



by Arthur Kay

WARNING: This story is an act of fiction that contains graphic sexual descriptions and language. If you are a minor (under 21) or if you are offended by this kind of material then you should stop reading now. Any resemblance between this story and a real event is coincidental. The participants are imaginary; their actions have no negative consequences other than those portrayed in the story. The story is intended for entertainment and should not be emulated in the real world.



GESTAPO SS-LIEUTENANT Hans Von Yurt stood at ramrod stiff attention before the desk of his Commandant, SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp and watched and listened as the man ranted and raved, banging his fist on the desk for emphasis. He had rarely seen the man this angry.

So far, SS-Lieutenant Von Yurt had no idea why the man was yelling at him about some traitorous woman who had sided with the Jews. The SS-Oberführer soon corrected that lack of his knowledge in the conversation.

"THE TRAITOR IS YOUR WIFE GRETA, VON YURT. YOUR WIFE!" Hans eyes widened in disbelief. He couldn't believe his ears. True, Greta had said some mild things against the Nazi party, to his dismay and consternation, but traitor? Impossible! She was a loyal German. As loyal as Der Führer, himself. She just had a funny way of showing it sometimes.

"Mein Oberführer, I don't believe . . . "

"SHUT UP, VON YURT! There is no denying it, She is the one I am referring to. She is the one who has used her raggedy and pitiful little weekly newsletter to blast the party's treatment, or I should say mistreatment, of the Jews. She's the one, your Greta, who has created great dissension and discord among the working classes." He paused.

"WELL, NO MORE, VON YURT!" He banged his fist hard on the desk top. **"You, SS-Gestapo Lieutenant Von Yurt, are going to personally arrest that little bitch wife of yours and bring her to me. Do I make myself perfectly clear, Von Yurt?"**

"Y-Yes, mein Oberführer, perfectly clear, sir! Hans stiffened his body and clicked his heels together. He knew better than to say anything else, especially any of the argumentative rebuttal thoughts he now harbored. The man before him was obviously in no mood for a debate.

"Good! Now, go retrieve her, Von Yurt, and deliver her to me, in less than one hour, in my private quarters." The Commandant looked down at his wrist watch. "I want to personally teach the traitorous little cunt some lessons in following party doctrine when it comes to mass media." He smiled at the Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Von Yurt cringed, but saluted smartly, pivoted and headed toward the door. He knew the fate awaiting his beautiful wife of less than five years, but also knew there was nothing he, or anyone else for that matter, could do about it. Their fate was sealed. It was now, he knew, up to Greta as to just how horrible that fate would, or could get.

A short while later, Hans and Greta Von Yurt were in the back seat of a large, black unmarked SS-Gestapo car headed for the Commandant's quarters. Two regular army soldiers sat in front and, one of them, the driver, was humming a tune. It sounded out of place, given the circumstances, but at the same time it sounded normal. A thing a driver would do to pass the time.

Hans hadn't yet told Greta the reason for the trip, but he suspected she knew something wrong was afoot. He had merely told her that the commandant wanted to chat with her and she was not to worry, purposely playing it down so as not to fret her prematurely. Her worry and fret would come soon enough, he well knew.

"Hans," Greta said. "I'm in trouble, aren't I?" He nodded, not turning to her, but still staring out the rear window on his side. "It's because of those things I wrote, isn't it?" He nodded again, still staring at the scenery going past. She pumped him further.

"How bad is it, Hans?" She sounded fearful, so he turned to face her. He looked very worried. Childlike in his worry. He took her right hand into both of his and squeezed. He could sense her fear. He had that fear in himself.

"Very bad, I'm afraid, my liebschen. The Commandant has labeled you a traitor . . ." He let the words just hang there, waiting for her response.

"Traitor? That's nonsense, Hans, I'm a loyal party woman, you know that. So, I played Devil's advocate with my odd views, but . . . "

Hans shushed her. "Liebschen, we don't have much time. We must talk before we get to the Commandant's quarters."

Hans leaned over and said something to the driver. It was said too low for Greta to hear, but a moment later she heard the man say, "Ya, Lieutenant!" and pull the car over to the curb and kill the engine. The two regular army soldiers then left the car, slamming doors behind them. Hans turned to her.

"Hans, I . . . "

"Greta, my liebschen, please, we don't have much time, so listen to me and listen very carefully. I am helpless in his matter and cannot do a thing to help

you." He squeezed her hand. "I could shoot the two men with us, but that wouldn't save us, or you. We'd never even make it to the border or, even if by some incredible miracle we did, we'd never get through without a border pass.

"They would arrest us and kill us, *after* putting the two of us through holy hell." He squeezed her hand again. "Remember Anna?" He knew she did. She nodded silently. Poor Anna, she thought. Anna had also been called to have a little chat with the Commandant. She was now hospitalized and in a mostly vegetative state. Her mind had snapped.

Before her mind had gone, she had told Greta most of the horrid details. What she told Greta had seemed incredible in this day and age. Impossible, even.

Anna had fought the Commandant wildly, even going so far as to bite his penis when he had attempted to put it into her mouth. He had beaten her severely and told her he would kill her entire family if she didn't cooperate.

She cooperated, as best she could, but that still wasn't enough for him. He meant to teach her a good lesson. After raping her night and day for a week, he had turned her over to what he called the barrack's boys, 160 of his regular army soldiers. They had used her night and day, every day, without any mercy, for eight months. Anna didn't go into great detail, but she did say it was the most horrible thing imaginable, and beyond.

Anna did mention being tied to an army cot, night and day, while a long line of soldiers waited outside the door for their turn at her. And Anna's crime? She had called an SS-Gestapo officer a pig after he had pinched her behind in the restaurant where she waitressed. But how was she to know he was Schutzstaffel? The dreaded SS. The man was in plain clothes.

Anna's ordeal might have gone on until they tired of her or she died, but Anna got pregnant. Most of the men wanted to kill her then and there, but the barrack's boss, a kindly Corporal Fürst, took pity on her and sent her home to have the baby. Upon her leaving, Fürst had told her to go and have a healthy, German soldier boy.

Anna wasn't home three days when she miscarried and lost the baby. Whether this fact contributed to Anna's deterioration or not will never be known, but Anna collapsed soon after and lost all sense of reality. She now spent her days in a home for the mentally insane.

But that was then and this is now.

"Well," Hans was saying. "Anna had no idea what fate was waiting for her when she fought the commandant. How could she? But, you, my liebschen, are a step ahead of it all. That could save you from a very terrible time of it." Greta thought about the barrack's boys. Hans knew what she was thinking. He spoke again, still very rapidly.

"Yes, that would be terrible. Terrible. But you can prevent that from happening to you. By not being you, the strong-willed woman, the woman who takes no crap from anyone . . . including me." He chuckled softly. It sounded to Greta like a gallows chuckle. She tried to chuckle, too, but found she couldn't. Her throat was too dry.

"Liebschen," he continued, talking rapidly. "While it kills me inside to say

this, you must humor the man and do everything he tells you to do, sexual and otherwise. It's the only way, believe me. I've seen and heard this man in action. He's a beast, a depraved beast. He enjoys telling stories of how he made the woman fight back, on purpose, by having her do things she found truly repulsive and the joy and exhilaration he felt in turning her over to his wretched henchmen.

"At all costs, you must not fight him. It will only play into his hands. If there is any hope of you coming out of this, my liebschen, and being spared Anna's fate, this is it. Use any ability you have within you to play-act, pretend you like it even, but just don't get the man angry. Do you understand, my liebschen?" She nodded meekly. God, she thought, oh, God. What is to become of me? Of us? Hans had said something more, again rapidly.

". . . will insist on oral and intercourse, undoubtedly, but he will also make you perform anal sex. I know, I know. This is something you absolutely detest and I understand, my love, but he will give you no choice in the matter. It's do it or suffer Anna's consequences." He looked at her, great fear and love showing in his pool blue eyes. And tears. "And, as I well know from listening to his many ugly stories, his men will use you that way anyway, so please, liebschen, keep that in mind." He had more tears in his eyes. He's trapped, she thought, just like I am, but I must now be the strong one. If we are to survive at all.

One of the soldiers tapped on the rear car window and said, " One more minute, Lieutenant, sir." Hans turned to her.

