and a broad blindfold strap had been bound across her eyes. What could be seen of her face was red and her cheeks were shiny.

The frame hung from the ceiling by heavy chains hooked to pivot rings set midway down its longer sides. Lighter chains bolted to the bracing plates on the inside corners of the frame were hooked to her wrist and ankle cuffs, stretching and spread-eagling her body. Thinner adjustable rods with large, rubber padded screw-clamp ends extended in from the sides of the frame and held Rachel rigidly in position, clamping about her knees, elbows, waist and neck. A pair of clamps were also closed about the roots of her breasts, turning them into swelling fleshy balloons that jutted out from her

chest as though defying gravity.

This pressure had the effect of making her nipples stand out from the tight swells of what were now almost literally her globes. They were hard dark pink cones, striving to stand upright despite the strain on them. This was because they had small clamps screwed painfully tightly onto them, from which were hung lead weights like plum bobs that swayed as she breathed.

Suspended from a ring set in the middle of the end of the frame to which her feet were chained was a long coil spring supporting a metal bucket. Screwed to the base of the bucket was a fearsomely large back rubber dildo with thickly serrated and studded sides. The tip of the dildo was already buried deep inside the mouth of her vagina, making her vulva bulge and it was edging slowly but steadily deeper, to Rachel's growing discomfort. One of the frame's array of clamp arms held the end of the cell hose above the bucket and the tap on its end was dripping into it as regularly as a metronome. As it filled, the weight of water drove the dildo further inside her.

Yet despite the obvious pain of her slow penetration, a trickle of fluid had run out of Rachel's gaping cleft over her navel and down as far as her clamped breasts.

'This girl has been left here to suffer slowly and contemplate her sins,' Kubeck said. 'It is a lesson in helplessness and the complete domination we have over her.'

At the sound of Kubeck's voice Rachel had twisted her head round and made small whimpering sounds that might have been pleading. As he was speaking in Barovian she could not understand his words nor see the dozen girlish eyes now gawping at her helpless body. He ignored her, of course, but her reaction gave him quiet satisfaction.

Kubeck twisted the frame round on its ceiling pivot to show the school party her back. Her bottom was red from overlaid lash stripes. A few of the girls gasped at the sight and a couple looked sick, but none looked away.

Kubeck stroked Rachel's burning buttocks, making her flinch and then settle as though she realized who it was touching her. 'The female posterior is an excellent whipping place. It blushes easily and being naturally padded with extra layers of fat it can take a surprising amount of punishment. Anybody want to feel?'

There were nervous giggles but they all seemed shy. Finally one girl, a slender blonde with a nice heart-shaped face and prominent breasts, raised her hand.

'I would, Sir...'

'Good girl. What's your name?'

'Gretta Karolyi, Sir.'

'Well go on, Gretta...'

Hesitantly Gretta stroked Rachel's bottom. Rachel flinched at the strange touch. 'Oh... it's so hot,' Gretta exclaimed.

'Yet as long as you don't break the skin it will heal in a few days and be ready for more.'

Turning Rachel back round to face them again, Kubeck took up a paddle from the rack and swiped it lightly across Rachel's stomach and clamped, bulging and weighted breasts, batting them from side to side. Constrained as they were they rebounded like rubber, setting the weights on her nipples jumping and jiggling and in turn the whole frame gently swaying. As her flesh nubs were stretched and twisted Rachel made throaty little whimpers, tossing her head from side to side.

Kubeck steadied the frame and asked: 'Do you think she's suffering?'

The class nodded.

He wiped his fingers across Rachel's damp pubic curls and showed the shiny traces to the class. 'Yet as you can see she's also lubricating in response to her penetration, suggesting she is also aroused by her situation.'



Gretta asked hesitantly: 'Please, Captain, if she's feeling pleasure, doesn't this reduce her pain a little and make it less of a punishment? Why not just beat her without putting anything inside her... sex?'

'Because women respond better to both. And it's not simple pleasure she feels, it's pleasure beyond her control: pleasure for her tormentor's amusement. Since she cannot help responding to it this only emphasises her helplessness. It is a degrading pleasure that will always be associated with the shame of her crime in her mind. Briefly when she achieves orgasm she will find escape of a sort, but always she will return to captive misery. Her only way out is to seek another orgasm and so she locks herself into dependency on her tormentors to stimulate her, increasing their authority and control over her. For instance I can give you permission to play with her body. Don't be shy. She has no rights of privacy down here. Go on, pinch and squeeze her breasts, finger her bum and pussy. She's a foreign woman who has broken our laws. It's your duty as good Barovians to see she suffers...'

Led by Greta they crowded round Rachel and began to prod and paw and pinch her body. Greatly daring they slid girlishly inquisitive fingers into her bottom cleavage and over her bulging breasts and straining, pulsing nipples and even around the cruelly stretched mouth of her vagina. They stroked the ribbed monster dildo being forced into her and marvelled that she could take it inside her. Rachel moaned and squirmed in her bonds at the strange touch of so many strange hands and they giggled at her confusion.

'Fun, isn't it?' Kubeck agreed. 'Now picture yourselves hanging in her place!'

Suddenly the class went very quiet and stepped back from the helpless naked and abused girl suspended in front of them.

'A frightening thought, isn't it? But it doesn't make it any less a just punishment. You cannot be hypocritical. If you enjoy her corrective suffering you must be prepared to suffer the same way if you ever break the law. Now you'll see the results of this treatment when she has to demean herself by begging to be put upright. This will be good English practise for those of you who have studied the language...'

He pulled out Rachel's gag. He did not challenge her to protest her innocence, of course. That came at the end of the day and it would have confused the class who believed she was a simple criminal. But fortunately down here there was little difference between a girl undergoing the ordeal of innocence and one who had been sentenced to a term of punishment. They both suffered by the same means. And by now Rachel had learned the appropriate responses to certain challenges common to either situation, like the good little fekujo she was. As far as she knew it was all part of the show of shaming that she had to put on for the hidden cameras.

'Are you a dirty piggy?' he asked in English.

'Yes, Sir.'

'Do you beg to be turned the right way up?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'What will you do for me?'

'Anything you wish, Sir.'

'Even if it means more suffering?'

'I'm here to suffer, Sir.'

'And you will,' he promised her. 'You are to hold the phallus inside you until I return. If you drop it you'll get a thrashing on your breasts to match your bottom, do you understand?'

'I understand, Sir.'

He put her gag back in. He was pleased to see she opened her mouth to receive it without being prompted.

Kubeck removed the dripping hose and drained the bucket through a small stopcock in its base. Of course the water ran down over Rachel's body, making her shiver. He unpinned the lock on the rings in the sides of the frame and flipped it over, twisting it round at the same time so she still faced the

class.

Rachel swung upright. Her breasts bobbed and the weights chained to her nipples swung round to hang level with her navel, twisting her nipples in a new direction. The empty bucket now hung between her legs with the monster phallus still impaled within her. Adding to its weight its spring was now trying to pull it out of her. Rachel groaned as the strain on her vagina was reversed and they could see her vulva clenching at the shaft of the dildo. Its prongs and ribbing would help her grip but by now it was shiny and slippery with the juices oozing up about her sex lips.

Kubeck switched back to Barovian. 'You see this way I have control over her will and most intimate body parts even when I'm absent. By obeying my commands she is being forced to participate in her own suffering. Now, we'll go outside...'

Gretta, eyes sparkling and a blush spreading on her cheeks, put her hand up. 'Excuse me, Sir, but when you come back to her... will you... will you use her for sex, Sir?'

Her classmates gasped at the brazenness of her question. Kubeck smiled.

'Yes, if I wish. Permitted violations are all part of her punishment. Of course, after having that phallus inside her it might be painful, but then that's what she's here for.'

Leaving the dungeons Kubeck escorted the class up the spiral stairs and out into the gardens. The air felt fresh and reviving after the close atmosphere of the cells. He stopped by an arched gate set in a tall wall shaggy with moss.

'We have some new arrivals in here that still need breaking in,' he explained. 'You can get some hands-on experience with them...'

He unlocked the gate and led them into the small, enclosed garden court. Seats and planted urns were arrayed about its sides while a square of raked gravel occupied its centre. Here a slot and peg wooden frame had been set up, within which were chained the naked forms of Helga, Tonia and Ornella.

The three girls were now properly cuffed and collared. Their hands were balled up in trotter mittens and high heels were locked onto their feet, showing off the curves of their legs to best advantage. Like Rachel, they were gagged and had blindfold straps over their eyes. They would never know they had been use as demonstration models for a party of Barovian schoolgirls.

The frame comprised two stout angle-braced upright posts between which were supported three beams, one at ground level, the second a little below waist height and the last above head high. The three girls had been bent over the middle beam. Their legs were spread and pulled forward having been made to step over the lowest beam. Their heels were then pressed back against the beam where snap hooks secured their ankle cuffs to it. This had the effect of pushing out their bare bottoms provocatively. Their upper bodies were bent over until they were horizontal and their arms had been pulled back and up behind them. Taut chains ran from their wrist cuffs to the top beam, the twisting of their shoulders forcing them to remain in position. This posture was further reinforced by chains from their collars that ran down to a ring bolted to the lowest beam between their spread feet. So they were held between the tension in this chain and that on their arms. Their naked breasts hung freely under them, looking at that moment, Kubeck thought, delightfully exposed.

As the three captives heard him open the gate they twisted their blind and mute heads round anxiously, setting their breasts swaying and trembling.

Beside the frame was a small table laid out with spanking paddles and a box containing some items Kubeck hoped his school party would enjoy using.

Still speaking in Barovain, Kubeck said: 'Go on, play with them...'

The girls' needed less encouragement this time and were soon stroking, fondling and tweaking the helpless captives.

'You can put your fingers up their pussies. Pull them wide and look right up inside if you like. They're in perfect positions to be examined. Don't worry if they wriggle about and make noises. This is all part of their punishment.'

He was not surprised to see Gretta was the first to dip her fingers into Ornella's moist passage. She pulled them out and showed her companions, then sniffed them, which made some of them grimace. The captive girls squirmed and whimpered as their vulvas were stretched wide and more inquisitive fingers were slid up their vaginas.

