

## Female Prey: The Trek

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## Chapter One

### *Third Day Out*

Thunder rumbled and echoed behind her. Kimberley halted on the trail and turned to look back. The sky was growing dark, clouds piling up. She took off her well-worn cowboy hat and wiped her forearm across her brow.

There...she saw a distant flash of lightning. She began counting off the seconds until the sound of thunder reached her. Five, maybe six miles. The storm looked as if it was heading her way. She put her hat back on, tugging the brim down to shade her eyes. If the map she was following was right, there was a shelter of some sort about three miles further down the trail. On flat ground she was sure she could beat the storm there, but this damned trail meandered up and down, around and around, like a demented snake. Off to her left was the long, green bulk of the mountain. Small spur ridges ran off of it, sloping down towards a lake miles away. The trail went up and down these, sometimes taking odd little detours. Between the spurs were occasional small, rocky streams. While the trail itself seemed to have been kept cleared, it was rough going at best, and she'd have to push herself to beat the rain. Shrugging her backpack into a more comfortable position, she set off again, down slope.

From his up slope vantage point about a quarter mile away, he'd gotten a good look at her when she paused and turned around. He'd even had time get his field glasses out. He'd been

trailing her since late yesterday, and this was the first chance to see her close up.

From the backpack and the bulky flannel shirt she wore he couldn't tell how she was built topside, but those were very nice legs coming out of those tan walking shorts. He zeroed in on her face. It was a good face: high cheekbones, aristocratic little nose, full lower lip, upper lip a bit thin, nice big blue eyes. Those eyes were narrowed as she looked at something far off, a small crease appearing just over the bridge of her nose. He could see her lips moving slightly as she kept watching. The face matched the picture he had, except for one thing. In the photo, she'd had long, really long, honey-blond hair. The hair was the same warm color, but it had been cut so short that now it was more like a curly cap for her head. What he found most interesting was that with her hair that short, now he could see her ears. They were pretty enough ears, to be sure, but they seemed to tilt back a bit more than usual, were a bit narrow, which made them seem longer than they were, and they came to rounded points at the tips. The whole effect made him think of drawings he'd seen of elves.

The roll of thunder reached him, and a moment later she turned back down the trail and disappeared down the slope. Trying to beat the storm, he guessed. There was a rickety old shelter a couple of miles further along. She must be trying for that. He took out his small radio. Time to contact Kurt.

As she trudged along, Kimberley kept hearing occasional growls of thunder...getting closer, it sounded. She was tempted to quicken her pace, but on this trail it would be risky. There were too many loose rocks, too many slopes. The approaching storm came as no surprise to her. The past three days had been hot, dry

and dusty, and it was about time for the weather to change. The timing was inconvenient, though. She topped another of those innumerable spur ridges and started down the other side.

She had the odd feeling that she was being watched. It had started yesterday. She hadn't seen or heard anybody since, but the feeling wouldn't go away. Well, these woods were thick enough to hide any number of people. Maybe it was just her isolation getting to her. Maybe...but she didn't think so.

It was time for one of her regular five-minute rest halts, but that storm kept sounding closer and closer. She kept walking. Almost halfway there, now.

He could hear the thunder too, getting nearer. He was traveling on an upper trail that wasn't shown on her map. The going up here was a bit easier, except for the small branches that kept slapping at his face. He pushed on. He could get to the old shack before she did, and be under cover before she arrived. Kurt was somewhere up ahead, on the same trail as she was. Lloyd was out of range of his radio, but Kurt was in touch with him and could relay messages.

It was ominously dark by the time she reached the shelter. It was a weather-beaten old two-room shack sitting at one side of a clearing. It leaned disturbingly, the windows were long gone, and what she could see of the roof was unpromising. But there was a narrow porch on the lee side of the building. The roof extended over it, and looked sound enough. She shrugged off her backpack and leaned it against the grayed wooden wall, then sat down alongside it. The air had grown very still. Even the birds she'd been hearing for days were quiet. There was a faint grumbling of thunder from far off, and then a cool breath of air stirred the leaves. A



moment later, the rain hit. It fell as if someone had emptied a lake overhead, a driving curtain of rain that blocked her view of anything more than a few feet away. Then lightning struck somewhere very close by, leaving her blinking and unable to see much anyway. When the afterimages faded, she looked up at the roof overhead. A few small drips here and there were getting through, but not over her or her gear. The old building shook and groaned as the wind hit it, but it seemed to be up to the onslaught. She relaxed a little, and wondered how long the storm would last. She still had some ground to cover today.

He lay flat in the thick brush at the edge of the clearing as the rain pounded on his waterproof poncho. He hoped it really was waterproof. It was a camouflage pattern, but right now that was unimportant. Visibility was almost nothing. Fat raindrops were splashing water and bits of loose dirt into his face. Nothing to do but wait it out.

The downpour seemed to go on and on, but after a while he thought he could see some signs of it letting up. A little bit later, he could make out the outlines of the shack, some sixty or seventy feet away. He kept his eyes fixed on it. When he could finally see her, she was sitting on the porch, knees drawn up, back against the shack. She looked perfectly at ease, smoking a crooked little black cigar.

Kimberley took another slow drag, exhaled the acrid smoke out into the rain. It was definitely letting up now, but there was no way to tell how much longer it would go on. The front seemed to be moving pretty quickly though.

Well, it would have to happen soon, she thought to herself. She had at best only two more days' rations, and she was down to

her last change of clean clothes. If she had to, she could wash stuff out in one of those damned little creeks she had to keep crossing, but food was another matter. If she ran out, she would have to forage something from these woods. The cigar was down to a stub. She flicked it out into the rain, and stood up, stretching. The past days had been hot and sweaty, and there'd been no chance to do more than a quick wash-up from a stream. Right out there was a perfectly good shower, and she wasn't going to let it go to waste. She fished the soap and a towel from her backpack and began to undress.

He watched, fascinated. The information he had on her only covered so much: Kimberley Anne Jacobsen, age twenty-six, height five-four, degree in archaeology, blond hair, surprisingly light blue eyes. But that, and the few pictures, only told you so much. He was getting more of an education now. Under the flannel shirt, she wore a snug green T-shirt. As she pulled it off over her head, he saw that under that she wore some sort of sports bra. It followed the T-shirt, and then she shucked off her shorts and panties. He must have missed her taking off her hiking shoes. She stretched once, slowly and luxuriously before stepping lightly off of the porch and into the rain. He heard her yelp as the chilly water hit her and grinned. He could have told her about that. She began soaping herself quickly.

He was reminded even more of an elf. She was slender: slim-hipped, with long, strong legs and cute little teats. He had categories for women's mammaries: titties, teats, breasts, boobs and "Lower Back Pain." They corresponded roughly to A, B, C, D and E cups. She did a very thorough job of showering. Every so often, she'd give a tiny yelp as her bare feet stepped on something

uncomfortable, and dance around a little. He wished he were close enough to see her better. She seemed to be a natural blonde, but he was interested in seeing the effect of the cool rain on those pink nipples. Well, time enough for such things later. Meantime, it was very hard to just lie here and watch her. He was tempted to jump up and rush her right now...but neither Kurt nor Lloyd would approve. This had to be done properly. He gave one silent sigh, and kept watching. She looked to be in great shape. Might even last out the whole thing.

Cold water was starting to seep in under his poncho. With her so close, though, he didn't dare move. He thought about getting his hands on that lovely young body later, and grinned.

When she couldn't stop shivering, Kimberley decided she was clean enough. She hopped back up onto the porch and picked up the towel. It was a good thing she'd had her hair cut short for this...hike, she thought. If it were the old length, thick as it was it would take forever to dry. Besides, she rather liked the pixie-ish look this style gave her. In the right light, she looked nineteen again. She rubbed herself down vigorously with the towel, going over her bare skin until it glowed pink. That done, she hung the towel on a protruding nail and broke out her last clean clothes from her backpack.

Watching her dress was nowhere near as interesting as watching her undress. He stayed still under cover and watched, though. Her new outfit looked much like her old one, except that the oversized flannel shirt was some shade of dark blue. Still barefoot, she sat down on the porch as she had before, and lit another one of those little cigars. Apparently she was going to wait out the rain. There was a cold puddle under him now, and he put it down to



her account.

At long last the rain began to peter out. Sunshine began to poke through the last ragged dark clouds. Kimberley pulled on her socks and shoes. The towel was still damp. She folded it up and stowed it away anyway. She could spread it out for drying when she camped for the night. Shouldering her backpack, she set off along the trail again.

He gave her a ten-minute head start before following. By now his whole front was dripping wet, cold and very uncomfortable. Nothing he could do about that right now. He took out his radio to contact the others. He had an idea where she'd probably make camp for the night. Kurt and Lloyd could intercept her there, while he followed her in case she tried to double back, or stopped early.

The ground was still a bit soggy, but drying out fast. Kimberley loved the smell of the woods after a rain, rich and earthy. She could hear birds again: blue jays squabbling over something. The storm hadn't lasted all that long, but she'd still have to make up for some lost time. There was a spot marked on her map that looked like an ideal campsite. There was a spring near it, and plenty of firewood available. She'd need the firewood. It would get chilly tonight, after the storm. It was already noticeably cooler. She loved the outdoors, the physical activity, pushing herself...she stopped abruptly. She had been pushing herself. Frowning, she took out the map she'd been given and looked at it. It was a pretty detailed relief map, showing the rugged country she'd been hiking. It also showed just the one trail, the one she'd been on since the start. On that trail, her ultimate destination, marked "Safety Zone", was about seven days' walk from her starting point. When



she started out, they'd given her five days' rations for the trek. Without thinking much about it, she'd been trying to squeeze a little bit more distance out of each day so that she could—just possibly—do it in six days.

She sat down on an old fallen tree trunk to think things over. Not all that long ago she was sure that it would have to happen soon. She'd also had the feeling she was being watched, though she didn't have it at this particular moment. She looked at the spot she'd picked for her campsite tonight. It was obviously a good spot. And, if it was obvious to her, it would be just as obvious to anyone else with a similar map. She chewed on her lower lip for a moment. It was the perfect place for them—whoever they were—to intercept her. She shivered, not entirely unpleasantly. Well, that WAS kind of the point of her going out into the woods alone, wasn't it? Still, why make it easy for them? She stood up and began to pace back and forth, every so often looking up the trail she'd been ready to follow. Now it smelled like a trap. She could still walk into it, but somehow it wouldn't be as much fun. Was fun the right word here? She shook her head as if to clear it. She wanted an adventure, damnit.

So...what to do? The first thing that came to her mind was to follow one of those ravines down towards the lake. Going downhill would be easier, and near the lake the ground looked to be more even. Even so, it would take more time to get to the "Safe Zone". Food would run a bit short. She patted the survival knife she carried at her belt. Inside the hollow handle was some fishing line and a few hooks. She didn't really need them, though. She could catch fish without them. Yes, the lake would be ideal. So, she'd have to go uphill. She looked up at the mountain and

grinned. She'd hiked in much rougher places.

He was still uncomfortably soggy when he came to the spot where she'd stopped for a bit, then seemed to have walked back and forth for a while before setting out on the trail again. Her footprints were easily visible in the still-damp earth. He was a bit puzzled. There didn't seem to be any reason for her to do that. Maybe she was trying to work out a cramp?

He shrugged. It wasn't that important anyway. He set off along the trail again, grinning in anticipation of the night to come. It took him some time to realize he'd been had. He took out his radio and called Lloyd and Kurt.

"Yeah?" Kurt sounded tired and testy.

"Any sign of her yet?" he asked.

"Not yet." Kurt replied. "Why?"

"Doesn't she seem to be running a bit late?"

"Well, yeah..." Kurt agreed. "You have her in sight?"

"Nope." He answered. "She went off the trail someplace back. I have to go find out where. Lloyd with you?"

"About a half-mile away now."

"Okay. The two of you wait there until you hear from me. She might double back yet."

As he clicked off the radio, he grinned to himself. It looked like the elf-girl wanted to make them work for her. That was fine by him. He always liked it when they did that. Nothing in the world beat hunting down human prey. Mentally, though, he was kicking himself for simply assuming she'd stick to the trail and not bothering to look for her tracks. Well, she'd fooled him that once. He retraced his steps, looking for her tracks. He had to go all the way back to the last ravine he'd crossed and re-crossed it. Her

tracks were there on that side, all right, but they didn't come out on the other. She'd gone along the ravine, then, where it was too rocky for tracks. He looked uphill and down, trying to see some clue as to the direction she'd taken. No luck. Okay...which way would she go?

He wished he had a bit more information to go on than the little in her file. It didn't tell him much about her. He sat down on a boulder that the stream in the ravine had half-excavated to do some thinking. He hadn't been expecting her to do this. She had, though, which meant there was a bit more to her than he'd first allowed. He almost regretted not grabbing her earlier as she pranced in the rain, but she was giving them a more interesting game to play.

Downhill? Well, maybe. The ground got a lot easier close to the lake, but the underbrush was a lot thicker there too. He looked up the ravine. It was rocky, very tough going, and the stream was starting to rise as the rain began draining down the mountain's flanks. He clicked on the radio.

"Hey, Kurt..."

"Yeah?"

"Lloyd there yet?"

"He's here." Kurt replied.

"Okay, look. I'm at a ravine. She went into it, but didn't come out. She can only go up or downhill. One of you head down towards the lake, keep an eye out for her there. I'm going uphill."

"You think she went up?" Kurt asked.

"Not sure." He answered. "She might have gone a little ways just to throw us off. I think she's going to try to beat us to the Safe Zone, whichever way she went. So one of you has to stay put, in



case she tries to get back on the trail.”

“Okay...which one of us goes, which one stays?”

“I don’t care. Figure it out yourselves. I’ll call in if I pick up her trail.”

“Roger that.” Kurt acknowledged. “I like it when they run.”

He clicked off the radio and stored it away. That climb looked rugged. He hoped she didn’t break a leg or something before they caught up to her. He stood and began trudging up the ravine.

Kimberley noted how fast the water was rising, and decided it might be a good idea to get up out of this thing and just walk alongside it. She looked around for a way out, and spotted a smaller gully that fed into the ravine. That ought to do.

It was trickier going than she’d expected. The bed of the gully was mostly loose rocks that threatened to shift under her weight, and in the end it took maybe half an hour to climb out onto more level ground. She was breathing heavily when she was done, but at least now she was safe from being swept away by the water. It was rushing through the ravine now with a constant hissing roar. The soil must not be very deep to get so much runoff so quickly, she noted. She struck out upslope, keeping the ravine to her left. Trees and underbrush sometimes forced her away from it for a while, but she could always find it again just by going towards the noise. She grinned to herself. They’d have to work pretty hard to find her now.

The water was getting too high and too fast, and he had to haul himself out of the ravine by some exposed tree roots and handy vines. Standing on the edge, he looked down at the water surging by and hoped she hadn’t gotten caught in it. He doubted she had, but if she’d gotten out on the other side it was going to be



damned hard to spot her tracks from over here. Still, if she went up far enough, she'd strike the upper trail, and probably follow it for a while at least. Since it wasn't shown on her map, she wouldn't be sure just where it finally led. Shrugging his backpack into a more comfortable position, he moved uphill. It would be getting dark soon. Maybe he'd be lucky enough to stumble across her camp before it got too dark. He's settle for picking up her trail.

Kimberley was feeling rather pleased with herself. She'd hiked a long way today, much of it over rough ground. She felt a bit tired now, but the good kind of tired you get from pushing yourself physically. Still...it was getting darker, and soon it would be too dark to see things she might walk into or trip over. It was time to make camp for the night.

Some time ago, one of the taller trees had toppled over, the result of wind or age and death. The opening it left in the canopy above had given a number of small pines the chance to grow. They were pretty thickly clustered, and offered plenty of cover. She eased in between them, finding a spot just big enough for her to unroll her sleeping bag. This would be perfect.

She shucked off her backpack, wincing a little as various muscles announced they had cramps, and propped it up against one of the pines. In a few practiced minutes, she had the sleeping bag laid out. She sat down gratefully on it and began to unlace her hiking boots when she paused. What if they came across her during the night? She'd need the boots for running. But, somehow, the thought of sleeping in her rather muddy boots was distasteful. If nothing else, they'd get the inside of the sleeping bag dirty. She shrugged. If they could find her in this cover in the dark, being able to run probably wouldn't help her much. She unlaced the

boots and placed them carefully close to hand, so she could find them in the dark. Her socks she kept on. It felt like it was going to be a cold night, and she'd welcome any little extra insulation she could get. The last thing she did before climbing into the bag was to retrieve her canteen and some food from her backpack. She wouldn't risk a fire tonight.

He'd been searching the ground carefully as he moved uphill, looking for any sign that elf-girl had been this way. It slowed him down, but if he came across her trail he was sure he could catch up to her in time. Meantime, until he did find her trail speed meant nothing.

It was almost too dark to see when he came across what he'd been looking for. There in a patch of bare ground were three distinct boot prints, heading uphill. They looked fresh, they looked like hers, and in any case, who else would be out here now? He couldn't tell how long ago they'd been made. Could be a few minutes, could be a few hours. But she was definitely heading upslope, and would probably find the upper trail some time tomorrow morning. He took out his radio. It only had enough range to reach whoever had stayed put on the trail, but that ought to be enough. Once he'd made his report he could think about where to sack out for the night. All he had for sleeping was a blanket roll, but that would be enough. When he was still in the Rangers, often he'd had to manage with a lot less.

Zippered snugly into her sleeping bag, Kimberley slept very soundly, untroubled by dreams.

## Chapter Two

### *Day Four*

Kimberley awoke at sunrise. She always did whenever she was camping, and she thought it was funny. Given a soft bed, she always overslept, and never felt as rested as she did after a night sleeping on hard ground. Before she got up, she listened carefully for sounds of anyone nearby. She heard nothing but birds and the wind whispering through the trees.

She unzipped the sleeping bag and stood up, stretching and yawning hugely. The sky was clear and blue, the air clean and pine-scented. Now, she thought with a chuckle, if only there were a nice bathroom handy.

She was packed up and back on the trail within fifteen minutes. One thing about roughing it: You were never inclined to linger over the same things you would back in civilization. As she hiked, she munched on a trail bar. It was better than nothing, but she sorely missed her usual cup of hot coffee. She had a bag of instant coffee in her backpack, but she hadn't dared to light a fire. She knew how far the smell of wood smoke could carry. Maybe this afternoon she could risk a small fire for a hot lunch. She'd have to have at least one hot meal today, and a fire at night could not only be smelled, but also seen from some distance.

It was kind of exciting, being hunted. She had a sharp appreciation of what would happen to her if and when they caught her, and that was exciting too...if a bit scary. She grinned to herself. It



was the scary part of it that helped to keep her moving.

He stood up, trying to work the kinks out of his neck. It looked like a nice clear day, and he ought to be able to pick up her trail without too much trouble. She'd surprised him so far, first in leaving the trail, and then in being able to cover so much ground. Somehow he'd never thought of an archaeologist as being an outdoor type. Oh, well. He used the radio once to contact Kurt, who'd stayed where they'd originally planned to intercept her, and found out that he'd relayed last night's message to Lloyd, who was working his way back to that spot now. Once he arrived, Kurt could start uphill towards the upper trail. With any luck they could sandwich her today.

With any luck...he was sure she wouldn't be easy to catch, luck or not. He shouldered his backpack and set off to pick up her trail. Starting with the footprints he'd found just before nightfall, he moved upslope, scanning the ground for any additional clues. Within twenty minutes he found where she'd camped last night, and it was a bit annoying to discover she'd been so close by. Elf-girl was elusive. He began trailing her again.

Her watch said it was time for a rest halt, and she was glad to take it. Her backpack was lighter than it had been when she started out all those days ago, but it was still a hefty weight to be carrying uphill. She sat on the trunk of a fallen tree and took a drink from her canteen. It was getting close to empty. She'd have to refill it soon, and the only source of water she knew of nearby was that ravine. The water was still running through it too swiftly for her to risk going down into it just to fill her canteen. Maybe further uphill, and later in the day, the runoff would have gone down enough for it to be safe. She huffed a bit from the effort it had



taken to get here. The further up she went, the steeper the slope seemed to get. At some point she'd have to start heading west again, but that would mean striking out through the woods with no guide marks, except for the few times she could see the mountain through the trees. She had a compass, but didn't entirely trust it. Up in the mountains there were too many things that could make that little needle move off of true north. The last thing she wanted was to start wandering in circles while her pursuers closed in.

It really was a beautiful day. Yesterday's storm had washed all the dust out of the air, and the cooler temperatures that had followed were a welcome relief from the heat of the previous days. She didn't know how long that would last, but she was grateful for it now.

Her five minutes were up. She walked a bit wearily uphill, guided by the sound of rushing water in the ravine to her left.

Normally, he'd be taking rest halts every so often, but he was trying to catch up with a young woman who was apparently in great physical shape, so he had to press on. The slope grew steeper the closer you got to the mountain itself, and he hoped it was slowing her down as much as it was him. At one point, he picked out a small, straight sapling and in a few minutes had made himself a walking stick, using his small axe. Maybe the help such a thing gave was mostly psychological, but he was glad to have it. He'd been able to pick up her tracks every so often, and soon realized that she was moving more or less parallel to the ravine. Was that on purpose? He rather thought so. She seemed to be at home in the woods, and keeping the ravine as a guide would keep her from getting lost. She ought to be getting very close to the upper

trail now. If she took it, he could catch up with her more easily, he was sure...well, almost sure. He was developing a grudging admiration for elf-girl. When they finally captured her he was sure she'd still be a challenge. That was fine with him. He grinned wolfishly.

As he trudged uphill, he reflected that this was indeed an odd line of work for him to be in. He had a degree in civil engineering, courtesy of the G.I. bill, and could easily find work almost anywhere: Work that would keep him outdoors and active, which he liked. But what other job offered the unique challenge of hunting down women? Granted, they usually just walked right into the trap, knowing it was out there somewhere, but wanting to be trapped anyway. Trapped, held captive, used and abused. Every so often, though, one of them made you really work at it. Those were the memorable ones, the ones whose faces you could recall with perfect clarity even years later. The others...well, they tended to blur into indistinctness, faces and bodies almost interchangeable.

Finding a trail up here was a surprise. Kimberley looked up and down it carefully from cover before she ventured out onto it. There was nobody in sight. She stepped off briskly, rejuvenated by the relatively easy going. It even went pretty much the way she wanted to go, too. After a few miles, though, her enthusiasm for it began to wane. This trail might not be on her map, but that didn't mean it wasn't on somebody else's. And if it was, and they were following her, they'd know that sooner or later she'd come across it. Following it, however easy a path it offered, suddenly seemed like a stupid thing to do. She'd abandoned the first trail because it was too easy and felt like a trap. Now, here she was happily hiking along another trap.

She kept walking as she thought. The trail was easy to follow, but visibility along it was never more than about fifty yards, because it dipped and wound along through the woods. What was the chance there was somebody ahead of her right now, waiting? About as good a chance, she thought, of there being somebody behind her, following. For no reason she could tell, the hairs on the back of her neck prickled. Well, it was time for another rest halt anyway, or close enough to it. She moved carefully off of the trail and into the cover of some underbrush to rest and think things out. Taking out her map, she unfolded it carefully. She studied it for a few minutes, trying to identify where she was.

There...that was the ravine she'd moved up and then alongside yesterday and part of today. She couldn't tell exactly where this trail she'd discovered was on the map, but she thought she could make a pretty good guess. If it kept running in the general direction it seemed to now, at some point it would cross another fairly big ravine some distance along.

She nibbled at her lower lip, frowning. That other ravine would serve to guide her downhill all right, and at some point it would intersect the original trail she'd been hiking on. But then what? Go back on the old trail?

Her stomach growled politely, reminding her that there was another factor to consider: Food. She was nearly out of it, and couldn't really spend the next several days eluding her pursuers by moving off in unexpected directions. She hadn't seen much she could eat in the woods: A few berries, one small mushroom she was sure of. Those might serve to stretch out her rations, but she was running out of rations to stretch.

Okay, she could catch fish from the lake, but that seemed to



be the only likely source of food in the area. Mentally, she kicked herself for going uphill simply because it was the least obvious choice. It was least obvious for a good reason.

She looked up at the sky. Some time past noon, she thought. Still plenty of daylight left. She sighed. This was getting harder. While every move she could make opened up different choices, those choices were all limited. Okay, she'd have to get to the lake. The only way she could be sure of getting there was to follow the ravine down. When it stopped being a ravine, she could follow the stream that ran from it to the lake. Maybe, just maybe, if there was an unmarked trail here upslope of the one she'd started on, there might be another unmarked trail down by the lake. She sighed again and shook her head. About the only choice left now was which side of the ravine to travel on, assuming she could get there without being overtaken.

She'd seen no sign that anyone was after her, but she knew they were out there, looking for her, no doubt more than a little irritated that she was making this so difficult for them. There was a chance that someone would be waiting for her up ahead. There was an even better chance that someone was following her tracks, slowly closing in. She shivered at the thought.

She had to cover some ground while it was still daylight, and the trail, risky or not, would have to be used. When she got to the ravine, if the water had gone down enough she could move down it for a little ways and then climb out at some spot where it wouldn't be easy to track her. She folded the map and stowed it away. Time to get moving. Maybe she could outdistance anyone following her. Before getting back on the trail, she moved along a rocky stretch of ground where she wouldn't leave tracks, rejoining



the trail some distance from where she'd left it. It wasn't much of a trick, but it was all she could do just now.

It was well after noon when he came to the spot where she'd left the trail. He could think of a couple of reasons for doing that...but he didn't see any sign that she'd gotten back on the trail. He frowned. That would be her first stupid move, just wandering into the woods. Well, if she had, she'd be easy enough to find a bit later, but he suspected she hadn't. He continued on the trail for a while, looking for any sign of her. He found it, sooner than he'd expected. So, another little trick from the elf-girl. He shook his head, grinning. He was really looking forward to catching her. It should be very interesting. He set off in pursuit.

Kimberley kept mulling things over as she walked. She'd need food and water....both could be had by the lake. She wasn't entirely sure she could get to the lake uncaught, but it was the only choice she seemed to have. Of less immediate importance, she was wearing her last change of clothes, and it was beginning to bother her just a little. Outdoor living had its disadvantages. If she could get across the next ravine on the trail, she'd head downhill alongside it. At some point, she ought to find a spot where she could do some washing. She was normally very fastidious, and wearing the same clothes day after day, however necessary, bothered her.

Some adventures got pretty arduous, she thought. She was in good shape, but today she noticed that the trek was taking a toll on her. Well, she'd been cutting her rest halts short, trying to keep some distance between her and her still-unseen pursuit. She halted on the trail and looked back, shading her eyes. No sign of anybody. She was certain, though, that there was someone back

there, following. Maybe even catching up. Turning away, she trudged on.

He had to stop for a while. She was setting one hell of a pace. While he felt that he was slowly gaining ground, it was going to be a while before he caught up with her. A lot depended on whether or not Kurt or Lloyd could somehow get in front of her, but until he was sure which way she'd be going for a while there was only a small chance of that. They were both back by the original trail, waiting for word from him. He hoped to be able to tell them something soon, but elf-girl was elusive and unpredictable.

Still, he told himself, she only had so much food. Sooner or later she'd run out, and start to weaken. The way she was going, though, it didn't look like it would be any time soon.

It was late afternoon when she reached the second ravine. The water had gone down since yesterday...or maybe this particular ravine just didn't get that much in the first place. Standing on the rim, she looked down it. It looked difficult, but practicable, and it was unlikely anyone could track her through that jumble of rocks. She checked her gear to make sure everything was secure before starting down, stepping carefully. Some of the rocks were loose, and the wet ones were slippery. There was enough undergrowth growing in the ravine to give her some cover once she got far enough along it. As she picked her way, she kept an eye out for someplace she could climb up and out without leaving any traces.

He reached the spot where the upper trail crossed the next ravine. Her tracks showed that she'd gone down into it, but hadn't come out the other side. He sat down on a convenient rock, shaking his head in rueful admiration. It would be just about impossible to track her in all those rocks, which was probably why she

did it. Elf-girl was tough.

Even so, she couldn't go very fast down there. She'd tried a trick earlier, where she'd left the trail only to get back on it later. She'd probably exit the ravine somewhere to travel on easier ground. The only question, then, was which side would she get out on? He hated having to make a guess, especially with this girl. Whichever way he went, he thought it likely he'd be wrong. Time to contact the others. He took out his radio, hoping the battery would last. If Kurt and Lloyd could take positions on the lower trail where it crossed the ravine, they had a chance to intercept her. If and when they did catch her, they'd have to be careful that she didn't get away.

The ravine was treacherous. Besides all the loose or slippery rocks, the depth of the water varied widely. The old saw that still waters ran deep was true enough, though. If she could see the water flowing, it was probably shallow enough to ford. If she saw little or no movement, she had to go around. She wished she'd taken the time to make herself a walking stick. It would be very useful here.

She was skirting one particularly dark and deep-looking pool when the rock she'd stepped on suddenly shifted under her weight. She flailed wildly for balance, but it was no use. She toppled over backwards into the very pool she was trying to avoid, praying that it wasn't too deep as she fell. With all the gear she was carrying, she'd never be able to swim.

The shock of the cold water made her yelp. She went under, felt herself hit bottom, and struggled to get her legs under her. Her feet touched the bottom and she bent her knees before pushing upwards as hard as she could, ready to gulp air as soon as she



broke the surface. The weight and bulk of her backpack slowed her.

The pool turned out to be no more than chest-deep. She stood gasping for breath, more out of shock than anything else, looking around wildly before she realized she wasn't going to drown after all. Getting out of the pool proved to be difficult. There were few handholds, and she was soon shivering uncontrollably from the cold, cold water. She finally struggled out, dripping wet and chilled through. She'd have to get up out of here, on to level ground, and build a fire as soon as she could. She wished for the hot, dry weather she'd had to endure earlier.

