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I. The Baroness

Oder River, June 1945

The Russian officer closed the documents folder with some disgust.

“Baroness von Bulow? I am afraid, madam, that you sin doubly. Not only do you presume to use the old titles but also you are a German.”

“Not only German, sir, Prussian by marriage. I appreciate you using the old style wording,” she said in perfect Russian.

The woman was in her forties. She was haughty. Her cheekbones stood out, evidence of emaciation. The events of the last few months had given her a feral, look.

“What do you mean?”

The woman looked briefly around the room. They were alone except for the colonel’s aide.

“You said ‘madam’, as befits an officer and a gentleman, like someone raised in pre-revolutionary Russia,” she said in French.

The officer, a colonel of the guards, nodded and turned to his aide.

“Captain, please leave us alone for a moment.”

The colonel served himself a glass of vodka but did not offer the woman any. The woman noticed that he was missing one hand.

“Let us be frank...madam. You seek passage to the west, to the American sector.”

“The British will do. I have no liking for the French.”

“As I was saying, you seek this passage for you and a group of refugees that followed you from the area of Posen.”

“Yes, that is right. They belong to my husband’s estate.”

“In other words, they were peasants held as property in the land of a Junker.”

“My husband, before he returned to his regiment, instructed me to prepare the evacuation. He did not believe the assurances that came from the gaudier that your army would be stopped. He knew the war was lost.”

The officer opened the folder again.

“Ah yes, your husband, a general in the Waffen SS. His division was destroyed at the Vistula. I heard he was captured and shot as a war criminal.”

She paled for a moment. It was the first news she had of her husband’s fate.

“My husband was inducted into the SS after July 20. And he was a convalescent, colonel, he could

barely walk. I am sure you understand what that means. He really did not have to return to his division. Yet he did. I had to obey his instructions to the best of my ability. It was the least I could do."

"You organized the evacuation of your estate. And you managed to make your way through our spearheads."

"I started with 300 persons, civilians, mostly elderly, women, and children, colonel. Yes, we met your spearheads. The elderly and the children died quickly. I only can show 20 survivors now, mostly men. Few women survived the mass rapes. I was fortunate to be one, colonel."

The officer lit a cigarette and looked at her fixedly through narrowed eyes.

"You are Russian, madam."

"Yes, colonel, I am Russian, originally from St. Petersburg. I left the Motherland after the Great War."

"Leningrad," he corrected her in a soft voice.

"Yes, Leningrad."

"You are a White Russian exile and you married a Prussian nobleman."

"It's a long story colonel."

"I should have you shot right away...madam...as a traitor and enemy of the people."

The colonel gave a couple of puffs to his cigarette and took another drink from his glass. He muttered briefly and threw his cigarette on the floor and put it out with his boot. Then he pulled paper and wrote a quick note and stamped it. He pushed it in front of her with his one hand.

"Go on, whoever you really are. This gives you free passage for you and your group to the American lines. Do not stop! I don't want to see you again, do you understand? Get out before I change my mind!"

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## **II. Marina**

### *Berlin 1923*

There were two nude women laid in a mat in a stage engaged in tribadism. The two were trying, somehow unsuccessfully, to perform to the frenzied rhythm of the Black Jazz orchestra playing. There was a desperate urgency in their coupling, as if they were seeking one last orgasm before dying. One was a blond German woman and the other one was a tall, dark woman with a bodysuit tattoo and Eurasian features. Truth is the audience barely paid them any attention. Spectacles like these were common at the "Grand Duke", a cabaret preferred by the White Russian exile population. In a dark corner that gave a good view of the premises sat Turgenev, the owner. An oily man approached and sat across the table from Turgenev. His bodyguard, the massive ex guardsman Isidor, frowned at the intrusion. Turgenev waved to Isidor and the interloper did not have his throat cut.

"You have five minutes of my time, Popov," warned Turgenev. "Use them wisely."

"I found her, the one you asked me to find. She is barely 18, perhaps 19, Mikhail Fedorovich," explained Popov.

"And she is beautiful I suppose. Have you had her?" asked Turgenev.

"Certainly! She is very stuck up, however."

"Ah, another grand duchess that gives herself airs and eats from the gutters?"

"More or less, Mikhail Feodorovich. I don't know if she was noble, though."

"So? She is probably a daughter of the commercial bourgeoisie that gives her the airs of a lady in waiting to the Tsarina herself! Popov, there are probably fifty true grand duchesses on the alley next to this establishment, some of them quite beautiful creatures. They all ran away from our dear Mother Russia with only their clothes on their backs. And if they are not so hungry as to bite off my dick and eat it they all will willingly give me a blowjob and swallow my semen just for the nourishment. So, what is so special about this girl?"

"Well, for one, she has a large cunt, a pretty deep one. I put my hand inside her and she did not even flinch. Well, only a bit."

"Go on."

"She has survived, I grant her that. It was not the first time she fucked in exchange for a piece of bread."

"You got her cheap, Popov."

"Alas, I am not a rich man, Mikhail Feodorovich, and times are tough. That was all I could offer her. And she did take it."

The music had stopped. The main spectacle was about to start.

"You have only one more minute, Popov."

"She has lovely, long, legs, very strong."

"Ah, ballerina training! That is good. I am a ballet aficionado myself. Go on."

"We talked. I was thinking of pimping her. With some nice rags she could fetch a good price in some circles. Anyways, I thought of your establishment. I showed her the sketches Marina had made, you know which ones. She was interested. I queried her. She is willing to try."

"And you say she has a big cunt?"

"Yes, a pretty good sized one. You would not guess on such a girl. She is mostly legs. Not much in tits. A nice ass, though."

The two naked women on the stage had now produced a thick steel rod about six feet long and inserted one end into each other's cunt. They lay on the mat furiously trying to push it deeper into each other clutching it with their cunts and thrusting with their hips. The orchestra had stopped playing. The lights were focused on their nude sweaty bodies. This time they had gotten the attention of the audience which watched the spectacle fascinated, issuing only occasional gasps. The only other sound was that of the two women grunting and cursing as they squirmed frenziedly on the

mat.

"Is she healthy?" asked Turgenev somewhat skeptically watching the obscene spectacle.

"I noticed no chancres and no tubercular coughing, Mikhail Feodorovich. She is, of course, mostly bones. She could use some fattening."

"Well, if Marina survives her bout tonight she could train her."

"Marina never loses, Mikhail Feodorovich."

"I always make a point of betting against her. And I tell her I do. It's a perverse pleasure of mine."

Suddenly the blond girl screamed. The tall dark tattooed woman apparently had a tighter, stronger, grip on the rod and drove it deeper and mercilessly into her opponent. The German girl was now howling and squirming with pain. The tall dark tattooed woman disengaged from the pole and stood up triumphant. She had driven at least two feet of the pole into the other girl's gut. Its tip probably nested in her chest, behind her breasts. The audience applauded and cheered.

"Marina has won, again," announced Popov.

"Well, I lose again," admitted Turgenev laughing. "Damn! Marina ought to be happy."

The blond woman had fainted or was dead. There was blood pooling under her. A couple of attendants picked her up still without removing the rod driven inside her and placed her in a tarpaulin. The lights dimmed as she was roughly handled and rolled her into the tarpaulin and hauled away leaving a trail of blood and body fluids. Only her bare feet and the other end of the rod could be seen. Another attendant spread sawdust on the stage to absorb the blood.