'Yes, its surprising how wet they are,' Kubeck said as fingers came out glistening with female juices. 'Their bodies are preparing them for what's to come driven by fear and anticipation, which makes them look as though they want it which only adds to their shame. When you're done wipe your fingers dry on their hair if you like. Every part of them is there to be used in some way...'

When the immediate curiosity of the school party was satisfied, Kubeck held up a handful of spanking paddles and an item from the box. It was a soft ribbed rubber dildo fitted with a handle.

'Now, these three are due a beating and a violation and to maximise their suffering I thought we'd do both at the same time. You can help me with it. As there are a dozen of you that makes it easy. Two of you go and stand each side of their head ends and two at their rears. Go on...'

The girls sorted themselves out. Kubeck went round handing out paddles to the girls by the captives' heads. They had large blades of soft rubber.

'You can swing these as hard as you like. They won't do them any serious harm but they will make satisfyingly loud cracks, leave a nice red mark and sting hard, which is good enough.'

He handed a dildo each to the girls by the exposed rears of the captive girls. 'These are also soft enough to plug them but not do any damage.'

'Do we put them up their... their bottom holes as well, Sir?' a girl asked, gazing at the phallus she held in horror.

'Oh yes. They're already washed out and greased as you a can see. A double plugging is much more shameful. Put the tips against the hole of your choice but don't enter them yet.'

When all the devices had been distributed Kubeck went to Tonia, Ornella and Helga and whispered something in their ears in their own language. Then he stood in front of the frames and addressed the school party. 'Are you all ready? You can change round in a minute so you all have a turn at each end. Now remember, I want to hear them sobbing so don't hold back. I've just told them we'll only stop when they orgasm. Ready... go!'

The schoolgirls began to swing their paddles and push their dildos up tremulous orifices. They were hesitant at first but quickly gained confidence. Pussy lips parted unwillingly and bottom holes bulged as rubber shafts pumped in and out of them with gathering speed. Dangling breasts were batted from side to side like fleshy bells that gradually turned from olive and pink to scarlet.

Kubeck walked around the rattling frame nodding in approval as the captive girls writhed and jerked against their chains, moaning and snivelling. It was a sight to make his cock stiffen. Saliva bubbled about their gags as they bit down on them in pain. Another kind of froth was being stirred up at their other ends as the dildos plunged into them. Kubeck saw Greta, clearly engrossed in her task, pumping Tonia's vagina vigorously with a look of wonder on her face as the rubber shaft slithered out of its sucking pink hole dripping with Tonia's juices. As he passed he saw her quickly scoop some of the fluid off the dildo and dab it to her lips. Then she realised he was watching her and blushed. A curious little kitten tasting a pot of girl cream, he thought.

Kubeck raised his voice over the multiple smack of rubber on flesh and the muted squeals of pain: 'And if any of you ever want to know what it feels like to be one of these girls right now, just commit any crime above a misdemeanour, shame your parents or defame our country. Our dungeons will be always be ready for you...'

After the academy girls had left the castle chattering excitedly about their tour, Kubeck returned to Cell 8.

Rachel still hung in her frame, of course, trembling with effort and dripping with need, the phallus was still clenched inside her. Its ribbed shaft

was now soaked in her juices, the perfume of which filled the room.

Kubeck took off her blindfold strap. She blinked and then looked at him in mute slavish relief.

‘Good little piggy,’ he said. She tried to smile about her gag.

He eased the phallus out of her vagina, leaving her sex lips gaping lewdly as though it was still inside her. He freed his cock, took her by the hips and rammed into her tenderised sex. As he had prophesied Rachel squealed in pain, but it was perhaps mingled with delight.

# Chapter 7

You wanted this, Ivanka told herself, as she led Kayleigh Martin on her hands and knees along the dungeon corridor to Cell 9. This is your first, virtually, solo dungeon session and now you must be both a professional and a patriot. At least with her hood on her doubts did not show on her face.

Kayleigh was a twenty-one year old Australian who had been working her way across the Continent when she had the misfortune to pass through Checkpoint One two days earlier. She had a long plait of auburn hair, pale freckled skin, soft, russet-nippled breasts, a suitably fiery pubic bush that left her sex lips bare, good legs and a well-rounded bottom. All this was displayed in full as she shuffled naked after Ivanka on her leash chain

However it was not Kayleigh that troubled Ivanka. It was the short stout black-hooded figure following along behind them eyeing Kayleigh's pale, bare rolling buttocks with hungry eyes.

Ivanka had wanted to be included in one of Kubeck's meetings with a guest tormentor. It had been a stout middle-aged man who might have been English and who was introduced to her only as "Mr Jones". He had looked her over and then offered to pay a premium for her inclusion in a special scenario he had in mind. Kubeck had agreed without consulting her. Was he prostituting her for the good of Barovia or testing her resolve? Perhaps both. Now she had to justify his faith.

The middle of Cell 9 was occupied by what appeared to be a solidly built splay-legged stool with a small padded seat. There was a hole in the centre of the seat, under which a large black rubber dildo with ribbed and studded sides was mounted on a heavy screw rod. Suspended above the stool by a wire rope running through a heavy ceiling pulley and down to a windlass bolted to the wall was a two-metre long horizontal tubular metal pole. Snap hooks on chains hung from its middle. On either side of these hung another pair of chains about a metre and a half long supporting below it a thinner horizontal spring steel strip of the same length as the pole that almost touched the stool



top. Bolted to the strip were more hooks and several broad leather buckled straps.

At the sight of the device Kayleigh gave a sob of dismay. Jones positioned himself in a corner and watched silently. Ivanka hung the end of Kayleigh's leash over a wall hook to tether her, then took a deep breath and stripped off her clothes, peeling off everything except her hood. When she was done she pulled her jackboots back on. Jones had said he liked her boots. She was acutely aware of his eyes on her but she did not look at him. For the moment he wanted to be a voyeur. This had been her fantasy but not with somebody like Jones watching. Kubeck perhaps... no, concentrate...

Ivanka led Kayleigh on her leash round the stool a couple of times as if she was walking a dog, letting her see it from all sides to heighten her anticipation. Then she stroked and patted her head. 'Are you going to be a good girl?' she asked in English.

Kayleigh nodded fearfully.

'You know what I've got to do to you now?'

Kayleigh nodded again.

'Are you ready to suffer to show you're telling the truth?'

Another nod.

'Then stand up and sit on the stool,' she commanded.

Kayleigh obeyed, using her toes to avoid the pins in her shoe soles and gingerly rested her bottom on the perforated seat.

Ivanka lifted Kayleigh's arms and hooked their cuffs to the pole above her head. The end of her leash chain looped conveniently round the bar between them. Then she pulled Kayleigh's legs out sideways and hooked her ankle cuffs to the end buckles of the spring strip, so that it ran behind her back, pressing into her flesh just above the cleft of her buttocks. A pair of straps went about Kayleigh's thighs. Ivanka gradually tightened them, pulling

Kayleigh's legs back harder against the strip even as it bent against her, putting tension on her legs until the big tendons of her inner thighs stood out and she was moaning with pain. She was left balanced impossibly on the stool. Her groin was open wide and her russet-capped mound of Venus stood out starkly. Ivanka could see the dark crinkled mouth of her vaginal passage swelling and opening like a tiny tunnel.

Ivanka went to the windlass and cranked the handle. Kayleigh's splayed body lifted off the stool and hung swaying in mid air, as though she had been frozen in the middle of performing aerial splits. Ivanka moved back to stand before her. Kayleigh was snivelling and biting on her gag. Ivanka looked into her frightened face. She caressed her cheeks and stroked her lips and then bent forward and kissed her gag-spread lips, mashing her breasts against Kayleigh's. She could feel the hardness of her nipples. Ivanka slid her hand down to caress Kayleigh's gaping sex, which was wet and pulsing hotly. Whatever Kayleigh might feel in her mind her body was preparing for sex.

'You will scream for me long and hard,' Ivanka whispered in her ear. 'And when the time comes you will beg most sincerely.'

Crouching down, Ivanka worked the screw mount of the dildo in the base of the stool. She screwed it up until the end slipped into the mouth of Kayleigh's gaping sex. Then she cranked her slowly down again. As Kayleigh whimpered and tossed her head in fear the dildo pushed her labia wide. Her lower stomach bulged as it was swallowed up inside her. Ivanka stopped her just as her bottom cheeks brushed the stool top. Kayleigh hung there trembling, strung up to the ceiling and impaled from the floor, with the junction the slippery socket of her vagina. Ivanka examined the girl's straining, tightly plugged pussy, fingering and rubbing her clitoris against the resistance of the rubber dildo. Kayleigh's face crumpled into a pretty picture of abject misery. Yet despite her shameful position Ivanka saw trickles of fluid begin to run down the ribs of the dildo like the juice extracted from a lemon squeezer.

Ivanka gathered up some of the exudation on her fingertips the sniffed them, savouring the heady aroma, and then licked her fingertips clean. Kayleigh watched her in dismay.

‘That’s right, girl, you get nice and wet,’ she told her. ‘You’ll need plenty of lubrication for this next part...’

Ivanka took hold of Kayleigh’s outstretched foot, swung it back and forth to get her whole body swivelling and then gave her a hard shove. Kayleigh spun round about her pivot, moaning as her sex lips rippling where the ribs of the dildo turned through them. She came to a gradual stop when the wire rope had wound up enough to put a brake on her spin. Then she began to turn back the other way. While she twisted back and forth Ivanka selected a broad-bladed spanking paddle from the wall rack. As Kayleigh spun past she swiped at her breasts, making them leap and bounce. The meaty smacks echoed back from the stone walls. As she slowed Ivanka gave her leg another shove and continued swiping her with the paddle. A scarlet blush spread across the bobbing globes of her breasts, cut through with the shiny trickles of her tears. Ivanka switched her attention to Kayleigh’s pretty bottom, stepping in quickly as her outstretched legs swung past to swipe the paddle across them, sending shivers through her fleshy cheeks. A blush to match that on her breasts began to spread across them

Suddenly Kayleigh wailed and bucked in her bonds. Her hips were jerking as her pussy sucked and clamped onto the rubber plug on which she was so cruelly impaled.

