
This work is copyrighted to the author © 2007. Please
don't remove the author information or make any changes
to this story. All rights reserved. Thank you for your
consideration.

A Vacation in Hell
by Vulgus (vulgus@hotmail.com)

A family of four go off on a family vacation in a
motorhome and are arrested and sentenced to a month of
sexual servitude. (M+/MFffm, ped, nc, rp, voy, bi, inc,
oral, anal, beast, ws)

It was only the third day of our vacation and already I was starting
to think that this had been a bad idea. My wife's father had died
this past winter and her mother had given us their almost unused,
two year old motorhome. She couldn't drive it and didn't want it.

My wife and I had talked about buying one from time to time. I
thought that it looked like a fun way to travel for my wife Kim and
me. Kim thought it would be fun for the whole family and draw us
closer together.

The motorhome is large and plush and well equipped, and if it were just Kim and I it would have been fun. But we were also herding around and refereeing three teenagers that were very unhappy about being crowded into this little box and separated from their friends and forced into such close proximity to each other.

Our sixteen year old twins, Morgan and Megan, were sullen and pouty and just generally displaying all the worst traits that you might expect from a couple of teenagers. They were mad about spending two weeks away from their friends, especially their boyfriends. I have to admit, separating them from their boyfriends for a couple of weeks was an underlying motive to forcing them to come along.

Their younger brother, fifteen year old Mike, was just as unhappy about being kept in a box with his two sisters and was doing everything that he could think of to keep his sisters agitated. It was already apparent that we would not be looking back on this trip as our best vacation ever. Kim was almost ready to put all three of them on a bus and send them back to stay with their grandmother until we got home in a couple of weeks. We were both tired of yelling at them.

Because gas was so expensive now, we had planned out a lot of travel on secondary roads and a lot of stops at centrally located campgrounds in rural areas from which we would be able to tour surrounding sights in the vehicle we were towing behind us,

leaving the motorhome at each campsite for several days at a time.

We were driving through some really narrow, curvy back roads on our way to our first campsite now and I was pretty nervous about piloting this thing on these narrow roads. It was my first time driving this monster and it was okay on the interstate, but it suddenly seemed a lot bigger up in the mountains. I was really looking forward to parking this thing.

Kim was navigating and it was starting to look like we had taken a wrong turn somewhere. It may have been my imagination, but it seemed like the roads were getting narrower and the turns sharper and I was finding it hard to believe that someone would place a campground somewhere on this narrow road and encourage people with motorhomes to travel here. The only good thing was that the kids were nervous too and had finally shut up.

Just when I thought that it couldn't get much worse I saw a cop in my rearview mirror with his blue light on. I was getting panicky now. There was no place to pull this damned thing over!

Every once in a while I waived out of my window to try and let the cop know that I was looking for somewhere to pull over. But he was definitely getting impatient and a couple of times he flipped on his siren for a few seconds. That didn't do anything for my nerves.

At long last we came to a small turnout and I pulled off of the road and shut the motor off. I took a deep breath and got out of my seat and told everyone to stay where they were. I climbed out through the side door and made my way to the back of the motorhome as the cop was stomping towards me, his face was as dark red as I had ever seen anyone in my life.

As I approached him I apologized, explaining that we were lost and that there had been no place to pull over when I saw him. He glared at me as he continued to approach and as soon as he was within reach he grabbed me and spun me around and slammed me violently against the back of our minivan which was the vehicle we had elected to bring along for our side trips.

The breath was knocked out of me and before I could recover he grabbed my arms and in seconds I found myself with my arms handcuffed behind my back. I was too shocked and too stunned to react at first.

The cop was huge and obviously furious and he was treating me like a violent master criminal or something. I tried to stutter out some sort of protest but he pushed me towards his patrol car with my feet nearly off the ground and slammed me down on the hood violently.

I tried again to reason with him but he grabbed my hair and pulled my head back and ordered me in a voice choked with anger to shut the fuck up.

Just then my son came tearing around the side of the motorhome and started yelling at the cop to let me go. I yelled at my son to get back in the motorhome but he ignored me and rushed the cop.

The cop was a big guy, probably 6'4" and well over two hundred and fifty pounds. And there did not appear to be an ounce of fat on him. He was nimble too, despite his size. Before you could blink an eye he had my son pressed up against his car and he was reaching inside his door and pulling out another set of handcuffs.

I pleaded with him to let Mike go, explaining that he was just fifteen and he was just trying to protect me.

The cop ignored me and put the cuffs on Mike and slammed him down next to me on the hood of his car. He grabbed my wallet out of my back pocket and ordered us not to move and then he got in his car and got on his radio.

He spoke to someone in his police code, using numbers and letters and I had no idea what he said. Finally he got out of his car again just as Kim came around corner

of the motorhome.

I told her to get back in the motorhome but the cop yelled at her to come over to where he was standing. It had been obvious that she was going to ignore me anyway. A cop was roughing up her husband and son and she was not going to stand for that!

As she got closer and saw what she was dealing with she mellowed considerably and instead of going off on him she tried to reason with him. He let her talk for a moment and then he said, "How many more people in that vehicle ma'am?"

She ignored him and tried to get him to be reasonable and remove our cuffs and he lost patience quickly and before she knew what was going on he had spun her around and secured her arms behind her back with a plastic zip tie style handcuff.

As soon as she was cuffed he slammed her against his car and in a voice that sounded like he was on the verge of exploding he said, "I asked you a question! How many more people are in that vehicle?"

The air had been knocked out of her and she gasped out, "Just two, my daughters are in there. Why are you doing this to us?"

He ignored my wife and reached into his car and pulled out two more of those plastic handcuffs and ordered us not to move. He went around the side of the motorhome and in a couple of minutes he was back with my two daughters, both crying hysterically and both handcuffed.

I tried again to find out why he was doing this to us. As far as I knew I had broken no laws. The only thing that I had done wrong was turn where my wife had said turn. I certainly wasn't speeding! I had pulled off the road as soon after I saw his light as an opportunity had presented itself.

The cop refused to respond, other than to order me to shut up again.

We were all waiting for something to happen now, all of us afraid to speak or move.

I have no idea how long it was before a large van that had the markings of some rural police department on it pulled up and two officers got out of it. We were roughly shoved inside and as soon as we were seated one of the officers got behind the wheel and drove off down the road with us, followed closely by the cop. The other officer stayed behind with our motorhome,

presumably to take it to wherever we were going.

As soon as we were moving I tried to reason with the driver. I tried to explain that this was all just some kind of misunderstanding. We were not criminals, just a family on a vacation, looking for a campground.

He never even looked up at me. He just drove down that winding mountain road and turned off of it onto an even smaller road and drove for at least another half hour or so.

As I had been guiding the motorhome up that narrow road earlier I had been extremely grateful that I had not met any other vehicles coming the other way. It could have been very dangerous. Now I realized that we had not seen another vehicle going either way in at least an hour, except for the cops, of course. If they were cops, my mind added, and for the first time the possibility that these men were not cops struck me.

But I was convinced that they were. The vehicles, the uniforms, even the way they talked on the radio, it was all very authentic. Of course, my only experience with cops was watching them on television, so I didn't have any first hand knowledge of police behaviors and mannerisms. I knew that my entire family was being hauled away in handcuffs for no apparent reason and

driven deep into the mountains.

The van came around a sharp turn and just in front of us was a small collection of buildings. I hesitate to call it a town. There was no Post Office, but there was a small sign that said, "Welcome to Trail's End."

Among the buildings grouped together was a Sheriff's Office, a small general store, a small diner, a couple of run down houses and the largest building, a bar.

We came to a rapid stop in front of the Sheriff's Office and the cop that had pulled us over came up to the side door and started roughly pulling us out of the van. I looked around and saw a dozen or so rough looking men sitting on porches facing the narrow road and watching closely as we were pulled from the van and lined up. A few of them stood up and got a better look, but no one came over. I noticed that no one seemed surprised by what they were seeing.

When we were all out of the van we were marched into the Sheriff's Office and past another cop at a desk who watched with great interest as we were led through. We were let into a side room and the sheriff took my watch and my wife's watch and the girl's jewelry off and put it all into a large envelope. Then he ordered us through another door and into the back and pushed into

a large holding cell.

I was way past worried now and I tried again to find out why he had brought us here, why he was arresting us.

He grabbed me and spun me around and slammed me into the bars of the cell and whispered loudly in my ear, "If I have to tell you to shut up one more time....."

He didn't finish the thought. He didn't need to. His angry voice, his rough demeanor and his large, muscular frame told me all that I needed to hear.

He held me against the bars for a moment longer and then he walked out of the cell and slammed the door violently and stomped out of the room.

I looked around and saw that we were in a surprisingly large room with a dozen cells. Two of the cells were occupied, one by a young couple and the other by a woman who appeared to be about Kim's age. All three of them looked just as scared as we were.

Kim and my daughters were all crying quietly, all of them scared and with good reason. Mike wasn't crying, but he was scared. I was too. I couldn't imagine anyone in this country being treated this way in the twenty-

first century. Christ! We hadn't done anything wrong!

At first we all stood around, waiting for someone to realize that this was all just a big mistake I guess. Eventually everyone else took a seat on the four bunks that lined the walls of the cell.

I still stood with my head against the bars, staring at the door and waiting for someone to at least explain what was going on. After, god, I have no idea how long, I finally moved over and sat down beside my wife. The crying had pretty much stopped, but we were all scared.

I looked around again and this time I noticed that there were also two guys that looked like they were from around here in one of the cells. They were watching us and smiling. They were sitting in one of the cells, but their cell door was open.

The other couple, the young man and woman in a cell by themselves, glanced at us from time to time, but they looked as scared as we were, and just as confused. The lone woman was sitting on her cot and crying quietly.

I tried to ask the young couple some questions, but whenever they looked up and our eyes met they looked back down quickly. I tried twice to ask them where we were and what was going on, but they acted like I

hadn't spoken and stared at the floor.

I heard a noise at the door after a while and I looked up. It was the sheriff and one of the deputies. They strode purposefully past our cell, ignoring us and stopped at the cell with the young couple in it. As soon as they saw him they jumped to their feet and moved to the center of their cell and held on to each other tightly.

The sheriff stared at them for a moment and the two locals that had been sitting in the open cell stood up and went over to watch.

The sheriff said, "I just came back to see if you two have learned anything yet. You're both a little on the slow side, but I thought I'd give you another chance."

He stared at them for a moment and then he asked, "Well, have you learned anything yet?"

The young couple looked at each other and I could see that they were both crying quietly now. I heard the young man say something, but he spoke so quietly that I couldn't understand him.

The sheriff said, "What the hell did you say? Quit whispering, for god's sake. Make believe you got a set

of balls and speak up."

The man said, in a slightly louder voice, "Yes sir, we've learned our lesson."

The sheriff sounded skeptical when he said, "We'll see about that. Get her ready."

At first I was too shocked to react as I saw the young man begin to undress his wife. Her top was nearly off before I came to my senses and returned my attention to my own cell. I quietly forced my kids to sit with their backs to whatever the hell it was that was going on back there. Kim had already done so. Kim and my two daughters were all crying quietly again. I couldn't blame them. I was terrified now. Something evil was happening here.

I sat down with my back to the sheriff and whatever he was doing a couple of cells behind us and tried not to think about it.

The room was quiet for a few minutes and I heard the sheriff say, "Well, you seem to be learning. We'll see. Get her into position."

I heard movement and then I heard the sounds of clothing rustling again and then the loud slurping of

what I assumed was a blowjob. I glanced back in disbelief and saw the young woman pressed up against the bars of the cell, naked now, and sucking the sheriff's cock through the bars.

I turned my head back around instantly. As I sat there in shock I realized that those were not police Billy clubs that they were carrying. Those looked like cattle prods! No wonder that poor young man had undressed his wife for the amusement of those four men and positioned her against the cell wall for the sheriff.

After a few minutes I heard her gagging and choking and then gasping for air. Then I heard the sheriff say, "She still can't suck a cock worth a shit. Don't worry, she'll learn. Won't you honey?"

Then he strode purposely back out of the room. I made no attempt to attract his attention this time. I had no desire to subject my family to any of this training of his.

The sheriff had gone, but the young woman's torment continued. First the deputy and then the two apparent civilians each took a turn, pressing up against the bars of the girl's cell and letting her suck them off. There was an occasional crude comment, but for the most part the only sound was the woman slurping and sucking

and then gagging and choking as they came in her mouth.

I glanced at Kim and my daughters and they were even more distressed than I was. I caught Mike glancing back several times and I wanted to yell at him, but I didn't want to attract attention to us. Suddenly I was quite content to be ignored in this cell. Kim and the twins were crying, but they seemed to be trying desperately to remain quiet, to avoid attracting attention to us.

I wanted to say something to them, to try to reassure them. But I couldn't. I was pretty sure that they were in danger of being raped, and god knows what they would do with Mike and me. I knew that no matter what those awful men wanted to do, I was helpless to stop them.

When the three remaining men were finished they walked calmly up the aisle to the door talking among themselves about how pretty the girl was and how much she had to learn about sucking cocks. The one on the far side was still fastening his pants as they walked. When they passed our cell the one closest to us looked in, looking at Kim and the twins with obvious anticipation. He didn't say a word though. They just walked up the aisle and left the room.

I heard the young couple crying in their cell, and the woman that was alone in her cell was crying too. I

glanced at her and she looked frantic, and desperate, and hopeless. I tried not to look at the young couple, but I couldn't help seeing them. They were sitting on a cot now. She was still naked and he had his arms around her, trying to comfort her. He was still crying too.

We were all in agony now. Not just mental agony. We had been handcuffed for hours and our wrists and our shoulders were killing us but we were not about to call out and demand to be released. We were all cowed by the demonstration of power that we had just witnessed.

Some amount of time passed. It is hard to say how long. Every minute seemed like an hour. But after some time had passed the sheriff came back into the room with two deputies. He ignored us again and walked over to the woman alone in her cell. He ordered her to stand up and she whined piteously and struggled to her feet.

When she was standing he said, "The judge is ready to see you now." He unlocked her cell door and said, "Come on, out of there, let's go."

I was watching out of the corner of my eye and she almost collapsed, but she was grabbed by a deputy and pulled along and marched up and out of the room quickly. There was a deputy on each side of her and she was almost being carried. As they moved toward the door

she was whimpering, "Oh please, I didn't do anything. Oh god, please help me."

They were gone for what seemed like about an hour before they came back in. The deputies were still dragging her and she was crying hysterically now. The most distressing thing though was that she was naked and there were signs that she had been slapped pretty hard.

They took her back to her cell and tossed her in where she collapsed in the middle of the floor and held her face in her hands and cried pitifully. They locked the door and left the room, ignoring us still.

After they had been gone I heard Morgan whisper to Kim, "Mom, I have to go to the bathroom."

I had to go to, but I was damned if I was going to say anything to anyone and remind them that we were here. I guess Morgan had to go worse than I did. She really sounded desperate. I just didn't know what to do about it. There was a toilet in the cell, but our hands were still cuffed behind us and besides, I couldn't imagine any of us using the toilet in such a public place.

Kim just moaned. She had no idea what to say to Morgan.

I leaned over and whispered, "You see what we have to deal with here. Can't you hold it?"

Morgan moaned and said, "Oh god dad, I have been. I think I am going to wet myself if I don't go soon."

