

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One: Escape

The sharp bramble of the thick brush cut into their clothes and skin, but there was no turning back. With their adrenaline racing and through muffled grunts and yelps of pain, the group pressed ever forward, crawling beneath the pops of gunfire and whizzing bullets.

They had been spotted at the fence. A wide clearing had been cut through the woods to build it, and fortunately enough when the guards had spotted them, they were still a ways off.

When the guards had shouted at them and eventually opened fire, two were already on the other side, having crawled beneath a weak point in the fence Anja held up. A mother and daughter split apart on either side, Anja tried dragging the wailing mother away, shouting at the rest to run.

The others darted for the woods as mother and daughter clung to each other through the barb-wired fence. Anja pulled and pleaded with them to flee, but they were in a blind hysteria of being split apart.

A hail of bullets rained down and struck them both. One grazed Anja's shoulder. With the two laying motionless on the ground, there was nothing left for her to do but pray and chase after the others.

A staccato of gunfire erupted not far away. Hissing bullets whizzed all around her as Anja leaped head first into the thick bramble with the others. With one still alive on the other side – if the young man had made it away from the bullets and to safety, Anja could not know – and two dead, that shrunk their little party to five.

"Quiet, you've got to bear it!" Anja cut across their cries from piercing thorn and limb. "Come on, this way, but you've got to keep quiet!" she whispered, leading the others forward. They heard the Russians arrive at the thicket's edge, cursing them and firing off their rifles in rage, spraying the refuge with bullets.

The brush was thick here. The Russians would not try to follow. Anja had spent her whole life here and knew these lands well. With her hood pulled up and plunging head first, Anja guided them through the maze, back to safety on the far side of the thick brush, deep in the wood.

Helga, Gregory, Gertrude, and Ernsts' faces were cut and struck with fear as Anja helped them to their feet. Dieter's fate now laid on the other side and Anja could only hope for the best. Milgred and Letta... they were now no longer troubled by anything.

"Come on, just a little bit further," Anja spurred them on, guiding them by the moon's meager light. A couple grumbled with exhaustion, but all followed in her hurried wake – all with absolute silence. Not a hundred meters away was a small cave members of the Underground had disguised and stocked with supplies.

The four attempted escapees collapsed onto the grass in silent awe as Anja looked them each over, inspecting and cleaning any wounds. She got to the older man Ernst last. He was just catching his breath.

"It'll be cold tonight, you won't be able to make a fire, I'm sorry..." she said as she wet a fresh rag and wiped at the cuts on his face, "but there are some blankets and food and water inside for now."

"Thank you," the old man grabbed Anja gently by the wrist and guided her hand away. "I can do

that," he took the rag from her, "you've done so much already... thank you," his voice was tired and weary.

Anja smiled feebly at the somber man, and back down to the others as well, all huddled now in fear and confusion. She had seen these faces before... these frightened, unknowing faces. How many now had she helped get across the border? What fear were they facing? Anja faced the guards herself, and the fence, but to pick up and leave all you know behind, to give up everything except the clothes on your back and what you can carry to start all over... Anja had not yet faced that fear.

She guessed that eventually, her day would come and she would follow those she helped onto the other side, but for now, her time was here, helping the rest who were so desperate that they would face so much.

The war had decimated Germany and to the victors went the spoils, at least that's how it went in the east. The country was to be occupied, divided amongst the four main powers of the Alliance.

Four partitions. One for each of the capitalist victors France, Britain, and the United States in the west, and one in the east for the communist Russians.

Hora, Anja's home town, a small village of no economic or strategic importance had been spared most the savageries of war. But, god bless her, she just so happened to fall right within the East Bloc's border of the Capitalist-Communist divide, to be veiled by the growing Iron Curtain.

Wearied by the lessons of the first Great War, the western powers took a rather surprising approach. Instead of ravaging the surviving spoils of a completely decimated enemy like they had before, or like the Soviets were doing now in the east, they poured in aid: food and water and medicine and reconstruction materials. One of the three big ideologies had been snuffed out, but that still left two to contend.

Swarms of arrests, missing persons, beatings, rampant starvation, little shelter, aggravated rapes – retribution was the tale in East Germany. The Soviets had paid a fierce price for their victory. How many millions dead? And the Nazis had done just as worse by them on their road to Moscow. Anja knew, she had heard the stories accounted first hand by her husband, and now the Reds were having their revenge.

Naturally so, the Germans in the east began to flood to the west. The Soviets in turn shut down the border to prevent a drain of it's subjects. It was a long border though and the desperate took off into the countryside to pass the porous border on foot.

Hora, a distant farming village lost within this said countryside, found herself right in their path. In just a matter a weeks, a steady trickle of refugees began to file through the quiet village. With the hell that was East Germany and the stories of hope in the West, the strangers passing through Hora began in the tens, before becoming hundreds, and then to the thousands, putting the little town on the map.

It did not take the Soviets long. Soon tanks and trucks and troops began to pour into the small town, overshadowing it's minute population. The crossing was sealed, and Hora and Anja found themselves trapped beneath the fist of a most spiteful enemy.

Anja knelt down close to speak to just Ernst. "I've got to get back. The Russians will be all over these woods in a bit. Just get everyone inside the cave and stay there and be silent. They won't find you."

Ernst nodded meekly, openly unsure of himself. "You've come so far," Anja placed a hand on Ernst's

shoulder. "The others are counting on you now."

"I'll get everyone inside and held up," Ernst nodded more furtively.

"Good. I won't be able to come back tomorrow. I wouldn't try anything during the day. If you think it's safe at night and want to give it a go, can you find the spot I showed you where to cross?" Anja asked him.

"I... I think," Ernst looked up to find the courage in Anja's fierce blue eyes.

"Just make sure one or two of you scout it out first, make sure it's not a trap. If you can't make it, just sit tight. I or someone else will be back in two nights time. We'll find another spot if we need to."

"Danke (thank you)," the old man Ernst took Anja's hand.

"Danke," Gertrude stood up beside him.

"Danke," Helga mimicked.

"Danke," the young Gregory stood up too, standing stiff and erect as if he were a soldier at attention, ready to salute. They all warmly received her gracious smile, they gathered courage from her unwavering eyes, and with a strange sadness and longing to follow her, they all stood in silent stillness as they watched her go, disappearing into the night's shadow of the wood.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Two: The Soldier**

Anja eyed her husband impatiently as their two children continued to bark at one another from the adjoining bedroom. The walls of their shabby apartment were paper thin, and no doubt the neighbors could all hear as well.

As she applied makeup and blush to hide the scratches received during the previous night, her eyes flickered to him through the mirror of her vanity.

He was feebly working at the tie of his dress uniform with shaking hands and Anja could not help but snicker at him. He certainly didn't look the part of "Grand Soldier" that he pretended to be. They had married young, at eighteen, and apart from the mid-section, poor Franz had never truly filled out his dainty frame.

He still very much resembled that short, skinny boy, with narrow shoulders, face and chin. His only noticeable maturing was his swelling belly and the thinning of his hair atop his head. But somewhere in there she could remember that loving, caring man of their youth, who would give her the world if he could.

He the son of a poor miner and she the daughter of a likewise farmer, they had grown up knowing how to just get by. But after the two kids were born and then the mine had closed and Franz had been out of work, he had been quick to take up the banner of the Nazis. He bought in to the hate filled vile of Hitler and the rest.

The country eventually went back to war and he'd eagerly enlisted. Everyone was lit up by Hitler's furor and Franz was no exception. Though he lacked the physical strength, Franz quickly moved up

the ranks by his mental wit and cunning.

It was during this time that the small fissure they faced in their marriage became a chasm. She had to watch her once all loving, all caring husband transform into this racist, spiteful man. His letters home were increasingly more abhorrent with each and every one. She had heard the rumors, and she was not blind. She could see what her countrymen were doing to the Jews – and she could hardly bear to know that her dear Franz was taking part in all of it.

All that changed during siege of Moscow, however. Franz's gloating letters of victory and triumph and the scourge of the Jews, turned to one's of desperation and gloom. And then the letters stopped all together.

For many months, Anja nor the kids had any idea as to what had become of their father. So many had died. Anja could only await the final letter like a proud German with her chin held high. But still nothing came, not from Franz, and not from the government. In time however, word trickled in that he had been captured, and worse, that he had been turned and defected to the Soviets.

"It could not be true!" Anja had dressed down two gossipers. There was no way Franz could have defected to the "Red Devils," as he himself had coined them. Anja may not have bought into all the hate filled propaganda of the Nazis, but that did not mean she was still not a proud German. The war was still in the heat of things then and even worse than death itself was being labeled a traitor to their mortal enemy, the Russians. The rumors still spread. Anja and her children had become treated like Lepers in Hora.

After Moscow, the tides of war turned. Just as fast as the Germans had marched east, the Russians now marched west. The Red Army arrived in a blaze of fury and destruction. They were hard and bloody times.

Franz finally returned home after the fall of Berlin. Anja could not forget that day, so emblazoned in her memory it was. He arrived not on foot or train, sullen and slump shouldered and beaten like the rest, but in a long convoy of cars and trucks from Berlin, flying the red flag with golden hammer and sickle crossed in its upper left corner. He returned not as a fascist [CENSOR], but as communist Soviet.

Anja came back to the present as her eyes dropped to his chest. He had his medal there, pinned to the left. The "Battle of Merit" awarded for several successful missions he'd completed for the Soviets. In the end, the rumors proved true. He had turned. He had been a traitor.

Anja's Franz had indeed died during the war. This man that returned in his image was not him. This Franz was cold and heartless, calculating and ambitious.

East Germany was to be communist, in likeness to their master, the Soviet State. Having made a name for himself with the Russians after his defection, it wasn't long before the Governing Committee of East Berlin named him Chief of Security and Head Propagandist for the Communist Party in Hora. The man that had returned home was near alien to her.

And Franz took his job seriously. The Communist Party was everything and all consuming. The local paper was shut down. Property was seized. Jobs and duties were assigned by the Party. All forms of protest and speaking out against the Party was forbidden. Anyone even suspected of stepping out of line was arrested and shipped off to a "re-education" camp. Life changed drastically.

If Franz's betrayal of the Fatherland for the Russians before hadn't been shameful enough, the Gruede's, Franz and Anja and their children all, became the most despised and hated now in all of

Hora – more even than the Russians themselves.

All their friends, from childhood to adults, their family, their acquaintances, all relations were broken. Their only companions were the fellow members of the Communist Party in Hora and of the surrounding towns and villages. Anja would not forgive Franz for this.