Ivanka took hold of Kayleigh’s foot and brought her to a halt. Kayleigh’s head was thrown back, her eyes were rolling and she was grunting and slobbering about her gag bit. Fluid was streaming down the sides of the dildo. She had orgasmed. She was a good girl.

As Kayleigh shuddered and hung limply in her chains Ivanka hugged and kissed her trembling, sweaty body, rubbing her breasts over hers. ‘You are a lovely dirty piggy,’ she told her, wiping away her tears.

She could feel the heat of her body and the heady scent of her juices. Kayleigh’s head lolled so Ivanka slapped her cheek to hold her attention then she ran her fingers through Kayleigh’s hot sopping wet sex and began to tease her clitoris back into hardness. Kayleigh groaned but could not help responding with a twitch of her hips and a fresh clenching of her sheath.

‘But you need a real cock to come inside you, not rubber,’ Ivanka told her. ‘I can keep you here all day playing with you but not letting you cum again. That would be real torture. On the other hand, you can go back to your pen if you beg for a proper screwing.’

Kayleigh focused on her through bleary slightly unfocussed eyes and then nodded miserably.

‘The only trouble is your pussy is plugged.’ Ivanka spun Kayleigh around and crouched down, stroking Kayleigh’s sore buttocks. She slid a finger into the tight pucker of her greased anus. There was a moment of resistance and then her finger slid into the hot slick sheath beyond. It still felt virginally tight. ‘But what about this little hole? It needs some exercise as well. It may hurt a bit, but that doesn’t matter because you’re here to suffer. Do you beg for sodomy?’

Ivanka reached round and twirled her fingers harder into the sensitive knoll at the head of Kayleigh’s sex valley. Kayleigh shuddered and sobbed. Hollow-eyed she nodded desperately.

Ivanka turned Kayleigh about so that she faced Jones, who had all the while been observing quietly. There was a straining bulge in his trousers. ‘Do you beg to have this man’s cock up your bumhole?’

Kayleigh’s eyes seemed to freeze on Jones. Slowly she nodded.

Ivanka pulled the bit gag from Kayleigh’s mouth. ‘Let me hear you beg out loud!’

‘P...please, Miss, I want that man to have me up my... my bottom hole.’

Ivanka pinched her clit, making her yelp. ‘Try harder.’

Mari’s eyes were locked on Jones now and she spoke directly to him. ‘I w... want your cock up inside my rear, Sir. It’s nice and... and tight and hot. I want to have your sperm inside my bum.’

“‘Even if it hurts me,’” Ivanka prompted.

‘Even if it hurts me, Sir,’ Kayleigh repeated, then added in a smaller voice: ‘Because I’m here to suffer...’

Ivanka beckoned to Jones who strode over to the impaled girl. He opened his flies and freeing an impressive erection. He really was going to hurt her. Quickly Ivanka stepped round in front of Kayleigh to leave her rear free and knelt in front of her so the hidden cameras would get a clear view of her face. She reached round and pried Kayleigh’s bottom cheeks wide to ease Jones’s entry. He hunched over behind Kayleigh, reached round and grasped her sore breasts, then thrust up into Kayleigh’s bottom cleft. But with Kayleigh still being impaled on the dildo stool the angle was awkward and his penis slithered up between her buttocks. Ivanka took hold of his hard shaft with one hand and guided it into Kayleigh’s slippery anus.

Ivanka saw Kayleigh’s eyes bulge as he broke through her sphincter and then shrieked as his shaft filled her rectum, pressing against the rubber phallus already occupying her front passage. Jones pumped into her, making her stretched and bound body sway and twist about its axis. Each thrust lifted and dropped her back onto the rubber plug occupying her vagina. Tears were dripping down Kayleigh’s cheeks as sobbed and whimpered. Ivanka ducked down and tongued and kissed her stretched lovemouth that was dripping juices once more. The aroma of arousal was like strong perfume, making Ivanka’s nipples pulse with desire. She wanted to screw this one herself but that would come later. For now their guest had that privilege.

Ivanka sat back on her heels and began to use her paddle on Kayleigh’s pussy, not brutally but hard enough to slap and sting, kissing it with rubber, making her springy deep-cleft mound of flesh shiver. Wet splatters of her fluids darkened the paddle blade and sprayed across her widespread thighs. Kayleigh cried out incoherently at this new assault, twisting and writhing in her chains. Her face as it screwed up in pain was a picture of utter misery.

With a final sprint of hard thrusts Jones ejaculated deep in Kayleigh’s entrails. As he sagged forward across Kayleigh’s back her eyes rolled up and she gave a final shudder of her own that told Ivanka had orgasmed again. This red-topped Australian tart was a genuine hot one, Ivanka thought.

After a minute Jones withdrew from Kayleigh's rear, coming out with a sucking pop, leaving her flushed, stretched and sopping labia still impaled. She hung half-conscious and breathing raggedly in her chains. Her juices ran down her thighs while Jones' sperm dripped out of her rear.

Now came the part Ivanka had really been dreading.

Going back round behind Kayleigh's limp and sweaty body swaying gently in its chains, Ivanka knelt down on the floor in front of Jones. She took his still hard cock in her mouth and began to lick it clean...

An hour later in Kubeck's office Ivanka watched the same scene played back on his laptop from several angles. Even though her hood hid her face, seeing her naked body felt odd. And now a stranger would have a copy of her licking his cock clean after pulling it out of the bottom of a naked slave girl. Despite mouthwashes she still thought she could taste Jones's sperm, however the notion of where his cock had just been had not troubled her. Kayleigh's rectum had been well washed out and sweetly greased. There had just been that lingering envy that she could never get so far up inside her...

She shivered, looking at Kubeck out of the corner of her eye. Had her sacrifice been worthwhile?

When the recording was done Kubeck nodded: 'You tormented her effectively, you made her beg for sex in a highly degrading fashion and the guest was satisfied. Well done.'

Ivanka descended the many stairs to the dungeons with a light step. Kubeck's approval had lifted her heart. While she was buoyed up and confident she had to sort out her ongoing problem with Sergeant Hodza. She had an idea that would be quite brazen and utterly improper anywhere else, but seemed quite logical in these strange surroundings.

'Excuse me, Sergeant,' Ivanka asked diffidently as Hodza sat eating his tea in his barred sanctum, 'but could I have your advice about something?'

Hodza looked at her suspiciously. 'And what would that be, Corporal?'

She knew Hodza did not approve of her as a woman and saw her as a threat to the status quo. He did not expect further advancement himself since he was clearly one of life's born sergeants and content with his enviable position in charge of so much nubile flesh. But he clearly prized his close link with the Captain and feared Ivanka might upset that balance.

'I wanted to find a long handled flexible lash but with a small thonged head. I want to be able to get more swing at the piggies to frighten them and strike precisely without doing too much damage.' She indicated the overflowing racks of canes, whips and lashes on the walls. 'As you have such a fine collection, I was wondering if you could suggest something.'

Hodza brightened slightly at being consulted. He heaved himself out of his chair and went over to one of the racks. 'Lots of swing and flexible but with a small head. How about this?'

It had a small spray of soft leather thongs no bigger than an outstretched hand on the end of a long slender leather-bound handle.

'That's a strap-bound willow shaft,' Hodza said. 'Can't get more whip than that. And with that head you can kiss a nipple and leave the tit untouched.'

'That looks exactly what I'm after, Sergeant,' Ivanka said delightedly, stroking the supply leather. 'Can I try it out now?'

'I suppose you can have a girl from the pens...'

'Oh no, I've got to know what it feels like on the receiving end. I was wondering if you could try it out on me...'

Ivanka handed Hodza back the lash, undid her belt and dropped her trousers and panties. She bent over the side of the table and presented her bare backside to him. She looked back over her shoulder at him and said earnestly: 'Half a dozen on each cheek and a couple on my sex... if you don't mind, Sergeant?'

Hodza made a curious gurgling sound, disconcerted for once by the sight of a bare female bottom. 'Yes... er... well... of course. Very... thorough of you, Corporal, I'm sure. Right then...'

The lash hissed through the air and smacked exactly into the middle of her left buttock, making her flesh shiver. She winced, but said: 'A little harder, please, Sergeant.'

He happily complied, putting a sunset blush on her cheeks. As she had requested the last two swipes went up between her legs right into the mouth of her naked pussy. Ivanka had to grit her teeth to stop from crying out and quickly blinked back her tears.

She stood up, feeling the heat of her buttocks, then gingerly pulled up her trousers. Smiling she said: 'That was very accurate, Sergeant, and just the degree of pain I wanted. It's perfect. Thank you so much.'

'Anytime, Corporal,' he said cheerily.

It was worth a sore bottom to get Hodza on her side.

It was evening and through the western windows of his office Kubeck could see the flush of sunset hung over the twinkling lights of Strakensburg.

Greta Karolyi stood in front of his desk. Greta was no longer wearing her school uniform but a simple plain dress. She had also pinned her hair up and was carrying a small purse, perhaps in an attempt to look older and more sophisticated. She wore high-heeled strappy sandals that left her toes bare. Her toenails were painted deep pink. She was looking at him nervously, biting her lip and clenching the purse in her hands, as Kubeck read the letter Greta had unexpectedly just handed him. It was from her mother.

*Dear Captain Kubeck,*

*I understand from daughters of friends of mine that Greta asked you a most impertinent and personal question yesterday, when you were good enough to*



*show her school class round the castle. Being a single mother I have often worried she has not received a strict enough upbringing from a strong father figure when she was younger. Therefore could you please chastise her in whatever way you think best, saving only that for her future prospects I wish her to remain a virgin. I shall inspect her on her return for the signs she has been suitably punished.*

Yours Respectfully,

*Lenya Karolyi*

‘Do you know what this says?’ Kubeck asked Greta.

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘And you understand what your mother asks that I do?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘But you’re an adult now. She can’t demand you submit to this.’

‘While I live under her roof I wouldn’t dream of disobeying her, Sir,’ Greta said. ‘Like her I honour the traditions of our country as a true patriot, Sir,’ she said proudly. ‘If she thinks I deserve to be punished... then I must be.’

That was understandable. Tradition and respect for both family and country was strong in Barovia. Girls did not usually achieve their full independence until they got married.

