

# Feeding the dogs

Another story by 2Perverse

WARNING: This is a story of Dark fantasy, depicting extreme violence and perverse acts in graphic detail. Although it is pure fiction and does not contain any true events, many readers will find this story offensive or disturbing. If you are not looking for extreme dark fantasy with elements of violence and perversion, this story is not for you.

**Story Codes: M/f beast young teen real tort extreme viol nc snuff**

Synopsis: This is a sick twisted little tale that someone requested I write. A man captures a young girl who is first sodomized by a group of dogs, feed slowly to another group of dogs while she struggles, then brutally killed.

Amy startled awake in the dark, and panic gripped her when she realized that she did not know where she was. She had a vague memory of being awakened in her bed by a rough hand over her mouth, a brief struggle, and then blackness. Pitch black in the room, she couldn't see a thing, but began to explore blindly. The first thing she was aware of was that she was stark naked, lying on a thin mattress that had been shoved into one corner of the room. Her petit little 13 year old body shivered in the cold air, making her perky little breasts stand out and harden. From somewhere across the room, she heard what sounded like several dogs panting, scratching, and whining a bit. Trying to stand, she bumped her head on some kind of metal frame about four feet above the floor. Flopping back down onto the mattress, she reached up and felt the obstruction with her hands. It was a metal cage! Running her hands along it, she traced its shape. Anchored into the concrete wall on one side, she followed it, tracing out her new home. She found herself to be in a rectangular metal cage that extended about four feet out from the wall, and maybe ten feet long. One wall was concrete, like a rough basement wall, and the other three were made of metal bars, spaced about 4 inches apart and running both horizontally and vertically. Feeling carefully in the dark, she found a locked door in the narrow wall farthest from the bed.

Terrified, she began screaming, "Help! Somebody help me!" The dogs began howling loudly, mostly drowning out the loudest noised the girl could make. Crying, pleading, and just plain screaming in frustration, no one answered her for hours. She eventually crawled back to the mattress and cried herself to sleep.

She was awakened by the bright lights that illuminated the room suddenly, several hours after she fell asleep. Moments later the man entered the room through a door about twenty feet away, on the other side of the room. Ignoring the young girl he had kidnapped and caged in his basement, the man went over to a set of pens adjacent to the far door and began playing with his dogs. There were two sets of cages, set a little apart. The first contained four large black labs, obviously happy to see their master, with tongues out, yipping excitedly. The second cage contained three very large Dobermans, who seemed to be wary, and watched the man tensely as he played nice with the labs.

Reaching into the first cage, he fed the labs, pouring a healthy pile of dog food into a long trough, which they began digging in to with a will. He then moved to a small refrigerator and pulled out the Doberman's breakfast. Opening a small door on top of the cage, he began dropping fist sized chunks of bloody meat into the cage. All three dogs attacked the meat viciously, snapping it up as it fell and tearing into it violently. After making sure that each of the Dobermans had eaten two or three chunks apiece, he closed the cage door and put the rest of the meat back into the refrigerator.

Moving to a small storage chest along the opposite wall from the dogs, he lifted the lid, then reached in and pulled out a short, wooden bench, about two feet tall and maybe 3 feet long. He carried the bench over towards the cage where Amy was cowering in fear, trying to cover her exposed, naked body with her tiny little hands. He set the bench down outside the cage door, then reached into his pocket to retrieve a key and unfastened the lock. Amy had retreated to the far end of the cage, hunched up in a ball on the mattress, and whimpering in fear.

Climbing into the cage, the man grabbed the girl by both legs, locking them together in a bear hug, and dragged her across the floor until he reached the wooden bench. Exerting himself, he lifted Amy in his arms and placed her face down, lengthwise onto the bench, with her head just overhanging the end, and then sat on her back to hold her down. Wrestling briefly, he tied first one wrist, and then the other to the restraints attached to the base of the bench legs. Spinning 180 degrees without really taking his weight off the child, he reached down and wrestled one leg into place, leg bent, knee against the bench leg. Using a heavy leather strap he tied her knee firmly to the bench leg, then repeated the procedure on her remaining leg. Finally, he looped two thick leather belts around both bench and girl, then cinched them tightly behind her back, pinning her into place.

Meanwhile, Amy was going ape shit. "Stop it! No! What are you doing! Let me GO! HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME! PLEASE HELP!" Over and over, she screamed her lungs out, desperately seeking escape.

Once she was secured in place, the man reached down and lifted her, bench and all, and then carried her across the room. He placed the bench carefully onto a small, wheeled metal platform on the floor, lining the legs up with the post holders. Using a drill with a screwdriver bit, he tightened the bolts that secured the bench legs to the frame. Next he placed the cover onto the cage. Open at one end, the heavy wire cage frame surrounded Amy, leaving her in a space with about a foot on either side, and three feet in front and behind her. Once the cage top was secured to the frame base with a dozen bolts, the man was almost ready for his morning entertainment.

The man pushed on the cage, and it rolled easily across the floor on its wheeled base. Lining it up with the front of the cage containing the Labs, he positioned the open end in front of the cage door. Using a half dozen fasteners, he connected the bars of Amy's cage to the dog's cage. Still screaming, Amy began to become aware of her position, tied down doggy style, with her ass and pussy raised up and presented to a kennel full of big dogs!

“There there my sweeties,” he crooned to his dogs. “Daddy’s got another treat for you!”

Lifting up on the cage door, he withdrew it completely from the cage, allowing the dogs to have access to Amy. Eagerly diving in, the dogs fought to be first into the cage. One dog immediately leaped onto her back, and began probing her ass with his already hardening penis. Panting, he pushed harder, panting loudly, as Amy began crying, “NO NO STOP! OOOO OOOOOW OOOOOW PLEASE MR. MAKE IT STOP!”

Girl Screaming, dog panting, driving inside to blow his wad, the man watched in silence, enjoying the drama. After blowing a wad into her ass, the first dog rolled off and lay back down in his cage, while the other three fought for a chance to be next. Two dogs jumped up simultaneously, and one managed to land first. Getting a better angle, the second dog managed to penetrate Amy’s exposed, virgin pussy. Comb already running out of her ass, she was not prepared for the quick, deep insertion that ripped her open and left her bleeding. More vigorous than the first animal, this one began pumping her hard, driving deeper with each stroke. It’s amazing how long a dog’s penis can extend when aroused, and Amy’s screams continued to climb in both volume and pitch. It ended in one long, drawn out wail of “AAAAAAAAAAAAWWWW” as the second dog finally finished and pulled out.

The last two dogs took their time, enjoying their morning treat. Shoving his face into her crotch, one of the dogs began licking at her ass and pussy, lapping up the comb, and stimulating Amy’s pussy to near orgasm. Exhausted by now from struggling, she lay still and continued to cry as the dog climbed up onto her back. Planting both fore paws onto her shoulders, it began probing her ass with its penis, slowly at first, then sinking deeper and faster. Panting heavily, drool dripped down onto the back of her neck as the dog finished at last, blowing yet more comb into her sore, bleeding ass. The last dog was viciously quick, plunging a penis once more into her battered pussy for a few minutes, then abandoning her to lay back down in his cage.

Licking his lips in pleasure, the man dropped the cage door back into place, then unfastened and removed Amy’s cage from the wheeled frame. After removing the bench from the frame, he untied one are, then the other, and secured them both tightly together behind her back. He then untied one leg, bent it sharply backward, and secured her ankle to her wrists. Next he removed the belt straps holding her body to the bench, and untied the last leg, letter her kick freely for a minute. She flopped wildly on the floor, screaming, trying to stand up with one free leg. The man crossed to the opposite wall and took down a thick leather dog collar. Lifting Amy’s struggling body onto his lap, chuckling softly as she screamed at him, he wrapped the collar around her upper leg, just below her crotch, then threaded it through the hasp. Pulling tightly on the strap, he tightened until the blood flow down her leg was nearly cut off, and then secured the fastener.