I thought about it for a minute and said, "You have two options. You wet yourself, or either your mother or your sister is going to have to help you pull down your shorts and your underwear and you will have to use that toilet over there against the wall."

Morgan was quiet for a couple of minutes and then she said, "I can't help it dad, I have to go bad. Make sure that pervert Mike doesn't peek."

Then she stood up and I made Mike sit on the other side of me. I didn't doubt for a minute that he would get an eyeful if he could.

Kim stood up and struggled to pull down Morgan's shorts and underwear and then Morgan shuffled over to the toilet. There was no seat and she struggled with her balance because of the cuffs but I could tell from the sound that she did indeed have to go very badly.

She was still going full stream when the outer door opened and one of the deputies came back and stopped at

our cell to watch. He was leering at Morgan and I glanced over to see what he could see.

Her legs were spread abnormally far apart so that she could balance herself and her pubic area was on full display. She moaned in humiliation, but she couldn't stop. It went on for another minute before it trickled to a stop and with tears streaming down her cheeks she struggled back to her feet and Kim worked as quickly as she could to pull Morgan's shorts back in place.

When Morgan was more or less covered the deputy just turned around and left the room without saying a word. I realized that they must have cameras watching us. He had known that there was something to see and he had rushed in to see it up close and personal.

I think that, after listening to Morgan peeing, the rest of us all had to go now. I certainly did. I tried desperately to think about anything else. I was not about to give them the satisfaction of adding to my own humiliation if I could avoid it. As I looked around the cell I could see that Kim was looking antsy and so was Mike. As for Megan, if one of those girls ever did anything the other one was right there doing it too. I knew she had to go.

None of us wanted to be humiliated like Morgan just

had. So we all sat there gritting our teeth and pressing our thighs together and trying not to hear the two women in the other cells crying piteously.

I decided that it was time to face reality and prepare Kim and the twins for what I was sure was going to happen in the very near future. I turned to them and as quietly as I could I said, "Ladies, you all saw what happened to that young woman back there. I don't know what is going on in this evil place, but I don't think that it is unreasonable to assume that this is not a legitimate Sheriff's Office and since we weren't breaking any laws or read our rights, I suspect that we have no rights.

I think that at the very least, all three of you will probably be raped." Judging by their response, or rather, their lack of response, it was obvious that they had already come to that conclusion.

I continued, "Did you see what they were carrying when they came back here and raped that woman? Those were cattle prods. I know this sounds awful, but for your own good, you need to do everything they tell you when they get around to doing whatever they are going to do to us. Those things are terrible and you won't be able to resist them when they start using those on you.

I don't want you to get raped, but more than that I don't want you to get hurt. Let's be honest here. Even if I had my hands free, there is no way I could kick that sheriff's ass. I won't be able to protect you. You can survive being raped and when we get out of here you will get over it. The thing to concentrate on is surviving this place and getting out of here. Do you understand me?"

They nodded despondently. It broke my heart. Here I was telling my wife and daughters to submit to rape. It didn't make me feel like much of a man. As horrible as it sounds, I honestly thought that it was the best alternative. I had seen the look of horror in the eyes of that other poor couple and they had been tormented before they gave in. They would have a hard time surviving this with their minds intact if they didn't accept the reality of their situation and submit to these madmen.

One of the deputies came in with a civilian pushing a metal cart. They got to our cell and stopped and I realized that they were going to feed us. They saw that we were still cuffed and the deputy said to the civilian, "Wait here. Let me see what the sheriff wants to do about them."

In a couple of minutes the deputy came back and he and

the civilian went to the other two occupied cells and fed them. In a few minutes the sheriff came in and stopped at our cell. He stared at us for a minute and then he asked, "If I take those cuffs off are you people going to behave yourselves?"

I answered quietly and calmly, "Yes sheriff."

He reached for his keys and ordered me to back up to the bars and he unlocked my cuffs. He did the same to Mike and then he opened a pocket knife and cut the cuffs off Kim and the girls.

We all stood there rubbing our wrists and working our stiff shoulders. The sheriff watched us for a minute and then said, "You won't be seeing the judge until tomorrow. He had a hard day today."

The deputy chuckled at that and the sheriff gave him a dirty look. Then he left.

The deputy stood back and the civilian started filling bowls with some kind of watery soup and passing them through a slot in the bars. He handed in five plastic spoons and then they left.

We hadn't eaten since breakfast, but we didn't have hearty appetites. The watery soup was only just edible.

I ate mine and made sure that everyone else ate theirs too. I suspected that we were going to need our strength.

We managed to eat our dinner and then I made everyone form a semi-circle with our backs to the toilet, giving a small amount of privacy to anyone using it. Then, one at a time we all took our turns emptying our bladders.

After we had relieved ourselves we each moved to a cot. There were only four cots for the five of us so the twins shared one. They probably would have anyway. There were no windows in the room and we had lost all track of time. No one slept though. Not right away. We were all too scared to sleep.

I heard the twins whispering back and forth and I worried about what would happen to them. I didn't know for a fact, but I would be really surprised if either of them was still a virgin. We watched them as close as parents can watch a pair of sixteen year olds and if they weren't virgins, they certainly had not been promiscuous.

They got quiet after a while and I think they were finally going to sleep. Mike looked like he was sleeping. He had finally relaxed anyway. It was quiet in the room. Both of the other women had finally

stopped crying.

Kim came over and sat on the edge of my cot and I scooted back and pulled her down beside me. The cots were tiny, but they were strong and though we didn't have much room it felt good to be close and I held her tight and we took comfort in being close.

I had almost fallen asleep when the main door banged open and the sheriff came in with two deputies and they were carrying those cattle prods again. He strode down the aisle and as he passed us he yelled, "Okay ladies, on your feet. It's time to go to work."

We heard their cells being unlocked and I watched the sheriff grab the woman that had gone to see the judge today when he nearly picked her up by her throat and asked, "Am I going to have any trouble with you bitch?"

She choked out a, "No," but she looked like she was going to collapse in tears at any moment.

He paused to stare threateningly at the young couple, but they were obviously cowed and he led the three prisoners out, followed by the deputies. We were left alone in the large room, but I was sure that we were being watched.

We eventually drifted off to sleep. We woke up some time later when the door opened and the three prisoners were being returned to their cells. We all sat up in our cots and were shocked to see that all three of them were nude now, even the young man. I thought to try to make the kids close their eyes, or turn their heads, but what was the point. I was reasonably sure that they would be exposed to much worse tomorrow.

All three of the returning prisoners seemed to have a dazed look on their face. They were limping and grimacing with every step. The sheriff wasn't there, just two deputies escorting them to their cells. They didn't leave though. We heard the deputies undressing and the sounds of sex from the cells as each of the deputies had sex with one of the two women.

They finished with the women and dressed and left and as soon as they left the room two more deputies came in and it started all over again. The sounds were obscene and my wife and daughters tried to cover their ears to block them out. Mike, on the other hand, seemed to be trying to watch, without anyone noticing. It angered me at first. I had to remind myself that he was a fifteen year old boy, I probably would have tried to watch too when I was his age.

It was quiet after the deputies left. I could hear the

women crying quietly in their cells and the sound of their anguish was heartbreaking. What bothered me most though was that it just served to point out that I couldn't even protect my own family now. There was no help I could offer them.

We finally went back to sleep but we woke up again when another couple of deputies came in and raped the two women in the back cells. When they were done and had left the room another deputy came back and raped one of them. I guess the night shift had come on duty.

I got to sleep again, eventually, and only woke up once, when one of the twins flushed the toilet. Except for that I slept until they came around with the food cart in the morning and handed out bowls of what I think was oatmeal. It was only lukewarm and it was awful. We picked at it for a while, but it really wasn't edible.

They also passed out cups of strong, black coffee. It tasted terrible, and our kids didn't drink coffee. But it was the only thing that they had given us to drink since they had put us in the cells yesterday, so we all sipped at it.

It was some time later before some deputies came in and took the other three prisoners from their cells. They

were all still naked and understandably self conscious.

It was probably half an hour after that when the sheriff came in and stood in front of our cell and ordered us to stand up. He looked us over and asked, "You people are all going before the judge in a few minutes, are you going to behave yourselves, or do I need to cuff you?"

I promised him that we would behave and asked if we could get some water to drink. He rolled his eyes as if it were some kind of outrageous request and said that he would send a deputy back with some in a few minutes.

Five minutes later a deputy came back and collected our bowls and cups and handed us each a paper cup full of water. A toothbrush would have been nice too, or better yet a bathroom with a shower and a sink. We were grateful for the water.

We finished off the water and then everyone needed to go to the bathroom again. We used our system of standing around with our backs to the toilet and each of us took a turn in the semi-privacy that provided. We didn't even know where the cameras were, so we didn't know how effective our efforts were. I was thinking to myself that after today we would probably be a lot less concerned with nudity and bodily functions. I had a

real bad feeling about what was going to happen to us here, especially to the girls.

The sheriff came back in after we had all used the toilet and opened the cell and ordered us to follow him. He led the way out of the door and across the main room to a small room that was set up as a court room.

As we entered I saw three women and a man already seated on benches facing the large desk where the judge would sit. They had obviously been here for a while. They were obviously very naked as well.

We were ordered to sit on a long bench behind the three naked women and the naked man. I saw Mike staring rudely at them, but he was separated from me by Kim and the twins and there was nothing that I could do about it. Then I reminded myself that it didn't really matter anyway. I put my arm around Kim and we sat and waited nervously for whatever was going to happen here today.

Finally a man came out of a side door and said, "All rise for The Honorable Rick Cheney."

We stood up and a chubby, bald man in a long black robe entered. He looked like he took himself awfully serious. He moved behind the desk and said, "The court will come to order, be seated."

We all sat down and he looked at some papers on his desk for a minute and then he looked up at us. His gaze seemed to linger on the twins, but then he turned to the sheriff and nodded.

The sheriff came forward and said, "Your honor, prisoner Sandra Day has been recommended for commutation. As you know, old man Ford died a few days ago of cancer and she took real good care of him, even when he couldn't get it up anymore. So in appreciation his family recommended that she get her sentence commuted."

The judge looked at the papers on his desk for a minute and then he looked up and said, "So ordered. Miss Day, your possessions will be returned to you and you will be released today. You are welcome to return at any time. Next."

The sheriff said, "Your honor, Daniel and Maureen Peters have served three quarters of their sentence without too much trouble and they are recommended for parole."

The judge said, "So ordered, your possessions will be returned to you and you will be released today. Next."

The woman in front of me started sobbing quietly and the sheriff said, "Your honor, Carol Stein has served seven days of a thirty day sentence. Last night she refused an order."

The judge glared at the woman who had begun to cry and ordered her to stand. When she was standing he asked, "Do you have anything to say for yourself Miss Stein?"

She looked up at the judge and said, "Your honor, he ordered me to fuck his dog!"

The judge continued to glare at her for a moment longer and then he said, "Thirty more days for contempt. Next."

The woman screamed, "No! Oh god no, your honor please. He wanted me to fuck his dog!"

The sheriff waived his hand and two deputies came in and took her out as she cried hysterically.

Now it was our turn and after listening to what had happened to Carol Stein I was even more worried than I had been before.

We had been seated on the second bench from the front. We were ordered to stand and the sheriff brought us

around to stand in front of the first bench, about fifteen feet from the judge's desk.

He looked us over as the sheriff said, "Your honor, Earl Snow, Kim Snow, Morgan Snow, Megan Snow and Michael Snow are charged with obstructing the highway, failing to stop for a blue light and siren, resisting arrest and attempting to assault a police officer in the performance of his duties."

When I heard all of that I felt my knees get weak. The judge just glared at us and then looked at me and asked me how I pleaded.

My throat was so dry that I could hardly speak. I croaked out, "Your honor, it's all just a misunderstanding. I can explain."

When I tried to explain he interrupted. "I asked you how you plead Mr. Snow."

"Not guilty your honor," I managed to say.

He nodded and then he looked to the sheriff who told what happened yesterday from his warped perspective. He didn't really tell a lie, he just manipulated the truth a bit.

When he was done the judge turned to me and said, "Is that what happened, Mr. Snow?"

I tried to explain. I tried to tell him that I had not refused to stop. I had only driven until I found a place to turn out and park. I tried to explain that I was on the road in error. We had taken a wrong turn. I explained that I hadn't resisted arrest and what Michael was doing when he rushed out to come to my aid could hardly constitute an assault on a police officer. I knew before I opened my mouth that it was a waste of my breath.

He let me talk, but he glared at me, as if I were insulting his intelligence and I was just another lying criminal. He let me finish and then he raised his gavel and said, "Guilty!"

He slammed his gavel down and then he said, "You are all sentenced to thirty days of community service. You will be put to work at the Trail's End Tavern in the evening, or elsewhere as the sheriff sees fit. During the day you will be assigned to community service, again, as the sheriff sees fit, until your sentence is served. Do you wish to appeal your sentence?"

It occurred to me that those three prisoners in the cells with us must have been waiting around an extra

day, getting raped by the sheriff and deputies pending their appeal. It was all just an evil game they were playing with us.

I shook my head and said, "No your honor," quietly.

As my wife and daughters cried quietly beside me the judge said, "It is time to pay the court costs."

As he spoke I saw that the sheriff was now armed with one of those cattle prods and a deputy had moved over beside me with another one. It was starting already.

The judge watched me as he said, "Sheriff, proceed."

The sheriff moved around behind us and said, "Ladies, I need you to undress now please."

Kim and the girls looked over at me and I turned to them and said, "Remember what I told you."

I watched out of the corner of my eye as Kim began to slowly undress. She pulled her t-shirt off and dropped it on the bench behind us. Then, as she leaned forward to remove her shorts she said, "Come on girls, don't make things worse."

They were crying loudly now, but they finally started

to obey. They pulled their tank tops off and put them on the bench.

Kim had pushed her shorts off and was now in her bra and panties. For a thirty-seven year old mother of three, Kim had a remarkable body. From the head down her body looked a lot like our two sixteen year old daughters. Her breasts were slightly larger and maybe not quite as firm as they had been twenty years ago, but she looked great still and we were both proud of her figure.

The deputy beside me had finally come to realize that I was not going to do anything stupid and he moved away from me to get a better view of my wife and daughters as they undressed.

Kim reached behind her back and unhooked her bra and after taking a deep breath she let it slide down her arms and dropped it behind her. I heard her groan in embarrassment as she slit her panties off and then stood up with her hands covering her breasts and her pubic area.

The judge and the sheriff and the deputy ignored Kim as they watched my daughters finish undressing. I didn't want to look, but I realized that, like everyone else around here, I was going to be seeing a lot of my naked

daughters in the next thirty days. I glanced over and even though I had seen them in revealing bikinis and assorted skimpy garments over the last few years I was astounded at how lovely, how sexy they were. They looked all grown up! I finally managed to swivel my eyeballs back around to face the judge, embarrassed that I had even looked. No one had noticed my quick glance though. All eyes were on my wife and my daughters.

When my girls had finally dropped their panties on the bench behind them and were standing in the same pose my wife had adopted, the judge ordered the three of them to step closer. When they were right in front of his desk he ordered Mike and me to undress. But he didn't watch us. He ordered my wife and the twins to drop their arms and then he asked Megan, "I understand that you and your sister are sixteen, are you a virgin?"

Megan was already as red as she could get, but she was obviously embarrassed by the question. After a brief hesitation she answered, "No your honor," with a quick glance at Kim.

He asked Morgan the same question, and got the same response.