It wasn't easy to get out of the ravine. She had to move a considerable distance downhill, shivering worse with every step, before she found an exit. After two tries, she found she couldn't climb out still wearing her backpack. It was too bulky, and some of the contents had taken on water, making it heavier. She shucked it off, tying a rope to it. With the rope in her teeth, she clambered out, getting very muddy in the process. Finally out, she hauled the pack up, using the rope. Once she'd retrieved it, she leaned against a tree, breathing heavily. The exercise had about done her in for now, but she still had work to do. When she'd recovered a bit, she picked up her pack and carried it with her hands until she found a spot where she could make a fire. She cleared an area of the accumulated leaves, down to the bare earth, and used the drier leaves and some small twigs for kindling. She had some matches in a waterproof container on her belt. Once she had a small fire going, she carefully placed bigger fallen branches on it. As they were catching, she stripped off her sodden clothes. She had to remove her socks too, but put her boots back on.

Uncomfortable as wet shoes might be, there were too many sharp or hard things that could hurt her bare feet. She collected more branches, feeding them to the growing fire before opening her pack to see what damage had been done.

It wasn't as bad as she'd feared. Her clothes were all wet, of course, but her sleeping bag, made to repel water, was only damp on the outside. She zippered it open and spread it out to dry. Her scanty food supplies were a bit wet, but she'd be eating them very soon anyway. A light blanket she'd packed was thoroughly waterlogged, as was her towel. Still shivering, she wrung everything out that she could, hanging it over various tree limbs to dry. She took an aluminum camp pot, filled it with water from her canteen, and emptied some soggy soup mix into it, setting the pot on the fire. Some hot food would take a lot of the chill out of her, but until her clothes dried, all she could do was huddle by the fire, trying to keep warm.

He finally got out of the ravine once he was sure she wasn't going to double back along it. It took some effort. The sides were steep and rocky, offering few handholds. Some exposed tree roots came in handy. He paused at the edge of the ravine to contact Kurt and Lloyd and tell them she was heading downhill along the ravine. They could cover both sides of it and intercept her while he followed up, driving her into the trap. She hadn't really had much of a chance to begin with, he thought, but she surely did make them work for it. He started downhill, keeping the ravine to his left as a guide. The hunt ought to be over by tomorrow. While he was looking forward to her capture, he'd miss the chase she'd led them on.

With any hunt, though, it was never safe to assume anything

was over until it was over. Elf-girl had surprised them...well, him...more than once, and she might have a trick or two left to use. As he went along, he kept looking for any sign of her tracks, or anything at all that might show she had gone this way. By the time it was getting too dark to see much, he'd found absolutely nothing, and was beginning to think elf-girl had eluded him again. He felt suddenly very tired, and sat down for a rest. Where could she have gone now?

He took a candy bar out of his pack and munched on it glumly as he tried to figure out where she was. It was very possible she was on the other side of the ravine. It was also possible she'd doubled back. Either way, he was too tired and it was too dark for him to do anything about finding out. Not much point in contacting the others right now either.

As he sat in the gathering dark, something tickled his nostrils, faintly. He turned his head, trying to detect the smell...wood smoke. He stood slowly and shed his pack, looking around. While it was getting dark, it was still too light to see a fire, unless it was close by. He'd have to wait. In the meantime...he moistened a finger and held it up. There was no wind, but there was a slight movement of air downhill. For a moment, he wondered how he could have possibly gone past her, then realized she had to be on the other side of the ravine. If she'd built a fire, she wasn't going to be moving any time soon. He sat down to rest, waiting for more dark.

It was night now. Kimberley had donned some reasonably dry clothes earlier, and the hot soup had helped her shake the chill immensely. She was feeling much better now, but very, very tired. Maybe she wasn't in as good a shape as she thought. She yawned,



her jaw muscles creaking. This was a hell of a way to spend a vacation.

The sleeping bag was dry now, and she stretched out on it. She looked up at her not-yet-dry clothes hanging from any available branches and smiled. Laundry day in the forest. The blanket should be usable soon, but her towel hadn't seemed to be getting any less soggy with time. Well, maybe in the morning it would be okay. The small campfire crackled warmly, casting dancing shadows across the trees and the hanging clothes. It felt very cozy after her dunking in the creek, and she suddenly realized she was starting to doze. You just don't go to sleep leaving a campfire unattended. It might wander off into the woods and cause all kinds of mischief. She sat up wearily and set about extinguishing it, dousing it with some water, poking it apart with a stick and throwing dirt on top of the embers. Finally satisfied that it was well and truly out, she laid back down on the opened sleeping bag with a sigh. After a long moment, she pulled the top flap over her and began zippering it together. She was so tired now that this simple task seemed to take forever, the zipper turning uncooperative in her fingers. Finally done, she started to take one last look around to see if she'd forgotten anything and fell asleep halfway through.

She was on the other side of the ravine, all right. He could just make out the dim glow of her campfire in the distance. It was so faint he actually saw it better out of the corner of his eye than he did when he was looking directly at it. He couldn't tell how far away it was, but it had to be fairly close if he could see it through these woods. So close...a ten-minute walk, maybe? But the ravine kept him away from her as effectively as if it had been a castle moat. It was hard to get into, hard to cross, and very hard to get

out of...in daylight. He wasn't about to try it at night. Too many ways to break an arm or a leg, or a neck. Well, nothing to do but wait for daylight then, once he'd relayed this information to the others. Some time tomorrow they ought to have elf-girl in their grasp. He heaved a sigh of relief, and then immediately thought of all the other ways she could go, eluding them again.

He was just too bone-tired to do any more hiking today. Sitting down with his back against a tree, he took out the radio and thumbed it on.

"Here." It was Kurt's voice, low and gravelly.

"Spotted our little wood nymph." He said quietly. "Can't get to her though."

"She walked you into the ground?" Kurt asked with a chuckle.

"Just about. You try following her sometime. Look, I'm on the right bank of the ravine, she's over on the left. Only reason I know that is she's got a campfire going."

"So go get her."

"Not at night. Can't see a damned thing down in there. I'm going to cross just before sunrise and try to follow her in."

"Left bank, she's on?"

"Yeah, for now, but she's skunked us more than once. There's a chance she'll double back uphill."

"She's makin' us work for it." Kurt observed dryly.

"I think she's enjoying the chase, and she's in better shape than I'd thought. If she does double back, I'm gonna need some help."

"Hey, you're the ex-commando."

"Ex-Ranger, and that was some years back. I need one of you two to head uphill along the left bank before dawn, just in case."

At the other end, Kurt groaned. "Shit." He spat. "That'll hafta be me then. Lloyd's all tuckered out."

"So it's your turn in the chase." He grinned. "If I find out she's still going downhill, I'll contact you as soon as I know. If you don't hear from me, just keep going uphill 'til you find my lifeless body lying on the ground. With my last ounce of strength, I'll point the way she went."

Kurt chuckled again. "You kinda like the chase too, don't'cha?"

"It'll be more enjoyable when I'm looking back on it." He answered, which was true enough. "If I contact you, remember, she'll be heading your way, so get under some cover, let her pass and fall in behind her. Lloyd ought to be rested enough by then to head her off until we can close in."

"Roger that." Kurt replied. "And then the real fun begins."

"Don't count your chickens, man." He warned. "This little girl is tricky. Might have given you the slip a lot easier."

Kurt snorted. "So it's a good thing our lone commando was trailing her. I'm lookin' forward to meeting this one."

"Oh, man, same here." He yawned. "Over and out."

He pocketed the radio and heaved another sigh. He was getting a little old for this stuff, but it did have its own unique pay-offs. He just hoped he'd be able to enjoy them. Before he went to sleep, he set his watch. It had a useful little alarm buzzer feature. It made no noise, but felt like a big bug rattling against his wrist, and it never failed to wake him right up. Sunrise would be around 6:30. At 5:30, he'd have enough light to see by, and the chase would begin again. Yeah, this one was memorable.



## Chapter Three

### Day Five

Kimberley awoke with a start. For a moment she wasn't sure where she was or why she was there, and then it all came back to her and she groaned a little. It was daylight now. Time to start moving. She felt very tired as she gathered up her dried clothes, picking out some to wear and packing the others away. She'd overslept, something she did rarely when camping, and there was no time for breakfast. She'd have to munch on something as she hiked. She donned the backpack, heaved a sigh. At least it seemed to have warmed up since yesterday. She looked around once to get her bearings, and began walking downhill, towards that lake.

For a bad moment, he thought she was going to spot him as she looked around, and he kept very still in the cover of some underbrush. She'd looked a bit worn as she broke camp, but still very cute as she puttered around in nothing but her boots. He wondered why her clothes had been hanging from the trees. Obviously they'd been wet, but had she been washing them or had she taken a spill into the creek? Well, it didn't really matter. He'd found her at last, and she was definitely headed back downhill. She was moving a bit slowly too. It was a relief to know she wasn't some sort of Supergirl after all. He let her get a bit of a lead on him before breaking out the radio. They'd all be together before sundown.

She'd gotten a late start, but as much as she wanted to make up time, it just wasn't possible. She'd pushed herself hard these

past two days, and her body complained about it. Well, at least she was going downhill. The noise of water flowing down the ravine to her right was noticeably fainter than yesterday, but still enough to serve as a guide so long as the wind didn't pick up. She walked along, trying to find a pace that didn't tire her out. As she went, she kept looking at her watch. Her first rest halt couldn't come too soon today.

He followed carefully. From her tracks, he could tell she wasn't moving anywhere nearly as fast as she had been. While that was a relief to his very tired legs, he had to be careful not to overtake her. She shouldn't see him before the trap was set and she was in it. If she did, there was no telling which way she'd go, and he just didn't want to chase her for another few days...or even a few more hours than was necessary. She seemed to be keeping near the ravine, which would make Kurt's and Lloyd's jobs easier. There was a nice cleared area near the trail down there, and she'd probably move right through it. Kurt and Lloyd could be waiting in ambush in the surrounding woods. If she turned to run, he'd be right there to stop her. He broke out the radio to pass on his information.

She was tempted to stretch out the rest halt...very tempted. What was that old joke about temptation? What good was it if you didn't give into it once in a while? She got to her feet with a small groan. Maybe the exercise would loosen up her muscles, and it would be easier next time. She sighed once, and began to pick her way downhill. To give herself a little encouragement, she pictured herself taking a nice long swim in the lake once she got there.

The day seemed to drag on forever, and not just because he

was tired. Elf-girl was moving pretty slowly too. He'd first thought that they'd reach the clearing sometime around three. Now it looked more like five, and if she kept fading as she seemed to be doing, it might be even later than that. He thought of Kurt and Lloyd waiting with growing impatience, and grinned to himself. Let 'em wait.

A little after noon, Kimberley quit kidding herself, and shucked off her backpack before sitting down on a convenient rock. She'd have to take a longer break, cook some food, and try to get her second wind. If somebody caught up to her while she was doing that, well, they'd catch up to her. But she couldn't go on like this for the rest of the day. She was too worn out, too beat. She needed rest, hot food, and maybe a little more rest before she tackled the trail again. Not that there was any kind of trail here. The last mile or so she'd had to pick her way between trees and around thick patches of underbrush. Still sitting, she looked around for a good spot for a fire. There seemed to be one not too far away, but she was in no particular hurry just now, even with her stomach starting to make polite little growls. She didn't have much food left, and the only question was whether to try to stretch it out, or just eat as much of it as she could now.

She shook her head. If she ate that much, she'd be getting drowsy inside of an hour, and then what if she actually eluded her still-unseen pursuers for a few more long days? She'd get mighty tired of a steady diet of fish from the lake.

She tilted her head back, eyes closed, and gave a long, loud sigh. The noise startled something in the bushes nearby, which ran off with a prodigious amount of noise of its own, startling her and making her heart jump as she leaped to her feet. For a



moment, she'd thought they'd finally caught up to her. Then, realizing she'd just scared some animal....a rabbit, maybe? she laughed ruefully and set about starting a fire.

The faint smell of wood smoke warned him first. He stopped almost in mid-stride and sniffed the air, trying to tell where it was coming from. Somewhere up ahead, he thought. He shed his pack carefully, so as to make no noise, and crept forward more slowly.

She was in a small clearing, poking at a fire she'd apparently just started. An aluminum camp pot sat on the ground next to her. So she was going to cook herself a hot lunch? Intent on the fire, she didn't see him, and he faded back into the trees to a spot where he could watch her. She was humming some tune he couldn't quite catch. As he watched, she stood, stretched and yawned hugely before setting the pot on the fire. That done, she laid down near it on her back, seeming to go completely limp, but with her curly head turned to keep an eye on the cooking.

She probably couldn't see him at all from that position, but he kept under cover all the same. She did look a bit worn out, he thought, and that lying-down trick was supposed to rest you all over. For a moment, he considered rushing her as she was now, overpowering her, and dragging her bound down to Kurt and Lloyd. She probably wouldn't go willingly, though, and he didn't care to carry her weight along with his pack. No...as long as she was heading in the right direction, let her carry herself for a bit longer. He settled down to wait, and meantime get a little rest himself.

She was getting awfully tired of freeze-dried everything. Even out on a dig, they usually had fresh meat once in a while. This alleged stew might be filling, and it didn't taste too bland, but she

really would have liked a nice well-done steak, along with a baked potato and a salad...one with plenty of ranch dressing. So why was she out here now? Kimberley sat up and took a look at the stew. It was bubbling, and there were lumps here and there as the desiccated components took on water. She sighed. The idea had sounded thrilling, months earlier: To be hunted down by strange men in a forest, taken captive far away from any possible help. It so matched one of her darkest fantasies that she'd almost jumped at the chance, even putting up with the physical required beforehand. Now she was tired and hungry out here in that damned forest, with no sign of any attackers...but having the feeling she was being watched, which she hadn't had for a few days now. Well, she'd wanted an adventure, but forgot how strenuous they could be. Right now, the thought of being ravished by strange men just seemed annoying. She massaged the back of her neck; the backpack seemed to be putting a strain on her there, something new. As she ate the stew, she wondered if it was possible to just call this whole thing off? Call someone to come get her, and she could spend the rest of her vacation at that beautiful lodge she'd started her hike from. The food there was really good, she recalled, and the beds very comfortable. Hot showers too...or baths. A nice long soak in a hot tub would do wonders for her right now.

She chuckled dryly. She had no way of calling anybody out here, but if there were strange men out beating the bushes for her, maybe they did. But would they, if she asked? She didn't know. Supposedly, lots of women had sampled this little trek to adventure, but this was her first time, and there was probably a lot she was unaware of yet. It couldn't hurt to ask, though...could it?



He waited, letting her get a good head start on him before breaking out the radio to let the others know what was going on. Elf-girl was walking right into the trap, but she wasn't going to get there in any hurry. The hot food had seemed to give her a bit more energy, but he didn't know how long it would last. After he called in, he shouldered his backpack one more time and followed her. Soon, now...very soon.

Kimberley plodded on. As the afternoon waned, she noticed that the hot weather seemed to be returning. She sipped sparingly from her canteen. The ravine was off to her right, not visible at the moment. At her last rest halt she'd tried to figure out where she was on the map. The best she could estimate was that she should hit the old trail before dark. There weren't any other landmarks she could go by. Once she got there, she could rest a bit before heading towards the lake. And then? She pushed the thought to the back of her mind where it could find company. There was a lot she just didn't want to think about at the moment. It was enough just to keep putting one foot in front of the other.

Very close now. She was heading right for the clearing and would be there soon. The others knew what to do. He felt tightness in his guts as he picked up his pace a bit to catch up to her. In a very short while, it wouldn't matter if she saw him or not. About fifty yards from the clearing, and maybe thirty yards behind her, he shucked off the backpack. He'd be back for it later.

She was halfway across a sizeable clearing when two men burst out of the trees opposite her, yelling like maniacs. One was squat and powerfully built, with big hands and a bald head, the other taller and leaner, but still muscular. Both wore some kind of



camis, mottled brown and green. They rushed towards her. She whirled to flee, and as she did another man came running out of the woods behind her. He was black, and he looked huge as he closed rapidly on her, his eyes fixed on hers. Without thinking, her hand went to the survival knife at her belt.

He saw her reach for the knife, and didn't want to wait to see if she'd actually use it. People could get hurt that way. He covered the remaining distance with a couple of big strides, and hit her squarely in the pit of her stomach before she could draw the blade. She folded over abruptly with a loud, painful grunt, the backpack overbalancing her. He caught her around her waist before she could fall, and his hand went to her neck. Just the right pressure on the carotid arteries would put anyone out for a while with no noise or struggle. Her light blue eyes flew wide open, looking up into his in sudden fear as his hand gently squeezed her throat. Her eyelids fluttered once, then closed as she sagged limply against him. He lowered her carefully onto the ground as Kurt and Lloyd arrived, ready to help.

"So, this is her," Kurt observed, nudging her leg with his boot.

"Uh-huh," he acknowledged. The hunt part was over at last, and he felt relief mingled with a bit of regret. Elf-girl had been tough so far. Now to find out how tough she still could be. "Who's got the rope?" he asked.

"Here y'go." Kurt grinned, tossing him a coil of tan rope. It looked tough and coarse, but was actually only a bit rougher than clothesline, and much less likely to slip.

"Okay." He nodded. "Help me get her pack off, then get her shoes."

"Strip 'er down?" Kurt asked hopefully.

"Not right away," he replied. "This little lady is gonna take a bit of taming."

"Think so?" Kurt grinned.

"You didn't see her go for her knife." He chuckled. "Might have been reflex, but even so..." He deftly unbuckled her belt, slipped it out of its loops, and took the knife. With Kurt's help, he lifted her limp body and got the backpack off of her.

"So what do I do then?" Lloyd broke in.

"Hope your stuff is nearby, 'cause we're camping out here tonight," he told him. "You might get a fire started."

"Kinda early for that." Lloyd observed, shading his eyes to look towards the Sun. While it was getting low, sunset was still some time away.

"We're gonna burn her clothes," he said.

"Cool." Lloyd grinned.

"All of 'em?" Kurt asked as he dragged her pack away. "So I should empty this out too?"

"Not yet." He waved a hand. He turned elf-girl facedown in the grass and began tying her wrists...tightly. He wasn't sure how long she'd be out, and wanted to be ready. "Get her shoes and socks off first." He looked up at Lloyd. "Find us a branch to hang her from, would'ja?"

Lloyd's grin was feral. "Sure." He agreed, and went off to look.

Kurt tugged her shoes and socks off, and in a few minutes her ankles were as securely bound as her wrists.

"Now what, Ron?" Kurt asked. "You ain't gonna hang her by her hands like that?"

"No way." He agreed. "We hang her upside down for a while."

"How long a while?"

"Long enough for me to cut what she's wearing off with this." He tapped the hilt of her knife. "I want her just a little bit worried."

"Gotcha." Kurt nodded. "So you cut her clothes off...."

"And you guys feed them to the fire." He finished the thought.

"And once she's nekkid?"

"Let me think about it. C'mon, let's get her strung up. Lloyd's found a place."

There was one tree with a fairly stout branch sticking out into the clearing about ten feet up. They threw a rope over it and secured one end to elf-girl's bound ankles. "Think you two can pull her up?" he asked.

Kurt's laugh was a short bark. "What'd she go? One-fifteen? One-ten?"

"If that." He nodded, looking at her as she lay on the ground and remembering a slim form capering in the rain. Her face looked very peaceful, long pale lashes almost touching her cheeks. If she was faking unconsciousness now, she was a great actress.

"Okay, then. Get her up and tie the rope off when I signal. Can't leave her hanging upside down too long though."

"Gotcha." Kurt said. Lloyd nodded.

"Got an idea for later, too." He looked up at Lloyd. "We still have those tent pegs?"

"Yep," Lloyd replied.

"Good. Set four of them in the ground so we can stake her out afterwards. Put them away from the campfire...enough for a little ...privacy."

His two companions grinned at that.

"Okay. Haul away."



He stopped them when her head was about a foot off the ground. Once they'd secured the rope to a stout little sapling, he stuffed a wad of cloth into her mouth and secured it with a bit more rope. That done, he uncapped his canteen and splashed water into her face. "Wake up, girl," he said, slapping softly at her cheeks for emphasis.

Kimberley sputtered, blinking. She was dazed, disoriented, and something seemed terribly **WRONG**. Her stomach hurt as she tried to breathe in a big gulp of air, and she suddenly remembered.

He watched her twist and squirm on the rope, trying to get free. Good thing he'd gagged her, because the muffled sounds she was making didn't sound at all happy or complimentary. Her short enforced nap seemed to have given her a whole new level of energy. She caught sight of him standing close by and her struggling stopped. Her eyes glared at him as she swung slowly back and forth at the end of the rope.

He smiled down at her, and her glare intensified. If looks could kill.... He held up her knife so she could see it. "Were you really gonna stick me with this?" he asked, unsheathing it. He saw a flicker of uncertainty in her eyes. Then the glare was back, and she growled something through the gag.

Still smiling, he squatted, bringing his face closer to hers, holding the knife up between them and turning it slowly. Her eyes moved from his to the blade and grew wider. If she could have, she would have pulled back, but she had to settle for arching her back to put a little distance between her nose and the shining metal.

He laughed at her reaction. His free hand stroked her cheek,

and she shook her head and snarled at him. He grasped the collar of her flannel shirt and slipped the blade under it. The fear came back into her eyes, and she froze. Slowly, he began to slice through the cloth.

Kimberley looked around, anywhere but at the knife cutting away her clothes, anywhere but into the intent dark eyes of the big black man wielding the knife. She could see the other two men from earlier, both busy at their own tasks, each one glancing her way every so often, grinning hungrily. Were these her appointed captors, or just three strange guys who had ambushed her in the woods? She wasn't sure. With that knife so close to her skin...and she knew how sharp it was...she couldn't struggle. The gag packed her mouth full, pressing her tongue flat, preventing her from forming any words and making it a little difficult to breathe. Being upside down was making her lightheaded...or was that due to her shortness of breath? Ropes cut deeply into her wrists and ankles, hurting her. She could feel her fingers going numb.

He had to move quickly so she didn't pass out, and yet careful enough not to cut her, while seeming to take all the time in the world. A tall order. Kurt had the fire going just in time to take the strips of what had been the flannel shirt and feed them to it. The T-shirt fit her more snugly. He pulled the material away from her body before cutting it. She started to struggle...a little...and make angry noises again. Between slices he laughed and reached up to pat her adorable little ass, which provoked more struggling and noises.

She knew he'd keep slicing away her clothes until she was naked...and then what? Her heart pounded. Between her anxiety and fear, the gag, and hanging upside-down, she was getting dizzy,

lightheaded. She felt him pull away the last of her T-shirt. She closed her eyes and moaned weakly.

He realized she was starting to pass out, much sooner than he'd expected, so he slashed away the last of her t-shirt quickly. Under it she was wearing one of those sports bra things, and he sliced it away, too. Her teats were as cute as he remembered, the nipples round and deep pink. He pinched one. It had the desired effect. Her eyes flew open and she began squirming furiously, trying to pull away, making angry little noises. She caught sight of him and glared at him over her gag.

It hurt! It felt as if he'd used a pair of pliers on her, and her attempt to pull free only made it hurt worse! He laughed once before letting go of her nipple, and then he started to cut away her shorts. She wished she'd had a chance to stick him with that knife after all.

The fight was back in her now. He grinned as he tossed the shreds of her shorts to the ground. Just the panties now. He threw the knife down, point-first into the ground, and took a handful of the cotton cloth. They came away with one hard yank. She yelped at that. He tossed the panties to the ground, where Kurt gathered them up along with the remnants of her shorts. He ran a hand up along her leg, thigh to ankle, then back down. Her struggling grew more animated, the muffled sounds angrier. He turned her to face towards him and laid a hand on her plump little mons, feeling the texture of the curly little hairs that grew there. She tried to head-butt him in the groin for that, and almost succeeded. He laughed and gave her rump a slap that made her yelp again.

"You ready yet?" he called out to Lloyd.

"All done." Lloyd replied. "Waitin' on you two."



“Good.” He said, patting her rump again. “Let’s get ’er down.”

Kurt freed the end of the rope and they lowered her to the ground. She squirmed and struggled wildly as he and Lloyd picked her up and started to carry her over to the stakes. She couldn’t have seen them in the grass from where she was, but she knew something was up, and had a good idea just what. In the end, Kurt had to help carry her, taking her by the shoulders while Lloyd had her feet and he wrapped an arm around her torso to keep her from wriggling loose. She was noisy, eyes flashing angrily at all of them.

He wouldn’t have believed it possible, but her struggling grew wilder when they laid her down between the stakes and began untying her ankles. He had to sit on her belly, pinning her shoulders down as Kurt and Lloyd each took a slim and surprisingly strong leg and lashed her to the stakes by the ankles. Getting her wrists bound the same way took one hell of a fight. She almost managed to rake his face with her nails, and did manage to put some bloody furrows in his arm before she was secured. She lay spread-eagled in the grass, glaring up at them and breathing hard and noisily through her nose. It was interesting watching her chest heave from the effort. She strained at her bonds, muscles straining in knotted bunches in her arms and legs, and once she got some breath back she started snarling something at them again.

“Good job.” He clapped his companions on their backs. “Let’s eat.”

They turned and walked away from her, back to the campfire. Give her a little time to settle down and get used to her captivity...and to think about what was coming.

Kimberley didn’t know what to think as she watched them go. None of them even took one last backwards look at her. Her first

feeling of relief lasted about a second. She was still staked out, vulnerable, available for just about anything they would want to do to her...how much later? She sagged back with a groan.

## Chapter Four

### *The First Night*

They took their time cooking and eating dinner, leaving Kimberley staked out near the far end of the clearing. It wasn't that they were especially tired or hungry, but there was a tradition of not using a captive on her first day until after sundown. It added to her suspense, and gave them time to plan things out.

"Pretty little thing," Kurt observed, casting a quick glance over his shoulder at her. "Kinda spunky too. This oughtta be fun."

"Yeah, but a lot of work, too." Ron put in. "She's going to take careful watching and handling."

Kurt shrugged and grinned. "We got near a week to break her down nice and proper."

"And we may need all of it to do it." Ron told him.

"So what's the plan?" Lloyd asked.

Ron thought for a moment, rubbing his stubbled chin. "We have to take her to the lake cabin...let's make her walk it. Keep her hands tied, use a rope around her neck for a leash."

"We've done that before." Kurt nodded. "I remember that tall redhead seemed to really get off on it."

"This girl, though," Ron jerked a thumb back in her direction, "she makes the hike barefoot...all over."

"Say what?" Kurt was surprised. "She'll slow us way down that way."

"So we move slower. Two days instead of one. Most of the trail



there is sandy, so it won't hurt her feet too much."

"We're kinda low on food," Lloyd spoke up.

"So we go a bit hungry. It won't kill us. She gets little or nothing on the trail, and only just enough water. By the time we get to the cabin, she oughta be a lot more willing to cooperate."

Kurt thought it over, nodded. Lloyd still looked doubtful, but shrugged.

"Good," Ron said, settling it. He looked up at the sky. "Still some daylight left. Get her pack. We're gonna feed everything that will burn to the fire, and make sure she can see us doin' it."

All her struggling had done was tighten the ropes around her wrists and ankles, and after a while Kimberley gave up. The knots were too secure, the stakes too deeply driven into the ground. She lay still and concentrated on getting her breath back. The damned gag didn't make it easy, and there were so many other discomforts demanding her attention. Grass was poking and tickling her everywhere it could reach, and the air was getting just cool enough to remind her constantly of her nudity. Her arms were stretched out wide, hands well above her head. Her legs were parted, knees raised as if ready to welcome a lover, held there by her bonds. Well, she told herself, at least I'm lying down.

She raised her head as best she could to see what her captors were doing. They were sitting around the campfire, backs to her, eating. Eating! Her stomach growled at the cruel sight and she let her head sag back down. They were waiting, making her wait...for what? She flexed her hands and feet to keep the circulation going. Her arms and thighs felt uncomfortably stretched, but there was nothing she could do about that.

It was gradually getting darker. Night was approaching, and the

thought gave her a nameless dread. They were waiting for the night...and then? She shuddered, and then she heard them laughing. She craned her head up to look.

They were standing around the campfire, throwing things into it. Something went in that caused the fire to flare up for a moment, and in the glare she recognized her clothes, her gear, all of it fed to the flames one by one. Her eyes went wide, and she tried to yell at them to stop it. All that came out was a muffled noise. She tried again with the same result before lying back and closing her eyes. Tears trickled down her cheek. What were they going to do to her? There was a small, cold knot of fear deep in her belly now, and there was absolutely nothing she could do.

Her backpack was the last to go, the material cut and torn from the aluminum tube frame, the frame itself bent and crumpled, stomped flat, folded up on itself. There was nothing at all left of what she'd brought with her...there was just her now. Her survival knife he'd kept for himself.

He looked up at the sky, where the first stars were coming out. Just above the trees, Venus glowed brighter than any of them. "It's time." He said.

Lloyd, sitting by the fire, poking at it with a stick, looked up and grinned. "Guess you call dibs, eh?" he chuckled. "Fair enough. You did most of the work."

"I can wait a bit." Kurt chimed in, stretching big arms up over his head for a moment. "Kinda wanna try her mouth out for size myself."

"I wouldn't try sticking my dick in there just now." Ron said. "She's liable to bite you."

"Yep." Kurt agreed happily. "She'll be changin' her mind

though.”

“She sure will.” Ron nodded. “But not tonight.”

She heard footsteps drawing near her, and raised her head to look in sudden panic. It was the big black guy who’d hit her, pinched her, cut her clothes off. He had to be the leader of this bunch. She scraped up enough courage to glare at him as he stood near her, looking down. The firelight was behind him, and she couldn’t see his face...just a big, dark presence looming over her. He said nothing, his face a mask as he lit a cigarette.

A healthy young female body is a lovely combination of form and function, prompting urges so primitive that it’s very difficult to put them into words. He took his time looking her over, noting the smooth flare of her hips, the swellings of her small breasts, how the muscles stood out in her thighs as she strained at the ropes, consciously or otherwise trying to draw her legs together. He took a last drag at the cigarette before flipping it away into the surrounding dark.

“You sure made us work for you, elf-girl,” he chuckled down at her. “I’m thinkin’ maybe you decided to call it all off too, right?”

Looking up at him, Kimberley nodded warily. Maybe she could still just go back to the lodge.