The man stood up, girl still wrapped firmly in his arms, and walked over to the Doberman’s in their cage. After opening the small feeding door with one hand, he lifted the girl high and lowered her untied leg into the cage. He then leaned the girl’s body against an upright metal post on the cage top and fastened her to it with another leather belt strap. Both dogs immediately began sniffing at her leg, as she kicked at them frantically. “What are you doing? Stop! Oh please don’t!” she continued to beg.

Next then man reached back into the refrigerator and pulled out a jar, opened the lid, and poured about a cup of red blood down her leg. Immediately, smelling the blood, all three dogs began attacking her leg. Biting, chewing, and ripping off pieces of flesh, they tore in as if they hadn't been fed in days.

“AAAARRR OH GOD NO OOW OW OOW NO STOP” she wailed, flailing her leg wildly. One dog clamped onto her ankle and pulled it taught, as two more ripped at calf and thigh. Amy's screams piercing the room, even the Labs began to howl at the painful noise. Ripping and tearing flesh, the Dobermans worked at the poor girl's leg, gnawing it to the bone, and then pulling the bones loose to chew on later. She passed out from the pain after about five minutes, but the man very cruelly woke her again with a strong smelling salt. The tourniquet on her thigh kept the blood loss to a minimum as the dogs stripped her leg bare over the next 30 minutes or so. When they had completely removed her calf, and stripped her upper thigh almost up to the tourniquet, leaving almost 12 inches of her shin bone exposed, he finally removed her from the cage. After removing what was left of her leg with a power saw he retrieved from the workbench next to the cages, he cauterized the bleeding wound with a blow torch and wrapped it tightly in a small towel. She was then carried back across the room and dumped unceremoniously into her cage.

Crawling with her hands, she just made it to the mattress, to curl into a miserable little ball, still sobbing uncontrollably when the man turned out the lights and left her once again in the dark.

Frightened out of her mind, waves of agony radiating from her torn body and missing leg, the next twenty hours was a nightmare. Alone in the dark, she had no company but the horrible dogs and her own screams of terror and pain. When the man finally returned, she still hadn't been able to get any sleep, and her voice was almost non-existent, worn out from screaming. When the man returned he went straight over to the cage that Amy was cowering in.

As he opened the door and climbed in, the girl attacked like a wild animal, digging, clawing, kicking, and screaming, as she struggled to hobble along with only one leg and two arms. Expecting the reaction, the man was ready however, and once again he easily subdued the girl. Today he forced her body into a cylindrical cage that covered her from head to crotch, leaving both arms and her remaining leg outside. Tight leather tourniquets were secured to thigh and both arms to stem the blood loss, then she was pitched the cage with the Dobermans once more. This time, recognizing her smell, they needed no prompting. Each dog latched onto a limb and began gnawing vigorously. Try as she might, tossing around, kicking and punching, the large dogs easily managed to pin her struggling limbs in place and begin tearing off chunks of meat. Wailing like a soul trapped in hell, Amy's arms and legs were slowly devoured. Her bones were ripped out, one by one, and she watched as the dogs continued to gnaw on them after she'd been stripped of all her flesh. The man had had to dump hard smelling salts into her face seven times to keep her awake, while the dogs continued their feast.

Finished at last, after more than four hours of unbelievable torture, the man once again used a power saw to remove the remnants of her limbs, cauterize the wounds, and wrap the

stumps in towels to help them heal. Rather than tossing her back to her cage, today he carted her over to the workbench. Lifting her body, he forced her head first into a small metal cylinder about three feet tall and maybe 10 inches in diameter. Her shoulders and hips barely fit, and he had to shove forcibly to completely insert her body. Inside the can, her weight rested on the top of her head, with her butt and pussy just clearing the rim on top. The man opened her pussy up widely by ramming a two inch diameter dildo into it firmly several times. Pulling out the dildo, he quickly replaced it with a thick candle. A little more than two inches thick, and all of ten inched tall, he forced it in as far as he could ram it, leaving about two inches sticking out of her vagina. Using a match, he lit the candle, then turned out the lights and left her alone again for the night.

Unable to see, with her head buried in the metal can, she didn't yet know what had been done to her. Something large was wedged into her pussy, and her armless, legless body was trapped tightly in this metal can. She was still in agony from losing her limbs and her body was in shock, not really tracking her situation clearly any more. After ten minutes or so her struggles caused a bit of hot wax to flow off the candle and run down over her clit. Gasping in shock at the hot pain, she didn't understand what was happening, but tried not to struggle any more, just in case.

It was about two hours later that she first realized that she was in real trouble. Several more runners of hot wax has overflowed by this point, and she was just starting to feel the heat of the candle as the rim of the candle neared her outstretched pussy lips. Suddenly, heat began to bloom on the rim of her pussy as the candle wall melted. Seconds later, hot wax pooling in the candle brushed the ring of skin being held open by the candle. Screams of anguish once more filled the air, rising in pitch, bursting in waves as fast as she could draw breath. Ever so slowly the candle continued to sink, exposing her flesh to hot wax deeper and deeper inside. Heat from the candle began slowly scorching her flesh. From the outer lips, the candle continued to move deeper, exposing her insides to terrible heat and pain. An hour after first reaching her lips, the candle was almost an inch deep inside her pussy. The outer lips were closing in over the top of the candle, bringing her tender pussy flesh ever closer to the burning flame of the candle. Soon the tips of her tender vaginal lips reached in and brushed gently against the open flame. Heat conducted poorly through air suddenly blossomed directly onto her flesh, and her skin almost immediately began to brown, then burn.

While her outermost skin was beginning to burn away, deeper inside the hot melted wax was still pressing tightly into her battered pussy channel. Hours more passed, the candle's progress was slowed by lack of air flow as it descended deeper inside the hapless girl's body. By morning the candle was about four inches below her lips, and a long narrow flame gently caressed flesh all the way from top to bottom. A tiny wick of flame just cleared the surface when the man returned to examine his handiwork. Seeing that quite a bit of candle still remained, he left once again.

Almost 18 Hours after he had lit it, the candle finally burned itself out, fully 8 inches inside Amy's pussy. The burned blackened flesh inside her was peeled back by cracks in the skin, and still oozed blood and puss. Totally catatonic by this time, Amy made no reaction as the man finally lifted her out of the metal can, carried her over to the Doberman's cage once

more, and tossed her inside to be torn apart completely, and consumed by the starving animals.

## Feeding the Dogs: Part 2

Author's note: I hadn't really intended to write any more chapters on this story. I'm really quite surprised by the response I've received on this one. I've been inundated with positive feedback and a number of requests for continued story elements, and I just can't resist continuing on with the tale. So, here's to all you sick bastards out there that enjoyed the first chapter so much. Keep the feedback coming, (good or bad, I try to learn from both,) and feel free to request story ideas or plot elements. (No promises though! :-)

### Part 2

The door opened and the man carried the first body into the room. Laying the unconscious form gently down onto the concrete floor, he retreated back upstairs to fetch the others. Ashley was 18, stood 5 feet 6 inches tall in her stylish 4 inch high heels, and had short, curly, brown hair and dark eyes. At 110 pounds she had a fantastic figure, with a perfect waist and huge tits that were still perky, the way only a young woman could be. Sprawled unconscious on the floor she was a mess, with smeared makeup, and stains covering her clothes from the rough handling she'd received during delivery.

Grunting a bit, the man returned and deposited the next girl on the floor near the first, and then left once more to retrieve another. Sara was 17 and looked much like her sister Ashley, with short brown hair and dark eyes. She was a bit taller, standing 5 feet 5 inches in her flat tennis shoes, but had smaller breasts and a very narrow waist line. Unable to wear makeup, because her mother forbade it, her face was in better shape than Ashley's, but her clothes were just as mussed and stained from the terrible journey that had brought her to this place.

Kicking the door shut behind him as he lugged in the last of his new victims, he once again placed his burden gently on to the floor. Unlike the others, Stacy was completely naked already. Whip marks scarred her chest, back, and butt cheeks, and comb fairly gushed from her battered pussy down her thighs, giving evidence that the delivery crew had taken a few liberties. It was hard to blame them, though. At 19, Stacy was easily the most attractive of the three. Standing only 4 feet 10 inches tall, she had a beautiful heart shaped face, long blond hair that fell straight and silky all the way down to her firm thighs, and huge, piercing green eyes that could just swallow a man's soul. Firm breasts stood straight out from her chest in youthful perfection, with nipples hardened to rigid points from the cool air in the room.

