

COLLEEN BENNETT MEETS HEINRICH HIMMLER

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By : Philip Roberts

Another of my Smith/Bennett/Mayron unemployment stories.

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It's like feeding time at the zoo," thought Colleen as she watched the seething mass of men and women pushing and jostling for a place near the front of the counter.

"For God's sake stop pushing me in the back!" shouted an old man at the front of the crowd. As he turned to yell at the people behind him, an old lady, barely a metre and a half tall, squeezed past him to reach the front of the counter, where she had to stand on tiptoes to be able to be seen by the people behind the counter.

"Hey lady, I was here first," insisted the old man.

"Just wait your turn," ordered the tiny woman, refusing to be perturbed.

"But I was here first," insisted the old man.

Colleen wondered if she would have to go through this every week. Certainly she had no intention of jostling with the others. She would wait until the crowd had thinned out, even if it meant waiting there all day.

"Look, who's next for God's sake?" demanded a flustered teenage girl behind the counter.

"I am," called out the little old lady.

"I was here before her," insisted the old man. "Look, I was here first, I haven't got all day, you know?"

"Just shut up and wait your turn!" ordered the tiny woman.

In a bid to stop the argument, the teenage girl led the little old lady around the counter and took her toward one of the interview booths.

"I was here first!" insisted the old man. Then he rushed forward just in time to prevent a black-haired youth from stealing his place at the front of the counter.

* * *

"Well, everything seems to be pretty much in order," said Allan Juchster, gazing at the small card in his hand, and then stealing a glance at the shapely thigh of the teenage girl, who sat across the desk from him.

"I don't see any obstacle to you receiving payments."

"Oh that's great," said Colleen, beaming at Juchster. "I only moved away from my parents a few months ago, and I've been staying with some friends. They can't afford to keep me much longer, and so I'm looking around for a place of my own, I managed to get eight weeks work from Christmas through February, but nothing since, so I would be in big trouble if I couldn't get the dole."

"Well, as I said, there shouldn't be any problem," said Juchster. He smiled at her face, and then at her small, pointed breasts, then at the expanse of thigh, which had been revealed when she had crossed one leg over the other. He smiled at her face again, and then asked, "So you're looking around for a place to stay, are you?"

"Yes, I had to move out when my parents objected to me leaving school. I stayed with some friends in Glen Hartwell for a couple of weeks, but since Christmas I've been boarding with the Bernsteins. They're a couple who live next door to my parents, so that's a real drag, and so I'm looking around for somewhere else."

"You can..." began Juchster, hesitating for a moment. Then, reassured by another glance at young breasts and smooth thighs, he continued, "You can move in with me, if you like."

"Well, I..." began Colleen, uncertain what to make of the proposition.

"Don't misunderstand me," Juchster hurried to reassure, "I am a married man, with a young daughter about your own age, or maybe a couple of years younger. I'm sure that you will get on like a brick house on fire. Sonja is a little shy with strangers, but then I am sure that you can help her to come out of her shell."

"Fine," said Colleen, half relieved, half disappointed that Juchster's offer had turned out to be bona fide. "But I won't be able to afford much rent, of course."

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â That's all rights," said Juchster. â It will be worth it, just for Sonja to have company for a change, I hope you won't mind sharing a room with her?â

â No, I guess not. I shared a room with my sister before leaving home."

â Would twenty dollars a week be too much?â he asked, then when she seemed to hesitate he hurried to add, â of course, that would include all your meals as well.â

â Oh yes, yes that would be fine,â said Colleen, relieved at, her own good fortune.

â Perhaps, if you're not doing anything at lunch time, we could go over then,â suggested Juchster.

â I get off work at lunch time today, so, if you don't mind waiting around here for half an hour or so?"

â I guess not,â said Colleen.

â It will give you a chance to see the house, and also to meet Sonja. She was a little under the weather, so we kept her home from school today.â

â Fine,â said Colleen.

* * *

12:11 PM

â Please make yourself at home,â Juchster invited, leading Colleen through to the lounge room.