"That's five girls she has impaled this winter," noted Turgenev. "She is costing me a fortune."

"You will win one of these days, Mikhail Feodorovich. No one survives for long the impalement contests."

"Marina has. Her cunt is amazing. She could let herself be impaled if she wanted."

Meanwhile the tall dark tattooed woman basked in the admiration of the crowd and held a bouquet of roses a fan had provided. She strode through the audience shamelessly displaying her nude tattooed body, letting the crowd caress and poke it. Her cunt was cavernous and the labia were thick and engorged and she could will them to open wide and then closed tight, evidence of her strong pelvic muscles. Then she headed to Turgenev's table and sat next to Popov and lit a cigarette. The smell of the cigarette, which was not that of tobacco, mixed her with her strong, not unpleasant, smell, which was more like that of a predatory beast. A waiter arrived with a bottle of champagne and served her.

"Marina," said Turgenev, "meet Valentin Andrievich Popov, an old friend. We two were in Brusilov's staff."

Marina offered his hand, which Popov kissed. She seemed bored and handed the bouquet to the waiter for disposition.

"Marina, Popov has a girl for you."

Upon hearing this, the tall dark tattooed woman's eyes seemed to glow in the half darkness of the

cabaret. She took a deep draught from her cigarette and smiled.

"Is she strong?" she asked. "These German girls don't have Marina's iron cunt."

"No, dear," clarified Turgenev, "she is not to be your opponent. I want you to train her for the bellyride."

"I am used to mating with horses, large ones. I have let donkeys and even camels fuck me," said Marina drinking her champagne, "but even I don't dare do the bellyride. In fact, no one as far as I know has done it and survived. Is she some kind of half-wit?"

"I don't think so," said Popov. "I think she is desperate."

"Is she Russian?"

"Yes, madam Marina," replied Popov.

"Good, as I said, these German girls rupture very easily."

"Go, Popov. Take her tomorrow to her villa outside Weimar. You know the place."

"Perhaps, a finder's fee would be available, Mikhail Feodorovich?" inquired Popov timidly.

Turgenev took out his wallet.

"I suppose you don't want German currency. It's worthless. A loaf of bread costs 100 million marks."

"If at all possible, Mikhail Feodorovich, I would prefer a strong currency."

Turgenev counted one hundred U.S. Dollars, a veritable fortune at that time and place, and gave it to Popov who then bowed and left.

Turgenev motioned to Isidor.

"Follow him. Find out if he does indeed have such girl. If not, get rid of him and bring me back my money. If he does have her, make sure he delivers her at the villa."

The giant grunted something and left.

Turgenev noticed that Marina was holding a napkin to her cunt.

"Are you hurt?"

"You would like that, would you not, Mikhail Feodorovich?"

"I admit I would make a killing if you got impaled. The odds pay 500 to one if you lose."

The tall dark woman held the napkin up. There was some blood.

"This is nothing," she said in a husky voice. "And 500 to one is still too little. I will wait until the odds are better before I let myself be impaled."

"You should take some time off and heal that cunt of yours. It has been very busy lately. I hear Paris is nice this time of the year."

She threw contemptuously the expensive bottle of champagne against the wall and took a drink from the bottle of perchotka vodka in his table. "What, Mikhail Feodorovich? You expect Marina to dress in Chanel, go to the opera, take communion in the Roman church at Notre Dame, and visit the museums? Surely you jest! And give me back my rings! I feel naked without them!"

"Well, you are naked dear and I so much enjoy smelling them. Anyway, here they are."

Turgenev produced a box which held a set of large gauge rings. She took them and proceeded to insert them through her septum and nipples and outer labia. Her outfit, such as it was, was finished by a set of stiletto heeled pumps.

"Still, I think you would look charming in Chanel, my dear."

"Stop mocking me, Mikhail Feodorovich. You know I never wear clothes."

"You wear coats, which is sensible in winters like this."

"Those are furs, Mikhail Feodovich. They are not clothes," she said taking another draught of the vodka.

"I should have left you in the Gobi, my dear, for the sake of civilization."

"It's too late, Mikhail Feodorovich. I have more fun in Berlin. The meat is more marbled here in the west. Just make sure they dispose of my opponent's carcass. I don't want to land in a Berlin jail licking a fat smelly German broad's cunt."

"Don't worry, my dear. Police President Schaffer was in the audience. He is on my payroll. No one touches me. As for the girl you killed tonight, we will dispose of her and send you her choicest parts, as always."

"Good. I prefer to eat the evidence of my kills," she said smiling and revealing a set of sharpened teeth.

Turgenev smiled carefully. His hand unconsciously reached for the Luger in his coat pocket.

"Marina, sometimes you scare me."

"I should, Mikhail Feodorovich, I should."

The tall dark tattooed woman reached for him and they kissed passionately.

She smiled as her hands sought his genitals.

"Next time let your opponent win, Marina. I expect that by then the odds will be up to a thousand to one. I want to cut my losses," he said caressing her bare breasts

She knelt between his knees and proceeded to fellate him, swallowing his ejaculate. He allowed her to do so not without some trepidation. It was like getting a blowjob from a female Siberian tiger. His hand rested on the Luger in his pocket all the time.

"I do want to be impaled in public, Mikhail Feodorovich," she said in the end looking up at him from between his knees and smiling. "And I will do so if you ask me to. Dying impaled is the only thrill left for me to try."

"You lie, my dear. There is the bellyride. You are likely to be impaled if you try it. You yourself have said it. I can arrange it, here, in front of your public. It would be a farewell show worthy of you. I am sure they will appreciate it."

"That is certainly an attractive idea, Mikhail Feodorovich. I will consider it. But you won't be able to witness it and get a hard on from watching. You see, before I die, I want to bite off your manhood and eat it raw," she said giving his penis a farewell lick. "That's how much I love you!"

Then she stood up and wrapped herself in her sable coat and nothing more and left him. The doorman recognized her and flagged down a cab.

"God!" whistled Turgenev with some relief at her departure. "I love Berlin!"

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III. Nadya

Berlin, 1923

The next morning, my dear Nadya, you were woken brutally, with a kick, by the man you had met, Popov.

"Put on your clothes, bitch! We must go! Now!"

You knew it was useless to ask where he was taking you and that any delay would get you beaten again. And anyway, you were so weak from hunger that you really no longer cared. You staggered onboard his beaten, old, Protos and he drove through a bleak, winter bound, Berlin towards the countryside. It was cold, Berlin cold, admittedly not as cold as that of Russia, but enough to make you shiver, especially if you were only clad in rags. Popov kept watching the icy road through his rearview mirror. His Luger rested on the dashboard.

"Isidor! I saw the son of a bitch!" he mumbled under his speech.

The name meant nothing to you. You sensed he was scared, as if he had seen a ghost, and that, you well knew, was not good. How many times had scared, desperate, men soothed their fear and anger on you! You caught a brief glance of yourself in one of the car's mirrors. An emaciated face stared back. You were barely 21 years old yet looked ten years older. The eyes were dead; they were the eyes of a woman without any hope left.

You felt fainting.