"Greta, our time has run out. Do you think you can be a convincing actress with this vile bastard?" He looked anxious and afraid. Wanting her to say she could, but hating the fact that she had to.

"Hans, my liebschen, I love you. I can get through this. But will you? Will your knowing what I have done with this man hurt you so deeply it kills your love for me? That would kill me quicker than a bullet to my head."

"No, liebschen, I know you will have had no choice. My love for you will remain as strong as it is now. I promise." He reached out and kissed her. A long kiss. "We have to go now. I love you." He held her close. "I love you, my liebschen."

Just as the car door opened, Greta whispered, "I love you, too, my liebschen Hans." The two soldiers rejoined them in the car and in less than a minute they were once more underway.

Hans and Greta sat in the back seat, holding hands, both staring straight ahead at the backs of the soldier's heads. They both had tears in their eyes. The car turned a corner and there it was, the posh hotel that housed the SS-Gestapo. And, as Hans well knew, the personal penthouse quarters of SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp. The SS-beast. The SS-beast, Hans thought, who would soon have his dirty hands all over Greta's lovely body. Making her . . . Hans stopped thinking about it as the car stopped and the two soldiers got out.

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AS GRETA STOOD, all alone, in the middle of the Commandant Oberführer's living room, she concentrated on steeling her will for the ordeal she could only imagine lay ahead of her. She was sure she could do as he wished, the bastard, and then blot it out of her mind later, unlike poor Anna, but she had to call on all the

fortitude within her to play-act her part in the horrible scenario to soon come. Later was later, she thought, but now, damn it, was now.

A door opened to her right and SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp entered the room. He was barefooted and wearing a dark purple robe with twin yellow lightning bolts embroidered on the breast pocket. The insignia of the SS, the Schutzstaffel, the feared quasi-military arm of the Nazi party that served as their special police force. The dreaded Black Shirts. Stemp had a drink in one hand and was smiling at her. She felt immediately nauseated. And truly frightened.

As he stepped even closer to her, she realized he was a bigger man that she had remembered. Well over six feet, muscular, but with a pronounced paunch for a stomach. His chest looked extremely hairy as it peeked out of the purple robe's vee at his neck. His bare legs, below the robe, were also extremely hairy. The words hairy beast ran through her mind.

But it was his face that got her full attention. He was ugly. Not horribly ugly, but ugliness showed through nonetheless. His face was fat, wide at the jowls, with a close cropped moustache that reminded her of Hitler, their beloved Führer. His lips, the bottom one very fat, wore a scar that crossed diagonally over them both, making them somehow look very evil. His ears looked too big for even his big face. They had little hairs growing out of them that repulsed her and reminded her of a man who should be older than he appeared to be.

"Good evening, Frau Von Yurt. How are you this lovely night?" The way he had said it, with a slight sneer in it, spoke volumes to her. She knew he was cat and mousing her, looking over his prey, which he knew had no avenue of escape. And the bastard, she also knew, was enjoying it immensely. She was sure he had done this before and was very well practiced in it. Anna flashed through her mind. Anna had probably stood in this very same spot. And had the same fears.

"I'm fine, Oberführer. May I go home now, I have many important things to do there, if that's all right with you." She was immediately sorry her mouth had gotten ahead of her brain, but, at the same time, she was pleased with herself. She'd caught him off guard, the bastard, by the looks of him. He was flustered. But, she reminded herself to be careful with him. She was in his home court, without any advantage. And it was he, not she, who would always be the clever one.

He started toward her. "Home? My, my, you've only just arrived here, my dear. Besides, we haven't had our little chat yet." He was now standing a foot away from her. "YOU TRAITOROUS LITTLE SLUT!" He slapped her hard across her right cheek, knocking her head to the side. The pain was awful and immediate. "HOME! HAH! Until I say so, you Jew loving little cunt, *this* is your home!" He grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her roughly from side to side.

"DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?" He put one hand under her chin, gripping it strongly, and forced her to look directly at him. She saw that he had spittle on his chin from the yelling.

"Y-yes, Oberführer. I'm sorry if I misspoke. What is it you want to talk to be about?" She looked pitiful. He stepped back a few feet and looked at her, taking her entire body in and making her feel naked. He read her mind in that direction.

"Before we have our little chat, my dear, I want you to remove every article of your clothing, every last stitch, and stand at full attention. Now! AND BE QUICK

ABOUT IT!" He smiled at her. He knew she was trapped. And she knew words were useless with this type of man, one who wielded power without any thought to another's feelings.

Resigned, and without a single word of protest, she started to disrobe, feeling the full, aching pain of humiliation and embarrassment creeping over her. I love you, Hans, she said to herself, fighting back the urge to cry. Crying now, she feared, might make the beast angry. And she knew where his anger could take her.

As she stripped before him, her hands trembling, he said, "I've had my eye on you for quite some time, Frau Von Yurt, but I suspect you know that. Tonight, my dear, I'm going to use you as you have never been used before." She was now down to her bra and panties. She heard him draw in a gasping breath. "Ah, lovely, lovely, my sweet one. You are, forgive me for saying it this way, what those fool American's idiotically call, stacked like a brick shithouse!" He laughed, which added to her overall embarrassment.

As she was about to unhook her bra, he placed his drink on the desk, stepped toward her and said, "Here, let me." He went up to her and put his thick arms around to her back and deftly undid the clasp. She could smell alcohol on his breath as the heat of him seemed to engulf her. He stepped back, the bra in his hand. He tossed it willy-nilly in the direction of his desk as if female underclothing meant nothing in his world.

As she now stood there, the perfection of her young, firm breasts fully before his lecherous gaze, she felt the nipples go rigid from the coolness of the room. This embarrassed her even more and she was tempted to use her hands to cover herself. She resisted this as Stemp now moved closer to her.

"They are beautiful, just beautiful, your perky little titties. Oh, yes, my little Jew loving cunt, I'm going to enjoy you tonight." He reached out and, with both hands, started to squeeze and knead the twin orbs, tweaking the nipples very hard.

He bent over and put his scarred lips on her right nipple and started nursing on it. His lips felt rough and sandpapery. She stood there, trembling and wanting to die. He worked both her breasts for a few more minutes and then stood back. "The panties." was all he said, a wide grin on his face.

Oh, God, she thought, as she lowered her panties, exposing her unshaven groin area to his unyielding stare. Remember Anna, she thought, remember what happened to Anna. Play-act. Oh, God, and it's only going to get worse, much worse, Oh, God, I love you Hans.

She stepped out of the panties, unable to look at him. Then she realized not doing so might anger him. She looked at him. He looked demented, depraved. He was drooling. His mouth hung down, making the scarred bottom lip look even bigger and rougher. Play-act, she reminded herself. Remember Anna.



Frau Greta Von Yurt

Thus, with a will of iron and the hidden talents of a Sarah Burnhardt, she said, "Do you like what you see, Oberführer?" Her mouth felt dry. She had said it coquettishly, which surprised him, as well as herself. She now stood at full attention before him, totally naked, her beautiful breasts and pussy unhidden to his eyes. She noticed that he had his drink back in his hand, the ice clinking even as it melted. He sipped at it.

"Oh, yes, my dear, what man wouldn't? But you disappoint me somewhat. I had expected more of a fight out of you, more, shall we say, revulsion at the idea of it all. But, no matter, I have many little tricks that will test your feminine mettle. Many tricks, my dear. As you shall discover. But for now, let's chat, shall we?" She stood there as he walked all around her, taking an occasional sip from his glass.

"We will chat about your feelings for the Jews later, but for now I will ask you some questions and you will answer each with a nod or a shake of your head. Understood?" She suspected he was about to test her further. She nodded.

"Good. Now, do you know, Frau Von Yurt, that we are going to have sex tonight or, as some say, fuck?" She nodded. The word fuck had forced her to cringe.

"Good again. And you know you are going to suck my big, hairy cock, don't you, my dear?" She shuddered and nodded. She heard him behind her, taking a sip.

"And my old, hairy balls . . . ?" She shivered all over, but nodded again.

"And if I tell you I want to put my prick into your tight little ass, you will tell me to go fuck myself. Right?" She almost nodded, but caught herself in time to shake her head from side to side. She heard him laugh behind her. He was enjoying himself at play with his mouse.