Colleen sat down upon the sofa, and Juchster walked back to the door to the hallway.

â I'll just go and see if my wife, Leonie, is home,â Juchster said, stepping out into the hall.

Across the room from the sofa stood a large four-in-one unit: television, record player, cassette deck and radio. In one corner, near the four-in-one, stood a large shelved bookcase, of which the top shelf housed long-playing records.

Colleen stood and walked across to flip through the records, â Ugh!â she said, seeing that the records were all jazz or classical music. â Brahms, Bach, Beethoven,â she read out aloud. â I wonder if a Beethoven is what you cook a beef casserole in?â she thought and laughed to herself.

â I'm afraid we don't have any top forty records,â said Juchster, walking up behind Colleen.

Juchster handed Colleen a glass, and she saw that he was also carrying a bottle of wine, and a photograph album.

â My wife doesn't seem to be home,â said Juchster. He poured some wine into Colleen's glass and said, â I thought that you might like a little drink to help cool off a bit.â

â Yes, it is a bit sticky,â agreed Colleen, fanning herself lightly with her left hand.

Juchster poured his own wine, took a sip, and said, â I suppose that I had better go to see that Sonja is all right. I am surprised that Leonie has gone out, when Sonja is unwell.â He placed the bottle of wine upon a small round stand near the bookcase, and said, â Feel free to help yourself.â

Juchster leant down to turn on the television, which required him to place his wine glass on top of the television, and then walked out of the room, still carrying the album.

* * *

Colleen knew that she had drunk too much; she was beginning to get a slight headache. At seventeen, she had only been drunk twice in her life, but this would soon be the third time.

Juchster returned to the lounge room, and Colleen asked, â Is she all right?â

â Wonderful,â said Juchster, which sounded a little strange to Colleen, but she was too light headed to be certain.

Juchster sat next to Colleen on the sofa, refilled her glass from a second bottle of wine, and then handed her the photo album, saying, â I thought that you might like to look at some snaps of my little Sonja.â The first few pages contained baby photos: a naked baby upon a rug, a naked baby playing with toys, a naked baby lying upon a cot. But gradually, as Colleen turned the pages of the album, the baby photos gave way to later ones: a naked three-year-old blonde girl on a sofa; a naked five-year-old lying in the middle of a king-size bed, beside her lay a naked woman in her mid thirties; a naked nine-year-old, sitting upon the toilet; a naked eleven-year-old, sitting in the bath, leaning over to suck upon her father's penis, looking as though she wanted to cry, but was afraid to do so. Finally, Colleen was looking through photos of a young teenage girl suffering through all kinds of sexual abuses at the hands of her father, and also an obviously reluctant mother, who seemed as upset as the girl was.

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Colleen stared at the photos, wondering whether she was drunker than she had thought. While she turned the pages, Juchster calmly described each photograph as though it were a normal family snap:

“This is Sonja taking a shower,” Juchster said. But in the photos a thirteen-year-old girl sat in an empty bath, with her arms and feet bound. Her eyes were tightly clenched, and her mouth was wide open, as her father urinated straight into her mouth. “A golden-shower,” Juchster added, laughing. In the picture, the girl looked as though she wanted to cry, but was afraid of the yellow stream stinging her eyes.

The pictures of the very young girl, with very blonde hair, and the pinkest flesh she had ever seen fascinated Colleen. She wondered whether this really was Juchster’s young daughter, or whether the whole thing was some kind of very elaborate dirty joke.

Taking the photo album from Colleen, and placing it upon the coffee table beside the sofa, Juchster said, “Perhaps you would like to come and meet Sonja herself now?”

“Yes, all right,” agreed Colleen. She was still unsure whether or not her eyes had been deceiving her. She considered taking up the album again to steal another quick look, but then decided against it.

“Come along,” said Juchster, putting an arm paternally around Colleen, to lead her out into the hallway. Juchster led Colleen down the corridor, toward the washhouse.