“Well, you can’t,” he chuckled again. “Once you went off into the woods you were all ours. We can do any damn thing we want. We’re gonna, too.” He looked her up and down, slowly. “Know what I see here?” he asked. Certain that she didn’t want to know, Kimberley was motionless except for a slow, reflexive clenching of her hands.

“I see...” he went on, “Tits, legs, a pussy, a mouth and an ass, and they all look pretty good.” He squatted down beside her and



cupped a breast in one big hand, squeezing it as his thumb ran back and forth across the nipple. He kept his eyes on hers as he did it until her angry glare faded and she had to look away. Once she did, he began handling the rest of her body, none too gently. The texture of his hands was hard and rough, and after a little while she was squirming under them, making hopeless little noises of protest.

Her skin was baby-soft, almost silky, with well-toned muscles lying just beneath. He gripped her by the hair to make her hold a bit more still, and was surprised. While it looked soft and fine, it actually had a stiff, coarse quality to it, as if it had been spun out of thin gold wires. Holding her hair with one hand, he ran the other down to her pussy to make a comparison. The hair there wasn't quite as stiff or coarse, but still belied its appearance. He moved from there to her inner thighs, moving his hand up and down slowly, kneading her flesh as she renewed her squirming and protests, in spite of his grip on her hair. He gave her head a rough shake.

You're gonna take some tamin'," he told her. "I can tell." His hand went back to her pussy, and he slid two fingers between her fleshy outer lips, watching her eyes go wide as he did so. "Well, we're good at that." He went on as his hand continued to invade her. "Before we're done you're gonna be anxious to please. You're gonna do stuff you never even thought of, elf-girl."

His words struck a cold stiletto of fear into her, even as she wondered why he called her elf-girl. Kimberley tried to go limp, hoping that if she stopped struggling he'd lose interest in tormenting her like this, do what he'd no doubt come to do to her, and then leave her alone.

He felt and saw her go limp and smiled. It was pretty much all she could do now, but that wouldn't work either. Still gripping her by the hair, his fingers still probing a bit more deeply inside her, he bent his head to take her nipple into his mouth. Her felt her stiffen momentarily as he began to suck on it, gently at first. After one faint shudder, she went slack again, as if she were trying to escape to some place inside herself. When she did that, he began to slowly bite down on the swollen nubbin of flesh until she whimpered in pain and began to writhe again, trying vainly to pull away. He let go of the nipple and looked into her eyes- frightened now- giving her head a rough shake for emphasis.

"You stay right here, elf-girl," he told her. "No tryin' to duck out on us." His other hand kept probing her, his thumb finding her clit and massaging it as his fingers pushed inside. She was getting a little bit wet now, in spite of her fears and his own rough handling. He needed to get her a little bit wetter, or taking her wouldn't be all that much fun for him either. She winced as he manipulated her, her hips twisting, trying to get away from his hand and what it was doing. He looked into her eyes and laughed. "I think you're startin' to like this." He grinned at her. She tried to shake her head 'no', but he tightened his grip on her hair so she couldn't. He gave her head one last rough shake before letting go so he could move to kneel between her parted legs. She raised her head, eyes wide, shaking her head 'no' vigorously and trying to protest through the gag. He just laughed at her as he began unfastening his pants one-handed.

"You made me chase you down," He told her. "I earned this."

He started to guide his cock into her with one hand, supporting himself on the other. She wriggled and twisted, keeping him

from succeeding until he cuffed her roughly on the side of her head. Half-stunned for a moment, she was still long enough for him to push the head of his cock in. He shifted his weight, bracing himself with an arm to either side of her, and began a slow, deliberate thrust, watching her eyes as he did so. She was tight, very tight, and not all that wet. He was about halfway in when she recovered from his slap. Her eyes went huge, looking up into his in shock, surprise, and even a little fear. She seemed to try to shrink away from him, whimpering at first, unable to tear her eyes away from his until he had slowly forced himself all the way in. She lay very still, except for a constant faint trembling he could just barely feel.

He felt so...big! His grinning face was inches from hers, his breath warm on her. She could feel him filling her, slowly, deliberately. There was nothing she could do about it. The ropes at her ankles bit into her as she tried instinctively to pull her legs together, force him out. There had been no foreplay, unless his rough handling of her counted, and she was far from ready for this...it HURT!

Fully inside her now, he paused for a moment, feeling the warmth of her around his cock, softly squeezing it. He thought he could feel her first fluttering contractions, and he moved his hips in a slow circular motion, watching her eyes so he could see what was going on in there. Her eyelids drooped for a moment, and he felt her whole body relax briefly before those eyes went wide again, staring almost blankly right into his. Then she shut her eyes tight and she began to buck and writhe under him as she tilted her head back and screamed through the gag.

Only Kurt and Lloyd heard the muffled scream, and they



grinned at each other over the flickering campfire.

She still wasn't very wet as he began pumping her, slowly at first. Her wild struggling was a further turn-on for him, and he began to thrust harder...faster...until he was slamming into her with each stroke, each stroke driving another muffled grunt from her. He could feel her growing wetter as he did, in spite of the struggles, the protests and even the tears she was now crying. He grinned. Part of her taut little body was starting to run on automatic now, betraying her. He was fairly sure he could make her come whether she wanted to or not, and even more sure that she was probably great fun in bed under other circumstances. But...he could feel his own orgasm starting to build, and the object of the exercise was not to adjust themselves to give her pleasure but to adjust her to give them pleasure. She would learn. He sped up his thrusts, feeling her struggling increase, hearing the noises she made grow louder.

Kimberley felt her captor suddenly jerk hard against her, groaning, followed by more, weakening spasms and quieter groans and knew for certain she'd been taken and used as his body sank down onto hers, making it hard for her to get a full breath. He was big, muscular, hard, warm and heavy, and still deep inside of her. She quit struggling, aware now of the faint numbness in her toes and fingers, how tightly the ropes clenched her wrists and ankles, how terribly sore she was. She kept her eyes closed and tried not to move. After a long moment, he raised himself up on his arms again. She shuddered, feeling his mouth on her nipple, sucking at it, tonguing it. Then he nipped it lightly between his teeth and she yelped weakly, opening her eyes at last. He cuffed her alongside her head again, almost affectionately.

"You got a lot to learn yet, elf-girl," he said to her.

He got up, slowly, enjoying the feel as he slowly slid out of her. He stood over her for a long moment, lighting another cigarette. After a moment, she gave up trying to kill him with her glare, and turned her head away, sobbing. He chuckled, "This part ain't so bad." He told her. "Just the initiation. It gets harder. You'll see."

He took a few steps away from her and urinated into the grass before zipping up and going back to the campfire. Kurt was already standing, waiting his turn, and he waved him on with a grin. "She's tight, man." He told Kurt in a voice loud enough for elf-girl to hear. "And she's all yours now."

Kimberley groaned hopelessly. Three of them! She prayed fervently that it would be over soon, and could not help looking up to see who her new tormentor was. It was the squat, powerfully built, baldheaded one. He looked obscenely eager as he came over to her, big hands clenching and unclenching. She stiffened as he approached.

Long minutes later, she was screaming through the gag again. He was handling every part of her body with paws like padded vises, squeezing, poking, prodding. He seemed to enjoy her screams, and if she could have she'd have stopped making them, but the one time she did he'd gripped and twisted her nipples until she gave up. He slapped her, hard, here and there for variety: Head, ribs, hips, thighs. Half-stunned and completely scared, she was almost grateful when he interrupted his rough torture to mount her, letting her take his full weight as he fucked her hard. She tried to look into his eyes, hoping to get some scant sympathy, but all she saw there was a brute, mindless purpose and she closed her eyes and turned her head, letting him use her.

That did no good. When he felt her go limp, he stopped fucking her, raised himself on one massive arm, and slapped her into wide-eyed attention.

"Move, bitch." He growled. "Move for me or I'll twist them little nips of yours again."

The threat was enough. As he started fucking her again, she began to move her hips for him as best she could, trying to match his fast and powerful rhythm.

"Better," he grunted, and went on mercilessly. Kimberley felt her breath being driven out of her by his weight and thrusts, felt herself going lightheaded. Her abused body began to feel somehow detached, her hips still moving in time with her attacker's. Her heels tried to dig into the ground for traction, but the grass offered no purchase.

Then he was done, with a sudden series of spasms accompanied by deep, animal grunts. He buried his bald head into her neck, his breath hot on her bare skin as he emptied himself into her. She was barely awake when he pushed himself up off of her, then stood up. He nudged her in the ribs with a booted foot to get her attention. She looked up at him blankly.

"You're gonna hafta do better'n that," he said to her. "But it's early. You'll learn."

Kimberley groaned, the tears coming again. She desperately wanted this to be over. What had she been thinking ever to try this? She watched as the bald man ambled back to the campfire. She felt cold, uncomfortable and desperately alone. Soon the third man would be coming over to use her too. She tried to squeeze her eyes shut tight enough to hold in the tears.



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It had all started with her chance meeting with Barbara Kingman. After a long winter of cataloguing and summarizing findings from the last dig, Kimberley had been looking for a good health club where she could get back into shape for the next round of digging and sorting. Her social life at the time was almost nonexistent, so when Barbara, the manager at the club she'd decided on, invited her to come along with some of the girls from the club for drinks, Kimberley accepted gladly.

Barbara was tall, blond, and striking, with a self-confidence Kimberley envied mildly. She was also, Kimberley guessed, five or six years older than she was. Over the next few months, Kimberley developed a few friendships with the other club members, but found herself spending more and more time with Barbara. They both laughed at the same things, both got teary-eyed over the same schmaltzy movies, and they shared an interest in archaeology. They double-dated a few times, Barbara introducing Kimberley around, and twice supplying Kimberley with her dates for the evening. She did a commendable job of finding interesting men to spend an evening with. The only problem was, they weren't quite interesting enough to spend more than an evening with.

They were in Barbara's apartment after seeing a romantic comedy when Barbara brought this subject up: "I just wonder what I'm doing wrong, Kim," she said, shaking her head. "I usually pick 'em better than that."

"What do you mean?" Kimberley asked. "I've liked them all okay. They're all nice guys."

"Uh-huh." Barbara grinned. "You know there are two kinds of

‘nice guy’, don’t you?”

“Two kinds?”

“Yep. The first is the kind of man a woman says she wants, and the second is the kind of man she’s just not that interested in.”

Kimberley laughed. “How can you tell them apart?”

“Easy.” Barbara replied. “The first kind is entirely imaginary.”

Kimberley frowned now. “What do you mean?”

“Look.” Barbara took a sip of her drink, lounging back on her small couch. “A nice guy might be okay for marriage, kids and regular mortgage payments, but just how exciting is he? Aren’t we more attracted physically to the bad boy, the outlaw? Isn’t he more exciting?”

Kimberley smiled. “I see what you mean.”

“But...” Barbara went on, “after the sex, you don’t really want him hanging around. He may make you scream in bed, but out of it he borrows money, your car, he disappears for days, hits on your friends and always leaves the toilet seat up.”

Both women laughed. “Pretty accurate,” Kimberley nodded. “So what’s to be done?”

“As it just so happens...” Barbara began with a wicked grin....

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And now, Kimberley thought bitterly, here I am. Barbara had put her in touch with...well, she supposed it could be called an escort service. Over several months she’d had an opportunity to explore and experiment in ways she’d never quite dared to try before. She discovered that with the right type of guy she liked her sex a bit

rough and strenuous. Then one of her “dates”, after getting her thoroughly excited, had flipped her facedown on the motel bed, handcuffed her, and proceeded to fuck her roughly from behind. It was as if some previously unsuspected switch had been thrown somewhere deep inside her. Afterwards she’d begged him to stay the night. He had, keeping her handcuffed and using her roughly...all in all, three more times. She found herself wishing there had been two men there, because in spite of her astonishingly overpowering orgasms, she found her appetite whetted rather than sated. She’d wanted MORE...and now here she was, tired, sore, and painfully uncomfortable. She’d had enough. She wanted a hot bath, a hot meal and a warm, soft bed. She wanted OUT!

And then she felt the third man’s hands playing with her breasts. She opened her eyes to look up at him. It was very late now. The campfire had dwindled to embers, and all she could see of him was a dark bulk blotting out some of the starlit sky. She could hear his heavy breathing over the noise of the night insects, and then he was on her, and then he was in her. She moaned weakly as he began with short, sharp thrusts that slammed into her, pounding her into the ground.



## Chapter Five

He awoke, immediately fully aware and alert. Sleeping outdoors always affected him that way, while sometimes at home in bed it was difficult to get moving at all. He flipped back the top of his sleeping bag and stood, stretching. Lloyd had had the third watch, and already had coffee brewing on the campfire. He was just walking back from their captive where she lay spread-eagle on the ground just as they'd left her. Lloyd gave him a nod and a thumbs-up sign, meaning she was okay. You had to keep an eye on them, especially when they were that helpless. Sometimes they'd vomit, and with a gag stuffing their mouths that could be dangerous. On one occasion, some years back, they'd had to chase off an inquisitive bear. Consequently, somebody always had to be awake and watching, just in case. Of course, there were little perks to the job. He'd spent some very pleasant time stroking, fondling and pinching that slender female body before using her again. She'd been completely worn out and exhausted by then, her responses limited to sleepy noises of complaint, weak twitches and spasms. While she'd been watched over carefully during the night, they'd made sure she'd gotten very little sleep...or rest. She should be a little more pliable by now.

Kurt was still rolled up in his sleeping bag, and he gave him a nudge with his foot. There was no response, so he nudged again and this time Kurt grunted grumpily. He just wasn't a morning person.

"Time to get to work." He told Kurt. "Lots to do today."

Kurt grunted again, but slowly sat up, yawning. "How's the girl?" he asked, rubbing his bald scalp with one hand.

"Ready for more," he chuckled.

"Whether she wants it or not, eh?" Kurt grinned.

Ron looked over to where elf-girl was staked out. Now that she wasn't struggling, or even awake, she looked awkward all splayed out like that. "The first days are always hard." He replied. "What do we have for breakfast?"

It was the smell of coffee that woke her. She wondered sleepily who was making it, and why was she sleeping in such an uncomfortable position. When she tried to move the cords bit into her wrists and ankles and realization hit her like a bucket of cold water. For a moment she yanked at her bonds in sheer panic. Then, with an effort, she relaxed as best she could and raised her head- also as best she could- to look around. There'd been a bad moment when she'd feared that they'd just gone off and left her here, but she could see them sitting around the campfire and the sight gave her an equally brief moment of relief before she realized that they were not done abusing her. Were they going to leave her like this all day? She felt exhausted, her arms and legs had odd twinges and cramps, and she was sore between her legs as she'd never been before. She was also thirsty. The gag was a sodden lump in her mouth. As a faint smell of cooking drifted past her nose she realized she was ravenously hungry as well.

She tugged experimentally at her bonds one last time, knowing it was hopeless but hating the thought of just lying there waiting. She settled for flexing her hands and feet, trying to improve the circulation in them. They looked dark and felt cold, and her exercise of them brought that familiar pins-and-needles sensa-

tion. She concentrated on that. It kept her from thinking too much about anything else.

"She's awake." Kurt nudged Ron and nodded towards elf-girl. Looking up, Ron could see fingers and toes wriggling and smiled. He wolfed down the last of his breakfast, a dry biscuit, and stood. "Start breaking camp." He said. "Lots of ground to cover today." He brushed off his hands and started over towards their captive.

Kimberley stiffened as she saw the big black leader of the group coming towards her. Was he going to use her again? Now? She met his eyes. He was smiling faintly. He squatted down beside her and began loosening her gag. It wasn't until it was out that she realized how uncomfortable her jaws felt. She tried to speak, but all that came out was a dry croak.

"Thirsty?" he asked her. He held up a small canteen, and she nodded warily, not sure if he'd actually give her water. But he unscrewed the cap and held the canteen to her mouth, letting a slow trickle flow over her lips. She tried to raise her head to get more, but he moved the canteen so she still only got a little. His other hand was playing with her breasts, but she was so focused on that water that she barely noticed. She swallowed one hard-won mouthful, then another. He let her have a little more before removing the canteen and capping it.

She looked up at him, licked her still-dry lips. "Please..." she said huskily. "Please, just let me go. I don't want to do this any more."

"Let you go?" he raised his eyebrows in a parody of surprise. "Like this? How would you get back to the lodge? No, elf-girl, you're gonna have to stay with us for a while."

"You..." Kimberley swallowed "You could call them to come



pick me up.” Her face took on a sly, confidential expression. “I’ll do anything you want until they get here.”

He smiled. “You’re gonna do that anyway.” He ran a finger slowly around her lips and she tried to pull away, anger starting to kindle in her eyes. He was glad to see she wasn’t broken yet, although it would have been interesting to see just how far she’d go if they’d pretended to agree to her request. He really wanted to feel those lips around his cock, and the thought was getting him aroused, but there was too much to do right now. He stood up and walked back to the campsite. Behind him, Kimberley bit back the words she wanted to scream at them. It would be pointless, after all, and she’d need her strength.

She could see them breaking camp, and wondered what they had in mind for her. The few possibilities she could think of were about equally unpleasant.

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They finally came over to her, backpacks slung, and she realized for the first time that the squat bald one carried a scope-sighted rifle. She didn’t have much time to think about that, though, because they started cutting her wrists free, then sat her up and began tying her hands behind her.

“You don’t have to do that,” she objected, but they ignored her. Once they had her secured, they cut the ropes binding her legs and lifted her roughly to her feet. Her ankles felt weak, watery, and she would have fallen if they hadn’t held her up. Then, to her horror, the leader began tying a rope around her neck. He made sure it wouldn’t choke her, and the length of it hanging free made it clear

to her what it was: A leash.

"No," she gritted, struggling. "Damnit, NO!"

"Shut up," the leader said mildly, cuffing her with one big hand. "You talk, we gag you again. Got it?"

Kimberley glared up at him, but nodded and then had to look away.

"Good," he said. "Let's go." He gave the leash a quick tug.

It was pure Hell. For a while one or the other of her captors walked alongside her, holding her up by an arm because her ankles were still uncertain, but her bare feet felt every tiny hard thing there was to feel. Dry grass blades poked at her soles, pebbles tried to bruise her, and they made very slow progress until they got to a sandy trail that wound into the woods, downhill, headed towards the lake. She felt a bit steadier on her feet now, and when the bald captor went to take her arm she shook him off with a snarl. He only chuckled, and let her walk on her own.

The trail was only a little better on her feet. The leader set a pace she could keep up with, at least. She knew the other two, following behind, were watching her- she could almost feel their eyes roaming over her body- but she resisted turning around to glare at them. She needed all her concentration on the trail anyway, to keep from stepping on something painful. It was especially hard with her hands bound behind her. Even so, her abused body kept demanding attention. Her wrists and ankles felt chafed and raw, the muscles of her legs kept giving her sharp little twinges (though they were less sharp as time went on). The soreness between her legs was a constant, though, and the tug of the rope around her neck was maddening, underlining her condition with every step. She HATED this! Being relatively helpless for an hour

or two of sex play with a man had been...stimulating. But this just went on and on. She was tired, hungry, dirty, still thirsty and utterly miserable and if she ever ran into Barbara again....

He could hear the small noises of pain she made whenever she stepped on something hard on the trail, and the occasional sighs. They weren't moving fast at all, but the hike was breaking her down, bit by bit, like a Chinese water torture. There was a very good chance she'd try to rebel at some point on the trail, either by fighting or just refusing to go on, and there were ways to handle that. He had experience on his side. Plus numbers.

After about an hour, they came to a rare grassy clearing and he signaled a halt. Elf-girl looked at him blankly before realizing they were done hiking for the moment, and then collapsed slowly to lie on her side in the grass with a weary moan. He, Kurt and Lloyd shed their backpacks to lie down themselves, and he took the opportunity to study their cute little captive as she lay there with her eyes closed: Likely asleep already, he thought. She did look a bit worn, but so far the actual physical abuse she'd suffered had been minor. It was still so far beyond anything she might have experienced so far, though, that it had to be making an impression. Her rounded little rump looked so appealing, even with the dirt and bits of grass that still clung to it from last night, that he went over to run his hands over it. There was solid, springy muscle under the soft, soft skin, and it felt good to the touch. His attentions drew no more than a mild frown and a sleepy noise of complaint from her. He expanded his fondling to her thighs, and her body gave one tiny shiver.

It was time to be moving again. He awoke her with one hard, open-handed slap on her rear and began tugging her to her feet.



She'd only gotten up on her knees when she looked up at him wearily. "Water," she whispered in a hoarse voice, licking dry, cracked lips. "Please." Smiling, he opened his canteen and held it out to her, watching as she eagerly opened her mouth for it and leaned forward, with the same look of single-minded purpose he knew she'd eventually have for getting something else entirely into her mouth. He let her drink greedily for only a few gulps, then took the canteen away. "Up, elf-girl." He told her, giving her leash a tug for emphasis. Her eyes went dull again, and she struggled to her feet, grimacing.

They hiked for the most part in silence, except for the small, painful or weary noises made by elf-girl. At regular intervals they'd stop to rest, and elf-girl was quicker to collapse and slower to get up after each one. She was getting close to balking, he was sure. They hadn't told her where they were taking her, or how long it would take to get there, and he was a bit surprised she hadn't asked. The threat of gagging her again must have had more of an impact than he'd expected. Of course, she might have just decided to endure whatever was coming with stoic silence. They did that sometimes, but he didn't think it was going to last long with elf-girl. She certainly wasn't too proud to ask for water after each halt, even if she wasn't quite so openly anxious to get it as she had been the first time. That eager, hungry look was burned into his mind, a promise of things to come.

This was so unlike any previous experience she'd ever had that Kimberley was completely unsure what to do. Different ideas kept floating through her mind: All of them fell between gritting her teeth and bearing whatever they would do to her and making them fight for every damned inch. As much as she wanted to,

though, fighting just didn't seem to be a viable option. There were three of them, all bigger and stronger than she was, and the casual cuffs and slaps they'd given her so far showed that they had no compunctions about using force...or pain...on her. In the meantime, she had to pick her way along this seemingly endless trail, and choosing where to step next took so much of the attention she could muster, as tired as she was, that there was little left over to plan anything. Other thoughts kept drifting up, too, distracting her, like that old fantasy about being captured by pirates. How young had she been when she first dreamed up that one? It had been safely and remotely thrilling back then. In a fantasy you never got tired, hungry, thirsty, dirty or felt anything like the pains of this all-too-real reality.

The big, black leader of the group signaled another halt, this time by the banks of a stream. Kimberley closed her eyes, sank to her knees and then slowly toppled over onto her side. Hands were on her body again, as they had been at every halt, but this time they didn't stop her from slipping into an uncomfortable sleep. When a thumb began probing between her lips and then into her mouth she barely even noticed, and didn't try to bite, as she had earlier.

He was a bit disappointed at elf-girl's lack of response. It wasn't as enjoyable handling them if they just lay there motionless. He supposed she really could be as tired as she seemed, and not faking it in an attempt to gain some small sympathy or mercy. They did that sometimes, but it had been a long and grueling chase to run her down, and he was feeling a bit tired himself. He pinched one pink nipple, and was rewarded with only a sleepy murmur and a faint frown.



He let the rest halt last a few minutes over the norm, and then gave elf-girl's sweetly rounded rump a slap to wake her. Her body jerked in reflex, but her eyes stayed closed and she didn't move. Faking? He nodded to Lloyd, who grinned before getting a cupful of cold stream water and dashing it into her pretty little face. She jerked again, spluttered, rolled wearily onto her back and looked up at them, licking her lips unconsciously for as much of the water as she could scavenge.

"No," she said. It wasn't a plea.

"Come on, elf-girl." He chuckled, tugging at her leash. "Time to be moving."

"No," she repeated firmly, closing her eyes. "No more."

He was a bit impressed. No histrionics, no claiming that she wouldn't take another step, no list of complaints, just: "no." It wouldn't do her any good, but she had guts.

"You can't quit, elf-girl." He told her quietly, giving her leash another little tug. She didn't move.

The mild tone of his voice sent a quiver of fear through her, but Kimberley ignored it. They could drag her by her neck if they wanted, but she wasn't going to take another step. She was at her limit, and almost too tired to even care what might happen. A part of her was certain that they wouldn't do her any lasting or serious damage, and at the moment she couldn't think of anything else they could do that would be so much worse than leading her through the woods like this that she'd jump to her feet and follow docilely rather than endure it.

"Last chance." He told her in the same quiet tone. When she still didn't move, he nodded to Kurt and Lloyd and was rewarded with feral grins. Kurt in particular liked giving lessons with care-



fully calculated pain and discomfort. He almost felt a little sorry for elf-girl, but this was, and had been all along, her choice. Can't stop the roller coaster until you come to the end of the ride.

He watched as Kurt rolled her onto her belly and sat on her, straddling her hips, holding her down. She didn't even start struggling until she felt the ropes going around her arms at the elbows, and by then it was too late. She gave one scared and tired look back over her shoulder at what he was doing before clenching her jaws and looking back at the dirt. She quit struggling, giving only small, pained grunts as Kurt cinched her elbows closer and closer. He left about three inches between them before knotting the ropes off. He had an instinct for how far he could go. Eventually, her elbows would touch, but she needed more practice before that could be done.

"Now what?" Kurt asked, looking up at him. Ron looked around at the surrounding trees and spotted a branch of the right height and thickness. Looking at Kurt, he jerked his head towards it. "Strappado." He said.

Kimberley didn't know what the word meant, but she didn't like the sound of it at all.

When they started hauling her to her feet, she liked it even less. The bald one and the lean one held her upright, hands clamped painfully on her upper arms, and she could feel the leader doing something with more rope to her already-bound wrists. She fought an urge to try to look back and see what he was doing, instead looking grimly at one particular little tree.

She started fighting when it was already too late, after the free end of the rope had been thrown over the branch and caught in Kurt's eager hands. She let out one long scream as he started pull-

ing her arms up behind her, then stood bent over, whimpering faintly, as he tied the rope off to another, lower branch.

Ron stood in front of her and took a handful of her hair to pull her head up to look at him. Her eyes were wide, scared.

"No, please..." she begged. "I'll walk! I'll walk!"

"Aw, now," he smiled at her, stroking her cheek where a single tear trickled down. "I told you when the last chance was, elf-girl. You gotta learn the lesson now." He let go of her hair and her head sagged back down. Her body shuddered, and he wondered if she was stifling sobs.

"How...long?" he heard her ask. He didn't bother to answer. This was as good a place as any to camp for the night, and there were some interesting games that could be played with her like this. He ran a hand down her back, gave her rump an affectionate little squeeze and then a slap. She yelped.

Okay, so there WERE worse things than a bound-and-bare-foot-hike. Kimberley kept trying to find a less-uncomfortable position, but no matter what she did her shoulders ached from the dual strains of her elbow bindings and the strappado. She knew what the word meant now, all right. For a short time, she was able to distract herself from the pain by imagining what she would do to Barbara, if and when. Then even that didn't work any more. She wanted to scream, but no one would hear except her captors, and they'd probably laugh.

They pitched camp, such as it was, closer to the stream and behind their captive where she couldn't see them. It gave them an interesting view. She kept shifting her feet, sometimes straightening up as best she could to ease the strain on her shoulders, sagging back down to ease the strain on her back. She'd been pretty

quiet at the start, except for that scream, but they could hear her starting to whimper and moan.

It had been late in the day when they'd halted here, and now it was getting dark. Lloyd started a fire as they rested, watching the slow, pained movements of their captive. She was getting louder, but so far hadn't begged to be released. She had a stubborn streak in her.

Maybe it was time to do something about that. Ron got up and strolled over to her. He gripped her by her hips and pulled her close to him, rubbing slowly against her. She gave a little start at his touch, and tried to crane her neck so she could look back at him. He could only see one eye. It was wide, frightened.

"You look real good like this, elf-girl," he chuckled. "Can't hardly control myself." He pushed a booted foot between her ankles and started making her spread her legs with alternate little kicks to each ankle. She sagged in her bonds with a despairing little moan, head hanging low. He reached around to maul one small breast before running his hand down her belly and between her legs. She wasn't at all ready. He searched for her clit with his fingers and began to massage it slowly.

"No...." she moaned, shaking her head. "Please, no..."

He gripped her by her hair, pulling her head back until she squealed with the fresh pain.

"Okay, elf-girl." He leaned over to murmur into her ear. "We'll just leave you like this 'til you ask for it....pretty please."

"Fuck....you...." she gritted through clenched teeth.

"You didn't ask pretty please." He chuckled, letting go of her hair. He gave her ass a swat before walking back to the campfire where Lloyd had started coffee.



They sat by the fire and watched her as they drank the coffee (strong, but Lloyd always made it like that) and ate what was left of their rations. There wasn't anything left that needed cooking, and what there was, was pretty tasteless.

"Half hour." Kurt said, watching elf-girl's legs and ass closely. It was much darker now, and the firelight threw interesting shadows on her body as she writhed slowly, making little noises of pain and discomfort.

"I think she'll hold out longer." Ron disagreed mildly. "She's one proud and stubborn little piece. Tough, too."

Kurt shrugged. "Maybe." He conceded. "Can't go too much longer'n that without really hurting herself though."

"She'll still be able to walk." Ron replied. Still, Kurt was the expert on this sort of thing. He'd hate to have to cut her down before she begged for it, but she had to be in good enough shape to last through the days and nights to come. It wouldn't do to have to nurse her back to health first.

Elf-girl let out a louder moan. Her self-control was slipping, overcome by all the abuse her body had suffered and was suffering. Lloyd finally hoisted himself to his feet and ambled over to her to play with her breasts for a little while, kneading the soft, soft flesh and tweaking the pert little nipples. She snarled at him at first, but soon enough was reduced to cries and whimpers. For all that, it was nightfall before she broke down completely and begged for release, "pretty please" and all. By his watch, Ron noted she'd held out for very nearly the half hour Kurt had predicted. She might have lasted a bit longer but for Lloyd's attentions.

## Chapter Six

### *The Second Night*

Ron looked at Kurt as elf-girl kept crying and begging to be released, moaning “pretty please” over and over. Kurt grinned back at him. “Told ya,” he said.