Then he just stared at them, waiting for me and Mike to

finish undressing I think. I was embarrassed about being naked, but it was even worse because the sight of those three beautiful, naked bodies in front of us had given me a hard-on. I know that sounds awful, but as Kim was fond of saying, "I'm only a man!"

I glanced at Mike and saw that he had the same problem. We finally had our clothes off and stood with our hands over our genitals and the judge pushed his chair back and said, "Megan, come over here."

Megan glanced at Kim, and then she slowly worked her way around the judge's desk and stood in front of him. He ordered her to turn around and after she had turned all the way around the judge smiled at her and said, "Just as lovely as I knew you would be my dear."

His hand reached up and he explored her breasts for a moment. As he reached out for her I saw the deputy and the sheriff watching me and Mike for any sign that we were going to do anything foolish. When we didn't move they returned to watching the judge molest my daughter.

The judge played with her nipples until they stood out like small erasers and then he moved his hand down to her light little tuft of blonde pubic hair. He ran his hands through it and then he instructed Megan to spread her legs apart.

She sobbed quietly, but she obeyed. I watched as his hand moved between her thighs and then slid up and moved through the tight little crease of her vagina. She gasped and jumped when his hand began to slide up and down her slit, but she didn't pull away.

His right hand continued to move through that tight little orifice, but his left hand reached up and began to unzip his black robe. Somehow I was not in the least surprised to see that he wore nothing underneath it. His cock stuck up, bouncing against his big belly as he allowed his robe to fall open and he asked Megan, "You ever suck a boy's cock?"

Megan hesitated, really not wanting to have to answer those kinds of questions in front of her mother and me. She avoided looking our way and after pausing as long as she thought she could get away with she finally nodded.

He smiled and asked, "You any good at it?"

She shrugged her shoulders and then said, "Probably not sir. I haven't done it much."

He smiled up at her and said, "Well little girl, why don't you let me be the judge of that?" He spread his

legs farther apart and pulled her to her knees.

She groaned in fear and embarrassment, but she didn't fight him when he pulled her head down and rubbed his cock over her lips. She kept her lips pressed tightly together for a moment, and then she spread them slowly and started sucking his big ugly cock.

He sighed in pleasure as she moved her lips up and down his shaft. His eyes were closed for a few moments. Then he opened them and wiggled his finger at Morgan, beckoning her closer.

Morgan moved around his desk, trying hard not to see what her twin sister was doing. She came to a stop beside the judge and stared up at the wall behind him. He ran his hands over her, just like he had with Megan. When his fingers slid down the tight little crease between her thighs he grinned and held them up and said, "Hmmm, what's this?"

His finger was moist and Morgan looked like she wanted to crawl into a hole and die from embarrassment. The sheriff and the deputy both chuckled and the sheriff said, "Looks like you got a hot one there judge."

The judge pushed Megan away from his cock and put his legs together. Then he pulled Morgan around so that she

had her back to him and pulled her down onto his lap. His hand moved over her breasts and one finger slid over her slit for a few moments but then he turned to Kim and ordered her to come closer.

Kim was so mad she was shaking. She didn't say anything though. She knew we were helpless and she knew better than to make matters worse. She moved over in front of the judge and tried not to see what he was doing to Morgan. He smiled up at her and said, "Kim, I am going to fuck your daughter now. I want you to reach down and put your hand around my cock and guide it into her cunt."

Kim looked like she had just been punched in the stomach. After a brief hesitation she groaned and then leaned down and wrapped her small hand around his fat cock and when the judge raised Morgan up a few inches she lined the cock up with her daughter's slit and lodged the head of it inside as he slowly lowered her onto his cock.

When his cock was buried in her daughter's pussy she straightened back up and stared at the wall behind the judge.

The judge held Morgan down on his cock for a minute, enjoying the feel of her hot, moist, young pussy before

he ordered her to start fucking herself on his cock.

Morgan leaned down and placed her hands on the judge's knees and began sliding up and down on his cock as he had ordered. I tried not to watch as her breasts began to bounce wildly in response to her movements, but I couldn't help myself, and Mike wasn't even trying. Once she had attained a rhythm that he liked he ordered Megan to stand on one side of him and Kim on the other and while Morgan was fucking him he started sliding his fingers in and out of their pussies.

He opened his eyes from time to time to look at them, but most of the time he was leaning back with his eyes closed and smiling broadly. Once he opened his eyes and looked at the sheriff and said, "You have earned yourself a raise sheriff."

After that it was quiet, except for the sounds of sex as the judge raped one of my daughters and molested my wife and my other daughter in front of my son and me and the other prisoners.

He didn't last very long, I suppose. It just seemed like a long time. Just before he came he pulled his fingers from the vaginas of my wife and daughter and grabbed them both on the ass and squeezed hard as he lifted his ass out of his chair and filled Morgan with

cum. He took his hands from Kim and Megan and grabbed Morgan's hips and held her in place for a moment, then he lifted her free and gently pushed her away.

He smiled up at her and said, "Excellent young lady, you are a fantastic fuck. We will have to do that again soon."

Then he turned to Kim and pulled her around in front of him and said, "Your daughter is a great fuck Kim, but she really made a mess. I need you to get down here and clean this up for me."

I couldn't believe it! And the son of a bitch sounded so fucking reasonable when he said it! He ordered her to do it in a calm level voice, like he was asking her to do some everyday task that was just one of her chores.

Kim blanched and almost refused. I could see her mind working. So could the sheriff. He quietly moved a step closer with that cattle prod at the ready. Kim was aware of the sheriff closing in and she finally dropped to her knees and leaned forward and began to perform that onerous task, to the amusement of the judge and his cronies.

I heard more noise behind us and I glanced back to see

that several more deputies had entered the room at some point during our trial, for lack of a better word, and were watching the sex show with obvious pleasure.

The judge finally pushed Kim away and said to her, "We will have to try this again later Kim, just the two of us. You are very good at that."

Then he stood up and held his robe closed as he left the room. Once the door had closed behind the judge the sheriff directed two of his deputies to escort the three prisoners being released from the room and to return their clothing. When they were dressed he was to take them to what he called the release point.

Once they had been led away another deputy gathered up our clothing and we were led naked back through the offices and returned to our cell. This time though, Mike and I were placed in an adjoining cell and Kim and the girls were put back in our old cell.

As soon as they were in the cell the sheriff pulled his pants down and bent Megan over a cot and raped her from behind while several of his deputies watched. Once he was done using her he forced Kim to clean him just like she had done for the judge.

As soon as the sheriff pulled his pants up and left the

cell, his deputies came in and fucked Kim and the twins. They all came in, in three groups of three and one final group of two. Then we were left alone for several minutes and the girls took turns using the toilet and cleaning up as well as they could.

I was struck by the size of the police force in this tiny little town. There were at least sixteen officers that I had seen on the day shift this morning, and there had been at least seven more on the two night shifts. Did it take that many cops to herd a few naked victims around so that they could be raped?

I couldn't help wondering why Mike and I were naked. Was that just to humiliate us, or was there something disgusting in store for us as well? For now though, we were just witnesses to the rapes of Kim and Morgan and Megan.

Now that the cops had stopped tramping through and raping my wife and daughters I moved to the cot that was against the cell wall between our two cells. Kim and the girls were now sitting together quietly on the cot in their cell. I reached through the bars and took hold of Kim's hand and asked, "Are you okay?"

She turned around and smiled wryly and said, "I guess, so far anyway."

Then she turned to the girls and asked, "How about it girls, you holding up alright?"

The girls looked at each other and shrugged and Megan said, "I guess, so far anyway."

There wasn't much to be said after that. We just sat quietly and waited for the next indignity. It wasn't long in coming. Two of the deputies came back and unlocked our cells and with one in front and one in back we were led out into the street. The sidewalks were again lined with local men who watched quietly as we were led naked down the street to one of the houses on the edge of the small village. It was eerie the way they just sat there staring at us as we passed by. There were no rude comments, no taunts, just intense stares.

We filed into the old house and were led to a small bedroom upstairs. Once we had all crowded in we were told to take showers two at a time and we were given soap and shampoo and toothbrushes and toothpaste. We were also given razors and shaving cream and Kim was told to shave off her pubic hair. Then we were left alone.

Kim and I went first and while the water was warming up

I hugged her and told her how sorry I was that I couldn't protect her and the girls. She held me close and said, "It isn't your fault. It's like we stepped into a Stephen King novel. There is nothing you can do without making things worse. We realize that."

We took a quick shower and I helped her remove her pubic hair. Then we brushed our teeth and combed our hair and went out and sent the girls in. I didn't know whether to feel sorry for Mike or want to spank him. His dick was still hard. I suppose that was normal for a fifteen year old boy surrounded by sex and nudity. I was impressed with the proportions of his manhood though. His dick looked as long as mine, and appeared to be even bigger around. Kim seemed impressed too.

The twins spent an unusually short amount of time in the bathroom and came out looking refreshed. Mike went in to take his shower and Kim and I each hugged one of the girls and tried to comfort them. It felt strange to feel my daughter's naked breasts pressing against me and I had to really fight to keep from getting another erection. Finally I knew that I would lose the fight if I held on any longer. I'm sorry, but I have two of the sexiest sixteen year old girls for daughters, and I am still "just a man."

When I let Morgan go she glanced down at my dick, and

then she blushed. I kissed her forehead and said, "A lot of bad things are going to happen before we get out of here, we are going to have to deal with it. It is just as difficult for me to see you and your sister with no clothes on, and watch you being raped, as it is for you. Well, nearly as difficult. We are going to have to be a little tolerant until this is over. If you see Mike or me with an erection you are going to have to understand that it is a purely physical reaction and there is nothing we can do about it. It is in our DNA."

Morgan nodded and said, "We know daddy. We know you can't help it. We would expect nothing more from our perverted little brother. He is always trying to peek at us anyway. We are well aware of what mom always says. You are only men."

Megan said, "Don't worry, we have already figured out this is going to be a month of hell. We are going to be raped over and over and we are going to be humiliated. We know that there is nothing you can do about it. We just want to survive this and put it behind us. But I'm warning you right now, don't you ever try to get us in a motorhome ever again!"

I promised, but that wouldn't be a problem. If we survived this that motorhome was gone.

Mike finally came out and we all sat on the small bed and waited for someone to tell us what to do next.

It wasn't long before a woman came to the room and ordered Kim and me to follow her. We followed her downstairs and across the street to the small general store. She put us to work cleaning and stocking shelves. Every now and then a man or several men would come in and check out Kim, but they didn't interfere with what she was doing. They just looked her over, watched her as she leaned over or squatted, and she tried very hard to ignore them.

Sometimes the men bought something, most of the time they just came in, looked Kim over and left.

Once a woman came in with a young girl and did a little actual shopping. The entire time the woman shopped her nine or ten year old daughter watched me stocking shelves and dusting. The mother paid for her purchases and came over and took her daughter's hand and they left as if a naked man and a naked woman working in the store were the most natural things in the world.

I was working by the front of the store when I saw a man go by with the twins. They were walking down the sidewalk on the other side of the street. He took them to the diner and I guess they were put to work in

there.

I found out later that they had been turned into waitresses and the diner did a brisk business that day. Unlike Kim though, the girls were subjected to a lot of touching while they were taking orders and serving lunches. They too were surprised at the way parents brought in younger kids and acted like it was perfectly normal. More than one young boy explored their bodies that day, just like the adult men were doing. Their parents acted like they didn't just condone it, they approved of it.

I found out later that Mike spent the day in the bar, which hadn't opened for the day yet. He was cleaning up, sweeping and mopping and stocking the bar with snacks. The cooler had been restocked with beer the night before.

He wasn't working alone though. There were two women working with him. Both of them were attractive women in their early twenties. One was single, the other married. The married woman apparently caught the eye of the man that ran the bar, because he bent her over a table twice that afternoon and raped her. She just let him use her. Then she would wipe herself off with a napkin and go back to work. She was obviously embarrassed, but I guess it was the way things happened

in this town.

Kim and I were able to hold a brief whispered conversation and we thought that, except for the naked part, this wasn't so bad. It turns out that we spoke too soon. A little before four in the afternoon the woman that was running the store left and a man took her place. He called Kim over to him and bent her right over the counter and fucked her right there in the store. Then, a few minutes later, he came over to Kim and sent her into the back. When she came back out a half hour later she had been fucked twice, bent over a table in the back room.

She came back out when the two men that had used her let her up. I saw that she had been raped again, but we didn't say anything. There wasn't any point.

It happened again about an hour later. Then the store was closing up and after the man locked up he took us back up to the room we had been taken to in the house and told us to get cleaned up.

We took a quick shower and dried off and we were sitting on the bed holding hands when the twins came in. Although they had not had to submit to any of the customers this afternoon, they had been fucked by the male staff of the diner before they were brought back

to the house.

Megan was upset because she had been forced to suck off one of the guys and it was the first time a guy had cum in her mouth. When she choked on it he had slapped her. Then he had told her not to worry, she would get lots of practice. He had promised her that by the time she left town she would be sucking cock like a pro.

The girls took a shower and while they were in the bathroom Kim leaned into my shoulder and said, "Oh god, knowing I have to put up with this is one thing. But those are my babies!"

I held her and kissed the top of her head. There was nothing else that I could do.

The girls came back out looking much better and we all sat on the bed together. I couldn't get over how mature they looked.

We didn't know what was coming next but we knew we were not through for the day. I suggested that they lie down and try to get a little rest, but we were all too keyed up for that.

It turned out that we didn't have much time anyway. A few minutes later a man came and led us down to what

appeared to be a mess hall. There were a lot of long tables and benches and I started wondering how many of us there were.

We were given paper plates with something that was supposed to be food and told that we had ten minutes to eat. We were already late for work. Then he stood and watched us impatiently while we ate.

We gobbled our food down and after disposing of the plates the man, who turned out to be the manager of the town's bar, led us all down the street to the bar. It was open now and men were starting to fill up the tables. The manager stopped just inside the door and pointed to a small stage where a woman was dancing suggestively.

He spoke to Kim and the twins and said, "There will be a dozen women working with you in here tonight. You will each take turns up there on stage. You don't have to smile when you dance, but you damned sure better look hot. If you get up there and dance around like a dead fish and I start getting complaints, there are other kinds of shows that you can put on."

"When you aren't dancing," he continued, "you work the tables. You serve drinks and if someone grabs your ass or anything else you let him. If they want a fuck or a

blowjob you don't crawl under the table. You bring them to that woman over in the corner by that door and she will find out what they want to do to you and take their money and you take them to a room in the back. I don't want any complaints about what happens back there either. Are there any questions?"

They shook their heads and he pointed to Megan and said, "That girl on stage is almost done with her set. When she gets down you get up and dance until I send someone else over to take your place. Since you are new I haven't had a chance to put you on the schedule. You'll be on it tomorrow. For that same reason I expect you will all be going into the back a lot. Especially you girls, we ain't never had any twins before."

Megan started making her way through the tables and as she did hands reached out and grabbed her ass at every table she passed. He ordered me to go behind the bar where I would be working until closing time.

I felt just about as uncomfortable about being naked in here as the girls did. But tried to put it out of my mind and I made my way to the bar where a naked woman showed me where everything was. I spotted Mike coming out of the back with a bucket and a mop which he stuck in a closet and then he joined us behind the bar.

The girl showed him around just like she had me, and then she went out and started waiting on tables just like all the other women. I saw the manager taking Morgan into the back and I had a moment to ask Mike's how his day had gone. He looked exhausted.