Colleen was more than a little alarmed, as Juchster led her toward what appeared to be a closet in the washhouse.

“She’s in the closet?” asked Colleen.

Juchster laughed for a moment, in a way that alarmed Colleen even more, and then explained, “It isn’t a closet. It’s the door to our cellar.” He hesitated for a moment, and then added, “I suppose that you could call it a root cellar.”

Colleen wondered why he found that remark worthy of laughter. She asked, “Your daughter lives in the cellar?”

“Not at all,” assured Juchster. “Her room is upstairs, almost directly overhead as a matter of fact. But Sonja is in the cellar at the moment, awaiting our arrival. So we mustn’t keep her waiting any longer.”

Colleen hesitated, reluctant to allow herself to be led downstairs, where her voice could not be heard from the street, should there be any need for her to call for help. Looking back over her shoulder, she could see that Juchster blocked her way back to the hall. So, reluctantly Colleen took her first step into darkness, groping into thin air with her left foot until finding the first step.

Colleen had taken three into the darkness, when Juchster snapped on the cellar lights, making her blink and rub her eyes, at the sudden transition from darkness to light.

Juchster strode down the ladder to unlock the second door at the bottom of the steps. He ushered Colleen into the cellar, while she was still blinking, and relocked the cellar door behind them.

When at last she could see, Colleen was shocked at the sight that confronted her. The cellar seemed like a vision out of a novel by the Marquis de Sade, a vision of the torture chambers used during the Salem witch-hunts, or the French Reign of Terror. A torture chamber of block and tackles; benches; cabinets housing canes, riding crops, thumbscrews, ropes and handcuffs. The only thing, which seemed to be missing, to complete the vision of a mediaeval torture chamber, was the iron maiden. Instead there was a flesh and blood maiden, Sonja, the strawberry blonde teenager from the photos.

Sonja was suspended by her feet, in the centre of the room. Her feet were kept spread-eagled by a crossbar, which was shackled to her ankles, her hands were spread-eagled by another bar, connected to chains, which were manacled to the floor, the heads of pins, drawing pins, and small nails protruded from her nipples, breasts, thighs and pubic mound, the last few centimetres of a huge vibrator protruded from her vagina, and the base of a slightly smaller vibrator showed from her anus. She was suspended with her head about a metre from the ground. A one and three-quarter metre metal bar, five centimetres in diameter, the tip moulded to the shape of a penis, stood up from the floor, immediately under Sonja, so that the last three-quarters of a metre of metal had entered Sonja’s mouth, and travelled down her gullet.

“Sonja has been very bad lately,” said Juchster. He placed one arm firmly around Colleen’s waist, to lead her over to the centre of the room.

Colleen, stunned at the sight before her, offered no resistance as she was led across the cellar floor.

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“She refuses to study hard and wastes her precious time mooning around boys she meets at schools and so she must be punished,” stated Juchster, as they halted directly in front of Sonja, about a metre away. Slowly, as Colleen watched spellbound, Juchster reached for the vibrator between Sonja’s labia. Without a thought for the feelings of his daughter, Juchster quickly pulled thirty centimetres of hard plastic out of her sex.

Sonja gasped, then sighed past the metal bar, which seemed as thick as an arm in her mouth, with relief at the loss of the offending object. Then, as Colleen watched, Juchster raised the vibrator above his head, and for a moment he looked vaguely like Norman Bates attacking Janet Leigh in the shower. A resemblance that was highlighted when Juchster plunged the vibrator downward, like a knife, stabbing the full thirty centimetres deep into the vagina of his young daughter.

Sonja bucked and kicked, almost choking upon the metal penis, as her sex went from completely empty to completely full in less than a second.

Colleen watched as though in a trance, unable to take her eyes away from Sonja, oblivious as Juchster stripped himself naked, then began to undress Colleen.

One moment Colleen was staring at the sight of Sonja spread-eagled and dangling from the ceiling, the next she was facing Juchster, both of them naked, as he began clumsily trying to enter her.