"And if my asshole wants to feel the heat and wetness of your hot tongue on it . . ." He let the question hang in the air. Gritting her teeth, she nodded. Oh, God, help me, she thought, by letting me die this very minute. But she didn't really mean the prayer because it would mean no more Hans, no more us, no more

anything. Play-act, she now thought as she nodded agreement to doing the vile act with him. He laughed again.

"You're too pliable, my dear, I have a feeling our little Hansy pansy has prepared you for what is going to take place here. Don't answer. It doesn't matter to me." He came around to her front, threw his drink at the fireplace, where it smashed into many pieces, and dropped his robe to the floor.

He was naked now, too, large paunch and all. The two of them just stood there, both naked now, facing each other in the brightly lit room. His large, heavy, hairy balls hung down, framing his wide and flaccid penis. The head of his penis looked huge, much larger than Hans' more normal looking one. It frightened her just to look at it, but it was also mesmerizing, just as a Cobra's gaze can be to its prey.

"Come to me and put your arms around my neck and show me how well you can kiss, my sweet little Jew lover." Play-act, she thought as she moved toward his hulking shape. As her arms encircled his neck, she could feel the heat of the man. It was overpowering, as was the musky smell of his male sex. To Greta, his heat and the musk smell seemed to permeate the room, cloying her nostrils. This was nothing like Hans' sweet, manly odor. This was more primitive, more animalistic. It scared her.

Greta closed her eyes and sought his scarred lips with her. On contact, she had the urge to vomit, her stomach muscles wrenching, churning, convulsing, but managed to control herself. His lips were rough, partly from the scarring, but also from their natural state. They reminded her of the papery, parched-looking lips she had seen on the gorillas at the zoo. Beasts, just like him.

She felt his large, fat tongue enter her mouth. It seemed hotter than hot. And wetter than wet. As he pressed his lips against hers, his tongue delved even further into her mouth, finding her own tongue and playing with it. Kiss him back, she thought, don't anger him. Survive. Her tongue rolled around, exploring the fat, fullness of the intruder. He moaned and kissed her harder, running his hands over her ass cheeks at the same time. Then his hands went up and explored all over her back. Then back over her ass cheeks.

His kissed her for what seemed a long time. Then he kissed her neck many times before he worked his way downward to her nervous breasts. Finding her right nipple, he started sucking on it hard, causing her to wince in pain. He then switched to her left nipple and did the same thing. It felt unbelievably awful to her.

But SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp was enjoying himself. After thoroughly suckling on her breasts to his satisfaction, he groped her ass cheeks and then stuck a finger, then two, into her vagina. His other hand stuck a large finger into her rectum to the first knuckle. His big hands now had her impaled between them. He wiggled all his fingers around for a bit as if testing for fit, and then seemed to lose interest in the deed. He looked her in the eyes.

"On your knees, Greta, and suck my cock." He smiled at her and then added, "And do a good job with no biting. If you bite me I will have all of your teeth removed before turning you over to my men." He didn't ask if she had understood. He knew she did.

She knelt down before him, his great, hairy paunch hovering and seeming to sway in the air above her. God, give me strength, she prayed. Play-act flashed

in her brain. Then Anna.

Greta took the fat, flaccid member into her right hand and lifted it so it pointed toward her face, her mouth. In doing so, she couldn't help but look at it. It seemed even fatter close up. And wider. At least two inches in girth, perhaps even more. The flange around the ridge stood out, all around, a full half-inch from the shaft, with the cock head's pee hole deeply indented, as a cleft chin might be. The whole appendage was meaty looking and felt quite heavy to her for a human penis. Hans' was nothing like this, nothing at all like it.

Taking a deep breath, Greta moved her head forward and took the monstrous head into her mouth. It was so incredibly wide. As she felt her lips cross the flanged ridge, the plumpness of his cock head filled her mouth, pressing against her tongue. She was reminded of a salami. A thick salami. He moaned above her, placing his hands into her hair and drawing her head even closer to him.

"Suck it, Greta, suck it good." She started a forward and back motion with her mouth, as she had done many times to her dear Hans. As she sucked, she felt the man's cock hardening up. Slowly at first, then more quickly, getting fatter, the head swelling to even larger proportions, the length of the shaft increasing. At full hardness, which was no more than seven inches in length, Greta believed that the wide head would certainly choke her to death. He moaned once more and pulled her head even closer to his hairy groin.



SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp

"Take the whole thing, my dear, all of it." He said it threateningly, as if failure in the attempt would anger him. I must avoid that, she thought. She removed her mouth and said, simply, "Yes, Oberführer."

Greta had been able to accommodate Hans' much slimmer 7" all the way down her throat, but this cock head now before her was unbelievably wide. She moved down the shaft, feeling the large cock head enter her throat's beginnings. When it hit her gag reflex, she decided to try something one of her married girlfriend's had told her to do, make a swallowing motion. She swallowed, as if eating a large piece of meat, and, to her utter amazement, it worked!! The entire cock head went down her throat with the one simple swallow until the man's pubic hairs were touching her lips. This amazed her. He moaned somewhere

above her.

"Gott in Himmel! Ach der lieber!" he said. It had amazed him, too. "No woman has ever taken my cock head that way before. They usually throw up an entire meal all over me. I have often fantasized about a woman doing what you've just done, but I never thought it would ever occur. Now, suck me and swallow my sperm, you unbelievable deviltress, you." He started mouth-fucking her face, the fat-flanged head plunging deep within her throat on every third or fourth stroke.

As she sucked away on him, her saliva sputtering all around her mouth and around his fat-headed cock, they soon got into a syncopated rhythm. It was intoxicating to her, this sucking action, as if she was a baby suckling at her mother's nipple. And, to her chagrin, she found herself enjoying it. The meatiness of his cock head was doing something strange to her lips and tongue. Something very pleasurable.

While she hated this man, hated doing this for him, she also felt the pleasure sucking can bring. Like a pacifier, she thought. A large headed pacifier. This both scared and tantalized her.

As their cock-in-mouth rhythm increased, his moaning increasing along with it, she found herself completely enraptured by it all. She hated herself for feeling this way, but she couldn't help it. And she hated herself for admitting that something else was going on, too. Her vagina was moistening up. She could feel the stirrings, the familiar wetness, as it increased. Sucking off the vile bastard was getting her hot.

And the desire in her welled up, too. Not for the man, but for the moment, the sex, the act, call it what you will. She tried to tell herself it was play-acting, but she knew that was a lie. Perhaps, she thought, I'm a wanton slut deep down and this is merely revealing it to me. Oh, God, I hope not, for how will I ever face my Hans again? How will I face myself again? These horrible thoughts mingled with the pleasure her mouth was feeling and the growing wetness between her legs. Confusion swam through her brain.

SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp groaned, a real loud groan. He was, she knew by the guttural sound of it, about to ejaculate into her mouth. She moved her mouth so just the head was engulfed, as she had many times with Hans, and moved her mouth back and forth over the cock head gently, waiting for his release. A moment later, he squeezed her head with both hands, holding her fast, and spasmed his sperm into her. She had expected him to yell as Hans usually did, but he was merely moaning.

His sperm entered her mouth in large globules, thick and sticky, with the consistency of yogurt. The sheer initial volume of it amazed her. Her mouth flooded up, forcing her to swallow. As she felt the large sea of salty sperm go down her throat, her mouth flooded again. She swallowed once more.

Then, to her utter amazement, her mouth flooded again, even more so than either time before. The amount of it caught her unaware and she felt it splashing out around his cock and dripping down hotly onto her naked knees. Her Hans had never been this copious, not even when he hadn't ejaculated in a week's time. Or even longer.

"Greta, use your mouth to suck the last drops out of me. Vacuum my cock, my dear." She immediately complied, squeezing her lips tightly around the

cock head and drawing her lips back toward herself, maintaining pressure. He was finally satisfied with her work.

He withdrew his cock and lifted her up to a standing position. He reached out and removed a large glob of his sperm from her chin. "Here, suck this off!" The finger was right in front of her mouth, the large glob shiny white. She reached out and took the finger into her mouth and sucked the sperm away. She swallowed just as he said, "After such a wonderful performance, my dear, we must use our first names. Call me Otto from now on, Greta. All right?"

"Yes, Ober . . . Otto." Was all she could say as she stood there awash in her mixed emotions.

