

The Fausts of Evil
by Moses Philstein

illustrations by Scum

There is a little known Satanic cult called Faustus of Evil, or FOE, which has been in existence for almost three decades. Their leader calls himself Meph.

This is clearly a less-than-oblique reference to Mephistopheles, Satan's messenger who made a deal with Doctor Faust, or Faustus, if you prefer. Meph has spent many years developing brews and potions, all from natural ingredients with hallucinogenic or narcotic properties. The use of these potions on the cult's "sacrificial victims" greatly extends the capability of the victim to endure and survive even the most severe treatment. In addition, they become sexually aroused, often to such a degree that, when relief is not attained, or attainable, the victim is driven insane, even suicidal.

Meph sometimes likes to perform his ritual sacrifices in the cemetery in which his temple is located. He considers that the environs of the graveyard add a certain ambience to his Satanic activities. He takes two or three victims to be sacrificed. Each has been given the required potion, with a thirty minute interval elapsing before each man, in turn, receives his dose. This assures that each will reach his pinnacle of sexual frustration at the correct, staggered time.

By the time Meph is ready to start, the first victim is near the breaking point. He is violently masturbating, but the pressure in his loins continues to increase. It passes the erotic stage, becomes painful, then progresses to escalating levels of unbearable agony. The victim squirms and writhes, unable to achieve that elusive orgasm that has been welling up within him for so long.

The victim will cry out in sensual pain, desperately pumping his swollen dick in his vain attempt to milk the contents of his sacs. Then he can take no more. He pushes the barrel of a .45-caliber pistol that Meph has placed conveniently at hand and presses the muzzle against the roof of his mouth. The victim squeezes the trigger. The soft-nosed, mercury-filled slug explodes at the instant of firing. The victim's skull erupts like a volcano, pieces of bone and skin splattering against the tombstone against which he is leaning. Only at the moment of death will the potion release the semen

locked in the victim's groin, and it erupts into the air while his shit oozes from his relaxed anus.

This is when Meph, who has been watching closely, moves in. Firstly he sucks on the dead victim's still erect cock, draining it of those remanent spurts from the victim's final ejaculation that were released by the relaxed muscles.

That done, Meph moves to the gaping skull. Usually the eyes will have been blown out by the force of the explosion. If not, Meph will gouge one eyeball from its socket. He inserts his rigid cock into the socket. He plunges his hand into the open skull cavity and grabs his cock, then thrusts to and fro at the hip, masturbating in the mushy brain matter until he attains a noisy climax.

To complete the ritual, Meph kneels over the body, bends forward, and takes the dead victim's cock - which is softening only slightly - into his mouth. He rests his buttocks against the victim's inert chest and tucks his feet under the dead man's arms. He then rubs himself against the warm corpse and savors the feeling of the pliant flesh before it cools and becomes less erotic.

The suction Meph is able to create within his throat draws out the remainder of the victim's cum, which had been denied escape for so long by the special potion. Meph greedily sucks the man juice from deep within the victim's genitals, giving the young man relief in death that he was unable to achieve at the end of life.

As the last drops of cum are suctioned out from the dead man's cock by Meph's experienced throat action, the second victim approaches his point of despair. Meph is excited by the second victim's cries of agony, and he ejaculates over the first dead victim's belly at the instant that the next shot echoes around the graveyard.

The second man has also sought solace in death. Unable to relieve the severe sexual tension which inexorably builds up inside him, the victim is driven to seek relief by taking his own life.

Meph leaves his first dead victim to attend to the second young corpse. The first body is leaning against the headstone, now streaked with the victim's

blood and brain matter, to await disposal later. The Satanic cult leader repeats the ritual, draining that first load of cum, masturbating inside the victim's skull, then sucking the victim's seminal fluid from within its hiding place until the dead gonads are drained completely dry.

And so on with the next victim - should there be one - until all of his young men lie dead in the graveyard and the ritual is complete. When the sacrifices are over, the two, three, or more victims now completely emptied of their final semen, a FOE member drops the mutilated victims into a grave and shovels them over. Some of the members might want to play with the corpses before they decompose. Only after that will they be properly interred.

Meph's charismatic personality never fails to attract suitable victims as well as enthusiastic cult members. Once Meph has the victims in his remote temple, the special potions of herbs and other substances quickly reduce them to obedient and willing participants in his evil rituals. The hallucinogenic, aphrodisiac, and narcotic effects of the potions guarantee cooperation, no matter how sexually, physically, or mentally extreme the activities might become as the sacrifices progress.



Another of Meph's favorite sacrifice activities involves impaling himself on his drugged, but very alert, victim. While he thrusts himself up and down on the victim's cock, which is usually engorged as a result of certain ingredients in the potion, the victim's hard dick alternately fills Meph's rectum, then withdraws almost to the tip.

Another side effect of this type of potion is to postpone orgasm for a very long time, but without preventing ejaculation entirely. The victim is immersed in a rapturous sexual ecstasy that seems to increase in intensity as each moment passes.

Meph is able to achieve a number of orgasms during this time that only serve to exacerbate the victim's frustration. Meph has become very adept at judging exactly the right time to make his next move. He can sense the point

at which the potion takes full control. Meph's victim will accept whatever Meph does to him.

It is then that Meph shows the victim the knife. With morbid curiosity the victim watches as Meph slowly cuts a deep incision in the victim's belly. When the pain begins to register, the victim screams; his body shakes and trembles. But instead of pushing Meph away, the victim grips his tormentor's body, usually by the knee or thigh, and with his other hand masturbates Meph's hard cock. The victim continues to scream and one hand kneads Meph's thigh, the other masturbates the Satanic leader into more orgasms.

Meph opens the wound to expose the victim's intestines. The sobbing victim still does not resist, but continues trying to find solace in squeezing Meph's leg and masturbating him. Meph lifts himself up and down on the victim's cock, which will not soften despite the pain he is in. In fact, Meph will often crush the victim's testicles in his strong hand, inflicting yet more pain, but the victim's cock stays hard inside Meph's love hole.

This bizarre sexual coupling will continue for hours, the victim weakening but kept active by the potion. Meph often kisses his victim passionately, then roughly twists and scratches the victim's nipples. This alternate infliction of sudden new pain and gentle affection, Meph's rectum enveloping, massaging the victim's cock all the while, enhances the effects of the potion in drawing the victim towards a feeling so intense that he has never experienced anything like it before. Nor, of course, will he be able to enjoy the experience ever again: that is part of the objective. The intensity of the orgasm produced in the victim is directly transmitted through the cock into Meph's asshole.

More of the physical power created by the victim's climax is conveyed through his hands into Meph's leg and cock. It is these feelings that Meph craves, that help drive him to destroy young men, for, at the very instant that the victim is eventually able to ejaculate inside Meph's bowels — shaking and quivering from the powerful emotional and physical arousal that he is experiencing — Meph's own cock erupts in simultaneous orgasm, even stronger than his many previous climaxes.

Meph likes his followers to watch him while he performs the ritual sacrifices. They can thus learn new techniques, as well as join in with their leader, helping to destroy the victim.

With the victim's belly gaping open, the undulating intestines exposed to the air, Meph also likes to fuck his sacrificial victim. While his rigid cock hammers in and out of the screaming victim's asshole, Meph lifting and lowering the hapless young man, the cult leader's erection massages the victim's prostate.

The combined effect of the potion and the prostate massage is to keep the victim's own cock fully aroused. With his hands squeezing the victim's nipples, Meph can bring him to a powerful orgasm at exactly the same moment that he shoots into the victim's bowels. The ejaculation for all of them — Meph, the victim, and any of Meph's followers who are joining in the ritual — will be long and copious, thanks to the strong semen-producing qualities of the potions.

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The Faust of Evil cult always consists of 36 members, six times six. They are all called Fausters and are usually young men when they are recruited. There must always be 36 Fausters, no more, no less. That is the Satanic law as conveyed to Meph by Lord Satan the Omnipotent himself. Six is Satan's number. Six times six is a most powerful number, more even than 66 or 666. The use of sixes becomes more potent if multiplied, and six squared, six multiplied by six is the maximum practicable size for the group. The next optimum number, 216, would be too unwieldy and unmanageable a size.

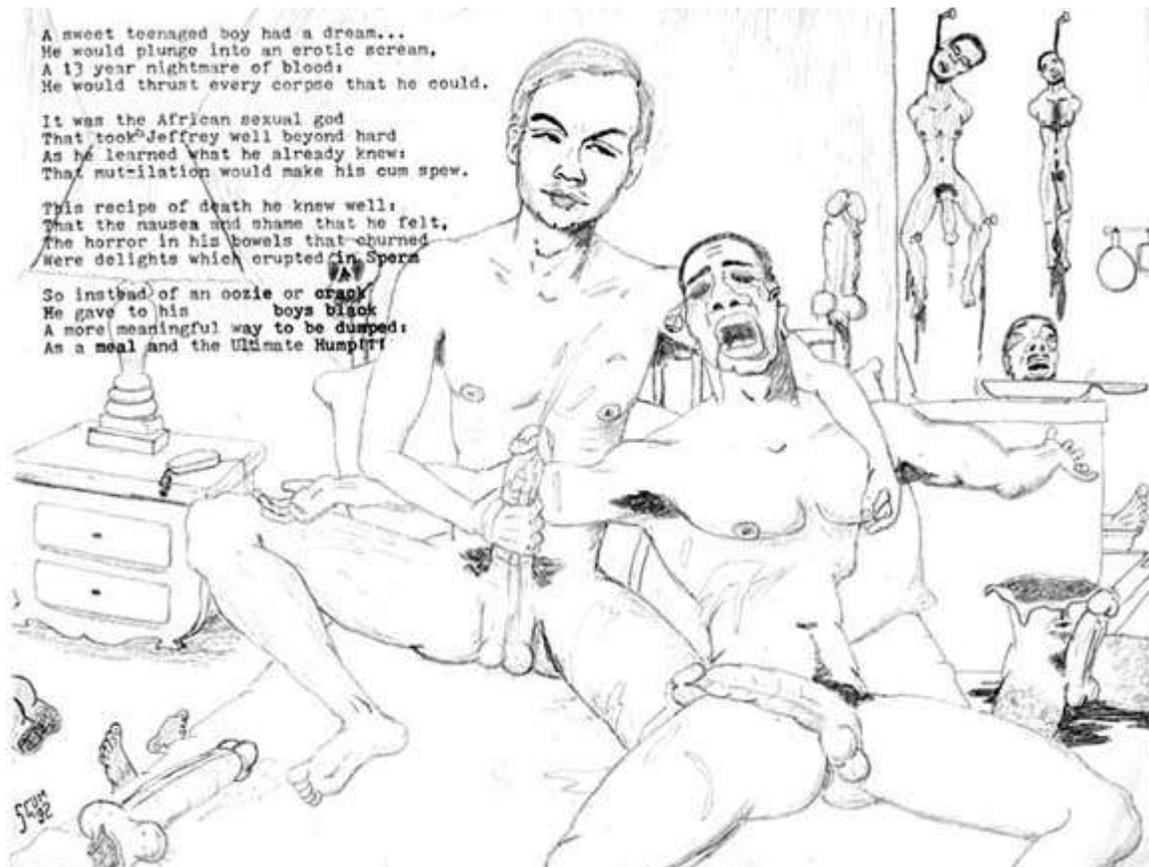
Once Meph tires of any cult member — either because of age or simply loss of interest — the Fauster becomes a victim. After the potions are administered and take effect, the redundant Fauster willingly submits himself as a sacrifice, aware of the agony that it will entail. By formulating the right concoction for each purpose, Meph produces exactly the right potion to achieve the particular result he seeks. These potion recipes and formulas are secretly kept by Meph alone. They cover every conceivable

permutation for the physical, psychological, and sexual manipulation of his Fausters and their victims.

