School Festival

by AbbottWarr

Summary

High school festival in a world with casual sex and little regard for human life.
Intro and Swim Club

Each year the local high school runs a festival and each year many beautiful and sexy young women meet their end promoting their various clubs and classes. Of course not only do students participate in these events, many attendees either volunteer or are volunteered to join in the festivities.

This year I approached the gate to see a trio of sexy young girls in revealing attire handing out pamphlets to those walking in. One girl, wearing a short tartan skirt, thigh high stockings, a bikini top and a tie (in what appears to be a parody of the schoolgirl uniforms of old), noticed me walking up and handed me a pamphlet.

"Have you been to one of our festivals in the past?" she asks me.

"Yes, I've been to the last three I think, one of the things I look forward to most each year" 

"Well welcome back, I'm sure you remember but that pamphlet has a schedule of all the timed events, and a map with all the other events and booths on the back." "If you have something specific you want to do, make sure you plan around it, some of these lines can get a little long to hop in right when the schedule lists"

"Thanks" I said, eying her cleavage as it shifts beneath her top "I'll keep that in mind"

Seeing where I was looking she shifted forward slightly to provide a better view "Also our main event, where we auction off the ten girls with the most attendee votes, starts at 9:00, if you want the chance to do anything you want with these, make sure to vote for me. My name is Corine. And welcome again to our annual festival"

"I'll also keep that in mind" I said, before nodding to her and walking through the gate.

As I wandered the grounds without a set goal I admired the scenery around me. Hundreds of girls wearing various degrees of revealing outfits, some much more daring than what Corine wore at the gate. Many of them were students of the school but there were also plenty of adult women about, some of them teachers, but most were just attendees visiting from around the city and neighboring towns. I could also see several gaggles of girls from the local middle schools wandering about, and the occasional girl of any age being led around by a leash around her neck. Girls young and old wore clothes spanning the whole range, from what would be considered normal in the old world, to being entirely naked. Of course there were approximately equal numbers of men in attendance mixed in with the crowd, but they weren't what I came here to see.

After wandering for a few minutes I decided I wanted to do more than ogle, so I pulled out my pamphlet to see what seemed interesting. As I browsed the list something caught my eye, the swim team was running a dunk tank. Knowing where this was likely leading I decided to investigate.

As I approached the swim teams booth I noticed a kiddie pool with two hot young girls sitting in it just off the path next to it. One of the girls was wearing a thin white one piece swimsuit and the other was wearing a thin white bikini, they both were quite petite with small breasts, they looked almost identical, probably first years, maybe twins. The pool had a sign labeling it "Public Urinal" and both girls were clearly quite soaked, their hair was matted to their skin and you could see their hard nipples and smooth pussies through their swimsuits as they sat giggling and making out. As I
watched then I saw an older man walk up and start pissing on them. The girl in the one piece took a break from her make out to turn her face towards the stream and opened her mouth, letting it fill up and overflow all over her body. Occasionally she would swallow a mouthful or kiss it into her sisters mouth. After twenty or so seconds of this the man's stream let up, the bikini clad girl took his member into her mouth and massaged out the last few drop, before letting him go and giggling. After that he zipped up and he went on down the path as the sisters returned to making out, rubbing each others pussies through the suits. Unfortunately I didn't need to pee. As I decided to search out some kind of drink at next convenience part of me wondered if these setups are just some ploy to make more drink sales.

Leaving the urinal I finished making my way to the swim teams dunk tank. Sitting in the seat of the dunk tank was another petite looking girl (seems the younger ones often get stuck with these jobs few want). This girl appeared nervous as she sat in her bikini shivering, with chains attached to manacles around her ankles. She was also soaking wet, showing off her hard nipples as she sat there. Standing around the dunk tank were several girls, all in revealing swimwear that would give up their secrets at even the thought of water. Some of the girls were selling tickets to throw at the tank, and a few were manning areas nearby, yelling about the booth and trying to sell people on it. Listening to one of these spiels I learned that the team was selling $2 tickets to throw a ball at the dunk tank. When dunked the girl would try to swim out, fighting against the chains which retract into the floor of the tank, after she struggles for a minute the chains release and she swims to the top, where she would be pulled out and set back on the seat. One in ten balls has a chip in it to signal to the machine to not release the chains so the girls can't escape to the surface. The lucky thrower wins the body, getting to do whatever he pleases with it, whether taking it to a cooking booth, taking it home, donating to the festival, or having his way with it right then and there before doing one of the former. Factoring in the initial difficulty of landing a shot in the first place with the one in ten chance of having a lethal ball, it seemed the tank usually only went through two or three girls each festival. Of course it was early in the day and the girl they had up was still the first of the day.

I watched the proceeding for a little bit, many misses and one hit with a standard ball. As I watched the girl climbing back out of the tank coughing, shivering, and seemingly trying not to cry I thought to myself. "Seems all the girls can't be as into the festival as Corine, unfortunately I like the shy ones."

I decided to buy two tickets and got into line. As I got closer to the front of the line I once again saw many misses and a single standard dunk. Watching the missed shots and successful shots I planned how I was going to make my own. When I got to the front of the line I briefly made eye contact with the girl in the seat. Her teary eyes seemed to plead with me to fail my shots, and I felt myself become slightly engorged. I readied my first shot, wound up, and released. WHAM. It hit just off center of the target, a miss, but closer than most of the shots I saw. I saw a brief look of fear in the girls eyes and she saw how close my first show was and how I still had one left. Again I aimed, wound up, and let go. WHAM. Right on target. I heard a short scream as the girl was dropped into the tank. I watched as the chain reeled her in, holding her at the halfway point in the tank. I watched as she struggled to swim upwards without success. I watched her chest, nipples clearly visible through the cloth, thrashing as she fought. As time passed her movements got more frantic and I got more hard, I thought I had to have had it when I heard a buzz and saw the chains release. "Damn I got a dud" I thought as I watched the girl spluttering and coughing up half the tank as she gripped the edge, knuckles turning white.