Kubeck considered Greta. She was clearly nervous but also in a strange way excited. He thought of her expression as she abused Tonia in the garden. Pain and pleasure held a dark fascination for some girls. Perhaps this was not entirely against her will. If so the girl was playing a dangerous game. But she was of age and so she must take the consequences.

Very well, he had everything he needed to hand. This would be quick, simple but satisfying. He reached under his desk and pressed a button that remotely locked the door. Then he slid a small recessed lever over.

‘You understand how I chastise girls like you?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘Then strip off. I want you naked except for your shoes.’

Biting her lip and taking a deep breath, Greta put down her purse, undid her dress and stepped out of it. She wore no stockings and had on only plain virginal white bra and panties underneath. These she shyly unclipped and pulled down, leaving herself naked.

‘Clasp your hands behind your neck, stand with your feet apart and look straight ahead!’ Kubeck commanded.

Greta obeyed. Kubeck came round from behind his desk and examined her.

She had prominent breasts whose upper slopes swelled pneumatically. They were not actually overlarge but seemed fuller by comparison to her slender chest. They were tipped with pink nipples that he noticed with interest were erecting impudently. Her hips were slim with the skin drawn over her prominent hipbones, her buttocks were tight, her thighs slender and still girlishly rotund. She had a compact pouting sex mound, with lips so close they looked as though they had been slit with a knife, all lightly fuzzed over with blond curls.

He stroked her smooth buttocks and flicked her nipples, which rebounded like India rubber, making her shiver and roll her eyes, but she held her position. He could smell her rather cheap bottle scent but also a more womanly muskiness. Were those tight little sex lips swelling? Could he see a trace of moisture between them? However he could not delve there this time. Fortunately she offered other possibilities.

‘As your mother wants to see marks, I think I’ll use a cane on you this time, what do you think?’

‘Whatever you decide is best, Sir.’

‘Then bend over the front of my desk and spread your arms out sideways.’

The desktop was of dark red leather with a deep inlaid surround. The front edge was smoothly rounded and formed a broad projecting lip. Greta bent over this so that her small breasts flattened against the leather and spread her arms wide. Kubeck took hold of her slender right wrist and positioned it. Then he pressed a section of the desk inlay on either side. There was a click and the stubby open jaws of a wooden clamp, released by the lever he had thrown earlier, sprang up out of the desk, tips first. Greta gasped in surprise as he pulled their rubber-lined halves shut about her wrist, locking them with an integral spring catch. He did the same with her left wrist.

‘Legs wide!’ he commanded, and she shuffled her feet wider.

There were more clamps concealed low down in the desk front. These he closed about her ankles in the same way. Then he stepped back to admire the sight of her.

Lifted by her sandals her legs were delicately shapely, tensed against her restraints. The swell of her thighs flowed smoothly into the perfect apple-like rotundity of her buttocks. Now she was bent over he could look up into her bottom cleft. Above the soft split peach of her sex, which was definitely gaping a little wider now, was the dark pucker of her anus: his target for tonight.

Kubeck went round to the other side of the desk and took some items out of a drawer, laying them out on the top in front of Greta as she rested her chin on the leather. Her eyes widened.

‘A gag to chew on,’ Kubeck said, holding up a rubber bit on an elastic strap. ‘We don’t want you to bite your tongue, do we?’

She shook her head fearfully.

‘Open wide.’

He slipped the bit between her teeth and secured it. She champed on as it stretched her mouth wide.

‘Lubrication,’ he said, opening up a jar of petroleum jelly. ‘I’m going to be sodomizing you shortly and you don’t want me to do that to you dry, because that would really hurt. Of course it will hurt anyway, but that’s why you’re here.’

Greta whimpered.

‘And a cane, of course,’ he said, swishing an eighty centimetre length of cane through the air and bringing it down on the desktop in front of her so that she flinched. ‘A nice whippy one. That’ll leave some good cut marks on your bottom. You’ll be wincing each time you sit down for a week, which should please your mother.’

He returned to the front of the desk. Scooping a dollop of the jelly he pried her trembling buttocks apart and slid his stiff fingers into the humid cleft between them. Teasing them round the crinkled wellhead of her anus he drove them inside into their hot depths, working them round until she was fully greased. Greta jerked her head up, giving a muffled sob at this intrusion.

He wiped his fingers clean on her haunches and then took up the cane.

He assessed her bottom cheeks carefully, stroking and squeezing them to judge their resilience, feeling it tremble at his touch. ‘I’ll put a precise pattern on these so your mother can count every stroke.’

Greta snivelled.

Kubeck stood back. She could not see but he opened his flies wide and freed his already swelling penis. Then he swung the cane.

There was a delightful sharp smack of cane meeting flesh. Greta gave a muffled shriek of pain as the cane cut across the double hemispheres of her elastic posterior flesh, that gave to the cut of the cane, deeply intending, and then sprang back

Kubeck laid down three horizontal scarlet stripes, the last across the undercurves of her buttocks producing the most satisfactory ripples through her hindquarters as the flesh was lifted. Each blow was accompanied by

another shriek from Greta, which was like music to his ears. Tears were dripping from her eyes onto the desktop. Then he changed the angle of his blows, slicing diagonals across his earlier efforts, crossing them in the middle and cutting an “X” into each trembling cheek.

As he laid the last stripe of the set down Kubeck knew his straining cock, that had bobbed and swung with each blow, could no longer be denied its rightful prize.

Taking hold of Greta’s trembling shoulders to brace himself, Kubeck lined up the tip of his cock with the clenching ring of her greased anus and pushed. As he forced his way into a tight unprepared rear she gurgled incoherently, straining at the clamps that held her down, her sphincter resisting him with delightful futility. A virgin hole without doubt. Then abruptly she surrendered her interior to him and with a surge he was inside her all the way and her amazingly hot tightness enclosed him.

Bending over her shuddering body he slid his hands under her slender chest to cup her breasts that had been sweating against the tabletop leather. Her burning bottom pressed softly against the tops of his thighs.

Slowly Kubcek began to pump the depths of Greta’s rectum, accompanied by her soft gasps and groans of pain. As he ground her under him he looking out across the lights of city below him, the city he served and protected.

This truly was the most rewarding of jobs.

## Chapter 8

In a hedged garden, Rachel was watering the flowerbeds without the use of a hose or watering can. She was confined by her training chain to moving about on her hands and knees and had to shuffle across the grass fetching and carrying the water.

Her black-hooded tormentor for the morning was seated beside a tap in the middle of the garden that he controlled. The tap had a short angled rubber spout fitted to it. When she came for water, Rachel backed herself onto this spout, taking it up her rectum. Her tormentor then turned on the tap, filling her bowels with cold water. When she could take no more she pulled off the spout, clenching her anal sphincter tight to hold it in. She then shuffled across to the flowerbed, turned round and squirted a stream of water out of her bottom across the flowers.

If she did not move quickly about enough or did not squirt as hard as she could her tormentor used a long carriage whip he held to deliver a stinging flick across her bottom. Sometimes the sudden shock made her lose control and spill her load of water messily down the insides of her thighs. Then she had to come back for more.

It was a ridiculously inefficient way to water a garden, of course, since she could hardly hold more than a cup or two inside her. But it was deeply shaming, which was the real purpose. Her tormentor simply wanted to humiliate her by turning her into a living watering can and so he had. Not for the first time she wondered at the mentality of the faceless people who had abused her over the last two weeks.

She had pondered a lot on such matters in recent days. In between intense moments of mind-blowing pain or the most intense and perverse orgasms, there were long periods where it was all she could do while strapped or chained to whatever device they were testing her on, or else locked in the quiet of her pen at night.

After she had got over the initial horror and self-pity at her situation she found herself worrying about Brian and her parents. She communicated with them regularly every day as Kubeck had ordered, either by text, voicemail or card, but their replies were getting harder to deal with. They could not understand what she found so fascinating about Barovia and Nove Kraskic, where for variety Kubeck arranged for some of her cards to be sent from. Nor could they understand why she was not talking to them directly. As instructed she said that direct voice reception was not always reliable in Barovia, but it had not satisfied them.

Now she was just longing to see out her last week and then this living nightmare would be over and she could return home to ... what?

The last two weeks had undoubtedly been the most terrible of her life but also the most intense and in a way more real than anything she had ever known. She had experienced things she had never dreamed of and felt a strange pride that she had survived them and proved herself. The trouble was that Brian and her family would never and could never be allowed to know what she had actually been through. Of course she would never want to tell them, but it would be nice for her courage to be acknowledged in some way. She could picture their horror and shame if they ever learned the truth about her ordeal and the obscene things that had been done to her. But oddly she found it harder to picture them actually sympathising with her and offering comfort.

During her periods of enforced contemplation it had gradually dawned on her that her family, and her stepfather in particular, had always taken her for granted and perhaps undermined her self-confidence. She had even ended up going to her local college so she did not need to live away from home. Brian had been the boyfriend they had approved of. They had even discouraged her from going abroad unless Brian went with her. Then they had that stupid argument. He had just assumed she would give in but for once she had not and he had gone off thinking she would follow after him like a lost lamb.

She was beginning to wonder if Hodza, Ivanka and Kubeck did not know her better than Brian and her parents did.

“Uncle” Hodza, in his rough way, certainly knew her body as intimately as any other person. He washed her all over every day, including her most intimate parts, and fed and watered her and monitored her bowel actions. When he was in the mood and she was the most convenient fekujo available he made her suck him off. She had learned how to do it better than the first time, which pleased him. Afterwards he would give her a sweet from a tin on his table and pat her head like a dog that had learned a new trick and say well done, which she knew was gross but it was honest. And it was praise, which now she thought about it she had never got much of at home.

And Ivanka had made love to her more than once. Twice when she found Rachel hanging in some frame or bent over a trestle after a tormentor had finished with her she had used the double-ended dildo on her. And after that she had straddled her head naked and ridden Rachel’s face making her tongue her out until she came. Of course it was all part of her ordeal and Rachel had felt properly ashamed and disgusted because her stepfather still disapproved of lesbianism, but she had still orgasmed, which as Kubeck had told her was good however it happened.

Afterwards Ivanka had kissed her passionately and said: ‘You be brave and I’ll see you through this...’

