

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Introduction, London, the 25th

"And you are quite certain that you don't want to add any further conditions or qualifications, you're happy with things as agreed?"

"I am. Now, if you don't want my custom, Mr. Smith,"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Devereux. I have to be sure. I do hope that you understand."

"Yes, of course, I'm sorry. You'll send over the contract?"

"By courier within the hour, and as soon as they are back to us with the agreed fees, then I will confirm..."

Jean Devereaux interrupted. "No, I want no confirmations and no further correspondence until afterward. I will be in Prague on the 28th, concluding my business the same day and then staying on for several more. I should be back in London on the 2nd or 3rd. So long as you can unconditionally guarantee my small conditions, including that you will have suitable protection present whenever needed, then I do not want to know anything else. Is that all clear?"

"Perfectly, Mrs. Devereaux. All will be as agreed, and I look forward to our future business relationship."

"If all goes smoothly, that is a possibility. I will await the contract."

Less than an hour later, the contracts were in Jean Devereux's hands. She had her PA hold the courier while she signed them, slipped a large brown envelope inside the package, and returned it to the Courier for delivery.

She looked at her PA's quizzical face, turned her back, and walked back into her office.

At thirty-seven Jean Devereaux was one of the highest paid corporate lawyers in the City. She was renowned as being cold, calculating, emotionless, and highly efficient, hence the fees she commanded. The Prague trip was to finalize one of the largest deals in the City at the moment. The business would be over by the end of the first day but she had planned to stay on for a few days after as well. The thought of Jean Devereaux taking a holiday was considered highly unusual but, as a couple of the juniors in the Office had been heard to remark, "...even the world's number one ball-buster has to take a break eventually", and it had been four years since anyone had seen her have any sort of private life at all.

Prague, the evening of the 28th

By mid-afternoon of the 28th, everything had gone exactly as planned, was signed and witnessed, and was collected to take back to London by special courier. Jean Devereaux was back in her five-star hotel room by 4:00 pm and spent the next three hours pampered and pampered; she was taking herself to dinner at eight in Prague's most expensive and prestigious restaurant. She usually turned heads when she walked in the room, but tonight, after what she had just earned in fees, she intended to outshine any other female in the City.

The restaurant was some thirty minutes outside the City, and the taxi arrived promptly at 7:15. The effect as she walked across the hotel lobby was electric. She wore high heels and a long black evening dress split up to the thigh. She wore minimal jewelry, just a small diamond choker and discrete diamond earrings. After all, tonight was her reward, and she was still nervous about what she had planned for later in the break.

Twenty minutes later, the car was speeding along through the forest. Jean Devereaux lazed in the back when suddenly the car veered to the side of the road, and before she could react, both doors opened, and two men jumped in. Mere moments later, before she could say anything, a knife was at her throat, and a blindfold was over her eyes.

In terror, she didn't move or say anything. A gag was forced into her mouth, and the two men sat on either side of her; she could feel the point of the knife not quite breaking the skin but was terrified that a bump on the road would jump it through.

How long the journey lasted, she didn't know. It felt like hours until she felt the car slowing and heard the tires on gravel. The car came to a halt, and she heard the door open; she was dragged out, stumbling onto the gravel in her heels and still unable to see. The knife had gone from her throat, but she knew it was not far away. She was half pushed, half pulled for a few feet and then felt the warmth as she passed through a doorway. Still blindfolded, she was thrown onto a hard wooden floor and instinctively curled into the fetal position. One had spoken to her, but her thoughts ran to how much ransom they would ask and who they would ask it from; despite the "Mrs." she used for business, she wasn't married, and no one had access to her assets.

Hands dragged her to her knees, and for the first time, she dared to speak, "What, what do you want?"

"You speak when we want you to, not until." The accent was American, and a hand slapped her across the face.

Jean Devereaux was roughly mauled into a kneeling position, sitting back on her heels and upright. Her hands were pulled out to the sides, and she felt cuffs attached to her wrists and secured to keep her arms spread wide. Someone removed her watch and made an appreciative murmur, "Nice."