"Oh! Don't you die on me you bitch!" he cried slapping you awake. Then he produced a flask and handed it to you. It was vodka and it at least the apparent warmth it induced kept your body and soul together, as if your ghost did not want to leave the relative warmth of your barely living body to go off into the void.

It was a magnificent estate where he took you, like the ones you remembered in the old country. For a cruel moment a memory struck you, watching the peasants uncover themselves as you drove in a troika cuddled next to your father and your brother Sasha to an equally grand house. But all that, you knew, was gone, forever, and the memory only tormented you.

Popov knocked insistently on the front door until a tall German woman in a maid's uniform answered.

"Here! Take her! She's for Marina!" he said roughly pulling you inside the door and having the maid sign a receipt. Then, having delivered you, he left.

The young maid looked at you with some pity. You read her mind. You were not the first woman delivered thus in the place, like fodder for some kind of beast. She then motioned you into a large salon. Thankfully, a large log burnt in a magnificent fireplace. You shuffled towards it. Then you could not help it. You swooned and fell in front of it.

You were barely aware of the next few days. You heard voices, in German, discussing your condition. You were dimly aware of an older, bearded, gentleman who prodded and poked you and you hoped he was a doctor. The word "typhus" was mentioned. Someone spoon fed you. Other times you felt hands sponge bathing you. You were feverish, racked by tremors, with painful memories that came and went, like cruel ghosts. Many times you felt as if you were about to die. But death did not seem to come and that made you feel even more forlorn. Slowly, you felt your strength returning and felt death slowly recede. Still, you could not shake off a heavy haze upon your eyelids. Were they keeping you drugged? You instinctively knew it was thus.

You had no idea how much time had gone by when you were suddenly awoken by a door opening. Someone opened the curtains to your room and the sunlight burst in. The glare blinded you. You shaded your eyes with your hand. You managed to distinguish a tall female form that stood next to you.

"Ah, I see you are awake," she said in a voice that had the harsh inflections of the east.

"Where am I?" you blurted.

"Later," she said putting a finger on your lips. You closed your eyes and felt her cool hand caress your face.

She then stood up in front of you and your eyes focused better. She was nude. You watched her nakedness in awe. Her body was covered in intricate tattooing, yet these strangely seemed to give her a kind of barbaric beauty.

"Marina will feed you. You should feel very privileged," she said as she removed thick gauge rings from her nipples and set them aside carefully on your night table.

She was strong. And she grabbed you and pressed your head against her chest. You were still very weak and could not resist. She thrust a nipple into your mouth.

"Suck!" she ordered.

This you did without thinking. It seemed the most natural thing to do. And it was indeed rich, flavorful, milk which you drained from her breast. Then she trust her other tit into your mouth and you emptied that tit too. Then you felt a somnolence, a deep contentment, overpower you. She gently covered you in thick blankets and then drew the curtains again to darken the room and left you. This was repeated again and again, though you had no means of recollecting how many times it happened.

You slowly grew stronger. One morning you looked into her eyes as you sucked her tit. You observed a slight epicanthic fold in them. Yes, she was from somewhere east.

"Your name is Marina, milady?" you dared ask before she thrust her other nipple into your mouth.

“Yes. And what shall I call you, child?”

“Nadya, milady,” you answered respectfully.

She smiled. She had sharp, serrated, teeth, you noticed. Somehow, they gave you a shudder. You prudently went back to feeding.

One morning she spoon fed you what you thought was a bowl of soup. You immediately recognized the taste and the smell.

“Yes, its semen,” she said smiling. “But it is not from a man. It is horse semen, freshly collected. In the steppes was raised on it and on mare’s milk. In a way you are now too for I am also a mare of sorts.”

You instinctively dared not oppose her. She placed a spoonful of the horse semen in your mouth and you obediently swallowed, expecting to retch. But no, you downed it all. It was different, thicker, from a man’s semen and its taste, albeit strong, was far more tolerable. Somehow, it felt cleaner than a man’s and you felt no repulsion in drinking it. You knew you could get used to it and eagerly opened your mouth again. You drank every spoonful she fed you. She then licked the contrails that had formed around your mouth and stole a kiss. Then she again fed you from her tits. You slept again, again happily and contented. The cruel ghosts that tormented your sleep did not return.

You awoke when you felt her getting onto your bed. She pushed a pillow under your face and straddled it. You said nothing but instinctively placed your hands in her hips to steady her thus. You got a close glimpse of her cunt. It was very big, with thick, powerful looking labia, also pierced by heavy gauge rings. Tattooed flames seemed to burst from her crotch. Again, she carefully removed the rings and carefully placed them on the side table.

“Open your mouth,” she ordered.

You had never been with a woman. But you knew you had no choice in the matter and instinctively knew what to do. And somehow, it did not seem wrong. Her cunt had a strong smell but it was not repelling. She smiled at you and you saw her labia part and close. Then gobs of horse semen burst out of her cunt fell into your open mouth and face. You instinctively pressed your mouth to her cunt the better to receive the offering. And your tongue eagerly lapped its insides. You drank deeply for it seemed she was full of horse semen. Her moans made you happy. Yes, you knew, she was a kind of a mare herself.

Finally, you drained all the horse semen she had to offer. She caressed your face rubbing the horse semen that masked you into your skin and you smiled at her. She then held you to her chest as you fed on her tits. Again, you lost count of how many times this happened. And this time your sleep brought memories of better days in your family’s residence in Saint Petersburg itself.

Slowly you recovered and managed to walk around on rubbery legs. You explored the huge house but it seemed strangely deserted, except for you and the tall German maid with the cold eyes. Marina, she told you, spent most of her day in Berlin.

One day you sat next to the fireplace in your room, clad in a terrycloth, and drinking tea. It was probably mid-morning. Through the window you could see pens and grooms turning out what you instinctively knew were a group of stallions. Snow covered fields and forests extended into the distance. The horses all seemed powerful, especially the black one. They trotted around the muddy field. You knew somehow that it was their seed which you had been drinking. By this time you felt no revulsion about drinking their semen. In fact, you could not help but wonder how it would be to

drink directly it from their penises.

Marina strode in.

“Ah, you have seen my lovers,” she smiled.

“They are beautiful, milady.”

“Come, Nadya, my child,” she said taking your hand and laying you in the bed. “you must drink their seed now.”

Again, she straddled your face. You received the semen the stallions had deposited inside her that morning, licking her clean, and then proceeded to nurse on her. She kissed you but this time she did not leave you.

“Stand up,” she said while she sat on your bed.

She motioned you to remove your terry cloth robe. This you did. Again, it felt good for you to be nude in front of her, just like she was in front of you.

She took her hands and drew you closer to her and gave your pubes a tentative kiss. Then she turned you a bit, as if to insure that the sunlight gave her a good view of your cunt. She carefully inserted her two index fingers into your cunt and slowly stretched it open.

“It is naturally large, indeed,” she smiled satisfied.

You felt uncomfortable. You had always known your cunt was perhaps a bit too large. Your sisters used to tease you about it. The brief memory of your childhood made you uncomfortable. Were they all dead now?

“What is wrong? Did I hurt you?” asked Marina. Somehow, you were surprised at her concern.

“No, milady. Do as you wish with me, please.”

“Indeed?” she smiled arching her eyebrow.