So maybe she cared for her as well in her way.

And as for Kubeck... Rachel shuddered. Well he was so powerful she was beginning to believe he knew everything about her the way his eyes drilled right into her.

She found herself both fearing and longing for the moment at the end of the day when he would appear and challenge her to assert her innocence again. She steeled herself to accept his final quick testing punishment. Usually it was a beating either on her breasts or bottom. If it was her pussy then that hurt far more, of course, but then she was here to suffer or it would not count.

But whatever he did to her, afterwards she replied as clearly as she could: ‘I’m innocent, Sir.’

She did not want to let him down by giving in now after he had given



her this chance to prove herself. As long as he believed in her that was all that mattered. Of course in a week this would all be over and she would never see him again, which hurt to think about. This was where she started to get confused because, as she had to keep reminding herself, he had been responsible for her suffering in the first place, so leaving Barovia and Kubeck was a good thing, surely.

Strangely it didn't feel like that.

Saskia de Geer and Ragnild Kuyper were two young Dutch women who had come to Barovia for the contemporary arts festival. Unfortunately for them they had been discovered in possession of terrorist literature. They had crumbled easily under Kubeck's relentless interrogation and had begged to be spared the full rigor of international law if they underwent trial by ordeal.

Ivanka had chosen Cell 10 for their first trial. Now, standing naked but for her hood and boots with Hodza's long handled lash in her hand, Ivanka was looking them over with a shiver of anticipation.

Saskia had long blonde hair, blue eyes and a straight nose. She was curvy and full breasted with neat round nipples and a thin peak of dark pubic hair. Ragnild was a brunette with slightly shorter hair and a friendly open face. She was darker complexioned and a little slimmer and taller than Saskia. Her breasts were slightly smaller and capped with brown nipples, and she had a thicker pubic pelt.

What made them special was that they were Ivanka's first solo pair. Kubeck had given her the chance to plan and run their introductory torment session entirely by herself. It was as she had fantasised but this time there was no guest to pander to. There was just her and two attractive and very frightened girls entirely at her mercy. Ivanka hoped they were good friends because she planned to make their lives far more intimate.

Saskia was bent backwards over "The Barrel", a true medieval instrument of torture. It was a barrel-sized wooden drum laid on its side with an axle driven through its middle that was supported at each end by heavy timber brackets set on a base frame. Saskia's wrist and ankle cuffs were chained to rings set

in the corners of the base frame, pulling her arms and legs down and sideways. This tension forced her back to bow across the upper curve of the barrel and meant her breasts and pussy were higher than her head, with her stretched stomach rising and falling fearfully between them.

Ragnild stood between Saskia's parted thighs facing her friend, held in place by chains running from her ankle cuffs to the sides of the barrel base frame. Her arms were cuffed behind her back. She had one end of a large double-ended dildo plugged into her vagina. The other was plugged into Saskia's unwillingly parted lovemouth.

They were also joined in another way. Screw clamps were pinched tight about their nipples. A pair of cords from the pair on Ragnild's nipples ran down to large rings set in the clamps screwed to Saskia's. Passing freely through these the cords then ran up to a pulley hung from the ceiling above Saskia's head, over the top of this and down to a small bucket. This hung under a tap on a standpipe set at Saskia's eye level when she let her head hang loose. The weight of the empty bucket was already tugging painfully on their tender fleshy anchors. Ragnild could not lean forward to ease the strain because a chain from a ceiling ring was hooked to the back of her collar.

If Saskia lifted her head from where it dangled down the far curve of the barrel she could look into her friend's eyes. They could not talk of course because they were gagged, but Ivanka wanted them to exchange their fear and shame at what they were being forced to do to each other. It would look good on the recording.

Ivanka licked her lips, feeling dizzy with power. 'I'm going to start the tap dripping in a moment and the bucket will get heavier and heavier and pull even harder on your pretty little nipples. Soon they'll be feeling as if they're going to snap. You don't want that, do you?'

They snivelled and shook their heads.

'There is a way to stop it, but it means you're going to have to screw your friend like a dirty piggy,' she said, stroking Ragnild's bottom. 'When she orgasms I'll turn off the tap. Don't try to fake it. I want to see plenty of cream coming out of you. Do you understand?'

They nodded miserably.

Ivanka went round to the tap and squatted down, turning it on carefully until it began a steady drip, drip, drip...

Saskia could see and hear the drips fall and in her mind no doubt already feel their weight being added to the bucket that tugged both on her nipples and Ragnild's. The strain was already pulling her nipples up into sharper cones and lifting her heavy breasts up and away from her chest, while it was dragging Ragnild's smaller breasts out in front of her.

As she bent low over Saskia's head Ivanka whispered in her ear: 'Don't fight it. Forget your pride and let your suffering show for the cameras. Be brave and you can get through this...'

She went back round to stand behind Ragnild and gave her a stinging swipe across the bottom with her lash.

'Begin!' she commanded

With a sob Ragnild began to thrust the fat dildo into Saskia's sex. As it filled her it made her mound of Venus bulge, accentuated by the curve of her belly. Saskia groaned, rolling her head, hardly daring to look into Ragnild's eyes for shame as she helplessly thrust into her again. The jerk made Saski's heavy breasts tremble. The look of utter misery on their faces was perfect.

As they coupled sweat began to bead on Ragnild's body, as she was doing most of the work. Between their thighs where their stuffed pussies butted and kissed their pubic hair was dampening. The plunging black rubber shaft was glistening with their juices, which were mingling on it and dripping to the floor. They knew what was happening of course but they could do nothing about. Driven by the increasing pain in their nipples they were helplessly degrading themselves. It was another choice between the lesser of two evils.

'Harder, piggies!' Ivanka commanded.

She began to swipe both girls with her lash. Ragnild's bottom was by now rosy. The thongs smacked across Saskia's stretched stomach and then

the taut undercurves of her breasts, making the nipple cords shiver. Ivanka swung the lash up between their legs and into their hot dripping vulvas as their conjoined lips kissed wetly, driving them onwards to the inevitable climax. Ragnild gasped and plunged harder, the shaft sucking and slurping between their thighs, violating her friend again and again.

With a sudden despairing sob Saskia orgasmed, her body stiffening as it locked rigid against her chains, then went limp. Ragnild hung her head in shame.

Ivanka felt a thrill of triumph. 'Good piggies,' she said.

Later she would swap them round and make Saskia screw Ragnild while she was bent over the barrel. Then she would make them lick each other's pussies clean. It was probably best they got use to the taste of each other as soon as possible. Tomorrow they would be given to their guest tormentors as a pair and Ivanka was willing to bet that very soon they would be sucking their juices off real cocks that had just spouted inside each other's vaginas.

That afternoon in Kubeck's office Ivanka stood beside Kubeck as he reviewed the recording of the session with Ragnild and Saskia.

'Very good,' he said. 'You broke them in nicely. I'm sure our guests will have a lot of fun with them...'

Then his phone rang. He picked it up and listened for a minute. Ivanka saw his expression darken.

When he put the receiver down again Ivanka asked: 'Is something wrong, Captain?'

'That was the front gate office,' Kubeck said. 'Rachel Langford's stepfather and boyfriend have just arrived. They think she might be in some sort of trouble and want us to mount a search for her...'

## Chapter 9

If Kubeck had not known they were unrelated he might have thought from their mannerisms that Martin Langford and Brian Wilts were father and son. As they sat angry and impatient before him in his office it also became apparent they were alike in other ways. Kubeck had learned to assess human nature closely while interrogating and manipulating girls, and now those of the two men unfolded before him in their every word and gesture as they demanded and complained.

Both were neat and annoyingly fussy men. Not exactly stupid but small minded and mean of spirit. They wanted the world to arranged to suit their preconceptions but they personally lacked the ability and force of will to make it happen on any significant scale. This had led them to them to become resentful and controlling in a petty way. Now Kubeck understood why Rachel had responded as she had to her ordeal. Between the two of them they had already make her dependent on them, and now seemed intent on completing the process.

‘Now listen here, Captain,’ Langford said, wagging his finger irritatingly. ‘I tell you there’s something wrong with Rachel. She may not be my natural daughter but I treat her like one and I know her well. She should have come home and she won’t say why. We can’t talk to her direct and all we get are postcards and texts saying she’s having a lovely time and will be at least another week.’

‘Why don’t you accept them at face value, Mr Langford?’ Kubeck asked. ‘Perhaps she is simply enjoying herself.’

Langford snorted. ‘Well I mean, no offence, Captain, but what can she find to do around here for so long? After she had that silly argument with Brian and went off on her own we worried about her. She’s not used to being abroad on her own. Something may have happened to her.’

‘If she’s been communicating regularly with you doesn’t that suggest

otherwise?’ Kubeck said.

‘But then why has she moved from the hotel where we were staying?’ Wilts cut in. ‘And now they won’t tell me where she’s gone.’

The man really expected Rachel to have stayed exactly where he left her, Kubeck thought.

Ivanka, evidently struggling to remain polite, said: ‘Excuse me, Mr Wilts, but that is not surprising is it? After breaking up with you she might want to move out of a double room that’s half empty.’

‘We have not broken up!’ Wilts insisted. ‘She was just being foolish.’

‘I just saying we have other hotels and boarding houses and she may be staying perfectly happily in one of those,’ Ivanka said.

Both men looked at her in distaste. Langford eyed her up and down and said haughtily: ‘I think I know my own daughter better than you do, Miss.’ He turned back to Kubeck. ‘There’s something wrong. That’s why we didn’t warn her we were coming. I want to see her face to face and I demand you find her.’

‘Rachel is an adult and as long as she abides by our laws she is free to move about our country as she chooses,’ Kubeck said. ‘However I will have enquires made as to her whereabouts and arrange for you to meet her if she wishes. I have the number of your hotel and will contact you when I have some news. Don’t let me detain you further...’

When they had gone Kubeck said to Ivanka: ‘We’ve imprisoned that girl on false charges, prostituted and abused her, yet I think that has been kinder than letting her return home to those two. They’re crushing her spirit.’

‘Will you just let her go, Captain?’ Ivanka asked. ‘You could say you arranged with the court for her sentence to be commuted. I don’t think she’ll say anything she shouldn’t.’