He told me that he had swept and mopped and washed off the tables all afternoon. He also grinned and said that the girl he had been working with, the single one, and he pointed her out, had felt sorry for him walking around with a hard-on all the time and when they were alone she had sucked him off.

I had the impression that he had been the only virgin in the family up until this afternoon. I didn't say anything. His getting a blowjob was the least of my worries.

We got busy filling orders for the waitresses. The bar was filling up fast. I was really surprised. I wouldn't have thought that there were this many men within a hundred miles of here. I began to wonder if this place wasn't a well known secret to those who might want to enjoy what was offered here. Men could be coming from all over for a night of debauchery, a little localized sex tourism, a Mecca for perverts.

In between filling orders I watched my daughter dancing

on the small stage. She was just doing a regular dance, but with her body, and in the nude, it was pretty erotic. I tried not to watch, but it was very exciting. The crowd was certainly pleased. I was afraid that she and her sister would both be spending a lot of time in the back tonight.

I was right, the girls and Kim too. The three of them were very popular and spent almost as much time in the back with the customers as they did in the front serving drinks and getting groped.

While Megan was still dancing the manager came over and ordered me to go clean up room three in the back and change the sheets.

I made my way to the back with a lot less trouble than the girls had and went through the cloth over the doorway and looked around for room three. I saw a pile of sheets and I grabbed one and walked past rooms one and two. In room two I saw Morgan on her knees sucking off a guy that looked to be in his sixties. I came to a stop reflexively and found myself staring at my daughter giving head to a dirty old man as enthusiastically as she could. The old man saw me and smiled at me and said, "She ain't half bad for a beginner. She'll get better. They all do."

I finally came to my senses and moved to room three and went to work, quickly straightening up and changing the sheets. I found a hamper for the sex stained sheet and tossed it in and I was just about to return to the bar when a large, rough looking man came into the back with Kim in tow.

He glanced at me and then he pulled Kim close and held her against his body and kissed her passionately. She gave me a guilty look, but she returned his kiss and I watched as he pushed her into room one and undressed quickly.

I was still standing there when Morgan came out of the small cubicle wiping her mouth. She had tears in her eyes, but it was obvious from the look on the old man's face that he was entirely satisfied.

He went back out into the bar and Morgan avoided my gaze and tried to push by me and get to the sink so she could wash up and rinse out her mouth. I reached out and I pulled her close and said, "Don't be embarrassed sweetheart, it isn't your fault. We'll get through this."

She glanced up at me then and tried to smile. She nodded and then I let her go. I checked on the room she had been using but there seemed to be no need to change

the sheets and nothing to clean up but a couple of tissues. I disposed of them and then I went back out to the bar.

The manager sent me back in to clean up the room Morgan had been using but I told him that I had already done it and he sent me back behind the bar. Morgan came out from the back and was sent to replace Megan on stage.

As the beer flowed the crowd started gradually getting louder and rowdier. A lot of them gathered around the stage and whenever a dancer got close to them she was groped roughly. The girls circulating through the bar taking drink orders had it even worse. Every time I spotted my wife or one of my daughters they were standing between two men at a table with a hand on their ass and a couple of fingers being forced into their tight little vaginas. From time to time they were pulled down and forced to kiss one of the drunken old men they were serving and even pulled into their laps and made to feed their young breasts into the customer's mouths.

The idea that they would have to survive a month of this abuse was devastating to me. I could not even imagine how horrible it must be for them.

Mike and I were the only two male prisoners in the bar

and we were made to alternate the cleanup chores in the backroom. By the time the bar finally closed we were all exhausted. I glanced at the clock on the wall when the manager finally started getting people out. It was two in the morning.

The bar was only half full by the time he yelled out that it was closing time. It took him half an hour to get everyone out and then we had to clean off the tables and put the chairs up and restock the cooler for tomorrow. It was three in the morning by the time we were allowed to sit and rest for a moment.

There were a dozen naked women besides Kim and the twins. I noticed for the first time that there was another mother-daughter working here. The daughter looked younger than my twins.

The manager sat with us and asked us, my family, how we liked our first night. We all just looked at him, certain that he had been asking rhetorically. I realized after a long, uncomfortable pause that he was actually waiting for an answer and I finally said, "It was awful."

He grinned and said, "Well, it ain't over yet." He looked over at the twins and said, "I can't tell you cunts apart. Which one of you did I fuck before?"

Morgan raised her hand.

He stood up and started taking his pants down and called Megan over and bent her over the table that everyone was sitting around and fucked her right there. He seemed to be going out of his way to make it as humiliating for her as he possibly could. She was embarrassed, but she had already been fucked so many times this night that she just closed her eyes and waited for it to be over.

After he fucked her he pushed her to her knees and made her suck his cock clean. I guess she had not been forced to do that very often. She gagged and really struggled to keep from getting sick. He smiled. Or rather he leered down at her as he watched her struggle to obey his sick request. Then he pushed her away and put his pants back up and sat down.

He wasn't through tormenting us for the night though. He ordered Kim to get up and come around and get on her knees. She expected to be humiliated, but she was not prepared for the sick order she received. She was ordered to move over to the chair beside him, where Mike was sitting, and suck off her son.

She gasped, and it looked like she was going to refuse.

I watched as a look of resignation came over her face and then she took a deep breath and moved over between my son's legs and took his already erect cock into her mouth. She had tears running down her cheeks as she sucked him, but she didn't hold back. She sucked him just like she would suck me when I was lucky enough to get one of her good blowjobs.

Mike looked like he was as upset as Kim was, but he was only human. I believe that he had gotten his first blowjob earlier today from one of the other female prisoners. Since then he had been surrounded by women being molested and dancing suggestively. I couldn't blame him when, after only a few minutes he came in Kim's mouth. She swallowed and then she kissed the head of his cock and smiled up at him. She still had tears in her eyes, but she managed to smile and she said, "That wasn't so bad, was it?"

Mike was obviously embarrassed, but he said, "No mom, that was pretty damned hot."

Then she looked over at the manager and he told her to go sit down. When Kim was seated he called Morgan over and I was afraid of what was about to happen. I was right. He ordered Morgan to bend over the table and then he ordered me to fuck her.

It was embarrassing enough that I had an erection from watching my wife suck my son off. I glanced at the manager and saw how much pleasure he was taking from my discomfort. I moved behind my daughter and moved my hands over her back and said, "I'm sorry baby."

Morgan said, "I know daddy. It's okay. Don't worry. I'd rather do it with you than all those dirty old men that were in here tonight."

The manager chuckled, but then he said, "Shut the hell up and fuck her, or I'll go find a bunch of other guys that will."

I moved a little closer and bent at the knee to line my cock up with my daughter's moist slit. Then I slowly pushed it in. I can't deny it. It felt wonderful. I don't know how many men had been in here already tonight, but this was the hottest, tightest pussy I had fucked since before Kim gave birth sixteen years ago.

Don't get me wrong, it's not that Kim wasn't still a great fuck. But Morgan was a beautiful, sexy sixteen year old with very limited sexual experience and the only reason that I did not cum almost immediately was that I was doing this in front of so many people and I felt very guilty about it. I didn't want to do this, but if I had to, I saw no reason that it shouldn't be

pleasant for her and I tried very hard to please her before I reached orgasm. It didn't occur to me until I had been fucking her for a while that she would probably rather not achieve orgasm while being fucked by her father. I stopped holding back then and came quickly.

I pulled out of her and tried to return to my seat, but the manager stopped me and ordered Morgan to clean me. She went to her knees at my feet and I looked over at the bar, unable to look at anyone while my daughter took my cock into her mouth and sucked it clean for the amusement of the dirty old man that was moving us around like his own personal sex toys.

We were finally allowed to return to our seats and everyone sat around quietly until the deputies on the night shift came and got us and led us to a different house than the one that we had showered in earlier. They escorted us inside and we were assigned to rooms randomly.

I had expected, or maybe I should say that I had hoped to be able to sleep with my wife, but was instead assigned to the room with the mother of the young girl. After we had all been assigned to rooms I heard the deputies go into some of the rooms and use the women in them before they left.

The woman I was sharing a room with introduced herself. "Since we are going to be sleeping together I suppose we should at least know each other's names. I'm Diane."

I smiled at her and said, "Hi, my name is Earl."

We climbed into the small bed, it was only a full size bed, and pulled the sheet over us. There was no blanket. It was kind of cool, we were pretty high up in the mountains, and the logical thing to do seemed to be to cuddle up and share body heat. I offered to turn around, to prevent any embarrassment, but she said, "Earl, my daughter and I have been here for almost two weeks now. I doubt if you could embarrass me at this point."

I moved closer and pulled her attractive body close and said, "Listen, I can't promise that, well, that something won't come up between us tonight. I apologize in advance."

She chuckled and said, "Don't worry about it. It's kind of nice sleeping with a man for a change. Most of the people that I have been cuddling up to for warmth lately have been female, and I just can't get comfortable with a naked woman. Something in the back of my mind just keeps telling me how bad that is. It

must be my Catholic upbringing."

Sure enough, before very long I felt my cock getting hard and I tried moving back a little to avoid touching her with it.

She sat up in bed and turned around and pulled the sheet off of me and said, "Listen, let me take care of that for you. I really don't mind."

Before I could respond she had moved down and taken my cock into her talented mouth and brought me to orgasm very quickly.

When she was done and we had gone back to cuddling I thanked her and apologized again.

She said, "Two weeks ago I couldn't have done that. I never did that for my husband. Well, I would kiss his cock and suck it a little, but I would never let him cum in my mouth. Now it doesn't even matter."

I asked her how old her daughter was and she sighed. She said, "That is the worst part of this whole thing. She just turned fifteen. She was a virgin when we were brought here and this has been very hard on her. I think that she is going to make it though. She has been pretty strong. In fact, a couple of times she was the

one that kept me going."

I told her that I knew how she felt, since I had two sixteen year olds here. Then I wondered out loud why this place had been kept open for so long. This had obviously been going on for a while. If they were really letting people go when their time was up as they said then why was no one coming in here with swat teams and taking all of these rapists and kidnappers away?

Diane said, "I wondered about that too. I have to believe that we will get out of here, that they will let us go when they said they would. I suppose that one reason is that none of us really knows where we are. Besides, I doubt if most of the women who leave here are anxious to tell anyone what they went through. Being gang raped and forced to work as a prostitute, and sometimes much worse, these are things that most women can't tell anyone about."

"I have another theory too," she added. "My daughter and I have been to several parties in the sheriff's house outside of town. Well, not so much parties as orgies. The men that showed up to take advantage of the shows we were forced to put on and then fuck the women, and girls, were not like most of the men that come into that bar on the average night. I suspect that some of them are either politicians with pull, or people higher

up in the police hierarchy, or both."

I thought about that and realized that it made a lot of sense. Any complaints that might be lodged could be sidetracked and eventually just disappear. If anyone's complaints did come to light, there was that kangaroo court that we were all forced to sit through that lent an air of legitimacy to our imprisonment. They could just say that we had been legally arrested and tried and convicted and punished. All they had to do was deny all those crazy claims of sexual slavery."

We were quiet for a while. We were both exhausted, but too wound up to go right to sleep. I realized that Diane was still awake too and I asked, "Did you get pulled over on the highway too?"

She answered, "Yes, we must have taken a wrong turn, which I have learned is pretty much true of everyone I have talked to so far. I am beginning to suspect that these roads are poorly marked for a reason. I was looking for a place to turn around when a cop came up behind me and turned on his blue lights. It was a mile before I could pull over and he trumped up all kinds of charges against me."

I said, "Yes, same with us. The sheriff manipulated the truth so that there was just a kernel of fact in each

trumped up charge. Then they took us into that jail. The first thing we saw was two other women being raped, several times. It was very disturbing. We had spent hours in handcuffs and that sheriff is a scary guy. By the time they led us into that courtroom this morning we were cowed."

"That sounds familiar," she said.

It got quiet again and finally we drifted off to sleep. It must have been after four in the morning by the time we got to sleep. They let us sleep late. They had our watches and there weren't many clocks around, but from looking out the window when they woke us up I could see that it was midmorning.

We were ordered out of our rooms and herded down a hall to a large barracks style bathroom. I saw Kim coming out of her room and she was followed by a woman I hadn't seen before. In the next room Megan came out, followed by Mike. I can imagine that she was unhappy about having to sleep with her brother in the nude.

We walked into the bathroom and I saw that besides Mike and me there was one other man present. He was younger, in his early twenties. He wasn't the young man that had been in the cell near us that first night and been forced to prepare his wife for the sheriff and his

deputies and then watch as she sucked them off through the bars.

There were sixteen of us altogether. Unfortunately there were only four toilets, all sitting out in the open with not even a wall between them. Everyone needed to use the toilets pretty badly, and those among us with shy bladders were making things just that much harder. I was one of the last to use the toilet. Diane was seated right beside me. Our knees were almost touching. We smiled at each other and tried to act like this was normal. I suppose she had been here long enough that it was easier to cope.

I was wrong though. As we left that part of the room and headed for the showers she said, "It never gets any easier."

We entered the shower room and there were enough showers for everyone. It was strange, taking a shower between two women I didn't know. I tried to concentrate on cleaning myself up and imagined that I was in my own shower at home. I was able to get through it without another embarrassing erection and I stepped out of the shower and picked up a threadbare towel from a stack of them just outside the shower room door.

I had another moment of discomfort when we filed into

the area with the sinks and I discovered that each sink came with its own used, communal toothbrush. I looked around and everyone was just picking them up and brushing their teeth. I didn't see any alternative. So I joined them. At least they provided toothpaste.

When we were all finished I watched to see what everyone else was doing and we filed downstairs and into the street outside. The people from the ground floor were coming out too. I was shocked at how many prisoners there were. There were two more men that had been on the ground floor, including the one from our first night in the cells. I counted a total of thirty-eight people. How could these people get away with this?!

As we were milling around outside waiting for someone to tell us what to do I managed to gather my family together. Diane came over and I introduced her to them and she introduced us to her daughter, Kelly.

After the introductions there wasn't much left to say. I noticed that Mike and Megan seemed uncomfortable. I wondered if anything had happened between them last night. It wasn't as unthinkable as it might have been two days ago. Besides, the odds were pretty high that before we left here he would be forced to have sex with both of his sisters just to amuse some fucking pervert.

I had my arm around Kim and I reached out with my other arm and pulled Megan closer. I leaned close to her ear and said, "Relax kid, we just have to get through it. You do what you have to do, and anything else, well, don't worry about it. We just need to get through it."

She smiled at me sheepishly and said, "That's easy for you to say, you didn't fuck your brother last night."

I couldn't help myself. I laughed out loud at that. Then I pulled her close and said, "No, but I fucked one of my daughters, and it was pretty amazing." Then I kissed her on the top of her head and just held her close while we waited.

Some of the locals finally came and started leading us away again. There weren't any assignments. They just pointed out the people that they wanted and led them away.

The man from the diner was one of the early arrivals and he took the twins again, and Diane and Kelly and two other girls.

I was selected along with the young guy from the cells and a half a dozen young women. We were led off and put into the back of a truck and driven away. It was a

short ride to a building about a half a mile outside of town. It wasn't much more than an oversized garage. Inside was a canning operation and we were put to work canning food and labeling the jars. We were each given a specific task and told what to do and the three men in charge then took turns picking out one of the women and leading her outside.