Colleen struggled beneath Juchster, as the two of them rolled about upon the cold concrete floor. Suspended from the ceiling, Sonja watched them with wide-eyed interest. Juchster completed a form of abortive copulation, as Colleen’s struggles caused his penis to slip out of her vulva, spraying semen across Colleen’s pubic hairs. Throwing her over onto her stomach, Juchster said, “Perhaps you would prefer it back here?”

“Yes, yes, do it to her, not me!” thought Sonja. Then she flushed with guilt that she had wished her torment onto someone else.

Juchster ruthlessly pried Colleen’s buttocks apart. Then, scooping up his own semen, mingled with Colleen’s virgin blood, from her pubic hair, he used the fluid to anoint Colleen’s anus, probing deep into her body with an index finger. Each time the finger probed into her body, Colleen yelped like the proverbial stuck pig, and each time Sonja had to stifle the urge to feel pleasure at seeing someone else being used, instead of herself.

Finally Colleen was lubricated to Juchster’s satisfaction. He placed the glans of his penis at the rim of Colleen’s anus and in one thrust passed the tight anal ring.

While Colleen was still yelping from the initial assault, Juchster followed through with a second thrust, which drove most of his penis deep into Colleen’s bowels.

Caught between yelps from one assault to the next, Colleen began to shriek like a wolf baying at the moon, thrashing and twisting beneath Juchster, trying to buck him off. Juchster held tight to Colleen’s firm breasts, squeezing them tight like handles, mashing them against Colleen’s chest.

When Colleen finally ran out of steam, Juchster spread-eagled her beneath him, then, in imitation of a health buff, he closed his legs tightly together, and began to perform a number of push-ups. Slowly at first, then gradually faster, each push-up driving his penis to the hilt into Colleen’s anus, causing the young girl to yelp, more quietly now, each time that she was entered.

* * *

Juchster held tight to Colleen, gasping for air and gripping her breasts, grinding his penis deep into her bowels as he ejaculated.

Colleen knew that the experts say that a man only ejects about a teaspoon of semen at a time, however, it seemed to her that Juchster had rammed a fireman’s hose up her bowels, and then had turned the tap on full.

Finally he finished, and Colleen gasped as Juchster quickly pulled out of her body.

“Lick it!” ordered Juchster, kneeling in front of Colleen. “Lick it clean!” Taking hold of Colleen’s hair, Juchster lowered her face toward his shit-and-semen soiled penis.

Lying on her belly upon the hard concrete floor, with semen seeping slowly from her raped backside, Colleen opened her mouth and licked at the foul offering, at first hesitantly, then with relish as she found that the acrid taste was to her liking.

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From her position, suspended bat-like, Sonja gaped at the sight of Colleen hungrily sucking and licking at Juchster's befouled penis, as though it were a tangy lolly.

Juchster was equally amazed at the sudden turn of events and for a while he knelt, watching Colleen, spellbound. Finally he decided to try to regain the initiative. Taking a firm hold upon Colleen's hair, Juchster thrust his body forward, forcing his penis part of the way down Colleen's throat.

At first she struggled against this new violation, but then, realising that she would have to perform deep-throat fellatio, to be allowed to enjoy the tasty morsel, Colleen submitted to the act. She opened her mouth wider and then slipped her tongue out of her mouth to lick at the underside of Juchster's penis.

Juchster began to thrust the full length of his penis down Colleen's gullet, causing her to choke a little at first at the invasion, until she gradually became used to it. As Sonja stared wide-eyed, Colleen seemed to be purring with delight, as Juchster screwed deep down into her throat.

* * *

Juchster withdrew his penis from Colleen's mouth, and ejaculated over her face, Colleen squealed in delight and lapped the last of the creamy fluid from Juchster's penis.

Juchster led Colleen over to Sonja, and commanded, "Kneel!" as though giving a command to a dog. As Colleen knelt, Sonja half expected her to pant like a dog.