‘Only in the last resort. I have guests already booked in to use her. In any case I don’t want to give those two the satisfaction of having dragged her out of here a minute earlier than planned unless I have to. Well, you’d better bring her up so we can arrange a meeting. We’ve got to put their minds at rest about her as soon as possible...’

Ivanka brought Rachel up from the dungeons in the lift. She knelt in front of Kubeck’s desk with Ivanka holding her leash while he explained what had happened.

Rachel’s face dissolved in misery. ‘I’m sorry, Sir. I sent messages and wrote to them like you ordered, Sir. They never said they were coming here.’

‘You did nothing wrong,’ Kubeck assured her. ‘This is not your fault.’

A brief look of relief showed on Rachel’s face, but then she asked: ‘Does this mean I have to go back home, Sir? I’ve still got a week of my ordeal to serve. Will you hand me over to Europol and the all others?’

‘No. As I said this is not your fault. We just want you to reassure your stepfather and boyfriend that you’re all right so they go back home. Can you do that?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘Just tell them that you want to stay in Barovia for another week by yourself. Corporal Ivanka will get the necessary clothes out of storage and I’ll tell you what to say...’

Rachel felt strange to be moving about freely without the weight of her collar and cuffs. It was even odder to wear her normal clothes again and having flat shoes on. But as she sat in the chair in front of Kubeck’s desk she was determined to do what was necessary. For a fleeting moment she imagined herself springing to her feet when Martin and Brian entered and pointing a trembling finger at Kubeck and Ivanka and saying: ‘They’ve been holding me prisoner down in the dungeons and they’ve chained me up and beaten me and...’

But she knew she would never do that, and not simply because of the terrorist charges hanging over her. Why then? She was not sure.

When they actually came in, Rachel thought Martin and Brian looked smaller than she remembered them. How could that be?

‘So there you are, Rachel!’ Martin exclaimed. ‘What have you been doing with yourself?’

It would have been nice if her stepfather had said he was pleased to see her or ask if she was all right, she thought. Normally he liked her to call him “farther” but now she said: ‘Hallo Martin, hallo Brian. You see I’m perfectly all right. You needn’t have come out here after me.’

‘But what happened to you?’ Martin demanded.

‘Nothing happened. After Brian went off I just decided I wanted to stay here a bit longer. It’s a lovely country and the people are very kind.’

‘Why didn’t you come to Prague?’ Brian asked. ‘I waited a whole day for you. Were you still sulking because you knew you’d been stupid? Is that what all this is about?’

Rachel gritted her teeth. It was not a question Kubeck had prepared her for. She should let it pass but instead she could not help herself saying: ‘Actually, Brian, I’ve thought about that and you were the one who was wrong. Are you going to apologise?’

‘What for?’ he said indignantly.

‘Never mind about that now,’ Martin said brusquely. ‘We’ve found you now so you can come home with us.’

‘No I won’t,’ Rachel said firmly. ‘I’ll come home when I want to.’ She turned to Kubeck. ‘Please Captain; I have nothing else to say. I’d like to go back to my hotel, now.’

‘Don’t be silly, Rachel,’ Martin persisted, taking hold of her arm and pulling her towards the door.



‘No, I don’t want to!’ Rachel shouted.

‘Let her go!’ Ivanka rapped, stepping between them.

Rachel saw her grasp the little finger of Martin’s hand and bend it backwards against the joint, breaking his hold on Rachel’s arm. He gasped and sank down on his knees as Ivanka continued to twist his hand. Rachel staggered backwards, jamming her knuckle into her mouth in horror.

‘You bitch!’ Brian shouted, making a grab for Ivanka’s hair. With her free arm she elbowed him in the stomach and then kicked him in the shins, dropping him to the floor as well.

‘She’s not your little girl anymore!’ Ivanka said. ‘She’s an adult and she can think for herself!’

‘You will both leave now!’ Kubeck boomed at the two men. ‘You do not assault our guests or my officers. You will be on the first train out of Barovia in the morning.’

Rachel saw Ivanka release her hold on Martin. He and Brian got unsteadily to their feet, looking daggers at Ivanka. Then Rachel flinched as Martin pointed an accusing finger at her. She felt sick and dizzy, unable to take in what was happening.

‘You used to be a good girl,’ Martin rasped. ‘They’ve done something to you and I’m going to find out what!’ He glared at Kubeck. ‘You try throwing us out and we’ll go to the British Ambassador!’

‘And we’ll tell the newspapers and the TV,’ Brain added, climbing to his feet holding his side. ‘What’ll that do to your tourist industry, eh?’

‘Just leave my office now,’ Kubeck said.

‘I suppose it’s ironic that our method of winning our captives’ cooperation should backfire on us in this way,’ Kubeck admitted to Ivanka later, after Rachel had been taken back down into Hodza’s care. ‘We’ve made this slave

happier to stay in our dungeons than go home. And now it's become personal with that sorry pair. They're liable to act out of spite now as much as any genuine concern for Rachel. They don't like me and I suspect they really despise you. However, I'm glad to see you've have not forgotten your self-defence training.'

'I'm sorry I lost my temper, Sir,' Ivanka said once again. 'But I couldn't let them treat her like that. She was really scared. Not the same sort of fear as when I'm tormenting her. This felt, well, dirty.' She stood a little straighter as though on parade. 'I understand if you choose to discipline me, Sir.'

'Although your feelings were humane it was a foolish action in the circumstances,' he agreed. 'I suppose it does warrant punishment. However it's even more urgent that we maintain Rachel's trust. Right now she's confused by what's happened and it's vital she keeps our confidence after we release her.' He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. 'Perhaps you should both spend the night in Cell 11...'

The centrepiece of Cell 11 was a large iron-framed bed. Many girls had spent pain-filled hours chained to its posts or writhing across the bare sprung wire mesh that formed its underframe with electric wires crocodile-clipped to their nipples. Now its mattress had been replaced and a pillow added. A metallic device connected to a power cable with an adjustable rod extending vertically from a slot in its side was clamped to the rails of its lower frame. Rachel was laid spreadeagled across the bed with her wrists and ankles chained to its corners. She was looking up in confusion as Ivanka stripped off her uniform, boots and all, while Kubeck looked on impassively.

When Ivanka was naked Kubeck handed her a dildo that she slid into her sex. Mounted on its end was a small vertical wheel of moulded soft rubber prongs. It went deep into her slot so that nearly half of it was swallowed between her labia. Then she lay face down across Rachel, wriggling her hips until the projecting half of the wheel slid into Rachel's lovemouth. Their breasts mashed together.

As Kubeck strapped Ivanka down so that her legs lay just inside Rachel's widespread limbs he explained.

‘Corporal Ivanka is being punished for using force against your stepfather and boyfriend, which will make it harder to resolve this situation. She may have been acting from the best intentions protecting you but it was foolish. As you see we treat you both equally. You are being punished for accusing your boyfriend of being the instigator of your argument, which was outside the instructions I gave you. It may have been the truth but it further inflamed the situation.’

Kubeck finished strapping Ivanka down and then turned to the device mounted on the bed frame. He rotated it so that the rod pointed horizontally. It had a mushroom-headed dildo on its end. Loosening the rod he fed the dildo into Ivanka’s anus, feeling its bulbous head pop through the resistance of her sphincter and embed itself deeply within her until the flat pad at its base was pressed against her groin. Then he tightened the rod again.

‘However, as both actions were excusable in the circumstances I must also show some lenience, therefore your punishment is moderated.’ He adjusted the controls on the motor housing driving the rod. ‘I’ve set this on timer. You should have an interesting night...’

The powerful motor hummed into life, cranking the rod and driving the dildo into Ivanka’s rear. Her hips slid a few centimetres forward, turning the dildo wheel through her slot and Rachel’s. Then the rod pulled back, making Ivanka’s anal mouth bulge as it sucked at her but did not pop out. Gradually the speed of the stroke began to increase, jiggling and grinding the two girls groins back and forth across each other. Rachel gasped and rolled her eyes. Ivanka kissed her hungrily.

‘I expect to find that mattress soaked through by morning,’ Kubeck said as he left the cell and closed the door behind him.

Kubeck sat drinking coffee with Hodza at his cluttered table as they watched the video feed from Cell 11 on his laptop screen. Muted gasped and groans came from the speakers as the Ivanka and Rachel were being driven into a frenzy of mutual passion while Ivanka’s slim firm buttocks jerked between Rachel’s soft pale thighs.

‘Now how do we get out of this mess, Sergeant?’ Kubeck asked. ‘The corporal meant well but she hasn’t helped the situation. Langford and Waits will lick their wounds and plot for a bit but they’ll make trouble one way or another, you can be sure of it. They’re malicious types.’

‘You can throw them out of the country quite legitimately for the way they behaved, Sir,’ Hodza said.

‘Yes, but we can’t let them get the British press involved. They know something’s wrong even if they’d never suspect the truth. This could become a serious security issue. We can’t risk publicity. If necessary I’ll have to order Rachel to go with them, though I’d hate to ask. I think she’d do it though. She’s a lovely submissive girl at heart and the boyfriend would make a mean master. I’d rather they were neutralised permanently and quickly and leave her to find her own way. But how?’

Hodza shrugged. ‘Time for all true patriots to aid the cause, Sir.’

‘Yes, but can we trust to our patriotism alone? Can we ever trust human nature?’

‘Only the worst of it, Sir,’ Hodza observed sadly.

# Chapter 10

Gretta Karolyi carried another tray of drinks over to the corner table of the plaza bar that looked out across Strakensburg's central square. It was evening and the square glittered with lights and crowds of people out seeking a good time.

The seclude table Greta served was occupied by Sergeant Hodza, with the buttons of his straining uniform jacket undone, and a pair of tourists who from what she overheard were clearly English. They nursed their drinks and glanced about them suspiciously. It was not clear whether they had sought out Hodza or he had attached themselves to them, but he was in full flow in broken English and evidently getting passionate about something. Gradually they seemed to become more interested in what he was saying, though whenever Greta approached they all went quiet, silently watching her as she wove her way between the tables.