Anja and the kids complained to Franz just as much, if not more, than the rest of Hora. But Franz would only spill out the same propaganda he gave to everyone else, the same propaganda handed to him from the committee in Berlin, the same propaganda handed to them from Moscow: “Sacrifice for the Greater Good, A worker’s paradise, Equality for all, An end to worker exploitation! – just give it time.” Anja never bought a word of it.

She was not Fascist nor Capitalist and most certainly not Communist. What she was, was a mother – first and always – and a German, through and through, and then just a person, just a simple, individual person. She had no aspirations for all these grand schemes and creations. To hell with all that. She just wanted to live her life. Hora held all she loved dear, and day by day she was witnessing it being torn away.

“Here, let me,” she infused as she watched her husband unwind a failed knot for the n-teenth time. “You know, you do always look most charming in your uniform,” she attempted a bit of flattery.

Nothing. Silent cold eyes turned from hers as Anja’s calm hands looped his tie, setting it firm about his neck. She searched his face, those gray eyes, desperately searching for some resemblance of that man she had fallen in love with so long ago. But now, he seemed to resent her just as much as she did him. They went on with it though, gritting and bearing it dutifully. He needed her for his politics as the showcase wife, and she needed his position to assist her in her “work.”

No, the aloof Franz had no idea what his troublesome wife was up to. Anja suspected he’d just as likely ship her off with the rest, nay kill her with his own two hands if he found out. But out of fear of her husband, nosy guards and other persons refrained from ever asking too many questions of her.

Tonight was to be a big night for him, supposedly. That was still to be seen. With the influx of refugees pouring through Hora to escape west, the Soviets had brought in an entire Brigade to seal it off, headed by none other than the bloody Russian Colonel Igor Draconovich himself. He was renown throughout the country for his ruthlessness and reprisals in terrifying the German populace beneath him.

Since the arrival of the Red Army in such force, her husband Franz had been sidelined, and with that, her protection in her work. Every German of Hora was in imminent danger, and Anja knew as much that that included Franz and herself, and even their children, regardless of his position.

That was three months ago now. It was hard at first, Draconovich had not earned his reputation for naught. But eventually the people began to fight back. It was small at first, dirty little tricks played on the Russian soldiers by the children, name calling and insults. Slowly it grew to small, insignificant sabotages, and then at times even stone throwing at the patrolling guards.

And with every incident, no matter how small or minute, Draconovich clamped down harder, trying to crush Hora into submission beneath his boot. The situation grew tense, a bundle of kindling readied to burst into flame.

The final spark occurred when a well liked farmer and old time Horan, Helmut Gerder, was killed during a search of his property. Well, it wasn’t really “his property” anymore was it? It was the people’s supposedly, but he had been such a small operation, they’d never bothered booting him out

his house like they had so many others.

After his murder, the Russians labeled him a “capitalist traitor,” and a “spy” working for the West. His entire family was arrested and disappeared, never to be heard from again. For generations his family had worked that land. The Gerder name went as far back as Hora did herself. And now it was gone.

The people of Hora were not amused. An angry mob rioted inside the town at the news, rushing several soldiers who were on duty at the time and attacked them. They’d even managed to take the jail house, releasing a number of recently arrested, but in the end, the Russians were able to put it down with bullets and bayonets.

This was only to be the beginning though. The very next day a patrol was attacked and all of the Russians killed. Things got much more severe from there.

A full blown resistance had begun, fought on the roads about the town, in the surrounding woods and hillsides, and at times, even amidst Hora herself. The Bloody Colonel, loosing too many of his own troops in the fighting, decided to form a local militia to battle the guerrillas. Franz considered himself the most obvious choice to lead this new band.

Anja’s contempt only deepened for him here, but she was not so foolish that she couldn’t see the obvious benefits in it.

Through all the fighting, the refugees continued coming, and Anja and the others of the Underground continued helping as best they could. The situation was bad all over East Germany and there was no amount of fence or guns that could stop the flood from getting out.

Things were more dangerous now though than ever. Many were captured or killed in their attempts. Anja needed Franz to get this promotion. She needed to be able to cloak herself in his power and protection more than ever. So much good that she could bring out of it.

Before it was made official, she and Franz were to have dinner with the Colonel. Apparently he wished to get a little better acquainted and meet Franz’s wife before he made any final decisions. Anja had already accepted that she and her husband were just as likely to die tonight as Franz was to getting this big promotion. This was Draconovich after all, the Great Hater of the Germans. But Anja had long ago come to terms with death. She’d seen it in the barb-wired fence. She’d seen it in the faces of shot refugees. She’d seen it on the streets of Hora. With her hidden occupation, she accepted that death could visit her at any time.

“There, you look handsome,” Anja brought herself out of her morbid reverie while straightening Franz’s collar, but he simply pushed her hand away.

“GET THAT MANGY MUTT OUT OF HERE!” their daughter screeched so loudly you could almost see the pictures rattle upon the wall.

“SHOULDN’T YOU BE MARRIED AND OUT THE HOUSE BY NOW?!” their son shouted right back at her. Anja cringed inwardly. The neighbors certainly heard all that.

“Perhaps, if Draconovich makes you the Captain of the Militia, we can get a house of our own and we won’t have to worry about the kids’ shouting,” she was only jesting with him, trying to lighten the mood. But, Franz being Franz, he naturally took offense.

“We’ve been over this, Anja, we’ve got to lead by example!” he cut harshly across her. He really

believed in all this communist hog wash. Anja simply rolled her eyes at him as she returned to her vanity to finish getting ready.

The limousine arrived promptly at nine o'clock. Apparently the Colonel enjoyed late dinners. As the silent minutes of the drive passed, Anja couldn't help but contemplate causing a scene at the dinner – just like her immature children. She'd love nothing more than to spoil his chances, but then again, she had just as much riding on this as he did.

She had no doubt her very life and the fate of her family depended on it, but then also she thought of all those she could help, and maybe that was most important. Maybe that could help atone for the sins of her husband and those of her country. In the end, she knew she must play the part of dutiful wife, and by that, dutiful soldier.

The Colonel had taken up residence at the Von Bern Estate outside of town in the country. It was a very beautiful property, but during the war, Herr Von Bern had been caught harboring Jews. He and his entire family had disappeared. The house had remained empty until the Colonel arrived.