After a short break to catch his breath, the man retrieved a small box with various items and kneeled down next to Ashley. Carefully he began unfastening buttons and buckles and painstakingly removed her clothing piece by piece. It's amazing how difficult it is to undress a limp, unconscious body. Half an hour later, sweating soaking his shirt, he finally finished and rolled the body face down. Removing items from the box he securely fastened and locked heavy leather collars around neck, waist, wrists, and ankles. Standing, he lifted Ashley partially by her arm pits, then dragged the girl to the far end of the room. Using padlocks, he fastened two short chains, bolted securely to the wall nearby, to her neck and waist, leaving arms and legs free for now.

Returning to the others, he fastened straps to Stacy's already naked body. Dragging her across the room, he secured her body to more chains, several feet beyond Ashley reach. Resting for a bit, he cracked open a beer and enjoyed fondling Sara's limp body for a while. Finally, sighing, he began to undress her. Tired by this time, he took his time. Using his fingers, the man took the opportunity to thoroughly explore young Sara's body as he removed each piece of clothing. Savoring the moments, nevertheless he knew that he had to finish this if he wanted any sleep. Fully stripped at last, Sara was bound with leather restraints, dragged across the room out of the reach of her friends, and chained

Down in the pitch dark room the three girls began to stir a few hours later. Sara was the first to awaken and begin crying. Naked, nearly breaking her neck on the chain when she leaped to her feet,

her terrified screams soon woke the others. She'd been afraid that she was all alone until Ashley woke up and began crying with her. Stacy woke with a start and began cursing and fighting madly against her restraints. Her last memory was being tied down while 5 men gang raped her repeatedly. Ignoring the pleas and comforting words offered by Sara and Ashley, Stacy was still vainly struggling at the chains several hours later when the man returned.

When the man entered the room once more and turned on the lights, Stacy began screaming at him.

"You bastard! Fucking PIG! You can't do this to me! Let me go, I'll kill you! LET ME GOOO!" she began ranting, stretching out as far as she could, with claws extended. Sara and Ashley huddled on the floor in silent terror. Eyes down in shame at being naked, they both looked up in horror at the tone of the man's voice as he chuckled.

"It always simplifies the selection process when I let the boys take their pick during delivery."

Striding directly over to Stacy he easily avoided a punch and a kick, then leaned in to plant a stun gun against her chest. Holding the trigger down for a minute, her body spasmed then fell limp to the floor. Using two long leather shoe laces he wrapped her tits tightly to stop blood flow as much as possible. He then lifted the still quivering body and carried her across the room to a pair of metal framed dog cages against the far wall. Dropping her face down on top of the two cages, he arranged her carefully, centering her body over the divider and spreading her legs out a bit. Then he used a series of heavy gage wires, running them through the bars of the cage and over her body, and twisting the ends closed tightly with a pair of pliers. He pinned each ankle, knee, and thigh, then ran an extra heavy strap around her waist. Using a padlock he secured the straps bound to her wrists together behind her back, making sure that they were tight enough to keep her from slipping her wrists out. Next he carefully forced her boobs through the small holes in the top of the kennel cage, suspending one tit into each cage below. To hold her in place, he attached a short length of chain to her neck collar, ran it through a bar of the cage, then pulled firmly upward to drive her neck tightly down to the cage top. Fastening the chain to a hook on the wall, he sat down to wait for her to recover from the stun gun.

While she began to recover at last and begin struggling weakly as she found herself bound helpless once again, the man left the room briefly. When he returned he led two large, viciously snarling dogs into the room. Pulling and coaxing he got them into their separate, side by side cages. Locking the doors he moved across the room to retrieve a small metal bell. Giving it a shake, he sent a high pitched ringing noise into the air, signaling the dogs that it was diner time. Looking around avidly at the sound of diner, the dogs each noticed the large, dangling, meaty tits hanging over their heads at about the same time. Reaching up, they each bit into Stacy's helpless tits almost simultaneously and began pulling and ripping at the meat.

"OOOOOOOOOOWWWWWW GOD OOOOOOOO NOOOOO AAAAAAAA!!!" she screamed as the dogs began tearing and chewing at her tender flesh. Blood oozed slowly from her open wounds, soaking the dog's muzzles and driving them to a frenzy as they tore and chewed into the helpless girl. Screams climbing higher in pitch, until she could barely draw breath between shrieks, Stacy thrashed and struggled wildly against her bonds. The metal wires holding her in place bit deeply as she struggled against them, opening bleeding gashes, and her throat was being choked almost to strangulation by the collar as she tried desperately to lift her agonized tits out of reach of the beasts below. While she continued to struggle, the man walked over to the other girls, who were staring in horrified fascination at their friend being eaten alive by the vicious dogs.

"Pay very close attention girls. That's going to be you very soon if you are not exceptionally good little slaves. Your friend's attitude has earned her the opportunity to show you what can happen to you if you don't obey everything you're told to do!"

"Please..." began Ashley, and the man backhanded her across the face, driving her to the floor.

"Silence! You speak only on command! Do what you're told or you'll be feeding my little monsters before the sun sets today!"

"Now watch your friend and pay attention, or else!" He moved back to Stacy and watched casually as the dogs finished shearing away all the loose flaps of meat they could reach, and lap at the blood still oozing from the open wounds. Finally, he released the chain holding her neck, allowing Stacy to lift her chest up away from the growling canines below her. Pulling her upward by the hair to hold her in place, the man stopped her from bleeding out by cauterizing the open wounds over her chest with a high powered blow torch. Screaming, the hot flame causing even more agony than having her flesh eaten, she was held firmly in place until the skin burned and charred enough to stop bleeding. Releasing her hair, the man tossed her down onto the cage top, where she quickly passed out from the pain.

The man then moved over to stand near Sara and Ashley, who were huddled against the wall, shivering in terror.

"Lay on your backs and spread your legs, right now!" he barked. Both girls hesitated a few seconds until he cracked a whip soundly across Ashley's ass. "OOOWWW!" she screamed, and then scrambled to comply. Sara follow suit before he could hit her too. Eyes clenched tight, the girls lay frozen in fear, with their pussies' lying wide open as the man left the room once more.

He returned shortly, this time leading two enormous Great Danes. Sara whimpered in fear as he turned the dogs loose and they raced across the room. Not daring to move, she flinched and shuddered as both dogs began sniffing her and Ashley in the crotch. Each dog dove almost immediately for one of the girls' pussies and began to lick it. "Excellent!" exclaimed the man.

Pointing at Ashley he said, "You now belong to Rex there. Make sure you can tell them apart. You're going to train him to be a good master, and you'd better do a good job or I'll feed you to my hungry beasts over there!"

Pointing at Sara he continued, "You belong to Toby. Today you're going to teach your new owners how to thoroughly eat a pussy."

The man placed a jar of peanut butter and a small plastic spoon next to each girl. "Open the jar" he commanded, and waited as the girls slowly obeyed.

"Use the spoon to scoop up a gob, and then smear it into your twat. Coax your new master to lick it out, then apply some more. You can stop when the jar is empty. I'll be back in about three hours and you'd better be done by then. I'll be watching through those cameras over there, so don't even THINK about cheating!" He waited a few minutes to be sure they were making a proper start, then left to go back upstairs.

Sobbing, Sara reluctantly spread more peanut butter between her legs and whispered "Here Toby, good boy, lick it all up..."

Rex was less patient, digging painfully at Ashley's crotch any time she ran out. She had to scoop and smear almost constantly to keep up. In only an hour or so she ran out of peanut butter. Rex clawed playfully at her crotch, and then began digging more seriously. Forcing his tongue inside and snapping playfully at her sore lips with his teeth, he eventually gave up and went to sleep with his head resting between her legs.