“Yep. You did,” Ron acknowledged. “But now, how much longer do we have before she really gets hurt?”

Kurt shrugged. “Hard to say. She’s been pretty stubborn. Why? What’ve you got in mind?”

Ron told him and Kurt grinned again, a predator’s grin. “If we give her a little slack on her arms, that oughta do it,” he said. “Least a-ways long enough for us.”

Ron grinned back. “Let’s do it, then.”

“Yep.” Kurt agreed as they stood up and stretched. “Time for school.”

They walked over to her. Lloyd looked up and stopped playing with their captive’s breasts as they approached. When he did that, elf-girl, sniffing, turned her head to look. Tears still dropped from her eyes, but there was a hopeful look there as she saw them coming. Kurt went over to where the rope pulling her arms up and back was tied off to the stub of a low branch and began untying it. Seeing that, elf girl sobbed, dropping her head. “Thank you....thank you...” she groaned.

Ron gripped her hair, pulling her head up to look into her eyes. “It ain’t quite that easy.” He told her as Kurt began giving her some

slack. She winced and groaned as her aching arms and shoulders began to get some relief.

"W-what do you mean?" she asked, fear creeping back into her eyes.

"We ain't fed you so far." Ron smiled. "Now we're gonna, and you gotta take what we give you." She looked confused at first, until Ron began unzipping his pants.

"Oh, God...." She moaned, closing her eyes. She knew better than to argue now, and anything, anything had to be worth stopping this merciless torture. She opened her eyes to find the leader's massive cock inches from her nose and gulped. "Please...." she shivered, "can I have some water first? My mouth is so dry...."

Still gripping her by her hair, Ron gave her head a little shake. "No dessert until after you eat." He chuckled. "Now open the hangar wide, here comes the plane...."

By now it felt as if there was enough slack in the rope for her to stand upright, which would have felt SO good...but his grip on her hair kept her bent over. She made one hopeless effort to straighten, only to be pushed back down with a force that felt irresistible. Closing her eyes, she opened her mouth for him.

He guided the head of his cock between her lips, enjoying the contrast of feeling between her warm, wet mouth and the cool, dry night air. That pretty little mouth still had teeth though. She might be broken for the moment, but he was certain that if he pushed her too hard now she would still bite, no matter what threat of punishment stood over her. If he tried to ram himself down her throat now, as he so badly wanted to do, she'd no doubt try very, very hard to bite his cock off. That would be...unpleasant. Better to have her do the work for now.



"Come on, elf-girl." He said. "Do a good job now." He used his grip on her hair to get her into a back-and-forth rhythm, gradually reducing his urgings until she was doing it all by herself. She made small, nasal grunts with each stroke. He released her hair and put his hand on the back of her neck.

Eyes still shut, Kimberley concentrated on the long, thick slab of meat in her mouth, trying to remember where the most sensitive areas were on it in order to get this over with as quickly as possible, knowing her other two captors were watching and waiting their turns. She tried very hard to push the scent and the taste of musk and sweat out of her mind as she sucked and licked. She was no stranger to sucking, but had always insisted on a shower beforehand, and now...she choked back a sob. She was terribly conscious of his big, heavy hand because it was gently but firmly massaging the back of her neck as she worked, and it was oddly distracting, as if he were caressing some pet animal. Well, they'd been treating her like an animal ever since they'd caught her, and now they were forcing her into this act of submission just so she could be spared worse torture. She squeezed her eyes shut against the threatening tears, blocking out everything but the feel of the cock in her mouth.

He came suddenly, without any more warning than a faint groan. Instinctively, Kimberley tried to pull back. She'd never let a man come in her mouth before, but the heavy hand on her neck kept her from pulling away, and all of a sudden her mouth was full of thick, salty fluid. He held her in place, groaning, as he kept spurting into her. Kimberley writhed and coughed, trying to open her mouth wide enough to let it dribble out, but even so she had to swallow some of it. When he finally pulled out of her mouth

she retched and gagged, still bent over because he still held her head down. Then he took his cock in his free hand and slapped her across the face with it, right, left, before letting go.

"You're gonna hafta learn better'n that, elf-girl," he told her as he began zipping up. "We're gonna make sure you get lots of practice."

Kimberley sobbed. She remained bent over because the other two were waiting and they'd only bend her over again if she straightened up. Besides, she didn't want to see which one was next, with that eager, nasty glint in his eye. She was utterly miserable, and the only hope she could cling to was that it would all be over after her time was up...wouldn't it? That end seemed so terribly far away just now. She hurt all over, but especially in her shoulders, and she wanted a hot bath more than anything else in the world, even a decent meal. She spat out what she could, but she could feel some of the sticky come on her chin, on her lips, probably in her hair too.

A rough hand grabbed her by the hair, yanking her head up and back for the next cock. Eyes still closed, she opened her mouth wide for it, choking back a sob.

Ron watched as Kurt had his turn at her. He was more...vigorous than seemed safe, but elf-girl wasn't putting up much of a fight at the moment. Those little noises she made were very arousing, even so soon after he'd emptied himself into her mouth. The startled "mmmphhh!" she made when Kurt came was accented by her bound hands, up until then clenched into hard little fists, spreading wide, fingers quivering. Kurt kept his cock in her mouth a little while as she choked and spluttered around it. When he finally withdrew, he wiped it across her cheeks slowly

before giving up his place to Lloyd.

"She's got promise," Kurt chuckled as he approached. "Makes a lotta noise anyway. I like that."

"So do I," Ron grinned at him. He nodded towards their captive, who kept shifting her feet as Lloyd took his turn. It was more like mouth fucking than sucking the way he was doing it, but all of the fight seemed drained out of her now. It would come back, he was sure. She was very noisy now, mostly sounds of complaint and pain, hands clenching and unclenching reflexively. Lloyd finally came, prompting another muffled cry of surprise. Had she thought they weren't going to come in her mouth? Maybe, but she ought to be rid of that notion now.

They let her down, and she collapsed on the ground, curled up in a little ball of misery on her side, racked with dry heaves. Just as well they hadn't been feeding her, or she'd have made a real mess of herself...not that she was looking all that great now. Ron untied her hands and elbows. She barely seemed to notice, but after a little while she wrapped her arms around her drawn-up knees. She was still shaking, but with sobs now. As they ate what little food they had left, they kept an eye on her. She had her back to them, so they couldn't tell exactly when she fell asleep, worn out, used up, done for.

"Leave 'er like that?" Lloyd asked finally. Ron thought a moment. You did reach a point where a little more brutality was just piling on. She might be physically broken...might be...but you had to get inside their minds too, and a little unexpected kindness could help break down those barriers more quickly.

"Nah," he said. "Let's clean her up a bit and give her something to sleep on. We got anything we can use to scrub her down?"



"Think so," Kurt shrugged. "Some rags anyways." He nodded towards the creek. "Heat the water first?"

Ron shook his head. "Can't start pampering her now," he chided.

Kimberley was only half-awake and very confused when they got her to her feet. Fuzzily, she wondered what new torture they were going to inflict on her before the first soggy rag was applied to her bare skin. It was cold, and she whimpered at the touch at first. One of them was holding her up while the other two began wiping her down, cleaning her off. When a wet rag was applied to her face, she looked up sleepily to see who was doing it, and her eyes met the leaders of this rape gang. She was too tired even to be surprised. After the abuse of the past twenty-four-plus hours even the cold rags felt good as her captors methodically cleaned her up. There was almost a sensuality to it as they stroked her back, her belly, her legs, her breasts, between her legs. The leader did a thorough job on her face, even using the rag on her hair. She stood, swaying with weariness until they were done, wishing they never would be because this felt so good in contrast to everything else they'd done to her so far, dreading what they would be up to when it was over. She didn't even wonder or care why they were being so...kind to her. For the first time, they gave her enough water to drink to quench her thirst. But when they'd finished, they only led her over to an old blanket spread near the campfire and let her collapse onto it. She was asleep the moment her head hit the ground.

"So now what?" Kurt asked Ron as they sat with their backs to an old log, watching elf-girl as she slept, unmoving.

"Start it all up again tomorrow," Ron replied. "Tie 'er up, put 'er

on a leash and get on to the cabin. She thinks this was rough, wait'll we get home."

"Cute little ass," Kurt observed. Off to one side, Lloyd began snoring.

"Cute little everything," Ron nodded. "Kinda makes you feel regretful abusing her like this."

"Naw," Kurt yawned. "They come out here for it. Maybe they get more'n they expected, or even dreamed of...but some of 'em do come back."

"Yeah. What was the name of that long-legged redhead? Her third time out she even brought a friend along," he chuckled. "Never saw her friend again, but she's been out, what, five times?"

"At least," Kurt nodded. "Think she goes by the name of Cindy," he shrugged. "Names don't really matter out here. They learn to answer to what we call 'em.. Which reminds me...why you keep calling this tough little piece 'elf-girl'?"

Ron told him, and Kurt got up to walk over to their captive and have a look at her ears.

"See whatcha mean." He grunted as he plopped down alongside Ron again. "Funny I never noticed her ears. Too much else to look at and play with I guess." He yawned hugely, showing big, square teeth. "I'm turnin' in. Keep an eye on our pet. Don't want her wanderin' off on us."

For a little while there was no noise except for the crackling of the fire, the calling of the night insects, and Lloyd's soft snoring. Then Kurt's louder snores began.

Ron looked at his watch. Something like three hours before he'd be due to wake Kurt for his turn at watch. Lloyd always got third watch, because he was the best at brewing coffee in the



morning. Somebody always had to keep watch though. The women who came out here...you could abuse them, use them any way you felt like, but you never, never let them get really hurt if you could help it. So, you kept watch.

He wondered what had brought elf-girl out here. He always wondered about the first-timers. Sometimes you could tell a lot by what sort of scenario they wanted. Abductions were popular, but it wasn't all that often that a woman would want to hike out into the middle of nowhere in order to be taken. She knew her way around the outdoors. Really made them work to catch her. He smiled at that. Well, they'd caught her now.

Images of past captives flitted through his mind. That red-head, Cindy. That first time, after they caught her, they led her off into the woods on horseback. He could still see her sitting erect in the saddle, stark naked, her hands cuffed behind her. She'd said nothing at all on the trip out, and her face never changed its stoic expression, but when he'd lifted her out of the saddle, it had been wet. Then there was that brunette, some business executive. She'd wanted to be captured by white slavers, trained and sold. A very voluptuous woman, and so very eager to please. Sometimes they knew exactly what they wanted when they signed up. Sometimes they were wrong. Well, the full treatment wasn't for everybody. And sometimes they wanted it all so badly, but just couldn't let themselves go to get it, in which case the full treatment helped them break down the barriers they couldn't even see.

He wasn't sure about elf-girl. She was going to get the full treatment: No way out of that once you'd signed up, but how was she going to take it?

Cute as her backside was, he could only look at it for so long.



He got up and stretched, then walked over so he could look at her face. It was in the shadows cast by the campfire, so he rolled her onto her other side. She made no sound or movement as he did so.

He remembered the alert, lively, pretty face he'd spied on from cover. It was still pretty, but she looked drawn, tired, with faint shadows under her eyes. For a brief moment, he regretted putting her through this. It apparently had been much, much tougher than she'd expected. But then, she hadn't made it easy on them, either. He reached out to ruffle her hair, still damp from the rag. She stirred faintly in her sleep, murmuring something. He figured she was dreaming, and wondered what about. He stroked her flank slowly, liking the feel of her, the look of her.

It was a disturbing dream, dark, disjointed and confusing. She was being led naked through a dark forest of stunted and twisted trees by half-seen monsters that beat her if she lagged. Then she was somehow in a dungeon cell, dark except for the faint flickering light that came through the tiny grille in the massive door. The walls and floor were rough, bare stone, and she crouched in the darkness, her hands bound painfully behind her with thin, tough cords. It was hot in here. She knew they were coming for her, and she could smell her own fear, her own sweat, and her own lust, all intermingled.

She shuddered weakly in her sleep, crying out faintly. Might be a very interesting dream, he thought. He wondered if any of his group featured in it. He rolled her onto her back gently. He didn't want to wake her just now, as difficult as it might be anyway. She was limp, boneless as he moved her. As she slept, he took the opportunity to look over her body again, at his leisure this time. Her slender wrists were chafed, and still bore rope marks. There

were also rope marks where Kurt had bound her elbows, but they seemed to be fading. He moved to her feet, to see what damage they might have suffered so far. He brushed the dirt and bits of leaves away carefully, and was glad to see that, aside from some bruising, they seemed okay. There was some chafing visible at her ankles, from when they'd staked her out the night before. He held one ankle up to inspect her foot. It was a slender little foot, with a high arch, and he grinned as he noticed a telling detail. The second toes of each foot were a bit longer than the big toes. In folklore, that had been an indication that the person was a lycanthrope, a werewolf. From his own experience, though, women with toes like that could and would respond to rougher and more primitive behavior and treatment than most. He didn't quite understand the connection, and it wasn't always true, but was true often enough for him to consider it reliable. He lowered her leg gently to the blanket and continued his inspection.

She had nice legs, on the slim side, but strong. He remembered the struggle she'd put up last night, and how she'd nearly walked him into the ground trying to catch her before that. She had a nice, trim torso too. There was a faint ventral depression running down from her navel, bisecting the smooth little bulge of her belly, and he traced it down to the first straggling curly hairs. They were a half-shade or so darker than the curly mop on her head, about the same shade as her delicately arched eyebrows.

He ran a finger slowly through that little thicket, up and down. She didn't seem to even notice, except for a weak stirring and a low murmur. The tops of her thighs did not touch. Between them nestled a very cute little pussy. It looked a little red and raw from last night's hard use. He could almost swear it was pouting at

him. He ran his finger lightly across it, along the furrow between the fleshy outer lips, and was rewarded with another sleepy stirring and low wordless murmur. In her sleep, she raised her arms slowly up over her head. She stretched on the blanket, slowly arching her back before falling back, once again limply asleep, head lolling to one side.

He could trace the arch of her ribcage. Along her flanks, in the flickering firelight, he could see the outlines of her ribs. Her breasts still stood out in plump little bulges, even with her lying down like that, seeming to defy gravity. He knew from the evidence gained by his own hands and mouth that that defiance was entirely natural. His fingers twitched at the memory, and he grinned to himself. It wasn't often that he got to make so detailed an inspection of a captive so soon. Usually he had to tie them down or string them up anyway.

She was no longer in the dungeon cell, waiting. Now she was in some great bedroom in some great castle, the walls paneled in old, dark heavy wood, tall windows open to the velvet night. She wasn't tired, hungry or dirty anymore either, but rested, fed and bathed, lying in the middle of a huge, soft four poster bed. Somehow, her hair was shoulder-length again too. Silken ropes at her wrists and ankles bound her securely, but not too tightly, to the four thick bedposts, holding her down and displayed, ready for, and accessible to, her approaching captor. It was an old fantasy. Age and use had made it seem threadbare, but now all the colors and feelings and sounds were back with more than their original luster. In her dream, Kimberley stretched and struggled prettily, knowing how delectable she would look like that...to him. Somehow, though, although she knew he was watching her, she never



saw him, never felt his touch on her body. In the fantasy, the moment of artful struggle just went on, almost as if it were frozen in time. Still, it had always served to arouse her so that she barely needed to use her own fingers or toys.

He was surprised when she suddenly stretched again, making a tiny little moan. Her arms and legs spread, not widely, and she stayed like that, her back arched, for a moment before subsiding again. He really wished he knew just what dream she was experiencing. He went back to her breasts. They were tipped in deep pink, the areole about as wide as a quarter, the nipples themselves about as wide as pencil erasers. He noticed that they'd swollen and darkened a bit. It must be a very interesting dream.

This time, it was different, somehow. She could sense it. He was getting closer, closer than he ever had before. She felt a sudden stab of fear, like an icicle through her belly, canceling out the growing heat of her loins. The bonds at her wrists and ankles suddenly felt tighter, and she had much less freedom to move at all. He was approaching, very near now. She knew what he intended, everything he was going to do to her. It was all going to happen the way HE wanted, not the way she wanted, and there was nothing she could do about it. Even though she still couldn't see him, she could somehow FEEL him, hovering over her. In her dream, she shut her eyes tight so that she couldn't see, clamped her mouth shut so that she wouldn't scream. Somehow she knew he wanted her to scream, to fight, to struggle, no matter how hopeless it would be.

All of a sudden, she curled up into a ball on the blanket, whimpering and shivering. While the air had cooled a bit with nightfall, it shouldn't be enough to chill her. Was she going into

some kind of delayed shock? She wrapped her arms around her knees, quivered once more, and was still. He heard one muffled sob. Apparently the dream had ended. He wished he knew what it had been. It would be an interesting insight into what made elf-girl tick, and might help break her down a little quicker. Well, he supposed they'd just have to keep at it the old-fashioned way. Some took to submission more easily than others. Elf-girl was fighting it, holding herself back. They'd just have to go on breaking her down, maybe all the way down to the level of a scared female animal, responding to pain and force before she could find the pleasure. He patted her cute little ass affectionately. With her curled up like that, it was an interesting view. If he weren't so tired himself, he'd be using her again tonight. Well, there was always the morning. And then all those days and nights at the cabin by the lake. He went over and sat down next to Kurt's softly snoring form, keeping an eye on elf-girl.

She didn't sleep very well, in spite of how bone-tired she was. Dreams, frightening visions kept interrupting her rest. The thin blanket did nothing to make the hard ground under it any more comfortable either. She kept half-waking, half-imagining that she'd wake up in her own bed, safe and warm. Every time, realization of her actual condition came crashing down, and every time she had to choke back tears. What had she been thinking? Why had Barbara made it sound so exciting? This was pure, unalloyed misery, degrading and painful. It would take a month of baths to make her feel clean again. She could still taste them in her mouth. She hated that. She hated them. They used her for their pleasure, and hurt her doing it. She tried very hard not to think about what else they would do to her.

Towards morning, she awoke again, not from any dreams, but because she had to pee. It hadn't been a problem earlier because they hadn't been giving her enough water, just a mouthful here and there. She sat up, groaning as stiffened muscles protested, and looked around, surprised to find that they hadn't tied her up for the night. But then, what could she do? Naked and exhausted, she wouldn't get very far before they ran her down. And then they would punish her. She shuddered at the thought.

One of her captors was awake, watching her, and she covered her nakedness with her hands out of reflex. She didn't know his name, but he was the one who'd raped her third that first night, the one who'd gripped her by her hair so painfully when they'd used her mouth. He was just sitting there by the embers of the campfire, just watching her, face unreadable. Kimberley gulped once.

"I...I have to pee," she said hesitantly.

He got up slowly and ambled over to her. He smiled as he looked down. "No problem." He smiled. He took her by her hair, and she came to her feet wincing as he lifted. Well, not entirely to her feet. He kept her in a half-crouch. "Over this way, bitch." He said. He led her off to the edge of the clearing, halted, and then pushed her down until she was squatting. "Go ahead," he told her.

Kimberley closed her eyes with a groan. How much worse could this possibly get? When she was done, he took her back to her blanket and made her lie down. She cried herself back to sleep.



## Chapter Seven

The day broke gray and overcast, threatening rain. They were all up early, except for elf-girl. She looked all tuckered out, curled up on that blanket. Almost a shame to wake her, Ron chuckled to himself. Lloyd was brewing up the last of their coffee, and the smell reminded him how hungry he was. There wasn't any food left now, though. Well, the lake cabin wasn't far off. They ought to get there by mid-afternoon, even at the slow pace elf-girl was able to keep up. There was plenty of food there. Plus hot showers, real beds, electricity. Once they were there, elf-girl's education could begin in earnest.

He nudged her with his boot. "C'mon, girl. Time to rise."

She frowned and murmured some complaint, curling up into a tighter little ball. Probably was dreaming someone was trying to get her up for school. Well, someone was, in a way. He squatted down next to her and gave her round little ass a resounding slap. It echoed like a pistol shot in the still morning air. Nearby, in the woods, a crow voiced complaint.

She came up onto her knees with a yelp, startled, blue eyes flashing anger until she saw his face, grinning, inches away. Those blue eyes went wide in sudden realization and fear, and she drew away with a hissing intake of breath, arms coming up to cross protectively over her breasts.

He just looked at her for a moment until she had to look away. Then he reached out to chuck her lightly under her chin with a forefinger, making her look back at him again. There was

fear in those eyes now. "Got to get a move on, elf-girl," he told her. "Gonna rain, gotta beat it."

She drew away from his finger, as if the touch were hateful...which it probably was, by now. She didn't say anything, didn't ask anything.

"Hey, Kurt!" he called out without looking away from her.

"Yah?" Kurt responded.

"Tie her hands, will ya?"

She started to open her mouth to say something, changed her mind. She didn't put up a fight when Kurt pulled her arms behind her and began binding her wrists.

Kurt was rough. They were always rough, she thought. She was just a piece of meat to them, and there wasn't a damned thing she could do to stop them. Not really. She just stared into the face of the big, black leader of this rape gang as Kurt tied her hands behind her, her own face a mask.

She was trying not to show any emotion at all as Kurt happily cinched and knotted, but there was a lot going on behind those eyes. If looks could kill, he'd be buried deep right now, and maybe not all in one place. It was good to know that there was still some fight left in elf-girl. It gave them something to do. He smiled back at her until Kurt was done, and then gave her a quick, sharp slap. She gasped in surprise and shock as her head snapped to one side.

She half-turned her head back towards him, looking at him warily, sideways.

"No glaring," he ordered, wagging a finger at her, and she turned her head away quickly, looking down. "That's better," he chuckled, ruffling her hair affectionately. She drew back, looking down and away from him.

"I think we should give this little lady some breakfast," he announced. Kurt and Lloyd, occupied with breaking camp, looked at him, puzzled at first. Then slow grins spread across their faces. Elf-girl looked up at him. The faint hope on her face drained away as she saw his devilish grin.

"No..." her voice broke. "No, please! Don't..."

He took her by her hair, drawing her up and closer to him. "Just do it, bitch." He ordered. His other hand began to unzip his pants. "No water for you if you don't eat all your breakfast."

She made a half-hearted attempt to pull away, and yelped as he used his grip on her hair to yank her back into line. "You wanna get strung up again?" he demanded, giving her head a hard shake for emphasis.

"No!" she wailed. "No!"

He wasn't quite sure what she meant until she closed her eyes and opened her mouth wide for him, tilting her head back.

"That's better." He grinned down at her. His cock was in his hand, already growing hard in anticipation. He slid the head between her lips, slowly, enjoying how she shuddered at the contact. "Get to work," he barked. "And do a good job this time."

Kimberley groaned. He felt so big in her mouth. She took him in a little more, her lips closing softly around the shaft. She licked tentatively at the underside of the head, tasting musk and salt. A little deeper, and then she drew her head back slowly. Now forward again...and back...a little faster, keeping her lips sealed around him as she sucked. His fingers twined in her hair, painfully. She kept her eyes closed, trying to conjure up a fantasy to make this ordeal bearable. She was tired and hungry. His grip on her hair hurt, the ropes binding her wrists hurt, the soles of her



feet hurt from all that walking barefoot along the trail. Something...anything...

Her mind drifted back to that time, so many years ago, when she'd spied Charlotte Greer sneaking into that old shed in the woods with the Harkin twins. It was late summer, after high school graduation. Charlotte had been the head cheerleader. Josh and Jake Harkin had been big, fast and powerful linebackers on the football team. Both were going on to college with football scholarships. The three had rarely been seen together at school. There was something furtive in their manner, something intriguing in Charlotte's excited but nervous attitude that made her creep closer until she could see into the shack through one of the open, glassless windows.

Charlotte had been stripped to the waist. Her battered old tennies were gone too, leaving her in only her frayed and faded cutoffs. She was kneeling in front of one of the twins while the other was binding her wrists behind her with what looked like black electrical tape. Charlotte's eyes were half-closed, her mouth half-open, and her breath was coming fast and shallow. Fascinated, Kimberley had watched through the long, lazy afternoon as the Harkin twins DID things to Charlotte. They had been rough, demanding, even a little cruel, she had thought, but Charlotte never seemed to mind at all, no matter what they did to her. Kimberley had found it hard to keep still, to keep quiet. When the first Harkin twin had made Charlotte take him into her mouth...way, WAY into her mouth, Kimberley had shuddered and bitten her lip to keep from crying out, wondering just what that FELT like. Well, now she knew...she took her captor's hard, hard cock in a little deeper so that it just brushed the back of her

throat. Charlotte had suckled like a starving calf, hungrily, noisily. Kimberley tried to imitate her, imagining herself as Charlotte all those years ago, with herself outside the old shack, watching and wondering, but perfectly safe so long as she remained very still and very quiet.

Elf-girl had a strange, dreamy look on her face, but she was certainly doing her job well. Her mouth felt hot, wet and hungry on him, and she kept making little noises, moans, groans and grunts as she sucked and licked. After a little while, he found it was no longer necessary to use his grip on her hair to keep her to her work, but he held on anyway. He groaned himself, and knew this wasn't going to take long, not long at all.

When he came, he held her head so that he was deep in her mouth. She squeaked as his grip tightened. Pain? Surprise? And then she began swallowing, noisily, messily. He held her there until he was done. When he let her go and pulled out, she just knelt there, eyes closed, head tilted back, still wearing that odd, dreaming expression. Her talented little pink tongue licked at her lips. There was a trickle of semen at the corner of her mouth, and her tongue-tip sought it out, took it in. She settled back on her heels with a long sigh.

Kurt and Lloyd had been watching her performance with interest. When she sighed, it seemed as if some spell holding them still had broken. "Me next!" Kurt exclaimed an instant before Lloyd could find his voice.

Kimberley plodded wearily along at the end of her leash. There were still things in the trail that hurt her feet on occasion, but at least the way was more level now. She was still tired and hungry, in spite of her "breakfast". They had given her water to

drink afterwards as promised, enough to quench her thirst, but not enough to get the taste of them completely out of her mouth. “Breakfast” hadn’t been all that bad, she thought. Her pretending had made it a little easier...almost enjoyable, even.

The air had turned cooler, and the sky became overcast, filling with low, gray clouds that threatened rain. Would they make camp before it rained, or would they make her keep walking, adding cold and wet to her list of miseries? She shivered at the thought. Whatever they decided, she would have to endure. Barbara would have a lot to answer for when she saw her again.

He checked elf-girl’s condition when they took a halt. She was starting to look pretty worn out now, but she should be able to cover the distance to the cabin. He let his hands roam over her. He rolled her face down to squeeze her cute little ass, rolled her face-up to stroke her belly and fondle her breasts. At first she just laid there, almost inert, but after a little while she was beginning to squirm a bit. Her face showed annoyance, and she made little noises of protest, but she didn’t say anything. Her nipples were slightly swollen, but that could be from the cooling air. He tweaked one, making her yelp weakly.

Kimberley closed her eyes. She could still feel his rough hands on her. It was another thing to be endured, but what truly bothered her now was that her body seemed to be responding to it all by itself, ignoring the orders of her mind. If he put his hand between her legs now...

But he didn’t. His hands did run along her legs, squeezing here and there, but that was all. Maybe it was too soon after “breakfast”? She shivered, only partly from the growing chill in the air.

“How much longer, you think?” Kurt asked as they sat on a log



at the next rest halt. Elf-girl lay on the pine needles in front of them. She had all but collapsed when they'd stopped, and seemed to be sleeping now. Kurt and Lloyd were looking tired themselves, and they hadn't had to chase their captive all up and down the mountain.

"Two hours, maybe," he shrugged.

"She's really starting to slow us down," Lloyd pointed out. "Think we can get there ahead of the rain?"

He looked up at the sky. "Probably. Anyway, what's the choice? You think we can travel any faster carrying her?"

Kurt grunted. "I just want some hot food now." He said. "And a bed to sleep in. She's a pretty little piece, but I'm damn near too tired to do anything about it, ya know?"

"I know. Nothing we can do about it now. Just keep focused. We'll be there soon enough."

"I don't think I'm too tired," Lloyd spoke up, looking at elf-girl. "I ever get too tired for some of that, just bury me, even if I'm still breathin'."

He had Kurt take the point and Lloyd lead elf-girl on her leash. He trailed behind to keep an eye on her. He told himself it was the professional thing to do...she was very visibly getting near the end of her strength...but it was also very nice to watch that naked little body, watch the clenching and unclenching of her muscles as she walked, how she tried to use her bound hands to keep her balance. From time to time, she would give him a quick glance back over her shoulder, as if she feared he was going to do something to her from back there.

When they halted again, he found that all of his careful observing had made him horny. She needed a rest, but he didn't

want to wait. She sank to the ground with a groan and lay limply on her side. She was worn, tired and dirty now, and he didn't think he'd wanted a woman so much before in his life. He checked her bound wrists first. The ropes were secure, and her hands were just a little bit cold. He ran his hand along her flank, up and down, gazing intently at her face. Her eyes were closed. He squeezed her ass, and she frowned slightly, making a small sound of protest.

When he rolled her onto her back, her eyes opened sleepily. Something in his expression must have given her warning. After a brief moment, her eyes went wide and she tried to draw away, her mouth a little round 'O'.

Kurt and Lloyd had to help. They got her up onto her knees as she pleaded, crying in despair, and held her there as he fondled her roughly and quickly. He had them bend her over then, face almost touching the ground. He used his hands and his strength to make her arch her back, sticking her rump up for him. When he ran his hand between her legs, he discovered that, in spite of her struggling, she was just ready enough for him. If she hadn't been, he would have used spit. He didn't want to wait.

Kimberley squealed as he began to enter her from behind. She felt his hands clamp down on her hips and hold her steady as he began to fuck her, fast and hard. Once again, her body was ignoring her, and her cries had as much outrage at that as they did fury and anger at her captors.

She was tight, and growing slicker and hotter as he slammed himself into her again and again. Kurt and Lloyd held her securely. All she could do was buck and jerk a little, and he liked that. He gripped her harder, fucked her harder.

Kimberley didn't stop howling her protests until she felt him

stop, felt his fingernails digging into her, heard him groaning as he came. She began to sob, and put up a weak fight when she felt another of her captors start to use her the same way. Her body felt as if it was suffering some kind of sensory overload: Discomfort, hunger, thirst, utter weariness, and some strange and twisted form of pleasure, all at once.