After the sacrificial victim has been recruited, willingly or otherwise, and he arrives at the temple or other place of Satanic worship, he is quickly placed on a regimen of potions to begin the conditioning process. In most cases, he will have been lured to the temple after being given a laced drink. In any case, the victim soon has no real mind of his own. The potions generate an ever-increasing level of sexuality that draws the victim into more and more extreme sexual activities.

As long as the victim is with the cult, he will be involved in an almost unceasing orgy with the Fausters and other intended victims. When the time comes for him to be sacrificed, subtle changes to the formulation alter the victim's reactions to various stimuli and situations. In all cases, the victim will not resist — whatever is done to him — and he will continue to experience sexual arousal no matter how much pain he suffers.

All of Meph's Fausters become extremely skilled at their chosen vocation under their leader's tutelage. Meph learned very early in his Satanic career the immense power of sexuality. With the help of Lord Satan, Meph has been able to harness and control the sexual forces that reside within all men. Whether cult member or victim, Meph holds the key to his emotions, thanks to the potions.



One young Fauster called Jeffrey specializes in sacrificing Negroes. With his sweet smile and trim, tanned body, blond Jeffrey never fails to entice his black victims to the temple. At almost any time, the recess that Meph has allotted to Jeffrey contains four or five Negro sacrificial victims in various conditions. Under the influence of the potions, they remain alive, suffering pain and humiliation as Jeffrey teases them about their oversized genitalia which, he loves to remind the victim, he now owns. Jeffrey treasures his collection of Negro genitals that he removed after his victims were dead.

Jeffrey's headboard is decorated with an exquisite, very large, ebony-colored cock, still attached to a pair of balls that seem too small to accompany the gigantic dick. The set is impaled on one bedpost. The other post sports a skull, the black skin and frizzy hair long since fallen off. It is almost time to replace it, and one of the victims presently occupying

Jeffrey's little area might well become the donor. Jeffrey is still thinking about that. Typically, two or three of Jeffrey's victims will still be alive, though often barely so. Once he has finished with them, he hangs them on a wooden partition at the back. If he thinks that they might suffocate too quickly, Jeffrey nails the victims' legs to the partition, through the thigh or calf or even through the knee, which is extremely painful. By distributing the body weight across three or four supports, suffocation becomes less likely.

When they are hanging there, usually without eyes (because Jeffrey likes to rip these out), the victims have their elbows tied together at the back. It is not to prevent them from attempting to escape: the potion assures that they will not. The purpose is to stretch the victim's chest, showing it off well, making the brown nipples point erotically forward. That's another trait Jeffrey likes in his black victims, apart from their very large sex organs. He admires taut black chests, especially when they are decorated with long, thick nipples.

Just before the victim dies, Jeffrey will most likely dismember and dissect the body. The victim will pass away during this procedure, after which Jeffrey removes his genitals. Jeffrey's area in the temple is strewn with black bodies and body parts. He cuts off pieces whenever he wishes to eat, as he dines exclusively on black human flesh and organs. Some parts he cooks; others are eaten raw. He never eats the genitals, though: he prefers to keep them as mementos of his ritual sacrifices. That is also why he rarely castrates a live victim, preferring to allow the Negro to experience the intensity of his sexual feelings right to the end.

Jeffrey plays with his current unresisting black victim on the bed. The bedcovers are rarely changed and are stained with blood and other bodily fluids, evidence of previous sacrifices.

Jeffrey likes the large white conjunctivas most Negroes have. He likes to pop out the eyes, leaving them dangling across the sobbing Negro's tear-streaked cheeks. He squeezes the victim's nipples, enjoying the sound and feel of the black man who is suffering for his pleasure. This is itself homage to Meph, Jeffrey's leader, and to Lord Satan the Omnipotent.

After he has fucked the victim a number of times and has ejaculated into the man's throat and asshole to his own satisfaction, Jeffrey masturbates the victim. The sexual tension rises with each stroke, building up inside the Negro's gigantic balls, until a secret move by Jeffrey relaxes the potion-induced control mechanism inside the man's genitals. The victim cries out in a mixture of ecstasy and agony as he ejaculates in an orgasm by far the most powerful he has ever experienced. Now it is his turn to be nailed to the wall.

Jeffrey ties the panting Negro's arms tightly at the shoulder, making his glistening ebony chest puff out sensuously. He strokes the heaving black chest, causing the victim's nipples and cock to become erect again. He places the noose around the black man's neck, tightens it, and pulls it tight so that the Negro's feet are well clear of the ground. Jeffrey turns the other black victim that he has just removed from the wall facedown in the fresh cum the prior Negro has just left. The victim lies there, sobbing faintly, to await his next ordeal. Then Jeffrey returns to the newly hanged Negro. He holds the victim's left leg to one side, bending it at the knee. He splays the leg wide and, with the calf pointing down towards the floor, he drives a nail through the screaming victim's thigh, just above the knee. He repeats this with the right leg so that the victim's weight is partially held by his two widely stretched thighs, thus reducing the pressure from the noose. The victim's legs quiver and Jeffrey strokes them.

The victim's cock is still stiff. Jeffrey sucks it for a little while, at the same time stroking the victim's feet and legs. The victim will remain there until either another Negro sacrifice is ready to take his place or the first one dies, if he should be so lucky.

As a final act, Jeffrey turns to the newly secured victim's eyes, which had been hanging uselessly outside their sockets for quite some time. He tears them out at the roots, blinding his victim so that he must endure the remainder of his torment in darkness and despair.

The victim just removed from the wall has not received any potion for some days. The effect of earlier doses has worn off. He lies on Jeffrey's bed — his face resting in the cooling sperm — whimpering, but too weak to resist or even to move very much. No longer aided by the potion, the victim's large dick is soft, flopping against his trembling body. He has been blind since

being nailed to the wall and he emits a little yelp when Jeffrey rams his newly aroused cock into the Negro's dry hole.

While he fucks the black man's ass, Jeffrey nonchalantly slices through his victim's upper arms. The man is too weak to fight off the knife, and he is weakened further by the rapid loss of blood. He dies before Jeffrey has completely severed his arm, but this doesn't deter the young Fauster, who continues pumping away at the now-relaxed hole, ignoring the shit that oozes around his engorged cock. When he has climaxed into the dead ass, Jeffrey removes his dirty cock and wipes it on the Negro's curly hair. He works quickly, severing the head of the black corpse, the other arm, and then the legs.

All of this work has made Jeffrey hungry, so he fries up another head that was lying in a skillet and slices off two pieces of black buttock from the lower trunk — all that remains of a previous victim.

When his meal is ready, Jeffrey scoops the cooked brain from the skull, which he uses as a stuffing for the fried buttock flesh. After he has eaten, Jeffrey checks on his two hanging victims. Both still have potion in their systems, so he is able to suck each of them to an orgasm.

He decides to rest, so he drags the bottom half of an earlier sacrifice from under the bed. It consists only of the legs and abdomen up to the navel, with the genitals still attached. He slices off the genitals at the root and pushes the cock into his own asshole. He lies on top of the half body, his head between the feet. He slips his erection into the castration wound and slides it in and out slowly while kissing and sucking the dead man's feet. He uses one hand to push the severed cock in and out of his own ass. The double action, though gentle and slow, brings Jeffrey to a satisfying orgasm.

He drifts into a contented sleep, his face resting on the feet of the corpse, who, incidentally, had also been a Fauster until Meph tired of him.



There's another black Fauster, replacing the one Jeffrey has killed. The black Fauster and Meph are sacrificing a dark-haired victim in the temple washroom. Another newly recruited Fauster, Ben, a muscular guy with long blond hair, is on hand to watch and learn.

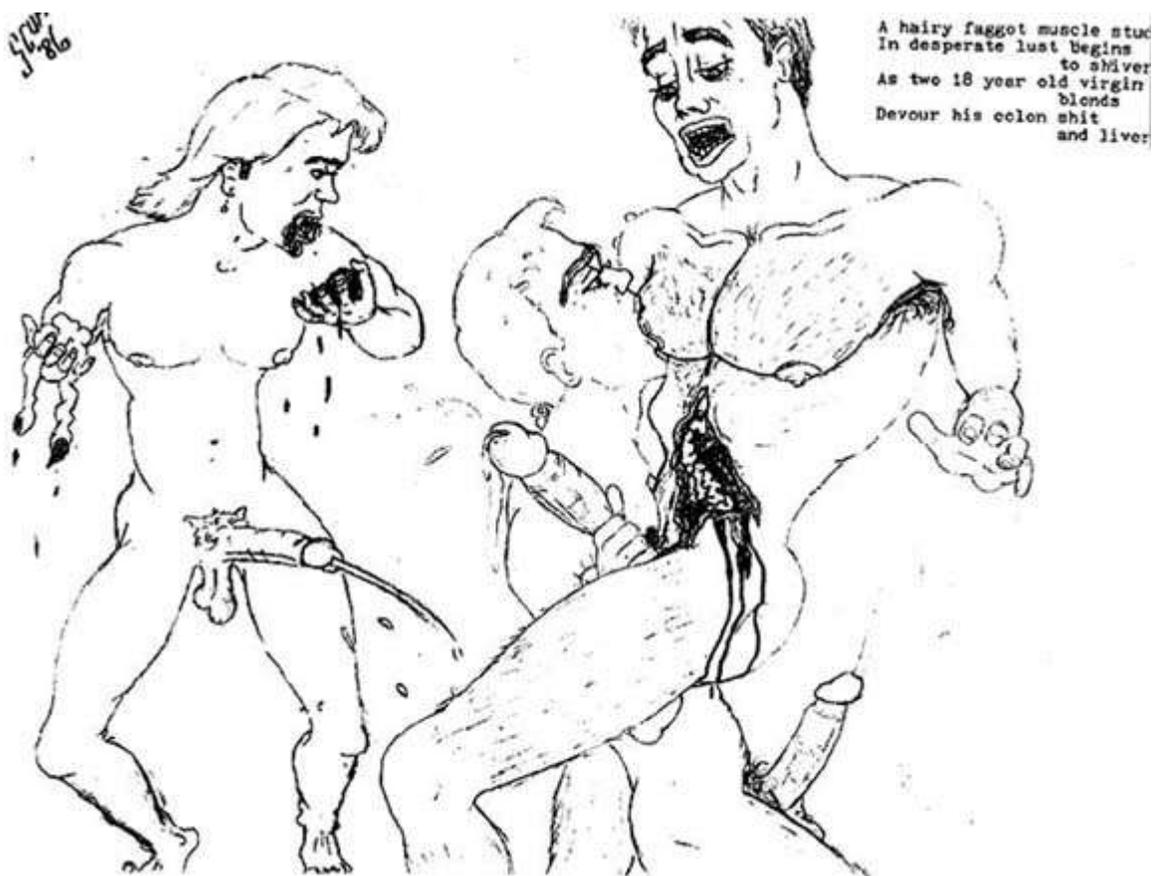
The FOE leader kneels behind the victim, sitting the young sacrifice onto his hard cock. He opens the victim's abdomen with a sharp knife, then peels back the skin and muscle with his strong hands. This exposes the victim's intestines, which undulate and glisten in the harsh light of the washroom. The black Fauster masturbates the screaming victim, increasing his arousal. The victim has one hand around the back of Meph's neck; his other hand grips the black Fauster's shoulder. Both acts are intended to provide some relief or comfort during his ordeal. Unable to ejaculate because of the potion, the victim's screams get louder. The black man pumps harder, which only serves to increase the victim's sexual tension.