She felt like she was going to piss herself in fear as her ankles were forced apart, and she felt cuffs fastened to them. She flexed her legs but couldn't move her ankles either way. They had been connected with some solid bar, keeping them about two feet apart. The blindfold was pulled up and off her head, allowing her to see for the first time since all this had begun. As she blinked to bring everything into focus, she took in that she was in a large room furnished only with sofas but on which perhaps a dozen or more men lounged; all looked dirty and shabby. Some were dressed only in jeans and a vest, others in shirts, and one wore a suit.

It was this latter who spoke in a crisp English accent: "Well, I guess that you will be worth at least a million. We'll have to see. The bonus with people like you, Mrs. Devereaux, is that no one really cares what we do before we hand you back, so I guess that the guys and I are going to have some fun first."

"You bastard. You wouldn't...." she was cut short by a slap across the face and a kick in the stomach. She coughed and choked.

"Please don't interrupt Mrs. Devereaux; it's very impolite, and just for that, I think that I will have to be equally impolite before leaving you for a while."

"What. What are you going...." Again, a slap cut her sentence short.

The suit walked around behind her, and she looked over her shoulder to see him kneel between her spread ankles. He tugged at her dress until it came out from under her knees, and he could raise it over her hips. She blushed. She had not worn underwear because it spoiled the line of the dress, and now she regretted her vanity.

As he saw her naked buttocks, he whistled, "Gentlemen, would you believe it the lady is wearing no underwear."

She felt hands part her buttocks and knew he was going to rape her. As she heard the zip and felt his hardness touch her shapely buttock, she involuntarily wept a prayer for saving. "Oh my gods no, please. I'll pay anything, two million, three...". A finger slipped between her legs and probed her dry cunt; she heard the suit spit and then spit again, but this time, his fingers smeared the hot sticky spittle around her anus.

The realization hit Jean instantly, and she screamed, "No. Please. Not that. I have never... I mean..."

"Hey, guys. I'm going to bust a virgin asshole."

She turned backward and almost whispered, "Please, not there."

He looked up and simply smiled as she felt his hands on her waist and his prick thrust at her tight hole. She clamped up as tight as she could as he thrust again, but for a moment only, she relaxed, and it was enough. She screamed as he thrust hard and tore his way inside. The pain was beyond anything she could ever have imagined. Not only was she being raped, but raped anally while a whole gang watched.

When he pulled back, it hurt, but when he pushed forward, it hurt more. His hands held her tight, and her bondage prevented her from wriggling away. Instead, she just screamed and cried as the sawing went on, and the pain increased until she felt him pull her towards himself as he buried himself deep into her, and she wailed as she felt his hot cum defile her. She yelped as he pulled from her and then just went limp, but he felt a hand pull her hair to force her head backward. As her mouth opened to moan at the sudden pain, she felt his semi-hard prick pushed into her mouth and wanted to retch at the taste of her shit and the mere thought of it,

Suddenly, the knife was back at her throat. "Clean it nicely, or I will slice you open like a bag of meat." The voice was quiet and deadly threatening. Jean Devereaux's self-preservation instinct took over, and she sucked the prick clean, trying hard not to vomit.

The suit withdrew and zipped himself up: "I'll see you all tomorrow, hopefully with the money. Have fun, but remember, don't mark her. She has to look presentable when we give her back. And Mrs. Devereaux, you had better hope that your Lawyers pay up fast. I don't think you want to stay here overlong, do you?"

Jean Devereaux fell forward as far as her bondage would allow her, and for a short while, no one touched her or spoke to her; all she could hear was a low-level arguing amongst the men.

Eventually, they must have decided because she watched four of them walk to her and release her wrists. She instinctively tried to run, but she remembered the bar between her ankles. Nonetheless, she tried to fight, and the movement they forced on her until she was punched in the stomach and collapsed, held only by the two men on either side. They hit her stomach again and then punched her breasts. She stopped struggling and simply cried as they hit her twice more, always on the body and

away from the face.