It was ironic enough that Anja had learned her trade from Herr (Mr) Von Bern himself. After his arrest, Anja and the others of the Underground had continued to smuggle the few Jews who were left, out of Germany, right up until the very end. Now that the Soviets had taken over, terrorizing the population and shut down the border, she and the others began helping Germans smuggle west, beyond the Iron Curtain.

~~~~~

Chapter Three: Nemesis

The house nor the reception was anything of what Anja had expected.

The estate had been fenced off by a tall barb-wired fence with towers and machine gun nests and the like, all fortifying it. Countless tents serving as the soldiers' barracks and camp filled the yard. There was so many of them.

Along the drive from the guard's station to the house, Anja was stunned by all their young faces. Boys. Scared, frightful boys, thousands of kilometers from home, dressed up in uniforms and given guns and ordered to shoot any German trying to flee west. She pitied them.

Two of these such boys retrieved the doors of the car for them as another two guarded the large oaken door to the house. Anja could not stop the butterflies in her stomach. They were in the midst of the enemy.

Anja was relieved however to find the inside of the house much as she remembered it, if only busier now, serving as the Colonel's headquarters. The first ante-chamber had been converted into a secretary's office, but all of the old paintings and tapestries still hung on it's walls.

In some of the other rooms, maybe some of the furniture had been pushed around and desks and wooden chairs added here and there, but it was still the same old house she'd first learned of what Von Bern was doing, and the same house she had decided in to help, forever changing her life.

They were led to a sitting room Anja knew well. It was her favorite in the whole house. It was a small but quaint room with bright yellow wallpaper and cherry wood moldings which made her feel as if she were in a flowering spring field. What Anja found waiting for them, however, was her least favorite person in all of Hora, Brigitte Brueder.

The little tramp dared gasp with shock when they walked in, spinning to her husband, "What is she doing here?!"

Anja had to grit her jaw from spouting back. She refused to play in this little girl's game.

"Yes," Mr Brueder, Adolf, stood up, his drink in hand. "What are you two doing here?" He asked. Adolf was a slightly older man, in his fifties. He was quite agreeable most of the time, Anja had nothing against him, but his little tramp of a wife...

"I was invited to dinner with the Colonel," Franz practically belched, growing defensive.

"That so..." Adolf's eyes narrowed in on his younger counterpart. He too served within Hora's Communist Party and Anja made the connection immediately - a rival.

"But honey, I thought you said-" Brigitte squealed.

"No," Adolf curtly cut off his wife. "Colonel Draconovitch will sort this all out," the older man returned to his seat. There was an awkward pause as the butler first coughed, reminding them of his presence, before offering the Gruede's a drink. Anja accepted, taking an iced vodka - their only choice - and throwing it back before she slammed her empty glass back down on the bar for another.

From the corner of her eye, she saw Brigitte lean in to begin busily whispering into her husband's ear. Not much of a drinker, the warm liquid assuaged her tense body as she and Franz moved to take the seats opposite them.

Even still, it was almost too much to take, being in such close proximity to this little troll. Her snorting giggle was nearly enough to set Anja off.

Brigitte carried a certain snobbish air about her. She was very attractive, though Anja would never use the word beautiful to describe her. She was a tramp. A scralet. And though Adolf was an older man, Brigitte was only a year older than her daughter, Heidi, and Anja knew Brigitte well.

Heidi and Brigitte had always had trouble with each other. Right from the very beginning in grade school, up until now in the present. They had constantly gone at each others throats. It started over boys of course, but over time it had grown into an outright feud. Brigitte was a little scarlet then, just as she was now, but she was the one who had the nerve to try and defame Anja's daughter in public as one.

It had been a great scandal. Hans Schroeder, a well to do young man from a prosperous family, had just asked Heidi to marry him. The problem was however, that Brigitte had her eye on him as well. The fight turned vicious, and in the end, Hans chose neither, breaking off the engagement.

"I take it you have been invited to dinner as well?" Franz turned to Adolf, sitting up stiffly in his chair.

Adolf smirked at them as Brigitte went on in his ear. It was disgusting, watching this gushing little girl on the arm of this ugly old man. Brigitte was a cunning little conspirator though. She used her beauty and her charm to get all she needed from men, and Adolf was just another fool in a long line of fool's who had fallen for her trap.

"Well?"

"I have," Adolf finally offered as Brigitte finished with a sharp giggle.

"On what terms?" Franz practically demanded.

"As a guest," Adolf too sat up in his seat, taking offense to Franz's inquiries.

"Boys," Anja found herself interjecting. "We're all here for the same goal," she reminded them, "and you are both important men of Hora. The Colonel will select who's best for the job, and the other will be given another important task to do."

"Yeah right!" Brigitte shrieked. "It's my Adolf who will be made Captain! And what other task?! Plugging up that slut of a daughter of yours?! Ha! There's a full time job for you! It'll take half of Hor-" But Brigitte did not get to finish her sentence. Anja seemed to have materialized before her, and with an open hand, the older woman slapped the younger hard across her face, silencing her.

Brigitte fell back into the sofa in shrunken horror, her quivering left hand palming her reddening cheek. Adolf and Franz too just sat in shock at what they had just witnessed. Anja's chest was heaving with outrage. 'How dare this little whore?!'

"How dare you speak to me like that!" Anja raised her hand again.

"Ahem!" the butler called above the uproar. "Ladies and Gentleman, if you would please, dinner is to be served," the butler moved between them. Anja slowly stepped away, her murderous eyes burning holes into the little wench.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Four: Dinner**

The stunning grandeur of the ornate Dining Hall did not reach Anja's eyes. They were downcast, blinded by a roiling fury. To be faced by this little tramp again, to have to sit through a dinner with her without trying to wring her scrawny neck, to have to vie with her - it was all too much.

Brigitte, for her part, was once again cool, calm, and collected as the butler showed them to their seats, as if just to spite incensed Anja. The Colonel was still not present so that left them still with only each other for company.

Brigitte was her chirping, bubbling self again with the butler and her husband, completely ignoring Anja and Franz. She doted on the house and the grand Dining Hall, as well as all the splendid things the Russians were doing for Germany. As the butler turned red from all the young girl's flattery, Brigitte flashed Anja a knowing grin.

The game was on. It was nothing less than Anja expected. While men settled their disputes and contests with strength and aggression, women were taught from a very young age how to use their cunning and charm to get what they wanted. Only one man was to be made head of the militia and short of the Russians, that man would rule Hora. Anja was no fool to think Brigitte wouldn't have revenge on the mind. The stakes deepened.

"This is such a beautiful house!" Brigitte squeaked to her husband with glee. "Once you are made Captain, perhaps we can get a nicer house ourselves. The Zimmel's is most splendid!"

"The Zimmel's still live there!" Anja guffawed.

"So!" Brigitte shot Anja a most disdainful glare. "This is the people's property now! To hell with the capitalist Zimmels! My Adolf will have the most important job in town, we deserve the best house!"

Anja was dumbfounded. Their fate struck her in the face like a two-by-four. The world was crumbling in around them, everything was turning on it's head. The banner had simply passed from one usurper and corrupter to another. Anja could not let this horrible girl into the seat of power.

Her nerves on edge, to the astonishment of all, Anja downed the drink offered by the butler at once, goading on the effects of the clear liquid. He smiled meekly before he set off for another.

"Something wrong?" Brigitte purred at her.

"Yes," Anja said matter-of-factly. Where this next part came from, she did not know... "I was just thinking how sorry I felt for poor, sweet Adolf here to have been duped by a tramp like you, the faithful husband all the while his whore of a wife sleeps all ov-"

"WHY, YOU!" Brigitte made as if she were to reach across the table to strangle Anja, but just as her chair screeched back and toppled over, the dual wooden doors of the Dining Hall swung open.

"Ladies and Gentleman, Colonel Draconovich and party," the butler sang.

Brigitte was caught, frozen with her arms out stretched and her chair fallen behind her. Though some of his party looked oddly upon the bizarre scene, Draconovich himself appeared to be completely sodden and unaware of anything in his proximity.

Without his notice, Brigitte straightened herself as her husband fetched her chair. Both shot daggers all the while at Anja.

The infamous Bloody Colonel was nothing like Anja had pictured him. He was indeed a giant of a man, dwarfing all those around him, but for all intents and purposes, he looked more the part of a homeless drunk rather than a guileful commander.

He was fat and unkempt. He wore a week's old beard with only what Anja could guess was drool or vodka or both dribbled down into it. His eyes were fiercely blood shot and his hair uncombed. And to complete the grungy ensemble, his uniform was dirty and stained with several of the buttons left undone at the top, bearing the top of his hairy, burly chest.

Anja would not let her self be fooled by his seemingly drunken complacency though. She could see below that facade a brooding lunatic just as willing to order an execution as he was to ordering a vodka.

"Welcome, welcome!" the drunken Colonel flapped his arms into the air as all rose to their feet. "And what beauty do we have here?!" he approached Anja and Franz right off.

"This is my wife, Anja," Franz introduced her, attempting to shake the Colonel's hand, but Draconovich brushed it away as he took Anja's right in both of his.

"You are too charming!" Anja laughed lightly, "I can see all the single girls of Hora will have their hands full!"

The Colonel's eyes lit up with this and he laughed most heartily. "I do believe I like you, Frau (Mrs) Gruede," Draconovich said in a deep Russian drawl while kissing her hand. "I'm afraid I've been too busy to enjoy any of life's pleasures while here," the blood-shot eyed Colonel grumbled raspily.

"Well, that won't do! Not in beautiful Hora!" Anja gasped, clutching at her cleavage. "Colonel, I would be more than delighted to show you around!"

Draconovich beamed, eying the woman before him with an undisguised lewd lust, but Anja did not shrink in the slightest. Instead, as the Colonel's eyes locked onto her swelling bosom, she pushed her chest out before turning to wink at Brigitte. The game was indeed on.

Dinner was of the Russian fashion, a simple roast with carrots and potatoes, and of course, plenty of vodka. Draconovich was joined by his top lieutenants, Major Chazov and Sergeant Major Brosky, his two right hand men, and then his four Captains of the Brigade, Khorkov, Savvin, Petrov, and Zolin. And boy, could they put away some vodka!

Anja nor Brigitte found much opportunity to interject themselves, but their two husbands sure went at it, giving it all they could in flattery and charm towards their Russian hosts while never shying away from taking a jab at one another. It was after dinner though, as they were all left sated and still sipping their vodka that Draconovich brought the meeting to it's head.

In the midst of a discussion of what was at the heart of the matter, the insurgency and the flood of refugees trying to make it west, Draconovich held up his hand to silence a blabbering Adolf, turning to his young wife instead.

"How about you young lady, how would you address the situation?" the Colonel asked Brigitte. She was caught off guard. With zero interest in politics, all of it being saved for clothes, shoes, handbags and men, Brigitte had hardly been paying attention.

All stared wide eyed between Draconovich and the young wife, half ready to bust out laughing at any moment. But the Colonel's seriousness did not fade as he eyed the increasingly uneasy Brigitte.

"She is but a young girl," Adolf added, hesitantly. "It would be myself who made all-"

"Obviously, Adolf, thank you," Draconovich silenced him with a menacing glare. "Is one's wife and companion not their main council? I'd like to hear what she thinks, that is, if you don't mind," the Colonel's stone eyes stared down the shrinking Adolf.

"I-I..." Brigitte hesitated, fidgeting within her seat, desperately trying to recall what her husband and the rest had been saying this whole time. She looked to her husband for support, but he could only sit there, pale faced, nodding her on.

"I think... well, I..." Brigitte continued to fumble, shifting her weight in her seat. Anja was shinning with glee at her nemesis' ungainly faltering.

"Come now, girl, speak! You're not on trial here, I just want to know what you think!" Draconovich bellowed, frightening both Adolf and Brigitte even more.

"I... you've got to get them... the rebels that is..." she stumbled along.

"Yes..." Draconovich was quickly losing interest.

"They must all be arrested... or-or hunted like mice and killed in their holes!" Brigitte seemed to gain a sudden surge of confidence, slamming her fist against the table. "They're all traitors to the People, they've got to be defeated and my Adolf is the best to do it!" she flashed a smile back at her beaming husband. He nodded eagerly in reassurance to her, as if to say "good job!" Anja could only scoff mutely to this.

"Good," Draconovich said, then turning to Anja. "And you, Frau Gruede, what advice would you offer your husband?"

Anja smiled gratefully and without hesitation nor the need to look to her husband for reassurance, Anja began. "Security for the public is any government's main responsibility. The rebels in the hills cannot be allowed to go on unchecked – so yes, we must face them – but that is not where the war will be won."

Brigitte snorted, apparently amused by Anja's answer, but the Colonel looked more deeply to her.

"Not where it is won? Please, expound," Draconovich implored her.

"No. This is not a war to be fought upon the battlefield, to be won with soldiers and bullets. Kill ten, kill a hundred of them out there and their sons and brothers and fathers will replace them by the thousands. They are there because they are desperate. If we are to win this fight, it will be through the people, in their hearts and minds that we win it."

Brigitte snorted again, having to cover her mouth before she erupted into outright laughter. Anja eyed her wearily before continuing. "If we are to win it, then we must offer them a better alternative. We must take from the lessons of Marx and Lenin, and like you all have in Russia, we must build a great communist state here in Germany. The Germans want peace. When they see a future, a way forward, they will follow and the insurgency and the defectors west will stop. We must show them compassion for their woes. We must show them hope!"

All seemed to be captivated by Anja's words, excluding Brigitte of course. She couldn't help but go on giggling as if Anja had been speaking baby gibberish. She looked around at the others, confused as to why they weren't laughing as well.

"That was very good," the Bloody Colonel paid his respects, "But..." he turned to face her husband now. "I've been informed that while you have been most loyal to the Party here in Hora, Gruede, you're equally most despised by your own people," the Colonel did not mince his words.

Again Brigitte could not help but splutter out with glee. Franz's face turned a beet red.

"The job has not been an easy one, Sir... I-I've... well, between the German defeat and the all the destruction... and the Russian occupation, and all the refugees..." Franz was not doing himself any favors.

"What my husband is trying to say," Anja stepped back in, "is that the seat of power is a lonely one. He is but a man. We have been faced with many challenges since the war and while some may advice different approaches, Franz made the hard decisions when they had to be made, and always with thought and loyalty to our socialist principles."

All eyes were again on Anja. "Do you always have your wife speak for you, Gruede, or are you capable of speaking for yourself?" Draconovich practically slapped Franz in the face. Anja gritted.

"Of course, Sir," Franz said, before scowling at his wife.

"And would any of Hora be willing to follow you?"

"Of course, Sir," Franz repeated. "We-" he tried to speak further, but Brigitte erupted with her horrendous laughter yet again.

"As if! Everyone in Hora hates him and his snood wife! You should hear the things they say behind his back! It must be my Adolf to lead the militia! The Gruede's are jokes!" Brigitte was practically foaming at the mouth. "It's Franz's fault we're in this mess in the first place, and Anja can't even keep control of her own house. Her failure of a son deserted during the war and her daughter is the town whore!"

"You'll watch you're-" Anja raged at Brigitte, but was overcast by Draconovich and the rests' booming laughter.

"You German women sure have your way with words!" Draconovich went on, nearly bellying over.

"It's true!" Brigitte squeaked, laughing with the rest.

"Lies!" Anja spat back at her. Franz sat in frozen horror, silent within his seat.

"You know it's true and that's why you're so mad about it!" Brigitte spat right back.

"Enough!" Draconovich erupted, silencing the two, but his drunken face soon soothed back into it's lazy manner. He eyed Anja with a smile. "Well then.."

"Well what?" all seemed surprised by her abrasiveness, but Draconovich took no offense. The vodka was taking a little too much of effect.

"Is it true?"

"Of course it isn't," she stated firmly.

"Hmm..." Draconovich brought a hand to his chin, stroking his stubble there. "Well, did your son desert?"

"He was only fourteen then, in Hitler's Youth!" Anja nearly came up out of her seat. "He was a little boy and homesick! The war was already over before he was of rightful age!"

"Deserter!" Brigitte triumphed.

"And is your daughter..?" Draconovich went on before Anja could dress down Brigitte.

"NO!" Anja screamed, her anger aimed at the tramp.

"IS TOO!" Brigitte shouted right back at her. "There's Henrich, and Fritz, and Mikhael, and the Juergen brothers and-"

"You can't just name off every chap you've slept with!" Anja leaned in, rolling her knuckles over the table.

"It's your daughter that is known as the town whore, not me, and if I'd have to guess, I'd say like mother, like daughter!"

Franz had to grab Anja from leaping over the table. She was fighting so hard, Major Chazov and another of the captains had to help him. Brigitte too was having to be restrained by Adolf and a captain, and Draconovich all the while was bellying uncontrollably, utterly amused by the cat fight before him.

Draconovich was in tears by the time the men got the ladies back into their seats. "It is no wonder

you Germans lost the war, look at how you fight amongst yourselves," the Colonel chastised them, snubbing them in their defeat.

"Anja..." the Colonel's sodden eyes focused in on her. "Frau Brueder seems to have quite the insight into your family..."

"They're lies! ... Sir," she finished, now thoroughly unnerved. She reached for her vodka, downing another glass to dull her nerves.

"So then it is not true, you're not a whore like you're daughter?" Draconovich did not waiver as he spoke so harshly. Anja could not help but cringe at his words. Her man behind her continued to be useless. Draconovich was trying to get another rise in her.

"My daughter... we, are no such thing, Sir," Anja said more meekly now, reaching this time for her husband's glass before the butler could refill her own.

"And Herr Gruede, what do you have to say about all this?" Draconovich turned to him next.

"S-sir, I-I can assure you, no-no..." he sounded like a scolded little boy.

"It is not true! Lies, propagated by this little scarlet here!" Anja was enraged at the turn of events and the vodka was setting her loose.

It was Draconovich's turn to scowl. "In Russia, our women do not speak unless they are spoken to, and they obey our words. What is this Gruede, how can I entrust an armed group to you when you cannot even control your own wife?!" the dangerous fire that was inside Draconovich began to surface.

"Sir, this woman here is provoking her?!" Franz pointed a finger at Brigitte.

"And when you are in the heat of battle, is that what you will tell your men, blame it all on some poor little girl?!"

"I have served in battle, Sir, many times, and I have always done my duty," Franz, though he now spoke with more strength, looked like a bundle of nerves readied to come unraveled at any time.

"Mmhmm..." Draconovich pondered for a moment. "Herr Gruede, instruct your wife to remove her undergarments and set them here on the table."

"Hughmmpf!" Anja choked on the vodka she had been sipping, blasting it into her nose. She began coughing uncontrollably as Franz gasped. "That's hardly-" Anja tried to defend herself but was cut short.

"Silence!" Draconovich beat his fist upon the table, rattling all the plates, silverware and glasses upon it. There was silence. "Herr Gruede, give your wife the order."

"A-Anja..." Franz began weakly.

"No!" Anja said flatly, turning to face Draconovich head on. "That is hardly a thing to ask of a Lady, and I am, Sir, contrary to what that little tramp says there, a Lady, and I will do no such thing!" Anja's chest was heaving.

"And contrary to what you think, little Lady, we are at war here, and in war, a commander will have to give orders to his soldiers that they cannot understand and cannot agree with because they

cannot see the entire master plan, but they will have to carry out those orders all the same and with nothing less than the same blind conviction a disciple would his apostle."

Anja had no retort.

"And what say you, Mr Brueder, would men follow your orders?" Draconovich turned in his seat.

"Yes, Sir!" Adolf stirred to life, seeing his chance coming.

"And does your wife obey you with this same blind conviction?"

"Absolutely, Sir!"

Silence. All eyes were on Adolf and Brigitte. "Go on then," Draconovich said.

Adolf fidgeted a moment in his seat, wiping at his sweating brow with the back of his sleeve. "Go on, Sir?"

"Tell your wife to remove her undergarments and lay them here on the table. A simple order."

Adolf's Adam's Apple bounced hard in his throat.

"Don't worry honey, you are best, I will do whatever you need," Brigitte said facing Draconovich instead of her husband, wearing that same stupid smile upon her face that she tried to use to lure all the foolish men gullible enough to fall for it. "We've got them right where we want them," she added, leaning in close to her husband, before offering Anja a wink.

"Here, help me out of it," she offered her back to her husband for him to aid with unclasping her bra.

Once unhooked, Brigitte carefully fed her arms out the straps as she then hoisted the tan material from the low cleavage of her dress.

"Ah, very good, very good!" Draconovich clapped his hands together as Brigitte laid her bra on the table, meanwhile sticking her tongue out at Anja. Brigitte did not have very large breasts, but her dress was so low that it didn't leave much to the imagination and drew all the attention that she most craved.

"And the rest" the Colonel implored.

"The rest..." Brigitte now hesitated, that is before looking to Anja and her eyes narrowed. Lifting herself in her seat, Brigitte shimmied her dress up thigh high and with her hands lost in the materials, she drew her white, cotton bloomers down, past her knees, and out of them over her high heels.

First holding them up like a trophy for all the men to ogle, she eyed Anja victoriously as she set them out on the table beside her bra. Draconovich was again laughing, all the while drowning himself in more vodka. Franz and Anja mimicked him, taking a deep swig of their own drinks. Things were turning against them.

"Good show!" Draconovich cheered. "Well then, Franz, Anja, unless you have anything left to add, you are free to go. I trust you can show yourselves out?"