"Well," Lloyd observed as he took a deep swig of water from his canteen. "THAT was fun. Now what do we do? She's never gonna make it now."

"I know," Ron agreed. "I know." He sighed, feeling very tired himself. Elf-girl was lying completely limp on the ground, either very asleep or unconscious. After all the time he'd spent watching her on the trail, he'd wanted her so much that he hadn't thought everything through, and now...Well, there was no way she could make the last leg to the cabin. She'd used up whatever reserves of strength she'd had in struggling with them as they'd taken her in turn. He wished they'd had a videotape of her performance, though. He liked them noisy, and elf-girl had been as noisy as anyone could hope for.

"I got an idea," Kurt said.

"Yeah? What?" Lloyd asked.

"Ever see any of them old jungle movies?" Kurt grinned. "Ya know, the ones where the lady gets captured and toted off tied to a pole?"

"Tied to a pole?"

"Yeah. Hangin' from a pole. We'd get wore out trying to carry her one-on-one, but if we got her on a pole..."

They finally reached the cabin that way, elf-girl suspended by her bound wrists and ankles from a pole cut from a sapling. Shar-



ing her weight like that had been a good idea, but even so they'd had to take turns. She was an absolute dead weight, limp and boneless, her body swaying heavily with each step they took. Her head hung down, and she looked entirely too much like some hunting trophy like that. It bothered him a little, even if she was a hunting trophy of sorts. He wished she would move a little, or open her eyes, or make some noise. Instead, there was only silence, the only movement that slow, lifeless swaying. He kept a careful eye on her along the way. She might just be completely exhausted. She had been through a lot these last couple of days, even before they'd caught her. Still, he didn't want to take any chances. When they finally laid her down in the grass, he checked her breathing, thumbed back her eyelids for a look. She seemed okay. Her breathing was deep and regular. He could almost swear that she was just sound asleep, in spite of everything.

"We just gonna put her inside like that?" Kurt asked. Ron knew what he meant. Elf-girl was worn and dirty, and really needed a bath. Usually, they'd just string her up outside and hose her down and wash her off themselves before bringing her inside, but the only water they could use outside was cold well water. It was fun watching captives struggle and shriek at the chill, but elf-girl was in no shape to stand up, and hitting her with cold water now might just send her into shock.

"Can't bring her in like that," he nodded. "Let's get her untied. Lloyd, you wanna go inside and get some warm water and soap for us? We'll clean her off before we bring her in."

Lloyd went, grumbling, and he and Kurt set about untying elf-girl. She didn't move much; she didn't say anything. It wasn't until they picked her up by her arms and legs that she even made

any sounds at all, and then they were just sleepy, mumbled protests.

Not far from the cabin was a concrete circle, eight feet across with a steel pole set upright smack in the middle. This was where the captives usually got their showers, and there were flagstones leading back to the cabin so that they wouldn't get their feet dirty when they were walked back inside. They laid elf-girl down on the concrete and waited for Lloyd.

"I'm hungry," Kurt growled.

"We all are," Ron shrugged. "We still have work to do, though."

"Yeah," Kurt nodded. He nudged elf-girl with his boot. "We better get fed and rested up so we can treat our guest here proper."

"Damn straight," Ron agreed. He was too tired to say more, and Lloyd was just coming out of the cabin with a bucket, soap and towels.

They washed elf-girl down carefully and thoroughly, from the curly blond hair on the top of her head down to her little pink toes, turning her over and moving her as needed. She complained faintly when they rolled her facedown and her breasts came into contact with the rough concrete. Finally she was clean, rinsed and fit to go inside. There were bruises on her wrists and ankles, and on the soles of her feet, but nothing really serious. Ron carried her inside slung over his shoulder.

They called it a cabin because it was built out of logs, but it was no primitive accommodation. Inside were three bedrooms, a kitchen, two bathrooms and a big living room with a massive stone fireplace at one end. It had one ground-level floor, but there was another level, below ground. Part of that lower level was taken up by the generator, heater, hot-water tank and pump that sup-



plied the place with all the comforts of home away from home, but most of it was set aside for special “guests” like elf-girl. Ron carried her downstairs to the cage that would be her very own room here. It was about eight feet by ten, the floor bare, smooth cement. Three of the walls were cinderblock, unpainted. The fourth wall was steel bars with a single door with a lock. Set in the middle of the cage was a small mattress covered by a single fitted sheet. He laid elf-girl down on it carefully. She’d need sleep before they could continue her education. It should be warm enough down here for her not to need a blanket. He exited the cage and Kurt clanged the door shut and locked it with a grin.

“Food!” he said. “Hot food! And beer! And hot water! And a bed!”

Ron laughed. “So where does she come on the list?” he asked, indicating their sleeping captive.

“First on the list AFTER I get a meal, a shower, a shave, and a good sleep,” Kurt chuckled. “A man’s got to keep his priorities straight.” He took a long look at elf-girl, “Oh, yeah. Definitely first on the list. You got any ideas as to how we’re gonna do this?”

“Some,” Ron shrugged. “But you’re right. It can all wait for a bit. She isn’t going anywhere.”

“Sure ain’t,” Kurt agreed. “She’s a tough little thing,” he said admiringly. “Not a lot of crying and pleading, not a lot of complaining.”

“She might be doing a lot of that later. Most of ‘em do.”

“Yeah. But I like that too.” Kurt grinned at the slim, naked form on the mattress. He gave a long sigh. “Well, c’mon, let’s go try to eat whatever shit Lloyd serves up. If it don’t come out of a can, he’s worse than useless.”



There was a dimmer switch for the lights down here, and he used it to put the room into a twilight gloom before they left. There would be just enough light for elf-girl to see where she was when she woke up. He wondered what she'd think about her accommodations.

They still kept watches, even here at the cabin. After dinner, Kurt and Lloyd went off to their bedrooms to sleep, but he went back down to check on their captive. She was still sleeping, very, very soundly, but there didn't seem to be anything wrong with her except for sheer physical exhaustion. He knew from past experience that she'd wake up thirsty and ravenously hungry. That was good. She would learn that food and water were theirs to give or withhold, and that would be one of her very first lessons here at the cabin.

Outside, the rain beat heavily on the roof and against the windows.

## Chapter Eight

Kimberley came awake slowly, irritated, groping for the blankets and her pillow and not finding them. Finally, she opened her eyes and looked around, blinking sleepily and yawning. Had she kicked the blankets and pillow completely off of her bed? She had been having such strange, strange dreams all night long....

She sat up, still yawning and took another look around. For just a moment, nothing made any sense to her at all, and then she realized that those had NOT been dreams!

She was in some sort of cell that seemed to take up half of this dimly lit, windowless room. The far wall was broken only by a single steel door off to one side, but it was covered with what looked like dozens and dozens of photographs taped to it. She looked around her cell again. There was nothing at all in it besides the mattress she'd been sleeping on. Where the Hell was she, and how had she gotten here? The last thing she remembered clearly was being roughly fucked...well, more like raped, really, along the trail in the woods by all three of her captors. The memory made her hug herself and shiver.

They must have brought her here, wherever here was. She kept looking around, trying to fight down a looming feeling of panic. Being caged was unnerving, but at least she wasn't bound and could move and stretch at will. Kneeling, she stretched her arms luxuriously, up over her head, slowly out to her sides. There. That helped a little. She stood up on the mattress and went through some old morning stretching exercises. Being able to

move made her feel a lot better. She'd always been a little claustrophobic, and she was very glad that her cage wasn't a small one. She'd have lost it right there. Even so...

She ran her fingers through her hair, taking great pleasure in that simple act. In spite of all the time spent outdoors, her hair felt reasonably clean. She looked down at herself, ran her hands quickly over her body. No dirt, no grit...they must have cleaned her up before they put her here. Still, she had bruises, especially on her wrists, and her feet felt sore and tender.

She sat back down on the mattress and hugged her knees to her breasts. She was still naked, still just as helpless as she had been out in the woods, and she had no idea where she was. Her stomach growled, and she realized that she was also starving, and thirsty. They'd have to feed her, wouldn't they? Sometime? She rested her forehead on her knees. She remembered what they'd made her do for water. What would they make her do for food? She shivered again. It was really all out of her hands, wasn't it? To them, she was some captive animal to be used for their pleasure. This was not at all the kind of thrilling sexual adventure Barbara had made it out to be. This was hard use and humiliation and torture and suffering, brutality and force. They didn't care about what she felt, what she wanted.

Well, right now, she wanted food. She thought about yelling to attract their attention, but it was very quiet in here, and if she couldn't hear any noises from outside it wasn't likely she could make herself heard to the outside. She nibbled at her lower lip for a moment, thinking. No, she wouldn't yell, no matter how hungry she was. She would just wait. Sooner or later, they'd want her again, and then they'd come for her.



She could only sit huddled on the mattress for so long, though, before she started feeling restless. She stood up and gingerly put one foot down on the cement floor. It was cold, as she'd expected, but not too cold. In the dim light, she explored her cage, which took all of a minute or so. The walls were as solid as they looked, the steel bars were as unyielding as they appeared. The door seemed to be securely locked. It wouldn't move at all, no matter how much she tried.

All that was left to look at was that far wall, and all those photographs. In the dim light they were too far away to see clearly. She could see that they looked like snapshots, and were roughly arranged in pairs. Peering intently, she thought that she could just make out that the pictures were all of women, naked. Each pair looked to be one full frontal view, and one full profile. She could not be completely sure, and she couldn't make out any real features. The distance was too great, and the light far too dim.

Then it struck her: These were almost certainly photos of other women who had been held captive here...which meant...

She pulled her gaze away from that fascinating, horrible wall with an effort. HER pictures would be up there soon, along with all the others! She shuddered, and stumbled back to her mattress. She laid down on it with her back to the pictures and closed her eyes tightly.

They'd been checking on elf-girl every half-hour all through the night, all through the morning, and well into the afternoon, and every time she'd been asleep, out cold, oblivious. This time when he opened the heavy steel door the slender, naked form on the mattress moved, sitting up and turning to face him, covering herself with her hands. After one startled gasp she didn't say any-

thing. She just looked at him intently with those big blue eyes. He had to smile at her, but she didn't seem at all reassured by it. He just looked at her for a long moment, enjoying the look of her. As the moment lengthened, she lowered her hands and tilted her stubborn little chin up defiantly. She looked even better that way.

He unlocked the cell door and opened it. Elf-girl stayed put on the mattress, but her eyes seemed to get bigger. He looked her over again.

"Stand up," he ordered. She hesitated for just a moment before obeying, very slowly, warily. She seemed poised for flight, but just where she was going to fly to was another question.

Somehow, indoors, he looked even bigger and blacker than he had outdoors. He'd changed his camouflage outfit for jeans and a blue shirt, and he just leaned against the cell doorway and looked at her, smiling. She could feel his eyes moving over her as if they were his hands. She suppressed an urge to shudder, and another impulse to cover herself with her hands. He'd already seen everything, hadn't he? Hadn't they?

She certainly was a cute little thing, and there was still some fight left in her. She was also remarkably tough. The long, enforced hike through the woods had left her completely exhausted, but after one good, long sleep she seemed to have recovered...well, somewhat.

"You hungry?" he asked finally. She all but jumped at the sound of his voice, but then just nodded, her expression uncertain.

"Thought so." He smiled. He pulled a pair of handcuffs from his hip pocket and held them up for her to see. "Let's get these on you and then we'll go get you fed."

Kimberley hesitated. She really didn't want to be bound again, or handcuffed, but the thought of FOOD made her salivate, and her stomach growled. She stepped forward, holding out her hands in front of her.

"Uh-uh." He shook his head, still smiling. She sighed once, then turned around and put her hands behind her. She felt and heard the cold steel lock around her wrists, and was grateful that he did not ratchet the cuffs down tight. Her wrists were still sore from being bound for so long.

Her head bowed as he put the cuffs on her. Once she was secured, he clamped a hand on the exposed back of her neck. It was not a hard grip, but she flinched at his touch. He turned her around and steered her upstairs to the kitchen.

As she passed the wall, Kimberley risked a quick sideways glance. They were indeed all pictures of naked women, one full-frontal view, one profile view each, and it looked as if all of them had their hands tied behind them. There were no names on the pictures. She shuddered at the thought that her own pictures would be on that wall soon. At least she would be as anonymous as all of those other women.

It was a little warmer upstairs, and she could smell food cooking. It made her start salivating again. What would they make her do for food? Whatever it was, she was so hungry now that she was almost certain that she would do it. She was painfully hungry: Not I-want-a-snack hungry, not well-it's-dinnertime hungry, but half-starved. In addition to making her salivate, the smell of that wonderful food was making her lightheaded.

The kitchen was larger than she would have expected, well lit and clean. There was a massive wooden table against one wall,



with four heavy wooden chairs. Next to one of the chairs was a thin mat. He steered her over to it.

"Kneel," he ordered, squeezing the back of her neck gently. Obediently, she knelt.

He could feel her eyes on him as he ladled the thick chicken stew into a big wooden bowl. Well, most likely her eyes were on the stew. When he turned back to face her, he saw that she was still in the same position he'd left her, but her head was twisted around so she could look back over her shoulder. He saw her gaze fix on the steaming bowl. Her eyes widened, and she licked her lips furtively.

This was a part of the game that he particularly liked. He sat down in one of the chairs facing her, and stirred the stew for a moment with, of course, a wooden spoon. He scooped some stew up into the spoon and held it out to her. She leaned forward eagerly for it, and made a tiny noise of dismay as she discovered that it was a little bit too hot. She blew on it impatiently for a moment, and then leaned forward to take it into her mouth. He watched her chew and swallow quickly. Then she was leaning forward, mouth open, and eager for the next spoonful.

It was fascinating to watch her eat. Her whole being seemed focused on that, and nothing else. Partway through the meal, she became too greedy, and some of the stew dribbled down onto her breasts. She didn't seem to notice. She was really that hungry.

She was still hungry after she'd finished off the bowl. On impulse, he put the bowl down on the floor in front of her. She looked up at him for a moment warily...then at the bowl...then up at him...then back at the bowl. Finally her hunger overcame her and she bent over to lick the bowl clean. He watched her little

pink tongue scouring the bowl for the very last bit of stew. When she'd licked that last bit up, she knelt upright again, her tongue tip flicking across her lips for any lingering taste. She looked up at him demurely, no doubt hoping for just a little bit more, please?

Well, she'd get more, but not right now. He leaned forward and gripped her by her hair. Short as it was, it wasn't easy, but he used his grip to haul her upright and towards him. Leaning forward himself, he began licking the stray dribbles of stew off of her breasts and belly. She quivered and made little complaining noises, but one warning yank on her hair kept her from trying to pull away. He paid close attention to her nipples, licking and sucking them until they stood up, blushing deeply.

It was time to continue her education. Over the past few days, she'd been used roughly and often. She'd experienced hunger, thirst, physical exhaustion and pain. Now it was time to make her experience pleasure. He pulled her away from him, still keeping his grip on her hair, and stood up slowly. With both of them standing, the top of her head was just level with his chin. Her eyes were huge as she looked up at him. She looked worried about what he was going to do now. Good.

His free arm circled around her waist to pull her close to him, and he leaned down to plant a kiss on her half-opened mouth. She tried to draw away, tried to turn her head, but couldn't stop him. He began forcing his tongue between her lips, and she clenched her teeth against him, whimpering. He moved his hand down to squeeze her cute little ass, then began to pinch it. Hard. She whimpered and struggled for a while before finally relenting. She opened her mouth for his tongue, and tried very hard not to respond to anything he was doing. Even so, when he pulled back

from the kiss, her face was flushed, her breathing fast and noisy.

There was a basic rule here about never fucking them in the kitchen. He let go of her hair and clamped his hand on the back of her neck again, more forcefully this time, and began guiding her back downstairs.

Her legs felt rubbery. If he hadn't been right there to catch her, she would have stumbled and fallen down the stairs. His tongue-kiss had had a startling effect on her.

She was half-aroused, but those feelings were all mixed up with other feelings: Now that she'd eaten, even if it hadn't been quite enough, her body wanted to sleep some more, but she was so worried about what he might have in mind now that the urge to sleep was pushed way back to the end of the line. His hand on her neck felt unusually warm and heavy.

He was surprised that she offered no resistance at all when he took her back into her cell and made her lie down on the mattress. She stayed right where he'd put her, facedown and not moving, until she felt him lie down next to her. Then she rolled half on to her side to look at him. She looked scared. He smiled at her and reached out to pull her close.

Not again! She thought, despairingly. But...there was nothing she could do, was there? He was much bigger than she was, and much, much stronger. All the same, her hands fluttered behind her in a blind and hopeless attempt to free themselves of the handcuffs. He began to kiss her again. She closed her eyes, and willed her body to go limp. She heard him chuckle.

Well, she was unresisting now, but also not responding. He wondered if she had any idea just how many times he'd seen this particular ploy. No matter. He gripped her by her hair again with



one hand while his other hand began exploring her body. He began to push a knee between her legs. She kept her eyes closed, but he heard her whimper.

She had a lovely little body. His exploring hand slid down, cradled one round little ass cheek and squeezed gently as he took a nipple into her mouth and began to suck on it. He felt her body jerk, once, twice, and she whimpered again, more loudly.

NO! Her damned traitorous body was beginning to respond to his touch in spite of the orders she was trying to give it! She squeezed her eyes more tightly shut, and tried to think of something, anything, to distract her. Mentally, she began running through the long and boring catalogue from the last dig she'd been on. And then his hand let go of her rump and slid between her legs. She tried to clamp her thighs together, but one of his legs was between them, keeping them apart. She felt his fingers run slowly through the short, curly hairs down there, felt his fingertips moving softly along her pussy lips...and then between them...

She made a high, keening, whining noise, and her body bucked in his grip. He clenched his fingers more tightly in her hair, used his leg to pin down hers, and moved the finger already inside of her back and forth, back and forth, and then upwards towards the pink nubbin of her clitoris. He could feel her growing warmer and wetter. She bucked furiously, her eyes shut tight, lips drawn back from her clenched teeth in a feral snarl. He was glad he didn't have any parts within reach of those sharp little teeth. She was grunting with her efforts to get away from him. When his fingertip brushed against her clit, her back arched, and she let out one long shriek. He kept her pinned, and ran his finger slowly around and around. She bucked, she writhed, she snarled and

moaned, and then it seemed as if all the fight flew out of her. She went slack in his grip, panting and huffing, mouth open to suck in more air. He smiled, and went on teasing her. She was getting very wet now, in spite of herself. He could screw her now, and she wouldn't resist, but the point was to get her to WANT it, to want it so badly that she would happily participate. His finger went on, circling, rubbing, and teasing. He trailed wet kisses along her belly, across her breasts. She bucked again, but it was a half-hearted effort. He heard her whining, between her pants and grunts.

Her mind was filled with a roaring red haze that made clear thought impossible. She realized she was grinding herself against his invading hand, her hips starting to move in a slow, insistent rhythm. Damn him! Damn them!! She ground her teeth together, trying to stop the horrible, animal noises she was making. His mouth fastened wetly on her nipple again, and something like fireworks exploded, 'way back in her brain.

He was getting so aroused himself that it was an effort to keep focused on the job at hand. She was just about ready now, he thought. He withdrew his finger, sniffed it once for the heady perfume of her musk, and then held it under her nose so she could smell it too. When he did, her eyes opened. They looked blurry, unfocused, seeing but not comprehending. Her mouth flew open, and she snapped up his finger like a hungry fish would take bait. She did not use her teeth, but licked and sucked at his finger until he withdrew it. Oh, yes, she was definitely there now!

He let go of her and stood up slowly, keeping his eyes fixed on hers. Standing on the mattress, he began to undress. She writhed on her back, planting her heels well apart, staring up at him, whining, moaning, her eyes pleading. They would have to get a

performance like this on videotape, he thought.

When he shucked off his pants, he noticed that her gaze shifted from his face to his cock. Her mouth opened and closed, gasping, panting. She spread her knees even farther apart, arching her body as if she could somehow reach him that way. He knelt between her legs, and leaned forward on his arms to bring his face to within inches of hers. Her eyes were huge now, but still could not seem to focus. Still, he wanted to be able to look into them at the very moment his cock pushed into her. He got himself lined up, using one hand, and began to enter her. At that very first penetration, her body arched again, so strongly that she was supported only by her heels and the back of her head, and she let out one brief, breathy shriek. He thrust himself deep into her with one powerful jerk that pinned her back onto the mattress. Her eyelids fluttered. From her opened mouth came a grunting "Ah...ah...ah..." sound, and then he felt her wrap her legs around him, trying to pull him into her even deeper.

She wanted him to go faster, and kept trying to use her legs to make him do so, but after a few moments she settled down to match his rhythm. Her eyes closed. She was focused on nothing but fucking now. As small as she was, compared to him, her legs circled him with surprising strength. It occurred to him that if she weren't handcuffed her nails would be raking his back right now. He kept to his own pace, slowly increasing the power behind each of his thrusts, driving breathy grunts out of her with each one. She started to slide along the mattress because of that, so he had to pin her shoulders down with his hands and use his own weight to keep her from sliding right off and on to the floor.

Now she couldn't move much at all, but her head kept tossing



back and forth, her eyes squeezed shut tight. She was making noises: Moans, groans and grunts, mixed in with a high, keening whining. Just from her face it would have been impossible to tell if she were enjoying any of this or not, but her legs were still wrapped around his waist, and they had a surprising strength. He kept on pumping her, harder and faster now. He'd wanted to make sure she came first, but she was making that impossible.

Pushing her down even harder, he slammed himself as deeply into her as he could. The sheer intensity of his ejaculation drove a deep grunt out of him...then another...and another. Under him, her whole body seemed to spasm, and her mouth opened wide for an ear-splitting shriek. Then she went limp: as if she were boneless. Her legs fell away from him, and she lay completely still. Alarmed, he slapped her face lightly. There was no response. He thumbed back an eyelid, then the other eyelid. She seemed all right. Had she fainted? Then he heard her faint little snore, and he laughed.

She was still worn out from the long trek through the woods. He had just fed her the first decent meal in days, and then given her a long, hard ride. She'd hung on as long as she could. He was pretty sure she'd come, at the very last moment. But once that had happened, she'd fallen fast asleep again, out of sheer physical exhaustion. Well, that could be made to work for them. He was pretty sure elf-girl would be counting the days until her release, in the meantime steeling herself to endure whatever they would do to her. He'd seen that happen before. If they let her do that, though, she'd never really let herself go, and she'd never come back again. He prided himself on the number of repeat "customers" he'd had. He'd really like to have this one come back. He was sure

she would make them work even harder for her the next time, and he'd welcome the challenge...and the eventual "reward".

But...she could only count the days if she could see them come and go. If they kept her down here, where there were no windows, for a while, and kept interrupting her sleep, she would quickly lose all track of time.

He gathered up his clothes and started to get dressed. On the mattress, elf-girl stirred and rolled on to her side. He guessed that the handcuffs had been digging into her somewhere. Well, he'd let her sleep for a little while before letting Kurt or Lloyd come down to wake her up. Not too long, though. It was going to take a lot to break her down so that she could begin to enjoy herself. He smiled down at her as he finished dressing. Tonight, they'd take pictures of her to add to the wall. They'd make sure she got a good look at them, and also at all the other pictures.

He closed and locked the cell door behind him before heading upstairs. He wanted some coffee.

## Chapter Nine

She didn't know what day, or night, it was. All she knew was that she was desperately tired, still hungry, and still a little thirsty. They were feeding her, but always the same way: By hand, as she knelt or sat with her hands cuffed behind her, having to beg for each scrap. They kept her in this damned cage most of the time too. They had taken her out a couple of times, but only to let her use a small bathroom in another part of the cellar, or to chain her up and wash her down with water that was never quite warm enough, and rough hands which were brutally meticulous in cleaning her. She had intended to put up a fight when they finally took her pictures to add to that horrible wall, but when it happened she was too tired, too hungry and too weak to really resist. Now her pictures were up there along with those of all their previous victims.

It would not be quite so bad, she thought, if they would just let her SLEEP. But they kept interrupting her sleeping whenever they wanted, to use her whenever they wanted. By now, she knew their preferences, too. The big, black leader of the group seemed to like his sex straight up, most of the time. The bald, bullet-headed one liked to take her from behind...most of the time. And the skinny one...well, he wasn't really skinny... more like wiry, and put together out of steel cables...he liked her mouth...most of the time. She huddled on her mattress and shivered at THAT thought. There was still something they HADN'T done to her, even though it had been threatened on the very day



they'd caught her. She remembered the words: "...tits, a pussy, a mouth and an ass...". She was certain that they would do THAT to her soon. They'd done everything else.

"So...what d'ya think?" Ron asked. They'd been sitting around the fireplace, knocking back some beers and planning what to do next.

Kurt grinned toothily. "I think we're behind schedule myself. We could'a had her back here a lot sooner, and started sooner."

"I know," Ron nodded. "But we're here now." He took a swig of beer. "Anyway, we gotta shake her loose somehow. She just doesn't seem to be able to let go by herself."

"Not all of 'em do," Lloyd chimed in. "How many ever come back? One in three? Four? It ain't for everybody, but some of 'em gotta try it just one time to find out for sure. For most of 'em, once is enough."

"That's right," Kurt agreed, shrugging. "Anyway, she ain't doin' a lot of fightin' or complainin'," he chuckled. "Hell, I think she's enjoyin' some of it, whether she wants to admit it or not. So what's the big deal?"

Lloyd laughed, a short, sharp sound. "I think our commando here fell in love with...what d'you call her? Elf-girl?...while he was tryin' to track her down in the woods."

Ron started to deny it...and realized just how hollow it would sound. He wouldn't say he'd fallen in love with their captive...but something HAD happened while he was trailing her up and down that damned mountain. Elf-girl had earned his respect, at the very least...was that why it was now so important to him that she be one of the ones who WOULD come back? Was he actually looking forward to hunting her down again? He shook his head.

Maybe. Maybe.

He stood up. "Let's do it," he said.

She heard the door open, and wondered bleakly which one of her captors had come down here to use her again, and how they would want her this time. The thought gave her a nasty little thrill deep in her belly, and she fought the feeling down. Sometimes the experience was...enjoyable, yes. But they kept her naked and locked up in this cage like some animal...they TREATED her like an animal, and she didn't like it.

She heard the lock turn in her cage door and finally rolled over on the mattress to see who it was, frowning. All three of them were there. The bullet-headed one was grinning at her, and he was holding...what was it? Black leather and bright, silvery chains. She had a feeling she would find out what it was soon enough, and that she wouldn't like it.

"Stand up," the leader ordered. She obeyed, slowly, trying to get as far away from them as she could without stepping off of the mattress onto that cold cement floor. It was pointless, she knew, but the act was instinctual. Bullet-head went around behind her, and the leader stepped forward and gripped her by her upper arms. "Hold still, now," he told her with a smile. It was not a reassuring smile, and she looked into his eyes, trying to see there what they had planned for her. Behind her, she could hear the chains rattling as bullet-head did something.

He saw her eyes widen as Kurt slipped the heavy leather collar around her neck. It was thick, and wide enough to force her head up a bit. Kurt fiddled until he had it properly set, and then began buckling the two heavy buckles that would secure it in place. Elf-girl only moved when he gave each buckle a final tug. She

remained still as Kurt buckled the leather cuffs around her wrists and then connected their short lengths of chain to one of the D-rings set in the collar. She did wince a little as she realized that her hands were now held well up into the small of her back. Maybe it wasn't as comfortable as she might like, but her hands couldn't interfere with anything now. The collar was wide and stiff enough so that she couldn't strangle herself by struggling to free her hands, and neither the collar nor the cuffs interfered with her circulation. This was important, because she'd be wearing them for a while.

This was...different. Kimberley wondered what was going on. They'd never used anything this elaborate to tie her up before. Did they have something special in mind, or were they just trying out some toys? She wondered how she looked. This was the most she had been allowed to wear in days. What was next? A nice shiny chain leash to clip to her collar?

No chain leash was forthcoming. Instead, the leader took a grip on the length of chain connecting her wrists to her collar and used it to propel her out of the cage. His cohorts went on ahead of them, out of the room, but he stopped her in front of the wall. "Look," he ordered. He stood behind her, holding her tightly by her upper arms so she could neither turn nor back away.

Kimberley didn't want to look. They had tried very hard to get her to stand up straight for her pictures (Her rump still gave her a twinge when she recalled it) but all they had managed to do was to get her not to slouch quite so much. She looked tired, and angry and used. Her pictures had been set right at her own eye level, and the collar made it impossible to look down at the floor. It also made it almost as impossible for her to raise her head as to lower



it, but her eyes were free to roam. They shifted away from her horrible pictures, up and to the left...

He heard her sudden, startled intake of breath, the tiny cry she immediately stifled. He felt her shiver. Peering around, he saw she was not looking at her own pictures, and followed her gaze up...was it that one? The woman in that particular pair of photos looked to be a little taller than elf-girl, and about the same age. She was more generously built, though: Full, round breasts, wider hips, and hair...long, long hair, rippling down past her waist, dark blond with sun-streaked highlights running through it. It was in a terrible mess, tangled and unruly. Whoever she was, she wasn't one of his. He'd have remembered the hair if nothing else, but there was something else he would have remembered too. She stood fully erect, shoulders back, blue eyes staring into the camera with an "I-dare-you" look. Yes, he would have remembered those eyes. Did elf-girl know her? It was possible. Probable, actually, given her reaction.

If the collar hadn't prevented it, Kimberley's jaw would have sagged open. It was BARBARA! Barbara had been brought here, had suffered everything that Kimberley herself was suffering. All of the rough things she'd been wishing on Barbara had already been DONE to her, right here...and yet, she'd always talked of it as a dark and thrilling adventure, always had said she wanted to go back one day...

There had still been a little bit of fight in elf-girl, a little bit of defiance. Now he could almost feel it running out of her between his fingers as she continued to stare. This was interesting, but it was holding up the proceedings. He brought her back to Earth with a quick little shake. She made no resistance at all as he

steered her out through the door. He took one last quick glance back at the other woman's pictures. Later, he could try to find out who she was.

