

# LEASHED LAWYER

## BY ARGUS

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### One

Stanley grunted as his fist pumped rapidly back and forth along his cock. His eye was pressed tightly to the peep hole leading into the girl's shower as he watched the volleyball team soaping and washing themselves off.

His bulging eye took in the taut young flesh, the high, firm breasts, some with big brown nipples, some with delicate little buds. He watched legs that were in some cases firmly contoured and womanly, and in others coltish and slender. He took in bottoms which were round and plump, and those flat and boyish.

Then he came, groaning in pleasure as thick, creamy wads of semen spat out the tip of his cock and into the jar sitting on the ledge before him. The jar, almost full with a milky white substance, now was filled to the rim, topped off by his most recent eruption.

He sighed in pleasure, continuing to watch until the last girl left the shower, then he turned and pulled a pair of ice cube trays from his nearby fridge, poured the creamy fluid into them, and inserted them in the small freezer compartment.

The next day, before the cheerleaders' scheduled practise, Stanley loosened all the shower heads in the girls locker room shower before going about his normal duties as custodian.

Twice more during the morning he watched groups of girls showering off, and masturbated into the empty jar. Then, as the Cheerleaders began their practice session, he crept into the shower room and loosened the heads further. He then crept to the nearby window and watched the girls.

By long experience, he knew that they would end their practice with the pyramid and then somersaults and tumbles. He waited, and when they began he rushed back to his office, removed the two trays from the freezer and hurried into the shower.

With the ease given him by long experience he gave each shower head a final turn, removing it, then placed one of the ice cubes behind it and screwed it back on. Each cube, made up of Stanley's semen, waited for the hot water to be turned on.

He skipped out of the room just before the first of the cheerleaders got there, hurrying around to his little office and peering through the hole. He trembled with anticipation as he removed his hard prick and watched the naked girls entering the shower.

One by one they turned on the water. The hot water, only partly blocked by the solid cube, hissed down on them. Only Stanley knew that along with the water, his own rapidly melting cum was pouring down on the pretty

young things.

He stifled groans and whimpers as he pumped his long shaft, watching young women arching their backs to receive the spray on their firm young breasts, watching the water, mixed with his semen, pouring down on upturned faces, into open mouths, dribbling down between round buttocks and soft, pouting pussy lips.

He came, sending a fountain of cum into the jar, rebuilding his supply for the next cheerleader practice.

"Who taught you to drive, you fucking asshole!?" Kelly screamed as she screeched past an elderly man in an old station wagon.

She drummed her fingers on the wheel, glaring angrily at the clock, and then up at the heavy Los Angeles traffic as she tried to ease between a taxi and a blue Ford.

The taxi, in the passing lane, held its position right next to the Ford as they moved slowly along, and Kelly, snarling obscene insults, honked at him angrily, her bumper an inch and a half behind his. The driver stuck his hand out the window and gave her the finger.

She growled furiously, easing into the north lane, then quickly back as a big semi whizzed past, horn blaring. She eased back again, trying to estimate how close oncoming traffic was. Then she stomped on the gas and the Porsche roared ahead in the wrong lane.

As she passed the taxi, the driver, a Sikh, turned to glare at her.

"Go back to driving goats, you fucking rag head!" she screamed as she passed him.

She cut him off as she turned in sharply and his brakes squealed behind her. She laughed to herself as she sped away south, watching him shaking his fist at her in impotent fury. The red sports car hummed as it ate up the ground, spitting between a pair of sedans as if they were standing still.

She zipped into the underground garage so fast the attendant barely had time to raise his eyes at the sound. By the time he stuck his head out the window of his office the Porsche was around the corner and out of sight. He shook his head in irritation as he sat back down.

"Fucking idiot lawyers," he muttered to himself.

Kelly stopped the Porsche with a squeal of tires, then leapt out, taking her briefcase with her and rushing towards the doors. She pointed her remote at the car and locked it, arming the alarm at the same time.