He told her they would now be wined and dined in the finest manner and that after dinner they would, now Greta and Otto, make love. She nodded. He told her to get dressed. He had a phone call to make.

As he walked away from her, her eyes took in his naked back. He looked younger from this position with that awful paunch hidden from view. His back was very muscular and strong appearing. His buttocks were somehow girlish looking and very tight. This side of him was, unlike his front, handsome. And very verile looking. This surprised her.

As she saw him close the door, she tried to reason with herself, to get some earthly perspective. She had just sucked off the vilest of men and she should have been revulsed, repulsed. And she was, but she also wasn't. She should have been sickened now by it all. And she was, but at the same time, she wasn't. This dichotomy worried her because it meant that, while hating it, abhorring it, she had partially enjoyed it. And now had to admit that horrid fact to herself.

Perhaps, she reasoned, my brain is echoing back to the days of the cavemen, when a man, allegedly, would grab a woman by the hair and drag her back to his cave. Where he would, allegedly, force the woman to do his bidding. Was all women's subconscious wired that way? To accept her fate by enjoying it? To survive? To live through it for one more chance at another new day? To play-act?

But where, she thought, did play end and act begin? Or was it all one seamless illusion meant to fool her, the self-audience? She was lost in an ocean of confusion. True, she had had her share of girlish fantasies, but never had she pictured anything forcible. It was always gentle in nature, both loving and romantic. The man, who always remained faceless to her, was handsome, dashing, and sweetly loving. Gentle, even as he ravished her in his large feather down bed.

Tonight, on the other hand, was something completely different. It was alien, truly strange. Frightening and titillating at the same time. It was primitive and animal like, and yet, strangely normal, as if it fit in with some master female plan for survival in the wild. The words animal rutting popped into her head.

And worst of all, as she stood there now, naked and horrified, ashamed and filled with guilt, she had to fight the overwhelming urge to place two fingers deep into her vagina to relieve the havoc that some unknown, unnamed demon had created within her. She felt a hot flush of guilt rush from her neck to her head. And, she well knew, the night had only begun. The Oberführer wasn't finished

with her yet, not be a long shot. A picture of his hairy ass opening wide to receive her tongue flashed into her brain. She shuddered at the image.

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IN THE BEDROOM, SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp, was on the phone. He spoke quickly, his authority on full display.

"Colonel Shtetl, Stemp here. Listen carefully as I do not wish to have to repeat myself. Understood?" It was. "Now, Shtetl, I want you to prepare orders for one SS-Gestapo Lieutenant Hans Von Yurt for redeployment to the Russian front. He is to leave within the next hour. He is to be told nothing of my involvement in the matter. Understood?" It was.

"Good. Then, Shtetl, I want you, personally, to go to his apartment and tell his landlord that the Von Yurt's are moving out, permanently. Give them no other information. Then Shtetl, I want you, personally, to enter the Von Yurt's apartment and pack up everything belonging to Frau Von Yurt. Take nothing of her husband's. Understood?" It was.

Colonel Shtetl had been through this many times before. His superior was taking a wife, quite literally. And the wife in question, Shtetl well knew, was a knockout. Shtetl, himself, had more than once devoured the woman's stunning figure with his eyes. He knew exactly what to do to please the Oberführer, who now and then shared his conquests with him. Shtetl now daydreamed about the lovely and luscious Frau Greta Von Yurt.

". . . and bring all of her belongings, personally, to my penthouse quarters. Use the service entrance so as not to disturb us, er, me. Understood, Shtetl?" It was. Holy shit, thought Shtetl, he's got the wench there with him now! I'll bet she's all ready naked. Oooh! Has he put his big-headed cock into her mouth yet? Has he fucked her?

His eyes closed as he attempted to picture, once more, Frau Greta Von Yurt in the buff. His cock stirred, pushing against its confining fabric. Reflexively, he reached a hand down and squeezed the bump it had created. He knew masturbation was in the wind for him this very night. With Frau Greta Von Yurt supplying the lewd images.

". . . disturbed for the rest of the evening, unless it's news of an allied surrender or of Eisenhower's untimely death. Understood, Shtetl?"

It was.

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WHEN SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp re-entered the living room, Greta could see he had changed his clothing. He now wore light gray pants, a dark gray smoking jacket and a pale yellow ascot at his throat. Embroidered on the breast pocket were the familiar twin SS lightning bolts, again in yellow. And, this time, he had his feet covered in shiny, black leather slippers. The word dashing flit shamelessly across her mind, making her flinch.

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AFTER DINNER, he took her into his bedroom. He ordered her to strip once more

as he proceeded to do the same. Before long, they were both naked and standing no more than two feet apart. This time, she noticed, he had a full erection, unlike before. It stood out beneath his paunch, looking unfamiliar and familiar to her at the same time, the large head wobbling in space as if seeking a landing spot.

The lighting in the bedroom came from one single lamp. This made her feel much more comfortable than she had felt in the living room with its harsh glaring lights seemingly everywhere. Strangely, this thought made her blush. Girlishly, she hoped the low lighting hid this fact from him. As if it could now matter in the least.

"Now, mein liebschen, come to me." She obeyed and soon found herself in his strong, hairy arms. His lips found hers and their tongues dueled sloppily. His large hands roamed her body. She could feel his large paunch pressing into her stomach as well as the head of his monstrous penis. He kept kissing her lips. And kissing her lips. Without let up. This went on for a very long time, the two of them just standing there, a mere few feet from the large king-size bed.

Hans popped into her head. He had usually kissed her just a few times before taking further action. At times, this remission on his part had left her mildly frustrated. But while her loving Hans was nowhere near the handsome, virile and dashing, faceless man of her idle girlish fantasies, he loved her. That made up for it quite a lot.

It hadn't really bothered her, not deep down, but now she fleetingly wondered if that wasn't because she never had anything to compare it to. Feeling unfair to Hans, she pushed further thoughts of him out of her mind. She needed all her wits to play-act.

SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp had left her lips and was now planting hot, wet, sloppy kisses all over her body. Her neck was wet as well as her breasts. Once again, she felt the familiar wetness make itself known between her legs. His type of foreplay was getting to her, touching something deep within her, making her tremble in want of him.

She had a choice. Fight the feelings that threatened to swamp her or give in to them. Fighting could lead to his displeasure of her. Giving in, she knew, would only lead to pleasure for them both. She decided to surrender, to survive, to escape Anna's fate.

Thus it was that she reacted very positively to all his actions. When he kissed her now, she kissed back, with passion, with abandonment. When he rubbed his hands over her, she allowed herself to moan and the moaning itself had a strange, wonderful effect on her. It made her feel less like a prisoner and more like his equal somehow. And less guilty. Then she surprised even herself. She reached down and lovingly squeezed his full-blown erection. She squeezed it again and slowly stroked the shaft back and forth. I giving, she mused, my first handjob to an SS-Oberführer!

SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp's reaction to this suddenly brand new Greta was immediate. His kisses took on a new fire, as if lit by a brand new match. His gropings were more sensual, more human like now. And more tender than before. He was on fire and he let himself burn. He fingered her vagina tenderly, as a lover, a husband might do. He revelled in her even as he devoured her flesh piece by piece, area by area. "Liebschen, mein liebschen." he breathed hotly into her ear.

And there was no mistaking her involvement in it all. He had made her orgasm twice with his large fingers and she knew he knew it. She hadn't even tried to disguise the fact from him. She had given in to her desires completely. His manipulations, his kisses, had made her truly hot, on fire, burning alive, and now she needed him, wanted him if truth be told, to douse the flames with his large, over-sized penis head. The large, over-sized penis head she now cradled in her hand and lovingly caressed.

"Otto, my Otto, if you don't take me this very instant I shall die." He knew he had reached her, reached the very depths of her carnal soul. She may have, as many others had done before, acted a part, but he knew no one could act this well, not even Burnhardt. And he desired her, too. Not just in the way he always wanted them, but in a different way. A new way that was strange to him. He wanted her as any husband would on his first honeymoon night. She was so lovely, he thought, this Frau Greta Von Yurt. SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp felt like one lucky man.

But, as much as he wanted to feel his large headed penis in her now yielding body, he didn't want to rush. To rush, he well knew, would have him shooting his seed soon after penetration. No, he wouldn't rush. Why should he? They had, unknown to her, an eternity before them. And, again unknown to her, her attempt at play-acting had backfired, for SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp had no intention of ever letting her rejoin her precious Hans. Not tomorrow, not next week, not ever.