Kimberley stumbled along, still half in shock. If he hadn't had such a firm grip on her arms, she might have fallen. Thoughts flitted through her mind, but the only clear one she could recall later was about Barbara's hair. She had never seen it that long, and it looked terribly unkempt in her pictures. Was that why she had suggested Kimberley have her own hair cut quite short before she went on this...adventure?

There were more rooms down here below ground than anyone would suspect. Kurt and Lloyd had already opened the door and were waiting for them. When elf-girl got her first look at it, she shuddered, but she did not fight, as he had expected her to.

The room was small, maybe eight feet on a side, the walls the same drab gray cinderblock as everything else down here, but it was what sat in the middle of the room that grabbed her attention. It looked like a padded sawhorse. It sat on thin straw mats, and there were chains attached to it, here and there. The purpose of it seemed obvious, and the whole setup had a feeling of ritual to it. She stood staring down at the thing, frozen more in resignation than in terror. She could almost picture Barbara being similarly brought to this same room. She heard the heavy door close behind her and gulped.

She was surprisingly docile as they bent her over the Horse: No fighting, no protesting, no pleading, just one little sob as Kurt clipped the chain that would keep her head down to her collar. She obediently spread her legs so that they could fasten the leather cuffs to her ankles. Short chains ran from these to the legs of the

Horse. Then Kurt put the bit gag on her.

She got one good look at the thing before the bullet-headed one stuffed it into her mouth. It looked like a bit for a horse, but it was much thicker, and as he wedged it firmly between her teeth, she could tell that it was made of some kind of hard rubber. She began to drool, in spite of her best efforts to swallow. She felt it being buckled snugly in place. And then they blindfolded her...

He took a moment to make sure she was properly positioned on the Horse, that each cute little teat hung properly to either side of the padded crossbar, that nothing hard was poking into her anywhere. She wriggled and whimpered a little, but that was all. He gave her vulnerable little rump an affectionate pat, and then got the probe. It was an ingenious device, about as thick as his little finger and five inches long. There was an inflatable sheath around it. Operating the baseball-sized hand pump would inflate it, and it would stay inflated until a valve was opened in the neck of the pump. He began applying the lubricant to it generously.

Kimberley felt like some sacrificial animal staked out on an altar. She was fairly certain what they were going to do, but the worst part of it all was waiting for them to get around to it. Her teeth dug into the hard rubber bit.

He laid the probe down carefully on elf-girl's back and spread her rear cheeks with his hands for a look. She jerked and wriggled and squealed at that, and he gave her cute little ass a hard slap. She yelped, whimpered, and seemed to settle down, but he gave her ass another hard slap as a reminder before spreading her again. That had to be the tightest-puckered little hole he'd ever seen. Elf-girl had probably never even THOUGHT of back-door romance. Grinning, he picked up the probe again. He used the tip



of it to spread a bit more lubricant around, which provoked shuddering and grunts from her, and then he inserted it slowly. She groaned around the bit gag.

Okay...okay...this wasn't TOO bad...Kimberley tried hard to swallow, her breath coming in quick, shallow pants. She couldn't see (which somehow made things easier) she couldn't move, there was nothing she could do at all...except maybe panic, and she was trying hard NOT to do that. If she could just stay relaxed, it might not hurt as badly as she was sure it would. But whatever it was that they had used to invade her felt new and strange, and her body wanted to struggle and expel it.

He gave the hand pump a squeeze, then another. Elf-girl twitched at each squeeze, and he grinned. Another squeeze, another twitch. He kept going until she began to squirm and whine. She would need more stretching, but for now he stopped. He stepped up close behind her, and began to stroke her back gently, occasionally reaching down to tease a nipple with his fingertips.

Now she felt uncomfortably stretched and stuffed, and she knew it wasn't anywhere near over yet. The hands caressing her were a welcome diversion, the more so because they were so gentle, after all of the rough usage she'd endured up until now. She could feel her body beginning to respond to it, and that too would be a welcome diversion...wouldn't it?

Another slow pump, and then another. It looked as if elf-girl was trying very hard not to move or cry out, but she wasn't succeeding completely. Her hands twisted and writhed in their cuffs, slim fingers alternately stretching and closing. Sometimes, one of their guests would completely lose it on the Horse, panicking,

fighting, screaming and begging. The ones that did that rarely ever came back again.

It didn't quite hurt yet, but it felt very close to it, and it was getting increasingly difficult to focus her mind on anything BUT whatever it was they had shoved up into her. She tried to concentrate on taking long, deep breaths. If Barbara had endured this, she could...couldn't she?

It was going to take quite a bit more to get her truly ready. The next slow pumping drew a long groan from her, and she seemed to sag onto the Horse. When he stroked her back again, her skin felt slightly clammy. This room had its own independent heating and cooling unit, and he gave Lloyd a signal to turn up the heat a bit. Another slow pump, another long groan. He leaned over her again, stroking her shoulders and back. Then, on impulse, he reached out and fondled her ears.

Something exploded in her mind when those hands touched her ears. As a child, she had been terribly sensitive about them. Other kids would poke fun at them, so she had insisted on always having her hair long enough to cover them, no matter how hot the weather. Out on a dig site, she often put it up in a ponytail to keep it out of the way, and she knew that some men thought her ears gave her an intriguing, exotic look, but she kept her hair long out of force of habit, and some residual insecurity from her childhood days. Her ears were also VERY sensitive. An old boyfriend had once joked that he could probably make her come just by kissing and nibbling them, and he had been very nearly right. Now one of her captors was touching them...

That had been a moan, not a groan, he was certain. He lightly stroked her ears again, to make sure. She moaned. Well, now, this



was interesting. He traced out the delicate lines with his fingertips, and she moaned again. He gave the hand pump another squeeze, and she moaned yet again.

All this time, he'd been trying to find the key to unlock her, and it had been one of the first things he'd noticed about her, days before while peering at her through the binoculars. He'd found her ears fascinating enough to call her elf-girl, but until now hadn't even touched them. He chuckled to himself. It was true enough. Hide something in plain sight and very often no one would notice it. He ran a hand between her legs. She was getting wet, but there was still a ways to go. Now, though, he knew how to get her there. He kissed the tip of one ear, ran his tongue over it once, and went on.

The thing stuffing her rear grew tighter and tighter, and the bonds holding her in place grew no looser, but Kimberley no longer cared. Hands caressed her body, played with her breasts, teased her nipples, stroked her thighs...and her ears. It felt as if she were melting into a warm, pink liquid, blind, deaf and dumb but achingly sensitive to touch. Her flesh tingled. It felt uncommonly warm, almost glowing.

Blind, yes. The blindfold did that. Deaf...not exactly, but they were being very quiet as they did things, wonderful, terrifying and delicious things to her. And dumb...well, the gag kept her from forming any words, but she could make noises to let them know when they did something she particularly liked. She was drooling freely now, and making no effort to stop. She couldn't help it. She couldn't help anything, not any more.

The probe had done about as much as it could do. Her puckered little hole was distended now, stretched wide, and she was



very wet and nearly dripping, moaning almost continuously. He stepped up close behind her, unzipping his pants.

Kimberley felt one of them entering her, slowly, and tried to put her sheer pleasure into another moan. Hands fastened on her hips as he drove himself deeply into her. She was completely stuffed now, filled almost to bursting. If one of them were to remove her gag now, her mouth would welcome his cock too. She would take him in hungrily, eagerly.

A few deep, slow thrusts confirmed that she was about as ready as any woman ever was. Still inside her, up to the hilt, he opened the little valve to the probe, letting the air out.

She felt the pressure on her anus lessening. If they were doing that, they were going to be removing it, and there was only one reason they would do that, she thought: To put something else in. She moaned again, partly with relief, and partly in anticipation. She moved her hips as best she could, trying to lean back into her captor, whoever it was. She was almost sure it was the one she only knew as the Leader. He would want to use their captive this way first himself. She shivered deliciously.

He removed the deflated probe and handed it off to Kurt. It was almost clean. There were reasons for everything they did to their guests. Even the gag. It was there to give a woman something to bite down on, other than her tongue. Elf-girl had been fed sparingly these past days partly to keep her weakened, but chiefly to keep this particular episode from getting too messy. After this...well, they would see. He put a dollop of lubricant on her, spread it carefully with his finger, pushed a little bit of it inside of her and felt her clench around his finger. He smiled. She was still tight, but not too tight. Pulling out of her, he used his hand to

guide the head of his cock.

She felt him, hard and warm, rubbing slowly across her anus, and gave a whine of impatience, trying to thrust herself back and on to him again. She WANTED him in her now. She wanted THEM in her now, all at once or one by one. Her body was afire now, consumed with desire, with lust, and it was terribly cruel of them to prolong this now. She whined again, no longer caring how she acted or how she looked. She briefly wondered if Barbara had acted this way too, when her time had come.

It took a bit of hard pushing to get inside of her at first. She was still pretty tight, even if she did seem eager, and he applied more lubricant. Finally the head of his cock was in. He took a deep breath, got a grip on her, and thrust himself all the way in with one muscular shove. Elf-girl's back arched, the chain connecting her collar to the frame of the Horse yanked tight, and she let out one long, guttural wail. Her hips began to move, writhing, seeming to try to take him in even further. He could feel her constricting around him, tight and hungry.

Kimberley strained at her bonds, knowing it was useless, but having to do SOMETHING. Oh God, oh God, oh God...it hurt a little, but only a little, and that hurt was drowned under the waves of sensation coursing through her body. And then, he touched her ears again, lightly, his fingertips tracing out all the delicate curves. Something snapped. It broke like an overfilled dam, suddenly, completely, catastrophically and utterly.

She was completely limp when they carried her back into her cell. She had been limp like that from the moment she'd been released from the Horse, and had stayed that way even as they washed her down. She wasn't unconscious, though. Her eyes

would flutter open now and then, but they didn't see anything. Her vision seemed to be focused on something inside of herself, something invisible to them, but fascinating to her. She moved a little while they were washing her, smiled faintly, made occasional noises of pleasure, but she remained limp. She was not a large woman, but even a small one is hard to handle when she is that limp. It took all three of them to carry her back to her cell and lay her down on her mattress. This time, they provided her with a small pillow and a light blanket. They covered her carefully before they left, locking her in.

"That," Kurt observed, "Was one of the sweetest little pieces of ass I've ever had. Tight, eager and noisy."

Ron chuckled, "She was indeed all of those things. Gentlemen, I think we have a repeat customer here."

"Sure hope so," Lloyd added, looking back at her and licking his lips. He shook his head once. "Never thought she had it in her, really."

"She didn't until she had US in her," Kurt cracked.

"We'll let her sleep now," Ron went on as he ushered the two out. "One or the other of us will have to keep an eye on her, but we'll just let her sleep until she wakes up on her own. I think she needs it."



## Chapter Ten

Kimberley lay on her back, eyes closed, no longer asleep but not yet fully awake. The thin blanket they'd given her had slid down to her waist, and she was enjoying the feeling of faint currents of air moving over her bared breasts. She was also enjoying the feeling of the blanket against her legs, of the mattress against her body, but mostly she was enjoying the feeling of being fully rested for the first time in many days. She was still hungry, but that seemed minor just now. She was also a little sore, but she compared it to the good kind of sore one felt after vigorous exercise. She took a deep breath, held it, and let it out in a long, contented sigh. Eyes still closed, she smiled to herself. She understood what Barbara had told her much better now. She understood a lot of things much better now, including what a horny little mink she was. She reached up to touch her ears lightly, as he had done, and the sensation made her shiver.

How long had they let her sleep? They hadn't bothered her at all, but she was sure they had been watching over her. She dimly recalled waking up in the dark, desperately needing to use the bathroom. She had gone to the cell door and called out for someone, anyone, not expecting them to hear her. But very quickly, the Leader had come through the door, let her out, led her to the bathroom and escorted her back when she was done. She had been asleep again almost as soon as her head had hit her new pillow, but she thought she remembered him tucking the blanket around her before he left.

Eyes still closed, she stretched slowly, enjoying the feel of the stretching of her muscles. She ran her hands over her breasts, across her belly, down her thighs. It was surprising how much pleasure she could feel now. Part of it came from imagining that it was one of her captors hands touching her, part of it probably came from no longer being so dead-tired.

If she called out now, one of them would no doubt show up right away. Instead, she rolled onto her side and pretended to still be asleep. She wanted a little more time to think. What had changed so much since...was it yesterday? Down here she had no idea what time of day it was, not even anything more than a vague notion of what day it was. It didn't matter. That was Before. This was Now. Why were they different? She had determined, once it seemed that there was no quick way out, to endure her captivity like a felon serving out a long sentence, looking forward only to the day of release. Now, she was looking forward to THIS day, another day of sexual slavery, of male hands on her body and male cocks IN her body. What had changed? It had to be more than finally getting a good night's sleep. In fact, she was sure she would still be looking forward to the day if she were still tired. So, what was the difference?

Discovering that Barbara had been here herself, had been photographed for that terrible wall... Was it really still terrible? That had something to do with it. She had been fucked in the ass. Repeatedly. She rolled the words over on her tongue, silently, savoring the crudity of them. That MIGHT have something to do with it. And they had discovered her ears. That certainly had something to do with it, but even so, the whole seemed greater than the sum of its parts.

She had thought that they treated her like an animal. Well, they had. They'd kept her caged, kept her naked, used her at their whims. That horrible long trek through the woods, naked, bound and leashed, hungry, thirsty and dirty, had affected her thinking too. But still...here they also kept her clean and sheltered. They kept a watch over her. Their care of her had been rough, almost brutal, but they had taken that care, all the same. She hadn't really realized it until now. And now...it was as if, after forcing her along that trek through the woods, they had then taken her along another trek here, a trek through her own self. She liked that idea. Two treks, two journeys, one outdoors that was physically draining, the other indoors and inside, and just as draining in its own way. And now here she was, still caged and still naked but different...somehow.

Oh, to Hell with too much analysis. She sat up on her mattress, wondering how many other naked captives had shared it, and stretched again. She stood up and padded over to the cell door, ignoring the chill of the floor. When she called out, someone would come for her. She was hungry and thirsty, and knew they would give her food and drink. And they would fuck her again...and again.

He heard elf-girl calling over the intercom in the kitchen, and looked at the wall clock. It was just after 7PM. She'd slept for nearly twenty-four hours. He smiled to himself, drained off the last of his coffee and went downstairs to her.

It was the Leader. She had been almost certain it would be him, and she smiled when she saw him come through the door. She hadn't taken the time to notice before what a big man he was: Broad shoulders, muscular arms and thighs. He looked to be



somewhere in his 40s, she thought. She'd seen scars, some small, some larger, here and there, on his body when he'd been using her. She thought of them now as badges of an active and dangerous life. He was definitely the Alpha male of this pack. She suppressed a shiver.

He saw her smile when he entered. It was a small smile, but a welcome change from the sullen looks she usually gave him. Her hips wriggled a little as he approached, and he found that appealing. It was considered a good thing to get repeat "customers", and he would really look forward to having to chase elf-girl down all over again.

"What is it?" He asked her. She didn't draw back as he approached, and a half-smile kept playing around her lips.

"I'm hungry." She replied. "And thirsty. May I please have something to eat and drink...Master?"

He smiled down at her. She really was a cute little thing, slender and elfin and sweetly constructed. He unlocked the door and swung it open. As he did, she turned her back to him and put her hands behind her, waiting to be tied or handcuffed. He put the handcuffs he carried on her, noticing her tiny quiver at the touch of the metal to her flesh. She turned back to face him again once he'd secured her, and now there was a tiny frown on her face.

"Master...may I speak?" she asked.

"Go ahead," he nodded. It was a kick to hear her call him "Master". He really liked this completely new attitude she was exhibiting.

"My...pictures..." she nodded towards the wall.

"What about them?"

"They...aren't very good, Master," she said. "Could you pos-

sibly take my pictures again...please?"

This was completely out of the blue. In all his years here, with this organization, not one woman had ever asked for a do-over on her photos. Still, he couldn't think of any reason not to grant her request. It might be interesting to see what she did.

"We'll see," he replied, gripping her lightly by the back of her neck. She shivered at his touch, and let him guide her out of the room and up the stairs to the kitchen.

She knelt patiently on the thin padded mat on the kitchen floor, watching him intently as he set about cooking up some food for her. Beef stew, he thought, nice and thick. They could feed her more now. She probably needed it, too. She'd been on short rations for some time. When it was ready, he sat on a chair and fed it to her, spoonful by spoonful. As hungry as she probably was, she made a little production out of each helping: Blowing gently on the spoon, closing her eyes and opening her mouth wide each time, making little noises of pleasure as she savored each spoonful, eyes still closed, and tilting her head slowly back each time she swallowed. He had the distinct impression she was trying to seduce him.

Kurt wandered in, looking for a beer, as he was feeding her and stayed to watch. Lloyd came in a few minutes later, wondering what was taking Kurt so long, and he stayed to watch too. Elf-girl seemed to enjoy having an audience. Between spoonfuls, she would glance shyly at him, or Kurt, or Lloyd, before looking away again. He might have considered it to be just an act, but he could see her nipples slowly swelling under all of this rapt male attention.

She finished the bowl. There was still some stew left in the

pot, and she nodded eagerly when he asked her if she wanted more. He fed her the rest of it, wishing there was still more, because her little act was so very fascinating...and arousing. He was glad to see her attitude so changed, but he kept wondering just what it was that had turned her around.

The last of the stew went down her slender throat, and she held still for him as he wiped her mouth clean with a warm damp cloth.

"Thank you, Master," she said when he finished. "May I have something to drink now?"

He caught the glances that shot between Kurt and Lloyd when she said that. When both of them looked at him, he just raised an eyebrow, and both of them shrugged. He gave elf-girl water, holding the tumbler for her as she drank deeply. Done, she licked a stray droplet from the corner of her mouth with a pink tongue-tip, and looked at him expectantly, wearing that little half-smile again. It was a bit disorienting, as if she were in control now, instead of them. He reached out to brush his fingertips across her ear. She shivered, blushed, and looked down and away from him. That was better, but the situation still called for some further action on his part, and he was still trying to adjust to this new attitude of hers.

Well, she seemed to like playing to an audience now. Let's see how much she really enjoyed it. Her elaborate little act had gotten all three of them aroused, and now she was going to have to do something about that. He was sure that she knew this, and indeed had intended it from the start.

Kimberley gave a startled, tiny yelp when Alpha (She preferred calling him that now rather than "Leader") seized her by her hair



and hauled her to her feet. She went without any fight or protest. He wasn't at all gentle with her as he led her out of the kitchen and into what looked like the living room. After the small spaces downstairs, it seemed huge to her. It was all dark wood, even the floor, what she could see of it that wasn't covered with heavy carpets. The ceiling overhead soared way up, past exposed beams. The windows were all covered with thick drapes. At the far end was a big fireplace, the stones blackened from smoke and age. This was definitely a male place, she thought, dark and comfortable, no frills or decorations anywhere. His grip on her hair hurt. It would have hurt more if she'd tried to resist, but she made pained little noises anyway. He forced her to her knees almost smack dab in the middle of the room and then let go of her. She looked up at him, wide-eyed, panting a little through her half-opened mouth, as if in fear, or excitement. For her, it was almost entirely excitement, but she had been teasing them in the kitchen and a little bit of fear was still there. They were all big men, and strong, and she felt very small and vulnerable right now.

He stood in front of her, looking down, trying to keep his face expressionless, trying to move slowly and deliberately even though his hands were shaking with a need for haste. He wanted her very, very much right now, so much so that it was like an ache.

She couldn't or wouldn't meet his gaze for long, but he noticed her eyes following his hand as he slipped his belt out of the loops, then doubled it, holding it one-handed. With his other hand, he unfastened his jeans and began unzipping them. She watched, licked her lips once, gulped, licked her lips again. He wasn't sure how much of it was an act. He didn't really care.

Kimberley had the distinct impression she'd crossed a line

somewhere. Now she was going to be...punished? Educated? She shuddered at the sight of the belt in his hand. This was going to hurt, she was sure. So why was she anticipating it so eagerly? Out of the corner of her eye she noted that the other two members of his pack had taken seats to watch. They would have her too, but only after their Leader was done with her. She saw him lower his jeans, and draw out his cock. It was already half-erect, already thick and heavy. She shivered. Again, it was partly in anticipation, partly in fear. She peered up at his face. It was still unreadable. Hesitantly, she opened her mouth for him. His free hand, the one not holding the belt, reached out and took her by the back of her head, drawing her closer. To her surprise, he moved her mouth away from the head of his cock even as she tried to take him in, and pushed her towards his balls. She hesitated, not sure what he wanted.

He brought the belt down across her rump. The leather smacked hard against her skin, making her jerk and yelp.

That HURT! What did he want her to do? On impulse, she licked the base of his cock, her nose full of his musk. There was no second stroke, and she went on licking, turning her head a little to better reach his balls. When she did that, the head of his cock brushed against her ear. The sensation made her moan. She began to feel a warm glow deep in her belly, along with the hot stinging on her rear. She kept licking. Her mouth drooled saliva, and her tongue spread it on to him.

She was an eager and noisy little creature as she kept to her work, and what she was doing felt very good indeed. His fingers dug into the short, curly hairs on her head and pulled her back. As she looked up at him, her eyes were unfocused, and her mouth

hung open, welcoming and wet. He used his grip to guide her towards his cock...not that she needed much guiding. Her lips closed around his cock, just below the head, and she began licking, quick, light caresses against that very sensitive spot. He couldn't entirely block his own moan of pleasure at that. Elf-girl was developing some interesting skills. He pulled her towards him, driving himself deeper into her mouth. She made a noise, a surprised, muffled "Mmmmmffff?" He kept pushing. Deeper. Now she started to struggle, trying to pull away, and he lashed her backside with his belt again, and again.

Kimberley was bewildered. She was TRYING to please him, and yet he kept hurting her. Each stinging blow from the belt drove a muffled, painful grunt from her, one that started down in her gut and escaped, barely, through her mouth around the thick and heavy cock filling it. She could barely breathe, and he kept trying to force himself in even deeper. Her wrists were straining against the hard steel trapping them, fluttering against her back, the handcuffs rattling, chiming metallically. What did he WANT?

As recently as yesterday he wouldn't have tried this, because of the near-certainty that, pushed far enough, she would bite. He was fairly sure now that she wouldn't, but not entirely certain. He pulled her head closer, felt his cock hit the back of her throat. Her struggles grew more frantic, and he switched using his belt to her other round little ass cheek. Each hard stroke drove another muffled, nasal grunt out of her, a soft counterpoint to the sharp sound made by the belt each time it struck her.

It was very difficult to do this without using words, without telling her what to do, but at the same time it was interesting watching her try to learn without them. Would she learn?



She couldn't think what it was he wanted. She was so short of breath now, she could barely think at all. Despairing, she stopped trying to pull away, concentrating only on trying to hold what breath she had left. His cock thrust in deeper, threatening to make her gag.

He felt her give up, yielding at last. He kept his hand on the back of her curly little head, but stopped pulling her towards him. He used the belt again, this time to caress her ass rather than swat it. Hesitantly, she drew her head back a little, opened her mouth wider, took in some air. His hand urged her head forward again, and she began sucking him in earnest, anxious to please, even more anxious to avoid any more whipping. He could see welts already rising on her, but he hadn't broken that soft skin. She moved her head back and forth, taking him in deeply, running her tongue along the underside of his shaft with each stroke. She was very noisy about it.

She wasn't quite sure what she'd done to make him stop whipping her, but that didn't seem as important as trying to make sure he wouldn't start doing it again. She kept her eyes closed. She could feel his hand, still on the back of her head, but it was keeping time to her movements now, instead of forcing her. She took him in deeply enough to feel him hit the back of her throat each time, and found that it was easier now to ignore the occasional gag reflex. She grunted each time she took him in, inhaled around him each time she pulled back.

Elf-girl seemed to learn quickly and well. He felt massive, hard as a rock in her talented mouth and if it had been just him here, he would have let her go on at her own speed indefinitely. Instead, he began to urge her to move more quickly. His fingers dug into

her hair again.

“Mmmmmfff...Mmmmmfff...Mmmmmfff...”

Her tiny grunts came faster and faster as he made her go faster and faster. He gritted his teeth to keep from moaning himself. But when he finally came, he couldn't hold it back any longer. He let out one long groan of sheer pleasure as he first spurted into her mouth, down her throat, holding her head still for him. She grunted through he nose with each hot, salty spurt, her body twitching with each grunt, but did not try to draw away. He held her close until he was well and truly done, and then released her and stepped away. Still kneeling, she sagged, head down, breathing heavily, a picture of submission. He saw a thin trail of his semen slowly drip from the corner of her mouth. Kurt and Lloyd were still sitting, but at the edges of their seats now. They looked at him expectantly. He nodded to Lloyd, who grinned and rose. He held out his hand for the belt, but accepted Ron's negative head shake with a shrug and went over to elf-girl. He gripped her by her hair, and yanked her head upright as he began unfastening his pants. Eyes half-glazed, she looked up at him and opened her mouth with a sigh. Ron settled down in the chair Lloyd had vacated to watch her performance from the sidelines.

Kimberley did her best, trying hard to pick up any nonverbal cues at all. Alpha had taken a lot out of her (besides putting a lot into her, a corner of her mind snickered wickedly) and she was grateful that Wiry (her new name for him) was perfectly happy to have her start with a lot of licking. She gradually got all of her breath back and cleared her head a bit.

Elf-girl, after a slow start, seemed to work up some enthusiasm for her job. He noticed how she kept her eyes closed most

of the time, working almost entirely by feeling her way with her mouth and tongue. Lloyd held her head in both hands, guiding her.

From where he sat, Ron had a nice profile view of her. Her perfect little teats bobbed slightly with her movements, her nipples darkened and swollen. She was very noisy about the whole process: Grunts, moans and delicate slurping noises. Lloyd really liked them to be noisy. Well, Hell...so did he. Nothing worse than a woman who gave you no feedback at all.

Lloyd kept urging her to go faster and faster, deeper and deeper. Elf-girl made no attempt to pull away or slow things down. She seemed intent only on giving Lloyd whatever he wanted, however he wanted it. When Lloyd came, he yanked her head close, burying her nose in his thick mat of curly hair. Her eyes flew open wide, and she squirmed a little, but held still for him as he emptied himself down her throat. From his seat, Ron could see her throat muscles working as she swallowed. She could not swallow quite fast enough, though, and thick semen dribbled out around the corners of her mouth. Lloyd held her like that until he was completely spent, and then pulled her head back and tilted it up to look at him. Elf-girl's face was almost blank, as if she were half-stunned or in shock. She inhaled deeply, mouth sagging open. Lloyd ruffled her hair once, let her head go and walked away, zipping up his pants. Elf-girl bent over, coughed once, twice, and went on trying to get her breath back. She drooled and dribbled a little, and Ron noted that they would have to take up that rug for cleaning later. Maybe they should have laid down a sheet or something beforehand, but taking the time to do that would have broken the mood, he told himself.



Lloyd walked over to where Kurt sat and high-fived him as Kurt rose for his turn. As Kurt came over to elf-girl, Lloyd settled into his vacated seat for the next show.

Kurt took a fistful of elf-girl's hair, pulled her head up and back, and looked down at her face. She looked up at him almost blankly, mouth open and breathing hard. Kurt chuckled and let go of her hair, then went around behind her. Elf-girl's head dropped. She didn't look around to see what he was doing, and she gave a squeak of surprise when Kurt forced her head down onto the floor. He gave her upturned rear a friendly swat and knelt close behind her, one hand gripping the links of her handcuffs as the other fumbled with his belt. Elf-girl turned her head towards Ron, partly to get her nose out of the rug. She looked a little worried now, and her eyes seemed to plead with him. He realized it was probably because she wasn't sure just which hole Kurt was planning on using. She grimaced when she felt Kurt's big hands between her legs. She squealed when he rammed himself into her, and her initial look of relief at his choice faded away as he began slamming himself into her quick and hard, his torso smacking into her so hard it almost sounded as if she were being spanked.

She made no effort to pull away or straighten up. She just stayed doubled over on the rug for Kurt, but her eyes closed. Her mouth opened wide, lips drawn back to show her teeth, and she grunted deeply with each impact. Her rear quivered each time Kurt drove home. Her teats quivered too, lagging behind a little. Kurt's mouth was drawn back in a predatory grin, and he grunted himself, a deeper, bass noise compared to the noises elf-girl was making.

When Kurt was done with her, he gave her rump another

friendly swat and stood up, still grinning, stuffing himself back into his pants. Elf-girl stayed as he had left her, looking very small now. Ron just waited. After a few moments, she opened her eyes to look at him again...well, more-or-less at him. Her eyes seemed to be having trouble focusing, and she was panting as if she'd just finished a long sprint.

He took his time getting up, took his time walking over to her. Her eyes followed him until he was too close for her to do that without turning her head, and then she looked back at the floor. He stood in front of her, looking down, noting how her pose accentuated the curve of her hips. Her hands moved feebly, still locked in the handcuffs.

"Okay," he spoke to her at last. "NOW we'll take your pictures again."

## Chapter Eleven

Well, she'd had a chance to compare them all now, and Kimberley was convinced that being fucked in a bed was much, much better than being fucked on grass, on a floor, or on a plain mattress. She snuggled a little deeper into the bed and smiled to herself. She thought she knew now what she'd done wrong yesterday. She'd realized only a part of what was going on, and had thought she knew it all. It wasn't just about screwing. She had truly enjoyed putting on her little act for them when Alpha was feeding her. It had turned them all on, herself included. She had been signaling to them that she was ready and eager for sex, whatever kind they might want. When she did that she had crossed a line.

She was a captive. They could have her at any time, and in any way they wanted anyway. (She shivered at the memory of what they'd done to her while she was chained to that padded saw-horse.) The point was that THEY would initiate anything, not her. If she tried to anyway, it was as if she was challenging them. She pulled the covers up over her head to stifle her giggling. It was kind of funny. This was a very elaborate game, and she hadn't been told all of the rules. She had to learn them by trial and error. Well, she supposed that a lot of the fun would go out of the game if they laid it all out ahead of time. Yes, indeed it would. She had been treated brutally yesterday, kneeling on that rug. It had felt like, and was no doubt intended as, punishment, discipline...correction. Thinking back on it now, it had also been exciting beyond anything she'd experienced before.