~~~~~


Chapter Five: Decisions

'Free to go... Show themselves out... Anything to add...' all raced through Anja's frantic mind. He presented this challenge as a test, but Anja could see even more in it. Draconovich had been amused by their little cat fight and he intended to play it out for all that it was worth. Brigitte's bra and panties were laying out on the table. If she and Franz were to remain, hers would have to be lying there also.

Desperate, Anja turned to her husband, but that bastard... he only nodded. He was encouraging her! How jealous he had always been throughout their courting and marriage, and now, for his own gain he was willing to prostitute his own wife.

Anja swallowed and swallowed hard. She swallowed herself. She would not do this for herself, no. She'd rather die than subjugate herself like this before some filthy Russians. She most certainly would not do this for that piece of work sitting next to her... but across the table.

Across the table was an evil little wench and her husband who promised to be just as bad. She thought about Ernst and the rest, somewhere out there now, hiding in the forest. Maybe they had tried to make it across? Maybe they're already gone? Maybe they had been captured... She thought about Hora and it's fate beneath Adolf and Brigitte. She thought about the lifeless forms of Milgred and Letta and the waste. She thought of Von Bern and his sacrifice. This was her life now. This was her cause and her sole reason for being. She had a job to do.

Without seeking her husbands help, Anja reached behind herself to undo her bra. Likewise, sliding her arms out the straps, she slid it out her dress, allowing her ample breasts to fully fill out her top.

Anja flung it unceremoniously across from Brigitte's before she too lifted herself in her seat to draw up her dress, and down her panties. Without a word spoken or a glance dared, she deposited them alongside her bra.

Utter silence. Anja could not bring herself to meet any of their eyes.

"Well then, I've certainly not seen anything like that before!" Draconovich slapped his knee. Anja's eyes darted up to his, then down to the table. Brigitte's bland tan and boring bra paired with the large, all-covering, white, cotton bloomers failed in comparison to her thin, scant, lacy black bra and panties.

"It... tonight was a special occasion," Anja defended herself with her cheeks reddening. Brigitte eyed her with contempt.

"All this talk has put me in the mood for some entertainment!" Draconovich announced to all, taking another deep draught from his glass. "Do you know how to dance, Frau Gruede?" he asked while using the back of his sleeve to clean away his dirty mouth.

Anja nodded unenthusiastically, expecting an invitation to do just such with him. "Good. All this bickering tonight, I think I would like to see you and Frau Brueder dance together, give us old soldiers a little show!"

Both Anja's and Brigitte's jaws dropped.

The others though were all encouraged by his words, seconding him. "Perov, put on some music!"

There was a turn table in the corner with a large brass horn winding it's way up atop it. Perov chose

a record and placed the arm.

It was an old classic, Gertrueder, and more of a song to dance at a ball, rather than as a burlesque dancer at a brothel. Yes, both girls knew what was expected of them. Draconovich had shown that he could care less which man was chosen and intended to have a little fun with his decision. The men had had their chance, and now it was the women's. For those who did not want to play along, his conditions had been made clear: "There is the door," and who is to say what awaited on the other side.

The two enemies moved awkwardly together, each eying the other like raptors, each ready to scratch, bite or claw at an instance. It was anything but seductive, but all then men eagerly looked on all the same.

Anja could hear their lewd comments, openly discussing the women's looks and bodies. Someone grumbled that their dresses were too fluffy and in the way.

"Take off your dresses," Draconovich further commanded them.

Neither showed any surprise by what he said. Neither flinched nor betrayed any hint of fear. Neither broke their stark gaze upon the other. In unison, each slowly lifted their hands up their backs, each daring the other that they meant business, each hesitating, giving the other time to crack.

Their hands paused at their zippers. They each knew the stakes. They had already shed their under garments – this was about to get serious. But neither backed down.