Sara had a harder time. Toby wasn't especially interested in the peanut butter after half a jar or so. She had to keep coaxing and pleading with the dog to encourage him to keep licking at her pussy. Toby was half heartedly licking the last spoonful from her twat as the man returned once again. He inspected the empty jars, and then collected them for the trash. He then moved over towards Stacy, who had been awake and moaning in agony for about two hours now.

Standing behind her the man unlocked the padlock and released her arms. To terrified to fight, she weakly reached up to rub dried tears from her eyes and massage her cramped arms and neck.

"Now it's time to feed my little beasties their lunch. I want you to slide your arms through those two holes and offer your hands to my little pets. You can pull them out once they reach your wrist." the man explained in a calm, level tone of voice.

"WHAT!?! YOU'RE CRAZY!!" Stacy screamed, wrapping her arms protectively around her mutilated chest. What could this man possibly do to her to convince her to submit to such torture? Stacy began thrashing wildly, prying at collar, chain, and wire ties with her totally inadequate little fingers, trying in vain to break free. She was completely unprepared for the intense pain that suddenly engulfed the big toe on her right foot.

Twisting her head around, Stacy could see that the man was burning her toe with the blow torch.

"NO! STOP! oooOOOWWW!" she began screaming, pitch rising, body thrashing wildly.

"Arms in the holes, or this never stops," the man calmly informed her.

Over the course of several minutes her toe blackened, then crisped and began to peel open. Once it began burning on its own the man moved his torch to the big toe on her left foot. Several more minutes passed before Stacy gave in and thrust both arms into the cage. Setting down the torch, the man left both toes burning weakly as he went to ring the diner bell. Both dogs perked up at the sound, then latched on to Stacy's fingers.

Sara and Ashley stared on this scene in shock and horror! Being tied down was bad enough, but this... Stacy tried to lie limply as the dogs pulled and tugged at her hands. Horrible crunching sounds could be heard beneath her piercing shrieks of pain as the dogs gnawed away at her fingers. Getting a firm grip and pulling her arms deeper in to the cage once they'd finished ripping her fingers out one by one, both animals lay down on their haunches and began to worry away at her palms as if they were a tough raw hide. Stacy hardly noticed when the flames wicking off her blackened toes finally went out, because the pain being inflicted on her hands was so extreme. Once the dogs had stripped her hands off back to her wrists, the man pulled them away from the greedy dogs and lifted them out of the cage. He trimmed the stumps with a power saw, and sealed the bleeding cut with a blast of flame from his handy blow torch, tossing the meaty bits into the cages as a final treat. As the flames scorched her sawed off arm stumps, Stacy once again passed out from the shock.

Sobbing uncontrollably, Ashley and Sara lay huddled in a ball, trying desperately to block out the terrible screams of their friend. Ignoring the obvious fear and revulsion of his victims, the man unfastened the chains holding Ashley to the wall. Pulling her roughly to her feet, he shoved her toward an odd pair of objects across the room.

It looked like a half a wheel, standing about four feet tall in the middle and it was about three feet wide. The man positioned Ashley in front of one end, facing away from it. Kneeling down he forced her legs apart and fastened her ankles to the outside edges.

"Sit down. Now straighten your legs. Lean back all the way. Good, now raise your arms over your head."

Moving to the other side of the wheel, the man grabbed her outstretched arms and pulled, curving her body backwards over the form. Securing her arms to the ties he went over to fetch Rex. Leading the dog to the side facing the girls' head, he called Rex to climb over the ramp. Forelegs planted beside Ashley's waist, Rex's head rested on her open vagina. The man plunged a large plastic tube into her cunt, then used a ram to force an entire jar of peanut butter down the tub, gushing into her vagina as he withdrew it. Straining forward, Rex began licking her twat excitedly.

At the other end of the wheel, Rex's huge cock was pressing at Ashley's face.

"Open your mouth and suck that cock! If you can't get a mouth full of comb out of him before he finishes dinner I'm going to whip your twat for an hour!"

Disgust warring with fear, Ashley opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out, tentatively probing at the large dog penis in front of her. Stimulated at the soft touch, the enormous pink shaft began to slide out almost immediately. Underestimating the sheer size of it, Ashley opened her mouth and let it slide in. And in. And in. It kept coming in until it slid right down the back of her throat. Gagging, her restraints held her tight and gave her no place to go as the dog began pumping in and out. Forgetting about the food in her twat for the moment, the dog raised his head and began working his hips fiercely. Nearly 18 inches of cock was rammed forcibly down her throat for several minutes before Rex let loose a tremendous wad of comb.

Shuddering in release, the dog pressed his still extended cock deeply into her throat as he strained forward to force his tongue into her pussy once more.

Leaning over the man snapped into her ear, "Swallow! Let me see those throat muscles working!"

With great reluctance at first, then progressively faster and harder, Ashley swallowed against the cock invading her throat. As Rex rudely probed deeper and deeper into her vagina with his tongue to remove the buried peanut butter, Ashley continued to work at his cock, keeping it fully erect, until he actually blew a second wad of comb down her throat. Finished completely with this second release, Rex withdrew from her mouth and climbed down. Moving to the other end he resumed working at her pussy, probing deeply with his fat, wet tongue. If she wasn't so terrified and disgusted, Ashley might almost have enjoyed it.

"That was spectacular!" the man said. Dropping his pants he thrust his penis into her mouth and demanded, "Show me some of that action!"

Unable to resist, Ashley complied, striving to give as good a blow job as she could. After the man had blown yet another load of comb deeply into her throat, she continued to milk his hard shaft with her throat muscles until he completely pulled out. Groaning in pure pleasure, the man commented, "Wow, I might even keep you alive if you can perform like that! Let's see if your sister can do as well"

Having watched all this from across the room, Sara began balling her eyes out as soon as he stepped towards her. Ashley was the party girl, and Sara was the shy younger sister. She'd never even kissed a boy! Unlocked from her chains, she dragged her feet and the man had to literally carry her across the room.

"Please. Please. Please." she whispered softly as the man fastened her ankles tightly in place. Grabbing her arms he forced her backwards over the wheel and secured her wrists firmly. Knowing Toby's habits well, the man knew that peanut butter was not going to work. Instead he brought out a bowl full of raw, bloody steak, diced into small chunks. Using thumb and fore finger, the man inserted about a pound of meat chunks into Sara's pussy. Leading the dog over, the man got Toby into position atop the young girl.

Sniffing at her pussy, Toby attacked the bloody steak with a will he never showed for the peanut butter. With no care for the pain inflicted on the young girl, the dog dove ravenously into her twat. Forcing her open with a thick tongue, Toby snatched at the meaty chunks with his teeth, often biting into Sara by mistake. Her own blood began to mix with the steak juices as Toby continued to attack her bleeding pussy. Meanwhile, the man had not neglected Toby's carnal pleasures. Twisting her head and forcing her mouth open, he'd forced the girl to accept the large cock into her mouth.

Gagging and sputtering at the unfamiliar sensation, Sara was trying desperately to avoid choking. When Toby blew his wad into her throat, she tried to vomit, but the penis still filling her mouth pushed it

back in to her throat. By the time the dog had finished his meal, her pussy was a torn, bleeding mess. Several cuts and bites lined her inner walls, and one lip was pierced right through by a careless canine tooth. Sobbing and moaning, Sara wished she could die as Toby continued to lap at the blood slowly seeping from her crotch.

Once meal time was over, the man introduced his pets to a new entertainment. Coaxing the animals up on to the bound girls, he assisted in lining up their cocks for their first real pussy fuck. Expecting it as soon as the man began leading the dog her way, Ashley laid back and sobbed softly as 18 inches of dog cock began hammering ruthlessly at her vagina. Sara began wailing loud enough to rival Stacy as Toby's huge cock lanced into her already torn and bleeding pussy.

The man sat back and watched as the two Great Danes completed fucking the girls for the first time. The animals training was coming along just fine and it even looked like one of the girls might be worth keeping for a bit. Opening a drawer he took out two small pills from a bottle he kept there. Sticking each pill in a bit of peanut butter he fed one to each dog.