And afterwards...RIGHT afterwards...they had hauled her down into the basement and taken her pictures again. Still dazed and shaky, she had stood proudly erect, head up, shoulders back, feet apart, and stared straight into the camera with semen still on her chin and thighs.

And after that...they had cleaned her up again. Chains were locked around her wrists, neck and ankles and fastened to ring-bolts to hold her upright and open for them, but instead of the chill water and rough handling they usually gave her, the water had been a soft and wonderfully warm spray. While they were just as meticulous as ever in cleaning her, the handling now was more like caresses than gropes. They had washed her hair...twice. They had even taken the time to shave her legs and under her arms. After all these days of captivity, she had been getting stubbly. Alpha himself had taken a small pair of scissors and carefully trimmed her...down there. She giggled again and ran a hand down between her legs to feel the results of his handiwork. He had trimmed her back, and quite short. It felt excitingly decadent. She would probably keep it this way from now on.

They had dried her off, still chained up. By then she was moaning uncontrollably, hot and ready and more than willing. They had unchained her wrists and ankles, but left the chain around her neck to use as a leash. She'd expected to be led back to her cell again, but instead they had brought her upstairs to a small room at the back of the cabin. The walls were actual logs, closely fitted and solidly chinked. There were no windows, but light came in from a small skylight overhead. The glass in it was frosted, so while light could come in, she could not see out. The bed was a metal-framed single, the floor hard wood with one old rug, the

lone overstuffed chair just a bit shabby. It all looked and felt very rustic.

She hadn't struggled at all as they tied her spread-eagled to the bed. At the time, she'd been anxious for them to hurry up and finish so they could fuck her again. She wanted that more than anything else in the world. She had felt afire, as if she was smoldering, smoke billowing from every orifice.

The Alpha male had taken her first. She remembered watching him intently as he undressed, salivating as she saw how ready for her he was, how big and powerful he had looked in that small room. And then...he had lain down alongside her, narrow as the bed was, and began to kiss her. His free hand had fondled her breasts and belly, and then meandered lower. She very clearly remembered moaning and gasping into his mouth as he did wonderful things, earthquake-inducing things to her with his fingers. She was dazed, limp and tingling all over when he finally mounted her. Hampered by the ropes at her ankles, she had tried to welcome him, spreading her legs awkwardly, her mouth open and seeking his as she felt him thrusting up, up, up into her.

She giggled again as she remembered how LOUD she had been. She could picture her other two captors standing outside the door, listening, growing big and hard and hungry for her as they heard her screams and moans. They all seemed to like it when she was noisy. The noisier she got, the harder they fucked her.

Maybe all that yowling wasn't very ladylike, but she didn't care. Tied up or tied down as she usually was, it was the only way she could cut loose. Anyway, she was just a helpless captive. THEY made her loud, even as they made her do other things for their pleasure.

Some time during the night, they had untied her from the bed, but they had left the chain around her neck. When she stood up, it dangled down between her breasts, almost to her navel. When she walked, it would sway back and forth, the silvery links brushing first one breast, then the other. Lying in bed, she had played with it, drawing it across her nipples, shivering as the hard metal touched soft and sensitive flesh. She hoped they would keep it on her. And if the chain were a bit longer, she could pull it between her legs. The thought brought another shiver.

She didn't know why she'd been moved from the cell to this room. She supposed it could be some sort of reward, or graduation, but it didn't really matter. It was a lot more comfortable here than in the cell, but most welcome of all was the bathroom. It was tiny, but now she didn't have to call for someone to let her out. There was even a small stall shower, complete with hot and cold running water. Now, if she could just get bigger, fluffier towels...

When would they come for her again? She hoped it would be soon. There really wasn't much else for her to do, but she knew there were only a limited number of days to all this, and now she wanted to get everything she could out of all of them that were left. Most of all, she wanted them to fuck her round little ass again. THAT thought got her tingling all over every time.

She was dozing when Alpha came in to her, but instantly awake when he whipped the blankets off of her. She offered no resistance when he flipped her onto her belly, pulled her harms behind her and began to tie her wrists. He was as cruelly forceful as he had been on that first day in the woods. She didn't resist, but she did quiver a little at the rough handling. Maybe she even wriggled a little for his benefit...she wasn't quite sure, because by



then her mind was aflame, speculating on what new experience might be on its way. He took her leash and led her out of the room. She went with him willingly, stumbling a little. He never said a word as he led her out into the living room.

Kimberley pulled up short when she saw what was there, and Alpha gave her leash a sharp yank, so that she staggered forward to stand next to him. He gripped the back of her neck with one big hand, and gave it a squeeze.

All three of her captors were there. There were also three strangers: Two men, hard looking and rough, clad in bulky camouflage outfits. Behind them, she could see backpacks stacked against a wall. Between the two men stood a woman, naked, bound and collared. One of the men held a leash clipped to the collar.

Maybe woman wasn't quite the right word...Kimberley frowned to herself. She looked to be only 20 or so...would girl be a better word? She looked to be a few inches taller than Kimberley was, with too many of those inches going into long, long legs. She had full, round breasts and hips to match, long, dark hair and big dark eyes. She looked at Kimberley with a tired, mildly curious expression.

Kimberley risked quick, sidelong glances at her own captors. They were all focused on this newcomer, all looked hungry and eager. She was instantly jealous of this girl, even if she'd had no more choice about coming here than Kimberley herself had. Then she noticed that the newcomer's captors were looking at HER with the same expressions. She could almost feel their eyes crawling over her.

Typical male behavior, a part of her mind snickered. Even

with a perfectly willing playmate right there, they're always interested in new pussy. The thought made her feel a little less inadequate, but now uneasy. Was there going to be some sort of swap here? She didn't WANT to be hauled off into the woods again, short of food, water, rest and the least bit of comfort. She didn't WANT to be turned over to new captors. Maybe they couldn't do much more to her than had already been done, but they were not HER captors. They were strangers, unfamiliar and frightening. Was she going to have to go all the way back to square one?

She realized that she was staring at the other woman, even as the other woman was staring at her. Were they wondering the same things? Speculating about what the other might have experienced or endured? Seeing each other as unwelcome competition?

Kimberley sighed inwardly. Whatever was going to happen was going to happen. She couldn't do anything about it...again. She risked some quick glances at the two strange men, and told herself that they didn't really look any worse than her own three had when she'd first encountered them in the woods. Shower and shave them and they wouldn't look that bad at all...but they were still strangers.

"Cute little thing," one of them said at last, breaking the silence. He smiled at Kimberley, which wasn't reassuring. "Turn 'round for us, little darlin'."

She looked up at Alpha, who frowned at her and nodded. That wasn't reassuring either. She obediently pirouetted for them, feeling nervous, chilled and shaky, her bound hands clenched into little fists. When she finished, facing them again, both men looked pleased. "Cute little ass," the first one observed.

"Tight little ass," Alpha chuckled, patting it. "So, we have a

deal?”

Kimberley looked up at him, her mouth an “o” of stunned surprise. They really were trading her? When Alpha led her forward and exchanged leashes with one of the strangers, she still, desperately, didn’t want to believe it. But then, the two newcomers began fondling her, roughly and intimately, and her heart sank as she knew it was all too true.

Every time...every time she thought she knew how things were, every time she started to enjoy some of it, even just a little bit, they threw her another curve. She closed her eyes and groaned. Now she’d be led off into the woods again, cold and hungry and miserable, and that dark-haired bitch would take her place here, warm and fed and not miserable. She hated it. She hated HER. She hated THEM, all of them!

One of her new captors patted her rump and gave her leash a tug. “C’mon, little darlin’,” he said. “No point in wastin’ time.”

Kimberley sighed, resigning herself to her fate. But instead of taking her outside, they began to lead her downstairs, into the basement. She was puzzled at first, then horrified as she realized that they were leading her to the room with the padded sawhorse. Her one weak attempt to hang back earned her a hard slap across her rear and an even harder yank on her leash. She was shaking as they fastened her to the sawhorse with practiced, cruel efficiency. As rough as her previous captors had been with her, she realized that they had still taken care not to really hurt or injure her. She didn’t know these men at all, and she was afraid of what they might do. She tried to keep them from blindfolding her, but that only provoked another, harder, stinging slap to her backside. She yelped, whimpered, and finally submitted. Not long ago, she had



been looking forward to being strapped to the horse again. Now, she was terribly afraid.

"Settle down, little darlin'," one of her new captors told her as he stroked her back. She could feel him readying himself behind her, moving closer to her, and she fought to keep from panic. Then a hand went between her legs, and she squealed. She was starting to lose it, she knew, and if she did, it would only hurt more.

She sensed the other man moving around in front of her. His hand ruffled her hair, patted her cheek, not gently, and then he started to push his thumb into her mouth. She resisted for only a moment. It would be pointless, after all. She opened her mouth for him, but did nothing more than that.

"You can do better than that," she heard him mutter, and she flinched in anticipation of a blow. She began sucking on his thumb, gently. The hand between her legs was still probing her. She writhed uncomfortably, made a small noise of complaint.

"Good girl," the man in front of her said, withdrawing his thumb. "Now, open wide."

She obeyed...what else could she do? She felt the tip of his cock touch her parted lips, and she licked at it. He pushed the head of it into her mouth, and stopped there, so she licked that, too. It was all mechanical. He smelled different, he tasted different, even if the sounds he made when she licked him were pretty much the same. But...she knew very well now what would give pleasure, even if she was not receiving any herself. The other man was sliding his fingers in and out of her, trying to get her wet. It was almost starting to work, and she hated the feeling. She was angry. She didn't want to feel any pleasure. She just wanted them to use her and get it over with...for now, at least. She was sure

they would fuck her again and again out in the woods.

And then, the man in her mouth took her by her ears and began to shove his cock deeper into her...almost down her throat...

She awoke some time later, still chained to the sawhorse. Her hands felt cold and a little numb, her legs felt cramped, so she flexed her fingers and shifted her feet to try to relieve them. She remembered losing it right after her ears had been grabbed. Once that had been done, she hadn't been able to hold back anything. One minute, she'd been a compliant, if grudging, sex toy, and the next...well, the next she'd been a hungry female animal in heat. With one man taking her from behind while the other fucked her mouth, all she could think of was to have them go deeper...DEEP-ER...and harder!

She guessed that they had. She could taste semen in her mouth, feel it on her chin and legs again. She wanted a drink of cool water, wanted to lie down somewhere for a little while, but she was still chained to the sawhorse. She couldn't hear anything. Had they left her alone in here? Or were they standing close, silently watching her? She laid her head down on the sawhorse and sighed deeply. Either way, what did it matter?

He saw her move and heard her sigh. She was awake, all right. He would never have gone off and left her chained to the Horse, and he'd have a word or two with Evan and Rob about that later. He moved a little closer to her, careful not to make any noise. She did look appealing like that, helpless and available for anything and everything. He reached out and gently laid his hand on her back. She jerked and gasped, trying to turn her head to see who it was, even with the blindfold on.

“Easy, elf-girl,” he chuckled. “It’s just you and me right now.”

She made a sound somewhere between a groan and a sob, and laid her head back down. He ran his hand slowly up and down her back as he moved around behind her. She looked as if she’d been used hard. His hand reached the back of her neck, gave it a light squeeze. She shuddered weakly.

Why was HE here? Wasn’t he having enough fun with that dark-haired bitch? Or maybe he wanted one last fuck with her before her new captors took her out into the woods? Well, if he did, what could she do about it? She felt his hands on her shoulders now, felt him pressing against her from behind, the coarse material of his jeans rasping against the backs of her thighs. She shivered in spite of herself. Then his hands moved to her ears...

Yes, indeed, elf-girl’s ears were very sensitive! He handled them gently, enjoying the sounds and movements he could wring from her just by doing this. After a little while, though, she was barely moving at all, and the only sounds she was making were a series of panting, breathy moans. He’d only intended to get her all steamed up before introducing her to her next lesson, but now it was like that day on the trail: He wanted her, desperately. Unlike that day on the trail, now SHE wanted to be taken as badly as he wanted to take her. He could see it, he could hear it, he could smell it. Hell, he could even feel it, how her body was quivering, trembling.

He hesitated. It wasn’t part of the program for tonight...but they could wait. He could not wait, and neither could she. He reached over for the half-empty tube of lubricant.

Behind the blindfold, Kimberley could still see a pinkish, reddish haze. Her whole body was tingling. Every feeling was mag-



nified to an almost excruciating level, from the hands softly stroking her ears to the cords biting into her wrists. When he stopped playing with her ears, a tiny alarm went off inside her: It's coming! It's coming! What "It" was, she didn't know. She didn't care, either. In hungry anticipation, she arched her back as best she could, straining at her bonds, moving her hands up, away from her vulnerable rear, even opening her mouth wide, wide, in case that was what he wanted. A long, low moan escaped her.

He gave her upturned, wriggling rump a hard slap on one plump cheek, then one on the other. Her body jerked with each blow, and with each blow she yelped, loud and high-pitched. His hands left angry red marks on her flesh, but she continued to wriggle and moan, too far gone now not to. His cock was well lubricated now. It felt uncommonly hard and stiff and big, almost like when he'd been a teenager, horny all the time as it had seemed then. And right here in front of him was a slender, struggling female filled with as much sheer lust as he was, waiting for him, waiting...

He gripped her hips with his hands.

Kimberley shrieked as he buried himself deep in her ass...deeper...deeper...The pinkish, reddish haze turned into flaming pinwheels. It hurt, a little, but she was having trouble now telling pain from pleasure. Everything was thrown together, merged into one roaring fire of sensation. Every thrust he made into her jerked her body against her bonds, against the sawhorse that held her, and fed the fire. She howled.

Still deep inside of her, spent now, he felt too weak to stand up on his own. His body was draped over hers, pressing her down on to the Horse. He needed to catch his breath. Beneath him, her

body quivered with aftershocks, her own breath coming in tiny grunts. At last he discovered that he could stand again. He pulled out of her, slowly. She was still so very tight! And set about freeing her. He untied her wrists first, and as her freed arms flopped weakly down to either side of her, she let out a deep sigh.

He removed the blindfold last. Her eyes looked sleepy, far away, and she smiled faintly as she saw him, a peculiar little satisfied and knowing smile.

"Come on, elf-girl," he said to her. "Get up."

She moved slowly. Her arms and legs seemed stiff. He let her take the time to stretch and flex, enjoying the little show she put on. Finally, she wiped her chin off carefully and turned to face him, still wearing that odd little smile. "I'm ready," she murmured.

And then, with a swiftness that belied the stiffness she'd shown earlier, she darted forward, stood on tiptoe, and kissed his cheek, just once, as quick and light as the beat of a moth's wing. Then she stepped back, blushing furiously, and looked down and away from him. She stood nervously, as if awaiting punishment for what she'd done. He really ought to do something, he thought, but the others had been kept waiting too long already. He settled for taking the end of the chain that dangled from her slim neck and giving it a hard yank that made her stumble towards him. "This way," he growled.

Kimberley followed along after him. She didn't quite know what had made her dare to kiss him like that, and she had expected some swift and terrible punishment to follow her act. But he had done nothing, and even if he'd almost immediately put on an angry look, she had seen his first quick expression of surprise and...pleasure? Whatever happened next, she thought, it

had been worth it.

He led her back to the cellar shower, trying to ignore the amused expressions on Kurt's and Lloyd's faces. He glowered at Evan and Rob, though, until they had to look away. Behind him, he heard elf-girl's tiny gasp of surprise.

She'd known they were going to the shower room. She had a pretty good idea of how things were laid out down here by now. She'd been expecting another thorough washing, and was looking forward to it...but the dark-haired bitch was there, chained up in a standing spread-eagle as she had been. She looked terribly tired and worn-out now. Her head hung as low as the chains would allow, and her long dark hair was a tangled mess. The sight of it made Kimberley think of Barbara again, but only for a moment. What was up now? There wasn't room to fit two women there.

One of the strangers turned on the water, and a fine spray cascaded down onto the other woman's naked body. She tossed her head weakly at the touch. Then the bullet-headed one thrust a big, soft sponge into Kimberley's hand. "Clean her up," he ordered her. "And clean her up too," he went on, jerking a thumb at the other woman. He handed her a bar of soap.

Okay...this was REALLY unexpected. Kimberley risked a quick glance at the men. They were evidently going to watch. She looked at the dark-haired bitch...she'd have to think of something else to call her...at the lush curves and ripe swellings and unfairly long legs, and wondered where and how to begin. Then Alpha slapped her rump...hard. She jumped, yelped.

"Get a move on, elf-girl," he growled.

Kimberley walked towards...not-Barbara...that would do for a name for now...slowly, still unsure how to begin. She held the



sponge up into the spray, wetting it, and then began working the soap into it. Not-Barbara looked up, into her eyes, and Kimberley could see the confusion and surprise in her eyes. Somehow, that made her feel better. She might be a captive, helpless and bewildered, but this other woman was even more helpless and bewildered than she was. She was also chained up. Smiling, Kimberley stepped closer and began using the sponge to wash not-Barbara's belly.

After a few minutes, she became bolder. The sponge could fit over her hand like a mitt, and she began exploring more...intimate...areas of not-Barbara's body. She ran the soapy sponge over not-Barbara's breasts, feeling the soft flesh yield. She ran it up and down not-Barbara's thighs, slowly, caressingly. Not-Barbara shivered and made a small noise. Protest? Pleasure? Kimberley didn't care. She had the power, here and now, and she was enjoying it. It was interesting, being on this side of an after-games cleanup. Warm water coursed into her face. She tossed her head, spluttering. She needed some washing too, but her own shower could wait. She moved around behind not-Barbara. From here she could risk occasional quick looks at the men. They seemed fascinated.

Kimberley thought of the other little show she had put on for her captors...how long ago? Well, she was putting on another little show, but this time the consequences would not be so dire, she was sure. There were a couple of red welts on not-Barbara's luscious ass, and Kimberley applied the sponge to them with a tiny spark of anger, enough for not-Barbara to whimper. Kimberley scrubbed a little harder. If not-Barbara was going to take her place here, sleep in HER bed, eat HER food and get used by HER captors while Kimberley was sent back into the great outdoors,

well, then, she was going to get no sympathy from Kimberley. She worked more soap into the sponge and ran it between not-Barbara's long legs, scrubbing vigorously. Well, it was a soft sponge after all, and Kimberley rather liked the sounds not-Barbara began to make.

## Chapter Twelve

It was dark, and very quiet. Kimberley had no idea why she'd happened to wake up just now. She had even less idea why it was so hard to get back to sleep. Next to her, in the narrow bed, not-Barbara stirred once and was still. They were both naked, and some residual modesty kept them back-to-back, even though it wasn't the most comfortable position for them. Worse yet, not-Barbara had a habit of hogging the covers. Kimberley would have cheerfully dumped her out onto the floor, but not-Barbara was a bit bigger and stronger than she was.

Sighing, Kimberley rolled onto her back and looked up towards where the skylight was. There was a very faint light coming through it, so faint that she could only detect it out of the corner of her eye. It disappeared completely if she looked directly at it. Beside her, not-Barbara stirred again and moaned softly in her sleep. What was she dreaming about? Kimberley sighed again. This whole adventure felt much like that skylight. Things could be glimpsed, almost understood, out of the corner of her mind's eye, but every time she tried to confront them directly, understand them more clearly, they disappeared. It was frustrating. Why had she done all those things to not-Barbara while she was chained up and helpless in the shower room? At one point the sponge had become too much of an impediment, and she had tossed it away, using just her hands and her nimble fingers to wash the other girl, tease her, arouse her. Her fingers still remembered how soft and warm not-Barbara's breasts were. Her lips



recalled the rubbery feel of those nipples as she kissed, licked and sucked them to erection. In the dark, she could feel herself blushing furiously at the memory. WHY had she done that? Oh, sure, part of it was because she was so angry at the thought of not-Barbara usurping her place here...but only a part of it.

What was the other part? Some of it had been pleasurable. Some of the pleasure had come from the feeling of power she had had at the time: Do this, and she could make not-Barbara move this way. Do that, and she could make not-Barbara make a certain noise. Do something else...she felt herself blushing again. And all the time, the men had been watching, and she had been enjoying the attention, feeding off of it.

He could not get back to sleep. He knew why: Elf-girl. That quick little peck on the cheek she'd given him had broken the rules...and he had done nothing about it. Why? The immediate reason had been to get her to the shower room before Rosalie got too tired to stand and had to be let down. But still...afterwards there had been plenty of time to discipline her, and he had still done nothing. Nobody else had seen it, he told himself. It wasn't that important. He could just let it go.

But...he had never let it go before. Was he getting too old and soft, or had elf-girl gotten to him more than he'd admitted to himself? He shook his head, frowning. Maybe he was getting too old for this after all. But every time he closed his eyes, he could see elf-girl, dancing naked in the rain, a small, slim figure, lovely and graceful.

Sleep would not come. He threw back the covers and padded out of his small bedroom, wearing only his boxers. He picked up a pair of handcuffs on the way. It was nearing sunrise now. Every-

body was sound asleep...except for him. He made his way slowly through the darkness to elf-girl's door and unlocked it as quietly as he could. It was only then that it occurred to him that there were two women in the room, and in the bed. In this very dark darkness, how could he tell elf-girl from Rosalie? Well, a fairly thorough groping would tell him, but it would also awaken whichever woman he was doing it to, which gave him a fifty-fifty chance of waking the wrong one. Too late now to go get a flashlight, though.

Kimberley had just dozed off again when she heard the bolt of the lock on her door being drawn back. She was sure who it was, and the certainty sent a thrill quivering through her. In the darkness, she sensed more than saw his approach. Then she felt the covers being drawn back, and a hand touched her breast, fondled it briefly.

"I'm awake, master," she whispered into the dark. She reached up to take his hand in both of hers, and lift it up to her lips to kiss it softly.

"Keep quiet," she heard him whisper in reply, and his other hand gripped her hair tightly. She let out one tiny, painful squeak, and allowed him to lead her out of her room. He locked the door again before leading her outside. He picked up one more little item hanging from a peg near the door on the way.

It was Kimberley's first look at the outside of the place, but it was still very dark, and she could not see much. They stood on a wide, covered porch, and she looked around to see what she could as Alpha took the time to handcuff her. There was no Moon visible, only stars, but off in the distance, she could see a faint but growing brightening of the sky. It must be very close to dawn. She could just make out the shores of a lake, probably the very same

lake she'd been trying to reach when they had caught her. She felt him check her handcuffs, ratchet one cuff a little tighter, and then he turned her to face him and gripped the end of the chain that was still locked around her neck. "Keep quiet," he told her again.

Kimberley obeyed, but she did shiver a little, and not all because of the faint chill in the early morning air. It was just the two of them now, out doors and away from the others. She had no real idea what he was going to do, but he was going to do it to her, and the thought made her heart beat a little faster. She was willing and eager to surrender to him, to whatever he wanted. She felt, all at once, very, very female, in the hands of a big and powerful male. It felt dangerous, primitive, and extremely arousing.

He led her down the wide plank steps. At the bottom of the steps was a walkway of some kind of flagstones. They felt very cold to her bare feet, but it wasn't anywhere near as bad as the forest trails they had led her along before. The walkway went all the way down to the lake, to a sandy beach. He led her out onto the sand before stopping and turning to face her. He held something up to her face.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked her.

Kimberley peered at it for a long moment before she realized what it was: A riding crop.

"Yes, master, I do," she answered in a small voice, lowering her head.

"Do you know why I'm going to use it?"

She had to think...she had done something wrong again, but what was it? So much had happened yesterday. And...why had he waited until now to do this? And why was it just the two of them now, and not the whole bunch of them, like they'd done before?



Why did this seem to be some private thing? Then she realized...it was a private thing because only he knew about her transgression this time. She had kissed him. She shouldn't have done that, but the impulse had been so strong at the time. When he had first come to her room, she'd thought he wanted her to himself for a little while. Well, maybe he did...no, she was sure that there was no "maybe" about it. He DID want her to himself for a while. Having to punish her...well, that was his excuse for getting that while. Inwardly, she smiled. Her round little ass might sting after this, but at least now she was pretty sure she had at least one thing figured out.

"You do know." It was a statement, not a question.

"Yes, master." Kimberley nodded, trying to put a hint of a sob into her voice.

"Kneel."

She let out a heavy sigh as she obeyed, but she was already salivating, knowing what he was going to want. Her rump was already tingling in anticipation of the attention it was going to get very soon.

He stood in front of her and shucked off the boxer shorts he was wearing, stepped out of them, kicked them aside. This was the first time Kimberley had really seen him naked...and it was still too dark for her to see much. He had broad shoulders, muscular arms, and powerful-looking legs. He looked to be built more for strength and endurance than speed, but she knew just how quickly he could move. She had never had a chance to draw her knife that day...but she had tried. Now, she thought that even if she had been able to get it out, it wouldn't have made any difference. He would have taken it away from her all the same. He

didn't even need to handcuff her. He was so much bigger than she was, and so much stronger, he could compel her to do whatever he wanted. The thought was exciting, in a dark, primitive way.

He stepped closer to her. It was just light enough now to see how big his cock was. She knew what he wanted her to do, so she opened her mouth wide for him, trying to look reluctant. Inching forward a bit on her knees, she took him into her mouth. She began to lick and suck, savoring him.

Then he put his hand on the back of her head and began pulling her closer. She had been expecting this. She made a muffled sound of protest, thinking that that was what he wanted, and began pulling back against his hand when his cock was so deeply into her mouth that she didn't think she could stand it.

Suddenly he brought the riding crop down across her rump. It made a sound like a small-caliber gunshot...and it HURT! It STUNG! Kimberley yelped around his cock, trying harder now to pull away. It was useless. She could no more move against his strength than she could pick up a car. He relented just enough for her to gulp in some badly needed air, and then he brought the riding crop down again, even harder, and pulled her close.

She closed her eyes, grunting and moaning and gasping (whenever he let her get a breath) and trying, unsuccessfully, not to yelp or scream each time the crop struck her. He was going down her throat, cutting off her air. It settled into a rhythm: Thwack, yelp, moan, gasp, pull, thwack, yelp, moan, gasp, pull... She was TRYING to please him! She was TRYING! What would it take to make him stop?

And then she remembered...this was a punishment. He would not stop until he was done. Pleasing him, or not pleasing

him, would make no difference. Every time the riding crop came slashing down, she could see white flashes behind her eyelids. She was sobbing, not resisting at all any more, not acting.

He stopped using the riding crop on her, and while he kept his hand on the back of her head, he was no longer forcing her movements. Still sobbing, she kept to the cadence he had established. Then she seemed to realize he had stopped. She never looked up at him for confirmation that her ordeal was over. Instead, she gave one more tiny sob and began sucking him with something like desperation, taking him in deeply, quickly, hungrily, and then slowly, slowly, pulling back, her lips tight around his cock, her tongue flicking at him, caressing him. He looked up at the brightening sky over the hills to eastward, hearing the pained, wet sounds she was making, feeling the heat and warmth and wetness of her mouth on him. Damn, it felt GOOD! He used his hand, still on her head, to urge her to go a bit faster...a bit faster...

He held her head close, forcing it down on his cock as he came. He heard her squeak each time he spurted into her mouth. He still did not look down.

When he finally let her go, she fell over sideways onto the sand, gasping and choking and sputtering. When she had gotten some breath back, she looked up at him. He was looking off into the distance, not down at her. She wondered what he could possibly be looking at, and why, but she did not turn her head to see. He stayed like that for a long while, long enough for it to become light enough for her to see that he was standing there with his eyes closed. She thought about making some noise to bring him back from wherever he was. In the end, she just waited.

Finally, he opened his eyes, looked down at her, and seemed



to smile.

"Let's get you cleaned up," he said, bending down to take the end of her neck chain in his hand.

She followed him as he waded into the still waters of the lake. The water was frigid! She yelped at the first icy touch of it. For all the reaction he showed, it could have been a warm bath to him. She gritted her teeth and kept following.

Washed, dried and back inside, Kimberley was still shivering furiously as he locked the door behind her. There was just enough illumination coming through the skylight now for her to see her way to the bed. She crawled in next to not-Barbara, and cuddled her close, spoon-fashion, thankful for her warmth and for the covers. Not-Barbara stirred as Kimberley held her, muttered something in her sleep, but did not pull or push away. Still shivering, Kimberley drifted back to sleep.

She woke up to find that some time during the night she and not-Barbara had somehow switched positions. They were still spooned, but now not-Barbara's arm was draped over her waist, not-Barbara's leg was thrown over hers, and not-Barbara's full, soft breasts were pressed against her back. Kimberley could feel warm breath caressing the nape of her neck.

This was...awkward. What, exactly, did one do in such a situation? She supposed she could get out of the bed, but then what? Sit in the chair? She was perfectly comfortable in the bed. Why should she move? Why shouldn't not-Barbara move? Except that...she was still a bit bigger and stronger than Kimberley was. She might also be holding some sort of grudge about last night. There was also that other thing...would she and this woman be swapped by their captors after all? Up until very early this morn-

ing, Kimberley had been certain that that was what was going to happen. Now, she wasn't so sure. She would have to wait to find out. She closed her eyes again.

She was still tired and sleepy when they came for her and not-Barbara. Both women were hauled roughly out of their bed, dumped onto the floor, and made to lie still as their captors handcuffed them. Then they padlocked a length of chain to each of their chain collars, effectively leashing them together. Aside from a few small grunts of pain or discomfort, neither woman said anything. Once they were securely connected, they were hauled to their feet.

The rough handling had excited her. Kimberley felt flushed, and her nipples were stiffening. She stole a quick sideways glance at not-Barbara, who seemed to be in the same state as she was. For a moment, Kimberley's mind swirled with speculation: Were they both going to be taken back out into the woods? Somehow, the prospect of being an outdoor captive again didn't bother her as it had before. She could just picture their five captors leading their little slave coffle along the trails, pitching camp for the night, using their captives over and over by the light of the campfire. The image was so overpowering that she couldn't suppress a shudder. What was happening to her?