They all came back a little the worse for wear and looking a little embarrassed, the women that is. The men looked pretty proud of themselves.

The work wasn't hard but it was hot in that building and we worked up a good sweat. Every hour they would take a couple of us outside and hose us off with cool water. Usually they would take advantage of that opportunity to have sex with one of the women again.

You could kind of tell how long the women had been here by how uncomfortable it made them to submit like that. The ones that had it the worst were the ones that had to suck these guys off. The men who were running this operation were just as hot and sweaty as we were, but they didn't appear to bathe regularly. All three of them were wearing coveralls that looked like they had a weeks worth of dirt on them.

When lunch time arrived we were herded outside and

allowed to collapse under a nearby tree. A couple of local women came out of a nearby house with a tray of sandwiches for the locals. We were allowed to eat some of the fruits and vegetable that we were canning. I had not eaten breakfast, none of us had. But I wasn't hungry and just sat in the shade and rested.

After the women gave the men their lunches they came over and checked out the help. One of them stopped in front of me and reached down with the toe of her boot and nudged my soft cock and said, "Hey Mary, check this one out. He ain't half bad."

The woman was in her late forties and skinny and dried up, Mary was a little younger, but decidedly unattractive.

The men looked up and chuckled when she pointed out my manhood to her friend and one of them said, "You want to take him for a ride Joline, you go right ahead. Hell, he might just sweeten you up a little."

I was very relieved when Joline responded, "Hell Homer, you know you don't want to spoil me. If I start messing around with these smooth, sweet smelling flatlanders I might not want to mess with you no more."

The locals finished their lunch and moved us back

inside and put us back to work. It was getting late when they finally put us back in the truck and took us back into town. We got out at the same place that they had picked us up this morning and a deputy was waiting for us by the door. He sent us inside and ordered us to get cleaned up. He told us we were late and to hurry up.

I rushed upstairs and showered and brushed my teeth again and then went downstairs. The other man was out there already and a few minutes later the three women came out. We were rushed to the mess hall and when I got inside I saw the rest of my family at a long table and I waived at them.

I was pushed along to the food line and I took a tray and as I went down the line and my tray was filled with some unidentifiable food. I got a glass of ice water and then I was moved to a section of empty seats with the four people I had worked with today.

We ate in silence, hurrying to catch up. I don't know what the rush was, but they wanted us to finish. I was hungry, very hungry, so I tried not to pay any attention to the taste of the food. I just wolfed it down and then took my tray up and went outside with the rest of the prisoners.

It was easy to see how the sheriff picked his victims. Almost everyone was an attractive young woman. I assumed that what few men got caught up in his traps were just incidental. This was partly about a cheap source of labor for his town, but mostly about a source of sex slaves for the town whorehouse. And of course keeping the locals sexually satisfied as well.

I looked at the gathering and remembered that less than half of us had been employed in the bar last night. I wondered if the others were given a night of rest. It might not be quite so bad if we got to alternate.

A couple of deputies came over with the bar manager and started culling out a bunch of us. I was disappointed to find that there was no alternating at the bar. The manager seemed to pick out the girls that appealed to him. My whole family was selected again, so was Diane, but this time her daughter was selected too. When the deputy had counted out fifteen women and girls he led us off to the bar and we went right to work.

The manager stopped us at the door and sent Mike and I back behind the bar again. His face lit up when he went down the line of women and came to young Kelly. I guess he was really into that young stuff. He bent her over a table right then and there and pulled out his cock and fucked her before he started telling everyone what to

do. It was obvious that he had enjoyed Kelly before, and he also recognized that Diane was her mother, because he forced her to clean him off after he fucked her. Then he sent Kelly into the back to clean up and assigned the first round of dancers and wrote the girl's names down on a schedule.

We got the place ready to open and it started filling up fast. The manager told Mike and me that he didn't want to have to keep sending us back to clean up the back rooms tonight. He said that we knew what was required now and he wanted us to keep up with it. All that would be required would be to watch for some poor woman to come out of the back and then we would take turns going back and cleaning up the cubicle she had just been raped in.

The parade to the back rooms started almost immediately, with the twins being among the first to go. Mike and I managed to spend more time watching the door in back and less time watching those poor women being humiliated and abused around the large bar room and there were no complaints from anyone about the condition of the rooms in the back.

We were kept very busy again and the night passed quickly. I don't know how those poor women managed. Mike and I were both exhausted when the manager started

putting the stragglers out at two in the morning again.

The manager wasn't that tired though. Not so tired that he couldn't play his little games again after we had cleaned up and restocked the cooler.

This time he fucked Morgan, and then he made Megan lick him clean. After he had his pants back on he sat down and ordered Kim to get up and come around and this time he bent her over the table where most of us were sitting and made Mike fuck her from behind. I suppose he was picking on us because we were the newest family here and he enjoyed making us do these horrible things.

I thought that I would be getting off this time, but he had time for one more dreadful pairing and he called Kelly over and he stood up and picked her up put her in her mother's lap. Then he ordered me to fuck her.

I was going to fuck a fifteen year old kid on her mother's lap for the entertainment of this retarded hillbilly. I looked guiltily at Diane. I really didn't want to do this. She knew I had no choice. None of us had a choice about anything around here. She shrugged and smiled at me and mouthed, "It's okay Earl, we understand."

That didn't make it any easier. I stood before them,

but I couldn't figure out how to fuck her daughter in this position. She was too low for me to take while standing, and too high if I went to my knees. I looked over at the manager and he realized the problem and stood up and repositioned Kelly so that she was standing in front of her mother and bent down with her face in her mother's face and her arms around her neck.

I reached between her legs and her pussy was still moist from all of the abuse it had already received this evening. I lined my cock up and fucked her as quickly, but as gently as I could. After I came I bent over her and whispered, "I'm sorry Kelly," in her ear.

She sighed and whispered back, "I know, it's okay. I'm used to it."

That didn't make me feel better about what I had done.

The deputies finally came and got us again and I tried to stay with Kim this time. It didn't do any good. When we got to our rooms we were separated again. I began to suspect that it was intentional.

Tonight I found myself in a room with the woman who had been alone in a cell that first night.

She didn't look happy about sharing a bed with me. She

looked like she was about to freak out. I tried to smile reassuringly and I said, "Please, don't worry. I am not going to rape you. We need to sleep together for the body heat, but except for that I promise not to touch you."

She shuddered and relaxed after a minute. She took a deep breath and said, "I know. I'm sorry. I just....I just don't know how much more of this I can take. I have always been pretty conservative. You would probably say uptight. I just don't think that I can do this for a month. I think I will have to kill myself."

I got in bed and held the sheet out for her. When she was lying down I tucked some of the sheet down between us and I held her close and tried to comfort her. I couldn't even protect my own family. There wasn't anything that I could say or do for her besides hold her and keep her warm. She was so fragile that I really wished that I could help her.

Just like last night we were too wound up to sleep at first. I learned that her name was Melody and that she had been trapped just like the rest of us. They really had this down to a science. We talked a little, but she was not very forthcoming about her personal life. I think that she didn't want anyone to find out who she was. So I just held her and we finally went to sleep.

The next morning we went through the same routine in the bathroom and then we all went downstairs to the street. I guess prisoners don't eat breakfast in this town. We were again picked off by the locals and taken away and put to work.

I noticed that the man from the diner picked all new people this morning. Mike and I and four young women were taken away in a truck again. This time it was a different truck, and a different group of men. We were driven to a farm outside of town. As I looked around I noticed that it did not appear to be a working farm. I didn't see any cattle or livestock, other than a couple of dogs running around. The nearby fields obviously weren't being worked either.

We went inside the barn and I was surprised to see that it was set up as photography studio. There were three locals, the two men that had come and gotten us and one who had been here waiting.

Three of the women were immediately put to work servicing the men, and as soon as they were done they took a closer look at the women and selected one and the rest of us got to take it easy while they began taking photographs of the woman in embarrassing poses.

I didn't know why they needed Mike and me for this, but it beat the hell out of that steam bath I had been working in yesterday.

They had a little trouble with the girl they had chosen to model. They wanted something more akin to a smile on her face and she was having trouble accommodating them. They knew how to make a woman smile though. They threatened her until finally she was able to satisfy them. Once she was able to force a smile they began taking roll after roll of pictures in all sorts of poses. Then, one after the other, they put the other three women through the same ordeal.

They would stop from time to time and get a blowjob so that they could concentrate on their work, but except for that they worked right through lunch. When they had taken enough pictures we adjourned to a small room in the back of the barn that was set up like a kitchen and we had some sandwiches. One of the guys set out some cold cuts and some bread and some iced tea. They each made a sandwich for themselves and left us alone for a while.

Most of the women ate in silence, all of them were embarrassed about what they had just done and worried about what the men had planned for those pictures that they had just been made to pose for.

One of the young women and Mike and I started talking. She had been on her way home from college almost three weeks ago and had taken what she had been sure was a short cut over the mountain instead of driving all of the way around it.

Mike told her and anyone else that was listening, how we had fallen into their clutches. I kind of tuned them out and let them talk. We all seemed to have just about the same story. I still found it impossible to believe that this could just go on and on like this.

We all ate a couple of sandwiches. Even the most upset among the young women had been underfed since they arrived here and couldn't turn down a good roast beef sandwich.

When we had all eaten our fill we put everything away and waited for the men to come back. Mike was still talking to the cute little college girl and now they were wondering why Mike and I had been brought along.

We were about to find out. One of the photographers came and got us and we followed him back out to the working area. The three men looked the women over and selected the college girl that Mike had been talking to and ordered her onto the bed in a bedroom set and posed

her. Then they called Mike over and started posing him with her in more obscene, more sexually explicit photos involving all sorts of sex acts.

The girl wasn't happy about it, but Mike was having trouble hiding how much fun he was having. After they had exhausted most of the possibilities they called over another of the young women and started posing the three of them while they exposed another couple rolls of film. It looked like Mike was having trouble maintaining his composure and the men came in for some good close-ups and ordered the college girl to suck him off and let his cum shoot all over her face.

Mike was relieved that he didn't have to control himself any longer and he quickly covered the girl's face with a load of hot cum. They took some pictures of her this way and then they got more shots of the other girl licking her face clean.

As soon as the college girl was cleaned up the other girl was dismissed and the college girl was ordered to get Mike hard again. Once Mike had another erection I was brought into the picture and the three of us posed for more than an hour in one obscene picture after another.

In one picture I was laying on the bottom with the girl

on top of me fucking me. Then Mike was put in position over her and made to insert his cock into her ass. It was uncomfortable at first, for all three of us. It was most uncomfortable for her of course. Once we got started though, we all came close to losing it during that one.

In another few pictures they made us both put our cocks into the poor girl's pussy at the same time. She was stretched uncomfortably during that set, but once she got used to it she said it felt kind of hot.

We posed for another couple of pictures with Mike and I lying butt to butt on our backs with our legs stretched up along each other's torso and our balls touching. The girl held our cocks together and managed to force her mouth down over both of them at the same time. It was uncomfortable, and there was not enough stimulation for either of us. Looking down at her though, I had to admit that it looked pretty erotic with that beautiful face sliding down over both of our cocks at the same time.

They finally put her on her hands and knees and Mike was ordered to fuck her face and I was ordered to fuck her pussy from behind and this time they wanted us to cum, but when we started to cum they wanted it all over her back, not inside of her.

We were both pretty worked up and it didn't take very long at all before we covered her back and her hair with cum. They got a few more close-ups of her and then they sent the three of us to a side room where we found a shower.

We took a quick shower together and dried off and when we went back out we came to a sudden stop and stared across the room in horror. One of the women was strapped down to a bench in the middle of the barn. It was the woman who had been so quiet, and so painfully shy. A large dog was sniffing around her and licking her. It was obvious that he was getting agitated. His hindquarters were twitching and he was whining as he licked at the young woman.

The young woman was softly crying and begging them to get the dog away from her. She was terrified and one man had a movie camera trained on her face to catch every second of her fear and humiliation. The other two men were also carrying professional movie cameras and moving around her and filming as the dog lapped at the woman's pussy and his cock grew longer and longer.

I imagine that he had done this before. He knew what he wanted and soon he was on her back with his forelegs wrapped around her and as he worked his way up her body

his hips were already making a fucking motion as if he were already inside of her.

Her protests were louder now and the men seemed to love it. We watched from where we were, unable to turn away as a stream of liquid began flowing from the dog's cock and covering the poor woman's ass and thighs. Then the dog moved up several more inches and on one of his thrusts his cock found its target and the woman screamed loudly as he buried his cock in her pussy. At least I hoped it was her pussy. We couldn't really tell from where we were standing.

The woman was crying hysterically and begging them to pull the dog off of her, pleading loudly with them for mercy. I wanted to go over there and make them stop. There was nothing that I could do though. Every one of those guys outweighed me by at least fifty pounds. Finally I couldn't stand it and I turned around and then I turned Mike around and the young college girl who seemed to have turned to stone. I held them all and we stood with our backs to the poor girl who was being raped by a dog and I realized that both Mike and the college girl were crying.

It went on and on and several times I heard the poor woman scream in pain. I didn't know what was happening. I didn't want to know. Just like with every other

situation that had arisen since the sheriff had stopped me on the side of that mountain road I was totally helpless.

I heard another loud scream, louder than the others and then it got quiet. The woman was still crying, but quietly now. The dog had finished and was curled up nearby licking himself clean. One of the men was filming that, but the other two continued to film the woman's degradation. One in front, filming the agony in her face, the other from the back, filming her stretched out pussy and the large puddle of dog cum that was leaking out of her.

They filmed her like that for what seemed like a long time. At last they were done and they left the woman fastened to the bench while they gathered the other three girls around and two of them got one last blowjob for the day. The third man bent the college girl over the back of the girl on the bench and fucked her from behind.

When they had all been satisfied we were taken back out to the truck and driven back to town and dropped off at the building that I had come to think of as the barracks. We went inside and showered and then, as more and more people came back and got cleaned up we assembled outside and waited to be allowed to go to

supper.

We had to help the girl who had been raped by the dog. She was still out of it, still crying quietly. We bathed her and brushed her hair and Mike and I almost carried her everywhere. We sat her down on the steps out front and when his roster indicated that everyone was accounted for the deputy led us to the mess hall.

We carried the woman through the line and got her a tray of the slop that passed for food, but we couldn't make her eat. She just sat there crying quietly and we were really afraid that she had lost her mind.

I finally just moved her tray out of the way and let her lay her head down on her arms and one of the other girls comforted her and let her cry.

I got a chance to talk briefly with Kim and the girls since we were eating earlier today and we weren't being rushed by the deputies.

Everyone was upset about the girl beside me, but I didn't want to talk about it right now. I told them I would tell them about it later. They gave me a quick outline of the kind of day that they had.

Kim and Morgan had gone with several other women to a

nearby dairy farm and had spent the day cleaning out the barn. They had also been tasked with servicing the farmer and his three teenage sons, and two of the boys from a neighboring farm. They had spent nearly as much time fucking and sucking as they had shoveling cow shit and hosing down the barn.

I smiled at her and asked, "Did you get to try out the milking machines?"

She hit my on the shoulder and "No, but I saw them and I think you would have a lot more fun with them than I would."

Morgan said, "Mom!"

Kim looked at Morgan and said, "Oh shit girl, lighten up. We have a lot more of this before we get out of here. You better learn to laugh."

Morgan said, "Yeah, I guess you're right. But just remember this when we finally get the hell out of here. I'm not going back to pretending to be a virgin."