Ben, the blond newcomer who has himself been given special potions designed to attenuate any inhibitions, grins and spurts a copious load over the tiled floor. Much of the cum splatters over the hand and arm of the black cult member.

Meph tears the opening in the victim's belly wider. The black man makes a subtle change in his rhythm. The two actions combine to release the pent-up semen, which gushes forth from the victim's fully erect cock, arcing into the air and splattering onto the white tiles to mix with the new Fauster's cum that has oozed across the floor.

Meph stands, rolling the whimpering victim face-downward on the floor. He beckons Ben, who eagerly fucks the trembling victim in the ass. At the same time, the black man thrusts his gargantuan phallus into the victim's throat, forcing the rock-hard cock all the way into the tender esophagus.

At some point during the double rape, the sacrifice is consummated. The victim is suffocated by the black cock that also blocks his trachea. Only after the two Fausters have climaxed will the corpse be removed for eating or disposal.



Consuming parts of the victim while he is still alive is a practice that Meph encourages. It enhances the victim's psychological trauma while fulfilling a number of required rituals. Two Fausters are introducing a victim to just that treatment. A young Fauster, with long blond hair and no more than a little bush around his genitals — but no other body hair — has slit open the belly of a new victim.

The victim stands crying, looking at the gaping wound, yet unable and unwilling to do anything because of the effect of the potion. The pain and terror make him defecate, and the blond grabs a handful of the shit, which he eats noisily. He rips a piece of the victim's small intestine out of the wound and alternately chews on the warm gut and slurps up the aromatic shit.

The other Fauster masturbates the victim towards that elusive orgasm while gnawing at the man's nipples. One by one, he chews through the flesh and severs each nipple bud. He swallows one nipple but passes the second bud directly into the victim's mouth. The victim chews his own removed nipple before letting it slide down his throat, which is sore from so much screaming. The victim's knees give way, and he crumples to the floor.

The two Fausters follow him down. The blond buries his head between the victim's buttock cheeks, chewing at the tender ass lips. He bites off piece after piece, swallowing each morsel. The victim's bowels keep losing control, but the blond just carries on, eating any shit that emerges along with the anal flesh. The brunet has his head buried into the victim's abdominal cavity. He is eating the raw tissue directly from the victim's body. His cock is being sucked by the sobbing victim. The involuntary jerks that cause the victim to bite down on the brunet's hard cock stimulate the Fauster even more. He moans into the victim's bowels and shoots his load into the crying man's parched, red, raw throat.

The blond helps his fellow Fauster to remove the kidneys and liver from the victim, who is still alive. With a sharp knife, they slice the organs into bite-sized pieces that they eat. The victim accepts a piece of his own liver and chews on it for several moments before swallowing the raw organ meat. He gazes longingly at the eating FOE men, who reward him with another piece of liver, then with a slice of his own kidney.

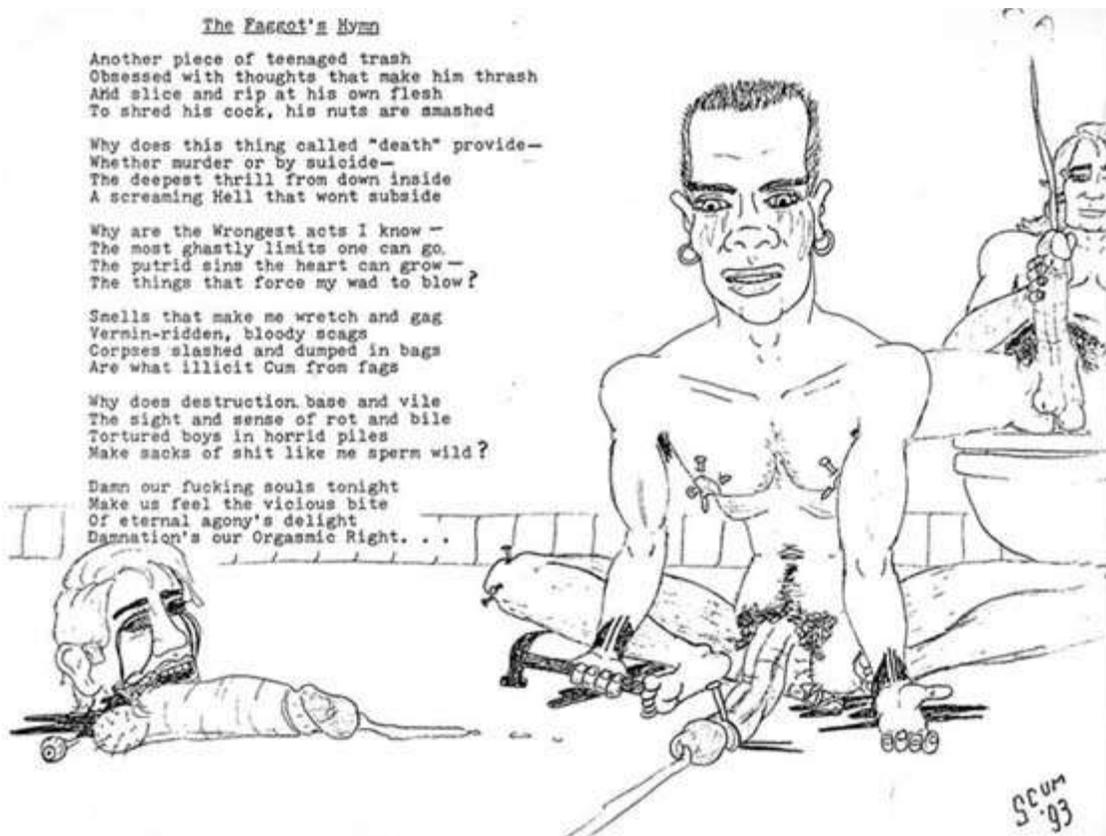
The two Fausters are aroused again. They take turns fucking the victim's exposed guts. Time and time again, the blond ejaculates into the victim's abdominal cavity, to be followed by the brunet. Each time one of them shoots into his body, the victim is able to climax, too, thanks to a new potion he has just been given. The hammering of the Fausters' rigid cocks inside his intestines has caused the victim unbearable agony, yet his own erection does not abate.

The blond lifts the victim and lowers the man's destroyed ass onto the brunet's cock. He kisses the victim while the brunet pumps in and out of the blood-soaked asshole. The blond squeezes the victim's balls really hard, so hard that they are squashed in the blond's powerful grip.

To end the sacrifice, the blond reaches up inside the victim's body, grabs the heart, and rips it out. As he does so, the blond Fauster's eyes lock onto the victim's.

His heart may have stopped, but his brain will remain functional for a while yet, possibly several minutes. The victim's eyes dart around but keep returning to the blond's gaze. The blond kisses the inert mouth and masturbates the victim's cock to a final, and probably unfelt, orgasm. When the brunet climaxes inside the victim's bowels, the two Fausters drop the corpse to the ground, watched by the dimming eyes, and leave it for later.

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All Fausters drink potions, too — not the same as those administered to the victims, but formulations to enhance sexuality, increase stamina, and reduce inhibitions. Meph often likes to switch potions on a Fauster he has earmarked for replacement. What started out as a regular FOE orgy then turns into a sacrifice, the victim not realizing the switch until the potion has taken effect.

For instance, Meph has decided to replace two Fausters. He has found two beautiful young men he wishes to recruit, and so, vacancies must be created.

The orgy starts off as usual. Before long, the two condemned Fausters begin to feel the effect of the special potions they have drunk. By the time the realization hits them, they have resigned themselves to their fate.

Under Meph's direction, one of the victims nails his own cock to the floor. He must now remain in a sitting position, watching the orgy progress. It will increase his sexual arousal. His cock cannot get hard because of the nail securing it to the floor. It becomes increasingly painful. The other victim joins in the sucking and fucking frenzy, the pressure within his loins escalating. He cannot ejaculate, though, and his actions become more animated, more extreme, as he tries to force himself to an orgasm.

When he judges that the time is right, Meph plunges a knife into the victim's belly, an inch above his bursting cock. Meph cuts upwards, slicing the screaming man's abdomen open as far as the rib cage. When the knife meets the resistance of bone, Meph twists it around. This is the trigger, and the victim is able to climax. A half-gallon of cum erupts from his rampant cock and splashes over his chest and face. The other four Fausters join Meph in tearing the victim's intestines and organs out into the open.

The screaming ex-Fauster survives it all, only to die of heart failure when Meph castrates him and the blood gushes from the wound under extremely high pressure — so high, in fact, that he could not have survived much longer without suffering from a stroke or heart attack in any case. The second victim has watched the whole affair, and cum is leaking from the end of his nailed-down cock.

Meph leads the four remaining Fausters in a ritual dance around their former colleague. Then he makes a long, deep slit in the victim's belly. The Fausters lift him up bodily by arms and legs, pulling his hardening cock through the nail. The Fausters follow their leader, holding the victim high above their heads. The screaming victim's guts fall out through the gap that opens as gravity forces the intestines out from inside the victim's abdominal cavity. The guts drape over the shoulders of the Fausters and blood trickles down their bodies.