The elevator was crowded, and it wasn't long before a hand slid onto her behind and gave it a squeeze. She turned calmly and looked up at the middle-aged man standing just to her right. He grinned at her smugly and she slid her tongue along her lower lip, smiling encouragement.

He cupped her buttocks, squeezing his fingers into her tight bottom. Kelly slid her hand over and cupped his crotch, squeezing lightly. Then, just as they reached her floor, she closed her fingers and squeezed as hard as she could. He gave a startled squawk of shock and pain, staggering back against the wall as she strode out of the elevator.

"Milton's already doing the morning brief," Carol, one of the secretaries warned.

"Fuck him," she said, striding past and into her small office.

She dumped her briefcase on the desk, then went down the hall to the ladies room.

She checked herself in the mirror, getting out her brush and running it through her shoulder length, softly curled chestnut coloured hair, muttering in annoyance as the front kept falling across her right eye. She stuffed the brush back into her purse then adjusted the fit of her green silk shirt.

The shirt was pulled tight across her firm, high, out thrust breasts, and the lacy black bra inside was thin enough to let the twin dots of her nipples poke out through the material. She also wore knee high leather boots and a calf length, suede skirt with no panties beneath.

She hurried out of the room and back to her office. There she locked her purse in her desk, shrugged on a six hundred dollar tailored jacket, and went down the hall to where Rodney Milton, her boss, was doing the morning briefing with the rest of the Public Defenders.

Many of the three dozen lawyers inside turned as she entered, some grinning, some glaring. Milton halted what he was saying, turning to scowl at her as she brusquely ignored him and strode forward to an empty chair.

"We're so glad you could join us, Miz McNeil," he said sarcastically.

"Sorry I'm late," she said, not sounding particularly convincing.

She slid into a chair and sat back; face bland as Milton continued to scowl at her. She looked back coolly, and he broke contact first.

"Most of the new cases have already been assigned, but I've saved one just for you, Kelly," Milton said, smiling cruelly. "It's right up your alley."

"Wish I could get up her alley," someone stage whispered behind her.

She gave no indication she'd heard the words or the snickers from that area.

"Since you're so good at sex crimes, I've give you Mister Stanley Wurtz." He dropped a file onto her desk.

She eyed it like it was a cockroach.

"Mister Wurtz," Milton said, "is a custodian Milwood Junior College. One of the gym teachers discovered a hole in the wall between his office and the girls' locker room."

There was snickering and laughter from various parts of the room.

"In order to prove Mister Wurtz made use of the peep hole, the police sex crimes unit staked it out yesterday. They saw Mister Wurtz carefully observing the cheerleaders practising in a nearby field. As the practice began to come to a conclusion, Mister Wurtz raced to his office and removed what was at first believed to be ice cubes from his fridge.

"He unscrewed the showerheads and was in the process of placing an ice cube behind each of them when he was arrested. It turns out the cubes were frozen semen. His."

The room exploded in laughter and obscene remarks. Milton, obviously

pleased, waited for it to die down before continuing.

"Mister Wurtz has confessed to masturbating many times a day for years while peeping at the girls, and saving all the, ah, er, resulting product in order to freeze it and place it in the showerheads for each cheerleading practice. He would then watch the girls take showers as the water melted the frozen semen."

There was a continuing stream of bad jokes and laughter as Milton sat back on his desk.

"Mister Wurtz also has confessed to opening the girls' lockers as they were at practice, placing his semen in such things as hair jell, shampoo, face cream, and in one instance, a douche bottle."

Again there were howls of laughter, accompanied by obscene jokes. Kelly sat stone faced.

"I'm sure you will show your usual devotion to your clients, Kelly," he said. "Just make sure you don't leave your purse with him if you leave the room."

"Yeah, and check your pockets before you go," someone yelled to more ribald laughter.

"All right everyone, that's it," Milton said.