She looked at you with narrowed eyes and laid you in the bed. First, she proceeded to kiss your nether lips. Then she started lapping at your cunt which pretty soon had grown very wet indeed. She then slowly inserted a couple more fingers into you until all her hand had disappeared inside you. She looked at you and you nodded. She made a fist inside you. You dare not complain though you felt about to be ripped in two. You did not care. You felt a desperate need to let her use you. She kept her eyes fixed on yours, imposing her will on you. Then you felt her other hand slowly, cruelly, make its way inside you. Her hands clenched inside you. You trembled and your back arched. You had never felt so full, so wide open. It was painful and at the same time exhilarating. She pounced your insides with her clenched hands. You could not help but whimper. Then a massive, overpowering, orgasm followed. Slowly, cruelly, her clenched hands came out of you. She placed her hands firmly on your hips and pressed her face to your pubes and proceeded to eat you and slowly another overwhelming orgasm followed. She left you afterwards and you felt into a deep, contented, sleep. How many this times this was repeated you again lost count.

But one day Marina did not come.

“Where is the mistress?” you asked the tall German maid who brought you a steaming plate of horse

semen "soup".

"Madam Marina has a show tonight. Hopefully she will return," was her curt answer.

The girl's eyes were cold and she did not seem willing to give you more information.

"I shan't offer you horse semen to drink from my cunt," she explained. "The stallions belong to mistress Marina. We are not allowed to mate with them."

"How did you gather the semen for my soup then?"

"I have been trained on how to milk them," she explained.

You felt the need to nurse. She seemed bosomy enough. She guessed your thoughts and promptly unbuttoned her blouse and offered you her tits. You drank from them and the milk was quite rich and abundant but you knew it was a cursory service she was giving you. There was none of the passion and love you actually felt when Marina fed you. Nonetheless, you quietly thanked her. For some reason she seemed to blush and then she hurried up to leave buttoning up her blouse.

Once alone you reached for the still warm "soup" and carefully drank it all.

The next morning Marina stood next to you watching you with amused eyes as you woke up. She held a tray with your breakfast.

"I did not mate with my stallions, I am afraid, Nadya. But I still brought you some of their seed."

"Thank you, milady."

"I can't mate with them for a few days. My cunt took some abuse last night. My opponent was young and strong."

This meant nothing to you. You noticed that there was a piece of white meat in your tray.

She spoon fed you the horse seed and kissed you again.

"Now, you must partake of this sacrament," she said as she carefully cut the meat.

Somehow, you felt it was a special moment. She placed a piece of the meat in your mouth. It was delicate and rather salty.

"Is it pork, milady?"

"Of a kind, yes, it is pork. Do you like it?"

"It is very good, yes."

"It will make you very strong. Eat. There is plenty more. You will need to be strong," she said as she continued feeding you the meat. "Tomorrow you will start your training. Do you understand why Popov brought you here?"

She deedly remembered the cruel man, Popov.

"Yes, milady. He said I was to train to perform the bellyride."

"You understand what the bellyride is?"

"He showed me sketches, milady. A woman is slung under a horse and rides him upside down."

"The horse will fuck you as you ride. Are you willing?"

"Yes, milady, I don't mind," you answered.

"It could kill you."

"I know, milady."

"And you still wish to do so?"

"If it is what you wish me to do, yes."

"No, Nadya, what I want does not count. I could find many a hungry girl on the street who would give me the same answer. I am asking you."

Nadya thought for a moment.

"I want to be fucked by a horse, to bellyride as you call it. Yes. I want to do it. But I have no idea how."

"That is no problem. I will teach you. Your cunt is big, strong, and elastic. There is no reason why you could not survive. But I will have to toughen your innards."

You finished the meat she fed you. Then she laid the tray aside and proceeded to fist you, pounding your insides mercilessly. As she did so, you imagined it was a horse's penis doing so.

That night you dreamt strange dreams. The memory of the riding lessons you took at M. Bonnet's dressage academy in St. Petersburg came to you. You were naked, slung under a horse, which you recognized the black stallion you had seen from your window. Yet all around you stood your peers, young women from the noble houses of St. Petersburg. But, unlike you, they were all clothed and riding on top of their horses. Strangely, they did not seem to notice your state. And then you saw Marina walk, naked, among them and reach for the penis of the horse you were slung under and insert it inside you. It seemed to flow into you and you moaned in pleasure. Only then did the other girls stare at you wide eyed and this made you giggle, for the naughtiest thing you had done until then had been to steal one of your brother Sasha's cigarettes and smoke it. But now Marina was holding your hand as the stallion pounced your innards and you laid helpless, legs held wide open, moaning, barely able to move as the horse had his way with you. And being fucked thus by a horse gave you a thrill and a strange sense of accomplishment and even a perverse pride.

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#### **IV. The British Sector**

*Oder River, June 1945*

You held poor Ilse's hand as you passed the long line of Russian troops lining the road. Your men kept you in the middle of the group, trying to disguise the fact you were women. It worked, or perhaps word had reached these troops that your group was not to be molested.

You saw the bridge ahead. Ilse looked at you with haunted eyes. She was the only female survivor

besides yourself.

"It's OK, Ilse, once we cross the bridge we will be in the American sector."

"Thank you, baroness."

Actually, it was British troops that awaited across the river. Their eyes were as hard as those of the Russians. They immediately separated the men and brought you and Ilse into a room where a bored captain looked at you with little interest.

"What do we have here, Hawkins?"

The sergeant extended the meager documentation you two carried.

"Von Bulow? Baroness Nadya von Bulow is it?"

"Yes," you answered curtly.

"Are you the wife of General Kurt von Bulow?"

"He was my husband."

The officer mumbled something.

"His men gave us hell at Caen."

You dared not say anything.

"What about this girl?" he asked motioning to Ilse.

"Her name is Ilse Braun. She was a cook in my estate. She has been raped repeatedly," you replied in an icy voice, "as I was. The poor girl is half-out of her mind."

The officer shook her head.

"I understand, baroness, I won't detain you further. Hawkins, have the ladies be taken to the medic. Let them see to their needs. Feed them and give them some decent clothes."

"Thank you, captain."

"Where are you bound, baroness?"

"I have the idea that Hamburg is a day's march to the west."

"There is not much left standing in Hamburg, I am afraid. I advise that you head south."

"South it is. How about the men that came with me?"

"We have to sort them out. We are on the lookout for Nazis."

"Those men worked for my estate. They are mostly boys and old men. My husband had a hard time keeping them out of serving as cannon fodder in the volkstorm."

"Still, we have to interrogate them, baroness. There's a manhunt going on for all the party bigwigs."

"Is Hitler still alive?"

"You haven't heard?"

"I have been on the road the last two months, captain."

"Supposedly the bastard shot himself in Berlin. But we do not believe it. Anyway, you and your girl can go on. Next!"

As Nadya walked out she remembered the last time she had seen Hitler. She had been summoned to Berlin to the hospital where her husband had been evacuated. He was completely immobilized and could barely move his head to speak. He had been wounded when the July 20 bomb had gone off.

"I entered the conference room a few minutes before the bomb exploded. I did see Claus briefly."

"You saw von Stauffenberg?"

"Yes, hush, Nadya, don't mention the name out loud. They will be looking for all his friends now."

"Did he see you?"

"I don't think so. He had only one working eye. But if he did, it was too late at that point. Anyway, I was usually at the front and would have been of little help."