I decided to make use of one of the swim girls who wasn't too busy to relieve my erection before moving on. I decided on a bustier older blonde student wearing a one piece suit that had large curves cut out of the sides, the empty space filled with crisscrossing straps. As I bent her over a
convenient table and filled her up, I watched the dunk tank. After watching several complete misses I watched a man in a suit make a toss that landed straight on. Once again watching the girl struggle in the tank I pistoned into the girl I had under me. After a time it begun to look like this ball hadn't been a dud, and it seemed the girl in the tank knew it too. I felt my self get even harder as I watched her thrashing growing more and more fevered, one knot on her bikini had come undone and her hard nipples were thrashing for all to see. As I watched her moments slow and then stop I came hard into the girl I was fucking. As she floated halfway up the tank, moving no more, I shot rope after rope into the cunt of the older teen beneath me.

As I pulled out of the girl beneath me she said "Man, seems you really liked Emily, kind of hurts a girls feelings when your balls deep in her but she's not really the one getting you off."

"Sorry" I said. "But its kind of hard to beat that kind of display when you're still breathing at the end of it"

"True enough I guess" she said "I think I can forgive you if you vote for me before tonight’s auction" as she struck a pose accentuating her large tits as my semen dripped from her pussy. "My names Hannah by the way"

"I'll think on it" I said

"You'd better" she replied "I have to go help set up the next girl once they fish Emily out, hope to see you later" she said before running off toward the tank.

I watched the swim team pull Emily's corpse from the tank before presenting it to the winning man. He threw her on the ground tearing off his pants at the same time. I watched him pump a load into her dead pussy, her unseeing eyes staring out into nothingness, before deciding to move on, so much to see so much to do.
Leaving the dunk tank, I once again noticed the twins in the public urinal. This time the facility was in use by a mid-thirties women in standard business attire. She had her skirt up around her waist and her stockings and panties were laying on the ground nearby. She was holding the bikini-clad girl by the head and grinding her face into her pussy as she let loose, urine filling the girl's mouth and running down her body. The other girl was laying face-up beneath her twin, eating her out as the urine cascaded over both of them.

Being reminded of my earlier thoughts I decided to see what the festival offered in the way of food and drink. Looking at my pamphlet and thinking I didn't want to do anything too expensive or involved, I settled upon a costume cafe being run by one of the music clubs.

Approaching the cafe I saw a number of tables and chairs arranged around a raised dais. The dais had a hook suspended above its center, a small table slightly off to the side, and seemed to be stained faintly red. Near the front was a short line, seemingly waiting to be seated by the greeter, a girl with long braided red hair, who was very nicely filling out the black bunny suit she was wearing. The outfit was complete with ears, black tights, heels, and a tail that looked like it could have been a butt plug. Near the back I saw a couple grills, a large fridge, and what looked like a small meat grinder. The equipment was being manned by two boys and a girl, the girl wearing nothing but an apron, her large breasts clearly visible through the sides.

As I waited in line I admired a few of the other costumes I saw. There was a nun whose short dress was two separate pieces of black leather for the front and the back, held together with laces up the sides making it evident she wore nothing underneath. There was a maid wearing stockings, heels, and a headdress. The main body of her costume was little more than a bikini, small enough that it was barely holding in her larger chest. I also noticed a petite girl in a slave costume, apart from irons at her ankles, wrists, and neck she only wore a dirty burlap sack, it was short enough, and there were enough holes in it, that you could occasionally see her nipples and pussy as she moved about. Her nipples looked to be hard from rubbing the burlap and I could see chafe marks around the manacles.

As the bunny girls was seating me I gave her tail a little tug, it stayed firmly where it was and the girl gave a quick little yelp. Guess that confirms the tail plug theory.

Her face a light pink, she handed me a menu and said a waitress should be with me shortly.

Looking at the menu it seemed fairly simple with two pages, “Food” and “Services”, looking on the back there was a short list of drinks, all pretty standard fare, being things that would have been on any old world menu. Looking at the food menu more carefully, there seemed to only be a standard $5 burger, with a side of fries, everything else being derivatives of that item. The five dollar option covers a standard burger, with tomatoes, onions, lettuce, ketchup and mustard, with a choice between a beef patty and a veggie patty. For $2.50 you could upgrade to a “long pork patty” from an already processed girl. If you brought your own meat the burger was half-off if you kept the leftover meat, and free if you donated it to the cafe. There was also an option to buy a selection of the staff, but this started in the hundreds of dollars, and the cafe would always keep the leftovers. Lastly was a $2.50 upgrade option for the fries, the more expensive fries having been fried in breast fat.

Switching to the services side of the menu, I read the selection there. First on the list was “Urinal
Service – FREE! Just ask for any of our waitresses and they'll help you find relief”. Below that was “Blowjob - $5”, “Sex(either hole once) - $10”, and “Sexual Partner for your whole meal - $20”. At the very bottom of the page was a small blurb saying “You are responsible for any damages incurred by waitresses while rendering services. Fines range from just a few dollars at the low end, to the waitresses meat cost at the high end.”

After being seated for around a minute the waitress in the maid costume came around to my table.

“Welcome master, I'll be your attendant for today, my name is Diana” she said as she pointed at a nametag labeled “Diana - $250” “What will you be having to drink today?” she asked.

“Coffee” I replied

“I'll have that right out for you, please look over the menu while I'm gone, I recommend the burger” she said, chuckling quietly before leaving.