She was now, for all intents and purposes, the new wife of SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp. His property and new toy. She just didn't know it yet. A small thought entered his mind. At some point in their relationship, he would, as he had before, start to tire of her, no matter how hot she seemed at any one given moment. He knew he would, as he had so many times before, have the need to spice up their waning marital bliss.

To this end, he knew he could count on his aide-de-camp, Colonel Shtetl. As he had so many, many times before. He could trust Shtetl to be discrete. Shtetl knew the penalty for displeasing him. And Shtetl had all ready, bless him, and on many an occasion, voiced a wanton desire toward the lovely Frau Von Yurt. Oh, yes, Shtetl would be more than eager to join him and Greta for a threesome in the king-size bed. And Stemp would get more than excited watching Shtetl's 9" penis enjoying Greta's mouth, ass, and vagina. The SS-Oberführer now felt the heat within him rise even higher. His erection was at full blossom. And was now ready for Greta.

He picked her up bodily in his massive arms and deposited her on the bed. Her legs were spread, her pussy lips in plain view as if inviting him in, as if saying, I'm all yours, do what you will with me, but kiss me first.

Although, as a general life-long rule, Stemp hated eating pussy, he knew he wanted to taste Greta's flowing juices. The idea pleased him, spurred him onward. He knelt between her highs and lowered his large head toward her unshaven bush.

As his lips touched her vaginal lips, he heard her moan. She then grabbed his head in both hands and pushed it inward, toward her wet, hot and mysterious cavern. He proceeded to lick her for all he was worth, his fat tongue finding new things to do, new things to lick on.

As his large tongue penetrated to its full extent and moved upwards and then down, Greta went wild. She gyrated her hips and squeezed his head until it hurt him. He didn't care. He was obsessed with the task at hand. He rolled his tongue around and around, leaving no point on the compass feeling neglected. Simultaneously, his tongue darted in and out, shallow fucking her, with a distinctive pressure on his topmost licking movements.

To Greta Von Yurt, his tongue and lips felt slightly sandpapery, but with much less chafing. The friction his mouth was creating on the clitoris was excruciatingly pleasurable. It was driving her wild and unleashing one orgasm after another upon her.

This was nothing like Hans would, or could do. Unlike Hans, she felt that Otto actually enjoyed eating her, relished doing it, in fact. This idea added to her pleasure. Added to the intensity of her orgasms, which now, were becoming unbearable. She had to have him inside her. And not tomorrow, mind you, but now. She found herself reaching for his large, muscular arms, urging his body upward and toward her, pulling him on top of her.

"Fuck me, liebschen, fuck me now! I need to feel you inside of me!"

He knew she was his now. Fully his. "Liebschen," he said. "Are you telling me you want my hot, German cock in her Jew loving pussy?" He couldn't resist the Jewish reference. It pleased him.

"Yes, Otto, I want your magnificent German prick in my pussy." She was beyond hot now, she was aflame.

"Then, my dear, you must tell me you love me. Say it!" He waited, but he didn't have long to wait.

"Ich lieber dich, mein liebschen Otto." She had said it, but he made her repeat herself. "Ich lieber dich, mein liebschen Otto." He was satisfied.

As his large headed prick entered her pussy lips, he kissed her hotly and passionately. She returned the kiss fully. Then he was deep inside her, pushing forward, probing. The large cock head spreading her insides in all directions. She had never felt anything like it.

His large cock head was hitting something deep inside of her, doing strange and wonderful things to her. Oh, God, she thought, please don't let me enjoy this, please. And yet, at the same time, she wanted to enjoy it, to let herself succumb to the strange and wonderful feelings, feelings that even her beloved Hans hadn't given her.

It was the first time in her life that she could actually feel the flanged ridge of a man's penis inside her vagina, where she could differentiate between the head and the shaft. Otto's cock head was driving her absolutely and utterly crazy with its over-sized width and pronounced ridge. Out of the blue, she felt herself orgasming. And this orgasm was unlike any she had every felt in her entire life. It was mind-bending.

The intensity of it overwhelmed her, taking her up to the ceiling in her mind's eye and then beyond, through the ceiling and into the sky, and beyond, to the stars. It was incredible to her, so incredible that she couldn't feel her body, or his body, or even the bed immediately beneath her body.

It was as if, all of a sudden, she and Otto were fucking in mid-air, floating along like two fornicating feathers, who had successfully escaped the confining pull of gravity. In mid-air, as it was, she found herself wrapping her legs around his muscular back, forcing them as high as they would go up on his muscular frame.

This had the startling effect of making her feel as if he had impossibly found a way to elongate his cock and make its enormous head reach to the deepest depths of her vagina. His cock head, she thought, his wonderful, magnificent cock head. Otto's cock head. My Otto's cock head. Oh, God, I will now want him all the time, poor Hans. Forgive me, but I cannot help myself.

The image of his muscular back and girlish ass, the image that she had witnessed earlier, flashed through her mind. Along with the words handsome and dashing. Even his large paunch, so repulsive to her earlier, now seemed wonderful and totally natural as it pressed against her stomach. It seemed to enfold her as if to protect her from the vagaries of the outside world.

She opened her eyes and was surprised to not see the stars in the heaven. She heard him groan and increase his pumping tempo. He was soon due, she knew, to deposit himself, his hot seed, deep within her. She squeezed her legs around his back, urging him onward, her eager hands caressing his handsome and dashing back.

A moment later, he came with a spasming of his large cock head. It seemed to grow inside her, if that was even possible. Then she felt it, the heat, the heat as hot as fire, burning her, scalding her, so deep within her. Hans had never felt this way, as hot as this, not even at his most ardent.

Otto's sperm had to be hotter than normal, she reasoned. Then, she felt a ball of fire inside her, right where she felt Otto's enormous cock head. He was puddling up, much as he had in her mouth. This drove her to another orgasm, even more intense than all the others. She closed her eyes and the stars reappeared. She heard herself yelling. And him moaning. Then he was finished.

But, instead of simply rolling off of her and leaving her to her own devices, he surprised her. He started showering her lips, her face, her neck, her breasts, her belly with hot kisses. He even ran his hot tongue one time up the crack of her vagina, causing her to shudder in pleasure. Come what may, the man now with her, was no Hans. For which, guiltily, Greta was glad.

And, she full well knew, this was but the first night of many nights to come. Poor Hans, she thought, I've play-acted myself into a quagmire. I hope our love is strong enough, my beloved Hans, to withstand the new me. If, that is, the new me ever meets the old you ever again. She had her doubts along those lines.

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THE DAYS turned into weeks, and the weeks, as they will do, turned into months. Three and a half months to be precise.

During that long time, Otto had been voracious when it came to their love making. Insatiable, even. Three or four times a day had become their normal routine. Sometimes, five. And a few times, an incredible six. And he had never tired of his shower of kisses during the aftermath.

Once, in a private moment, Greta had compared her and Otto's amazing couplings, unfairly perhaps, to the love life she had shared with Hans. After four and a half years of marriage, their couplings had fallen from once or twice a day, to three or four times a week. Then it went even farther down to a now and then, when it seemed Hans merely needed her body and not her.

But that was then and this is now. And the now was Wednesday, Otto's favorite day for anal sex. He would be home around 3:00 p.m. and would expect her to be ready, prepped as it were, with her anus well lubed and ready for his use. Which, now, she was only too happy to oblige. It hadn't always been this way, her actually looking forward to anal sex. Especially anal sex with a cock head the size of a tennis ball to boot.

Oh, no, far from it. Hans knew her views on the matter. Although she had never even tried anal, she instinctively feared it and she knew it would hurt, in spite of what Hans would say. You don't have to drink gasoline to know it's not good for you and that it will hurt you.

But Otto had changed her mind about the matter, on the day after their first night together. With Otto, of course, there was no denying him, no saying how much she thought it would hurt, no excuses. It was do it to die. He had left that vivid impression on her even though he hadn't even made the simplest of threats. And strangely, he had been gentle with her.

He had showed her a tube of a cream-like substance that he said would kill all pain to her sphincter muscle. It had been used, quite effectively he said, on volunteer Jewish prisoners and none had ever complained, to his knowledge.