The crowd of lawyers rose and shuffled out the door, laughing, giggling and joking. Kelly rose slowly, eyeing Milton with disdain as he came forward.

"Try and be on time tomorrow, huh, baby?" he said.

"I'm getting sick of all these sex cases," she snapped.

"I can't help it, Kelly. When I think of sex I think of you," he said.

"You're a pervert."

"Pervert? I'm no pervert. When I jerk off I don't look at little girls, I dream about you down on all fours with that tight ass of yours sticking up in the air and my cock pounding down your juicy twat."

He ran his hand through her hair as he leered down at her. "Get any last night?" he asked.

"Fuck off," she snapped.

"Not a very respectful attitude, Miz McNeil," he taunted.

"You're an asshole."

"Maybe, but I'm also your boss. If you want a nice juicy murder case all you've gotta do is bend over my desk, raise your skirt and spread those gorgeous legs. I'll do the rest."

He plucked at her skirt and she jerked it away, turning and storming out of the room as he laughed behind her.

Thirty minutes later she was at the Rampart Division station, crowded into a dark room with three detectives and six other attorneys as they prepared to view a line-up of suspects in a gang bang rape. They watched through the one way glass as six men filed into view in the other room and stood with their backs to the far wall.

"Okay, bring in the victim," Detective Romaro said. The door was opened briefly, letting some light into the room, then a quivering young

blonde was led inside and the door closed again.

"Now, Susie," Romaro said. "We're going to show you six men. Only one is a suspect. The rest aren't."

"But I thought you said you caught them all?" she whimpered.

"We did, but you'll have to pick each of the men out of a line-up. Trust me, it won't take that long."

Bullshit, Kelly sighed to herself. She moved over to the far corner next to Jack Russell, and pushed her shoulder into his.

His hand squeezed her behind through her skirt as Susie moved to the forefront of the group and looked through the window. Romaro explained things to her, then the men in the other room began their shuffling movements, forward, back, right, left, while Susie watched.

"You see the tits on this girl?" Jack whispered in her ear.

"Bet you'd like to get your hands on them," she whispered back.

"Your's will do," he breathed into her ear.

He quietly eased in behind her, pressing his crotch into her ass. Then his hands tugged the back of her shirt out of her skirt. She licked her lips nervously. The room was darkened and all the lawyers and cops were in front of them, watching the girl and the line-up.

His hands moved up and down her bare back, then slid around her sides and cupped her breasts through the thin bra. She looked down but her jacket blocked most of the movements of his hands.

The clasp was between the two cups and he quickly unclipped it, then folded his big hands around her breasts, softly kneading them as she sighed in pleasure. Excitement pumped through her veins as she pressed her bottom back, grinding it against his rapidly stiffening cock.

He pinched her nipples, then rolled them between his fingers as he licked a hot trail along the nape of her neck.

Susie identified the first attacker, and his lawyer sighed in disappointment. Then the group in the other room filed out and a new group shuffled into view.

Jack's fingers continued to squeeze and knead her naked breasts under cover of darkness and her jacket. He slid one hand out and she felt him seize the material of her skirt, slowly drawing it up in back.

She closed her eyes briefly, shuddering, then, her body throbbing with sexual heat; she reached down and eased her skirt up until the back exposed her naked buttocks. He slid his hand around her hip under the skirt, his fingers sliding down into her groin and against her narrow slit.

She bit her tongue to hold back a groan of pleasure, pressing her bare bottom back against him even harder. His other hand left her breast, and for a few seconds all he did was rub his finger up and down her slit.

Then she felt his hard, naked cock pressing against her buttocks. He slid it between her thighs, gripping the head with his other hand, the one in her crotch, then he pressed it up against her soft, warm mound, sawing it back and forth along her slit.

She spread her legs a little more and bent forward a mite. She felt her pussy burn, and wondered if her juices were actually dripping out of her. She worried the other men and women in the small room would smell the hot scent of pussy and discover their lewd actions.