As I sat waiting for my coffee I looked around the cafe. My interest landed on a group at the table next to me. They appeared to be a family, a middle-aged man in a Hawaiian shirt and shorts, a woman in her mid-twenties wearing sexy black lingerie that only partially hid the areolas atop her impressive bust, and a young girl, around ten, wearing only cat ears, a tail plug, and a belled collar, her slender legs waving back and forth in the air above the ground. They were close enough for me to be able to listen in on their conversation, it seemed they had just gotten their drinks and were discussing what to order.

“Free?” the man said. “For a burger fresher than what they sell for a premium. I'd feel like I was getting away with something!”

“Honey” the woman sighed. “They price it for free because they stand to make much more off the excess meat. And if you had me processed who would take care of Susie?” she asked, pinching the cheek of the young girl who squirmed at the touch.

“I'm sure I could quickly find a replacement for you. Hell, here we are at a festival filled with young girls. I'm half tempted to do it just for the opportunity.”

“Honey, you don't have to get rid of me to get a new wife, and besides, what do any of these girls know about taking care a girl Susie's age?”

“I can take care of myself!” Susie piped in “I'm all grown up now!”

“If you're all grown up, why don't we process you instead of me?” the woman asked. “She's not old enough, she needs someone around when you'd be at work”

“I am grown up!” the girl yelled. “If mommy can do it so can I!”

“We could use the increase in free time.” the man pondered. “Maybe go on that vacation we've been putting off, maybe make it a honeymoon for a new wife, break her in together.”

“I have been having trouble making time for plans with the girls lately. This is starting to sound like a good idea.”

The girl, looking a little confused, glanced back and forth between her parents faces.
At this point the waitress in the nun costume came round their table and asked “Have you decided what you're having today?”

“Yes, I believe so” the man said. “We'd like two free medium-rare burgers with everything on them, she'll be the donation” he said pointing at the little girl.

“What about my food daddy?” the little girl asked. “You know I hate onions.”

“You don't need any food sweetie” the man said. “You're going to be the food.”

“Ohhh...” the girl said, comprehension dawning. “Will I be tasty daddy?”

“I sure hope so sweetie” he said, ruffling her hair, between the cat ears.

“Would you like to kill the meat yourself, or do you want the staff to take care of the whole thing?” the waitress asked.

“I think we'll take care of it ourselves” the man said.

“Very good sir, behind the dais there's a table with knives, ropes, and other tools you may find useful. If you could take care of her on the dais it would be helpful as there's a drain in it. Just wave me over when you're ready to hand off to the staff for processing.” the waitress said, before leaving.

The man stood up, visually engorged from the thought of snuffing his daughter he offered his hands to his wife and child.

“Come, let's take care of this” he said smiling.

The woman, face tinged pink and with a visible dampness on her thighs, grabbed one of his hands and told the girl.

“Come on Susie let's get you taken care of.” she said.

The little girl, eying her daddy's tented pants, hopped off her seat, tail wigglng and bell jingling, before energetically grabbing her daddy's other hand with both of hers.

“Are you going to put your willy in my kitty again daddy? It feels so good when you do that!” the little girl said.

“All that and more my little pussy cat” he said, again patting her head between the cat ears.

As they left, my waitress came back and asked if I had decided on what I wanted.

“Is it possible to request a specific pre-processed girl as the source for my burger?” I asked, gesturing at the family walking to the dais.

“Yes it is, there's an additional charge of $2.50 for a specific meat source from our fridge, for a total of $10” she said “Should I put you down for one burger from that little girl?”

“Yes” I said, getting aroused at the thought. “Everything on that and medium rare please.”
“I'll put the order in, It will take a little longer than normal since the processing hasn't even started yet, is that okay with you?” she asked.

“That's fine” I said, returning my attention to the family atop the dais.

The little girl was seated atop the small table on the dais, looking around the cafe with her big eyes, and occasionally glancing somewhat nervously at the hook hanging a little away from her. The man seemed to have made his selection from the table. He then proceeded to remove all his clothes and piled them neatly on the table, before ascending the stairs of the dais holding a small dagger in his hand. The woman was standing next to the table, one hand holding her daughters shoulder and the other rubbing her daughters smooth pussy. The man walked up to the table and placed the dagger next to the girl, before grabbing her shoulders and giving her a thorough kiss, tongues dancing roughly for all to see. This lasted for about thirty seconds before the man pulled away. The girl had a dazed look on her face but had no time to recover before her mother swooped in to continue the tongue dance. After the girls broke there embrace the father began rubbing his manhood on his daughters slick pussy.

“It's time” he said. “Time for your final fuck!”

The man pushed himself into the girl as the mother braced her shoulder from the side. As the fucking pair got into a rhythm the girl leaned back, moaning as sweat shone on her heaving chest that showed just the faintest hint of potential development. The mother reached with one hand to the tail plug, where she started fucking her daughter with what appeared to be beads on the hidden part of the plug. She moved her other hand to inside her own panties where she started moving several fingers in and out of her own drenched hole.

“Ohhh mommy, daddy this feels so good, you've never felt this big in me before!” The daughter moaned loudly.

“Of course it does, you've never turned me on this much before.” the father said.

The trio's movements got more and more fevered, until it seemed the father and daughter were about to come.

“When you come sweetie. When you come is when I'll do it, it'll feel better than anything you've ever done before” the father said.

The only reply he got from his daughter were loud moans, the time was close it looked. The father came, and the daughter came as she felt the first rope hit the entrance to her womb. As the both crescendoed together the father grabbed the knife, dragging it across his daughters throat. The little girls eyes went wide, the pain mixing with the pleasurable, spasming as her blood poured over her heaving chest, spraying copiously over both her parents. As the woman's lingerie got covered in her daughters blood, she also came, watching her daughters blood soaked chest, with the swell the hinted at a full future that would never come, heave and then still. The woman begun to make out with her dead daughter, pulling out a tongue that would never move again with her own, as the once father pulled his cock from his unmoving daughter.