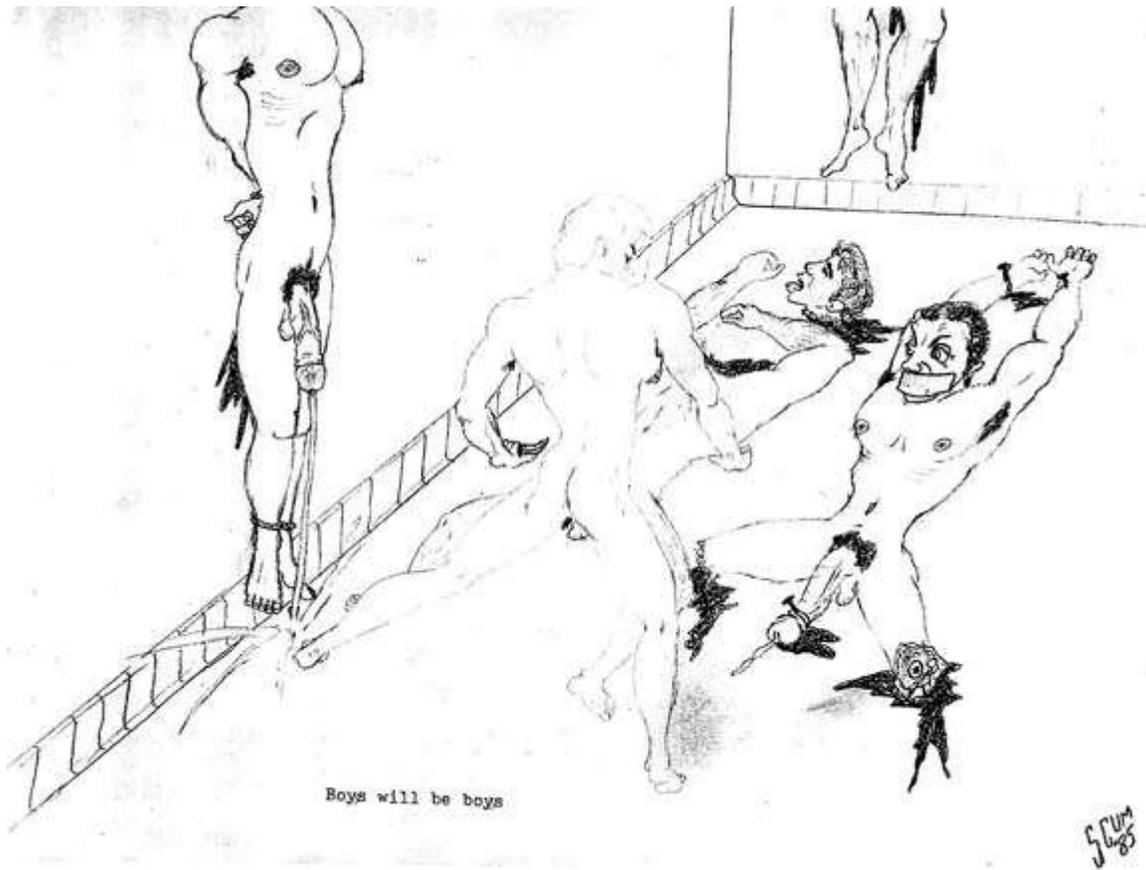
When they reach the sacrifice area, they place the victim over a thick, rounded post rising out of the center of the altar. The victim's asshole is positioned over the post, and, screaming loudly, he is pushed firmly down onto it. Two of the Fausters pull the victim's legs while the other two keep his body steady. In spite of the painful experience he is undergoing, the victim's mutilated cock is erect. Blood is seeping out of his wounds.

When the post has forced its way through the victim's intestines — or what is left of them — inside his abdominal cavity, the Fausters stand back with Meph to savor the sight. The victim's body shakes. That causes him to slip further down the post. Meph pulls the victim backwards by the hair so that the post emerges through his gaping belly.

The victim slides down until his back and thighs rest against the cold stone of the altar. Meph grabs the victim's cock and masturbates him very hard, pumping the victim's bleeding cock.

The victim can hardly scream. He tenses and howls like a wild animal. Cum shoots from the end of his cock in a long, white stream, splashing against Meph, who tries to catch it in his mouth.

Meph moves to the victim's head and kisses him fully on the lips. Their kiss is lingering, and at some point, while Meph's lips are still locked to his, the victim is released into death.



The two new Fausters are inaugurated that evening and eagerly set to work. They are fast learners. Soon, one of them, Nick, is very active. His cock is long, though not too thick. It never softens. This young Fauster can summon an orgasm at will, as often or as rarely as he wishes. His muscular body and rugged good looks make it easy for Nick to recruit potential victims. In addition to his sexual insatiability, Nick has cultivated an excessive appetite for violence. Meph developed a special potion for him, and it has created an outstanding Fauster from such a novice.

On his first night, Nick was able to lure four young victims to the temple. Meph and the other Fausters have their own victims to sacrifice, so Nick has been allotted a special area in which to perform his sacrifices alone. Once the potions have taken full effect on the four sacrifice victims, Nick begins

the ritual. He first fucks each of the four victims. His technique is so good that all four have multiple orgasms.

Three of them watch in entranced silence as Nick starts to work on his first victim. He hangs the victim from a noose against one wall and kicks away the stool. The hanging victim's cock presses against the wall as he swings gently in the air.

Nick whips the victim's legs with a leather belt, which educes another two orgasms before the victim faints from the lack of air. The victim's cum slides down the tiled wall. The body hangs inertly, life ebbing away, watched by the three fascinated young men who are soon to die themselves. Once the body has tensed in its death throes and released the contents of its bladder and bowels, Nick beckons to his next victim. The young man sits, legs wide apart, as instructed.

It takes almost an hour for Nick to remove the skin from the victim's belly and chest. The victim is hoarse from all the screaming by the time the job is done. Nick stands up and admires his handiwork.

The victim's abdominal muscles and rib cage are exposed to the air, but no internal damage has been caused. He sits with a stunned look on his face. He is sobbing uncontrollably. He subconsciously begins to masturbate without permission. He is awakened from his semi-conscious state by the feel of a knife roughly severing his masturbating arm just below the elbow. He looks down in horror at his skinned torso and bleeding stump. But he won't be contemplating them for long.

Nick skewers each of the victim's eyes and rips them from their sockets. Blinded and in great agony, the victim sits as still as he can, whimpering softly. His big dick remains fully erect, lying just above the ground. Every few minutes, cum oozes from its tip to form a puddle on the floor. Nick allows this to continue for a while as he fucks his next victim in both the ass and the face.

Nick returns to the second victim and pushes a wooden spike into the tip of his cock, all the way up, as far as it can reach. The victim's cock twitches and softens slightly, but it is still nowhere near flaccid. Cum is occasionally

leaking around the head of the spike, and the victim's whimpers are punctuated with sighs, almost as if of satisfaction. The victim will remain in that position until he eventually succumbs to shock or blood loss. That will probably be many hours, even days hence, unless Nick decides otherwise.

Nick resumes fucking his next victim who is lying facedown on the floor. Just as they are about to shoot their loads simultaneously, Nick grabs the victim's hair and starts to smash his face into the hard stone floor. He hammers the victim's face until it is no more than a bloody mess. The victim ejaculates; the cum spreads around in a puddle beneath him. When Nick takes his cock out of the victim's asshole, he is still alive.

Next, Nick castrates the victim. As he slices through the base of the victim's genitals, the tortured young man has another orgasm, and man-juice is still leaking out of the tip of his cock when the Fauster throws it on the ground. The victim remains lying on the ground, his body heaving, his blood-stained, badly mutilated face now blinded and his mouth so swollen that his breathing is labored. The blood pours from the castration wound, and he dies while Nick turns his attention to his final victims.

Nick orders the third victim to crawl towards him and sucks the Fauster's long, hard dick. After he has milked Nick three or four times, he is told to stop and to kiss the ground between Nick's open legs. He screams when he feels the curved blade of Nick's knife being embedded in his back — even though, while sucking Nick's cock, the victim's own cock was seeping constantly in an apparently continuous orgasm. When the knife thuds into the victim's back, a jet of cum spurts out of the young man's cock. As soon as Nick gives the victim permission to resume sucking his cock, the victim's cock begins dribbling its white fluid yet again. There is little bleeding, but the wound is clearly causing the victim some distress.

Nevertheless, the unfortunate continues slurping away at his tormentor's insatiable cock. He holds onto Nick's foot to try to comfort himself and help alleviate some of the pain. This goes on for a fairly long time. Nick is able to achieve a number of orgasms, and the victim is still ejaculating continuously.

Now Nick becomes bored. Two of his sacrifice victims are dead, and he wants to finish off the other two before he retires for the night. He pulls the sucking victim's head down onto his hard cock so that it fills the victim's throat. Then he cuts around the back of the victim's head with a small knife. When he severs the main blood vessels on the sides of the victim's neck, blood spurts out and forms rivers across the floor.

The victim tries to keep up his sucking action, but the blood loss soon overcomes him and he faints, Nick's cock still firmly lodged in his throat. The final spasm as he dies causes Nick to cum into the dead man's throat, and he is pleased to see fresh cum erupting from the dead victim's cock. To finish off the multiple sacrifice, Nick rips apart the last victim's exposed ribs and tears out his heart. The heart is still beating when he throws it against the wall and emits a triumphant yell.

He knows that he is going to enjoy his new role. Nick is very happy that he has been recruited by Meph, and he is sure that he will make a very good Fauster. After all, he just plain enjoys torturing, maiming, and killing. That alone qualifies him for the cult. That he must worship Lord Satan is no problem for Nick, just as long as he can carry on his evil pursuits.



The other of the two new Fausters, Joey, is also sexually insatiable. Meph's potion for Joey keeps his cock hard for hours on end. Joey likes to sacrifice his victims slowly, taking days rather than hours to complete a group of two or three. The ritual is liberally interspersed with sexual activity, and Joey regularly reinvigorates his victims with refills of potion.

Joey's first victim screams as the thin knife is pushed into his soft belly. Joey leaves the knife in place and presses his foot against the victim's genitals. Joey is rewarded with a copious ejaculation, which shoots in a high arc and lands on the victim's head. The cum mats the victim's hair and drips down his forehead. Joey presses his large dick against the victim's screaming mouth. The victim's lips admit the Fauster's rampaging manhood, and he noisily sucks Joey to orgasm.

This first victim is left for a while and Joey turns to his next sacrifice. The good-looking blond victim is weeping. Joey smiles at the victim, whose own attempt to return the smile is more of a mixture between a sneer and a grimace. Joey pushes the victim onto his back and easily shoves his cock into the crying man's asshole, lubricated as it is by the poor victim's involuntary bowel movement.

Joey lifts the victim's legs and drapes one over each of his shoulders to keep them out of the way. Without interrupting his fucking rhythm, he cuts two deep semicircular incisions in the victim's firm young belly. The cuts meet to form a full circle, and when Joey slices under the skin and muscle, he is able to remove a large, round piece of the victim's abdomen. This exposes the victim's intestines, and the squealing man looks down in horror at his own gut.

Joey has long fingernails that he uses to gouge out the victim's eyes, thus relieving the doomed man of having to look at his own innards. He punches the victim's face a few times, splitting his lips and bruising his cheeks.

All the time Joey, has maintained his fucking rhythm. The involuntary spasms of the victim's rectum are massaging Joey's hard cock, bringing him to several orgasms. Joey continues to fuck the newly blinded victim. He uses his nails again, this time to tear open the skin of the hapless man's scrotum. He uses his powerful hands to twist the victim's balls until they tear away at the root. Joey gives the same treatment to the victim's cock, which is, miraculously, shooting a final batch of cum. The sharp nails and strong fingers wrench the victim's cock from his body.