“Hold her backward.” The English was heavily accented as she was held but as though she were to be dragged somewhere. The man who had spoken stepped close to her spread legs and, without warning, simply kicked her cunt. The scream was loud and continued into a wail. Her abuser laughed and kicked her again and then again. “Now she is easier to handle.”

She had nearly fainted from the pain and made no resistance, indeed was incapable of any resistance, as she was dragged onto her stomach, lying along a narrow bench-like affair. Her head fell forward over one end, and her legs hung off the other, just touching the floor. Her wrists and ankles were fastened to rings on the floor just outside the narrow bench’s four legs. The whole position was incredibly painful; even the bench hurt because it was both too narrow and too short to support her properly, and her breasts had been pulled free of her dress and hung down either side, with the bench crushing the space between.

The blindfold was replaced, but as it was being put in place, she saw the men approaching and steeled herself, or tried to, for the upcoming gang rape, and when it came, it seemed interminable.

Her dress was pulled up and gathered in a bundle about her waist as the first man forced his way into her dry cunt and fucked her hard; every movement pushed her hips into the bench’s sharp edges, causing more pain. She was determined not to make a sound and give them that pleasure. The first rape didn’t last long, and she felt the hot cum coat her insides, but no sooner had he finished than a second man invaded her, and at the same time, someone pinched her nose; as soon as she opened her mouth to breathe, a foul-tasting erection invaded it. She could smell the dirt and diesel oil on the man as he pushed in and out of her mouth in time with the man in her cunt.

Her first instinct was to bite, but she felt a painful clamp on her ear and an American-accented voice whisper close to her. “That’s the bite of a pair of pliers. If my friend here, or anyone else, so much as feels your teeth, I promise I will pull them out one at a time and enjoy your screams as I do so”. The voice was calm and so cold that it terrified her, and not for an instant did she doubt the threat.

The man in her cunt seemed to be taking forever, but the one in her mouth pushed forward almost into her throat and shot his cum deep into her. She swallowed as much as she could, but inevitably, some ran out. Again she had hardly time to draw breath before someone else was in her mouth, and then she felt the cum in her cunt again and another changeover there. The new man fucked fast and hard, raking his nails along her buttocks and then, suddenly, forcing two fingers up her anus, a move that made him scream his orgasm at almost the same time as the man in her mouth. Again there was a changeover in both holes, another dirty-smelling man in her mouth and another forcing his way into her cunt, but this one was huge, and she would have cried out if she hadn’t had her mouth full as he fucked slowly and deliberately.

The one in her mouth almost pulled out as he came giving her the foul taste of cum; she tried not to swallow any at all and most simply dribbled out.

She breathed a little as no one used her mouth this time, and she had only the hugeness in her cunt moving slowly, deliberately in and out. Then he stopped and withdrew; she hadn’t felt his cum but thought that maybe she was getting desensitized to it. Then she felt a drip onto her ass and heard him spit. She screamed out and begged him before he had even started. There was just laughter as she felt her ass cheeks pulled apart and hardness against her wrinkled anus. She pleaded and then screamed again as he pushed hard but was unable to force his way in. Then a finger invaded, followed by a second, a third, and a fourth, and she felt him simply pull apart the two fingers of each hand to open her. She was sure that she would tear, and her screams and pleas went unheeded as

he pushed his prick against his fingers and then released her sphincter at the same time as he thrust forward.

In her whole life, Jean Devereaux had never felt anything like it. She felt as though a drainpipe had been thrust up her ass, and she could only guess how wide she had been stretched to accommodate him. She wept as he fucked her hard and then harder, each thrust in or pull back causing excruciating pain and dragging from her the occasional scream. The rape went on forever with raucous comments in both English and, what she guessed, was the local Czech. Eventually, the man's fucking started to speed up, and he forced deeper with each thrust, and she heard him cry an orgasm as he pumped cum into her dark hole for what seemed like forever.