"There, a little Spanish fly should keep you two horny for a few hours." he said, once more preparing to leave the room. "Have a nice time girls!" he said as he closed the door. Almost immediately the pills began to take effect. Whining, and then licking at his cock, Rex quickly remembered a better way to massage the tingling sensation the pill caused on his cock. Mounting his bitch, Rex began drilling for oil, unable to quench his need for sex no matter how much he fucked away at his own personal pussy. Ashley soon reached her limit, and mild pleasure/pain turned into pure hell as the dog continued to drive his huge cock in and out of her abused twat. Her screams joined Sara's, whose battered and bleeding pussy was pure agony. For the next four hours, every half hour or so the dogs would mount up and try to scratch that itch they felt in their genitalia.

When the man returned at last, he went once again to Stacy. Sobbing at her first sight of him, she cringed as he ordered her arms into the cage again. Pleading "please... please... please..." weakly, she thrust her arms into the cage quickly at the sound of the blow torch being lit. Before ringing the bell the man placed a medical tourniquet on each arm at the shoulder, and cranked them tight. With a ring of the bell the dogs began tearing into their meal once more. Pulling up a chair, he sat back and watched for over an hour while her arms were shredded and devoured almost to the shoulders. Sawing off what remained of her arm stumps, he sealed the wounds again with the flaming torch and tossed the severed stumps into the cage.

Moving over to the other two, he untied and released both girls from their restraints. Pointing across the room he directed "Grab a bowl from the refrigerator and come here."

Slinking reluctantly across the room, both girls obeyed, sneaking terrified glances at Stacy, who was moaning and weeping, praying for death. Returning to the man, each girl held a bowl of bloody steak bits.

"Stuff that into your twats, and go feed it to your master."

Collapsing to the floor in despair, the girl's reluctantly began stuffing the bloody chunks inside themselves. When the bowls were empty they were made to crawl over to their master. Rolling onto her back, Ashley spread her legs wide and allowed Rex to suck the tasty morsels from her pussy. Gently sliding in his tongue, Rex plucked his meal from the deepest recesses of Ashley young cunt.

Sara was not nearly so lucky. While Rex was more or less gentle and patient with his new toy, Toby was too eager and had too much enthusiasm. Biting indiscriminately at the contents of her pussy, Toby soon had Sara bleeding freely from a number of gashes. Tasting her blood mixing freely with the steak, the dog found that he enjoyed the taste of her bleeding pussy. Screaming in pain as Toby gently bit into her spread lips, Sara slammed her legs closed and tried to get away.

The whip caught her full in the face and drove her to the floor. Cracking again it slashed her back

from shoulder to buttock. Thrashing around, the next blow traversed her crotch. Blow after blow rained down until she finally collapsed and opened her legs for Toby once more. Ashley watched in silence, to terrified to help her sister, but desperately ashamed by that fact.

Sniffing at her bleeding crotch, Toby began licking, thrusting his tongue inside her once again. Frustrated at the difficulty in extracting a bit of meat, he bit into her pussy lips lightly once again to draw a fresh bit of blood. Licking at it eagerly, he continued to probe inside for more meat as he sucked up the girls' own slowly oozing juices.

"OOOOOWWW!" she screamed. To keep from crushing her legs closed, she forced them wider apart instead. Taking this for encouragement, Toby lay down between her legs and began to work his tongue at her crotch. He continued to nip her spread pussy occasionally any time the slow seeping flow of blow began to run dry.

"Mommy Help Me! OH God! OUCH, OOW, OO, OOOWW!" she wailed as Toby nipped her clit.

Finally the man pulled the dog from her crotch. "You're not doing very well," he told her. "I told you to train him well. I meant what I said when I told you that you belong to the dog. If he wants to eat you instead of fuck you then that's what he'll get. I suggest you try harder tomorrow!"

(Author's Note: There's much more to come with this story line, just be patient and I'll get it posted as soon as I get it written!)

The man walked across the room to the kennel where Stacy was still bound. Using a pair of pliers he began untwisting and removing the heavy wires holding her to the cage top. Sobbing softly, still in extreme pain where her arms and breasts had been roughly cauterized over with a blow torch, she continued to lay still, paralyzed with terror and dread. The man noticed her compliant immobility as he gently lifted her body from the cage and laid it on a metal frame in front of the cage doors.

Using two leather belts wrapped under the frame, he belted one tightly across her chest, and the other at her waist to hold her in place. Her legs dangled beyond the end of the frame. Sliding the frame towards the cage door, the bottoms of her feet hit the wire mesh. Continuing to move her closer, her legs bent back until her knees were over her chest and her butt just touched the cage.

Before kneeling down next to the terrified girl's face, he opened one small door in the cage next to her left foot. Leaning over her to stare into her wide, terrified eyes, he began speaking softly to her.

"Do you understand where this is going?" he asked.

Voice catching in her throat, she found herself unable to speak. Nodding her head sharply, Stacy continued to stare back into the man's eyes.

"Would you like another choice? Another chance to be a good girl?"

Breath racing in sudden hope, Stacy began nodding her head frantically, YES! She could feel a wet nose poking and sniffing at her bare foot through the small, open cage door. Watching the surge of fear in her face as the dog's tongue licked out to probe at her toes, the man smiled and began unfastening the two belts. Climbing back to his feet, he ordered, "Stand up!"

Legs cramping from long hours of bondage, and with no arms to help her steady her balance, it took Stacy several desperate minutes of rolling and flopping around before she could comply. The man waited patiently, watching her struggle until she succeeded, and then demanded, "Come with me."

Leading her to the far end of the room, he picked up a 10 foot length of chain bolted to the wall

between a closed door and an odd, short, box-like object on the floor. Locking the chain to her neck collar he then directed her gaze at the box on the floor. It looked like wood, was about three feet wide, two feet long and 18 inches tall, with a rectangular hollow area in the middle. Looking inside she could see a round area in the center that was carved deeper than the rest.

"Listen closely. I'm only going to give you one chance. After that it's back to the dogs. Do you understand me?"

"Yes" she managed to whisper.

"Lean forward and place your head and shoulders into the box, then lift your legs straight up and balance your body upright into a head stand."

Terrified, she leaned over and inserted her head into the hole, pressing forward to settle her shoulders. Years of gymnastics and cheer leading practice helped her and she managed to lift her legs and balance her body on the narrow stand. The center hole turned out to be longer than her head, so her entire body weight rested on her shoulders inside the short box.

"Now spread your legs as wide as you can press them and hold perfectly still."

Sobbing softly in terror as she tried to imagine what he was going to do to her in this position, she slowly opened her slender legs apart, exposing a very nice, tight pussy that she waxed daily, keeping it smooth as a 10 year old. She managed to spread her legs until they were parallel to the floor. Pressing down on both ankles briefly, the man verified that they would not stretch any farther.

Unable to see anything with her head buried in the bottom of the box, she could still hear the man as he sharply commanded her to "Hold Still!"

Stacy pressed firmly outward on her legs to help stiffen her body against what she knew must surely be something very painful about to happen to her crotch. Cringing and swaying wildly for a moment, she maintained both her balance and her stance when the man brought the whip down in an over-the-head swing onto her exposed vagina.

"AAAAA!" she cried, trying to choke it off quickly.

"OOOOOOO!!" she screamed at the second blow, but she managed to keep her instinctive flinch to barely a twitch.

"OOOO! OWWWW!! AAA! OOOOWW! Mmmmm! MMM!! OOOOOWWW! MMMMM!" she cried as the blows rained down, one after another across her now bleeding pussy. By the time the tenth terrible crack of agony lanced between her legs, she'd managed to achieve a rigid posture, not even flinching at the last several blows.

"OK," the man said at last, "you may be good for something after all."

Placing the whip back in its holder he ordered her to "Stand up."

Careful not to catch the chain fastened to her neck on anything, Stacy lowered her knees to the floor and leaned back to pull her head out of the stand. Climbing to her feet, she tried to ignore the throbbing vagina between her closed thighs. Staring at her feet, she could see the man open the door next to where her chain met the wall. Snapping his fingers he waved her into the small room inside.