"He and his wife were friends. We had them over for dinner many times."

"Yes, they were. Maybe Claus never involved me for that reason."

"Ohmigod! What are they going to do his wife and children?"

"Don't think about it. Don't say anything! We cannot do anything, understand? In a way it was lucky that I was there when the bomb exploded. I don't remember anything. They tell me I dragged the Fuhrer out of the bunker. I must have been acting by instinct. I would have done the same for any of my men. And at that point I collapsed from blood loss and wounds. But I can assure you that my loyalty to the regime is now unquestioned. I hear they will even induct me into the SS and give me command of division in the east."

At that point a clique of elegantly dressed officers strode in, followed by a shuffling man in a Charlie Chaplin mustache. Nadya paled and stood up recognizing the face. Behind him, Nadya saw, was Goebbels.

"Mein Fuhrer, baroness von Bulow," whispered Goebbels.

Hitler shuffled forward and fixed his pale eyes on Nadya. Then he took her hand. She noticed that the man seemed to tremble. He gave her an adequate facsimile of the Viennese handkuss.

"An honor...mein Fuhrer," stammered Nadya.

Hitler then pinned an iron cross on your husband, made a quick salute, and shuffled away.

The retinue left, except for Goebbels who stood there looking at you with a lascivious smile. He motioned you aside.

"It's Nadya, right?"

"Yes, Herr Doctor."

"I remember you, from the old days in Berlin. You were in Berlin, right?"

"It has been a long time."

"You are right, Berlin is no longer what it was back in the old days. It was quite a Babylon!"

"As I said, Herr Doctor, all that was a long time ago."

"Do you still ride?" he gave her a thin smile and looked at her through hooded eyes. "You know what I mean."

"No, Herr Doctor, my riding days are over," she said blushing.

"I see. Now you are a baroness and the respectable wife of a war hero."

"Herr Doctor, please."

"Don't worry, milady. We all have little skeletons in our closet. If I remember, you and that mad cannibal woman were very close. What was her name?"

"Marina. She is dead."

"Oh yes! I was in the audience when it happened. It took a long time for her to die. It was an amazing show!"

The man obviously enjoyed torturing her.

"Herr Doktor, please..."

"Relax, baroness, your secret is safe with me. I fancied myself one of your fans; in fact, I attended many of your shows. You were the best!"

Thankfully, a group of orderlies and doctors showed up next.

"I must see to my husband, Herr Doctor."

"You do that, baroness," he said kissing her hand and leaving.

She saw him leave, limping, for he was club footed, a deformed fanatical slight and dark man who could destroy her were her background to be known.

And he seemed to have no qualms about tormenting her. That night a large bouquet of flowers was delivered to Nadya's hotel room. The card indicated it came from Goebbels. Attached was a large manila envelope. Nadya opened it. The black and white glossies showed her slung under the horse while his shaft was clearly seen buried inside her. She was completely nude, with her legs wide open and pressed to her chest and tied to the horse's flanks. Her hands held the reins and seemed to have coaxed the horse to raise its legs so that gravity was pushing her down unto the shaft. Her eyes were half closed and her face was half open in a smile of absolute bliss while a jet of semen ejected from between the tight union of her cunt and the horse shaft.

Ilse was not fit to walk further, said the British doctor. Nadya left her in their care. She had been given some British Army surplus clothes and she stood in the crossroads as columns of soldiers and



prisoners and ambulances streamed by. She looked up at the sky to find the sun. Hamburg was out of the question. She had a name, in Munich, and she resolutely headed in what she thought was a southerly direction.

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V. Rasputin

You stood naked in the stable watching as Marina entered the stall. Outside the winter held Berlin in its grip and you shuddered from the cold. The horse inside was quite large, ink black, with white socks on its front legs. It whinnied as if recognizing Marina. You noticed that its sheath was beginning to bulge, signaling that it was about to drop. Yes, Marina had him well trained.

“This is Rasputin,” Marina announced. “We have been lovers for a long time. His shaft is huge and can be cruel.”

Marina bent over next to the horse and motioned you to approach. There was a cradle like device slung under the horse and inside it was a mannequin.

“See, Nadya, Rasputin has gotten used to wearing this for the last week or so,” explained Marina. “At first he was trying to kick it off and poor Anna here got kicked in the face several times.”

“Anna”, the mannequin was indeed showing a lot of wear and its “face” was caved in.

“But I think that Rasputin will now behave,” laughed Marina, “at least I hope so. Help me get Anna off and then get yourself in the cradle. Ah, do wear that riding helmet yonder, just in case my child.”

You helped Marina with some trepidation. You were very much aware that you could die from a horse kick, helmet or no helmet. Yet you resolutely put the helmet and then ensconced yourself into the cradle.

“Go in face down first, Nadya, then I will help you turn over,” instructed Marina.

This you did and pretty soon your face was flush against the belly of the horse, your feet resting on the ground. The horse whinnied again and stamped his feet, which gave you a fright.

“Easy, Rasputin, be nice to Nadya,” said Marina in a mocking voice.

Then Marina pulled each of your legs forwards and you were glad for your ballerina training that had given you such flexibility. For a brief instant the image of the mirrored ballet academy in St. Petersburg flashed through your mind. Alas, you remember, there they felt you were too tall to become a professional. But now your long legs were an asset in being mated to a horse. You felt Marina strap your legs against the sides of the horse, taking the time to caress them.

“Milady,” you dared to ask, “what if it kills me?”

“That is as God wills it, I suppose,” said Marina in a quiet voice. “Trust me.”

Marina left you there for a while thus stretched wide open and exposed. Your pulse raced. You could not help but cross yourself. Yes, you feared death but now your desire was to please Marina. And, if it took you dying to do so, it would not matter.

Your head rested between the horse’s front legs. You could feel the power of the animal. His heat at least warmed your nude body. It fretted once in a while but thankfully did not seem to want to kick

you out from under him.

“Here, child,” said Marina showing you a syringe. “If you rupture or get hurt I won’t have you suffer. I have seen many impalements but never one performed by a horse shaft. I think death will be quick if the horse enters you. But this will keep you comfortable until you die. Marina does love you, believe it or not. And yes, I will treat your flesh with the utmost respect afterwards.”

“Do with me as you wish, milady,” you answered and meant it.

“Well, I won’t mate you with the horse for now, even though he is starting to drop,” said Marina. “I want you two to become accustomed to lying thus.”

You then heard sucking sounds and you knew she was fellating the horse. He did fret a bit, especially when he came. Marina stood up then in front of you and you managed to get an upside down view of her. Her face was covered in horse semen and long ropes of it streamed from her breasts. She held a bowl brimming with horse semen. You opened your mouth and she fed it to you, instructing you to take small sips. It was not easy to drink in that manner. Yes, you knew, it would take some getting used to.

Marina left you thus. At this point you so wanted the horse shaft inside you that the thought was driving you mad with desire. Your hands were free and you proceeded to masturbate furiously. Your hands brushed the horse sheath. But the horse was spent.

The hours passed and eventually the tall German maid with the cold eyes came by and unstrapped you. You stood up in rubbery legs and was grateful for her help in returning to your bedroom. This would be the routine for the next couple of weeks and you would pass more and more time in the cradle. The horse seemed to have gotten used to you. Yet you ached so much tortured by the desire to feel the horse’s massive shaft inside you.