Juchster released Sonja's hands from the shackles and bar, only to retie her hands behind her back. Then, going behind Sonja, he reached for a small handle, which he began to crank anti-clockwise, causing Sonja to be raised into the air, until the last of the metal penis had been extracted from her mouth. Sonja sighed with relief, as Juchster turned a small wheel, which moved her, still suspended, bat-like, about a metre away from the gigantic metal phallus.

Juchster gestured for Colleen to move across to kneel before Sonja again. "Sit, bad dog!" thought Sonja. Then, returning to the first lever, Juchster lowered Sonja again, until she was face to face with Colleen.

"Lick her face clean!" he instructed, and Sonja began to lap the now cold streams of semen from Colleen's face.

Colleen shuddered, and wondered how Sonja could keep down the creamy fluid when it was cold. But then she imagined, correctly, that Sonja had had a lot more experience than Colleen herself had.

"Now stand!" commanded Juchster, and Colleen found herself nuzzling the end of the thick vibrator, which protruded from Sonja's sex. Juchster withdrew the plastic phallus, which clung to Sonja's body, causing her to gasp from a mixture of pleasure and pain, as it was withdrawn.

"One step forward!" ordered Juchster.

Colleen stepped forward until she stood hard up against Sonja. Colleen had never seen a woman's sex up close before. Of course, she had seen herself and Rosemary naked, and she had examined herself with a mirror. But this was a brand new experience, in more ways than one. Colleen felt that she could virtually peer deep into Sonja's body, gazing down her vaginal orifice, like a scientist gazing down a microscope. Without waiting to be instructed, Colleen reached out to grasp Sonja's sex. The pink sex lips were very tender, and seemed to twitch to the touch, as Colleen ran her fingers lightly upon them. There was a slight scent of urine, but a more powerful aroma of sex.

As Colleen began to lap at Sonja's sex, delving deep with her tongue, Sonja was again reminded of the idea of Colleen behaving like an obedient dog.

"Well?" demanded Juchster, and Sonja began to lap and suck at Colleen's sex, lapping up semen, virgin blood, and Colleen's sex juices, all at once.

Colleen gasped with pleasure, and almost bit down into Sonja's sex, as Juchster took the opportunity to sodomise Colleen for the second time that day.

* * *

The following Monday

9:03 PM

Colleen sat in the middle of the sofa, sipping from a glass of wine. On her left sat Allan Juchster, on her right Leonie Juchster. Sonja sat on the floor between Allan Juchster's legs, her blonde head bobbing up and down slowly as she sucked her father's penis. All three of the women were naked, so Colleen took the

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opportunity to compare herself to the other two women.

Colleen cupped her left breast in her right hand. She knew that her breasts were her best features and so she started there. Her own breasts were round and about the size of large halved oranges. Sonja's breasts were much smaller and pointed, their incredible pink-whiteness made them seem to cry out to be pinched or sucked. Colleen knew that she could almost get one of Sonja's small breasts fully into her mouth.

Leonie's breasts were full, opulent, sagging, with almost thumb-sized nipples, and saucer-like brown coronas. "If breasts are milk bottles," thought Colleen, "as Uncle Kevin calls them, then each of Leonie's is at least a two litre carton." Leonie's flesh was a little lined with age, yet this took nothing away from her mountainous breasts in Colleen's opinion. Though they sagged a little, the huge weight unable to defy the force of gravity, they were still very pleasing to the eye.

Allan Juchster ejaculated deep down into Sonja's throat, moaning loudly. When he had sufficiently recovered his breath, he said to Colleen, "You seem deep in thought."

She started, caught a little unawares, and then said; "I was just thinking that a starving man, or woman, could live off each of Leonie's breasts for at least a month."

Leonie blushed deeply, but her husband laughed raucously.

While Sonja lapped Juchster's penis clean, Colleen thought back to what Chris had told her about Sonja earlier in the evening.

"I heard something tonight that might interest you," said Colleen to Juchster.

"Oh?" said Juchster.

"From my half-brother Chris Smith...It seems he knows Sonja."