The room was about 3 foot square and seemed to be a shower stall. In the center of the stall was an adjustable height pole. Mounted atop the pole was a small electric motor holding a 12 inch long, 1 inch diameter, plastic bristle bottle brush. The base of the pole sported two narrow ladder rungs on each side, spaced about 6 and 12 inches up from the floor.

Pulling on the chain at her neck, the man dragged Stacy forward until the pole was pressed against her belly. Adjusting the height of the pole, he lowered it into position, so that the base of the bristle brush was about an inch lower than her pussy while standing flat footed. 11 inches of prickly bristles rubbed Stacy's abdomen as he fiddled with the adjustments.

Stacy's eyes locked in horror onto the brush as she realized why the man was adjusting the height. Her knees began to tremble and her whole body shuddered in dreadful anticipation. Finished adjusting the height at last, Stacy waited in terror for him to give the order to climb up and fuck the upright brush. She was surprised when he pushed her back out of the room instead.

The man turned slightly on the shower knob before he stepped out of the tub. Water began flowing thickly from the end of the brush, spewing upward a couple inches past the tip. Then the true horror of her situation hammered into Stacy as the man flipped on the switch and the motor began spinning the brush slowly.

"I can see by the look on your face that you get the idea. Get up there, and be QUIET about it! It's this or the dogs, what's it gonna be?" he asked.

The burning pain of her whipped pussy was a dull ache compared to the agony still erupting from the flesh where her missing arms and legs had been burned over. The worst moments of the whipping was a fond memory compared to what she had felt while holding her arms still so that the two dogs could gnaw on her living flesh. The pain of having the toes of her feet slowly burned away completely with the blow torch that the man had used to force her to submit to the dogs was beyond description. Staring at the horrible device in front of her, she thought, "I can do this." A quick glance over her shoulder at the look in the man's eyes convinced her. "I MUST do this," she knew.

As she lifted one leg towards the pole, the man said, "Face the door."

Moving around behind the shaft, she gave the chain a pull with one toe to bring more slack into the room, and then turned around to face outward. Taking a deep breath, Stacy lifted one leg and placed a foot on one of the lower metal rungs. Balancing her weight carefully to compensate for her lack of arms, she lifted the other leg and quickly placed it on the top rung.

Climbing up the next step, Stacy made it to the top pair of rungs. Leaning forward carefully, she felt the spinning brush scraping softly at the skin of her rigid inner thighs as she lined it up under her vagina.

Anticipation glowed in the man's eyes as he watched his bitch climb into position and prepare to offer her body to his hellish device. Fear racked Stacy's body with a fit of trembling as she stood there for a minute. Finally, letting out a moan of anticipated pain, she very carefully began bending her knees to press the top of the spinning brush into her clenched vagina.

Incredibly painful sensation assaulted her at the first touch of the bristles digging at her sore crotch. Ignoring the pain, she rocked and shifted her hips gently to get properly lined up, and then slowly sank her pussy down the length of the brush. Water gushing off the brush helped lubricate and balloon open her insides before flowing down her legs to the shower drain. Inch by inch she climbed down the rungs until she stood on the tips of her toes. As she tried to settle her feet flat onto the floor, the brush bottomed out inside of her with her heels still an inch off the ground.

The sensation of the brush spinning inside her pussy was indescribably awful. Stacy had her jaws and eyes clenched shut as she struggled to endure in silence. The thought of being forced to give her legs to the monstrous dogs was still far worse to her than this, awful as it was. Her eyes flew open in alarm as the man's hand brushed her ankle, reaching for the vertical adjustment knob.

Expecting the man to lower the pole, so that she could at least stand flat-footed, she was

surprised, and then alarmed to feel it begin creeping upward. "Please no!" Stacy begged softly as she was inched upward onto the balls of her feet. Standing once more, the man then increased the water flow until it gushed from her pussy. One last adjustment increased the brush's spin rate to about 30 RPM's.

"Mmmm" Stacy stifled a scream at the increase. Forcing her chin up with one hand, the man stared into her eyes and said, "You stand still now until I come back and get you." Closing the door, he left her alone in the near darkness. Her chain ran out under the door, and a faint amount of light managed to slip in under the crack.

Locked in the closet, Stacy struggled to retain her balance with the tips of her toes. The brush, while extremely painful, was not doing any physical damage to her vagina. Careful design and testing had been used when engineering the device, to give maximum stimulation with doing any permanent harm as it scoured her insides clean. Continuing to suffer in silence, Stacy was acutely aware of the fact that nothing held her in place on the pole except her own fear of disobeying the man's order. She could climb off and stop the agony any time she wanted. "And go straight back to the dogs," she thought.

Leaving her for later, the man put Stacy out of his mind and went back to Ashley and Sara. Placing leashes on both girls, he called Rex and Toby to heel and led all four pets out the door and across the hall into the main kennel. The man directed the dogs into a large cage that contained more than twenty huge animals of different breeds.

In the center of the cage was a small, flat platform about 18 inches wide, 18 inches tall and 30 inches long. Unhooking the leashes, the man asked the two girls, "Which one of you girls wants to be the sex slave for my pack?"

Eyes closed, Ashley stepped forward. Pushing from behind, the man moved her fully into the cage. After locking her inside he instructed, "Spread your legs through those hoops on either side." She looked at the two small metal rings mounted at one end of the platform. Stretching wide apart to fit into them, she complied.

"Now lie back over the platform and open that lovely mouth. The dogs will take care of the rest!" he ordered.

Several animals were already sniffing eagerly at her exposed vagina. Almost as soon as she lay down one of the dogs hopped onto her chest and began driving his cock into her. Another one lifted a leg and straddled her head, forcing his cock into her mouth. Giving herself fully to her new role, she didn't realize what the man was doing to her hapless sister until later, when the screaming started.

Sara watched in revulsion as her older sister voluntarily entered the kennel and began having eager sex with the entire pack. The animals jumped up and quickly released their pent up sexual tension into her willing orifices at a steady pace. It appeared that most of the dogs were not overly particular at which hole they entered, and many managed to find Ashley's ass with their huge cock. Occasional moans of pain, forced out past the current cock being rammed down her throat, were the only signs that Ashley wasn't completely happy with her situation.

After watching the show for a few minutes, the man grabbed Sara by the shoulders and marched her across the room. Latching her leg restraints onto two metal rings in the floor about three feet apart, he then locked her neck collar to another ring in the wall behind her. Grabbing one wrist in each hand, he then forced her arms behind her back and clipped the wrist cuffs together.

Next he pulled out a leather "Chastity" belt that had a HUGE dildo attached to the middle of the crotch strap. 10 inches long, it was over 2 inches in diameter. Sara stared at the thing in fear, knowing that she'd never had anything nearly that big inside of her before. Then the man demonstrated the EXTRA features of his little toy.

Picking up a small black box from the table, the man lifted the device up in front of Sara's face to give her a good view. Turning a dial on the control pad back and forth several times, the man demonstrated extending and retracting hundreds of two inch long metal spikes covering the entire shaft. Sara's eyes nearly popping out of her head at the sight, she gasped in shock as bright arcs of electrical discharge began dancing and sparking randomly between out thrust metal spikes. Hot pee began spewing down her legs at the sight.

The man switched it off and retracted the spikes, then kneeled down on the floor. "no... NO! NOOO!!!" Sara screamed as the man forcibly inserted the shaft upward between her spread legs. Wrapping the leather straps around her waist, he connected the locks and pulled the adjustment strings to tighten everything into place. Placing his remote control in a pocket, the man freed Sara's arms, legs, and neck.

Free, she immediately attacked the belt and harness. The man watched her struggle uselessly at the locked clasps for several minutes, then ended her frantic attempt at escape by sending a powerful electric jolt through the dildo.

"OO!" she barked at the pain, nearly collapsing to the floor.

"Now then," the man began, "Let's have a little fun. I want you to go over there and stick your left arm into the last cage on the end." He pointed across the room to the far end. "Max hasn't had a live meal for a while, so you sit still while he has his fill. Oh yes," he paused, "I almost forgot." Strapping a tourniquet onto her arm he pushed her toward the cage.