As man and woman descended the stairs they were greeted by the nun waitress. She offered them both damp towels, the man cleaned himself off before getting dressed again, but the woman only cleaned off some of her face, enjoying the feel of the blood on her skin and soaked into her clothes.

“Do you want her head when were done?” the waitress asked “Not much meat for our purposes and
there's several stalls about that can help you preserve it or dispose of it as you please.

“Oh, I guess so” the man said.
“Very good, it'll take a little while to finish processing, but your burgers should be out shortly” she said, before taking the towels to the back of the cafe.

The man, seemingly startled by the prospect of a burger he had nearly forgotten, went back to his table to sit down, followed by his blood soaked wife.

At this point my erection kind of hurt against the confines of my pants, but I wanted to wait till I had the delicious little morsel in my mouth.

Back at the dais the girl in only an apron was sawing at the dead girls neck. Once the head came free she set it on the table and pulled the hook down, stabbing it through both feet of the body. She then tied the girls arms to her torso and winched the headless body into the air, letting the rest of the blood drain from it. When the flow of blood slowed and then stopped, the girl took the body down laying it on the table. She grabbed a knife and opened the body from sternum to pussy, pulling out all the organs and dumping them in a bucket. Next she skinned the meat, exposing the muscle, before separating the arms and legs. She then sliced the meat off the bones, before chopping the meat up into manageable chunks and putting them in a second bucket. Then she brought the meat bucket over to the meat grinder and poured it in. I watched her take the new ground beef and begin making three patties out of it. I settled in for the wait.

A few minutes later the nun waitress brought out a couple plates to the now family of two, while the maid waitress brought me my plate.

“There you go sir, sorry for the wait, is there anything else you need before you dig in?” she asked.

“Yes” I said “Could I order the slave waitress for a blowjob?”

“Certainly sir” she replied “I'll have her right out for you.”

As the slave girl approached, I saw her nipples, hard and rubbed red from the rough cloth, slip in and out of view through a few holes in her sack. She stopped in front of me, looking down nervously. She had her short blonde hair done up in pigtails, and she had a nametag labeling her “Karin - $100”.

I reached out and tweaked one of her nipples, eliciting a small squeak and said “I'd like you to give me a blowjob while I eat my burger.”

She nodded and got under the table, unzipping my pants and pulling out my erection that had barely subsided. As I felt her mouth envelop me, I began to eat what had once been little Susie. Between my arousing meal and the slave girls excellent technique I was soon fully hard again. Glancing over I saw the man and woman eating what remained of their daughter. Both were openly masturbating. The man stood up and blew his load all over his wife's burger. At the sight of this she came hard, taking a bite of her daughter covered with the last load she'd ever receive from her father.

At this site I also came hard. As I chewed my Susie burger I pushed the back of the slave girls head down hard. Surprised she coughed and try pull off of my hard cock, but I held her firm as I shot rope after rope straight down her throat. After I let off she pulled off coughing and sputtering.
“Once you're done with that clean my dick off” I said to her.

She nodded as she coughed and quickly returned to licking my softening member. As I finished my burger I remembered what had inspired this visit in the first place. Having drunk quite a bit of coffee, I actually needed to pee quite badly. Deciding I didn't need to warn her, I begun to let loose a fresh stream of piss straight into her mouth. Momentarily surprised she made another squeak, but after quickly recovering she began drinking down my piss in earnest.

Once she finished cleaning me off, she bowed to me and then left to resume her other duties. Momentarily my maid waitress returned, dropping of a bill for $15 before leaving. Quite satisfied with the food and service I dropped a twenty in the bill folder before leaving to see what other experiences the festival had to offer.
Public Service Detention

Leaving the cafe, I once again pulled out my brochure to see what would catch my eye. Looking at the events I saw that the drama club was soon scheduled for one showing of an original short play. I had a bit of time yet before it started, but I decided to begin meandering in that direction.

As I made my way to the theater, I saw a girl with her head and hands locked in a pillory on the side of the path. She looked around sixteen, thin, with medium sized breasts and dyed-black hair, just long enough to cover one eye. She was almost completely naked save a torn stocking and a single black boot on one leg. She had a smattering of piercings, a variety in each ear, one ring in her eyebrow, one in her nose, and one in her lip, a bar through one of her nipples, a jewel dangling from her belly button, and a bar through her clit. Her body had a sheen, semen coating her skin and hair, as well as dripping from her holes. Her dark makeup was smeared and tear-streaked. Her skin was covered in scratches, bruises, and whip marks, a few of the more serious wounds lightly oozing blood. As I neared I could read the sign next to the pillory labeling it "Detention – Public Service" with the line below it "You break it, you buy it. $100". A little bit behind the pillory was a teacher sitting in a chair next to a small table, lightly snoozing with an open book in his lap, the table holding several whips and other implements, presumably the teacher supervising detention.

As the path drew me closer to the pillory I looked at the time and decided I had plenty of time for a go before making it to the theater, but before I got there, an older man in an expensive looking suit and holding a briefcase approached the pillory. I moved to sit on a nearby bench and watch while waiting for the next go.

"So what did you do to land in detention?" The man asked conversationally, as he walked behind her and fished out his cock.

"Fuck off" spat the girl in the pillory.

"Now that’s not very friendly of you" the man said as he fondled one of her dangling tits with one hand. "Public servants need to be more courteous"

The man tugged on her nipple bar, eliciting a small yelp, before he unzipped his pants and took position at the girl's rear. The man then drove his hips forward, forcing his cock hilt-deep into the girl's asshole, unlubricated save for the remnants left by his predecessors.

The girl let out a strangled scream, perhaps with not as much energy has she may have had earlier in the day.

"Fuck you" the girl hissed through gritted teeth "I'm not here 'cause I want to be"

"All the same, you are here, guess I should try to teach you a lesson" The man said, raising his hand.