Thereafter she was fucked sometimes anally and sometimes vaginally, usually with someone in her mouth as well, and sometimes he could taste her and would know that this man had used her cunt and or ass beforehand. How long it went on, she had no way of knowing; if they wanted to hear her scream, they left her mouth empty while they raped her and sometimes pinched or punched her body. The pliers she had felt earlier were closed on one of her nipples and then pulled while the American fucked her in the ass, and someone stuck either pins or the point of a knife a couple of times into her ass cheeks while he used her cunt. But eventually, the frequency of her use began to ease off, and then, finally, it stopped, and she lay in agony along the bench.

Jean Devereaux could feel cum running from her ass, which she knew now had to be gaping open as she could feel the coldness inside. Her cunt was bruised inside and out, and the cum was running down her thighs. Her mouth and lips were also bruised, and her jaw hurt from being held open for so long; the stickiness had dried on her face and was itching, and she could smell the cum in her hair from where some of the men had simply pulled out and shot themselves over her. She sobbed quietly as she could hear some men still in the room but, from the sounds, far less than the earlier numbers.

"Let's cane the Bitch !" It was an English accent, educated and refined, and he was excited about his idea. The mutters of obvious approval showed that it excited the others, too.

"Please, you've done enough to me. Don't hurt me anymore. I'll do anything that you want."

"What we want, Mrs. Devereaux, is to hear you scream and see you bleed. So, Yes, you will indeed do anything we want." His voice was so cut glass that she was frightened she would never leave there alive.

She heard the swish of a cane through the air and yelped even though it hadn't touched her. The cane swished again, and still no contact, and then the same again; she began to believe she was simply being tormented, especially when there was laughter at her reactions. Again, the swish, and then again, she breathed softly to herself and then screamed as the cane smashed into her buttocks.

Again, it hit her, and she lifted her head, trying to pull away from the pain; she screamed as it hit her again and then from the other side. She wailed No! And No! and No! As the blows hit her in perfect timing, two men, one on each side. How many times they hit her, she didn't know; her voice was hoarse from screams, and her tears simply didn't come anymore. Twice, they had stopped. The first time, she had felt pain as hands had roamed over her bruised buttocks; the second time was simply so that two men could use her cunt, obviously excited by her ordeal. Eventually, the torture stopped, and all she could feel was a burning heat from her buttocks and upper thighs. Even when someone moved forward to sodomize her yet again, all she could feel was the pain of the contact; her anus simply opened to its abuser like a flower, like it had been used that way for years.

"We could nail nipples to the bench ?" A foreign accent

"Too much trouble to get the nails out later if we release her," the Englishman said again.

"Why not simply slice off nipples in that case? I have a knife. Or even whole breast?"

"Hmm, now that I will think of it, but tomorrow, for now, if no one else wants her, then I'm going to have a piss and call it a night. Remember, no one touches her until I return, although I suggest you all turn in."

There were murmurings of agreement, and Jean felt a hand stroke a part of her hair and then pat her ass, causing her to jump.

"Goodnight, Mrs. Devereaux. I'm sure we can continue our fun tomorrow. Now, just one last thing."

She felt him step back and then a warm liquid spraying onto her head and back. He was pissing on her. She began to cry in shame and humiliation. When he had finished, he made her drink the last drops from him and walked back past her, pulling off her blindfold as she did so.

She looked around to see a small group of five men putting on their coats and starting to leave. She wanted to cry out to them but was frightened it might bring her some retribution.

The light was turned off, and the blackness was total. Jean Devereaux sobbed in pain and terror and at the feeling of total helplessness and abandonment.

Just outside Prague, the 29th.

Jean had no idea how, but she somehow slept and awoke only with a burst of light as four men entered the room. The Englishman was not amongst them, and they looked merely like laborers. She had no idea how long she had slept but caught a glimpse of daylight through the open door as the last one entered. All walked straight across the room, and she suddenly remembered that her cunt and ass were exposed behind her and that she must have looked like the cheapest whore on the streets.

One man stood behind her, and she heard the noise of a zip.

"Oh, please, not again. Not more."