Feet dragging, the man gave her vagina another jolt to speed her along. Staring into the cage, Sara looked into Max's eyes peering back at her. He sat patiently waiting, and drool began to drip from his muzzle. Crying out, Sara flung herself to the floor and huddled in a ball.

Suddenly pain bloomed inside her as hundreds of sharp spikes extended outward from the dildo a quarter inch or so, piercing flesh.

"OOOOOWWW"

"OO OW AA EE NO O-O-O-O-O-O" she began stuttering as sharp electric jolts began dancing around the rod inserted inside her. Rolling over and over as if she was on fire, Sara's high pitched screams finally got Ashley's attention.

Realizing that something terrible was happening to her sister, she felt a horrible wave of guilt flood through her body as she continued doing her best to please the dogs. Fear and dread made her quietly continue, forcing her to ignore her sister's distress. Tears began gushing down her face when she realized that by volunteering for this, she had also chosen Sara's fate as well.

"ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT!" Sara screamed after a few minutes, and the man stopped the painful electrical surges. Giving her a second to recover, he waited and watched as she climbed slowly to her feet and tentatively reached her hand towards the small cage door. After her hand was completely inside the cage, Max reached down and locked his jaws lightly, almost tenderly, onto her fingers, then pulled gently backward until Sara's entire arm was in the cage. Sitting on his haunches, Max wrapped Sara's outstretched arm with his paws, then delicately bit down on the tips of fingers. Pain raced up her arm as the dog began slowly gnawing away at her delicate little bones.

Crunch "OOOOOWWWWW" crunch "OOO" CRUNCH "OOWWW AAA!!!" Max was in no hurry.

Frantically, Sara tried to pull back her hand, but the dog was very experienced at this game and was able to maintain his grip with ease. Seeing the girl trying to struggle, the man triggered an extreme punishment with the dildo, and the spikes began pressing in and out a full inch as sparks danced inside her vagina.

“OOooooOOOOooooOOOOoOooOOO” Sara’s cries modulated and pulsed randomly with the jabbing stabs of pain ripping her open from the inside out. Realizing at last that she had no hope of saving her arms, she collapsed in despair and stopped struggling, hoping to at least have a chance to save her pussy.

Max was a neat, fastidious eater, and it took him about three hours to chew Sara’s arm off back to the shoulder. Once more using the dreaded saw and torch, he sheared off the stump and cauterized it, throwing the stub to the dog. Tying off the blood to her other arm, the man moved her over one stall and had her begin feeding the next dog up the chain. Trevor was much less patient than Max, and began shredding and ripping chunks of meat and bone from her arm with a vengeance. Mercifully shorter in duration, the agony of losing her second arm was much higher in intensity and the dog ripped into much larger sections of flesh as a time. An hour later, Sara was armless and sobbing uncontrollably. The man chained the neck collar of the nearly unconscious form to a ring on the wall. He had a special treat arranged for her tomorrow.

Famished and aroused by watching his animals devour the young girl, the man went back across the hall to the other room to prepare his dinner. Tossing a bowl of the cheesy pasta dish he’d whipped up yesterday into the microwave, he set the timer for 5 minutes and went to fetch Stacy. Opening the door, he saw her eyes track his instantly and then waved for her to remove herself from the brush. Legs nearly paralyzed with fatigue and cramps, she managed to climb the steps and remove herself from the pole in short order. Following the man out of the room, she obeyed as he silently directed her to resume her position in the head stand support. As she got her legs spread widely apart once more, the microwave beeped.

Stacy felt the man ram some kind of large tube, maybe two inches wide, all the way down inside her pussy. Grunting at the rude entry, she fought to retain her balance. Unable to see a thing with her head down in the hole, she had no idea what was happening when she felt heat inside her pussy as the man funneled the hot pasta into the tube. Suddenly, as the man removed the tube while ramming the pasta deep with a plunger, Stacy screamed in agony as boiling hot food was injected inside of her.

Using thumb and forefinger, the man pinched her lips closed to keep anything from oozing out, and then began plunging a table spoon into her to dig out a bit at a time. The pain burning inside her was making it almost impossible to think, and the man was nearly done with his first pussy-ful of dinner before Stacy figured out that the plunging and scraping sensation assaulting her vagina was a spoon. Horrified at the realization that she was going to be an every-ready eating utensil, kept scoured clean at all times to serve her master at a moment’s notice, Stacy wailed softly into the box. When her plunged a second bowl full of insanely hot substance into her abused vagina, she began wailing loudly, and her legs began to twitch in protest. The man prodded her clit with the tip of a steak knife and threatened to stab through it until she quieted down and let him finish his meal in peace. Once he finished with his meal, the man directed Stacy to get her battered, bruised, burned, cheese oozing pussy back onto the dish washer and wait for him to return for her.

Turning off the lights, the man went back upstairs for the night. When he returned the next morning he had a nice breakfast of eggs and sausage, served from his twat-bowl. He gave Stacy a relatively short 30 minutes cleaning cycle while he took his shower, then released her into a cage for the rest of the day, allowed to get some sleep as a reward for being very good all night long. The man had checked the tapes and verified that the girl had dutifully stood straight and silent all night long and the brush had scoured her from the inside out for 11 hours. Grabbing his car keys, he checked in briefly on Ashley and found her still hard at work. A bitch’s job is never done, at least when there’s only one bitch and 24 sex starved dogs to satisfy that is! Passing by her cage, he put her out of his mind on his way down the hall to his anticipated treat.

Sara sat on the floor, leaning back against the wall that her collar was chained to. Despondent at the loss of her arms, she was still in shock from yesterday’s torment, unable to believe her own memories. She never would have imagined the possibility of willingly feeding parts of her own body to a

pair of dogs to stop a mad man from inflicting even worse pain upon her. Reliving the pain and despair over and over again as she huddled against the wall, sobbing, she hardly even reacted as the man sat down beside her and fastened a hooded blindfold over her head.

Lifting her to her feet, he pushed her blindly along in front of him as he led her away once more. Uncaring and numb, she passively walked forward as he guided her along. They passed through the door, up the stairs, and, she could tell from the cold air, outside into the garage. Lifted and folded over, she was stuffed in the trunk of his car. As the hatch thunked closed, Sara began to tremble all over: she had a very bad feeling about this!

They drove for about half an hour before the car stopped once again. Opening the hatch, the man lifted the now terrified and trembling young girl to her feet once more, and then began pushing her along. Nervous and tense, she still offered no resistance at being guided forward. Down stairs, around a corner, through a door, the room she entered sounded pretty big. Voices from men talking all around her raised hackles on her naked skin in shame and embarrassment.

The man marched her forward for 15 or so paces and then pulled her to a stop. Without a word being said, he released her and she heard him walk away. The rough hands of two men grabbed her suddenly at knee and thigh, bringing a startled gasp from her throat. The men lifted her up high in the air, and then slowly lowered her again. She felt a hard object press against her pussy as the men brought her back downward. Twisting and pulling, this way and that, the men were obviously trying to get the object inside of her. Sara shifted her hips helpfully, lining up and allowing the pole to slide inside of her, to stop the painful jabbing at her crotch.

Continuing to lower her down, she felt about 8 inches of shaft, more than an inch wide, slide into her pussy before the men pushed her legs closed and left her standing on a narrow ledge. She could feel the outside edges of the ledge with the side of her heels. Next, she felt some kind of tube, a bit wider than her body, being lowered over her head. In the background, the voices kept getting louder, creating a growing buzz of conversation. Finally, the blindfold was removed and she got her first glimpse of her situation.

The ledge she was standing on was actually a low concrete wall, about 2 feet tall and maybe 8 inches wide, that divided the lower section of the room in half. Sara's pussy was being impaled by one of the metal poles that lined the wall from end to end. Spaced about 5 inches apart, the poles were painted white and projected 30 inches above the wall. The top end of each shaft came to a smoothly rounded tip about an inch in diameter. A dozen or so of the poles, both in front and back of her, had some kind of ominous dark stains smudged all over them from tip to base. A thick, clear plastic tube surrounded her body from shoulder to waist, to make sure she could not fall off the pole no matter how hard she might struggle later. It was bolted solidly to the poles in front and behind the one piercing her cunt.