He is left to die in unobserved agony while Joey moves on to the third waiting sacrifice. The next victim obeys Joey's instruction and holds his arms up above his head. Joey presses one arm against the wall and drives a nail through the wrist, securing it. The victim is strong and, with the aid of the potion, is able to suppress any screams.

While Joey fucks him, the victim uses his free hand to hug his tormentor's shoulders and to caress Joey's nipples. The victim's own cock is fully erect, and the action of Joey's dick inside his asshole makes the victim climax every few minutes. The coupling continues for a considerable time until

Joey decides to move on. Joey pulls himself from the tight anal embrace of the nailed victim.

After piercing the victim's balls with long pins, Joey leaves him to resume work on his first sacrifice. The second victim is still alive and in abject agony, but Joey has finished with him: his sacrifice is over — as far as Joey is concerned — even though it will not be truly consummated until the victim is dead. In the unlikely event that this victim outlasts the other two, Joey will simply stab him in the heart and it will all be over.

The first victim is still lying where he was. The bleeding has stopped, but the victim trembles with pain and fear. The quivering causes the knife to glint in the light, and Joey watches it for a few seconds before kneeling over the prone victim. He lowers his hard dick to the victim's face, who automatically takes the Fauster's cock into his mouth and begins sucking. Joey grabs the knife and carefully opens up the entire abdominal region to expose the victim's writhing intestines.

Each time the knife snags a piece of intestine, it causes the victim to convulse. These spasms are relayed to the victim's throat, which reacts against Joey's cock. By deliberately snagging the uvula whenever he wants to generate a convulsion, Joey can bring himself to a climax at his chosen pace.

During the time it has taken to remove the panel of skin and muscle that was protecting the victim's gut, Joey had induced in himself four such orgasms. The victim, under the strong influence of the potion, has maintained a hard-on throughout, and the pools of drying cum around his pubic hair and on the floor between his outstretched legs are evidence that he, too, has enjoyed a number of orgasms.

Joey decides to give this victim some respite, so he returns to his next sacrifice, nailed to the wall and still sporting a full erection. The blinded victim, with his guts beginning to work their way out from his body, is still alive and breathing laboriously.

Joey kneels alongside the third, nailed victim and offers his hard cock for attention. The victim grabs Joey's dick with his free hand and, with a

combined mouth and hand action, he is able to bring the Fauster to several more climaxes. Each time Joey climaxes, it seems to create an empathic ejaculation in the victim, whose gonads still supply large quantities of cum in spite of being pierced by the pins.

The other victim on the floor is still breathing heavily but very close to death. Joey goes over to him and thrusts his dripping cock into one of the victim's empty eye sockets. Joey fucks the victim's head with long, fast strokes. Before Joey is able to cum inside his skull, the victim goes rigid and then slumps into oblivion. Joey continues pumping his hard cock in and out of the dead victim's eye socket until he is able to shoot his load with a roar. One sacrifice is finished. Two more remain to be consummated.

10



Joey returns the next day to his nailed victim, who is still relatively intact and in good condition. Again the victim reaches out for Joey's stiff cock and

resumes his hand and mouth exercises on the Fauster's unstoppable cock, generating climax after climax in both of them.

Whenever Joey wishes to rest for a while, he first offers the two victims a glass of potion, and, during the time it takes for the victim's bodies to absorb the brew, Joey sleeps. He awakens refreshed and ready to proceed.

The victim with the open belly is first to receive Joey's renewed attention. With a cool and methodical action, Joey pulls parts of the victim's intestines out from his abdominal cavity. He is squatting over the victim's face again, and the doomed young man sucks his cock enthusiastically. Joey's erection helps stifle the victim's screams.

The young sacrifice is grateful, too, for the comfort he is able to derive from the feeling of Joey's long, thick cock in his mouth and throat. The victim's convulsions again act on Joey's sensitive manhood, and the Fauster's cum erupts into the victim's gullet at regular intervals.

It takes more than an hour for Joey to complete his task, after which he stands and looks at the victim, who still writhes and twitches in agony. The victim's entire small intestine is now lying outside his body. Joey has arranged the long gut in a decorative pattern. The victim's movements cause the intestines to shimmer in the light and add to the aesthetic appeal of the visceral artwork. Joey has not severed any of the gut yet, however, so bleeding has not been excessive. The Fauster watches the pain-racked victim for a little longer before returning to his third sacrifice. Thus far, this victim's only injuries are to his wrists — nailed to the wall — and to his pierced testicles, which have proven themselves still to be functional. He is strong and healthy and still in a relatively good state, even after suffering for two days.

Joey raises the victim's left arm and nails that wrist to the wall, too. The victim reaches his head forward to ensure that Joey's cock does not slip from his mouth, which continues to suck the hard dick until Joey pulls away.

Joey stands astride the victim and bends forward, thrusting his buttocks into the victim's face. The victim's tongue bathes Joey's ass lips, which part as the Fauster relieves his full bowels directly into the slurping mouth of the

hungry victim. While he feeds his victim a meal of fresh, warm shit, Joey savagely slices the man's legs near the hips until the bones are showing clearly. The victim's screams are muffled by the enormous quantity of shit that keeps emanating from Joey's pouting asshole.

In the process of hacking at the legs, Joey inadvertently makes several cuts in the victim's hard cock, so he just slices off the victim's cock, much to the man's noisy displeasure. Then he stuffs the cock up the victim's own asshole.

The victim's thigh bones are ready to be broken, and Joey smashes them with a mallet. When they have been shattered enough to break apart, Joey pulls the two legs away from the victim, who is wailing now that the seemingly interminable flow of shit has stopped.

Joey kneels and takes the victim's scrotum into his mouth, ignoring the blood that still pours from the cock root. He bites down and grinds his teeth, chewing the base of the victim's scrotum until he has bitten it right off. He turns to face the victim, who is weakening rapidly from the loss of blood.

He kisses the dying victim's face, which is streaked with tears and shit. Joey still has his testicles in his mouth. The victim is thankful for the diversion and responds passionately, gratefully accepting his own testicles as the two young men pass them from mouth to mouth.

Joey rams his hard cock into the victim's castration wound and he maintains the kiss until long after the victim has swallowed both testes, which lodged in his throat, causing him to die. Joey then lifts the legless corpse and fucks the dead victim's asshole until he shoots another load. He waits until his dick softens sufficiently to piss, and he relieves his bladder into the dead man's bowels.

With the exception of his earlier sleep, that's the first time that Joey's erection has abated, but it is instantly back and ready for more action.

The third, and final, sacrifice must be consummated. The victim is weak and is babbling incomprehensibly. Joey lies on top of the victim, savoring the feeling of the warm, slimy intestines against his naked body. He wriggles

around, which causes the victim more pain, then he stifles the victim's screams by pressing their mouths together.

Joey maneuvers the victim's hard cock against his asshole and pushes back to accept the victim's cock into his ass. He rocks back and forth, fucking himself on the victim's rampaging cock, at the same time tearing and wrenching at the squealing man's exposed gut. An instant before he succumbs to shock, the victim's cock swells inside Joey's rectum and erupts in a lava flow of man-juice.

The victim slumps into oblivion as Joey shoots his own cum into the mutilated and empty belly of the dead victim. He lies back down and drifts into a contented sleep, the dead man's cock still embedded in his asshole.

11



The following day, one of the longer-serving Fausters, Len, is scheduled to perform the regular daily sacrifice. In order that Lord Satan the Omnipotent is worshipped regularly, a sacrifice is offered each day at dawn. This is in addition to the other sacrifices and ritual torture sessions and is intended to make certain that at least one victim daily is offered solely to Lord Satan. In general the routine sacrifice is performed quickly. It is more of an obligation and is therefore treated rather as a duty than a pleasure. This is not considered disrespectful. All Fausters perform each and every one of their ritual sacrifices to the glory of Lord Satan, and the routine service is meant really as a backup, just in case the unheard-of occurs and all of the Fausters should find themselves without victims.

Len leads the victim behind the altar. He lifts the victim's leg and shoves his dick up the man's receptive asshole. Len's sexual performance is enhanced by potions, as are all Fausters', and his cock rams in and out of the victim's asshole like a pneumatic hammer. The fucking lasts for an hour or more: all the time, the victim has not stopped moaning with pleasure, and his cock demonstrates his gratification by shooting its cum at frequent intervals.

After the victim's tenth orgasm, Len thrusts his fingers into the man's eye socket and pulls out the glistening orb. He rips the eye from the optic nerve and swallows it whole as the victim watches, fascinated, through his remaining eye.

Len continues his unrelenting action in and out of the victim's asshole, which soon generates yet another climax from the man's engorged dick.

Again, as the victim's cock spurts forth its juice, Len's fingers slip into the victim's other eye socket and pull out the second eyeball. He leaves it dangling on the victim's cheek and is still hammering away at the man's asshole, eliciting more noisy ejaculations.

Without extracting himself from the victim, Len takes a twelve-inch construction spike and pushes it into the victim's mouth. He presses the spike against the victim's epiglottis and strikes it with a hammer. With two hard blows, Len drives the spike through the back of the victim's neck and into the wooden rear panel of the altar. The victim twitches, and the action

causes Len to shoot his cum into the man's asshole. Len relaxes, keeping his dick inside the victim's asshole, and gently strokes the dying man's face.

The victim eventually dies to the accompaniment of Len's revitalized cock fucking his ass, most likely immersed in the added sensation of a final orgasm. Death does not signal the end of the coupling, though, and Len continues to fuck the dead victim for hours on end. The body will likely remain secured to the altar for the night, and Len will most likely fuck it again and again before removing and disposing of it, duty having been served. Len enjoys sodomizing corpses just about as much as he likes playing with living partners, so he cares little whether his victim is alive or dead, just as long as the sacrifice is consummated at some point during the proceedings.



Blindness is known to generate terror. For this reason, Meph encourages the Fausters to remove or mutilate their victim's eyes, and they eagerly comply with their leader's wishes. This can be a multi-stage affair. Popping the eyes from their sockets but leaving them attached causes disorientation. The brain cannot reconcile the two completely different views it is receiving and becomes confused. For this reason, many Fausters will leave the eyes connected and functioning, but dislocated. Later, one or both eyes may be punctured or severed, resulting in partial or full blindness. Some Fausters prefer to stab or completely remove the eyes early on during a ritual. Others allow their victims to die, sight intact. At the regular Fausters' orgies, one will always encounter quite a few blinded victims.

Sammy delights in tearing out the eyes of his victims as soon as he gets hold of them, then keeping the sightless men alive for several days — or weeks

— before actually sacrificing them. During this time, the victims are subjected to regular assaults with Sammy's cock in their empty eye sockets, as well as repeated fucks in the ass and mouth. Sammy will probably have a dozen blinded victims, all maintained on potions, in his stable at any given time. As with all Fausters, Sammy is sexually insatiable, and the potion he takes allows him to manufacture unbelievable amounts of cum.