Christ! I hadn't thought of that. When this was finally over it was not going to be all over. There were going to be some drastic changes in our lives.

We turned to Megan and she said, "I went back to the courthouse and spent the day with the Judge and the sheriff. That fat little fucking judge is like a permanent fucking hard-on!"

Morgan and Mike both chuckled. I started to tell her to watch her language but I ended up chuckling instead. At least she had seemed to take it well. She didn't seem traumatized.

Then I told them about what Mike and I had done today. I tried not to tell them about the poor girl beside me but it came out in the end. They looked as horrified as we had been. God, I could still hear that poor woman's pitiful cries to them to get the dog off of her. I would be having nightmares about that for a long time to come.

A deputy came into the room and ordered us to put our trays up and get outside. We were lined up outside when the manager of the bar came out and started picking through us. I guess Mike and I had a full time job because we were the first two that he picked this time. Then he picked out the females for the evening. He picked out the twins and Kim again, and Diane and Kelly. Instead of the normal fifteen he picked out twenty girls this time.

I don't know what the other people ended up doing, but the deputy made two of the women take the girl that was so upset inside and stay with her. We were led off to the bar and started getting it ready to open.

While Mike and I went behind the bar and got it ready the girls were called over to another corner out of earshot and the manager had a talk with them. I assumed that he was setting up the dance schedule for the evening.

As I was walking through to the back to make sure the back rooms were ready for the customers I noticed that they had built another stage on the other side of the room.

I guess that was why they had more girls tonight. If I had to guess I would guess that either the judge or the sheriff, or both of them, owned this bar and that this was where most of the money came from. There was a constant flow of alcohol and a constant flow of horny men and a variety of very pretty girls that were being pimped out in the back room. This place had to be a major money maker for whoever owned it.

In a few minutes the doors were opened and the men started pouring in. I was beginning to recognize some of them. It helped that they seemed to wear the same

clothes every day.

As soon as the doors opened a girl went to each of the stages and began to dance and the others began getting drinks and submitting to crude comments and rough gropes of their privates.

Once the bar started filling up though, the nature of the entertainment changed. Instead of a girl dancing at either end of the room, there were two girls, and after the first number they began doing more than dancing.

The first two girls on the new stage were the twins. They danced side by side through the first number and then they moved together and started making out. They ended up over the next several songs, dropping to the floor and kissing and touching and eventually ended up in a sixty-nine.

I looked over and saw Mike staring with his jaw wide open and I had to reach over and slap him on the back of the head to get him to pay attention to what he was doing. We tried not to watch them. I was sure that it was humiliating, degrading beyond belief. But fuck it was hot!

When the twins got off stage Diane and Kelley went on and performed the same act. It went on and on all

evening on both stages. Sometimes the girls had different partners, except for the twins, they were very popular and they were always together.

The new shows made a big difference in the number of men using the back rooms too. It was getting hard to keep up with them and if business stayed like this they were going to have to assign someone to stay back there and keep things cleaned up. I didn't want to notice, but I couldn't help seeing how often the twins were taken out back. Several times this evening two men would take them out back as a foursome. They had a horrible night, and Kim didn't have it much better. She looked a lot like an older sister to the twins and she was also very popular.

I checked the time, it seemed like this night was going on forever. I couldn't believe that we still had two hours until closing time. I was tempted to sneak one of those beers I kept shoveling over the counter to the poor, terribly abused young women, but I knew that I would get caught and be in trouble.

I saw two men coming out of the back and it was my turn to take care of clean up. I hurried back and as I walked through the curtain I saw the manager yelling at one of the women. I assumed that she was the one that was servicing the two men that just left the back room.

I couldn't tell what he was yelling about, but he was furious. I looked into the room and it was a fucking mess. I began cleaning it up and the sheet was soaked with urine. I put the sheets in the hamper and turned the mattress over and put a clean sheet on it. It still stank of piss, but that wasn't my problem.

When I was finished I mopped the floor and just as I was about to leave another room emptied as a huge fat man left, followed closely by Megan. She glanced at me and blushed. I smiled at her and she smiled back and went to clean up in the ladies room. I went ahead and cleaned up the room she had used and started back to the bar.

Before I could reach the bar the manager stopped me and told me to take a mop into the men's room and mop up under the urinal.

I grabbed a mop and went into the men's room and as I went in I heard a woman sobbing loudly. I looked around the corner and it was the girl that had made the manager so mad in the back room. She was handcuffed inside the trough that was the urinal and several men were lined up and pissing all over her.

I waited until they left and she lay there crying as I

mopped up the mess that I guess had been made when the manager tossed her into the trough and chained her down.

She looked at me through tear stained eyes and said, "They pissed on me. They pissed on me and I tried to get them to stop. So he put me in here for the rest of the night. Oh god, now they are all pissing on me!"

And they did too. As soon as I had finished mopping the floor a few more men came in and eagerly pulled their cocks out and laughed heartily as they sprayed her with urine from the top of her head to the tips of her toes, laughing and making crude comments the entire time.

I waited until they left and I washed her face with a paper towel. I was surprised to find that I was crying too. I bent down and told her I was sorry. There was nothing I could do for her.

She calmed down when I washed her face and said, "I know. There is nothing any of us can do. Thanks for caring."

I bent close and kissed her forehead and told her I would check on her as much as I could. She thanked me and then I stood up and moved away as more men came in.

I took the mop back and rinsed it out and checked the back rooms and cleaned up another one before returning to the bar. I couldn't get that poor girl out of my mind and I saw that word seemed to be getting around the bar. There was a steady stream of men, far more than normal, filing into the men's room in the last two hours before closing. Whenever I went into the back room to clean up I grabbed the mop and went to the men's room and did what I could for her. She was seldom alone after that, but when she was I washed her face with a paper towel and let her know how long it was until closing time.

When the bar had finally emptied out and Mike and I had restocked the coolers the manager tossed me the keys to the woman's handcuffs and said, "Get her out of there and take her out back and hose her off."

People looked at me curiously as I went to the men's room and set her free. She was just laying there crying quietly and waiting for whatever was going to happen next.

I unlocked the cuffs from the water pipe and helped her up. I walked her to the sink and washed her face with soap and water and then I led her out of the men's room and through the back room and out back. On the way through the back room I grabbed a towel and a sliver of

soap from the sink.

I hosed her down. It was cool outside, and the water was cold, but she was more than happy to suffer the cold to get rid of the urine. When she was wet I used the soap to wash her as much as possible and then I rinsed her off. As I worked I talked to her quietly, trying to calm her down and get her mind off what had happened to her.

As I was drying her off she said, "Thanks Earl, I appreciate what you did for me tonight. Thanks for treating me like a human being. I took her in my arms and said, "I wish I could do more. What I can do is promise you that if I get out of here this won't happen to anyone else. I am going to close this place down. I don't care how high up it goes."

She managed a strained smile and said, "If you don't I will."

I coiled the hose back up and we went back inside just as the manager was finishing up fucking Morgan. He made Kim suck him clean. He really seemed to get a kick out of tormenting my family.

As I came in he gave me a nasty look. When I got closer he said, "I saw what you were doing in there tonight.

You better watch your step boy."

I nodded my head and said, "Sorry sir."

I don't know if he was mollified or not. He nodded and turned back to the prisoners to decide what he would have us do to entertain him until the deputies came to take us away.

I guess he was getting bored with us because we all sat there waiting nervously for him to pick someone to humiliate and it looked like he wasn't going to be able to think of anything. Finally he just ordered me to let Gail, the girl from the urinal, suck my cock until it was hard and then he wanted me to fuck her ass while she sucked Mike's cock.

We were almost relieved. She wasn't anxious to be fucked in the ass, but he had come up with worse ideas. When she had made me hard and as wet as she could get me I got on my knees behind her and started forcing my cock into her ass as gently as possible. The manager wasn't having any of that and he ordered me to drive it home.

I didn't want to hurt her, but we both knew that I had no other option. I forced my cock into her ass quickly and it was painful for her. She had been here for weeks

and been fucked in the ass more times than she could count and she was not as tight as she was when she got here. So at least I didn't damage anything. She yelled in pain, but Mike was in position then and he put his cock in her mouth and we started fucking her from both ends.

I would have rather tried to make it pleasant for her, but we were doing these things for the amusement of the manager and it was him that we had to please. Mike and I both came quickly and after she swallowed Mike's load she turned around and took my cock in her mouth and sucked me clean. The manager was behind me and couldn't see her face. She looked up and winked at me as she sucked. I patted her head gently and winked back and then I pulled out of her mouth and stood up and helped her up.

The deputies finally showed up and escorted us back to the barracks. These were not the same ones that normally escorted us and they didn't seem to care who slept where, so Kim and I were finally able to spend the night together. The twins also paired up. I kept an eye out as the hallway cleared out and watched Mike just waiting to see who would be left. Before he was left as the last man standing a young woman approached him and smiled and took his hand and they went off to an empty room. I recognized her as the first woman to

give him a blowjob that first day when he had worked during the day in the bar. So I assumed he was happy.

I climbed into bed with Kim and we cuddled for the first time in days. We talked a little about what was happening, but mostly we just held each other and took comfort from being close. The next thing we knew it was morning and we were crowding into the bathroom and waiting in line for a toilet or squeezing into the narrow space allotted for each shower head and washing quickly.

After drying off we waited in line for the sinks and the communal tooth brushes. There were a lot of disgusting things happening around here, but when I finally leave here I am convinced that my longest lasting memory will be of having to share a toothbrush with god knows how many people.

We went downstairs and gathered outside in the cool morning air and shivered as we waited for everyone to be present so they could hand out our assignments. When we were all present the deputy in charge stood up on the raised wooden sidewalk and said, "Everyone that has been out to the photography studio since they have been here step out and line up across the road."

It was quite a few of us, all but about a dozen. I only

counted seven women that had not, my wife and daughters among them thankfully. The deputy made note of those who had not and pointed them out to those of us who had and said, "I want those of you who have been there to tell these few that haven't what happened while you were there. Make sure that they are fully informed. It's important that they know."

Just then a pickup truck drove up and the young couple that had been in the jail with us that first night was standing in the back of it, secured to a rack behind the cab of the truck. They looked rough. They were scratched up and bruised and crying pitifully.

The deputy ignored them and addressed us. "This young couple tried to escape last night. They went around in circles in the woods for a while and then we picked them up on the only road out of here. In four hours they had gotten less than half a mile. Because they tried to escape they have had four months added to their sentence, and they will be spending the next week at the studio."

A lot of women gasped in horror at that. The deputy nodded and said, "I see you understand the implications of that. Make sure that everyone is made aware of what they can expect."

The pickup truck drove away with the woman in the back screaming at us to help her. I couldn't do anything now, but I vowed that I would help her when I got out of here.

We were then lined back up to await selection for our daily work detail. The twins and Kim and Kelly and two other girls were selected for the diner again.

I went to work in the general store with a woman I hadn't met before. We introduced ourselves on the way over there, her name was Sylvia and she was a brand new insurance agent who had gotten lost on her second day of work and ended up here. She was half way through her thirty day sentence and was hoping and praying for time off for good behavior.

We went to work stocking shelves and cleaning and dusting in the store. The first day that I had worked here in the store with Kim we had been left pretty much alone until late in the afternoon when Kim had been taken into the back and raped several times. Today was worse for Sylvia. First of all, the woman we had worked for wasn't here today. There was a fat old man, a different man than the first time I worked here. He was in his late fifties and ugly as sin. He was sitting behind the counter and supervising us. He didn't have to watch Sylvia for long before he took her into the

back and raped her.

The old man came out in about ten minutes and Sylvia came out a few minutes later. She avoided looking at me for a while, but then she got over it and we just made believe it didn't happen.

That wasn't the end of it though. It wasn't long before men started coming in and talking quietly to the man behind the counter and then taking Sylvia into the back room. I guess the reason that Kim hadn't suffered the same fate, or at least not as often, was because the woman had been behind the counter. The old guy seemed to get a kick out of pimping Sylvia out. The men would take her in back and fuck her and then come out and stop and talk with the old guy and they would watch her, enjoying her discomfort and chuckle about it until the next man came in.

The old man left us in the store alone and put up a closed sign at lunch time. He went to the diner and had lunch. We had nothing. I thought about sneaking a package of crackers or something, maybe a candy bar. But I was almost positive that he would somehow know and that he was hoping we would do just that. So we sat on the floor with our backs up against the counter and talked quietly until the old man came back.

We stood up when he came in and he ordered me back to work. He was followed in by two men from the diner who immediately took Sylvia into the back. You could hear the sounds of flesh slapping flesh and the loud slurping as she struggled with a cock in her mouth. I felt so sorry for her. I knew how much this embarrassed her.

When the two men left the old man went into the back and I heard her sucking him off. It took a long time to get the old man off and when she finally came back out she was wiping the tears from her eyes.

I couldn't help wondering how they could get together a whole town of rapists, because that seemed to be the focus of this entire town and the surrounding area. It was an entire industry devoted to kidnap and rape and forced prostitution. It just boggled my mind. You just knew that people in authority somewhere had to know about it.

The parade of men that came in to rape Sylvia finally came to an end and we were taken back across the street to the barracks. As we waited around the others gradually started streaming in until we were all accounted for. I don't believe I will ever become accustomed to standing around in a crowd of beautiful naked women.

I saw Kim and the girls finally coming over from the diner. They looked tired, but at least they had not had to have sex with the customers. They only had to service the cooks and male staff of the diner at the end of the day.

We were finally allowed inside to shower and get ready for our one meal of the day, if you want to call it a meal. They certainly saved a lot of money on food for the prisoners.

One of the girls at the diner had gotten a chance to tell Kim and the twins about the studio and what that poor couple was in for out there. She was terrified that she or our daughters would have to go out there before we were set free. I tried to reassure her. I told her that with what seemed to be the normal amount of time off for good behavior we would be out of here not much after that couple had finished their punishment. Actually, there would still be a few days more than another week that they could be sent out there, but I didn't want her to worry about that.

We went in and showered and dried off and reassembled in the street. When everyone was accounted for we were let into the mess hall and we sat through another really bad meal. The food was awful, but we were

starving and as far as we knew it hadn't made anyone sick yet.

When dinner was over we went back out and waited for the manager of the bar to come and pick out his crew for the evening. For the first time we didn't have to go. The manager picked out his crew and when he was gone there were only my family and six other women left over.

I hoped that we would be given an evening to rest, but I guess that just goes to show how stupid I can be. We were kept standing on the side of the street until the van that had brought us here after the sheriff stopped us pulled up. My family and four of the other women were crammed into the van and the remaining two women were led across the street to the jail, probably to entertain the deputies.

We sat quietly in the back and held on as the van drove off through town and farther up into the mountains. It took us half an hour to get to the turn off and then ten minutes of bouncing down the dirt road to pull up in front of a huge log house. Not a cabin, a huge house. There were a half a dozen very expensive cars parked around the front porch.

The deputy that was driving got out and came around and

opened the door and started helping us out. Then we were led to the door. The deputy rang the bell and after a brief wait the door was opened by the sheriff. He was in civilian clothes and I almost didn't recognize him at first.

He let us in and we gathered in the large entryway. It was a fucking log mansion. I mean this place was huge. We could see all the way through the great room and the far wall was all glass. It appeared to look out on a private lake. That is not to imply that this was a small body of water. It was a large lake. As I looked around what I could see of the shore from here I couldn't see any other structures. No houses, no boat houses, no docks, just the lake, surrounded by trees and hills. Nice house on a small-town sheriff's pay.