She felt a hardness against her bruised cunt lips and was penetrated. The fucking was brutal but mercifully short. She wept as she saw the others simply standing around waiting their turn. Her wrists hurt and her ankles hurt, and her stomach hurt, and she was being gang raped again. The first man ceded his place to the second and then to the third, the fourth, and the fifth used her anally, causing her to cry out as he forced open the dry hole which had closed up and stroked her caned ass. No one had spoken to her, and she had simply endured it without wriggling or resisting. She hadn't even noticed the other three men, including the Englishman, enter. She only became aware of them when the rapists left and gave him their thanks.

"Good morning, Mrs. Devereaux." He sat on a battered sofa a few feet to her side. "We have sent a message to your partners in London asking if they want to buy you back, but I do hope they do not respond too fast because I have several interested parties who wish to see you over the next few days.

"You can't. You can't keep me here for days. I'll die. You'll kill me. Please, I can't endure this."

"Oh, you won't die, I can assure you, and cum is very nutritional, I understand," he laughed, "but I guess that you would like a drink?"

Although she hadn't thought of it before, she now realized just how thirsty she was, she was hungry too, but far more she was thirsty. She saw him give a signal to one of the two men who accompanied him and watched as the latter collected a dirty glass from a shelf and put a straw into it from a packet that was alongside. She then looked in horror as the man unzipped himself and proceeded to piss into the glass. He nearly filled the whole pint glass and stuck it under her face with the straw. She clamped her mouth shut and turned her head away.

"Mrs. Devereaux, now be sensible. This is the only drink that you will be offered today. Drink it."

"Fuck off, you sick bastard."

He laughed and motioned for the glass to be returned to the shelf. "When you beg me, I will allow you to drink it. Now I need a good morning fuck."

He stood and moved behind her. She gritted her teeth, and the pain spread through her when he pulled apart her caned buttocks. Without preparation and with only the cum of her earlier rapist to ease himself, he crudely buggered her again; she cried out when he entered her but was determined to make no further sounds. When he had finished, he stayed inside her as he softened, and she was spared the pain of the sudden withdrawal.

"Mrs. Devereaux, you stink, but I don't think most of your clients today will mind very much."

As the other two men used her mouth and vagina simultaneously, he sobbed quietly again, she thought that she had finished crying, but the restarting of the whole nightmare reminded her of her complete lack of hope.

The three pulled a table within six feet of her, found some chairs from somewhere, and pulled out a pack of cards. The Englishman sat quietly while his two comrades carried three crates and returned with a fourth man and more beer.

They dealt the cards, and each opened a can of beer. The Englishman poured him into a crystal glass that had come with one of the crates. The fourth man didn't sit; he just uttered the word "Sir" in a local accent and thumbed at Jean.

"I guess, but make it quick."

Jean had become just a piece of meat to be fucked as a prelude to a game of cards, and she soon received the sixth load of cum in her vagina in the short time since she had been awoken. He returned, took his hand of cards, and then ignored her and everyone else. Over the next hours, various men arrived, spoke to the Englishman in every instance, and then fucked her, usually vaginally but sometimes orally and sometimes anally. She was now so bruised vaginally that any penetration caused pain and discomfort. Those that used her anus did so with a deliberate attempt to cause her pain and usually succeeded in eliciting at least one cry and often more. One man, in barely accented American English, told her that he had managed to get two fingers and himself up her ass as she screamed at the pain of his rape.

The cardplayers occasionally stopped between hands to use her, and as time wore on, Jean lost count of how many men had come and gone and how many times she had been raped. She no longer resisted nor reacted to the various fuckings unless they were spectacularly brutal, and by evening, as she judged it by the differing light when the door opened, she was barely conscious of what was

happening to her. She had begged for a drink at one point and, despite wanting to throw up at the mere thought, had drunk the now-cold piss with relish, and, after another load of piss straight from one of the card players, it had tasted like bad beer.

The door opened, and a solitary man pulled a large metal cart. She watched the Englishman check his watch. "Seven on the dot. Punctual as always, Paul."