Even after fucking every one of his victims in the eyes, mouth, and ass, Sammy will still be able to masturbate himself and ejaculate an enviable dose of man-juice. Most of Sammy's victims are muscular, good-looking straight guys. They stand in direct contrast to Sammy, who is slim and effeminate.

If ever a victim were to be reprieved — once the potion had worn off — he would be mortified at the realization of the activities he had been part of, even more so because the victim would remember that he had actually enjoyed the type of sex he would previously have considered unnatural, even disgusting. This is further evidence of the power of Meph's potions. Of course, there is no reprieve, and so the situation is purely hypothetical.

Clearly, the FOE exists to torture, mutilate, and kill victims in the name of Lord Satan. It is unimportant whether this be performed in the temple itself, in the cemetery, or in the Fausters' living area. The sacrifices can be offered absolutely anywhere, though the practicality of conducting their rituals in the safety and privacy of their remote temple is plainly evident.

Jeffrey has his own living area in which he sacrifices his Negro victims alone. He is not at all antisocial, choosing to join in many of the Fauster orgies: it is simply that his particular penchant is rather esoteric and, therefore, given to a more individualistic approach.

Sammy, too, tends to operate alone. This is chiefly because he maintains a stable of victims who demand considerable attention and time. He does not mind donating a victim for an orgy or regular sacrifice, but he has little time to join in the group activities. In general, the Fausters enjoy working both alone or in groups, so long as the desired result is achieved.



Even now Meph and Zeke, a new member of the group, and a Fauster by the name of Hank are engaged in an orgy inside Meph's bed chamber.

Hank is exhausted; he has just finished sacrificing two victims he had picked up in town. It had taken Hank twenty straight hours. Hank is content to relax and watch Meph and Zeke while he masturbates himself gently to some quietly satisfying orgasms.

Meph slowly dismembers his victim, allowing the sacrifice time to recover after each amputation. It takes six hours before the victim's body has been deprived of arms, legs, and genitals. The eyes were early casualties, followed by the tongue. By stemming the bleeding and giving the victim reinvigorating potions, Meph has been able to keep the victim alive and relatively well. He waits for Zeke to finish removing the abdominal skin and muscle of his victim.

Meph has impaled the limbless victim on his unrelenting cock and he is lifting and lowering the victim's body rather than moving his cock in and out. Meph's victim is making little noise, but his faint gurgling sounds are arousing Meph. Meph's arms move faster and faster, the victim's buttocks thudding against the cult leader's thighs, then being lifted until Meph's very long and thick cock almost slips out of the victim's tight asshole.

With a roar of pleasure, Meph ejaculates inside the victim's rectum. As soon as he has recovered his breath, he grips the victim's head in his immensely strong hands and twists. He continues to twist the victim's head around, cracking bones and tearing muscles while the limbless body remains impaled on his unabated erection.

Meph is able to dislocate the victim's head at the neck, killing him, and, by twisting a few more times, he wrenches the head free of the torso. The action of Meph's powerful hands on the neck causes the victim to open his mouth in a silent scream. When his neck is broken, the expression is frozen on the victim's face.

Meph places the severed head onto the bedcover, already bloodstained from earlier victims, and tosses the torso into one corner. He retrieves his victim's genitals and uses the cock as a dildo, fucking his own asshole while watching Zeke complete the removal of his victim's belly to reveal the intestines.

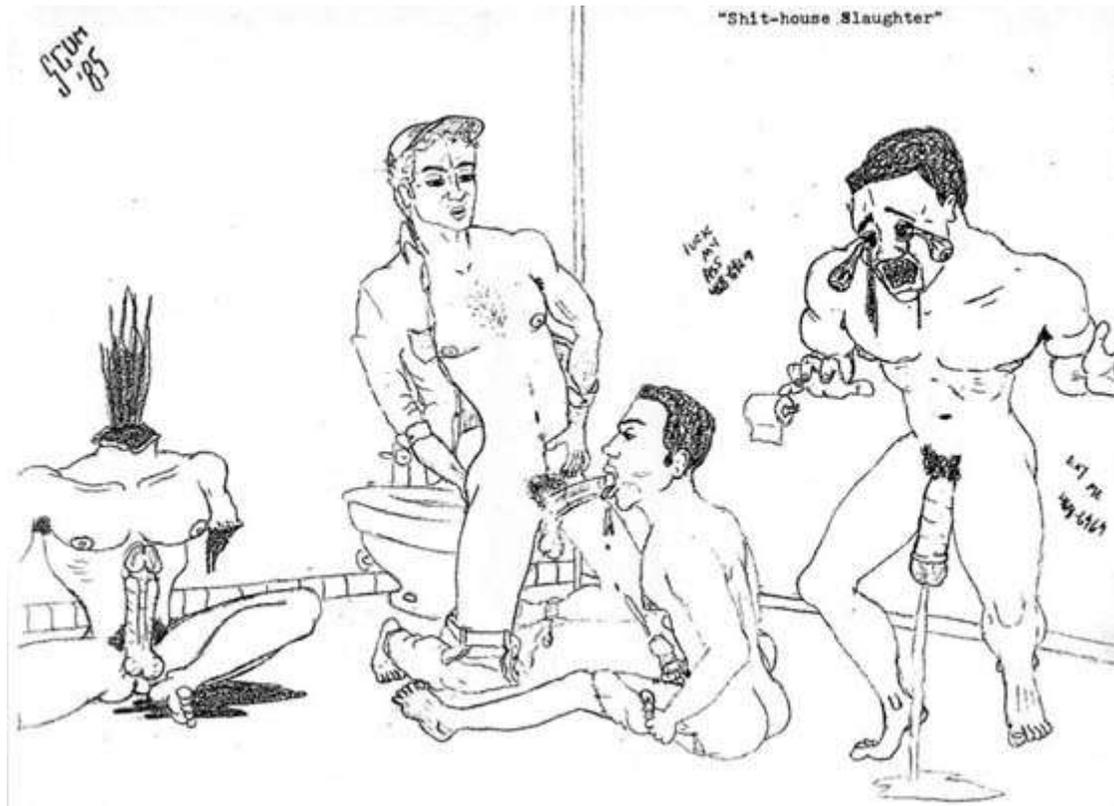
Zeke's victim is still alive. His screams reach a crescendo when Zeke thrusts his hard cock into the victim's intestines and starts to fuck them. The victim lies as still as he is able to while Zeke slams in and out of his guts, creating cramps and spasms. His semi-hard cock drools cum in spite of the pain and discomfort, and it begins to stir towards erection as Zeke's actions become longer and harder.

Zeke reaches forward and pulls Meph towards him. He squeezes Meph's buttocks and takes his leader's gargantuan dick into his mouth. He establishes a rhythm, swallowing Meph's cock while plunging his own cock into the victim's open belly, then drawing back to breathe while pulling his dick out from the victim's intestines.

The action goes on for hours, and, all the while, Hank is leisurely jerking himself off, aroused by the scene being enacted before him. The victim weakens steadily, so Zeke's actions become even more pronounced until he shoots his load into the victim's intestines for the eighth time, and Meph feeds Zeke his third cum cocktail of the session.

Hank becomes too excited. He squats over the victim's screaming mouth and lowers his stiff cock into it. The victim eagerly sucks at Hank's dick, which stops his screaming. Hank leans forward and sucks Zeke's ass lips. This really turns Zeke on and causes him to suck even harder on Meph's hard-on. Once again, Zeke is brought to a climax inside the victim's abdomen. At the same time, the victim's cock erupts into a final orgasm, and Hank's cum simultaneously spurts into the dying man's throat. Meph rewards Zeke's mouthwork with a scrotum full of his man-juice.

Meph and his two followers retire exhausted to the bed, pushing the head to the floor, and curl up together for some much-needed sleep. Tomorrow will be another day. One more scheduled ritual sacrifice — this time it's Sammy's turn. But, more importantly, at least a dozen young men are destined to be tortured, mutilated, and sacrificed to the glory of Lord Satan the Omnipotent by the cult members. With those pleasant thoughts drifting through their minds, the three men fall into a restful sleep, dreaming of what delightful activities lie in store for them in the morning.



Of course, it is not essential to perform the rituals in or around the temple. Many times, the Fausters will sacrifice their victims elsewhere. They befriend the victim, perhaps in a park or near a public toilet or cruising area. The Fauster offers his intended sacrifice a soda. Unbeknownst to the victim, the soda is laced with potion. The potion starts to take effect and the victim begins to experience increased arousal that soon develops into an urge for sexual activity. The Fausters are naturally eager to oblige, and an orgy quickly ensues. Before too long, the sacrificial ritual begins.

The victim will be blinded first. This increases the terror, but he will not attempt to escape. One such victim sits on the floor next to the toilet bowl. He screams as a good-looking cult member, Pete, hacks away at his upper arm. He wraps the other hand around Pete's legs and pulls the Fauster towards him.

When Pete has cut completely through the victim's arm, exposing the humerus, he saws through the bone. Clotting agents in the potion help stem the blood flow, and the victim continues to pull Pete against him with his

good arm. Unable to see, the victim is nevertheless able to locate Pete's cock, which he greedily sucks to a number of orgasms. The victim's own dick is fully erect and seeping from its tip. With his cock firmly lodged in the victim's throat, Pete cuts around the young man's neck. Again, bleeding is not too severe, and Pete is able to remove the victim's head by ripping it off. Only then does the young man die.

Jimmy, the other Fauster, is really aroused, and Pete pacifies him by sucking his colleague's rampaging manhood. Pete jerks himself off while slurping away at Jimmy's stiff cock, and the two Fausters are in ecstasy from a nearly continuous orgasm. All the time, their other victim stands, awaiting their attention. His eyes hang down his cheeks and cum leaks from his hard cock as he stands listening to the Fausters' noisy sex.

They decide to sacrifice their next victim. Jimmy starts by ripping off the young man's eyeballs — which were of little use anyway, as they flopped against his quivering cheekbones. Pete pushes the victim to his knees. Jimmy moves behind the victim and shoves his dick up his ass while Pete fucks the victim's mouth.

The victim embraces Pete's legs and fingers Pete's anal lips. Pete grabs the victim's head and forces his cock deeply into the young man's throat, blocking off the air flow.

Jimmy's action against the victim's prostate has generated a stream of man-juice, which pours from the young man's unwavering stiff cock.