*Smack* He brought down his hand on the girls ass as he thrust into it.

"AAUGH" the girl yelled, jolting in her bonds away from the strike.

Again he struck and thrust his hips, and again the girl yelled, the pair quickly getting into a rhythm.
After a dozen or so smacks the man stopped, saying "This doesn't seem like it will be enough to show you the error of your ways" He then pulled out, walked to the small table, and picked up a small cat o' nine tails. "This may do".

From her angle in the pillory the girl couldn't see what the man had picked up. "Done already? What, can't keep it up in your old alIIGHHHHGH" the girl finished, screaming, as the man brought down the whip on her back.

"You never learn do you" the man said, bringing down the whip on her already red ass, eliciting the loudest scream yet.

"OH GOD PLEASE STOP" the girl yelled, scraping her already chafed neck and wrists against the pillory trying to escape the pain.

"I don't think you have had enough to truly reconsider your actions" the man said.

He continued to rain another two dozen strokes on her back, legs, and ass, before stopping, the girl slack in her bonds, sobbing quietly.

"Shame I can't really work on your delicious looking tits from this angle" the man said, looking thoughtfully at the pillory.

The man looked around, and walked over to the teacher, now awake, but still more interested in his book than anything else.

"Could I borrow the key to flip her over? I think this sides done" the man said.

The teacher just grunted, handing him a key. The man walked over to the pillory and unlocked it. He grabbed the girl at the base of her hair and roughly dragged her around to face up, before locking the pillory back up. The girl was left in a very awkward position for balance, her back bent awkwardly and her legs splayed obscenely as she held herself up.

"Fucking asshole" the girl weakly whispered, her snark seemingly greatly impaired by the pain and discomfort.

"Still such a mouth on you" the man said shaking his head "Only thing for it at this point might be to stick my cock in it until you stop talking for good"

*Ahem* the teacher coughed, pointing his thumb at the "You break it, you buy it" on the sign.

"Oh, my apologies" the man said, as he stood where he knew the girl could clearly see him. He reached into his pocket and pulled a single crisp $100 bill from his wallet. Handing it to the teacher he said "Might as well consider this one as good as broken"

The man grunted, slipped the bill into his shirt pocket and went back to his book.

The girl, eyes wide, clearly not expecting this turn of events, started hyperventilating and pleading as the man walked to his briefcase.

"Please, oh God, I'm sorry, please don't kill me, I can be your slave, I'll do anything, please let me live!"
The man opened his briefcase and pulled out another cat o' nine tails, except this one had short blades on the ends of the ropes.

"Oh God!" the girl screamed, her eyes going wide, and her struggles reinvigorated at the sight of the tool "Please!"

The man walked toward her, wide grin on his face and erect penis standing tall.

"Its too late for that, you're already broken" the man said, bringing the whip down hard on her heaving chest.

"AAUUUUUUGGGHHHH" she screamed, blood and chunks of flesh flying out from her. The man brought down the whip three times more, each time eliciting the strongest screams I heard from the girl, and each time sending chunks of tit, muscle, and a few bits of the deeper organs flying out. At the last lash I saw a glint in the air, as her nipple bar and some attached flesh flew from her chest.

The girl slumped in her bonds, what remained of her chest bleeding profusely, she still lived, but not for long. The man grabbed a ring gag from the table, and a large bowie knife from his bag. He slipped the ring gag into her mouth and then slipped his full length down her throat. The girl gagged weakly, but lacked the strength to do much else.

As the girls face began to darken from lack of oxygen the man said "Now this has been fun, perhaps I should looking into volunteering to be a disciplinary officer of some kind."

Seeing she was nearing the end, the man took the knife, and plunged it into her ruined chest between her breasts. The girls eyes went wide for a final time, her body seizing and the ring gag preventing any untimely dismembering. As her body went limp, the man thrusting into her throat, he began cumming, sending two ropes down the dead pipe and then pulling out and letting the rest cover her face, one load landing on an unblinking glassy eye.

Satisfied, the man pulled his knife from the corpse, and wiped it on the girl's stocking. As he began to leave the teacher closed his book and stood up to stop him.

"Should I send the body somewhere?" the teacher asked, articulating for the first time.

"No, leave her where she is, she still hasn't finished her public service" the man replied.

The man grunted, and returned to his seat, perhaps having had exhausted his word allotment for the day.

As the man left, I walked over to the pillory, the girl had put on a hot show and I was ready to go. I shoved my hard cock into her dead cooling pussy. As I held her hips up I admired her ruined chest. The bleeding had mostly stopped at this point, and you could see patches of yellow fat where parts of her tits had been gouged away. The sight of her blood soaked chest aroused me greatly, and as I held her hip with one hand, I began mauling her tits with the other. Pinching the remaining nipple, jiggling them, sticking my fingers inside the wounds. I looked upwards to where her neck became obscured by the wooden block. I could see the red marks on her neck and wrists from her struggles, rubbed quite raw in places. I couldn't see her face from this angle, but as I remembered her eyes, and how they looked as she died, I came. Deep in her dead pussy, and then all over her chest, being the first to add white to the red and yellow mess that was there.

Satisfied I resumed walking to the theater, I still had time, but not as much of it.
Rekindling Darkness

Not wanting to be late I headed toward the school's auditorium, ignoring the myriad distractions that lined the path along the way.

Set up next to the amphitheater door was a small folding table, behind which stood two girls wearing black hooded cloaks. The hoods were pulled up, leaving their faces hidden. They wore no other clothing, an alluring line of exposed pale skin visible where the cloak parted in front. The cloaks shifted, opening further whenever the girls handed brochures from the table to visiting guests, affording enticing glimpses of their exposed breasts.