Thus, her rectum well lubed, he had penetrated her. And he had been right, the pain was there, but it was minimal and bearable. No worse than a vaccination shot. And lasting just as long. Pain one minute, no pain the next.

And, as his large-headed cock had found her innermost anal depths, she had felt pleasure. Great pleasure. A strange pleasure, one she had never known existed. And yet the pleasure was familiar, similar to the pleasure she experienced when she evacuated her bowels. Only, instead of being as fleeting as a bowel movement usually was, the pleasure caused by Otto's being in her rectum stayed around for as long as he did.

It also created a super wetness in her vagina and she had found herself using the middle knuckle of her right hand to masturbate. When the pleasure of the fullness in her rectum combined with her first orgasm during anal, she thought she had lost her mind. It was tremendously powerful. She found her anus muscles spasming, convulsing, as if chewing on his penis and devouring the large-ridged cock head.

When her first anal spasm had hit the two of them, with her chewing rectum working its mouth-like magic on his cock, Otto had lost all self control and ejaculated immediately within her. And, just as his seed had felt in her vagina, it was hot, hot, hot. Boiling hot. The man spewed fire balls from his balls. And, in her mind of minds, she knew she loved feeling it, this spermy heat of his.

But that was then and this was Wednesday. She heard Otto's key in the door and, a few seconds later, heard him yell out, "Liebschen, go into the bedroom, strip yourself naked, and lie on the bed. With both eyes closed. I have a

nice surprise for you." A surprise. Flowers? A new mink coat? She felt girlishly foolish as she proceeded to undress. And girlishly anticipated his surprise.

Greta got on the bed and lay down on her back, pulling her legs up and spreading them wide, as she knew Otto loved her to do. He love seeing her vagina exposed in this fashion. All ready she could feel the heat increase between her legs, even as the wetness started to make itself known. She squeezed her breasts with both hands, manipulating each nipple with small, circular motions. She was hot and she was ready. Hot and ready for her Otto. Her Otto and his large-headed magnificent monster. She had her eyes closed, as he had instructed, as she heard him enter the room. From where she lay, she could feel and smell him all ready.

"Open your eyes, my liebschen and see your gift." She opened them and, at first, didn't comprehend it all. Otto was there all right, and naked, but there were no flowers, no mink coat.

Standing next to Otto, and as naked as the day he was born, was Colonel Stetl. His eyes looked demented and he seemed to be holding a long truncheon in his hands. Greta screamed and jumped from the bed trying valiantly to cover herself with the bed clothes. Otto barked at her.

"PUT THAT DOWN IMMEDIATELY AND LOOK AT ME AND THE COLONEL! NOW, GRETA, NOW!" She dropped the bedding and turned her head toward the two totally naked men, feeling shame and humiliation overtake her. She now saw that the truncheon wasn't a truncheon at all. It was Colonel Shtetl's penis. It now pointed at her, long and fat and angry looking. It was over a foot long and as thick around as Otto's penis. It scared her, especially knowing what her Otto and the evening now had in mind for her. She must have been staring at Stetl's monstrous thing, for Otto said:

"Yes, liebschen, it is big, isn't it? ISN'T IT?" Greta nodded.



Colonel Shtetl

While Shtetl fondled his humungous cock, SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp came up to her and took her by both shoulders. He looked directly into her eyes.

"Now, Greta, I don't have to explain this to you, but I will. I want to add some spice to our little marriage. It's getting stale . . . I want . . ."

"But, Otto, my liebschen, we . . ."

"SHUT UP AND LISTEN!" She shut up and listened, not liking the idea of what she knew he was going to say.

"Now, Greta, Colonel Shtetl here is my right arm. He is married to a frowzy little dumpling with the body of a wrestler. As my loyal right arm, I like to reward

him from time to time. You, my dear, are this week's Shtetl reward." She started to speak, but he raised a forefinger to his lips, shushing her.

"You will, Greta, fuck Colonel Shtetl and suck on his baseball bat-sized cock and you will do it with all the passion and ardor you so generously shower on me. Do you comprehend?" Defeated, she nodded. She heard Colonel Shtetl chuckle.

Then, SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp walked over and sat down in one of the bedroom chairs. "Good, my liebschen. Now, let's get, as those stupid Yankee pigs like to say, the show on the road! Listen to me, Greta, and listen carefully. I want you to pretend, in that so convincing play-acting fashion of yours, that my Colonel is your husband. Or me, take your pick.

"I want you to recall our first night together. How you first sucked me off, swallowed my sperm, and then how we fucked afterward. Picture it, Greta, get it all firmly in your mind. I have told the Colonel all about it and I now want to reward him by letting him have a firsthand experience of it all, down to the last juicy nuance. Nod if you understand." She nodded, a slave to whatever lay ahead.

"Splendid! Now Greta, Colonel, let the show begin." He sat back in the chair, fondling his penis and testicles. A lewd look was on face, coupled with a weird and very scarred smile. He was enjoying her plight.

Greta looked at her slave master, the Oberführer Stemp. "Is it all right, Otto, if I take a moment to remember our first night?" He nodded.

She stood there naked in front of two naked men, one she hardly knew at all and one she would just die just to fuck. One man stood less than six feet from her and played with his cock. The other sat less than six feet from her and played with his cock. She had never felt more naked, more exposed, more vulnerable. Anna suddenly popped into her mind. Don't end up like Anna, she thought.

She tried as best she could to remember their first night together. The sperm-swallowing blowjob, the fucking on the very bed in this room. Her mind raced to recover memory. My God, she thought, I've got to kiss this almost stranger, to be passionate with him, to suck and fuck him, and do it before Otto, my lover, and now my audience. And I have to be totally convincing. She thought of Anna again and of the 160 barrack's boys.

Otto was tapping his foot, signalling his impatience with her. She looked at him, a red hot flush coursing through her entire body. Play-act flashed through her mind. Play-act and make it good. Play the wanton slut Otto so wants me to be. Play the whore, the cunt bitch in heat.

Yes, she knew she could do it. All she had to do was let nature take over her mind, her body. Let her own desires come to the fore and fuck and suck the Colonel as he had never been sucked and fucked before. She looked at his big erection and licked her lips, over and over, seductively and slowly, making sure the two men noticed that she was ready to perform.

And perform she would. Even more than they had bargained for. With this thought in her mind, she started to finger her vagina and, at the same time, squeeze a breast, toying with the nipple. All the while still rolling her tongue around her mouth. She heard the Colonel moan, then speak.

"Gott in Himmel, mein Oberführer, she is even more beautiful than even the wildest of my imaginings have ever been. Thank you, mein Oberführer, thank you, thank you. I am forever in your debt." Stemp nodded twice.

Greta now walked up to the Colonel and put both arms around his neck, feeling the baseball bat cock touch and poke her belly. The man looked dazed and unsure of himself. Greta would have to take the lead.

She kissed him, full on the lips, her tongue seeking his. The Colonel sighed into her mouth even as he returned the kiss. And she didn't just kiss him, she devoured his mouth, passionately and with all the ardor a human can muster up. All the while, she ground her stomach and her groin into his hard penis.

SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp urged her on. "Good, my liebschen, very good. Wonderful, in fact." He seemed to be breathing laboriously.

Greta kissed Shtetl for what seemed a long time. Perhaps she was now reliving that fateful night, perhaps not. Perhaps she was play-acting, perhaps not. She was, to her way of thinking, somewhere in between it all.

Finally, she broke the kiss and knelt before the man, his large member bumping her cheek. God, she thought, he is big! Will I be able to swallow him as I did Otto? Swallow was the key word, she remembered.

But now, determined to play the whore and put on a good show, she added a wrinkle to the act. If Otto, she thought, wants a show, I'll give him one he'll never forget! With that she pushed her head into Shtetl's groin area and proceeded to suck on his hairy, large-sized testicles. Shtetl immediately moaned and his legs started to shake. She heard Otto gasp. Then he spoke, a hoarseness to his voice Greta had never heard before.

"Ach du leiber, Greta, you are full of tricks now, aren't you?" She nodded her head, one of Shtetl's balls fully in her mouth, and mumbled, "Hmm hmm." Shtetl moaned again and his legs continued to shake even though he now had both hands on her head as if to steady himself.