But...all that the men did for now was lead them out to the kitchen. Kimberley could smell the breakfast they had cooked, and her stomach growled politely. The men seated themselves around the table, and made the women kneel nearby on the floor.

This little game she knew. Kimberley began to beg for food by nuzzling at the legs of the men. She concentrated most of her efforts on the two new ones. If they were going to be her new cap-

tors, it didn't hurt to play up to them a little, and if they weren't, well, maybe she could make the other men a little jealous. She carefully kept her pose and actions submissive, docile: A fleeting glance at a face as food was delivered to her opened mouth, then a quick turning away, head down, as she ate. She didn't want to overstep the bounds as she had done before. Next to her, not-Barbara seemed unsure of things at first...or was she just reluctant? Eventually, hunger won out, and she was copying Kimberley's actions. Then she added a twist of her own, making small noises of pleasure whenever she received food. After a minute or two, Kimberley began to copy her. The six feet or so of chain that linked their collars didn't interfere with their individual movements as long as they stayed near each other, but since they had to go to a different man for each mouthful of fried egg, bacon, or hash-browned potatoes, every so often Kimberley would feel a sharp tug on her neck chain. Some of the time, she tugged back. Some of the time, she simply moved closer to not-Barbara.

He watched elf-girl's performance with interest. She seemed to have learned a great deal in the past few days. Now, even though she was competing with Rosalie, she was still being careful not to provoke punishment. She wasn't built as generously as Rosalie, but she still looked very good naked. Her slender body had a beauty all its own. She looked delicate, even fragile, but he knew first-hand just how tough and resilient she was. And time and time again, his gaze kept straying to her ears. Whenever she nuzzled at him for food, he gave her a little bit less than any of the others did. But every time she took even the smallest mouthful from him, her eyes would meet his for the briefest moment, and there would be a secret, knowing look in those eyes, a barest sug-



gestion of a smile before she turned away. He was fairly certain that none of the other men saw it, and was also fairly certain that Rosalie did see it...or at least knew that there was something going on, even if she wasn't quite sure what it was.

When breakfast was over, one of the new men wiped the women down, washing away any stray bits of food that had gone astray, while the others quickly cleared the table. Kimberley waited, certain that something...interesting...would follow shortly. She knelt patiently alongside not-Barbara. Having another woman here made everything different. It didn't make complete sense to her. With not-Barbara here, she felt simultaneously less naked, but more nude. And she couldn't help stealing looks at not-Barbara's naked body. It was exciting, somehow, the more so because it felt so forbidden. She wanted to feel not-Barbara's nipple in her mouth again, wanted to run her hands over not-Barbara's body again, and even more wanted to feel not-Barbara's mouth on HER nipple, not-Barbara's hands on HER body. She shivered, licked her lips, swallowed. What WAS happening to her? She was beginning to feel like an animal in heat.

"All right," Alpha interrupted her daydreaming by hauling her to her feet by her leash. Beside her, not-Barbara also rose. "This way." He gave her leash a tug and Kimberley obediently followed him. Inside, she was almost quivering with anticipation. She was certain that a good, hard fucking was coming up, somehow, somewhere, and if she and not-Barbara were going to stay chained together by the neck it meant that...that...they would each be able to see, and hear...and smell...the other being used, and THAT idea already had her wet. She wondered if not-Barbara was thinking the same thing.

There was a big, heavy old wooden table in the living room, and Alpha was leading them towards it. Were they going to be bent over the table and taken from behind? Kimberley tossed her head, trying to clear it. Almost everything now seemed to have her thinking about when, where and how she was going to be used. Her skin was tingling, her nipples were swelling and hardening just from the whispery brushing of the air across them as she walked. She could sense not-Barbara following along behind, and wondered briefly if not-Barbara was looking at her rump.

Alpha stopped just short of the table, looked at her briefly. She remembered to avert her eyes, looking down and away from him. "Okay," she heard him say. "Get her ready."

Behind her, Kimberley heard not-Barbara protest briefly, a protest cut short by the sound of a sharp slap. She couldn't help looking around to see what was going on.

Not-Barbara was standing with her eyes closed, her cuffed hands rubbing her rump gingerly. One of the new men and Bullet-head were buckling some sort of belt snugly around her waist. It seemed to be part of a complicated harness. There were more straps and buckles...and one long, thick dildo, very lifelike except for the lurid orange color. Kimberley gulped. She watched them put the harness on not-Barbara, unable to turn away. Straps went around each of her thighs, one went straight up to connect to the belt around her waist, and another one...Kimberley could not see it, but she could guess from how not-Barbara jerked and grunted...must go straight up in back to connect to the belt around her waist also. Bullet-head secured the last strap with a quick jerk that made not-Barbara gasp and open her eyes again. Kimberley winced as she imagined how that must have felt. The dildo stood out

boldly in front of her now, tilted slightly upwards. Kimberley's eyes met not-Barbara's, and Kimberley knew beyond a doubt that not-Barbara did indeed have a bit of a grudge about last night.

Alpha turned her back around to face the table, and bent her over it with his hand on the back of her neck. She whimpered pitifully and closed her eyes as the side of her face touched the hard wood of the table, but inside, she was wildly aroused, waiting, wanting...

His grip on her neck tightened. Hard male hands gripped her ankles, spreading her legs wider and holding her tight. She could feel other hands touching her here and there, a quick, rough caress between her legs. She heard a laugh as that caress found her ready.

She squealed as not-Barbara began thrusting the dildo into her. She kept squealing, and began to squirm and struggle too. Not because she wanted to get away: No indeed! She knew that her struggles would make her captors hold her tighter, harder, more cruelly. Not-Barbara thrust the dildo in a little deeper. Kimberley heard the sound of another slap, heard not-Barbara's yelp, and suddenly the dildo slammed WAY up into her. There was nothing contrived about her squeal this time.

Kimberley shut her eyes tight, restricting her reality to sounds and feelings: The iron grips on her ankles and the back of her neck: The hard, hard wood of the table against her face, her breasts: The hard, hard dildo sliding in and out of her: The sound of her own irregular panting and gasping, of not-Barbara's grunts of effort, of the sound of hard slaps and feminine squeals as the men urged not-Barbara on to more vigorous efforts. It went on and on. Kimberley's thighs began quivering from the strain, but that only served to intensify everything else. Still, it was not quite



enough to bring her release, only to put her right at the very edge of it, so close, so close...

And then Alpha—it had to be him—began to stroke the side of her face, and her one exposed ear... Kimberley opened her mouth wide for one long shriek of savage pleasure and pain.

They helped her slump to the floor without hurting herself. She watched, too weak to do anything else, while they removed the dildo harness from not-Barbara. Her legs were still trembling from stress and tiny little aftershocks that spread from them deep into her belly.

They made not-Barbara kneel next to her, and then went off and left the two of them alone in the living room. Not-Barbara watched them go, and once they were out of sight, she looked down at Kimberley. She looked kind of strained herself, Kimberley thought. Maybe she was worrying about what Kimberley would do to her if their captors made them switch places later.

Not-Barbara licked her lips nervously, looked back over her shoulder quickly to see if any of the men had returned, and then looked back at Kimberley. She tossed her head to get her long, dark hair out of her face, and silently mouthed "I'm sorry" to Kimberley. Kimberley closed her eyes and smiled, shaking her head weakly. She looked back up at not-Barbara, and whispered, faintly: "It's okay. It's okay." What could either of them really do, anyway?

The rest of the day was...strenuous. The men moved them downstairs, to the big cell. A bigger mattress had been provided, but no other amenities. The two women remained handcuffed, and chained together by the neck, except for occasional and irregular breaks when one or the other of them pleaded to use the

bathroom. They were left alone, except when one or another of their captors felt an urge to fuck one of them again. While not-Barbara would close her eyes or look away whenever it was Kimberley's turn, Kimberley herself couldn't keep from watching when not-Barbara was being used. Oh, she tried not to watch...but she could still HEAR what was going on, and sooner or later she just had to SEE it too. There was something very female, very vulnerable in not-Barbara's helplessness and submission, something very arousing in the small noises she made of pleasure, pain or discomfort, in the metallic clinking of her handcuffs, the chain around her neck. Even when they were alone, Kimberley remained acutely aware that there was a chained and naked woman beside her, which somehow intensified her own nakedness, her own chains.

It was dark when they finally brought the two women back upstairs. They removed the handcuffs, removed the chain that had tethered them together for so many hours, and locked them into the little upstairs cell.

As the lock to the door snicked home, Kimberley stood rubbing her wrists for a moment. The handcuffs had not been too tight, but even so, they had bruised her. She felt tired and hungry (apparently they weren't going to be fed tonight...well, it had been a big breakfast) and sticky all over. She stretched and worked some kinks out of her shoulders before regarding not-Barbara, who looked to be similarly bruised, similarly hungry, and similarly sticky. "Shower?" she suggested to her cellmate, raising an eyebrow inquisitively.

"You...you want to go first?" not-Barbara asked.

Kimberley snorted. "Look at us," She spread her arms wide.

“After what we’ve been through together today, I don’t think this is the time to get all shy and maidenly. It’s a small shower, but we can both fit into it. Come on. We’ll shower together, and we can do each other’s backs.” Not-Barbara still hesitated, and Kimberley smiled. “Come on,” she urged. “What’s the big deal?”



## Chapter Thirteen

It was very, very hard to wake up. Through half-opened eyes, Kimberley could see bright light filtering down through the skylight overhead, which meant that it had to be very late in the morning. Yet, their captors had not come for them. She snickered to herself. Maybe they were as used up and worn out as their poor, helpless captives. Beside her, not-Barbara was a warm, soft presence in the bed. They had been sleeping spoon-fashion again, not-Barbara pressed up against Kimberley's back, one of her long, long legs thrown over Kimberley's. Under the covers, Kimberley reached down to run her hand along her companion's thigh, feeling the warm, silky flesh stretched over rubbery muscles. She sighed, a sound of contentment. What had happened last night had not been planned, and it had been very awkward at first because neither of them really knew quite what to do...but it had turned out all right. She closed her eyes and smiled. Better than all right, actually. Being used, fucked, by a strong, rough, hard male was exciting, thrilling, intensely pleasurable, yes. Oh, yes! But the soft, tender, gentle lovemaking that she and not-Barbara had made last night...that was very, very nice too. Kimberley had never thought of herself as bisexual, and she was certain that it had all happened only because of the circumstances. Maybe under the right circumstances, any woman could want to make love to another woman. Maybe the same was true for men too, she mused...but she could not quite picture Alpha doing that.

Not-Barbara stirred, murmured something, and then Kimber-

ley felt her soft, small hand on top of hers, where it still rested on not-Barbara's thigh.

"Good morning," not-Barbara whispered, close enough to Kimberley so that her breath stirred the tiny hairs at the nape of her neck.

"Good morning," Kimberley replied in a similar whisper, squeezing not-Barbara's thigh gently and feeling not-Barbara's hand gently squeeze in return.

There was an awkward silence. Did they have anything to talk about? Kimberley didn't even know not-Barbara's real name, and was fairly certain that not-Barbara only knew her as "elf-girl", if she knew her by any name at all. She thought about telling the girl her real name, and discarded the idea. It was better if neither of them knew, she thought. Anonymity made some things easier. Maybe even better.

She rolled over to face not-Barbara and kiss her softly. She'd meant it to be only a short kiss, but somehow, it lingered. She could feel not-Barbara's tongue tip brush her lips, shyly, tentatively. Kimberley fought back the urge to break the kiss...well, it wasn't a very strong urge, more like a weak reflex, really...and met not-Barbara's tongue tip with her own. Then both their mouths opened, their tongues entwined as their arms and legs went around each other and they pulled each other close.

They both had a better idea of what to do now. Kimberley broke the kiss only to lick and nibble at not-Barbara's neck, then move down to those full, round breasts. She paid special attention to the excited, distended nipples, savoring how different they felt and tasted from any male nipple she'd ever put her mouth to. When they were both swollen and exquisitely sensitive, she

trailed a line of saliva down not-Barbara's soft belly, licking and kissing. Not-Barbara was moaning softly now, moving under her, parting her legs for Kimberley.

Kimberley moved so that she was on her side, her head towards the foot of the bed. Not-Barbara's hands slid between Kimberley's thighs, gently moving them apart as Kimberley began working her lips slowly up her silky inner thighs. For one brief moment, Kimberley feared that their captors would come in while this was going on, but...so what if they did? This felt GOOD. It felt exciting and arousing in a way that was a sharp contrast to all the other exciting and arousing...and sometimes scary...feelings that she had been subjected to over the past days. And then not-Barbara's hands reached around her to hold her rump, one cheek cupped in each hand, and pull her even closer for not-Barbara's lips and tongue, and all coherent thoughts drowned in an incoming tide of sheer sensation. Kimberley shivered as not-Barbara's tongue sought out the most sensitive parts of her, and set about giving as much pleasure as she was getting. Not-Barbara tasted good, a little salty, faintly sweet, and very, very tender. Female musk filled her nostrils. It was an intoxicating scent.

They were sleeping again when their captors came for them, arms around each other, legs tangled together under the covers. They had tried to be very quiet while they were making love, tried not to make any noise which would attract male interest. It had made the whole episode feel more forbidden, more dangerous, more exciting. Afterwards, as they snuggled together, they had spoken in low, intimate whispers about whether or not to shower. Kimberley could feel and smell not-Barbara on her face, and could smell herself on not-Barbara's. If they did not clean up, their cap-



tors would know what had happened. But, if they turned on the shower it would make enough noise for the men to hear. They might even hear if they only used the sink. Kimberley ended the discussion by starting to lick not-Barbara's chin, then her face. Not-Barbara was surprised at first, then stifled a giggle and began to reciprocate. As they licked each other clean, Kimberley thought of two cats grooming each other, and had to stifle a giggle of her own.

It was not-Barbara's two original captors who came for them. They roused the women out of bed, handcuffed them, and chained them together by the neck again. They were businesslike about it, and Kimberley suspected they'd done this sort of thing many times before. Still, they did manage to get their hands on her in some sensitive, private places. Her flesh tingled where they had touched.

This seemed to be some sort of new routine, being chained to not-Barbara. Kimberley found it arousing, on a very primitive level, to be part of a slave coffle...even such a small one. She couldn't say why it was this way, but she had given up trying to analyze and explain things to herself some time back. It had also occurred to her that as long as she was chained to not-Barbara, she wasn't going to be taken out into the woods. It seemed very unlikely that either group of captors was going to be able to hog both captives for themselves. Unless there was something else going on... Kimberley shook her head. No point in speculating like that.

Breakfast this morning was generous: Scrambled eggs, tasty little link sausages, hot buttered toast. Both women ate greedily, often competing for the same delicious forkful. The men laughed

at some of the extremes their captives would go to for food. Some times they teased them by holding it just out of reach of an opened, eager mouth. The meal went on for some time. Towards the end, the food was getting cold, but Kimberley was so hungry that she didn't care. She ate whatever was given to her, savoring each bite.

Once again, they were cleaned up afterwards. Once again, they were led downstairs, to the cell in the basement, and locked in. Kimberley stretched out as best she could on the bare mattress. She had to lie on her side. It was too difficult getting comfortable lying on her back when she was handcuffed. Not-Barbara lay on her side next to Kimberley, the two women facing each other. For the time being, their captors left them alone.

It was awkward, Kimberley thought. She felt as if she should say something, as if she and not-Barbara should be sharing experiences, even if they had to talk in a whisper. But...there was nothing to say. Not really. They had been forced to share an intimate captivity. (And more, she blushed furiously) They had witnessed each other being used, fucked, fed...and there was nothing to say. Their experiences would be difficult to talk about even between longtime girlfriends. Between two complete strangers...well, maybe the best way to handle it would be not to talk, to remain anonymous to each other as best they could. They would probably never see each other again after this anyway.

After a while, Alpha came down to them. Kimberley lay still, watching him unlock the cage door, enter, and slowly walk towards them. The sight of him gave her a thrill, anticipating his hands on her, his cock in her, anywhere in her he wanted. He knelt beside her, stroking her head gently and smiling. She wanted to sit up, to

get closer to him by herself, and tell him with a kiss that she was ready, eager. But she didn't. It would be against the rules, and it would get her punished.

His hand cupped her breast and squeezed, almost painfully. She shuddered, with a long, hissing intake of breath. His thumb rubbed roughly over her swollen nipple, and she shuddered again, moaning now.

"Good girl," he chuckled, giving her breast a last quick squeeze. "Now, watch."

Watch? He wanted her to WATCH? Watch what?

He turned to not-Barbara and gripped her by her hair, hauling her up into a sitting position. Not-Barbara winced and whined in complaint, trying to squirm away. He slapped her. Hard, across her face and she immediately froze, looking up at him with fearful eyes. He gave her head a rough shake, and she looked down and away from him.

Kimberley slowly tucked her legs under her, slowly rose until she was kneeling. The side of not-Barbara's face where he'd struck her was an angry red. Not-Barbara seemed to be trembling as Alpha began to unzip his pants. Kimberley trembled herself. She had to watch. She had to see.

Not-Barbara opened her mouth for Alpha's cock, waiting for him to thrust it in. Instead, he slapped her again, but not quite as hard. "Kiss it," he ordered her, giving her head another shake. "Lick it."

The girl obeyed, hesitantly at first, then with enthusiasm. Kimberley watched not-Barbara's lips and pink tongue work up and down Alpha's big, thick, black cock and had to fight back a powerful urge to join in. He had ordered her to watch. All the



same, she licked her lips, recalling the feel, the taste, and the scent of him.

He made not-Barbara kiss and lick him all over: Shaft, head, even his balls. Not-Barbara meekly obeyed his orders, even the non-verbal ones he gave by pulling her head this way or that. It was very quiet down here, so Kimberley could hear every lap-lap-lap, every kiss, every tiny moan or grunt not-Barbara made. Finally, Alpha shook not-Barbara's head roughly. "Now," he ordered. Not-Barbara looked up at him as best she could, and got up onto her knees. She bent her head, closed her eyes, and took him into her mouth.

Kimberley could not take her eyes away. She knew exactly how it felt...now she was learning how it looked, and there was something powerfully erotic about it. Not-Barbara's submissive pose was accentuated by the fact that she was shackled and chained, Alpha's powerful dominance accentuated by his spread-legged stance, his hard grip on not-Barbara's hair. Kimberley rubbed her thighs together furtively. She wanted to shove not-Barbara aside, and make her watch while she sucked Alpha's cock herself. She wanted Alpha to use HER, fuck HER! And she couldn't stop watching.

Alpha let not-Barbara go at her own pace. She kept her eyes closed, making tiny grunting noises each time she took him in. Then Kimberley saw him take an even tighter grip on not-Barbara's hair. He used it to quicken her pace, faster... faster... deeper... deeper... Not-Barbara's nasal grunts came faster and faster as well, in perfect time. Alpha gave one low groan...and then one long, loud groan that startled Kimberley. Not-Barbara's eyes flew open. The "Eeep!" noise she made was muffled by Alpha's cock stuffed

deep into her mouth. Alpha groaned again, not-Barbara “eeped!” again...and again...

Alpha gave not-Barbara’s head one last shake and let go of her. She gasped for air, and slumped over onto the mattress. Kimberley saw thick semen dribbling out of the corner of her mouth. Alpha stuffed himself back into his pants, zipped them up, looking down at not-Barbara. Then he turned towards Kimberley. “Well, elf-girl?” He smiled. Kimberley just looked up at him. Was he really expecting her to say something? She looked quickly away.

He chuckled. “Hold still, now.” He reached down, and unlocked the chain that tethered her to not-Barbara. Then he took her by the shorter chain that still dangled from her neck. He gave it a tug. “C’mon, elf-girl.”

Kimberley rose, and followed him as he led her out of the cage. He locked it behind them, and took her upstairs.

Was this it? Kimberley wondered. Was she going to be turned over to the other men now, and taken back into the woods? The thought made her angry, unhappy. She didn’t want to leave here!

As they went up the stairs, Bullet-head passed them, going down. He was grinning, and he gave her and Alpha a quick nod as he went by. Kimberley’s anger flamed higher, but she said nothing. Alpha led her upstairs, through the living room, past not-Barbara’s original captors, who were sacked out, asleep, in two of the old easy chairs. And then, he led her outside... Kimberley wasn’t angry any more, but she was mightily puzzled. What was going on? Was she being traded or not? Did Alpha just want to fuck her outdoors? So soon after he had used not-Barbara? Wondering, she followed him down the steps, down the pathway towards the lake. In the daylight, Kimberley could see that the lake here was wide,

but further out, it was narrower, and closely ringed by steep, wooded hills. There had been a big wall map, back at the lodge where she had started this adventure. It showed a big, sprawling lake, formed when a dam had backed water up into the twisting mountain valleys. Maybe this lake was a part of that bigger lake. Alpha led her out onto a narrow dock, out towards the end of it. The water looked dark. She already knew it was cold.

"Sit," he ordered. Kimberley sat down carefully. The dock was old and wooden, and while it had felt worn fairly smooth to her bare feet, she didn't want to risk a splinter. She let her legs dangle over the side so that her toes just touched the water. Alpha took the handcuffs off of her, and sat down next to her, smiling. Absently rubbing her wrists, she turned to look at him, even more puzzled now.

"You can talk if you want now, elf-girl."

Kimberley opened her mouth, hesitated.

"Go ahead," he urged.

"What...what's going on?" she asked. "I don't understand."

He shifted a little closer to her and began to unlock the chain from around her neck. "Nothing to understand, elf-girl. There's a boat coming soon to take you back. You're free."

For a long moment, Kimberley could not find any words. "It's OVER?!" she exclaimed at last. But...but it can't be. I haven't been here that long..."

"Ah, elf-girl..." Alpha put an arm around her shoulders, gave her a quick little hug. "You don't think we'd've kept you here 'til the very last minute? Could you go straight back to work from this? No, no. You're a tough little thing, but you still need a couple of days to recover." He took her hand, held it up. "You need time



for these bruises to fade too. And most of all, you're going to find that you need sleep. Lots of sleep." He fell silent, his arm still around her, and Kimberley leaned a little close to him. It was over? Just like that? No warning? No...

"Hey," she spoke up.

"What?"

"I don't get a last fuck? From anybody?"

He chuckled again. "Elf-girl, that's one of the main rules about getting repeat customers: Leave 'em wanting more. I was watching you in the cell. You really want more."

"You're a bastard." Kimberley shot back. "You're ALL bastards!" But there wasn't anywhere near as much venom in the words as she'd intended. Already, part of her was glad it was over, was looking forward to hot baths, big, soft beds, and room service. And yet....

"So you think I'll come back?"

"I don't know," he shrugged. "That's up to you."

"Do you hope I'll come back?"

He looked at her and smiled. "Elf-girl...I'm not allowed to say. Even if I was, there's no guarantee I'd be here if you did. So why bring it up?"

Kimberley nibbled at her lower lip as she thought this over. Right now, she couldn't say if she'd come back or not. It had certainly been...different. She had absolutely hated parts of it, at least while they had been happening. Now, looking back... She sighed. Looking back, things were much less distinct. Looking back, it all seemed to be part of one long trek: First, the physical one, through the woods, on her own and as a naked captive. Then, the one through herself, here in this cabin. Sitting on the dock,

feeling the warm sun beating down on her bare flesh, she wondered if this was the end of that trek. Or was it just the end for now? She was leaving here with things undone. She wanted Alpha to take her again, or even just to watch as one of his henchmen did. And she had been kind of looking forward to wearing that dildo harness and using it on not-Barbara. She chuckled herself. Yes, they were definitely leaving her wanting more.

"What are you thinking?" Alpha asked.

"Oh, nothing..." Kimberley shook her head. "Just...why do you keep calling me 'elf-girl'?"

His hand brushed her ear, making her shiver. "These," he answered. "The first day I saw you, they made me think of elves."

He hadn't struck her as the kind to think of elves...or even to know about them. She looked at him closely. No, he wasn't kidding or teasing her. She had been teased about her ears plenty of times when she was a kid, and she could tell.

"Oh."

They sat next to each other in silence for a while. A hawk was overhead, soaring in slow, lazy circles as it searched for a meal. Somewhere out in the lake, a fish jumped.

"The boat will be here soon." Alpha broke the silence. "They'll have clothes for you to wear."

Kimberley nodded absently. She was still trying to get used to the idea that she was free now. If she wanted, she could get up, walk around, even go for a swim in the lake. No, scratch swimming. That lake was just too damned cold. Even if she was free, she rather suspected that one of the things she really would like to do right now was out of the question. She wanted to grab Alpha, kiss him, fuck his brains out right here on the dock. She might be

free, but Alpha probably wasn't. The dock was in sight of the lodge, too. If she did anything, and Alpha let her, someone might see. It might get Alpha into trouble. She took one long breath, held it, let it out in a long sigh.

"Here," Alpha went on, "you should have this back." He held it out to her. Kimberley recognized her survival knife. She thought that it had been fed to the fire along with everything else she'd taken into the woods with her. She looked into Alpha's eyes again.

"Take it," he urged her. "It's a good knife." She looked at it in his hand, remembering clearly the day she was trying to pull it out to stab at him with it. He turned it, and she could see, etched neatly into the hilt: 'Elf-girl'. There was no doubt in her mind that he'd done that himself. She started to reach for it, then stopped.

"So, I get to keep a souvenir?"

"Well, yes. I guess you could call it that."

"And what about you? Do you get to keep one? Or is that against the rules?"

He thought about it for a moment, then laughed. "I don't think that the rules cover that."

Kimberley smiled. She closed his fingers around the hilt of the knife. "You keep this." She almost whispered to him. "I want something else for my souvenir."

"Oh? And what would that be?" He looked at her suspiciously.

"This." He had laid the chains and handcuffs on the dock after he'd taken them off of her. Kimberley picked up the chain. The padlock was still on it. "Plus the key, of course."

"Of course." He fished around in his shirt pocket, and pulled out the key. "Here."

Kimberley stuck the key into the padlock, and laid it and the



chain on the dock next to her. She leaned against Alpha, smiling. They stayed like that, not talking, until the long-awaited boat came into view as it rounded a bend. Alpha had kept his arm around her all the time, and as the boat drew nearer, he gave her an almost imperceptible hug and stood up.

“See ya, elf-girl.” He saluted her with the knife, smiling.

“See ya, Alpha,” she replied, smiling back, enjoying the puzzled look on his face just before he turned and strode away along the dock. She watched him go until he went back into the cabin and out of her sight. She heard someone call to her from the boat.

## Epilogue

“Hey...hey! Hold up a minute, will you?”

Kimberley stopped and turned around. Barbara was lagging well behind her, trying to catch up.

“Fine example of a fitness-center manager you are!” Kimberley grinned. “What’s the matter? You that out of shape?”

“Ha!” Barbara puffed as she drew nearer. “And ‘ha’ again. How much does this freakin’ pack weigh? Fifty, sixty pounds? I’m just not used to carrying so much weight is all.”

“Oh.” Kimberley’s grin faded. “Well, it’s not THAT heavy. More like thirty-five pounds, but I think you’re carrying it a bit wrong. Here, let me see.”

Barbara stood patiently as Kimberley checked her pack, adjusted a few things. They were small details, but Kimberley was used to backpacking. Barbara was not, and wouldn’t have known what to do.

“There,” she said at last. “How’s that?”

Barbara shifted her shoulders a bit, took a few steps. “Hey, that’s much better! Thanks!”

“Now will you keep up?”

“If you go a little slower,” Barbara nodded. “Or are you going to try to jog all the way there?”

“All right, all right. I’ll slow down for you.”

“Deal. Now, can we take a break?”

“Sure,” Kimberley agreed. She could use a little rest herself. “We can sit on that log over there. It’s in the shade.”

"Ahhhhhhhhh..." Barbara exhaled gratefully as she sat on the old fallen tree. "Seriously, Kim, are you in some kind of hurry? Are you hoping to come across that guy again, that 'Alpha' you kept telling me about? Hm?" She nudged Kimberley in her ribs playfully.

"I don't know..." Kimberley paused to take a long swig from her canteen. The water was not as cool as it had been an hour earlier. "I've been thinking about that, and I really don't know. Part of me does. He was big...all over...and strong, and just mean enough." She shivered, remembering. "First man ever to use my little round ass, too."

"Okay, so that's one part." Barbara took out her own canteen and uncapped it. "But what's the other part? Of you, I mean."

Kimberley shrugged as best she could while still wearing the backpack. "The other part...well, I just don't know. Part of the thrill last year was trying to learn what three complete strangers wanted, how to please each one of them. So, I keep thinking that maybe another complete stranger or two will recapture that. But...I don't know for sure, and I kinda doubt that any stranger will be able to do to me what Alpha did."

"Hm." Barbara drank quickly and recapped her canteen. "Well, from what you've told me about him, I wouldn't mind coming across that Alpha guy myself." She chuckled. "Of course, I'd put up a fight at first. It helps to get the juices flowing. Or are you calling dibs on him now?"

Kimberley looked around before replying. It wasn't the same place as last year. The ground wasn't as hilly, and most of the trees were hardwoods, not pines. It also wasn't the same arrangement as last year. She wondered about whatever kind of organization was



behind such odd “tour packages”.

“No, I’m not calling dibs,” she answered. “It wouldn’t do me any good. We won’t have anything at all to say about who gets us, or what they do to us after we’re got. You know that.”

“Just kidding.” Barbara shrugged. “How far do we have to go yet?”

“Not far,” Kimberley shook her head. “We should reach that place...what’s it called?”

“Gorburg,” Barbara offered.

“Yeah, Gorburg. Well, we should reach that town before sundown. We register there tonight, get a good hot meal and a good night’s sleep in a real bed. Then tomorrow the game begins.”

“It should be interesting,” Barbara said. She didn’t sound certain about it.

Kimberley laughed. “You having second thoughts too?”

“Second thoughts, third thoughts...but I’m still going,” Barbara replied. “Roller coasters still scare the Hell out of me some times, but I keep riding them.”

Kimberley nodded. “Here’s to the roller coasters.” She held up her canteen in a toast.

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