Sara looked down in alarm at the 2 foot drop off presented by the concrete wall and clenched her legs together to keep from slipping. About a foot below the level of her crotch, what appeared to be a cross beam running horizontally through the bars began moving, sliding forward and back about 5 inches across the entire length of the room. Looking at it more closely, Sara was puzzled by its motion for a few moments until she noticed the fine metal teeth on the top edge and realized it was a giant saw!

Running around two thirds of the room was a raised platform, 6 feet higher than the floor, with a railing and many seats for spectators. About a hundred men sat or stood looking down on her in the pit below them, waiting for the show to start. Finally the lights in the room dimmed down, and two flood lights began shining down upon Sara from different angles, placing her center stage in the sick drama about to unfold. The crowd hushed in tangible anticipation of the event.

Panic exploded through Sara at the sudden, pregnant silence, and she began pleading loudly.

"Help Me! Please Somebody Help Me!!!"

Two men entered the ring at this point, one on either side of the divider, each leading three huge, snarling dogs, who strained forward against their leashes.

Sara erupted in desperate terror at the sight of more vicious animals, screaming "NO! Please NO!! Oh GOD NO NO NO NO NO NO!!!"

The men released the six animals simultaneously. Racing the short distance to the girl, each dog reached up and wrapped its jaws around foot or calf. Specially trained, the dogs bit down hard enough to break skin and get a firm grip, being careful not to chew or bite through the limb. Once they had a good grip, the dogs began pulling downward, backing away from the wall.

As her legs were wrenched apart off the wall and dragged down on, Sara's body plummeted onto the pole, momentum driving even the fat, dull, rounded tip of the rod right through her cervix into her abdomen.

"AAAAAAAAAAAA!!" screamed the girl, eliciting a tremendous wave of cheers from the rabid audience.

After the pole punched through her cervix, her body slid sickeningly slowly downward until her crotch was brought to a stop with her weight and the dogs' pressing it into the moving blade. She felt the heat of the blazingly hot blade bite in and begin singeing her skin before the first stroke of the saw even registered. Then, as the blade ripped its first shallow gash from clit to anus, she began screaming in earnest!

"OOOO... OOOOOO... OOOOO!! OOOOO!!" Sara let out an agonized cry with each slow stroke of the blade. Micro fine teeth on the blade cut slowly into her body, slicing a narrow gash only a tiny fraction of an inch deeper with each pass. Heat from the blade cauterized flesh as it cut, reducing blood loss to almost nothing, ensuring that her agony would go on, and on, and ON!

"OWWWW! OOOWWW!! OOOOWWW!!! OOOOOOOOOO!!!" Sara's cries got louder, more desperate, as stroke after stroke of the blade bit slowly and steadily into her pussy. The dogs continued to pull strongly at her widely spread legs, adding over a hundred extra pounds of force, in addition to the girl's own body weight, to the pressure between flesh and blade.

"NOOOO NOOOO PLEEEASSE STOP PLEASE PLEASE HELP ME OOOOOO!!!"

As she had slammed onto the pole and the rod had pierced her cervix, Sara had screamed at the pain of the impalement. With the first stroke of the blade sawing into her clitoris, the presence of the pole was nearly forgotten in this new agony. Thrashing wildly inside the plastic tube, she was unable to escape her impalement on the pole and the slow sawing action cutting her body in two. Her only escape from the agony and torture of her situation was a long, slow, downward journey towards the floor.

20 minutes into her ordeal, the saw had barely made it through her sweet triangle, so hot it was not only cauterizing her flesh as it cut, it actually began to sear it black. The tugging pressure from the dogs was causing the sawed open area to pull apart, following her widely spread legs.

Unable to contain themselves at this point, dozens of men lined the rails of the observation platform and ejaculated into the pit. A few exceptionally hearty souls managed to splash comb onto the body, even into the wide open mouth, of the hapless girl below.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO... OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO..." Sara screamed now, pausing only to gasp at a fresh breath with each long cry.

Back and forth, the blade stroked its way through her body with agonizing slowness. Although very little blood flowed from her body, steam and smoke streamed from the gash where the nearly white hot blade passed through her, and the smell of charring flesh floated in the air.

40 minutes into the ordeal the blade was just reaching her belly button. The outer lips of what used to be her vagina, sawed evenly down the middle of the channel thanks to the presence of the impaling pole, were nearly a foot apart from each other as the dogs continued to pull her legs further and further away from one another.

Sara stared around at a room made blurry by her own flowing tears, watching in despair as the men looked down and cheered, stamping their feet in rhythm with sweeping blade to show their delight at the show. The sight of her own legs and lower body being stretched so unnaturally wide apart would have made her faint if it were not for the huge surge of fear induced adrenaline pumping through her veins. The nauseating feel of the pole impaling her insides was a dull ache, the sharp, stabbing pains in her legs as the dogs' canine teeth punched new holes in her flesh each time they changed their grip was terrible, but both paled beside the agony of the blade slowly separating her body in half.

Voice raw and broken by now, she was reduced to a whisper as the blade continue to pass her belly button. Working its way slowly upward, the blade moved on. Sara watched as her body slowly sank lower and lower, being peeled apart into two distended pieces by the dogs still pulling frantically on her legs. Then the tip of the rod slid slowly into her neck, until she could feel it in the back of her throat. Sliding along the roof of her mouth, the rod forced Sara's head to tilt back, until it slid out past her open teeth. Unable to move her head anymore with the pole sticking out of her mouth, she tried not to gag as she starred helplessly up at the ceiling, praying for the end.

Unfortunately for her, as the blade was nearing her heart, where it surely would kill her almost instantly, the crowd started cheering "MORE. MORE. MORE!" Moving into the pit, the trainers retrieved the dogs and pulled them off the girl for a bit. Using a portable saw, another man quickly trimmed Sara's legs off of her body at mid thigh, causing her to scream nicely as the blade bit quickly through her undamaged flesh. The remains were tossed to the dogs as a treat for their hard work so far. Next, a set of plastic wedges were locked onto the bars, covering the ledge and making sure that the body would slide apart as it sank towards the floor. Two men then reached down through the tube to lift Sara's body up completely above the blade, turn her 90 degrees, then set her body back down on the blade to begin a cross-cut.

Sobbing in absolute horror, Sara slid helplessly down inside the tube until her pussy once more rested on the blade, realizing that she had to start the whole long process all over again. It had taken over two hours to get to this point, and now she in the tube with only her own body weight, no legs, and no dogs pulling to speed her along. As the saw once more began its work on her body, Sara could tell almost immediately that her first ride down the horrible shaft was almost blazingly fast compared to what her second trip would be like. Without the added weight and pull of the dogs, the saw was barely slicing her at all! Then, to her absolute horror, the blade began to slow down, reduced to about one stroke every 5 or six seconds. It would take all day and night at this rate!

Screaming with freshly renew energy, Sara's enthusiasm managed to arouse the crowd once more, and men again lined up against the rails for several hours to rain ejaculated comb down on her tortured body. Once the second cut sheared through her hips and began working it's way up the sides of her stomach, a couple men entered the pit. One man on each side of the wall, they each separated out a gob of Sara's flush that used to be her inner pussy and outer lips. Using a vacuum the flesh was sucked painfully into a narrow plastic tube. Next, a half inch diameter bolt was screwed up the middle of the shaft, causing Sara to scream louder than she had in hours. Once all four remnants of her pussy were prepared, a 50 pound weight was suspended from the ring at the end of each bolt to add weight to her descent once more. The saw was turned back up to normal speed, and Sara began sliding downward at a noticeable pace once again.

All in all, it was nearly twelve hours after it had started when the remains of Sara's body was finally consigned to the dogs to be disposed of. She'd remained alive for 10 hours of that. The man's dick was so hard from watching, and so sore from masturbating, that he wasn't able to leave his seat until after the dogs had finished licking the last splashed of blood and comb from the floor of the pit. As he drove back

to the house, exhausted and exhilarated, he wondered how long his remaining two toys would continue to please him, and which one of them he would bring her next time?

(Author's Note: Anyone still interested in another installment on this one?)