Sonja looked up at Colleen, a little startled, but said nothing.

"Chris Smith?" said Juchster. "That seems to ring a bell, but then I suppose that it's a common enough name."

"Apparently you threw him off the dole a while back," said Colleen.

"Oh, yes," said Juchster, remembering Chris. "Now I remember. The bastard got pretty ugly about me throwing him off!"

"Anyway, it seems he's been taking our young friend along to the Out of Work People's Action Group meetings, to help her to come out of her shell."

"Is that right?" asked Juchster. He spoke calmly, yet Sonja felt as though she were being interrogated.

"That probably explains why she has been such an argumentative little bitch lately," said Colleen.

"I have not!" said Sonja. "And it's none of your business who I know."

Both Allan Juchster and Colleen looked as though they had been struck in the face. They exchanged shocked glances, and then Juchster stood up. As he towered over her, Sonja thought that her father was going to strike her. She lay on her side to lean away from him.

Instead, Juchster reached behind Sonja and, taking her strawberry blonde hair in his hand, dragged Sonja to her knees.

"How dare you speak to Mistress Colleen like that!" demanded Juchster, bending double to lower his face toward Sonja's. She thought that he was going to spit into her face, but instead he shouted, "How dare you address either of us in such a manner, as though you were our equal! You're nothing but a sex-slave, three holes and two tits for us to fuck or abuse in any way that we care to. Mistress Colleen must always be addressed as Mistress or Mistress Colleen! I must be addressed as Master, or Master Allan!"

Juchster paused for a moment as though overcome with rage, and then pointing toward Leonie, he continued, "Her you can address as co-slut, Slut Leonie, or sex-slave Leonie."

"Allan!" said Leonie, shocked at this indignity. Despite the years that she had been married to him, she was convinced that Colleen was largely to blame. Since Colleen had moved in with them, Leonie's husband had given up even the pretence that everything that he did was disciplinary, for Sonja's or occasionally -- more and more so lately -- Leonie's own good,

"Shut up!" bellowed Juchster, glaring at Leonie in rage.

Both Leonie and Sonja seemed shocked by Juchster's behaviour, only Colleen recognised it for what it was, controlled violence: part tantrum, part play acting.

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Juchster turned toward Colleen, and said in a calm voice, "I think that both of our sex-sluts are going to require a dose of disciplining tonight, Mistress Colleen."

"Yes, Master Allan," said Colleen. "You are right, as always."

"But first," said Juchster releasing Sonja's hair so that she fell back onto the carpet, "I have a little present for you,"

"A present for me, Master Allan?" asked Colleen. She clapped her hands with joy like a little girl surrounded by birthday presents,

"Yes, but first, let us take the sex-sluts downstairs, then I will give you your present, before we discipline them."

* * *

Colleen stood at the bottom of the cellar steps, admiring herself in her present from Master Allan. It was a dominatrix outfit: a skintight leather outfit with removable sections over the breasts, crotch and anus. The suit came complete with riding crop and a leather belt, which could be removed in the event that the crop proved insufficient for the job in hand.

"Oh thank you, Master Allan," said Colleen. She ran over to hug him like a little girl who has just been given her first party dress.

"Very becoming," said Juchster, "but I think that we should remove these." So saying he unzipped and removed the three detachable sections, which he threw into a corner of the room.

Then Juchster and Colleen turned to examine Leonie and Sonja. Sonja had been tied lying face upon a wooden bench; Leonie had been tied face down atop Sonja, so that the two women had their faces against each other's crotch.

"Now come on girls," said Juchster, "put your hearts into it. Or in this case, your tongues."

"Perhaps they need some motivation?" suggested Colleen, walking over to the two women. She lightly touched the tip of her riding crop upon Leonie's large backside. Colleen tickled the older woman's backside for a moment, then turned toward Juchster and asked, "May I?"

"Be my guest," said Allan Juchster.