"Are you here to see the performance?" One of the girls asked me as I reached the table.

"Yeah." I nodded.

"Great!, It'll start in just a few minutes, please take this and find a seat." she said, handing me a brochure.

Taking the brochure, I nodded to her before heading into the amphitheater. The floor was on a decline, providing all the seats with a vantage looking down at the stage. It seemed that most of the good seats had already been taken, if I didn't want to sit way at the back I didn't have too many choices. I saw a decent seat next to a trio of giggling middle-school girls, they were cute, but girl's that age can often get pretty annoying. Betting on them having a tolerable level of decorum I took the seat next to them. After a brief glance from the girls they returned to their huddle, giggling quietly. Off to a good start, I thought, opening the brochure to kill some time.

Welcome to our clubs production of Rekindling Darkness, an original short play written by two of our students, Jeremy and Jenny Richards. Jeremy is in his last year, he has been the president of the drama club for two years and has both led the production of, and starred in, several successful productions. He plans to continue to act after graduating and has already landed a supporting role in a professional production running this fall. His younger sister Jenny, a second year, has been in the club since she came to this school. She has given several excellent performances, and was given the opportunity to co-write her brother's last performance before graduating. The siblings also play the two lead characters, Jenny had said that she really want to give it her all, to make her last performance with her brother her best.

As I finished reading the blurb, the lights in the amphitheater began to dim. After a few seconds a disembodied voice began to speak.

The great Demon Byrntraaz once held power over this land, he used that power to satisfy his own whims and desires, which were often cruel and despicable. He demanded much of his subjects, taking food, gold, and women without a care for how destitute or grief-stricken it left them. Eventually a local priest managed to assemble a squad of elite fighters and skilled churchmen to fight the demon. They incited a rebellion which drew most of the demon's fighting force away from his stronghold. The squad fought though his infernal guard, taking heavy losses, but the priest and two others managed to reach Byrntraaz, sealing him and killing his material vessel, freeing the land from his reign of terror. In the immediate aftermath the priest and his men scoured the stronghold, killing the progeny Byrntraaz had fathered with his stolen women, wanting to make sure there was no one left with the power to free the demon. In one room he found the body of a dead woman, a large rent in her abdomen from which her entrails and organs spilled,
littering the floor. Shaking his head at the corpse he dismissed it as the cruel whimsy of the
demon's legion. Had he known the truth he would have been hellbent on finding those that had
been present at the woman's death.

Mere hours earlier, in the midst of the assault, the woman had given birth to the last of
Byrntraaz's children. The woman had been lying on her back, screaming in pain as the midwives
did their best to comfort her, when her screams became a ear piercing shriek, her eyes flying wide
open, experiencing even greater pain then the midwives had ever seen from simple contractions.
Her round stomach began to distend, a shape pressing at the walls from within. With a wretched
tearing sound her flesh gave way, a tiny clawed hand forcing its way out from within. Within
seconds the woman's midsection was rent to pieces, a tiny form crawling out from the wreckage.
Once free the demonic looking child covered in its mother's blood clambered up to its dead
mother's chest, latching onto a breast with its mouth. As it lay there the midwives watched it
features soften, the clawed hands becoming human, the short horns receding into its skull. As it lay
there peacefully one of Byrntraaz's guards burst into the room.

"The lord is done for, the enemy is already ransacking the personal quarters looking for
survivors, we must escape with his last scion now." the guard said.

Hurriedly the two midwives swaddled the blood covered child and followed the guard into the
hall. They and the guard managed to escape though a hidden passage out to the countryside, where
they fled to the boathouse on the river and rowed out into the night.

Now, fifteen years later, the child has grown into a powerful young woman, and is working on
the final step in her duty to free her father.

The stage lights turned on and the curtain began to rise. The set revealed was a stone dungeon,
there were lit braziers along the wall and a stone staircase in one corner leading up out of view.
The floor had a circle with a pentagram on it carved deep into the stone. There were a couple sets
of shackles on the walls and a number of chains hanging from the ceiling, some with wicked
looking hooks on the end. A couple of the chains had bodies hanging from them. There was a
headless and limbless torso of what looked like a pre-pubescent girl hanging upside down, held up
by a large hook that entered through its pussy and out just below its belly button. There was a slow
drip of blood from its neck stump and a large bloody rent in its chest. On another hook hung a body
I recognized as that of the swim team girl I had watched drown earlier. Her body had had its limbs
removed and she was held up by a hook through her neck, her head held at an angle that left her
vacantly staring at the ceiling. Her body also had a bloody rest in the center of her chest. From one
of the pairs of shackles hung the upper half of an older looking woman, her body missing from the
waist down, some entrails hanging down, slowly dripping blood. In the corner of the room was a
wooden trough and a table, a bloody mess of organs and limbs sat inside the trough and a number
of jugs sat on the table. The second pair of shackles were restraining a living nude man, currently
slumped against the limits of the chains, his face tear-streaked and wearing a expression of lost
hope. There were three girls wearing only hooded cloaks in the room, one had a musty looking
tome open in her hands as she directed the other two, who were bustling around the pentagram.

There was the sound of a large creaking door and three more cloaked girls appeared descending the
staircase, the cloak of the one in the lead much more ornate, with complex purple patterns
embroidered into it. The three girls already there stopped what they were doing to kneel on the
ground. Upon reaching the bottom of the stairs the two girls following also knelt, all facing the one
in the ornate robe. The leader pulled back her hood, revealing a pale face with jet black eyes and
lips painted black, her wavy black hair disappearing into her cloak. She turned to the girl holding
the tome and began to speak.
"Did you have any trouble collecting the priest's secret children?" she asked.

"They were more well guarded that we expected, we suspect that our collection of the rest of the materials this past week may have roused his suspicion." the girl replied, not lifting her head. "The boy tried to hide the girl and fight us, but she came out when we started breaking his fingers."