"You might stop employing me otherwise," he laughed. "That the bitch?" another Englishman, his accent less upper crust.

The Englishman nodded. "You have the instructions? How long?"

"Yup. About two to three hours. Normally I would suggest several sessions, but in these special cases where the whore is of no concern..."

Jean's hopes at his comments disappeared. When she first heard his accent, she had believed he might help her. His attitude and words stressed that she should think again about that one.

The new arrival stood alongside her "Ouch, heavy bruising from that caning. This is going to be exceptionally painful."

"And?"

"Okay."

Jean gritted her teeth again, wondering what this new torture was to be, but for perhaps five minutes, she was untouched, just the noise of movement and unpacking. She was afraid to look around. Then, the buzzing. She knew that sound from when she had been at University, she had chickened out when they had all gone, but it was a tattoo gun.

"What are you doing? You can't do that. You can't mark me like that."

No one responded except for a simple recommendation from the tattooist that she should stay still or this could take twice as long.

The tattooing was tolerable compared to the earlier pains, particularly the caning. He pushed her dress away up her back and began a tattoo on her lower back, almost on the top of her buttocks. The time seemed to go on forever as he worked. He stopped once to fuck her ass 'Working this close was just too much,' he explained, as much to her as to the Englishman, but apart from that continued, not even taking a beer 'might interfere with the work' he had said.

Eventually, he finished, and Jean just hurt right across her lower back. What had they done to her? Would this ever end? She lay still. She ached and hurt all over. She had hardly moved in twenty-four hours; she had, she knew, pissed herself once, but no one had either noticed or cared; she knew she already stank of stale urine, so a little more made no difference.

The tattooist stood back and whistled appreciatively at his work. "You'll have to turn her over before I can do the front."

"Of course, but we are waiting for that damned barber, and then you can finish the back. Then we'll turn her over."

"Yeah, okay. Just gonna fuck her in the meantime, though. You mind?"

"Of course not. She might mind. Then again, she gets no say in it."

The tattooist entered Jean's vagina so easily. It was opened from constant use, and the cum that was constantly being put up there kept her lubricated even if she felt nothing but shame and fear. He took his time but eventually shot deep inside her. She said nothing and just allowed the abuse now. It had become commonplace.

"About time, too." The Englishman's greeting to a new arrival.

"Was busy in the shop." A local.

"Well, get started straight away. We have other things to do."

"I fuck first ?"

"No. You can fuck her afterward. If you do a good job and don't take too long."

The new arrival pulled a small table alongside Jean's face, and she watched in close-up as he took out scissors, a razor, and various other items from a case. Moments later, he cut her long, dark hair close to the scalp. She pleaded with him, but he either didn't understand or, more likely, didn't care. Methodically, he cut her hair and then carefully placed the shorn locks into a container, obviously prepared in advance. When he had finished, he mixed lather and continued by shaving her head close and then repeated the procedure to ensure that nothing remained.

"Now you beautiful," he mocked. Jean wanted to cry but was unable to do so.

The barber walked to Jean's cunt area, and she heard him unscrew a cap; she was always shaven, she always felt it more hygienic somehow, but she knew that there must be a slight stubble beginning to grow back now. She just assumed that he would shave her smooth again.

She felt a cold, sticky cream being spread over her lower area, from her anus to above her mons and onto the tops of her thighs on either side. The man applied it carefully and deliberately, enjoying dipping his finger inside her holes in a way that made Jean feel ashamed. The whole procedure, though, took only a few minutes. And he stepped away.

"I finish. Now I fuck my mouth. You do fuck other holes for a couple of hours, and you clean the cream off first, or it hurts you as well. It takes another few minutes to start working properly."

'Hurt you as well ?' Jean's mind raced. What did he mean? Her mind raced as this crude yokel pulled up her shaven head and pushed himself into her mouth and throat. He held her on either side of her face and simply fucked her as if he were fucking a whore's cunt, hard and deep. Jean wanted to choke, but it didn't last long until she felt him hardening more in her mouth, and he pushed so far down her throat that she didn't even have to swallow.