Anja crept her zipper slowly along its track, warning Brigitte that she would do it. Brigitte, unbowed, lowered hers in turn. Their dresses slumped forward as the zippers reached the bases of their spines. The men's eyes bored into them, eager to confirm what their minds had been drawing for them.

It was decision time. Anja had already made hers when Draconovich had ordered her to remove her underwear. Anja let the dress slip off her shoulders and fall to the floor.

There was a sharp intake of breath from all the men. Anja may be thirty-eight, but she had the body of a twenty-eight year old. Firm and tone all over, with golden locks that traipsed down over her shoulders to her large, pert breasts and erect nipples that could only make your mouth water.

Undaunted and with her chin held high, Brigitte too let her dress tumble down her. She was thin, but her young body delectable. Her pitch black hair set apart from her pale white flesh.

"Good," Draconovich crooned as the two beautiful ladies stood in only their panty hose, Brigitte's tan, Anja's black, and their high heeled shoes. "Very good. Now let's see you really dance!" Draconovich sloshed his glass of vodka into the air, saluting the girls. All his comrades mimicked him.

The two enemies moved back together, swaying their nude bodies to the rhythm, neither to be outdone by the other. They circled each other like beasts of the hunt. Undaunted by their audience, each put on the show of their life, each determined to outshine the other. But...

"Why so far apart?!" Draconovich whined. "You are to dance together, come in close, touch one another!" Draconovich said, ever deepening the stakes. It was the last thing either of them wanted to do, but they did.

The two hesitantly brought their hands to each others skin, as if in disgust of the other. Their bodies moved ever closer as their hips swayed to the music. Slowly their hands explored ever more territory.

“Let me see you two kiss...” Draconovich let his words dangle.

The two gulped hard. The contest was quickly spiraling out of control. Each could only hope the other would buckle soon. Slowly and awkwardly, they brought their lips together. At first, they kept them stiff and unaffectionate, but with the men’s encouragement and through their vodka’s haze, slowly but surely their lips began to move against one another’s.

In an attempt to startle her opponent, Brigitte slipped her tongue into the older woman’s mouth. Anja held fast though, returning the lewd kiss for all to see. As their tongues intertwined, Brigitte slid one of her hands across Anja’s large breast, before pinching and pulling hard at one of Anja’s nipples.

“OW!” Anja whelped, spitting out Brigitte’s tongue, but only to the delight of Draconovich and his thugs, whom all cheered loudly.

“Ouch!” Brigitte in turn cried as Anja pinched hard on her bare ass.

‘Bitch!’ Anja mouthed to her younger nemesis.

Brigitte slapped Anja’s ass, hard, leaving a hand print. Anja slapped at Brigitte’s pussy. Gasping with shock, Brigitte slapped Anja’s tit. Anja slapped the little girl, hard on her face.

“ENOUGH!” Draconovich once again had to break up the two as they clenched at each others hair. “If you two can’t get along together alone... well then come here so Papa Draconovich can show you how to play nice,” his voice was low and menacing.

Each flashed daggers at the other, as if to blame the other as the one solely responsible for their current predicament. Brigitte moved first. Anja tried to follow but the little tramp tripped her.

“Ah-haha!” Draconovich barreled with laughter, thoroughly amused. “So full of energy, I like that!” he licked his lips at them. “Kneel down here,” he gestured at his feet as he still sat in his chair. Brigitte dropped down eagerly, every bit the obedient servant. Anja came down more timidly. Thankfully the vodka was helping rival her ever rising nerves.

She resolved with herself that she’d already made the decision, now she must only follow along that path – but that didn’t make facing it any less difficult. Anja was anything but naive. War was always hard, and she had heard the stories. History was full of them. To the victors go the spoils.

Anja tried not to let herself think of all the horrible stories she’d heard. If those girls had faced it and survived, she could too, and she had people counting on her, relying on her help. As a German, she too would pay the price of defeat – no more and no less than the others.

Anja did not spare a glance for Franz. He was gone to her now. If he wished, he could stand and let himself be heard, but he would sit as the coward he was, bending to his master’s will, allowing his little wife to win his fight for him. Anja could almost take joy in that, sacrificing herself for the greater good while her husband was made a cuckold.

“Undo my pants,” Draconovich said. The two girls’ eyes fell to his groin. They widened in awe as they saw a huge monster bulging from within his trousers.

Seeing this coming and already having accepted her fate, it would be Anja first to obey. With shaking hands, she reached up, pulling the tongue of his belt free. Not to be outdone, Brigitte struggled with the button. Anja lowered his zipper. Brigitte reached in to fish out his already stiff, hard member.

Brigitte hoisted it's heavy weight as the two ogled the monstrosity. It was by far the largest they'd ever seen, if not twice the largest.

"Go on, you may taste it," Draconovich toyed with them. Apparently having accepted just as much as Anja had, Brigitte's lips fell first, wrapping themselves about the head of his engorged cock. But he was too big. Straining her jaw, Brigitte soon took to licking up and down his long shaft.

Anja was next to try. As Brigitte teased his rod, Anja dropped her lips to Draconovich's cock.

It had been years since Anja had done this for her husband, but where Brigitte had failed, Anja strove to succeed. Opening her mouth as wide as she could, Anja let gravity do the work as she let her weight fall forward, allowing his girth to cram it's way into her mouth.

Draconovich's over-sized tool drove it's way in, disappearing more and more into her mouth. Anja did not buckle from the invasion, but managed to slowly glide her tongue across his shaft as her mouth bobbed over him. Overcome by the feeling of a warm, wet mouth encompassing him, Draconovich's head fell back with a pleasurable groan.

Seeing Anja's success, Brigitte took the opportunity to make her pay for it. Abandoning Draconovich's cock herself, Brigitte wove her slender fingers into Anja's blonde hair, grasping it tightly, before she then began to viciously slam Anja's face down onto the Colonel's cock.

Anja did not see it coming and was overwhelmed, letting loose a muffled scream and flailing her arms and legs about from the assault. But it was already done. She was defenseless as Brigitte rapidly began to pump her face over Draconovich's cock, slamming her head down with such force that she was literally ramming his cock into her throat.

Anja spluttered, coughing and choking and desperately searching for some kind of grasp to leverage against the assault, but there was little she could do to abate it. She tried pulling away, but Brigitte had a tight hold on her. Draconovich and the rest were loving Brigitte's enthusiasm and would do nothing to stop it. She feared Brigitte might actually be trying to choke her on his cock. She had no control over anything as her spit and slobber coated his groin.

Anja was near panic. She had no control and was becoming desperate for air. Brigitte was hammering her head back and forth with a vengeance, as fast and as hard as she could, befuddling Anja's senses. Already gagging and heaving over him, only half of his humungous cock had been forced into her mouth, bottoming out against her clasped throat. Brigitte would see to that however.

Hovering over her and using both her hands, Brigitte put her own weight into it, crushing Anja's face down onto Draconovich's spear. And then it happened. Forced by the weight, the rounded head of Draconovich's fat cock broke right through and deep into her throat.

Anja gagged harshly. By reflex, she would have vomited had it anywhere to go. Brigitte crushed Anja's head down until the long shaft disappeared completely, burrowing it's way into her esophagus and her nose was smashed into his stinking pubes.

Brigitte held her there until Anja was sure she was about to faint... and then release. Anja's head popped back up, desperately gasping for air, but with her mouth now free and wide for the intake of

breath, still grasping her by her hair, Brigitte slammed Anja's face back down hard onto Draconovich's cock. The process repeated, over and over again until Anja was in outright delirium.

"Mmmph!" Anja grunted furiously out her overstuffed mouth as Brigitte reached below her and yanked hard at one of her nipples..

"Teach you to try and fuck with me, bitch!" Brigitte leaned in close to whisper into Anja's ear.

"Mmgh - mmgh!" Anja continued mumbling incoherently, struggling against Brigitte's tight grasp on her hair and her clenching fingers upon her nipples.

Anja futilely tried to slap her hand away, but if she did not keep herself braced against Draconovich's thighs, Brigitte would easily crush her face back down and all of Draconovich's huge cock into her sore throat. She was left defenseless against her.

While still slamming Anja's face up and down on Draconovich's cock with one hand, Brigitte reached back with her other, fumbling with the folds of Anja's pussy before finding her clit to pinch and pull at like she had her nipples.

Anja grunted, writhing madly against Brigitte's touch. "Told you she was a whore!" Brigitte gloated, eventually forcing her fingers into Anja's tight hole. "And look, she's soaking wet!" she pulled back out her fingers as evidence.

Anja could not see Draconovich's eyes light up. To her utter shame, it was true, and there was nothing she could do about it. Slapping away Brigitte's hold on Anja, Draconovich grasped her hard about one of her arms and hoisted her to her feet. He abruptly shoved his own fingers into Anja's crevice, checking for himself.

"Perfect," he grunted, pulling Anja into his lap, forcing her to straddle him. Brigitte, still eager to help in Anja's debasement, grabbed hold of Draconovich's fat cock and stood it straight up, aimed right for Anja's hovering slit.

Still trying to recover from her abuse, Anja had no clue as to what was happening - not that it mattered or that she could have stopped it anyways. With his hands on her hips, he forced Anja to sink onto him. His head pressed into her fold, allowing her to coat him with her juices, but it was just too big. The strain of her tight pussy finally caught her attention.

"Do it," he commanded her as he released her hips. He wanted her to submit utterly. She was going to have to fuck this monster. But... anything seemed better at the moment following the last assault.

The smell of vodka on his breath washed over her. Fortunately enough, she'd had her own fair share of vodka through the night and it eased her body as she slowly sank down.

Wrapping her arms about his neck for support, Anja lowered herself onto his erect member. Brigitte was sure to see it lined up properly, but his size stalled at her small hole nonetheless.

Anja slowly began to work her hips, massaging herself onto him, allowing his spit coated cock to be even further lubricated by her flowing juices.

"Ughn!" Anja grunted as his mighty head slipped into her, stretching her open wide.

"Yes!" Draconovich moaned at the embrace of her warm flesh.

Anja slowly began moving herself up and down, each time allowing more of her weight to fall, spearing herself atop his shaft. She had to bite at her lip and at his neck to muffle her cries. It was both painful and intoxicating. She had only been with Franz her entire life, and now, in this room full of men, watching her, her own husband watching her willingly fuck another man – there was just something exhilarating about it.

Franz was nothing, a mere finger to this fist being shoved up into her, but a mother of two, Anja had no doubt she could take him – and she would. Her only solace was that she knew tiny Brigitte was up next.