Greta did not like the way the two Englishmen stared even though she expected to be looked at. She was dressed in the traditional beer waitress costume of flounced full skirt, white blouse with puffed sleeves and scooped neckline showing the deep cleavage of her firm and well-separated breasts, while her hair was done up in ribbons and bunches. Her legs were bare and she wore white ankles socks and black buckled shoes.

However as they drank more their inhibitions loosened and they did not stop talking quite so soon when she approached. Greta knew enough English to pick up a few words.

‘...then she hit us!’ said the older man.

‘...bitch woman taking my job...’ complained Hodza.

‘... have to find out the truth,’ said the younger man.

‘....want to see her suffer too?’ asked Hodza. ‘I tell you how...’

The next time Greta came to the table all three men were smiling at her broadly.

‘When do you finish your shift, girl?’ Hodza asked.

‘Quite soon, Sir.’

‘Have a drink on us and share it with my new friends and me when you’re done.’

‘Well, just one, thank you, Sir.’ She forced a smile at the other two. There was a strange look their eyes.

Ten minutes later she came back to the table with a glass of red wine in her hand. As she put it down the older Englishman suddenly held out a photograph, almost pushing it into her face so she flinched aside.

‘This is my daughter,’ he said, speaking in loud, slow English while waving it under her nose.

‘And my girlfriend,’ said the other man.

‘Very pretty,’ Greta said uncertainly, having to wait until they had put the photo away before she could reach her drink.

‘I saw you go up to castle the other day,’ Hodza said, grinning hugely and speaking in English for the benefit of his companions. ‘Did you have good time?’

‘Yes, thank you, Sir,’ Greta said.

She did not like the way the Englishmen were looking at her but she knew she had to be polite, struggling to remain calm despite the growing knot in her stomach. She took a deep breath and gulped down her drink as fast as she could, hardly tasting it. She wiped her forehead, feeling a little sick. Now they were looking at her with odd expectancy in their eyes.

‘Thank you, I must go,’ Greta said.

‘See you again,’ said Hodza.

Greta made her way back behind the bar, past the kitchen and through to the little room by the staff entrance where she changed into her plain dress and pulled a shawl over her shoulders. There was nobody else about when she opened the rear door and stepped out into the narrow alley with its collection of bins and stacked bottle crates. The air was cool which was good because by now she was feeling hot and a little dizzy. She took a step and stumbled.

A large figure loomed out of the darkness. It was Sergeant Hodza. ‘This way, girl,’ he said, taking her by the arm and guiding her round the corner. She needed support because her legs felt very weak. A police jeep with tinted windows was waiting.

As they approached its rear door swung open. In the glow of the courtesy lights Greta saw the two Englishmen were inside, their faces pale and anxious. Hodza pushed Greta into their arms and they pulled her awkwardly into the back, sitting her down between them, while Hodza heaved himself into the driver’s seat and shut the door.

‘Is this safe?’ the younger one asked.

Hodza chuckled and slapped the steering wheel. ‘I go anywhere in this, nobody asks.’

The older man was looking at Greta anxiously. ‘Is it working?’

Hodza held up a small empty glass vial. ‘After one dose of this she no remember anything about this night, not you, not me, not anything.’

‘Are you sure?’

‘Would I play with her if she was going to remember? Had my eye on her for some times so it is all planned and ready. After I have my fun I give her pussy a washout so there is no sperms inside and then dump her in wood at edge of city. Any marks on her look like she has fallen in bushes in dark. She wake up in morning no idea how she got there. Just another silly girl who drink too much. Means I can do what I want with her pretty body. Go on,

look at her eyes and see she is half asleep. Feel her, but no pokes up pussy hole. She is virgin and I will have that...'

Hesitantly the man cupped Greta's breasts and squeezed them. Greta mumbled but could not seem to coordinate her movements. He slid his hand inside the front of her dress and scooped one bare breast out, toying with its nipple. The younger man pulled up her skirt and slid his hand between her thighs, fingering the crotch of her panties. Greta realised through the fog in her mind that she didn't like them touching her and tried to push their hands away, but she was too weak. She tried to cry out but her tongue did not seem to be able to shape coherent words.

'She may struggle a little, make noises,' Hodza said. 'More fun that way. Here...' He handed them a large roll of silver repair tape. 'Strap her hands and feet and put over mouth.'

Greta squirmed and groaned as they taped her wrists and ankles and pressed a broad strip of tape across her mouth. The younger man laughed, enjoying the sensation of binding her tight and having her helpless in his arms.

'So what about Corporal Ivanka?' the older man asked.

Hodza laughed. 'You want to have fun with that bitch, eh? I don't blame you. She lesbian dyke. Try to take my job. Tries to make friends with me and think I don't know what she really is up to. Do her good to have real man cocks up her!'

'We just want to ask her about Rachel,' the younger man said.

'But you want to fuck her too, yes? Any maybe beat her? After she made you look small mens, yes?'

The two said nothing.

Hodza laughed again. 'Don't blame you, but maybe she knows nothing. Maybe your daughter just wants to be alone. Sometimes they go do strange things, women.'



‘Not Rachel,’ her father insisted. ‘She’s a good obedient girl. There must be a reason.’

‘Well you have fun making Ivanka talk while I have fun with this one.’

‘Then you’ll help us?’

‘Helping you is helping me. I can take bottle to her apartment, say sorry for behaving bad to her. Let us have friendly drink. In bottle is dose of my medicine. Next morning she is found wandering round woods smelling like old drunk. Maybe make Captain think she is not so good as old Hodza after all!’

Hodza started the jeep and drove off. In a few minutes he had parked again behind a block of flats. There was nobody else in sight. He took a couple of bottles of beer from the glove compartment and clambered out. ‘Ten minutes I be back with bitch corporal. Be ready...’

The Englishmen waited nervously. The younger one slid his hand up Greta’s skirt again and worked his fingers into her cleft. She squirmed and whimpered as he felt how tight she was.

‘Christ, she really is a virgin! This stuff really works. Do you think this Corporal Ivanka will tell us what happened to Rachel?’

‘I don’t know. But that fat sergeant’s right. She deserves a good hiding anyway. Women shouldn’t be allowed to behave like that. It’s not natural.’

It was no more than ten minutes later when Hodza emerged from the flats with his arm round Corporal Ivanka’s shoulders. He bundled her into the back of the car across their knees. She was wearing a skirt, blouse and sandals and was mumbling and shaking her head.

‘Tape her up!’ Hodza rapped as he clambered back into the driving seat and started the engine.

As they sped through the streets the Englishmen bound Ivanka’s wrists

behind her back and ankles together and wrapped a strip of tape round her head across her mouth.

Hodza drove them up the narrow road that climbed the hill to the castle. Before he reached the main gates he turned the jeep into a narrow pull off under some trees.

‘That is back way in,’ Hodza said, pointing to a small deeply recessed door in the base of the outer wall of the castle gardens. ‘You carry them, I lead way...’

With grunts and groans the Englishmen hauled Greta and Ivanka out of the jeep and hoisted them over their shoulders. Greta felt herself being carried along through the darkness with her head hanging down the younger man’s back and his hands clasping her bare legs. Hodza unlocked the small heavy door and let them into a narrow arched passage that sloped up through the thickness of the wall. There was a locked iron gate at the other end that he also passed them through. They emerged amongst the tangled shrubbery of the gardens. With the Englishmen panting under their loads Hodza led them between the trees, using a small hooded flashlight to show the way, until a massive structure loomed out of the darkness.

‘Old wartime bunker,’ Hodza whispered. ‘Not used now. Door look like it is rusted shut. Not true. Take all my girl toys there. Thick walls. Cannot hear screams...’

He unlocked the massive iron door that swung open with hardly a sound. They passed inside and Hodza threw a switch. A dozen work-lights and assorted spot lamps, powered by snaking extension cables had been strung from hooks or improvised stands, came on. They illuminated a large chamber in isolated pools of bright light. It was littered with stacks dusty crates, baulks of timber and assorted junk that lurked in the shadows, together with devices that looked like they had come from a medieval dungeon. In a clear space in the middle of all this was large oak table.

‘Put them on there,’ Hodza said, indicating the table. The other men gratefully dumped Grata and Ivanka’s bound bodies onto the tabletop where they squirmed feebly. Greta looked into Ivanka’s eyes and saw their pupils

were dilated and unfocussed from the drug. Was that what her eyes looked like, she thought blearily?

‘Many old things stored here,’ Hodza said, indicating the devices picked out by the lights. ‘I get them working. Now, you want to get the Corporal to talk and maybe have some fun with her? Use this turning rack...’

Two heavy parallel beams fitted with sets of buckled leather straps were hung on pivots halfway along their outer sides. The pivots slotted into a pair of heavy posts mounted on a large wheeled base frame. Cogs on the ends of the pivots, capped by iron control wheels, engaged with heavy chains that ran down into slots in the base.

‘The two sides are linked by cogs and axel underneath base,’ Hodza said. ‘This mean they can be turned together. You strap woman between them. The straps all have little screws to tighten up, see? Then you turn wheel to flip her on head or arse for beating, and also get up close to pussy or bumhole or mouth for screwing, you see?’

Greta saw the possibilities of what they could do to their captive dawning on the two men. They grinned at each other.

Hodza lumbered across the room to a device on the other side of the central table. ‘Now I’m going to play with my toy on this...’

Overall the device resembled a massive chair with no seat or proper back, and it was also hung with heavy leather straps. Raised up almost waist high on three heavy square posts was a horizontal “V” of thick timbers. The rear post supporting the point of the “V” continued on upward until it was over two metres high. Two-thirds the way up a heavy crossbeam had been bolted to its rear face. Rising up from the base into the narrowing inside cleft of the “V” was an adjustable rod with a dildo on it.

Greta could see the device from where she lay and felt a fresh spasm of stomach churning fear. She tugged futilely at the tape that bound her wrists.

‘I shall sit her on there and whip her before I screw her,’ Hodza said happily. ‘But first we must get them naked. Here are scissors to cut the tapes on

Ivanka. Keep a firm hold on her...’

The men rolled and pulled Ivanka and herself about on the big table as they roughly peeled their clothes off. Greta felt Hodza’s big hands confidently handling her as he bared her body. She felt sick. She was being stripped in front of three strange men. Yet confused by the drug she had taken she felt the fear inside her mingling with a helpless arousal, even though she knew she was going to suffer. Beside her Ivanka was trying to fight the Englishmen, snivelling about the tape gag left on her mouth, but she was too enfeebled by the drug and her struggles only excited the men to work faster. Eagerly they ripped her bra off and dragged her panties down her legs.