You then laughed one day at the realization that there was a method to Marina’s madness. You were now so desperate for the horse shaft that you would not care if it ruptured you and came out of your mouth. Yes, Marina knew what she was doing.

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## **VI. Deep Penetration**

*Berlin - 1924*

You lay on a raised dais on the stables. The sun is shining very brightly. You can hear the stallions whinny loudly in the pens. Spring, you feel, should be coming soon and winter will release its cold grip in Berlin. For a moment you feel joyous at being alive and actually smile for the first time in perhaps years.

“Open your legs,” orders the German maid with the hard eyes.

You do as required and the German guides your feet into stirrups. She is applying ample lubricant to her hands. She looks at you briefly and you meet her eyes. She immediately scows. Like you she is nude. You cannot help but look at her body. It is crisscrossed with healed whip scars. Marina, you know, is cruel. But you have long since realized that the German willingly submits to Marina’s tortures. You cannot understand it but know enough not to judge or even ask more.

“Let’s see,” says the German.

She has brusquely inserted two fingers up your cunt and now proceeds to stretch it open. You grimace. It is early morning and you know your training, if that is the word, will continue until nightfall. And having the German open you so roughly is the least of your sufferings.

"You are very dry," scowls the German as if it is your fault for not being eager enough. She then proceeds to apply gobs of lubricant into your cunt. Then her hand begins to probe. Her fingers unite and start to enter you. You can feel now her entire hand inside you.

"You have my hand inside my cunny and I do not even know your name," you state as a kind of protest.

"You are too dry," says the German shaking her head and ignoring her question. "Go ahead and pleasure yourself."

But she has not removed her hand from inside you. At this point you have no shame at all in rubbing your clit. Your mind races. The events in your life have erased just about any erotic dreams you had. But you then will yourself to think of a horse's penis, deep inside you, flaring constantly while you are ensconced and tied down in a bellyrider's saddle, the hydraulic hammer of its hot semen actually driving you forward as it floods your innards and you swear you will taste the horse semen as it comes out of your mouth in a gusher once the penis ruptures you and you are beyond caring.

"That is better," says the German in a quiet voice. She has now made a fist inside you and is pounding your innards mercilessly. You also feel her mouth pressed to your clit and every time her tongue flickers your orgasm grows and grows.

You arch your back and moan for the onslaught of her fist and your own morbid fantasy has driven you over the cliff.

The woman looks up at you from between your legs and there might be a hint of a smile in that hard face.

"My name is Ilse."

You are spent, unable to coax any extra sensation out of your body even though her hand remains inside your cunt. Yet you murmur her name as a moribund's last words.

"Ilse."

She stands and removes her hand. Your cunt is distended and yawning open.

"I have not gone deep so far," she states in a neutral voice. "Lady Marina will mate you to a horse next week. And once you have your first you will be expected to mate each day with all six of them. Aye, you will be a very busy girl at that point. We have to go deep therefore."

"Deep?"

"At least 30 cm." she says extending her arm as she covers it in lubricant, "at least up to my elbow." She looks at you fixedly and realize that yes, there is a smile, but it is a cruel smile. You cannot help but shudder.

"If Lady Marina wants it so, so be it," you manage to steel yourself to answer.

She approaches you and bends next to you. To your surprise she kisses you deeply and you answer

eagerly. Finally she breaks the kiss.

"Ach, I should not do that," she complains.

"I found it nice. Do you think Lady Marina would object?"

"No, little cunt, it is not that," she sighs shaking her head. You cannot help but notice that she is very handsome in her own way and wish she would kiss you again.

She then grabs one of your bare nipples and tweaks it cruelly whimper.

"You see, little cunt, you are not the first one."

"What do you mean?"

"Every so often Lady Marina brings in a young girl," says Ilse. "They all are young. Pretty. Lady Marina will dote on her, treat her like a queen. The little sluts inevitably start taking on airs. 'Oh, I am sure the Lady Marina won't mind...I won't do something unless Lady Marina orders it...oh, Ilse, that horse is not hard enough, be a dear and suck him to make it iron hard please...', whatever."

"Please, I beg you, I meant no offense."

"Oh, of course, you didn't, little cunt. But, you know, it matters not."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that likely you will end up dead, just like the others, who did not have a deep or strong enough cunt."

You lower your head and suddenly feel very naked, very exposed. Your hands cover your breasts and blood surges to your face. Ilse, however, is relentless.

"See those buckets of sand over yonder?" she points. "We use them to absorb the blood. It can be very messy when a horse drives its penis up a woman's cunt and won't stop. Thankfully, I still keep a gun that my late husband left me before he got a British bayonet in his guts at Ypres. I prefer to shut them up rather than hear their hideous howls. And yes, Lady Marina does not like me to use it. She prefers to see them suffer. So there, little cunt, don't be deceived by your loving Lady Marina who lets you suckle her breasts and allows you to drink horse semen out of her cunt. Believe me, you will hope that me and my gun are around if your horse ruptures you."

Ilse then caressed her face with surprising gentleness.

"That is why I should not fall in love with you, you understand? In fact, I wish I didn't even know your name or have ever seen that lovely face of yours. It would be easier for me if it were so."

You nod weakly.

"Which is why I have to be cruel, little cunt. The horse certainly will be so."

"And what will happen if I survive?"

"A glorious future awaits you, I suppose," laughs Ilse. "Not only will you tour all cabarets in our glorious Fatherland but certainly there is Paris, Vienna, Budapest, whatever. I am guessing. So far I have not seen a girl who can bellyride for long and not get killed."

"Has some bellyridden then?"

"A few. But, you know..."

"There are accidents?"

"Usually. One time a horse decided to get a mudbath in the field while...I forget her name and I don't care...was strapped underneath. It was a big horse, Brutus, you will mate with him, I am sure. Anyway, the girl she had strapped underneath was ground to pulp."

"Oh Jesus!"

"The moral of the story is that you cannot let a woman alone out in a field strapped underneath her horse. I know it sounds very romantic, what with being naked, feeling the breeze on your nude body while communing with nature and your legs being wide open and strapped next to a horse's flanks and having a thick member up your cunt. Ach, it is lovely but it is just not safe. Bellyriders need continuous supervision. And then there was the case when a horse got spooked for some reason and bolted. You can imagine the result. On the other hand, some bellyriders are driven so mad with lust by the shaft that they will themselves deeper. You can tell from their eyes. They kind of glow. I try to insure the harness is well forward but they found a way. Anyways, none have gotten to do it in public, in front of an audience, as Lady Marina intends."

Marina could not help it. Her eyes did glow and opened wide when she visualized herself being fucked in public by a horse.

"Ah, you would like that, little cunt, to be paraded around with your horse inside you, right?" smiled Ilse. "Keep the thought, little cunt. It should keep you wet. Wet is good, right?"

Ilse stood between your legs.

"Are you ready now, little cunt?"

"Go ahead. Please. To your elbow."

Ilse was brusque but you accepted it. A horse would not treat you nice. It was painful, the stretching induced. You could not help moan and whimper.

"Don't move! Damn it!" roared Ilse.

"Are you almost there?"

"No, I am only halfway."

"Oh Jesus! I feel like it is at my throat!"