The young man in the chains roused, standing up and yanking his wrist as he tried to jump at the girl in the ornate robes.

"You monsters!" he screamed, "She was only eleven, and you killed her! I'll kill you! I'll--"

"Silence." The girl commanded, her arm outstretched toward the man, glowing purple shapes of the same design as those on her robe pulsing along her arm.

The man went silent, scrabbling at his neck, no words coming out. Giving up on that he continued trying to lunge at the girl, furious anger on his face.

"Bind." the girl commanded, the man's body going slack in his bonds. "We still need your form, can't have you damaging it." she said.

"Continue." the girl said, directed at the kneeling girl who had spoken.

"We managed to secure both in the end, but if the priest wasn't aware of us before, he must certainly be now." she said.

"His resistance will matter not once we restore my father, are all the materials ready for the ritual?" the girl asked.

"Yes, Mistress." she replied. "All the materials have been collected and the circle has been prepared as outlined in the grimoire."

"Excellent, we will begin the ritual immediately, make the final preparations." the girl said, a wild grin on her face.

The five kneeling girls rose, two moving to the bound man and the remaining three moving to the table with five silver jugs on it. The man was moved into the center of the circle, his hands and feet splayed out and shackled anew to the floor. The jugs were placed one at each point of the pentagram, a robed girl standing behind each one. The girls unfastened their cloaks casting them behind themselves. Their bare bodies were covered in rough charcoal outlines of distinct symbols, the complete pattern unique to each girl, but several shapes appearing on all of them. They all knelt behind their jug, waiting for the robed girl to begin.

The robed girl was standing at the base of the pentagram, facing toward the restrained man. She was holding the open book in one hand, her arms outstretched revealing her body covered in the same symbols that covered her servants and her robe, these ones in detailed purple instead of hasty charcoal.

"Seal that would attempt to immure the Demon King know the taste of those of virtue." the girl chanted.

The girls stood, each holding their jug, they each began walking an inner line of the pentagram,
pouring the viscous red contents of their jugs along the groove on the floor, painting red lines over the man's limbs where they spanned the grooves. Each girl paused at the end of her line, waiting for their mistress to continue. The flames in the braziers began jumping wildly throwing shadows around the room.

"Seal that would endeavor to imprison the greatest power this land has ever known, know the defilement of these virtuous women."

The girls walked the remaining five inner grooves, pouring the blood into the grooves, stopping at the end of their line.

"Seal that would presume to detain Byrntraaz, taste the blood of the blood that made you, and know that suffered agony."

The girls walked the outer circle, filling the grooves with blood and completing the pentagram. The pentagram began to glow a deep red as the pentagram was finished, the flames becoming more wild, the shadows becoming more ominous. Each girl knelt at a point of the pentagram, they each pulled a bloody heart from the bottom of their jug and held it aloft, blood running down their arms, dripping on their chests and faces.

"Seal that would dare to hold my Father be broken by the conviction of those serve him."

The girls bit into the hearts, blood running over their cheeks as they ferally swallowed chunks of the hearts. There was a loud rumbling sound and a wailing sound of an evil wind escaping.

"Father! Devour the vitality of your loyal followers, given willingly, take it and break free of your binds!"

A black mist rose from the charcoal symbols on the girls bodies, it flowed into the pentagram where it descended on the bound man who began seizing wildly. The girls began writhing, dropping the hearts they held as they lost control of their limbs. An inhuman roar escaped from the bound man's mouth and the braziers went out, the room suddenly quiet.

After a few seconds the flames flickered back to life. The girls were lying still on the ground and the man was standing in the middle of the circle, twisted remains of the shackles lying on the floor. The girl was staring at the man, a euphoric expression on her face.

"You have done well, my daughter." The man said, a deep reverb in his voice that had not been their before.

"Your words humble me father." the girl said, dropping into a kneel.

"If any of your followers managed to survive they will be rewarded when I regain my power."

"Thank you father." she said.

"You have managed to break the seal, but if I am ever to leave this circle you know what must be done."

"Yes father, I have been awaiting this moment my entire life." she said, rising to her feet.

"Come my child." the demon lord said, outstretching his hand.
The girl took his hand, walking into the center of the circle where she dropped her cloak, purple designs glinting on her bare body. The demon lord embraced the girl, leaning over to kiss her roughly as he groped her ass. After several seconds of erotically tasting each others bodies, the demon lord laid on his back in the circle, his daughter positioning her hips over his.

"It has been too long since I have tasted a woman." the demon lord said.

"I am honored for my first and only time to be your welcoming back." the girl said, lowering her hips, lips enveloping his cock.

The girl squeaked in pain, and a trickle of blood became visible on her thigh. After allowing her only a few seconds to become accustomed to his invading penis the demon lord grabbed her hips and started thrusting into her depths. At first his daughter felt only pain, yelping every time his cock dragged against her freshly broken maidenhead, but as time passed she began to revel in the pain, and pleasure began seeping in a well, her yelps gained a sultry edge and eventually turned into moans, the girl fully throwing herself into the wanton lovemaking.

As the pair fucked on stage I heard a small noise to my left. Looking I saw the girl in the middle had moved to the lap of the girl on the left, and that girl had shoved one hand under her friend's skirt and one under her shirt, hidden hands manipulating the flesh found their. The girls both watched the stage enraptured, the girl on top trying to hold in her moans and her friend fondled her.

The girl closest to me was watching her two friends going at it. She was fidgeting in her seat, rubbing her thighs together, doubly aroused from watching both the coupling on the stage and her friends right next to her. Tearing her gaze away from her friends she noticed me looking at her. Looking me up and down she noticed the tent in my pants. She reached out to it, rubbing me over my pants, her eyes looking up at mine as she gave me a quizzical look, her head cocked to one side.