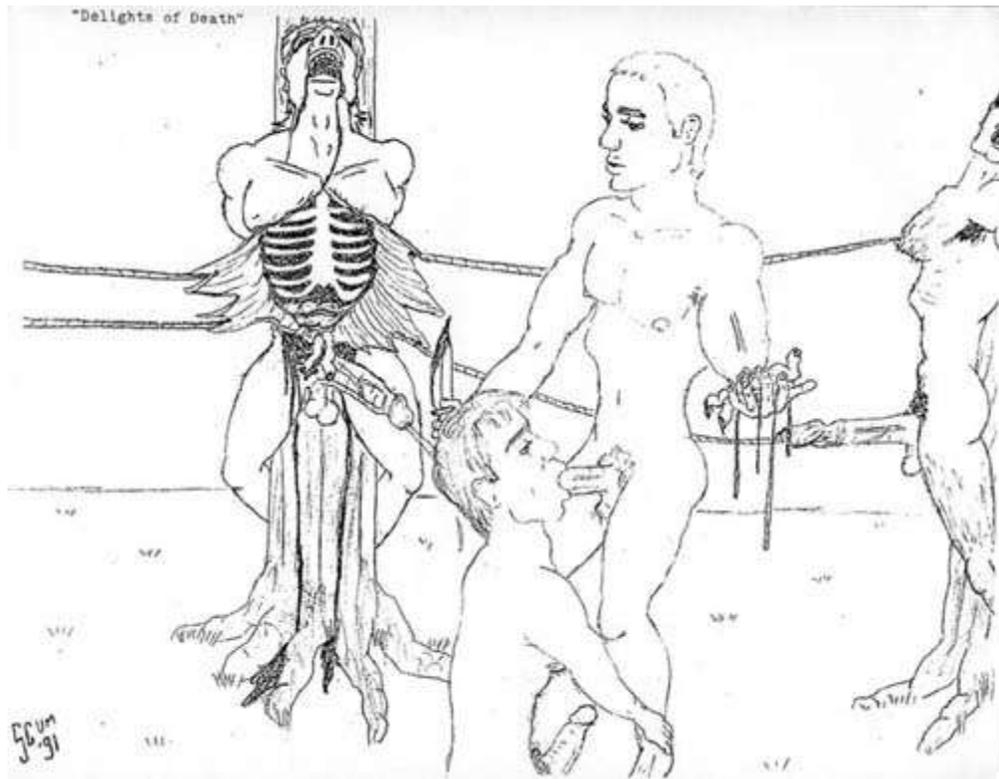
Unable to breathe, the victim establishes suction with his throat to milk Pete's cock while exercising his ass and rectum onto Jimmy's cock, causing him to shoot a load, too. Pete pulls out seconds before the victim faints. The Fausters allow the young man a short time to recover. Once he is breathing regularly again, the two Fausters make the victim lie facedown on the cold, tiled floor.

One by one, with a suitable interval after each, Jimmy breaks the victim's fingers. At the same time, Pete is fucking the screaming man's asshole. In spite of the pain, the victim is still cumming. After the fingers, Jimmy turns

his attention to the victim's toes, which he also breaks methodically to the accompaniment of more squeals and more orgasms.

Pete pulls his cock out of the victim's asshole and the Fausters spin the young man over on his back. Pete uses his knife to open up the victim's belly. The two cult members tug away at the victim's intestines, pulling them out from the young man's abdomen. The victim's erection still does not abate until the young man can stand no more, and he passes into oblivion. His final ejaculation arcs through the air as he slumps into death.

The Fausters throw the bodies and assorted parts into plastic bags, which they dump into the dumpster outside the building. They hose down the walls and floor to erase all traces of blood. One of the disadvantages of sacrificing victims away from the temple grounds is the risk of discovery. Another is the need to remove all traces of the ritual in order not to arouse suspicion. For those reasons, few Fausters actually perform their sacrifices outside the precincts of the temple.



The graveyard around the temple is large and not yet full. Many of the cult members enjoy their activities in the open air. Meph himself can often be found in the graveyard, sacrificing victims to the glory of Lord Satan.

Another regular performer is George. He and his younger brother, Eddy, are almost inseparable. Before they were recruited by Meph, George and Eddy were members of a gang that terrorized homosexuals. They were unrepentant fag-bashers. The irony of this is that George and Eddy are themselves gay. Even more, they are not just brothers, but incestuous lovers, too. They make ideal Fausts and are very experienced at cruising and picking up potential victims from gay bars and public toilets. Their sacrifice sessions are liberally interspersed with sexual activity, both with their victims and between themselves. Meph's potion formulations for the two brothers have greatly enhanced their considerable innate sexuality.

George likes to nail his victims to trees. There are rows of trees near the perimeter wall of the vacant section of the cemetery. The first victim stands with his back against a tree trunk. Eddy holds him steady while George goes

behind the tree. He nails the victim's wrists and forearms to the rear of the tree. He lifts each leg in turn while Eddy supports the victim's weight. George nails the legs through the calf and ankle to each side of the tree. A second and third victim are likewise nailed to other trees. When all three victims are ready, George and Eddy suck their dicks to orgasm to help relax them for the next stage in the ritual.

George starts with the center victim. He cuts a jagged line down the victim's chest and belly. He tears back the skin to expose the ribs and intestines. The screaming victim shoots another load as his internal organs are revealed.

Eddy helps his brother hook nylon ropes to the folds of skin and tissue that have been torn aside. The hooks on the other ends of the ropes are threaded into the nipples and cocks of the two victims nailed to the trees on either side. The ropes are adjusted for length so that they are quite taut. This holds the center victim's skin open so that his ribs and bowels are in full view. The victims on the sides each have their nipples and stiff cocks pulled forward by the ropes. By pulling on the ropes George and Eddy can play the victims like a bizarre musical instrument. Naturally, the potions maintain all three victims in a sexually aroused state, and each one's cock is constantly dripping cum.

George cuts out a piece of small intestine from within the center victim. The young man screams even louder. The screams from all of the victims keep both tormentors' cocks rock-hard. While George licks and tastes the gut he has just removed, Eddy kneels and sucks his elder brother and lover to a multiple orgasm. Eddy strokes George's legs as his experienced mouth suctions out George's cum-filled balls.

When the middle victim dies from shock and blood loss, George and Eddy sit on the ropes, Eddy on one side, George on the other. This rips the nipples off each of the living victims and tears through the end of each squealing man's cock. It doesn't reduce their arousal, though. Their man-juice is still flowing out of the ragged wounds.

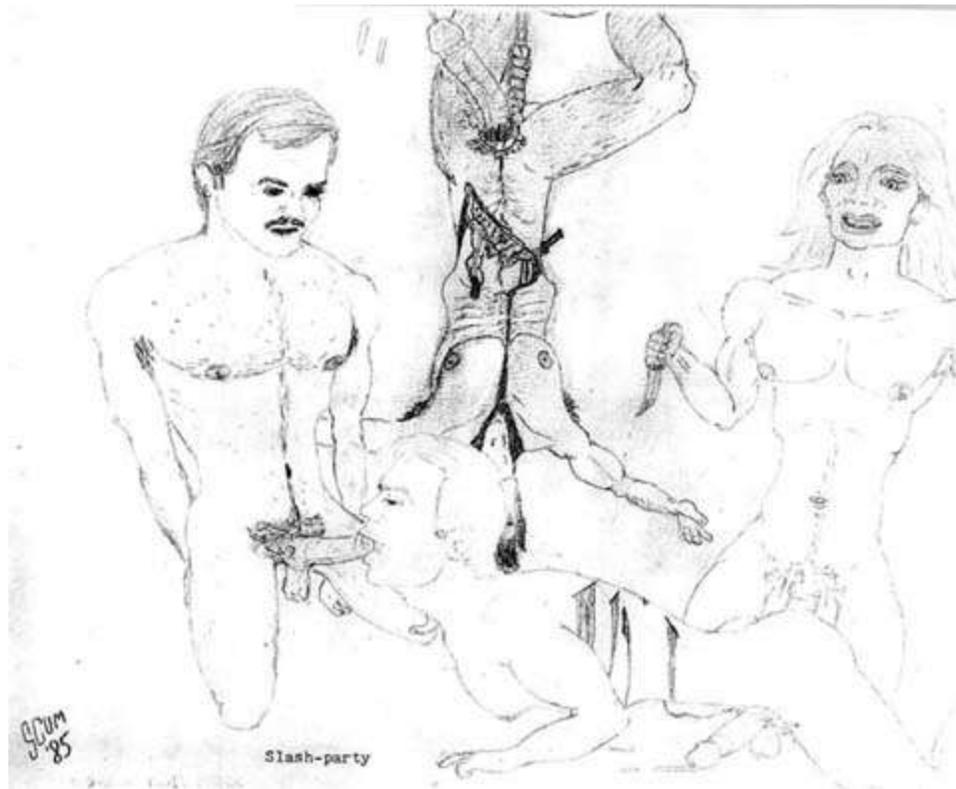
George opens the belly of one victim and he pulls the entire intestines out and drapes them over the screaming man's shoulders. He then castrates the victim and stuffs the severed genitals into the young man's throat, thus

stifling his screams. He thrusts his cock into the castration wound and fucks the victim, who can only moan in agony. While he keeps up his pumping actions, George kisses the victim's face, sucking the bloody balls that protrude from the victim's mouth. George cums time after time into the victim's groin before withdrawing his blood-drenched cock as the victim dies, suffocated.

Eddy, meanwhile, apes his brother's actions on the last remaining victim. He disembowels him, then castrates him. He fucks the dying young man's jagged castration hole until the victim can no longer sustain life.

Finally, with all three victims dead, George and Eddy roll around in the soft grass, sucking each other's bloody cocks until they are both clean.

16



Meph frequently recruits lovers for the cult. Another duo who have been together for some time consists of a husky, masculine fellow by the name of Felix and his lover, Jason, a slim, boyish young man with long, flowing blond hair. Apart from that and a small bush above his large circumcised dick, Jason is hairless. On the other hand, Felix has masses of dark hair all over his chest, back, arms, and legs. His thick, long cock is decorated with coarse black hair. As with the brothers, Felix and Jason usually perform their sacrifices together.

Even for the daily ritual, one will always assist the other whenever it's his turn for the duty. They derive enormous pleasure from the rituals, let alone their own sexual activities. Felix is by far the more dominant of the duo. Jason is happy to let his lover guide the way. Gifted with tremendous imagination, Felix is able to contrive novel ways of sacrificing their victims. Both Felix and Jason are sadistic to the extreme, a vital quality for any cult member.

Meph enjoys watching the lovers perform their rituals. It gives him new ideas on the kinds of potion he should develop for more advanced effects. Although not really needed, Meph ensures that the potions taken by Felix and Jason are highly aphrodisiacal. This enhances their already considerable sex drive and results in rituals with an even higher sexual content than normal.

When Felix gives the instructions, he constantly fondles his young lover. Jason follows the directions and slices around the upper thigh of their victim. It takes a few hours to remove each of the victim's limbs. This is because the permanently aroused lovers have to defer their work very often in order to satisfy their lust, both for each other and for their victim. For this reason, the victim will remain in agony, albeit alleviated regularly by the sexual relief Felix or Jason willingly provide.

Once Jason has carefully cut away the skin and muscle, Felix chops through the thigh bone until the leg has been completely severed. More sexual activity follows before Jason sets to work on the victim's other leg. Their victim is reinvigorated with potions every hour or so. These aid in blood

clotting in addition to achieving their usual functions. By the time the second leg has been removed, almost one whole day has passed.

The victim joins the two cult members in their bed for the night. His body, intact apart from the loss of his legs, gives both Fausters and the victim himself great pleasure throughout the hours of darkness.