The sheriff told us that we would be staying here for the next couple of days and that our sole reason for living would be the pleasure of his guests. If he received a single complaint from one of his guests we could count on spending the rest of our miserable lives as prisoners. Then he led us inside.

There was a poker table set up near a huge stone fireplace that was large enough that I could have stood up in it. Around the table sat six men, several of whom I recognized. Besides the sheriff, the judge was here

of course. I also recognized, and prayed that my wife did not, the State Senator from this district, the State Attorney General, and the Highway Commissioner. Now I knew why this place could continue to exist.

I glanced at my wife and kids and didn't see any sign of recognition. I made a huge effort to act like I didn't recognize any of them too. I knew that anyone that recognized them would never get out of here.

I was assigned to take care of the fire for now and Mike was put to work along with one of the women fetching drinks and snacks. The other women were ordered to move between the players and stand in waiting. Hands immediately reached for soft flesh but before they dispersed Kim and the twins were pointed out to the men gathered around the table.

The senator said, "My god Troy, they are as beautiful as you promised. And twins! A fantasy come true for many a man I'm sure. I can't wait to try them out." Then he pointed to Morgan and asked, "Which one are you, sweetheart?"

Morgan said, "I'm Morgan sir."

"And you're sixteen?" he asked.

"Yes sir," she responded.

There was a pause as he waived her closer and as his hands moved over her and then a finger worked its way into her pussy he asked, "How do you feel about what has happened to you and your family this week?"

She looked at him like, "What the fuck is wrong with you! Are you retarded?!" But thank god she didn't say that. Instead she said, "I think that you are all a bunch of terrible people and should be lined up against a wall and shot. I hate what you have done to us and to all of those other people."

He smiled and said, "Good." Then he reached up and grabbed her nipple and pinched it viciously and as she winced in pain he said, "That's great. If you were having fun that would take all of the fun out of it for us."

Then he let her nipple go and, "Why don't you do something productive with that smart fucking mouth of yours, cunt!"

Morgan reached for his zipper and after struggling for a few minutes she freed his cock and started sucking. Just as she started Mike was bringing him a drink. He grabbed Mike's arm and held him close and said, "How

about you Mike? I understand that you have had several opportunities to fuck your mother and your sisters and get sucked off by them, as well as the other women in town. Did you like fucking your sisters and your mom?"

Mike looked at him for a moment. He didn't want to get us in any more trouble than we were already in. I could see that he was trying to decide how to answer when the senator said, "That's okay. You can be honest. I really want to hear what you have to say."

Mike paused a second longer and then answered with more thoughtfulness than I might have given him credit for, "I like having sex, just like any other fifteen year old guy. My favorite magazine is Playboy. I have always thought that my sisters were hot, my mom too. But what you people are doing is sick. What I fantasize about now isn't fucking my sisters. I fantasize about coming back here with a gun and going Rambo all over your asses."

I thought he might have gone too far and I was a little worried. I was apparently wrong. The senator smiled and said, "Excellent, exactly the right response. Now, while we get the game going I want you to finish getting everyone their drinks, and then I want you to lie down on the floor over there so I can watch while your two sisters suck your cock for a while, because

the very idea of it just turns me the fuck on. Go on now, get busy."

Mike smiled and said, "Yes sir," like a good little servant and returned to the bar for more drinks. I found out from the sheriff where the firewood was and Mike finished serving drinks and then stretched out on the rug where the senator had indicated.

The firewood was in a rack outside the patio door and I stepped out onto a huge deck overlooking the private lake. The sun was just getting ready to set on the other side of the lake and it was probably one of the most magnificent views that I had ever seen. I knew where the money from the bar in town was going.

I grabbed an armful of firewood and went inside and put a couple of logs on the fire and then stood nearby and watched as my daughters knelt at Mike's side.

The senator called Kim over to suck on his cock for a while in Morgan's absence and everyone paused to watch as Megan lay down between Mike's legs and began licking and sucking on his balls while Morgan started sucking his cock.

Mike reached down and ran his hands down Morgan's back and groaned in pleasure. In just, my god, I had no idea

how many days it had been now! Could it be only five days?! In these few days Morgan had become an excellent cocksucker. I remembered the first time I had seen her forced to suck a man's cock. She had gagged and choked and tears had flowed down her cheeks.

Now she was sucking Mike's well developed cock enthusiastically and her skills were evident. His cock was soon disappearing down her throat on every stroke and it was not long at all before his butt came up off the floor and he filled her mouth with cum.

This time she didn't gag, she didn't choke, she held her lips pressed tightly around the head of his cock and worked her hand rapidly up and down his shaft and when he finally finished she lifted her head and swallowed easily. Then she licked up a drop that had oozed out of the head of his cock and kissed it and smiled up at him sweetly.

It seemed like the men gathered around the table had been holding their breath during that erotic show and with his climax they exhaled loudly. But the senator wasn't finished. He ordered Mike to get back to his duties and instructed the twins to put on a little show for us.

They had done this enough that it wasn't even a shock

anymore. A lot of the perverts in town had wanted to see this and there was no telling how many times in the last few days they had made love to each other.

They started out side by side, kissing and hugging and touching gently. As their lovemaking became more passionate they moved around into a sixty-nine position and I must admit that they did not appear to be faking it as they ate each other passionately and came loudly. I couldn't help wondering if they would continue this little game when we got out of here. They seemed to genuinely enjoy what they had just done.

I was embarrassed to admit that I had found it just as exciting as everyone else, and I had the hard-on to prove it. The senator noticed it to. As he grabbed Kim's head and pulled it close to his stomach, ramming his cock down her throat, he shot his cum straight down her throat and then he slumped back in his chair and looked at me and directed me to fuck one of my daughters, he didn't care which.

I moved over to where they were pulling themselves together on the floor and looked down at them and shrugged helplessly. They both smiled up at me and they each reached up and took one of my hands and pulled me down and guided me onto the floor on my back.

Morgan put her mouth on my cock and sucked it for a moment, but not for long. I wouldn't have lasted long and she realized it. She moved up over me, straddling my hips and guided her pussy down over my hard cock. She slowly slid down until the lips of her pussy gripped the base of my cock tightly. Then she took my hands and guided them to her breasts. As I gently caressed her breasts, Megan moved up and kissed me, not like a father, like a lover. Then she moved again and lowered her beautiful, young pussy down onto my mouth and I tasted her sweet pussy as her twin sister began to slowly pump her pussy up and down my cock.

I was aware of the large audience, I even heard some of them groan and make lustful comments, but not for long. I was soon lost in the moment, lost in my daughter's lustful embrace, and loving it like no father ever should. As wrong as I knew it was, I knew that I would never forget this moment of extreme sexual bliss. My daughters had reached a level of sexual maturity that I could not have imagined, would not have imagined a week ago. I was soon losing control and I squeezed my daughter's breasts and thrust up into her and she groaned in pleasure as I filled her pussy with cum.

She gave me a moment to relax, and then she sat up and let my cock fall free and quickly moved down and sucked it clean. I was still licking Megan's pussy and she

came while Morgan was cleaning me. Then she moved off of me and turned Morgan over and sucked her pussy clean. I know it sounds awful, but that was one of the most sensual and sexual moments of my life. I would never say anything to anyone about it, I couldn't. But I won't ever forget that little threesome.

I heard one of the men at the table say, "Son of a bitch!" under his breath. Then I got up, just a bit unsteadily, and returned to the fireplace.

In a few minutes the men had all decided that modesty was out of place and they had all undressed. They continued to play poker, but I don't think it was the main focus for any of them. The girls were all on their knees now with a cock in their mouth, all but the girl helping Mike with the drinks and snacks. The men were still playing poker, but half the time they probably had no idea what cards they were holding.

The sheriff reached over to a console beside him and pushed a button and a screen came down from the ceiling. He pushed a couple more buttons and said, "This is the latest from out at the studio. I thought some of you guys would get a kick out of it."

The screen came to life and we saw the young couple that had tried to escape, both of them tied to benches.

The young girl was on her back and there was a large dog on top of her, but he was facing the wrong way. I didn't realize at first that he was fucking that poor young woman's throat. She was thrashing around on that bench, probably in great pain and having trouble breathing, as that unimaginably large dog cock thrust rapidly and violently in and out of her throat.

I heard some of the men chuckle and make lewd comments. The senator asked, "Those are the ones that tried to escape?"

The sheriff said, "Yeah. The stupid bastards, they were out there all fucking night and didn't get half a mile! It's a shame though, that little bitch was a great fuck. Tight little cunt, you would have loved her. She hated every minute of it too. I fucked her three or four times and she hated it more each time. She ain't going to be the same when she gets out of here, if she ever does."

The senator said, "Damn shame." You could tell that he was just sorry that he didn't get to fuck her hot little body, and torment her by using her that way. Not that he was sorry for what she was going through. The prick!

Throughout the evening I kept glancing at the screen.

It was unavoidable. The sound was on low and I heard screams of agony and moans of despair. That poor woman was taken by one dog after another in every hole in her body, and her husband wasn't spared.

They didn't make her husband service animals, at least not while we were watching. Instead, they had brought in some horrible looking, deformed old hillbilly and as the young wife was forced to watch from a couple of feet away her husband was raped in the ass by this cretin, this troll that they had found. That poor couple would never be the same. Their lives were ruined for the pleasure of these fucking perverts.

The poker game went on until the early hours of the morning. The girls were made to play musical dicks. They spent most of their time under the table sucking the cocks of the men. Eventually they had each sucked the cock of every man there. Not to an orgasm, of course, but just spent a half hour or so sucking and teasing them with their lips and tongues.

Every once in a while one of the men would get up and take a girl to one of the rooms for a fuck. More often than not they took the twins. By the time the game ended for the night, nearly everyone there had enjoyed a threesome with Morgan and Megan.

When the game finally ended they each grabbed a woman and headed for a bedroom. The Judge took Kim with him as well as the extra girl that had been helping Mike. The senator took the twins to his room. Mike and I were left to clean up the room.

When we had returned the room to as close as we could to its normal state we curled up by the fireplace and went to sleep. We had gotten one benefit out of working the game this evening. After everyone had gone to bed we pigged out on the left over snacks and even snuck a couple of beers. I doubted that the pig of a sheriff would bug his own mansion.

The men were late coming down the next morning. The sheriff came down first and sat at the kitchen table and directed us as we made coffee and then breakfast. The rest of the men, and the girls straggled down a few at a time and we fed them as they appeared.

When everyone else had eaten we were even allowed to feed ourselves. I was actually on the verge of drooling as I made breakfast for me and Mike.

The men finished their coffee around the fireplace, each with a girl in his lap, while Mike and I and one of the women, a different one this time, cleaned up.

When it had warmed up outside the party moved out onto the large deck and the games started again. They started making the women perform for them. The more degrading the act the more they enjoyed it. Just like last night, the twins, and often Kim too, were the focus of a lot of the attention.

A few minutes before lunch a couple of deputies dropped by with the latest DVDs from the studio and while they were there the sheriff invited them out to the deck and let them fuck Kim in front of the rest of the group. They were more than happy to enjoy her before returning to town.

In the afternoon we moved back inside and they watched the latest movie. In this one the benches were gone and the couple was just doing whatever was required of them as though in a trance. The woman sucked off one dog after another and then fucked a couple more. At one point she was taken outside and the three men pissed all over her. Then they hosed her off, brought her back inside and put one more dog to fucking her while she sucked another one off. I wanted to throw up, but the men that were here watching the show were laughing and joking and each seemed about to cum in a woman's mouth, despite having just spent a large part of the night fucking the girls.

The rest of the day was spent this way, or in some variation of it. The girls were forced to put on shows from time to time. Mike and I didn't completely escape their attention. Both of us were made to perform with any number of combinations of the young women present. They never seemed to tire of making the members of my family perform together in some combination or other.

This day was not as long as yesterday. The men retired at a much more reasonable time. They took different women with them this evening. The twins still went as a unit, with the Attorney General this time.

There was not the big mess to clean up this evening and Mike and I finished up early and we got a good night's rest for a change.

When I woke up in the morning I went ahead and made coffee so that it was already hot and ready when the sheriff and his guests started drifting down from upstairs. I had already started breakfast and all that was left was to fill the egg orders and soon everyone was fed.

After breakfast they all went over to the fireplace with their coffee and ordered us to clean up and leave them alone for a while. I could see that the conversation had turned to business and they didn't

want us listening in. I had been given permission to feed the girls breakfast again this morning and I gladly did so. While we ate we talked quietly among ourselves and I heard one of the women telling another who she had just spent the night with.

I grabbed her wrist and squeezed tight and said, "If you want to leave this place alive you won't say that out loud again! Do you think you would be allowed to leave if they thought we knew who they were?!"

She took my hand from her wrist and smiled. She twirled a strand of her hair and said, "Bleach Earl. I am not a real blonde. Trust me sweetheart, I am not that stupid. I am also smart enough to know that the reason that nobody has ever left here and been able to put an end to this is that they couldn't. You know, I can't help wondering how many of the pretty young women we have heard about being murdered mysteriously over the last few years were women who left here and tried to get the cops to do something about these guys."

I made sure they were ignoring us still and said, "I have wondered the same thing lately, but I have a surprise for them when I get out of here. They are going down soon, I promise you. Now, let's change the subject."

We were quiet for a few minutes. We didn't know what else to talk about. One of the girls brought up the subject that we most hated to think about.

Carla said, "They made me fuck a dog last week."

The admission made most of us uncomfortable, but she continued. "Don't look at me like that. I know how gross it is. I had to fucking do it! My head was fucked up for days. There is no way that poor girl and her husband are going to survive that shit they are doing to her. They are ruined for life. When I get home, I have no idea what to say to my husband. He could never deal with all of this. I don't know how I am going to deal with these memories."

Everyone got quiet again. It seemed that our lives had become so narrowly focused on sex and sexual humiliation and sexual torment, and we had been so long removed from any word of current events, that sex and perversion were all we had to talk about.

I finally changed the subject to something we could all relate to when I talked about how great it was to eat real food for a couple of days, and not skip meals. While we were talking, Kim came over and leaned into me and I held her in my arms and kissed her neck, and Megan moved behind me and put her arms around my neck.

One of the women watched us and said, "You guys are so lucky. You have been catching hell, especially you twins. But I have been watching you and you are going to be alright when you get out of here. I look at you guys and I see unconditional love. It makes me want to cry."

The change in conversation was making me uncomfortable and I joked, "Yeah. And the twins have never gotten along with their brother this well since he was born. I may bring them back here from time to time for a refresher."

Megan started tightening her arms around my throat and I laughed and said, "Just kidding sweetheart. Don't worry, I'll just send Mike."

She hugged me and said, "I love you dad, and I am sorry for being such a bitch all the time."

I squeezed her arm and said, "You weren't being a bitch honey, you were being a teenager. Not that there is that much difference."

I heard the sheriff behind me say, "Ain't that fucking touching!"

Megan started to move away but he stopped her and I felt him pushing against her and then he started fucking her as she stood there with her arms around my neck and grunted in my ear. I knew he was trying to fuck with us. I just reached back and pulled Megan's head tight against my own and whispered, "We love you baby."

She squeezed my neck again and, a bit breathlessly said, "I know daddy."

After the sheriff finished fucking my daughter he said, "Come here mommy."