Greta worked his balls until both were sloppy wet. As she laved them she placed both hands on his ass cheeks and drew him toward her. She knew Otto would like that.

She then used both lips and mouth to wet up his large cock shaft. She went down one side and up the other, leaving a trail of saliva to mark her travellings. When Shtetl moaned once more, it seemed to act as a trigger on Greta's vagina. The wetness was now beginning there as she gave herself up to the lewd act. She now moaned as she continued to lave his shaft and cock head all around.

As she now held his stiffened penis in her hand, she noticed that it had a slight upward tilt to it. For whatever reason, this had an electrifying effect on her. It was the first penis she had ever seen bent that way. As she touched it now, she felt her vagina moisten up.

Finally, and Shtetl seemed glad of it, she took his penis head into her hot mouth. The head was huge, though not any wider than Otto's, but it was longer and went farther down his shaft. Feeling it in her mouth now, Greta estimated it to be at least half an inch longer than Otto's. But the flange, unlike Otto's, more

closely hugged its shaft. She proceeded to go up and down on the massive piece of meat. Throating it fully was next on the agenda.

Swallow the meat flashed through her mind and swallow the meat she did. And, just as with Otto that first time, the cock disappeared down her throat without bothering her reflex gag in the least. When her lips finally touched the Colonel's pubic base and her nose bumped his lower abdomen, he let out a yowl. "Ooooooooooooooh, mein Gott, I can't believe it!"

She worked his cock as she had Otto's that first night, but twice as passionately. The effect on the Colonel was amazing. He kept yelling and moaning, moaning and yelling. Then, at some point, he grabbed her head fast and started to mouth fuck, slowly and sensually, in and out.

She knew he was getting close. She also knew her thumb, which now touched the bottom of his cock base, would warn her when the sperm started its trip to her mouth. She worked him a while more, and then she felt it, the first ripple under her thumb. She was all the way down on him at the moment.

She knew she could stay where she was and just let his sperm enter her belly, untasted by her, but she sensed this wouldn't go over too well with Otto. Thus, she scooted her mouth up to the middle of his cock head and sucked away at it, her tongue pressing firmly against the underside. A second later, she felt the first of his acidic and salty ejaculate.

Unlike Otto, but similar to her Hans, the Colonel was a spurter. The first spurt hit the back of her throat and she felt some of it makes its way downward toward her belly. More such spurts soon followed, the cock head swelling up just before each one. Why, she didn't know, but she used her thumb to count the spurts. Nine in all and all very copious in volume.

She swallowed them all, all nine spurts, without even spilling one small drop. She knew she was getting good at this part of the game. After swallowing the last violent spurt, she worked her mouth vacuum-like on the large cock head, milking it for every last possible drop. Shtetl was gently massaging the back of her neck, still groaning. What Otto was doing, besides looking, she didn't know, and, if truth be told, she didn't care, either.

She stood up and continued the show. She put her arms again around the Colonel's neck and kissed him again. And thought some.

She knew that she had just given the Colonel the best blowjob he'd ever had and had pleased him in a way no woman ever had. She hoped she had pleased Otto, too. And, in doing to Shtetl what she had just done and knowing she had an audience, she had enjoyed it herself. Her very wet pussy told her that much. Now she was hot, too. And wanted Shtetl to fuck her. In her pussy, in her ass, anyway he wanted to. Nature was in command of her.

A perverse thought flashed through her hot mind as she felt Shtetl's hot tongue working against her own. Fucking both men at the same time. Fucking one while sucking off the other. Oh, yes, that would be especially vunderbar, to feel Otto's oversized head in her hot, sucking mouth while, simultaneously, feeling the hugeness of the Colonel's baseball bat deep within her vagina.

Oh, yes, and to feel them both spurt in unison, Otto in her mouth, the Colonel in her pussy. The thought of it, the imaginings of it, the heat of the idea

was making her lose reality.

She now kissed Shtetl for real, way beyond the play-act stage. A slut, she knew, had been born. A slut her beloved Hans, wherever he was, wouldn't know, recognize, or even like any more. Her Hans, she knew, was lost to her forever, one way or the other, gone, poof, no more.

Whatever they had, and however good it had seemed, was now only a dim memory of a life she cared less and less about with each passing hour. Otto spoke from his chair. She broke the kiss and looked in his direction. Otto's sperm was all over the carpet in front of his feet, the many white globules puddling up on the dark blue nap's surface.

Otto's face looked red. "That was absolutely amazing, my dear Greta. You've outdone yourself and made me very happy in the bargain. Now, what say we have something to eat and drink, you two hot lovers, and later we can resume our little game." They both said yes in unison.

* * * * *

GRETA had her wish fulfilled that night. They both fucked her at the same time and both came, almost together, the SS-Oberführer beating the Colonel to the punch by mere seconds.

Greta had come so many times it was impossible to keep track of. And the Colonel had proved a good lover, a good fuck a man who knew how to use his large specimen to the woman's advantage. He was slower in his love making than Otto, slower even than Hans. This man took his time, the world be damned. Oh, yes, she had enjoy Colonel Shtetl.

Prior to this, there had been only one event that had made her feel quite ill. Wretchedly ill, as a matter of fact.

The men had consumed more than a few beers with dinner and when they were all three in the bedroom, again naked, Otto had announced he was going to introduce a new game into the equation. He ordered Greta to get on her knees in front of them both. She complied, not knowing what to expect.

"Now, Greta, you are going to get a new treat. I have to piss, as I'm sure the Colonel does. Your mouth, my sweet, is going to serve as our human urinal!" He laughed. Shtetl did, too. Greta felt immediately sick. She wanted to protest, to say something, but nothing came out of her mouth.

Otto swayed a bit and said, "Open wide, liebschen, and take some sweet pissy piss!" He sounded slightly drunk. Shtetl said, "Ooh, I have to go real bad! May I go first, mein Commandant?" Otto waved a hand at Greta as if saying, be my guest, old chum.

Shtetl took a step toward Greta and offered his totally flaccid penis to her face. Knowing she was trapped, she leaned in and took his soft penis into her mouth. And merely waited. Then Otto said, "And DON'T SPILL A DROP, GRETA! SWALLOW, SWALLOW, SWALLOW, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOUR LITTLE PISS MOUTH!"

A moment later, Shtetl let loose. In a deluge. His urine flooded her mouth so quickly, she almost failed to swallow. But she caught it just in time. She

swallowed again and the scenario repeated itself. Then again and again. And some more. He was pissing like a race horse. Greta felt as if she had swallowed at least a large glassful. Finally, he stopped and just let his dick soak in the mouth. He left it there a moment before quickly pulling it out. For the first time, Greta could now taste the man's piss.

It tasted awful, truly pissy like, but it was bearable. She knew it wouldn't kill her. Otto next stepped up to the plate. As she swallowed his ugly tasting urine, as copious as shtetl's had been, he kept calling her his little piss mouth, to the great glee of the Colonel.

The only kindness Otto had sent her way was allowing her some wine to wash the piss down. It had helped immensely. The wine taste had quickly replaced the piss taste. They had then proceeded to fuck her.

Later, after Shtetl had gone home, Greta was told by Otto that this was to be a once a week affair with his Colonel and, if Otto chose, other senior officers he deemed worthy of his special reward.

His officer roster, Greta knew, consisted of twelve men, from aged twenty-two through aged fifty-five. Resigned to it all, as resigned to something as a person can get, Greta knew she would fuck and suck them to lascivious perfection, pleasing Otto along the way. While, she also knew, pleasing herself as well.

Her life now consisted of sex, shopping, sex, getting her hair and nails done. sex, buying a new dress, sex, and more sex. She was known to all the men as SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp's wife, a slut wife to be sure, but they all treated her with great respect. That this respect was from fear of her powerful "husband" didn't matter to her. She had survived.

And, Otto's use of the word "officer" had put her mind at rest when it came to the 160 barrack's boys. There would be no barrack's boys for her. She would fuck and suck quite a few of Otto's officers, for sure, but she would not end up as Anna had, in a nut house and staring into space all day, too out of it to even know her own name.

Greta was grateful to Otto for something else. He had kept the kinky stuff, the piss swallowing, the ass licking, from the officers. He reserved that for himself and Colonel Shtetl. The officers were limited to straight sucking and fucking, with even anal sex denied them.