"Suck that honey out, bitch!" ordered Colleen slamming the riding crop hard against Leonie's backside. The touch of the crop had an immediate effect upon both women on the bench: Leonie began to lightly lick her daughter's sex lips; Sonja flinched from fear of a blow passing between Leonie's parted thighs to hit her in the face.

Colleen began to slam the crop harder and faster against Leonie's backside, and Leonie began to drink from her daughter's sex with more and more gusto. At first Sonja tried to tongue her mother's sex, timing her tongue action to each up stroke of the crop, so that she could duck her head as much as possible beneath her mother's plump thighs, as each blow descended.

But as the blows began to land ever more rapidly, Sonja began to devote all of her efforts toward watching and cowering from each blow. But as Leonie's tongue action became more and more frantic, matching the pace of the descending crop, Sonja was unable to concentrate on anything but the warm feeling that was sweeping up from her crotch, engulfing her entire body. She began to moan and groan, gasping for breath as a climax overtook her. She savagely bit into the plump thighs of her mother as she came.

When Sonja had recovered her breath a bit, Colleen reached between the parted thighs, to touch her lightly upon the cheek with the riding crop and said, "Your turn now."

Sonja needed no further urging to begin lapping and sucking at Leonie's vagina. Leonie ground her sex hard down against Sonja's young face, feeling guilty as she did so as she always felt guilty. Not only guilty about what she was doing with her own daughter, but also guilty about how good it felt. Sonja's tongue action made Leonie seethe with pleasure, and the juices from Sonja's sex were like the nectar of the gods upon Leonie's tongue.

When Sonja had finished and Leonie had recovered her breath, Colleen walked around to the front of Leonie. Climbing up onto the bench, Colleen knelt between Sonja's legs, and, taking hold of Leonie's head, shoved her sex into Leonie's face.

"Now do me!" commanded Colleen.

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Leonie was tempted to repay Colleen for all of the trouble that she had caused them, by biting her hard in the vagina. But seeing Colleen's riding crop, which she had already felt, and seeing the thick leather belt around Colleen's waist, Leonie changed her mind and began to lick and suck at Colleen's sex, lapping up the vaginal juices, which were already flowing freely.

“Hey, I want a piece of that action,” said Juchster. He climbed up onto the bench so that his penis dangled over Sonja's young face.

At first Sonja thought she would have to pay lip service to her father again. Then she saw Juchster grab Leonie's plump backside, press the head of his penis against her anus, and thrust into Leonie's backside in a single stab.

Leonie bucked and gasped, causing Colleen to writhe with pleasure from the effect of Leonie's breath against her vagina,

Watching her mother's violation, only centimetres above her head, Sonja felt as though she were a dirty movie cameraman, in position for a close-up.

Leonie gasped as she was sodomised; Juchster moaned with pleasure at the tightness of Leonie's anus; Colleen writhed and sighed with pleasure at Leonie's tongue actions and Sonja just lay on her back watching, with the weight of Leonie, Colleen, and Juchster all pressing down upon her, Sonja felt like the victim of a hit-and-run orgy.

“How about something completely different?” said Juchster, not that he was really asking a question. Leonie's feet were strapped to the pulleys in the centre of the room, and Juchster cranked the handle to raise her from the floor, Leonie writhed and shrieked, unused to the strain upon her ankles. Colleen stood watching as Leonie was lowered onto the metal dildo, which projected up from the floor, until about fifteen, or sixteen centimetres of the metal bar were thrust down her throat. Behind Colleen, impervious to her mother's fate, Sonja was lapping away at Colleen's anus.

“Well, that shut her up,” said Juchster. “As the night goes on, I'll slowly lower her onto it centimetre by centimetre....”

“Until it comes out her cunt?” asked Colleen.

“No, I think that might be going just a little too far,” said Juchster.

“Perhaps we could lower Sonja onto it arse-first, later on,” suggested Colleen,

“That might be interesting,” conceded Allan Juchster.

“Ouch,” said Sonja, as though she could already feel her backside being ripped apart by the metal penis.

THE END

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