Kim knew what he wanted and she pulled out of my arms and moved around and dropped down and sucked his nasty cock clean. Then he put his cock away and we were put to work carrying the guest's bags out to their cars.

When everyone had gone the sheriff got on his radio and called for the van to pick us up. It occurred to me while he was talking to the deputy that I had not seen a telephone since we were arrested, if you can call what happened to us being under arrest.

We were crammed back into the van and got back to the barracks in time to take a shower and have supper with the rest of the prisoners. Then almost all of us ended

up back at the bar for the evening.

As Mike and I started getting set up for the customers I noticed that they were expanding again. They had started building another stage and when I went in the back to check on the rooms and make sure the cots were ready I saw that they were adding more cubicles. They weren't complete yet though. Once these new cubes were finished they would really need someone back here on cleanup full time. That wasn't my problem and I planned on shutting them down soon anyway.

The beds were ready and the bar stocked and the girls had been given their stage assignments. Pretty soon the customers started crowding in and filling up the large main room and then the music started and the first two sets of dancers got up on stage, two girls on each stage, and began to do their sexy dances. The rest of the young women started circulating through the crowds and right away some of them were taken to the back rooms. The night of sexual abuse had begun again.

When the bar finally closed and we had entertained the manager again, we were taken back to the barracks by that same lackadaisical deputy and allowed to pair up any way that we wished. Kim and I cuddled up and I held her tight and told her again how much I loved her and she cried in my arms.

I tried to calm her and tell her that it would be alright and she said, "I know baby, I'm just crying because I am married to a saint. I honestly believe that none of this will matter to you when this is over with. You will still love me just like you did before."

I kissed her neck and held her tight and promised her that I would never stop loving her. Then, despite everything that had happened to her, she turned over and insisted that I make love to her.

I told her that she didn't have to do this. I knew how much she had been put through. I was aware of how many times she had been raped this evening. But she insisted. She said that she really needed to make love after all of that fucking.

So we did, and despite what we both had been through, it was great. It was great for both of us. I was ashamed to admit it, even to myself, but I had expected her pussy to feel different after what she had been through. It didn't though. Her pussy was just as tight and just as exciting as it ever was. I rolled off of her and we held each other close and just enjoyed being in love.

I heard a noise and looked up and saw Morgan standing

in the door to our room. The doorway I mean, there were no doors. I was startled, and as strange as it seems we were both embarrassed. But she came in and said, "We heard you guys. I wanted to tell you how happy it makes us that you can still do that. That you can feel that way about each other. I know, it's weird, but you made Megan and me so happy that we were next door crying."

Kim pulled Morgan's face down and we both kissed her and then I sent her back to her room. When she was gone I said, "I think they are going to make it to. Despite everything that these bastards have done to us, they are pretty strong. I am proud of them, all three of them."

We finally went to sleep and it was a real struggle getting up the next morning. After the usual mess in the bathroom we gathered outside in the cool mountain air and thankfully we were given breakfast this morning. It was only bad coffee and a scoop of really nasty oatmeal, but we were really hungry.

Then it was time for our work assignments. All four of us males and three women were selected to work in the bar and when we got there the men were put to work finishing the stage and then working on the new cubicles in the back so that more men could fuck our wives and my daughters in the evening. While we were

working on that the manager was fucking one of the women, and then he put the women to work cleaning up and getting the place ready for this evening.

We finished the third stage and got it covered with some carpeting. Then we started adding on cubicles. They didn't take very long to construct. They were just two sheetrock walls, six feet high and long enough to get a cot inside. Each had a pole across the doorway to put a curtain on for privacy. Most of the men didn't bother to close them.

We added on four more cubicles before we finished for the day. Then we went back to the street in front of the barracks and waited until everyone was there so that we could take another shower and go have supper.

I saw that both of the twins looked pretty upset and when we got inside I asked them what was wrong. Megan couldn't even talk about it. Morgan said that they had been sent out to the studio.

As soon as she said that my stomach knotted up. She said, "We didn't have to have sex with the dogs. They were still making that poor woman service all of them. The photographers wanted some fresh meat for themselves. They couldn't stand the idea of fucking her anymore."

"While we were there some guy brought a horse into the barn and they made that woman suck off the horse! It was so fucking gross! But she just did whatever they said. It was like she was a hollow shell of a person. You could look at her eyes and there was nothing there. Her husband too, they are both dead inside."

"All day long," Morgan continued, "they took pictures of the girl with dogs and the horse, twice with the damned horse. In between photo shoots they fucked us or made us suck them off. Oh, and the guy that brought the horse in. We had to fuck him too. God he stank!"

I hugged both girls and kissed them on the top of their head and then we went into the shower and cleaned up.

Our lives just went on and on like that for the next week and a half or so. We lost all track of time and I didn't know how long we had been there until they gathered the five of us in the courtroom one morning. The court was called to order and the judge came in and the sheriff told him that we had been exemplary prisoners and he was recommending us for parole.

The judge looked at us and said, "I am sorry to see you folks leave. I have really enjoyed your company. You are hereby paroled. Your possessions will be returned

to you and you will be taken to the release point and allowed to leave."

We were still not sure that this wasn't some trick, so we restrained our excitement. Before we were allowed to leave we were forced to watch as another young couple was sentenced and forced to undress and the young wife was forced to service the judge and the sheriff and two deputies.

After the judge took the young woman back into his chambers we were led to the front room and given the clothes we had been wearing when we were arrested. We were allowed to dress, under the watchful eyes of several deputies. It felt really strange to have clothes on for the first time in three weeks.

We were then taken outside and put into the van and blindfolded. We rode like that for more than an hour. We stopped once and the deputy parked somewhere and made one of the twins suck him off. Then he got back in and drove until he pulled up in a parking lot and we were allowed to remove our blindfolds.

We got out and he handed us the keys to our motorhome which he had parked right next to and he drove off without another word. We rushed to the motorhome and it was just like we had left it. We got rid of the spoiled

meat and dairy products in the refrigerator and then tried to figure out where we were and how to get home.

We were in the parking lot of an out of business department store in a small town up in the mountains. I started the motorhome and drove through town until I spotted the Post Office and got the name of the town. Then we pulled out a map and figured out how to get home. We were a long way from even a decent secondary road. It took us a full day to reach the interstate. It might have taken less time if we hadn't stopped to eat so often. We just couldn't seem to get enough food or sugary soft drinks.

As we drove I noticed how quiet everyone was. I wondered what it would be like now. Could I go back to being the father I had been after having sex with my daughters for three weeks, and watching hundreds of men use my wife and daughters as well? My feelings about them hadn't changed, of course. I just wasn't sure how to relate to them now. I noticed that the girls and Mike seemed to get along much better now, and nobody was sitting around pouty and whining. The three of them seemed much more mature. Not that I thought that was necessarily a good thing. It was just an impression I got.

We stopped for the night when I reached the interstate.

We found a nice motel. I had resolved that I would sell the motorhome as soon as we got home. Until then I had spent my last night in an uncomfortable bed.

I went into the office and got three rooms and we gathered in our room and watched a little television. They were a bit impatient with me for insisting on watching CNN for a few minutes to see who Bush had gotten us into a war with while we were captives, but apparently he was still having fun killing our kids in Iraq for now.

I had stopped and bought a twelve pack of beer and the five of us consumed it pretty quickly. Then, and I am not sure exactly how it came about, we all ended up getting undressed and sleeping in the two beds in our room. There wasn't any sex. We just didn't feel that uncomfortable being naked anymore. In fact, it felt pretty natural. Besides, I think we all felt better being together as a family and safe in a locked room.

We got up early the next morning and after a big breakfast we hit the interstate. We had all lost a lot of weight over the last three weeks and we actually felt better for it. We would have to watch our eating now, but I figured a few catch-up meals wouldn't kill us.

We made it home just before midnight and I parked the motorhome in the driveway. We went inside and agreed to unload the damned thing tomorrow. We were so happy to be home and to not be moving that we just wanted to relax. I got out a bottle of wine and poured us all a small glass and we sat in the living room and we talked quietly for a while.

Kim wanted to know what I was going to do about those people, but before I could tell her my plan Morgan said, "Dad, I don't want to weird you out or anything, but how pissed would you be if I took my clothes off?"

I looked at her, and I looked at Kim and Kim smiled and stood up and said, "I know what you mean. After three weeks of going naked, well, it felt pretty damned good." Then she looked at me and Mike and said, "You guys don't mind do you?"

We all got undressed and then, as we sipped on our wine, I told them about the guy I went to college with, the guy who was presently in charge of the FBI Office in the state capital. I hadn't seen him much in the last few years, but we had been friends in college and we still kept in touch from time to time. I knew that he had a pilot's license and several FBI planes at his disposal so with his help I was sure we could find that town.

We went to bed at a little after midnight and in the morning when I went to get the kids up I found all three of them in the girl's room. They had pushed their beds together and Mike was sleeping between them. I was standing there in the doorway staring at them when Kim came up behind me and looked over my shoulder.

She quietly asked, "Should we do anything?"

I honestly didn't know. I didn't know why they were sleeping together or if they were doing anything. I didn't really know how I felt about it if they were. After the last three weeks I would not be surprised if the girls continued to make love to each other. They had been forced to do it so often, but they had enjoyed it. They had seemed to take comfort from it. I suppose that I should consult an expert, but I wasn't sure that I wanted to interfere.

I went into the room and shook them all awake gently and told them to get up, we had work to do. They opened their eyes, and they didn't seem the least bit embarrassed. I couldn't detect any sign that they had done anything of a sexual nature, but I didn't try that hard either.

We went downstairs and had breakfast. Without any self-

consciousness at all we sat around in the nude and ate a leisurely breakfast. Then, the kids went up and got dressed and Kim helped them unload the motorhome while I called my old friend Derek from college.

I told him that I needed to talk to him, urgently. I had a tale of a criminal enterprise involving a leading state senator, the state's Attorney General and several other state and local officials in a white slavery, kidnapping and child pornography ring.

He thought that I was kidding at first, but I convinced him that not only was I serious, but that it was urgent that something be done immediately, because young women were being raped and tortured at this very moment.

He got in a plane and flew down and I met him at the airport. I told him what had happened to us and he couldn't believe it, not at first anyway. I had been going over some maps and I had a pretty large area that had to be searched. Unfortunately, because of the people involved, we would have to keep the number of searchers to a minimum. It would have to be just us, unless he had someone else that he knew for a fact that he could trust.

He thought about it for a minute and after I showed him the area to be searched and told him what we were

looking for he made a phone call and we flew to an airport at the state line and met a friend of his who was also a pilot. I described the things that I had seen, the town, the sheriff's house on the lake, the photo studio and the cannery. None of those things were on a map, and since we had been lost when we were stopped I didn't even have a real good starting point.

It turned out to be easier to find than I thought. I had located a few lakes that looked like they could have been the ones in back of the sheriff's log mansion on Google Earth. I circled them and Derek's friend took some of them and Derek and I took some of them and damned if we didn't find it on the third try.

From the house we were able to spot the small town and it wasn't on the map, but I was able to map out the roads that led to it. That afternoon a joint taskforce of FBI and National Guard surrounded the entire area and arrested everyone. At the same time, agents arrested the Senator right on the senate floor. They also picked up our Attorney General and the Highway Commissioner.

The Highway Commissioner broke down immediately and quickly gave up the names of the other two men at the poker game. One was a prominent local attorney and the other a well known strategist for the local Republican

Party. He also turned over the identities of several other people that were involved that I had not seen at the sheriff's house. They were receiving money from the sheriff's operation and dropped by from time to time to enjoy some of the girls that had been taken prisoner.

Everyone in the town and the surrounding properties had been arrested. They were all either directly involved in the abuse and kidnapping, or were receiving money or free slave labor and sex from the enterprise.

The sheriff and the judge had both kept surprisingly accurate records of their activities, including the names and addresses of their victims. There will be no shortage of witnesses. The names of young women who had been found dead of mysterious causes in the last few years were being compared to those records as well.

The young couple that we were all most worried about was finally rescued. But it may be too late for them. They are really screwed up and are receiving intensive psychological care.

I have heard from a lot of people thanking me for what I did. Diane and Kelly got in touch with us. They live a couple of hours from us and we have gotten together with them quite a few times. They sometimes spend the weekend around the pool in our backyard.

It was kind of funny the first time. We were all sitting out by the pool and the conversation was kind of reserved and finally Megan stood up and said, "Fuck this! We went through too much together." Then she got undressed and within minutes we were all naked and suddenly we felt a lot more comfortable and the conversation just seemed to flow after that.

The trials have started. The vast majority of the underlings have already pled guilty in exchange for deals to testify against the higher ups. The bigger fish, except for the Highway Commissioner, are all fighting it all the way. They don't have a chance though, and the odds are that the men at the top are going to spend the rest of their lives in prison. Unless, that is, some of those unsolved murders from around the state are matched up to their records.

The sheriff's illicit operation started almost five years ago with a couple of young women, almost as an accident, and then grew quickly. Thanks to the records they kept, most of the women that were kidnapped, and the few couples too, have been contacted and notified of the trials and asked if they wanted to testify.

The considerable assets of the major players have been seized and are going to be divided among the victims,

once the trials are complete. In addition, counseling has been offered to those who desire it.

We talked it over, first as a family, and then with Diane and Kelly, and got serious with the kids about counseling and inappropriate sexual behavior. We all know that we are different now, but we feel like we have recovered. We may be different, but we don't feel like we are traumatized.

No, that isn't true. We were all traumatized, especially the girls. We don't believe that we are damaged now. We are different. We have changed. But we still love and we still like sex. The twins both said that that night, when they heard us making love after all that had happened to us, that night changed them. They learned a lot from that. When they look at us and see how much in love we are they just don't feel like they need to talk to someone about what happened.

They know they are different because now, when they can do so discreetly and they are in the mood, they like to make love to each other. And sometimes, if they are feeling like it, they get a kick out of making love with Mike. But it is just recreational sex, and after all that has happened to them, they believe the fact that they can enjoy recreational sex with someone that they love is a good thing.

Kim and I talked about it and we found ourselves agreeing with them, although not without reservations. So we told them that as long as they don't go to school naked we will support them. We assured them that if they ever felt the need for some help, we would be behind them one hundred percent.

We had a similar conversation with Diane and Kelly. They had pretty much the same reactions that we had. We have all agreed to try and keep our activities to ourselves. That is to say we don't want the girls screwing every guy in town. But we are going to be a lot more understanding of their sexual appetites than most parents would be.

Our relationship with Diane and Kelly has changed too. Once we started to relax we started involving them in our sex lives. Well, the kids did. Kim and I have been keeping it to ourselves.

Maybe we will expand that someday, but for now we like to just make love. But we have no problem with the girls and Mike and Diane and Kelly having fun. Diane and Kelly were both suffering from a lack of sex after we had been back for a while and neither of them had anyone that they were in a relationship with. So they felt good about having us to be with. It seems to be a

satisfactory relationship all around, at least until they find partners and fall in love. Nobody is in a hurry.

Oh, and I sold that fucking motorhome and gave the money to Kim's mother. She doesn't know what happened, but she knows we didn't like our vacation and she was happy to get the money.

The End

Comments? Criticism? Email vulgus@hotmail.com
To that small group of disturbed people who have enjoyed my previous efforts and encouraged me, thank you.

~~~~~

This story was written as an adult fantasy. The author does not condone the described behavior in real life.