Felix and Jason embrace and kiss each other and they fuck the victim's asshole and mouth, taking turns in each orifice. The victim is able to bear the pain, and his dick emits an almost continuous stream of cum, thanks to the erotic effects of the Fausters and the potions.

Jason sits on the victim's hard cock. While he raises and lowers himself, enjoying the feeling of the hard pole filling his love canal, Jason twists and scratches the victim's nipples. This adds to the pleasure being experienced by the victim, who cums deep inside Jason with a cry of sensual contentment. Felix chews on his lover's nipples, causing Jason to climax over the victim's heaving chest.

The three men doze, waking often to resume their sexual coupling after drinking doses of potion.

In the morning Felix and Jason set to work on the victim's arms. Using the same careful teamwork, they are able to amputate both arms by lunchtime. The victim joins the Fausters for lunch: his own thigh, removed the previous day, which has been marinated and grilled over charcoal. Jason holds bite-sized pieces to the limbless victim's salivating mouth. Far from being reluctant, the victim greedily eats his own flesh, eagerly accepting each piece that Jason feeds him. Jason even dips some of the tender meat into the pool of cum drying on the young man's belly. It's a mixture of cum from all three of them, and the victim evidently finds it very tasty.

After lunch has been swilled down with the final potion of the session, Felix squats so that his thighs firmly hold the victim's head immobile. The man squeals as first one, then the other, eye is perforated by the cult member's sharp dagger. His cries adopt an even weirder tone when Felix slices off the victim's tongue at the root. Bleeding is slight and soon has reduced to a trickle that runs down the victim's throat.

Felix now makes a slit in the victim's esophagus. The victim makes rasping sounds as he breathes unnaturally through the new hole in his windpipe. Felix pushes his cock into the victim's mouth and down the throat until the tip emerges through the gaping wound. Jason shoves his cock up the victim's asshole, and the two lovers set up a steady rhythm for their double rape. While they fuck the victim, Jason cuts a deep gash into the limbless man's quivering belly.

Felix folds back the skin and carefully pulls out the victim's intestines. Jason masturbates the victim's cock, which has not abated in the least. Each time Felix pushes his dick through the victim's open throat wound, a glob of cum seeps out and a small pool of milky man-juice glistens on the victim's upper chest. By the time Felix has pulled all of the victim's intestines out from the abdominal cavity and he and Jason have probed inside the victim's body to locate and remove the kidneys, liver, and spleen, there is little life left. The victim's dick is softening slightly but continues to ooze forth the cum that his balls keep manufacturing.

Felix withdraws from the victim's mouth and pushes his rampaging pole into the throat wound, effectively blocking off the victim's airflow. He fucks the victim literally to death, his cum gushing in great quantities directly down the dying man's bronchi and into his lungs. Just before the limbless body goes rigid, the victim's cock becomes engorged one last time. It erupts into the air and across his disemboweled torso. Felix draws Jason towards him and the victim dies as the Fauster lovers are locked in a passionate kiss. Jason moans seductively as his lover's tongue massages the inside of his mouth, bringing the younger Fauster to a long and intense orgasm inside the dead victim's asshole.

At that very same moment, Felix — who has been ejaculating almost continuously for many minutes — manages to increase the volume of his man-juice, which oozes around the neck wound now that the victim's lungs are completely full.

The Fausters fall sideways, pulling the torso with them. They do not pull their cocks out of the dead victim's ass and throat, but keep up their gentle fucking actions while savoring each other's mouths and tongues. They drift off to a contented sleep, the sacrifice now consummated after two

exceedingly enjoyable days: enjoyable for the lovers, though perhaps not quite so for their victims. Soon the lovers will go out again to find another victim to sacrifice in the name of Lord Satan.

17



Meph sometimes includes bowel-control substances in his potions. The control might be constipating or it might just permit functional control of the victim by some trigger or by another fast-acting potion.

Most Fausters have no qualms about the messes their activities produce. Many of them like to incorporate bodily waste into their rituals. By controlling the timing and, maybe, the volume of feces and urine, as well as the production of semen, those cult members who relish this aspect of natural behavior can derive added pleasure from the encounters. Consuming

the victim's waste products, in addition to swallowing his semen and drinking his blood, are all encouraged by Meph.

Even those Fausters who are not so greatly excited by piss or shit do like to see the victim lose control of his bowels at, or immediately before, the moment of death. Certain potions can allow the Fauster to cause the victim to defecate at will. He has no voluntary control of his bowel movements, which are instead activated either by a physical trigger or a high-speed laxative potion. The usual type of physical trigger is the prostate massage. A signal from the victim's prostate gland as it's massaged by a cock or palpated by a hand instructs his sphincters to relax. The potion regulates how quickly the feces is egested. It might seep out over a period of many minutes, during which time the victim enjoys an almost continuous orgasm, or it might be dumped in one single action. The choices, as with most other options for the Fausters, are limited only by their imaginations.

Meph can formulate a potion to combine many different controls and functions. Almost all of them contain blood-clotting agents. The object of the exercise is obviously not to let the victim die too quickly. Excessive bleeding that leads to shock is rarely a desired outcome too early in the ritual, though occasionally a good, bloody sacrifice — normally involving a large number of victims — goes down very well. By being able to amputate the victim's limbs, castrate him, even disembowel him, while the victim remains alive and fully alert to experience his destruction, is a primary objective of the cult. This, Lord Satan told Meph, is the most respectful and potent way in which to worship and serve Him. The greater the agony for the victim, the more intense the eroticism for both Fauster and victim and the higher the value that Lord Satan places on the sacrifice.

Bathrooms and toilets, both public and private, are very popular places with the cult members. The large bathroom in the temple is constantly the scene of sacrifices at any hour of the day or night. This is practical as well as symbolic. The shiny, white tiled floor and walls are easily cleaned up after even the most extreme session. Although leaving evidence of previous sacrifices is usual — just to increase the apprehension of new victims — there are times when the mess is just too much and a cleanup is called for.

Dismemberment of victims who are forced to wallow in their own blood and tissue is a favorite pastime.

18



A victim sits on the toilet seat. He screams in agony while Jack, a relatively recent convert, cuts right into the skin and muscle of his upper arm. The victim has already been blinded. He cannot see the knife that is searing through his arm. Nor can he watch as Jack saws through the arm bone until the limb drops onto the tiles.

Even though in severe pain, the victim's erection has not abated, and he is experiencing an unusual orgasm. He feels the dick of his tormentor against his lips, and he opens his mouth to suck on the stiff manhood. His remaining

hand hugs Jack's leg, kneading the cult member's buttocks. Jack guides the victim's hand to his asshole and enjoys the feeling of the victim's fingers as they invade his sensitive hole.

Jack shits into the victim's hand, then wraps the hand around his cock so that the victim tastes Jack's shit as well as his cum. Musky herbs that have passed through Jack's body and out with his waste give the shit a distinctive smell and flavor. These serve to escalate the victim's eroticism, and he noisily slurps at Jack's hard-on until the shit has all been cleaned off. He returns his hand to Jack's asshole to receive a second batch of the warm, brown, aromatic shit. The victim feeds himself until Jack's rectum is empty.

Jack has no further use for the victim's hand or arm now. He cuts into that one, just as he had the first, and finally saws it off, the victim's screams echoing against the tiled walls. Jack returns his dick to the victim's mouth, which helps attenuate the screams somewhat. The victim's dick drools with cum and continues to do so after Jack saws slowly through the victim's neck to decapitate him. Jack leaves the dead victim sitting on the seat, his back against the wall. The victim's cock has softened slightly and a thread of sticky man-juice joins a pile of drying cum on the floor between the dead man's feet.

Jack gets a second victim, who is now fully under the influence of the potions. While the victim kneels between the corpse's thighs, sucking the semi-flaccid cock, Jack fucks him until he is ready to climax. With a long, serrated knife Jack reaches forward and thrusts the pointed blade into the sucking victim's abdomen.

The victim screams into the dead cock, which fills his mouth. Jack cuts downward with a sawing action. The excitement produces a stupendous orgasm, and Jack's capacious cum fills the victim's rectum and squeezes its way out past the crying man's anal lips. Jack tosses the victim onto the floor like a discarded toy. He turns to his third and final sacrifice who has been watching with increasing horror and arousal.

Jack blinds his last victim with the knife, then stabs the sobbing man through the belly. The two dying victims set up a duet of erotic moans combined with agonized screams. This is a great turn-on for Jack, who

masturbates violently. The two victims pass into silence almost simultaneously, and that is Jack's cue. He screams with sensual delight as his second titanic ejaculation spurts high into the air.

Jack is now spent, and he drags the headless, armless corpse into his bedchamber for company. He drops into a deep and satisfied sleep. His hard-on is lodged into the gaping neck wound of the corpse, and he has the dead victim's cooling cock in his mouth. The last drops of that final orgasm are trickling down Jack's throat. He sleeps for twenty straight hours, waking only at Meph's call.

After refreshing potions, Jack is out searching for his next victims.

19

As Jack leaves, Sammy enters the graveyard gates, leading two fresh victims. He befriended them in a truck stop restroom. They accepted his offer of a soda and, within minutes, they had both been blinded by Sammy's pointed knife. Their last vision was that of the leering, thin lipped sneer as Sammy thrust the knife into their eyeballs.

The two naked victims follow Sammy, their erections very much in evidence. Sammy will keep them for a few weeks so that they can enjoy their blindness and Sammy can satisfy his bizarre lust in their empty eye sockets.

On his way into the temple grounds, Sammy stops to watch George and Eddy, who are working on a new trio of victims. The pained squeals as their skins are ripped open do nothing to reduce the arousal of Sammy's two victims, who are none the less terrified of their newly-entered darkness and of the fates that await them.

A shot echoes around the cemetery. Another of Meph's victims has been unable to stand the erotic agony of an elusive orgasm and has taken his life for the perverse pleasure of the cult leader.

Jeffrey recently found another black victim. He is now finishing off one of his earlier sacrifices to make a place on the wall for the next one. The tall, muscled man trembles as Jeffrey strokes the massive ebony-colored prick between the Negro's legs. His eyes rest on his tear-streaked cheeks, but his gigantic dick will not soften, nor will his balls stop producing the savory man-juice that bubbles out under Jeffrey's coaxing.

The happy band of Fausters are all dedicated to their Lord Satan and to his representative, Meph. They continue to perform their allotted tasks with diligence and enthusiasm. Each day, the duty sacrifice is consummated. Each day, more good-looking young men go voluntary to the temple from which they will never return.

Their stay will be painful, excruciatingly so, and mentally terrifying. But it will also be erotic and sensual, giving the victims the most pleasurable sexual sensations of their young lives.

So, if you meet a handsome young man in a restroom — perhaps in a gay bar — and he offers you a soda, think twice before accepting. If he is a Fauster, you can be promised a demeaning and utterly agonizing death, albeit indescribably satisfying. It will be in the name of Lord Satan, and so your life will have been constructively sacrificed rather than wasted. If you refuse that drink, you will be missing the experience of a lifetime — with little of that time actually left. The decision is yours!