He pulled back, and still, Jean could feel nothing but a gentle warmth around her vagina and anus. Slowly, though, as the men exchanged pleasantries and the barber took his fee from the Englishman, the warmth grew hotter until it soon felt like someone had a blowtorch under her, and she screamed and screamed for it to stop. The burning seemed to go on forever, but eventually, the heat died away, and she screamed at everyone and no one. "Now what have you bastards done to me ?"

"Mrs. Devereaux, your language is quite immoderate," his voice was still unemotional. "We have merely made your life a little easier. My friend's solution is a very expensive, unique formula; it simply means that you will never grow any hair in the region again; it has merely burnt away all hair

follicles. You no longer have to shave and are now nicely smooth at all times. Isn't that a bonus ?" He paused. "It had its time. Clean her up and John, you can do the next tattoo now."

Jean was afraid as she felt the tattooist start work again, but this time on the back of her head. Amazingly, it didn't hurt as much, but no one cared anyway. He finished quite quickly, and all four men untied her and turned her over. She was too exhausted, hungry, and thirsty to resist now, and she was refastened on her back with her legs in the air, open wide in a lewd 'V,' and her arms repositioned backward onto the same fastening as before.

Over the next several hours, Jean watched as the tattooist added something to her mons and then screamed constantly as he tattooed around her aureoles. She couldn't see what he was doing. Her position didn't allow for it. He completed his work by adding another tattoo just above where her hair should have been on her forehead. "Just the ring now, gods, I'm tired."

Ring? RING? Now, what were they going to do? Jean already felt that her body had been ruined. She almost no longer cared as she felt him pull at her clitoris hood and pierce it with a needle. The pain was little more than that from an injection, but when he added what was the "ring," she could feel its weight even though she was lying down.

When he finished, he fucked her, almost as she had expected, and left.

"Feed her. And then we'll call it a day."

One of the men proceeded to feed Jean bread piece by piece until she wanted no more and then allowed her to drink clear, cold water. She had forgotten how hungry she was. Even as she was eating, one of the other sodomized her, and the Englishman followed him. Her anus offered absolutely no resistance now, it simply opened to their pressure, and she no longer made any attempt to resist her debasement.

Just outside Prague, the 30th.

The following morning was the same as the day before. The men, the card table. It only changed as the flow of others came in; each put something on the table and then fucked her. How many she didn't know, she didn't care, twenty, maybe thirty during the day. She knew she was being prostituted now, that the men were paying to fuck a naked, fully shaven Englishwoman.

The Englishman arrived later than everyone else, and the queue of customers seemed to have ended.

"Okay. Lift her."

The card players released her limbed and stood her up; she collapsed; her legs simply wouldn't support her, and two of the men had to pick her up and hold her under her armpits. Her wrists were cuffed together, arms were pulled above her head, and the cuffs fastened to a pulley. It was raised until she was on tiptoe and hung helpless. Her head hung, and she couldn't even summon the willpower to look up as they took the crumpled defiled remains of her dress from her and, for the first time, she was naked except for the torn stockings and, she realized incongruently, her high heeled shoes.

"Oh, please. What do you want from me? What are you going to do ?" Jean's voice was plaintive and pitiful, and tears flowed freely.

"That is very simple, Mrs. Devereaux. What we want from you is to hear you scream and see you bleed. What we are going to do is whip you until we draw blood, and maybe a little longer, and then enjoy your various holes again." He turned to the others and "Begin."

Jean heard the crack of a whip and turned to see one of the men with a long bullwhip on one side of her; she looked to the other and saw a second. She screamed as the first blow hit, and she screamed throughout the whipping. Twenty-four blows from each man, counted out calmly by the Englishman who, when they had finished, walked behind her and whispered the simple word "Magnificent" in her ear as he raped her anally, forcing a scream from her despite the constant use that hole had received. The others also took their turns in raping her while she hung helpless, including, for the first time, two of the men entering her front and back simultaneously. She could almost have enjoyed that feeling under other circumstances, so full, utterly used, and helpless.