She was now, as SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp had so clearly told her, his sex slave, his whore, his slut, his piss mouth, and a property of the Third Reich. His bidding was all she needed to live for. There would be no more articles written by a Jew loving traitor, now or ever again. Sex slaves, he told her in no uncertain terms, had no time for such nonsense. She had agreed quickly, which had pleased him.

* * * * *

A YEAR HAD PASSED and, during that time, Greta had serviced nine of the SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp's officers. And, to satisfy Otto's seemingly endless search for hotter and hotter scenarios, had sucked and fucked all nine of them, one after another, on more than one occasion. With Otto watching her perform with each man as he took his turn.

She was only thankful that those events were somewhat infrequent as she usually felt so totally tired and drained, it took all her energy just to speak, let alone walk.

She now had, in one sense, a gallery of German men, some handsome, some not, who made her come and come quite often. However, none of the officers made her come better than Shtetl with his large penis. The only man capable of surpassing the Colonel was Otto himself. No one could compete with that over-sized cock head that she could feel outlined in the pit of her vagina.

On a scale of one to ten, ten being best, the officers ranged from a three to a seven, Shtetl rated a solid nine, while her Otto was somewhere around eighty four. And sometimes it felt even higher. The officers gave her the sky, Shtetl, the moon, but Otto gave her the stars and the all of the heavens.

It was now Thursday, December 25th, 1944. Christmas Day in Berlin as elsewhere in the world. Otto had phoned to alert her to a little Christmas "gift" he was bringing home for her, a new gift, one she had not seen before, one SS-Scharführer Emil Vürden, aged twenty-nine, married with four children. Highly decorated in combat. 6' 2" tall, 190 lbs, blonde hair and blue eyes. Facts she had gleaned from peeking at his personnel records. He sounded to her like the stereotypical German male. And, somehow, she knew he would be handsome and dashing. And well hung in the penis department.

Greta now sat in their living room, waiting. The anticipation flowing over her. The front doorbell rang. Had Otto misplaced his keys again? She headed toward the door and opened it wide when she reached it. A regular army soldier stood there at rigid attention, a large satchel attache gripped firmly between both hands.

"Frau Von Yurt?" He looked as stiff as a statue.

"Yes, how may I help you?" She felt a tremor of worry flit through her mind.

He opened the satchel case and pulled out a thick manila envelope and offered it to her. "I have been instructed to hand this to you, Frau Von Yurt and await here for further instruction from you." As she took the envelope, he raised his heels and clicked them together. "I'll be right here, Frau Von Yurt, when you need me." She thanked him and closed the door.

With trembling fingers, she opened the envelope. A quick glance told her it contained a large, fat envelope and three letters, one unfolded, the other two folded in thirds. It looked to her as if the unfolded letter was to be looked at first, so she removed it and read. Her fears had been realized. She knew this without even reading the letter. It had been typed on the SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp's personal stationery and it read:

My liebschen Greta, my PM, if you are reading this it means that I am no longer among the living. I wish I could say now that I loved you, my liebschen, but I have never in my life felt that foolish emotion. However, please believe me from the depths of my soul, when I say I have grown beyond fond of you. That, my little dumpling, is as close to love as I can attain without feeling foolish.

But you, my dear, are still young and have much life before you. With that in mind, you will find enclosed some provisions I have made for both your future security and your immediate safety. I have written you out an unlimited travel

pass which will allow you to cross the border and leave Berlin. You will also find an envelope containing 50,000 american dollars. This should see you through for quite some time, at least long enough to establish yourself wherever you finally end up.

The soldier who delivered this is at your beck and call. He will take you to the border and see to it that you don't run into any problems.

But use haste, my sweet, for Germany is losing the war and if those blood-thirsty Russians come storming into Berlin, there is no telling what they will do to a lovely fräulein such as yourself. To further inspire you to use haste, I will tell you this: The revenge-seeking Russians will make the barrack's boys look like saints by comparison. So, hurry my love, hurry. And God go with you.

Forever yours,

Otto

His PM? she thought. It took her a bit before she got it. His piss mouth. How endearing of him, she mused.

Greta wanted to cry, but couldn't. She didn't have it in her no matter how "fondly" she now felt for her Otto. She took out and opened one of the folded letters. The travel pass, just as Otto had promised. She reached in and extracted the other folded letter. She opened it and read, tears immediately welling up in both eyes. It was on war department stationery.

The first two lines were unimportant. It was the third line that was responsible for her tears.

With deep regret, we hereby report the death, in wartime action, of Lieutenant Hans Von Yurt, Commander 2nd Division, 4th Battalion, 1st regiment, Russian front, XY223174D. There was more, his heroism in battle, his dedication, etc. but she couldn't care about that, Hans was gone and that was that. She let her tears flow unstopped, her body convulsing uncontrollably.

Then reality crept in. Make haste, Otto had said. She quickly packed a suitcase, changed her clothes to something demure for travelling, and went and opened the front door. The young statue soldier was still there, as rigid as ever, waiting for her instructions. She told him to take her to the border immediately. He clicked his heels and said yes Frau Von Yurt. Thus, with nothing more than that, she was off to a new life.

They had driven in total silence for nearly ten minutes when a thought popped into her head. She tapped the driver's shoulder and said, "Do you know that my husband, SS-Oberführer Otto Stemp is dead?"

"Yes, Frau Von Yurt. I had to know that in order to follow my previous instructions." He sounded nervous in her company.

"Do you know how it happened?" She had to know, but didn't know why. Perhaps it would mean something to her in the long run.

"The SS-Oberführer was on a routine inspection of the barracks, Frau Von Yurt, when the allies carpet bombed it. He was killed along with 160 fine German soldiers." She thought, the barrack's boys! Poof!

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Joseph Fritz, Frau Von Yurt. Sergeant Fritz, Frau Von Yurt."

"Well, Joseph, I want to ask you a question and I expect total honesty from you." She was about to use an Otto tactic. "If you lie to me, Sergeant Fritz, I will know it and you will have your next chat with Colonel Stetl. Understand me?" He only nodded his yes, too afraid to even speak.

"Good. Now, here's the question, Joseph. Have you ever heard the sexual rumors when it comes to me and the SS-Oberführer, about how we have orgies with his officers and all. Be honest or it will cost you dearly, young man!" She liked this game of power playing. It seemed to suit her.

He paused before answering, surely thinking, and finally nodded. He'd heard. Who hadn't? Greta thought.

"Good! That means we have no secrets about the matter, now do we?" He shook his head from side to side, not knowing what else to do. His mouth was so dry, he was glad she was accepting his nods and head shakes for answers.

"Now, my little Fritzie, I want you to be a clever boy and find us a nice and quiet and very secluded little spot where I can show you the truth to all the rumors. Are you game for something new?" He nodded again, this time a little faster.

"Good. I promise it will be great fun, liebschen. Just you wait and see." She felt the old wetness beginning to form in her crotch. I am a totally depraved slut, she thought, and I don't give a rat's ass.

Less than five minutes later, Sergeant Fritz pulled into a shady glen, a place surrounded by large trees and a mile off the main road. The only sound either of them could hear was the sound of crickets chirping, seeking love from one another, their message rhythymical and unmistakable to other crickets.

Greta left the car and Fritz followed suit. They now stood less than three feet apart. Perspiration had formed on his upper lip and across his forehead. He looked even younger than she had first remembered.

Boldly, she said, "Take off all your clothes, lover, and show me what you have for me. I love surprises!" God, I'm absolutely wanton, she thought. He started to strip. She started to do likewise.

In minutes, they were both in the middle of the glen, naked and natural. His "natural" was about 7" long, thickish and even now was fully erect and pointing skyward, a large drop of his pre-juices slickly coating his larger-than-normal cock head. His balls looked full and oversized. A seam ran down the middle, which reminded Greta of a walnut. A large walnut.



Sergeant Joseph Fritz

Greta knelt down and licked the large drop away. He moaned at the touch, his legs trembling fiercely. He licked his dry lips.

"Now," Greta said, looking up at him. "I am going to show you everything I have ever done with the SS-Oberführer and with all of his officers." She stood up, put both arms around his neck and looked him directly in the eyes. She was smiling at him. At his youngness and naivety.

"It always starts, my liebschen," she whispered hoarsely, "with a very long and passionate, wifely kiss . . . "

THE END