The girl was wearing a string bikini top, cut-off short shorts and flip flops. Her messy red hair went down to her shoulder blades and she had a smattering of freckles across her cute face. Her belly was conspicuously several months pregnant, but was not yet large enough to be too unwieldy. Deciding to humor her, I unzipped my pants, pulled out my cock, and patted my thigh a couple times to invite her over.

The girl climbed into my lap where I unzipped her shorts and pulled them down to her knees. She wore no panties. Kicking off her sandals she balanced over me, her bare feet on my knees and her hands on the arm rests, her legs prevented from spreading too wide by the shorts around her knees. I held my dick steady with one hand as she lowered herself onto it, her warm, wet pussy enveloping me snuggly. Letting her do all the work, I returned my attention to the stage.

The pair was still mating wildly, the girl bleeding ever so slightly from a few bite marks around her breasts and neck, the demon bleeding from a few fingernail scratches on his chest, the pair's grunts and moans loud and filled with passion. Suddenly the demon grabbed the girl's hips, thrusting himself into deep and holding there while simultaneously biting down on her breast. The girl screamed, in both pain and pleasure as her hips began shuddering in orgasm. After a few seconds the demon relaxed his grip, both with teeth and hands, and the girl slumped onto his chest, blood trickling down her while cum leaked from their joined genitals.

The pair laid there for several seconds, breathing heavily, before the girl raised her head to look at the demon.
"I'm sorry father, I got caught up in the moment and failed to begin the ceremony." the girl said.

"Do not worry my child, it was a welcome prelude to my return, we must simply restart the ceremony in earnest. Now make me hard once more." the demon replied.

Smiling the girl moved down to his groin, where she began sucking his cum and her own blood and juices off his cock. After a couple minutes of enthusiastic bobbing she turned back around and mounted him once again. Gyrating gently as to not get caught up in pleasure again, she reached into her fallen cloak, pulling out a black dagger with a twisted blade. The demon lord took the blade and cut his palm, squeezing the blood into a puddle on his chest. The girl took the blade and turned it to her chest, placing the tip over her heart, hips gyrating all the while. Hesitating only a second, she pushed the dagger into her chest, a trickle of blood running between her breasts, a pained expression on her face. The girl faltered, the blade only an inch or so into her body. The demon put his hands over hers, holding the hilt of the dagger.

"You have done very well, but allow me to help." he said, driving the dagger in to the hilt. The girl eyes went wide, and she coughed up blood, as the blood flowed freely onto the puddle on the demon's chest.

The pussy around my cock squeezed tightly, her moans getting a little too loud. I clamped one hand over her mouth, to not disturb those around us, and her pussy became tighter still. I grabbed her thighs, pressing her legs to her chest in a bear hug, pumping her light body up and down my shaft with her immobilized body. With one hand I briefly caressed her rounded belly, before sliding the hand under her bikini top to fondle the handle of flesh to be found there, occasionally pinching her nipple.

"Blood of my blood, born of my seed, half-human and half-demon, having joined in body and having exchanged blood of innocence and the seed of this vessel, now mix your vitality with that of this vessel and bind my soul to it, so that I may be free to walk this world." the demon chanted.

"Yes father, take back the life you have given me, and use it to live once more." the girl managed to cough out, alongside a copious amount of blood.

The pentagram glowed, and a wind rose in the room, the braziers flickering once again. The demon grabbed his daughter's hips, thrusting wildly, racing the life blood pouring from her chest. The girl coughed and moaned, clearly still experiencing pleasure amidst her pain. The girl had stopped coughing and had gone limp by the time the demon held her hips down for the second time, blasting a second load into her now dead womb. After basking for a moment the demon pushed his daughter's corpse off himself and stood. He walked to the edge of the circle where he paused a moment before striding out of it. Standing outside the circle he examined his body, having seemingly found everything to his satisfaction, he turned to his daughter's corpse one last time.

"I said it once already, but you really have done well, my daughter." he said to the corpse.

Grabbing the cloak he turned and left up the stairs, an evil laugh fading into the background as the curtain lowered. The disembodied voice began to speak once more.

"Having been reborn the demon Byrntraaz sought out the priest who had sealed him, both for revenge and to eliminate any who could hope to defeat him once more. The priest had begun assembling a force, fearing the worst after his children had been kidnapped, their guards found dead, but under the guise of the priest's son the demon managed to infiltrate the priest's sanctum.
He managed to kill almost everyone who posed a threat to him before to they realized they had been tricked. When he got to the priest's quarters though, the priest was waiting for him. Were it not for a moments hesitation at seeing his son's face the priest's blessed crossbow bolt would have ended Byrntraaz's second coming before it had a chance to begin. Having eliminated all threats to his power Byrntraaz seized power once more, the tithes he demanded of his subjects even more brutal to sate his long years of hunger.

As the pair on stage had been nearing the end of their engagement, so had I, as the girl started tightening with her own orgasm, I pumped a load of my own into her already occupied womb. Releasing her she collapsed against my chest. Breathing heavily, the both of us lethargically watched the stage.

The lights came back on and the cast began filing out to take their bow. In the lead was the guy who played the demon, holding his sisters body in his arms, his cum dripping from her pussy. He was followed by the five girls who had played the servants, all of them were them still nude, the boy still covered in his sister's blood. A few more people came out, presumably crew members, and one older gentleman, presumably the club adviser. They all held hands, save the lead who's arms were occupied, and took their bows to applause from the audience.

People began to file out of the theater. The girl on my lap hopped off and pulled up her shorts. Cut as short as they were my cum easily leaked out to visibly run down her leg. She ran off with her friends after giving me a giggle and a short wave. Refastening my own pants, I got up and left the theater. Shielding my eyes from the bright outdoor sun, I once more opened my brochure to browse the available entertainment.

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