"I must go slow, keeping up steady pressure," said Ilse in a calm voice which did help calm you for you willed your torso to remain steady on the dais. "Your body will stretch. Better you stretch now than let a horse do it in one swoop!"

Ilse grabbed a leather belt and forced it between your teeth. The agonizing stretching and pushing continued. You felt nauseous. Then you felt her mouth pressed against your clit.

"Steady, we are almost there!"

You cannot help yourself. You vomit your breakfast all over yourself and Ilse.

"Damn bitch!" cries Ilse, wiping off her face. "Anyway, I am all in, little slut, to my elbow. Are you enjoying it? I certainly are. I can feel your heart. Must not be very far away from my fist."

You spout a vile word in Russian which causes Ilse to laugh. You feel impaled and stare in amazement at Ilse whose arm has disappeared inside you. There is a bulge in your stomach. Ilse guides your hand and places it on the bulge. You feel her hand beneath your skin, inside you, to an unholy depth.

"Please..." you beg.

"Be quiet, little slut. Think of the scene. You have a horse shaft deep inside you. Your legs are tied high against the horse flanks. He is led to the middle of a stage. Can you see the faces of the audience? Likely you won't, little cunt, because of the lights. But they will all be looking at you and testifying that you are indeed a horse loving slut."

Then Ilse starts to pound your innards with her fist.

"And then the horse starts to fuck you, little cunt, and I mean fuck you hard. It is an inexorable piston that mercilessly stretches and hurts you. And that continues until he flares inside you and his semen fills you up entirely and it seems as if you are being torn in two. Tell me, little cunt, do you care?"

"No! I don't care!" you shout as your body reaches orgasm. "I want it! I want him to fuck me hard! I want everyone to see me thus! Yes! Oh yes! I want his semen to fill me! Oh! Yes!"

After a while Ilse ceases to pound you. Her arm slowly retracts from your distended cunt. You lie on your back wordlessly staring at her. She approaches you and kisses you once again.

"Get cleaned, little cunt," she says in an almost gentle tone. "I also need a bath myself. And, next time, try to keep your breakfast, bitch."

## VI. The Sculptor

Saarbrücken, Germany, in the French Occupation Sector, summer of 1945

The young soldier knocked on the office door.

"Entrez" came the reply.

"Mon general," said the young soldier, "we found him, Monsieur Brecker."

"Bade him come in," replied a middle aged man with a ferocious mustache wearing the immaculate uniform of a French general. "And do address him as Herr Brecker, Sargent. I make it a point to show respect to artists and expect all my subordinates to do likewise."

The Sargent and two Senegalese soldiers led Brecker into the office. The man who stood in front of the French general was in his mid-forties, dark haired though balding, dressed in shabby civilian clothes. The escort left. The general briefly glanced through a dossier to look at a photograph.

"State your name, please," said the general.

"Arno Brecker," replied the man in a languid voice.

"Do you recognize this photo?" said the general extending him the glossy.

"Ach, yes, it was taken in Paris, in better times."

"Yes, a showing of your work. M. Jean Cocteau was impressed. He invited me. We met briefly."

"I am afraid I do not remember, sir."

"No reason why you should, I was only one amongst all the admiring folks who attended. My name is Arnaud, Emile Arnaud, please take a seat Herr Brecker."

Brecker sat down. He had a haunted look, like just about all Germans. He briefly glanced around the general's office.

"What do you think of those?" asked Arnaud pointing to a set of paintings hanging over the fireplace.

"May I?" said Brecker standing up.

"By all means," replied Arnaud opening a curtain to let in some light.

Brecker took his time analyzing the paintings.

"Good architectural detail, good understanding of color and light..." said Brecker after a while.

"Anymore?"

"Rather cold...I would say, soulless...there are no human figures in any of them."

"Oui."

"I would say it is the work of a gifted amateur but no more."

"Well, that was damning," laughed Arnaud.

"Herr General," replied Brecker taking again his seat, his confidence restored after being asked to exercise his artistic skills. "Why did you bring me here? I was in the British sector. Your men practically kidnapped me. I was not a soldier!"

"All in good time, Herr Brecker," said Arnaud raising a hand. "I should explain myself. You see, I am...tolerated...by my colleagues in the French Army. That is because I have strong ties to General DeGaulle himself, going back from the day he was badly wounded at Verdun when we were both subalterns. I kept him alive. Of course we were then captured and spent the rest of the war in a German POW camp until the Armistice. But old Charles has never forgotten. Hence, I have plenty of power at my disposal, at least in the French Occupation sector."

Arnaud produced a gold cigarette case and offered one to Brecker who took it readily.

"Danke."

"Anyway, being of a Bohemian bent and the sole heir to a vintner's fortune, I frequented the art salons of Paris. I became friends with Picasso, Cocteau, etc., and they did not seem to fault the fact that I was a professional soldier, St. Cyr graduate in fact. Alas, I was also a romantic. When the Spanish Civil War started I joined the International Brigades. You know the story of that debacle. The old imbeciles that headed the French army never forgave me when I returned to the colors.

When war broke out I was serving in a backwater town, still a captain at forty, and with no hope for promotion. Then, when France fell, I made my way to Timbookto, then the sole possession of DeGaulle's Free French. I soldiered back from sub-Saharan Africa all the way to Paris."

Brecker just nodded.

"Nowadays, the Americans are snooping into caves and warehouses looking for all the art the regime stole from all over Europe. Surely you have heard of that."

"Herr General, I know nothing about that!" protested Brecker.

"No, of course not. You see, I am interested in the art produced during Herr Hitler's regime. And I do not mean the kind Marshal Goering stole from all over Europe. I mean Hitler inspired art, literally and anything produced during the Weimar years. For example, those paintings you looked over, do you know who the artist was?"

"No, Herr General."

"I see. Herr Brecker, those painting were done by the Fuhrer, Adolf Hitler himself."

Brecker paled.

"Don't worry, Herr Hitler is no longer in power. No one is going to send you to a concentration camp for calling the work of the Fuhrer amateurish and soulless. The way I see it, this art, this Hitler inspired art, is going to be worth a fortune in a few more years, maybe just because of its dark nature. My family fortune is gone. So all I will get from a grateful France will be pitiful pension and a piece of shrapnel I still carry in a leg and which gives me brief when the weather changes. I know war and art, Herr Brecker, and I also know that the financial arrangements over art can be even more brutal than battle. That said, I have no doubt then that this art, amateurish and in poor taste as you rightly pointed, will be worth a fortune. So, Herr Brecker, I have decided to collect as much as I can."

"Herr General, I have been told that most of my work has been destroyed."

"Alas, a pity. You see, Herr Brecker, I know who you are."

"Someone with your background would, Herr General."

"You, Arno Brecker, were designated as the Reich's main sculptor. And because of that you produced these imposing sculptures of nude young men. Sounds very homoerotic to me," laughed Arnaud.

"The Fuhrer insisted that I stick to the Greek tradition where nudity is heroic," explained Brecker. "He liked those naked young men I sculpted and no one was going to contradict him."

"Of course not!" laughed Arnaud.

"But, Herr General, as I said, my work has been mostly destroyed, either willingly by the occupying powers or because of the bombings."