When everyone had used her enough, and she realized that most had done so twice, they stood back and looked at her; she could feel cum running down her legs from her used holes; there seemed to be so much of it. She felt a sharp stab in her left arm and turned to see the Englishman emptying a syringe into her. She had no time to react before oblivion hit her.

Prague, the 1st.

Jean Devereaux awoke expecting the same room and the same painful, restrictive bondage, but she was warm. She was comfortable even if every part of her body hurt like hell. She painfully sat up in what she realized was a bed in what she recognized as her hotel room. Her first thoughts said it had been a nightmare, but the pain in her body said otherwise.

She stood and staggered to the bathroom to look in the mirror. The sight that greeted her made her almost collapse in horror, and she slapped her hand across her mouth to stifle a scream. Her head was, as she had expected, totally bald; across the front, just above the hairline, was tattooed the word "WHORE" in black letters, maybe an inch and a half high. Her nipples had an artistic scroll pattern tattooed around the outside of each aureole. The words RAPE MY CUNT ran across her Mons, and a heavy gold ring, almost an inch in diameter, pierced her hood. She spanned around to see her back, "SODOMISE ME" ran across her lower back, and "CUM SLUT" across the back of her head. Her buttocks were almost black with bruising from the cane, and her whole body from neck to knees showed the signs of the whipping she had received, with small lines of blood where the skin had been broken.

She reached to her vagina and touched its smoothness but then felt fresh cum leaking from it; whoever had brought her back had used her before they left. She touched her anus and felt the same but was horrified and more than a little excited to find that it opened easily at her touch, "like that of a cheap whore" she thought as she winced at the pain as the tip of her finger slipped inside.

The police, I must phone the police. And tell them what? Yes, the evidence was obvious, but would she want to stand up in court and go through the details? Would she want everyone to know the marks she carried? She stumbled back to the bedroom and only saw the envelope on the table and the two packets alongside, one somewhat larger.

She almost collapsed on the bed from exhaustion and hunger as she tore open the letter.

Dear Mrs. Devereaux

I trust that you have been satisfied with our services and that our, admittedly not excessive,

fees were justified.

I will contact you again upon your return to London, but in the meantime, I suggest that you keep the movies in the enclosed packet in a safe place. I have enclosed discs of the full period together with edited copies, with the quieter times removed to concentrate on the more interesting episodes. Your watch and jewelry are also enclosed.

I have taken the liberty of making your hair into a wig, which you will find in the second parcel accompanying this letter. Your hair will grow back to cover the more obvious and publicly visible marks of your experience unless you choose to keep your head shaven naturally.

The depilation of your more private areas is permanent, and I am guessing that you will not wish to display those marks very often. They could be removed with cosmetic surgery, although you would agree that such an action would be a pity.

*Yours sincerely,
James Smith.*

Postscript, London

Jean Devereaux met up with the Englishman again, with some seven of his friends, on only one occasion, in London and arranged by James Smith. She had never enjoyed sex so much in her life; her head tattoos were, at that time, just still visible beneath her returning hair, and she fully lived up to their boasts. She also decided that she did enjoy double penetration and even triple penetration. She still wasn't sure about the taste of piss, though she decided she might as well drink the gang's anyway while she was making her mind up about it, and they did expect it of her.

Jean joined a second gym and, just occasionally, would wander into the Sauna with the men. Always provided she wore the right style of swimsuit, her tattoos would get some interesting comments and usually provided her with a new group of 'adventurous' friends with whom to spend the evening.

She was both more relaxed and less tolerant in the office now that she had developed some, albeit tiny, private life. When one of her other partners confessed in a drunken time after a particularly successful and lucrative contract had come in that she had a fantasy about being kidnapped and raped, Jean had little hesitation in passing over a certain James Smith's business card "Let me know how you get on, I might even be persuaded to join you." She slipped her hand across her permanently smooth Mons and felt excitement as she touched the gold ring and felt where she knew the tattoo was.

The End