It wasn't long before Draconovich could take no more. Gripping her waist in his strong hands once more, he began thrusting up into Anja. More and more of his monstrous cock disappeared into her and more and more Anja could not control her moans and cries of both pain and pleasure.

Finally, Anja came to rest fully in his lap. She was filled to the max and could feel his hard member pressing into her cervix. She could not believe all of him had fit into her, but the ride was not yet over.

Draconovich started thrusting up into her with wild abandon, bouncing and driving Anja wildly atop him. Brigitte too was not to be left out. Anja felt her soft hand glide down between the crack of her arse, letting her fingers trace over Anja's puckered asshole and along their joined sexes.

"S-stop i-it..." Anja barely managed to mumble through Draconovich's sharp thrusts as Brigitte brought her juice coated fingers back to Anja's tiny asshole, poking and prodding about it.

Brigitte stood up, grasping Anja by her hair she pulled her ear back to her devilish red lips. "Stop what?" she purred into Anja's ear as her fingers massaged her tight bud.

"Ughn – st – ughn – op – ughn – it – ughn!" was all Anja was able to grunt out.

"Stop this?!" Brigitte squealed as she slipped one of her fingers right up into Anja's ass!

"UGHN – UGHN – UGHN!" Anja grunted and groaned even louder with Draconovich's thrusts, paralyzed from stopping anything that was happening to her.

"I knew you'd like that, slut!" Brigitte whirled in her ear, before daring to add a second finger.

Brigitte pumped her two fingers just as hard into Anja's ass as Draconovich pummeled her pussy. Anja could not withstand it.

"Oh gawd!" she howled at the ceiling, the first wave of her orgasm washing over her, rippling through her convulsing body. Then Draconovich yanked her down hard atop him while he pressed equally as hard up into her, burying himself to the hilt, grinding himself into her.

Anja could feel his hard shaft, stretching her out in every direction, pulse hard inside her, shortly followed by a searing burst flowing through her cunt. He was cumming in her.

Anja was crying unintelligibly as Draconovich emptied his load inside her and Brigitte continued to furiously pump her tight ass. Finally she collapsed into the crook of his neck, on the verge of passing out. Seeing Anja defeated and knowing what all had just seen her do, Brigitte slowly stopped her pumping and withdrew her fingers with the glorious smile of a victor spread across her face.

"Damn, that was the best German pussy I've ever had!" Draconovich paid her some type of

compliment while catching his breath. Brigitte began giggling uncontrollably.

"Told you she was a little slut, Sir!"

Eventually, he lifted the completely exhausted Anja off his lap, allowing his juice and cum coated cock to slip free of her. "Clean it," he spoke and at first Anja thought he was talking to her, but looking down she saw that he was looking to Brigitte. 'Justice!'

Anja looked back over her shoulder at the conspirator, a smile creeping across her lips. Brigitte looked absolutely appalled, but, seeing Anja's elation at her expense, Brigitte snubbed her and dropped back down to her knees as if she were honored to do so. Her small lips wrapped back around his dirty head, and swirling her tongue about his shaft, she began to work her mouth all across it.

Draconovich was still rock hard as Brigitte licked the last of the wads from the base of his cock. "Now, clean her up as well," was his next command.

"Sir?!" Brigitte protested.

"Lick her clean!" Draconovich demanded as Anja still stood straddled over his lap. Brigitte gritted her teeth but ultimately raised her face to Anja's crevice.

"Ooh," Anja cooed as Brigitte's soft tongue lapped into her filthy slit. Anja ground herself down into the girl's face until she felt Brigitte's nose smash into her rosebud, smearing her juices and the trailing cum all across Brigitte's chin and cheeks with glee.

Anja was not so perverse, not by any stretch of the word, but she could not resist the opportunity presented to her. Straining the muscles of her abdomen and groin, Anja pressed out for all she was worth, and was shortly rewarded by a thick, running wad pouring back out her stretched hole and onto Brigitte's unsuspecting tongue.

"Uck!" Anja was rewarded Brigitte's choking disgust. All the men found it most hilarious and entertaining - well, maybe not their husbands - but drunk and sick of both, Anja did not care about them anymore.

"There's a good girl, get it all out!" Draconovich encouraged, shoving one of his fingers back up into Anja to pull the rest out, literally feeding it to the girl. Brigitte went back to work with her tongue and Anja dually supplied her with more of an out-flowing of fresh, warm cum. 'Teach her to mess with me!' Anja cheered herself.

Satisfied, Draconovich pushed Anja off his lap and standing up, he shoved Brigitte back against the table. He began shedding his shoes and trousers, followed by his jacket and shirt as he spun Brigitte around, bending her over the table for all to watch, including her husband Adolf.

Anja stood by as she watched the now naked Colonel line his massive cock up with the little girl's slit. Brigitte grit and slammed at the table with her fist as Draconovich forced his huge member into her.

"Gawd, it's too big!" she pleaded, but her words would fall on deaf ears.

He wasted no time in giving it to her and giving it to her hard. The large oak table itself jaunted from his powerful thrusts. The little tramp cried and pleaded like a stuck pig but Draconovich had no mercy in his heart, especially not for a German.

"Come here," Draconovich beckoned to Anja as he continued to work Brigitte over. Anja obeyed, moving to their sides. With a free hand, Draconovich pushed her down to her knees and Anja allowed him. Slowing his thrusts, Draconovich eventually pulled himself out completely and fed his pussy-juice coated cock to Anja's mouth.

She was certainly not thrilled by it, but she wasn't giving up now either. She sucked him in, drooling all over the head of his swollen cock. Draconovich repeated this several times, lavishing himself between Brigitte's young pussy and Anja's skilled mouth.

Anja was quick to plot though, eager to seek her revenge upon Brigitte. Smacking her lips off the top of his cock, Anja leaned in to Brigitte and letting a wad of her spit fall from between her puckered lips, it struck down between the little tramp's ass crack.

"I think she would like it better here..." Anja smiled coyly back up to Draconovich as she stroked his cock, guiding it back just a little higher towards the awaiting Brigitte.

"Where's that?" Draconovich smiled just as devilishly. Anja did not know what came over her, but lost in lust and revenge, she leaned in once again, ringing Brigitte's puckered hole with her out-stuck tongue, coating it with more spit.

"Ugh - wha..?" Brigitte moaned, but it was too late. Anja had already set it in motion. Picking herself back up, Anja guided the head of Draconovich's cock back, not to Brigitte's gaping pussy, but to her tight, little drawn asshole.

"There!" Anja stated with glee.

"No!" Brigitte tried to protest, but to no avail. Without remorse or mercy, Draconovich slammed himself forward, impaling Brigitte's little ass with his huge rod in one mighty thrust.

"Ayee!!!" Brigitte cried bloody murder. Draconovich ignored her though as he feverishly began to pick back up the pace.

"OH - EEH - UGHNG - OH - UGHN - EEH!" Brigitte grunted uncontrollably, slapping at the table with a screwed face.

The joke would turn back on her though as Draconovich eventually continued his game and pulled his cock back out of Brigitte's ass, offering it to Anja.

Anja hesitated, having absolutely no desire to put that nasty thing back into her mouth, but as she saw Brigitte smiling back at her from over her shoulder, Anja sucked it up and screwed her eyes closed as she wrapped her lips back around Draconovich's ass-soiled cock, ignoring the taste.

"Spread your cheeks," Draconovich ordered Brigitte. Her smile faded as she obeyed, reaching back to pull her rear open for him, bracing herself for another onslaught.

"Tell me where you want it, slut!"

It was perfect! The two girls' eyes caught. They both knew what Draconovich wanted to hear. He was making Brigitte beg for it.

"I... I want it here... Sir," she said meekly.

"I can't hear you, slut!" he bellowed at her.

"I want it here, Sir!" she said more loudly.

"Where?!" he demanded.

"I want you here, Sir, in my ass!" Brigitte's subjugation was complete and Anja couldn't have been happier.

"With pleasure!" Draconovich slammed his cock back into Brigitte's poor little ass. She cried out with a gurgling agony. Anja knew first hand just how huge Draconovich was, by both her throat and her pussy, and the little tramp was getting just what she deserved.

Draconovich gave her all he had, hammering the full length of his massive cock into her virgin bowels. If she didn't loathe Brigitte so very much, she might have actually felt sorry for her as the poor girl cried and pleaded and begged for him to stop.

Anja would continue to get her turn as well, though, as Draconovich repeatedly pulled his cock back out to feed to her before plunging it back into Brigitte's ever wider gaping ass.

Thankfully, it did not last much longer as Draconovich tensed up, emptying his balls deep into Brigitte's bowels. She should have seen it coming. Draconovich had Anja clean his cock one last time before commanding her to "Clean her up as well."

Anja froze, staring at the gaping black hole that was now Brigitte's asshole. Already, a creamy-tinged wad of cum had begun to snake its way out the cave. Brigitte winked at her, albeit giving Anja the courage she needed. Anja promptly disappeared into the girl's nether region.

"Oh, yes..." Brigitte moaned involuntarily at the feel of her tongue.

Anja did her duty, swirling her tongue about Brigitte's now gaping and raw rim, lapping up all the drooling cum and juices. But to repay Anja, Brigitte strained her muscles, likewise pushing out a large wad of cum into Anja's awaiting tongue, straight from her used ass.

Anja cringed, but she did not waiver. Brigitte writhed atop the table, desperately trying to maintain her focus as Anja's tongue delved into her wide open ass. More and more of Draconovich's load ran out into her mouth with the most unflattering noises as it bubbled from Brigitte's rectum, but Anja had a surprise in place for Brigitte.

After Brigitte had squeezed all that she could out and Anja had licked up and collected all of the cum that she could, she stood back up and grasping the spent Brigitte by her hair, she turned Brigitte's face to meet hers and crushed their lips together.

Brigitte was too overcome by everything else to understand what was happening. She could only follow along as Anja forced her tongue into her mouth. Before she knew what was happening, a flood of warm cum washed into her mouth.

"UCK!" Brigitte recoiled in shock, knocking several glasses from the table. Anja had not swallowed, but saved all the cum she had collected from Brigitte's ass and had just spit it all back into Brigitte's mouth.

From the shock, Brigitte had accidentally swallowed half of it, but the rest had been spat back out across her chin and cheek and across the table.

"Ah HAHA!" all but Brigitte and Adolf erupted with laughter at the sight.

"What the..?! You dirty whore!" Brigitte protested, wiping the soiled wads of cum from her chin, but Anja was gleaming from her little trick and all the men were still cheering with glee.

"Serves you right, tramp!"