"Herr Brecker, let's get things clear. I am not going to accuse you of any war crimes, though some of the work the Nazis insisted you do was rather in poor taste and can be considered criminal. And no, I am not interested in those awful sculptures you crafted. Rather, I am interested in your earlier



work," said Arnaud as he produced a glossy.

Brecker looked at it and shook his head.

"I have no idea where this piece is now," replied Brecker.

"It could have been considered degenerate art by the regime, oui?"

"It's a very early piece of mine. Look at it, I didn't have the command of the chisel as I did later. And yes, I did get reprimanded for it once Hitler came to power."

"I understand you called this piece 'The Bellyrider', right?"

"Yes. I created it in 1927. It is a half size figure. I thought small was better then."

"You should not sub estimate your youthful capabilities, Herr Brecker. The horse shaft is very detailed as are the loins of the woman it is buried in. You masterfully crafted how her pubic hair is matted with horse semen. Her turgid nipples indicate arousal. And, my God, look at her face. That, Herr Brecker, is the face of a Bacchante, a woman who has given herself entirely to lust and does not regret it for a second."

"I was in love, Herr General."

"Excuse me?"

"With that woman. I was young then. She was a creature beyond good and evil, a true goddess, and so beautiful it hurt. I knew that a woman who made love to horses would have nothing to do with men. That made her even more appealing. She was unreachable to simple mortals like me. I had seen her doing her act once and then almost bankrupted myself attending all her shows. Finally, I managed to convince her to pose for me. She agreed. I went to her estate, near Potsdam. For the next two weeks I sculpted feverishly turning my lust into stone. All the while she remained impaled in a horse shaft."

"Did you talk much to her?"

"She was pretty much incoherent much of the time, just moaning constantly and swinging herself on the harness she was in fucking herself on the horse penis. It seems like the horse was injected with something to make it stay hard for hours."

"Now that drug would be something the world would pay its weight in gold to have," chuckled Arnaud.

"I asked her about it. She said the herb was a fungus that grew up in the steppes of central Asia. Frankly, she was insatiable, as if a devil had taken possession of her crotch."

"No wonder you were fascinated by her," said Arnaud.

"I also found out that she was Russian. Her name was Nadya."

"And then you finished the piece. What happened then?"

"She was grateful and she gave me a blow job while mated to the horse and even swallowed my semen. The last I saw her she blew me a kiss as she was led, still impaled on the horse shaft, back to a stall."

"That is the kind of woman you can never forget!" smiled Arnaud.

"Certainly not! But thereafter she never allowed me back in into her estate. I presented the piece in Berlin, alas, in one of the more proletarian galleries, I had few connections then, along with other of my early work."

"And?"

"The showing was a fiasco. People who saw the sculpture just laughed, guffawed even. I felt it was like a sacrilege to a goddess whose high priest I fancied myself to be. Then there were those who tried to be very avant garde and said it was a metaphor for the exploitation of women by the capitalist system. Damn! I could not get it through their thick skulls that some women just like to fuck a big dick, pure and simple! My friends kept me from actually punching one of the detractors. You are right, Herr General, art critics are even more brutal than the SS."

"You kept the piece then?"

"I almost threw it in the River Spree and tried to stay drunk to forget her. But after a year a dignified old man, a solicitor, showed up at my doorstep and offered a thousand gold Marks for 'The Bellyrider'."

"Do you know who this lawyer represented?"

"Well, he hinted he was in the pay of a Prussian noble family."

"Do you remember the name, Herr Brecker?"

"Alas, Herr General, it has been so long. I am afraid I do not."

Arnaud took a deep breath and pushed a button on his desk. The Sargent appeared along with the two Senegalese soldiers.

"Sargent, please escort Herr Brecker to one of the holding cells. Keep him in solitary."

"You are imprisoning me?" protested Brecker. "But why? I am not guilty of any war crimes!"

"No, Herr Brecker, you are not. You are guilty of amnesia. Now be kind and do try to remember the name of this Prussian family. And if you do not, be assured that I can arrange for you to be transported to Isle du Diable."

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VII. British Zone of Occupation

There was a veritable sea of humanity on the move throughout Germany. Nadya could see thousands of refugees pushing pitiable carts with their belongings. There were also German soldiers walking home who apparently the allies had not bother to throw into a POW camp. And all manner of people whom the Nazis had sent to Germany as slave workers were seeking to return to their own countries. The POW camps had been opened and all manner of former soldiers also made their way out of Germany. And last there were the newly released concentration camp inmates, Jews, gypsies, political dissidents and anyone else that the regime wanted to destroy. Many of these former inmates were pitiable barely alive skeletons and in others their eyes burnt bright seeking vengeance.

As Nadya made her way west following an autobahn. She reached a point that was choked with

burnt vehicles and dead horses. There were dead inside the vehicles, she knew, some burnt to death and others quietly rotting along. A group of men were ransacking through the vehicles. Nadya's instincts, finely honed over the last few months, immediately went into action. Alas, the scavengers had noticed her and were now approaching.

"Whoa!" cried a burly man dressed in a British uniform. He sped in on a truck and had braked abruptly near Nadya and discharged a machine gun into the air. The scavengers backed down.

"Fraulein, I don't think it is proper for a lady like you to go walking anywhere near these bastards," announced the man in German.

"I guess not," said Nadya haltingly. "Your accent, you are Austrian?"

"That is right, Fraulein, my name is Sargent Eleazar Levi. I fled Vienna right before the Anschluss and headed to England where they set me to work in...well, I better not divulge such details."

"You are a Jew?"

"Definitely. Now, I could be very bitter at you Germans for having killed all my family but frankly I've realized that that won't make a difference. They are quite dead and nothing will change that. Besides, I have urgent business to look after. Now, it's your choice, Fraulein, I am heading to Stuttgart. You can stay here and be gangbanged or worst by these fellows or you can tag along with me. That is, if you do not mind being in the company of a Jew."

"Not at all, bitte," said Nadya getting into the truck.

"I've got a thermos with coffee," said Eleazar getting into the driver's seat. "Feel free to take a sip."

"Ach, coffee!" exclaimed Nadya taking indeed a sip. "I've not had such in years."

"Yes, I know, war is hell," said Eleazar bitterly as he navigated around the burnt-out vehicles and the scavengers.

"Sargent, may I ask what is in this truck?"

"No, you may not, Fraulein," said Eleazar abruptly.

"Do excuse my impertinence, Sargent. And my name is Nadya...Nadya Bulow," she said taking care not to use the aristocratic 'von' of her husband.

"Ohmigod!" laughed Eliazar, "I've not heard such formal German in a long time! What are you, Fraulein Bulow, some kind of aristocrat? I bet that there is a 'von' in front of the Bulow, am I right?"

Nadya didn't answer and only blushed.

To her surprise Eleazar reached for her hand then dropped it.

"No callouses at all, Fraulein. Don't expect me to believe you were working in some factory assembling aircraft engines."

"Will it make a difference, Sargent? And yes, the full name is Nadya von Bulow. If you don't want to take me along, just drop me here. I can handle that mob. They can't be worse than the gang rapes I suffered at the hands of the Russians. You could at least get some measure of revenge, for the death of your family."

Eleazar cursed quietly.

“There is a bottle of schnapps behind your seat, Fraulein. I suggest you take some of it and go to sleep. We still have a long way to go.”