‘Not so tough now, eh?’ the younger one said, slapping Ivanka’s cheek.

In two minutes Greta and Ivanka lay naked side by side on the table. For a moment the men gazed down at them hungrily, holding them down while they squeezed their breasts and pinched their pubic lips, ignoring their feeble struggles.

Hodza ripped the tape gag off Greta’s lips. ‘Nobody hear them scream now. Walls too thick.’

The other men tore the gag off Ivanka’s mouth. Laughing, the younger man bent down and forcibly kissed her.

Hodza scooped Greta up and carried her over to the torture chair while the other two dragged Ivanka across to the turning rack.

Hodza sat Greta on the “V” shaped seat, pulling her legs wide and hooking her knees over ends of the beams. Her bottom and sex hung unsupported over the snout of the dildo rod, feeling frighteningly exposed. He pulled her arms wide along the crossbeam at her back and strapped them in place across her wrists and elbows. More straps went about her neck, waist, thighs and ankles until she was bound rigidly upright. Hodza bent down between her splayed thighs and adjusted the rod. Its greased head pushed up into Greta’s anus, impaling her. It felt frighteningly big and she whimpered: ‘No... please don’t...’ she choked out.

‘This is just to get you ready for pussy sex,’ he told her with a chuckle.

As Hodza secured her Greta could see the other men strapping Ivanka onto the rack, pulling her arms and legs wide until she was stretched tautly between the two side beams. She moaned and pulled at her bonds but the straps held her as though she was trapped in a spider web, closed tight her about the chest, waist, wrists and ankles. Her legs were splayed wide and inviting.

Hodza went back to the big table and pulled some items out from a drawer. ‘You use these to beat her,’ he said.

They were metre-long fresh-cut willow wands with the leaves still on them.

‘Make good whips,’ Hodza said, swishing one through the air. ‘Good and stingy but leave marks that look like drunk girl might get lost in woods.’

The Englishmen picked them up with delight.

‘These will do very well,’ the older man said.

‘And this,’ Hodza said. He handed them a jar of petroleum jelly. ‘See if her arse is as tight as it looks. Soften her up. I have her later...’

On the rack Ivanka whimpered and shook her head.

Hodza returned to stand in front of Greta holding a willow whip.

She shook her head. He grinned and swiped it across her pale taut belly.

It burned like fire and she shrieked in pain.

Across the room the other men began to lash Ivanka. She screamed, echoes coming back from the uncaring concrete walls. ‘No! Please no...!’

Hodza expertly used the lash on Greta, painting thin red stripes across her, kissing her thighs, belly and breasts, setting her firm cones shivering.

Her nipples were standing up. The wand licked across them and they sprang up again as though begging for more.

Through misty eyes Greta saw the Englishmen were spinning Ivanka over and over in the frame, swiping their willow whips across her. Her body was already latticed with scarlet stripes, growing thicker and closer about her breasts, buttocks and groin. She was red-eyed, shrieking and pleading with them to stop and let her go.

‘Are you sorry for hurting us?’ the older man was shouting.

‘Yes!’ Ivanka shrieked.

‘Do you beg to have our cocks up you?’ the younger cried.

‘Yes, yes...’ she sobbed.

They dropped their wands and ripped open their flies, freeing straining erections. Flipping the rack frame flat they rammed into her, one between her legs and the other into her mouth. She slobbered and half-choked on the cock as it filled her throat.

Hodza’s wand was now licking at Greta’s pussy, leaving hot kisses behind. She clenched the dildo up her rear hard with her anus even as she felt her lips swelling and oozing. Her clitoris was straining, almost as though seeking the whip. How could pain do that to her?

The men were taking turns to have Ivanka’s mouth and vagina and rectum, flipping her over and over between them. She was sobbing and choking and dripping tears and juices onto the floor.

Greta realised she was dripping as well. Her sore pussy was hungry and open and pulsing with excitement. She could not take her eyes of Ivanka’s suffering. It was terrible and wonderful to see and she hated it and yet she had to be part of it. Something was growing and rising up inside her that tore through her body and she shrieked as fireworks burst in her brain and she fell into welcoming darkness...

When she recovered her senses Greta knew she had experienced a massive orgasm. It was what she had felt when Kubeck had punished her in his office, but the drug had made her more relaxed and so it had been more intense. It had been frightening and wonderful and she wanted to do it again...

She blinked the tears and sweat from her eyes. She was still in her chair but Hodza was no longer lashing her. Ivanka also hung unattended in her frame.

Hodza was standing at the big table with a laptop open that was playing back sounds and moving images. The Englishmen were watching. Their shoulders sagged and their faces were deathly pale.

‘You see there are cameras up there in shadows,’ Hodza was saying. ‘Tiny things but with big eyes. They see all you do to the poor corporal. Not me, just you doing cruel things to Ivanka. What if your family and friends ever see them?’ The younger man balled his fists. ‘No, no, smashing this will do no good. The file is already saved in another computer far away. Set to send automatically if anything happen to me. Not that I think you would try anything stupid. Brave when screwing helpless woman, yes, not so brave when facing real man. Anyway I have this...’ He unsnapped a telescopic metal batten from his belt and held it up for them to see.

‘Now we are now going back down to town and you are going to use all the plastic cards you have to take all money you can out of your banks. Then tomorrow you leave Barovia. And if you ever make any trouble for me or my country I send out recording and everybody see what shits you are...’ He turned to look at Ivanka and Greta. ‘Don’t you worry, my pretties, I be back to tidy you up, later...’

The three men left. Greta sagged in her straps. She heard Ivanka’s ragged breathing but she was clearly too exhausted to speak. In the close air of the bunker Greta could smell Ivanka’s juices and the spent sperm of the Englishmen. She could see it dripping out of her ravaged vulva. What had that felt like? She almost wished it had been necessary for Hodza to take her virginity...

The outer door opened and Kubeck came in.

He looked at the two bound and naked, sweaty, soiled and stained girls anxiously for a moment and then smiled and nodded. 'Well done both of you,' he said.



# Chapter 11

‘Well done,’ Kubeck said once again to Greta in his office the next day. ‘You’ve been a brave young woman and a true patriot. You helped save Barovia from a scandal and serious loss of tourist income if those two foreigners had revealed what we do to their women.’

Greta blushed with pride and embarrassment. ‘It was a honour, Sir.’

‘It still took a lot of nerve to drink that wine in front of them,’ Ivanka said, ‘even though you knew it was only a mild sedative.’

‘I understand it had to look real, Corporal,’ Greta said.

‘It still took guts, girl,’ Hodza insisted. ‘They had to see it worked on some girl who seemed totally innocent so they would believe they could do what they liked to Corporal Ivanka and incriminate themselves. Now they can’t complain about our treatment of their women or else that film of them doing the same will get shown to everybody who knows them. They’d never live down the shame. Sorry for the whipping, but it was all part of the setup.’

‘I didn’t mind, Sergeant. It was... interesting and educational.’

Kubeck and Ivanka exchanged wry glances.

‘Still, you deserve this...’ Hodza pulled out a wad of banknotes from his pocket and handed it to Greta. ‘That’s the blackmail money I got those two to cough up thinking they were paying me off.’

Greta was incredulous. ‘I... I couldn’t accept it, Sir.’

‘You deserve it as compensation for your time and suffering,’ Kubeck insisted. ‘And I shall see that your mother knows what you have done for your country.’

The three of them watched a guard escort a tearfully grateful Greta out.

‘I always said you can trust human nature Captain,’ said Hodza. ‘You can trust true patriots to be patriots and you can trust real scum to behave like scum.’

‘Lucky for us they did, Sergeant,’ Ivanka said, then winced and clutched her behind. ‘I just wish they had weaker arms.’

‘You took it well, Corporal,’ Hodza said, which brought a proud smile to her lips.

Kubeck nodded. ‘Yes, well done... Assistant Interrogator Stefanik.’

Ivanka’s eyes widened and for a moment she seemed lost for words. ‘Oh... thank you, Captain,’ she said simply.

When Kubeck was at last alone in his office he pressed a button under his desk. The alcove revolved to reveal Rachel imprisoned within.

She was bound and impaled as Anika Soderman had been, except that there was a heavy-duty rubber figure of 8 strap about her breasts, making them balloon attractively. Hoops of fine springy wires with their ends embedded in the thick strap sides crossed over her breasts. Strung on the wires like beads were small inward-pointing metal spike blocks.

Rachel’s eyes lit up as she saw Kubeck. He stepped up to her and pulled her gag out.

‘I am pleased to tell you that your stepfather and boyfriend will not be troubling you any further,’ he said. ‘They have been convinced to return home. When you get back I don’t think you’ll hear any more questions from them about your Barovian holiday.’

‘Oh... I’m so pleased, Sir. But... after what happened I’m not sure I want to live at home anymore.’

‘Then don’t.’

‘But... where will I go, Sir?’

‘I’m sure you’ll find somewhere you feel at home, if you trust your true nature,’ said Kubeck.

He knew where that would lead her. He’d know since that first day when she had innocently orgasmed as she wet herself while riding the shock batten he held up her pussy.

‘But that’s for the future,’ he continued aloud. ‘First we must complete your sentence...’

He undid his flies, freeing his hard cock, then stepped onto the turntable base with his feet between Rachel’s spread and cuffed legs. Embracing her he pushed his shaft up into her wet and eager sex, feeling the hardness of the anal dildo on which she was impaled behind the soft clinging walls of her sheath. She sighed as he filled her.

As he held her closer his chest pressed the spiked wires into her captive breasts, digging the small points deep into her soft flesh. She winced beautifully, accepting her pain. That was what she needed.

Kubeck looked into her eyes as he drove his cock up her with a jerk. ‘Are you innocent, Fekujo Thirteen?’

‘Ahhh... yes, Sir!’

He rammed into her harder, relishing the heat and close wetness of her vagina.

‘Are you innocent?’

‘Yes... Master!’ she sobbed happily.

**THE END**

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