Not at all surprising, Brigitte swung at Anja, but Anja caught her wrist and raised her own hand to slap Brigitte. Her wrist in turn was caught. When she looked back up, all six of Draconovich's men stood about them, each naked as the day he was born and each with a fistful of hard cock.

Neither had broke. The game was still on. Their torment was still far from over.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Six: To the Victor**

Things rapidly spun out of control. Anja and Brigitte were pulled apart and forced to their knees. They were surrounded by naked male forms and jutting cocks from every side. Each were forced to suck on one while they jacked another two with their fists. There wasn't time to protest. There wasn't time to think.

They were passed around like community property, each to get a taste - it was communism after all, wasn't it? The soldiers were none too gentle with them either, grasping their hair and hammering their cocks into their mouths, literally fucking their faces, forcing their cocks right into the poor girls' throats.

They were vulgar too, calling the two women every foul name they could think of, in both Russian and German. Worse than Draconovich and lost within a vodka drunken stupor, the soldiers taunted them, even slapping their faces and tits, pulling at their nipples, even spitting on their faces, reveling in their chance for revenge against the Germans. There was nothing to be done about it, they were surrounded and overcome.

It didn't take long for a couple to stand the girls back up, still keeping them bent over sucking cock of course, but now those behind them began taking turns plunging their cocks into the girls' unprotected cunts.

"Damn this is some good German pussy!" one cheered.

"They fucking love it, fucking German whores!" another spat.

"Give me a turn!" yet another shoved his way in.

One after the other took turns fucking them, cumming in their pussies and in their mouths until they'd made a complete mess of them. Lost in her own dilemma, Anja had almost forgotten Brigitte, but Brigitte had not forgotten her.

Daring to pull the Captain back that was currently fucking Anja, Brigitte sucked on him for a moment before she pulled him back out her mouth to guide him herself to Anja.

"She's got an old pussy, it will be much better for you here," Brigitte led him to Anja's puckered hole. Revenge.

They all laughed, delighted by Brigitte's suggestion, and there was nothing Anja could do to stop them. She could only blame herself for giving Brigitte the idea. 'What goes around, comes around.'

Being a proper lady, Anja had never even thought of anal before, that is until the idea had been given to her from Brigitte's fingering of her ass. Not all the vodka in the world could tame the nerves and fears that flushed her now.

The one behind her started with his fingers, just as Brigitte had, coaxing and loosening up her asshole. Her limbs began to shake. She had to force herself to turn away from it, to focus on the cock choking her throat, anything other than what was transpiring behind her.

"Get her wet," she heard the Captain tell Brigitte, soon to be followed by the tip of a smooth tongue gliding about her rim.

Anja's terror slowly abated. Brigitte's nor the Captain's invading fingers had been all that bad - a little awkward, but certainly nothing to die over. And now Brigitte's tongue... Anja could not help but respond by grinding herself back onto the delving tongue, all the while moaning across the cock in her mouth.

The tonguing was short lived however, and Anja braced herself for what was to come. The Captain carefully placed the head of his swollen cock at her puckered hole, sending shivers down Anja's spine, before he slowly allowed his weight to fall forward.

Though certainly not the size of Draconovich, thank god - Anja now almost felt sorry for Brigitte, almost... - the Captain's cock was still much larger than one or two fingers, and Anja's tight sphincter raged in protest against the obtuse intrusion.

"Mmmghhhnngg!" a curdling groan rolled across the cock in her mouth as her tight hole ever so slowly began to give ground. Anything to ebb the pain, Anja reached back to get a good grasp on her ass cheeks to pull them wide apart, opening herself to him as best she could.

"That's a good girl!" the soldier said as he pushed forward even harder, but as he did so and without the support of her hands, the cock in her mouth glided right down her now trained throat.

"UUNNGGGHH!!" Anja grumbled as her sphincter suddenly broke and the head of his cock slipped into her ass.

"Damn that's tight!" the soldier gloated to his comrades. The one in her mouth responded by fucking her face with even more fervor, soon exploding a huge load right into her gullet, just as the other pushed even deeper into her virgin ass.

The Captain behind her had now gained full access to her and was slamming as hard as he could into her abused ass. She couldn't stop it. The intense sensation of having her ass ripped open was too much. Her second orgasm of the night erupted as she howled about the cock in her mouth, gurgling on his fresh cum. Her knees gave out and she fell to the floor, but the soldier was right there with her, dropping his weight atop her as he continued to ream her out.

With her cheek pressed hard into the rug of the floor, Anja continued grunting and pining as the soldier gave her all he had. She saw Brigitte on all fours beside her, still with a cock in her mouth, but by the strained look on her face, she knew the other fucking her from behind had his cock planted in her ass as well. So much for her brilliant idea at revenge! What goes around, comes around.

The one atop Anja soon tensed up, depositing his cum deep into her bowels. Anja had little reprieve from the assault on her ass as the spent soldier now completely collapsed onto her, crushing her beneath his weight. Anja could hardly breath, much less move as his haggard breath of vodka soon

began to drool out onto her face.

With his tool still buried deep in her ass, Anja could only grit and bear it as he began to kiss and lick at her ear and neck. "You've got a sweet ass, whore. But don't worry, my comrades and I will fuck that up for you!" he said before pushing himself up and off of her.

Anja was soon pulled up onto her hands and knees, like Brigitte, as yet another hard cock was shoved into her mouth. He wasted no time driving it right into the back of her throat, choking her on it as another moved behind her.

The one at her rear first plunged himself into her cunt, but only temporarily as he soon pulled it back out to get a taste of her newly used ass. It was hardly any more bearable this second go around, but by the third and fourth and with all the cum pouring out of her, lubricating her taboo hole, the pain had all but dissipated.

Lost within a running orgasm and different and sharp climaxes, Anja lost all her senses. In the heat of things, as yet another finished sodomizing her anal passage, she was pulled over and atop a waiting soldier lying on his back beside her. Without the need of being told, Anja reached down to take a hold of him, standing up his cock to impale herself upon.

She immediately went to work grinding and bouncing atop him. She was close to going again and now it burned like an itch inside her.

"Oh gawd - fuck - ungh - gawd - fuck me!" she grumbled uncontrollably before one found it fit to shut her groaning up with a fat cock in her mouth. Anja sucked him eagerly, like she was trying to pull his cum straight from his balls.

When another came up behind her and without warning shoved his cock right up her now gaping ass, Anja lost it and started howling like a mad wolf at the moon.

When she finally did come to, they were still going at it, one in her mouth, one in her pussy, and one in her ass, all three of her holes were being used and abused. From the corner of her eye, she could see that they were giving Brigitte the same treatment.

How long it lasted, Anja hadn't a clue. The six soldiers fucked the two girls in every hole and in every position they could think of. They fucked them senseless. Brigitte's hair and face. matted with sweat and cum, her mascara and make-up left running like a used whore's, her ass and tits beet red from abuse, Anja could hardly recognize the little tramp and could only dread that she looked just the same. She hoped Franz and Adolf were proud of themselves.

Eventually, the girls grew too disgusting for even the sadistic soldiers to want to touch - but they did not let their fun end there. Still in the throws of their party, they forced the two sweaty and cum coated girls together, forcing them to kiss and eat each other out.

And through it all, Brigitte was still at it, scoring points against Anja in which ever way she could. Whether it be spitting into her mouth during an indecent kiss or pulling at her nipples or biting at her clit when she was forced to eat her out, Brigitte took advantage.

And unwilling to let herself be outdone, Anja returned each and every favor, pulling at Brigitte's hair, wiping cum off her body to feed into her mouth, finding an empty bottle of vodka to shove it's neck up Brigitte's ass as she ate her out until it grew too wide and Brigitte yelped and squirmed from the pain of the invasion.

Lost in their feud with each other, the two girls missed the next surprise led into the room for them. Brigitte had been too busy ramming the smooth handle of the fire poker up Anja's abused ass as savagely as she could, and Anja too busy grunting and groaning – anything from giving in and begging Brigitte to stop – and grasping two fistfuls of Brigitte's hair to use to smother her in her pussy, that it wasn't until Brigitte was suddenly pulled off her that they knew something else was afoot.

Laid on her back with her legs bent and splayed wide open, Anja picked herself up onto her elbows to see what the commotion was about. Her bare chest was heaving up and down for air. The abandoned fire poker was still left, sticking half-way out her abused ass, but Anja had not the energy to even try to remove it.

In Brigitte's place, one of the Captains led a large brindle colored Russian Terrier in between Anja's open legs. Her mind was too jumbled to put anything together. In her hesitation, the guard dog took the opportunity to lower his snout to her slit and gave her a spine tingling lap of his tongue across her splayed cunt.

"Gawd!" Anja collapsed back onto her back. Encouraged by his masters, the dog continued.

"Unghg!" Anja convulsed at the touch of his tongue. "Augh – oh – nuh – ungh," she could not even put together a word as the dog lapped feverishly at Anja's dirty cunt.

His massive, yet smooth tongue delved into every crevice, every sensitive part of her flesh, right from her asshole to her clit. The lips of her pussy were pulled back in every direction, uncovering her sensitive nub and hole to give him full access. Anja's body began to convulse uncontrollably as her eyes as with her head rolled backwards. She could not even conceive that this was a dog eating her out, much less attempt to try to stop this most immoral act.

It took only a matter of seconds before she was visited by yet another mind blowing orgasm. She forgot all else. She pulled her bent legs right up into the air, opening herself as wide as she could to give this beautiful tongue as much access to her cunt as she could. She mindlessly began to run her fingers through the fur of the beast's head, mumbling incoherently under her breath.

Slowly, as her climax settled, she began to make sense of the lewd conversations going on about her. Slowly her senses returned and as they did, her fingers froze in the animal's fur.

'Fur..?' Anja's head shot up and to her utter humiliation, the realization of what had just happened settled on her. For the first time the true picture came into focus. There was a dog, an animal, a beast down between her legs, eating her out!

Anja could not bear it. With a guttural cry, she tried to shove the dog away and close her legs.

"Wha-haha!" they all bellowed at her. "Think she liked that even more than the slut licking her out!"

Anja's face burned red with shame. How could they?! She never could imagine something so decrepit. Leave it to the Russians!

It was not over though. "Think he likes it, look at that!" one of them said.

As if by reflex, Anja's head popped back up to investigate. She gasped. Jutting out from the dog's furry sheath were several inches of raw, glistening dog meat.

"Go on, get down there and suck him!" Major Chazov ordered. Anja thought she might faint, but at

the sound of another sharp gasp, Anja turned to see that he was talking to Brigitte, not her. Temporarily relieved, all the same, she knew her turn would be up soon. The Russians did not play favorites, they hated all Germans the same.

Anja looked to Brigitte. For the first time she had true pity for the poor girl. Could this night get any worse? Anja guessed that they could just kill them, perhaps torture them first, but then, weren't they already?

Brigitte, sitting on her heels, did not move. Her eyes were locked onto that red, veiny organ hanging beneath this huge dog.

"Come on, get on with it!" one of them nudged her, but still Brigitte did not move.

"Get down there and suck him off!" another grabbed her by the hair and tried to force her, but then, the strong willed scarlet Anja knew and loathed broke. Crying and pleading she fought back against the captain, kicking and screaming.

"Please, anything, I'll do anything, just don't make me do this!" she pleaded with tears. It was a pitiful sight, but they would receive no mercy from their Russian masters.

"Adolf?" the amused Colonel turned to her husband.

"Brigitte, you can do this!" Adolf stood up in his seat.

'What a sorry excuse for a husband!' Anja wanted to yell at him, but they were both no more than each deserved.

Attempting to calm herself, Brigitte nodded towards her husband before creeping towards the dog. The huge Russian beast was anxious though, and tail wagging, he let loose a loud, menacing bark at the approaching Brigitte.

That did it. The already terrified Brigitte lost it then, jumping up screaming, the little tramp broke and fled for the door, ignoring her clothes and everything else. No one tried to stop her.

"Well, I guess that settles that!" Draconovich said laughing. "Shouldn't you attend to your wife?" he then turned to Adolf.

"Sir, I..." Adolf tried saving himself, but lost his words beneath the Colonel's murderous glare. Forgetting his wife's clothes as well, Adolf hurriedly made for the door. It was closed once again behind him.

"Well, what is it to be, Frau Gruede? Do we have a Captain for our militia or not?"

Anja's heart was nearly beating out her chest. She felt dizzy. This was it, all or nothing. She had beaten the little tramp... if she could do this. All eyes were on her.

She didn't know why, she didn't want to, but nevertheless, her eyes wandered to her husband, still sitting obediently in his seat. His face betrayed nothing, cold as steel. He offered her only a single nod.

Anja sighed audibly. She did not want him to think she was doing this for him, but what did it matter? Defeated, Anja carefully worked the fire poker out that was still lodged in her ass, before picking herself up onto her hands and knees. She slowly crawled her way over to the large dog on all

fours.

“Raarf – raarf!” the excited dog likewise barked at her, but Anja was not daunted.

“Tha’s a good boy,” she slowly brought her hands up to scratch at his ears and head. She was talking to herself more than the dog, anything to settle her rattled nerves. “That’s it, good boy,” she continued cooing him as he began to lap at her face and bare chest.

“Mmm, you like the taste of Anja, do you big boy?” she whispered close to his ear, for only him to hear.

The dog was getting a little too excited though and started prancing about her, trying to jump up on her.

“Oh ho!” Anja managed to giggle, “you are a playful one, aren’t you?!” she struggled to hold him at bay. Slowly, she worked her way beside him, running her hands and fingers through his soft fur as she drew herself into position.

With one hand attempting to hold him still by his collar, her other hand wound its way down his flank, slowly beginning to reach beneath his belly. With her own belly full of butterflies and her skin tingling, Anja inched the final distance until she felt his furry sheath at her finger tips.

Afraid, her hand suddenly jerked away.

“Get on with it!” one of the soldiers mumbled. Anja swallowed hard and reached back down below the beast before her nerves failed again.

‘You can do this – you can do this – you can do this,’ she chanted to herself, building up the courage. She forced it, gritting her teeth, she grabbed hold of the swell locked within his sheath... but then, only his furry sheath. Anja peeked below him.

“He... he’s gone back in...” she mumbled to no one in particular.

“Well then, get him back out,” Draconovich spat. Anja nodded, more to herself than Draconovich.

With more daring now that she had already grasped hold of him, she began to work the sheath back and forth over the tool within. Anja witnessed with her own two eyes as she pulled back at the sheath, the emergence of that devilish, red, pointed tip.

Her eyes were glued to it, mesmerized by the beastiality of it. Anja’s hand worked with more fervor, ever coaxing more and more of the slick, rigid dog meat out.

With several inches once again exposed, Anja dared to let her fingers run down across it. Both she and the dog jumped to everyone’s delight.

It was slick and while rigid, almost spongy at the same time. She could feel the dog’s pulse in his cock and it was racing just as fast as hers. Jerking her hand up and down his shaft, the dog started to respond to her touch, whinnying and prancing in place. Small amounts of clear liquid already began to spurt out his tip. Anja’s breath deepened. She was taking too long, stalling. If she waited any longer, she would break as Brigitte had. This was a fucking dog, after all!

Anja screwed her eyes closed and trying to imagine something else, anything else, she ever so slowly dropped her head and ducked it beneath the dog’s belly. She could not open her eyes, she could not witness what was about to happen, what she was doing of her own free will.

She drew closer. A jet of the warm liquid splashed across her face. Anja jerked but she did not retreat. Opening her mouth wide and sticking out her tongue, she began to search blindly for the meat that was to fill her mouth.

Following the jets of the dog's cum, Anja was guided to the tip of his cock and when her out-stuck tongue did first meet it, it's heat searing her delicate flesh, Anja reflexively jerked back once again.

"Come on, we don't have all night!" yet another bellowed.

Anja couldn't. She just couldn't! She was frozen, her one hand still wrapped around his shaft, her screwed face only inches from it getting coated in his spurts of pre-cum, Anja could not move.

She was actually relieved when she felt a firm hand on the back of her head, pushing her forward. She knew that she couldn't do it on her own, she needed help.

She began quivering uncontrollably as the dog's cock once again made contact with her tongue, but the strong hand would not let her pull back. Instead, the hand shoved her forward, hard, one last time, and just like that, the Russian guard dog had several inches of his veined cock buried in Anja's mouth.

She had done it! She was doing it! She could not let herself stop to think. Blocking her mind, she gripped her fist tight about him as she just sucked and sucked hard. The hand left the back of her head, but Anja had come too far to give up now.

She forced more of it into her mouth, swallowing him as if she were afraid he could slip back out and she'd have to start all over. Moving into over-drive, bobbing her head back and forth on the dog's shaft, she hardly even realized what she was doing as she allowed the pointed spear to slip into her throat. And she did it with ease.

She hadn't the slightest clue about dogs, their sexual organs or how it all worked, and therefore did not understand the steady stream of runny liquid continuously jetting out his cock into her mouth, but it did not take too much a stretch of her imagination to guess at what it was.

It didn't taste all that bad, at least it was not as thick and spunky as the men's, but the abundance of it did not make her job any easier. She allowed all the she could to run back out the edge of her mouth, making a trail across her chin and cheek 'til it dripped to the floor, but she just couldn't get it out as fast as he was adding it. Her breath short and at risk of choking, Anja had no choice but to begin swallowing his cum. 'I am drinking dog cum...'

With the dog's haunches quivering, humping into her face, without the slightest gag, Anja swallowed him into her throat once more, allowing him to shoot his cum straight into her gullet. Anja's humiliation could not have been any more complete. ... Or so she thought.

It happened in a flash. One second she had the dog buried in her throat. The next, he had somehow bucked off her and was twisting himself about her, jumping up onto her back.

The dog was so massive, larger and weighing even more than Anja, she could do nothing to fend him off. Left near defenseless on her hands and knees, in an instant the dog was behind her and Anja's hips were wrapped tightly within his front paws. Before she could even begin to understand what was happening - something she never even imagined could happen - the huge terrier began bucking atop her back and Anja's skin crawled as she felt his cock prod into her unprotected rear.

"NO!" she shrieked. "Stop him, don't let him!" she pleaded. But her cries were met with only laughs.



"FRANZ, NO, DON'T LET IT!" she begged her husband, but Franz would not even raise a brow for her.

After enough fumbling around and with Anja's cunt left agape from all the soldiers, with a lucky jab the mighty beast struck her, impaling her with his pointed spear in one fell stroke.

Her eyes bulged from their sockets with shock as her jaw dropped in a silent scream. The room suddenly burst aloud in an uproar from the men as Anja's body exploded from the sudden invasion. In what could have only been a split second, the dog had gone from having his cock sucked by the unfortunate girl to having mounted her and thrust his cock into her.

The mating was insane. From zero to a hundred, the beast unleashed a staccato of thrusts into her, her loose and gaping pussy putting up no resistance to this sudden raping. The air was knocked from her very lungs.

His cock pistoned in and out of her at an unheard of pace. Anja lost it, she lost everything. It was like an out of body experience. She started cumming almost at once, but it did not end. On and on it rolled through her, taking her ever higher, destroying both her mind and body. She could hear an endless banter of grunting and groaning, shrieks and yelps, and yet it seemed like it was coming from somewhere else.

Her tired arms gave out. Her chest and head collapsed to the floor yet her ass remained held in the air by the powerful beast. A complete novice, she had no clue as to the large bulge that began pummeling her cunt's swollen lips, but this only tantalized her ever growing orgasm, it was too intense.

As the knot stretched her to the max, battering her poor entrance as it slipped in and out, Anja fainted. Everything henceforth was a blur.

At one point she realized that the dog had become still atop her back, his drool slowly dripping down onto her shoulders, neck and face. She could feel a deep pulse inside her. She'd never felt so full, like she was pregnant again. She knew he was still inside her and by the warm gushing feeling deep in her womb, she knew he was filling her with his cum.

A sharp pain pulled her once again from darkness. The dog had dismounted but she could still feel every bit of him locked within her.

"Ayyee!" Anja cried as the dog tried to pull away, but the huge knot buried within her would not allow him to pull free. Feeling the release of his weight but his fur still against her butt, she did not know how, but she knew they were now ass to ass, he - a dog - was stuck inside her.

Another sharp pain, this time followed by a loud plop and a sudden release of pressure from within her as dog cock and cum poured out of her.

She had not the energy to lift her head, but when she awoke the next time, she had been moved and felt two cocks in her once again, one in her ass and one in her pussy. She remembered tasting fresh cum but little else.

She was moved around. More cocks fed into her mouth, more cocks violating her pussy, more cocks spreading open her ass.

And then she was back on her knees, bent over with her ass in the air. She felt the weight and the fury chest of the dog come back down on her back. They gave her to him again. She remembered the

savagery of the coupling, she remembered the massive knot reentering her, but it wasn't until he pulled it back out that she awoke again.

More cocks. More cum. All until the blackness finally and utterly consumed her.