But excitement drove her on. She kept her movements slow as she pushed back against him, breathing through her mouth to keep the sound low.

His cockhead pressed against her slit and slid slowly up inside her as Susie asked that one of the men step forward again.

Jack wasn't able to get his cock very deep inside her, but it was thick and hard and forced her pussy lips wide open, and her clit burned as he ground his groin into her.

He slid one hand up under her shirt, cupping her naked breast again as he fingered her clit with the other.

Her eyes rolled up and she clamped her lips tightly closed as she felt herself beginning to cum. Her deliciously responsive clit twitched and spasmed under Jack's careful stroking. Her full breasts were hot and hard. Jack was holding her right breast with his left hand, his fingers kneading it as his forearm crushed her left breast, rubbing up and down against it.

She arched her back, gritting her teeth as she shuddered through an all-encompassing sexual climax. Her head pulled back and rolled from side to side as she humped back against Jack's cock. She grunted softly, the sounds covered by an argument between one of the other lawyers and one of the detectives.

She sagged back against Jack, panting for breath, her pussy milk soaking her crotch and his fingers as he dug them into her throbbing mound.

His cock slid back down out of her slit and then pressed against her anus. She moaned, and shook her head in denial, but he pressed forward, holding her against him as he put more and more pressure against her wrinkled little anal opening.

Her pussy steamed with heat in the afterglow of her climax, and her body throbbed with satisfaction and release. Still, as his fingers nimbly rolled and squeezed her clit and breasts she felt her loins begin to re-ignite.

His cock pushed imperiously against her anal opening, and slowly began to force its way in. With a small whimper she spread her legs and his cockhead punched through. She jerked suddenly, gasping as though struck, but her sounds went unnoticed as the argument grew more vocal.

Jack was sliding more and more cock into her ass, the head driving upwards into her body as she breathed in short, sharp, silent gasps. His thick cock, soaked in her own sex honey, forced its way higher and higher as Jack gnawed on her shoulder and throat.

Then he pulled his hand down out of her shirt and slid his fingers through the thick wavy hair at the back of her head. He closed his hand, gripping a tight wad of silky hair, and forced her head back, back, back.

He thrust upwards, driving the last inch of cock up into her ass and Kelly shuddered and sighed. His teeth bit down on the side of her throat and

he sucked fiercely as he ground his pelvis into her naked buttocks.

"Fucking whore," he breathed into her ear.

She trembled in shame and excitement, squeezing down with her sphincter. She folded her arms across her chest, her hands folding over her thinly clad breasts and squeezing repeatedly as Jack began a slow pumping motion behind her.

Taking a desperate chance, her fingers undid two buttons in the middle of her blouse and her hands slid through the opening, each folding around a hard, throbbing breast. She squeezed them, feeling her sharp nipples digging into the palms of her hands as she dug her fingers into the malleable flesh.

She began to grind her ass back against him, timing her pushes with his thrusts. Though they moved slowly his cock was now pumping with serious speed and force in her anal tube.

Dazed excitement flooded her system as Susie picked out a second, then a third, then a fourth man. Jack's cock pumped steadily in her anus, while his fingers rubbed up and down over her clitty.

Her curled two fingers under her then and forced them up inside her quim. She closed her eyes and quivered as hot lust roared through her skull. He slid the fingers up inside her, then pressed them against her clit, bringing his thumb down against the hot little button from the other side.

She came again, throwing back her head and trembling violently. She gurgled in wondrous pleasure, her mind roaring, ecstasy blasting through her system. She felt his come blasting up into her bowels as he came too, and felt his teeth bite down on her shoulder, biting hard, even through her jacket as he rammed his prick up her ass to the balls.

She had just recovered enough to close her jacket when one of the detectives turned towards her.

"Your client coming up, Miz McNeil," he said.

"Tha...thanks," she gulped.

She shuffled slowly forward, tearing her ass off Jack's softening cock. Her skirt fell down behind her, and Jack hurriedly forced his cock back into his pants.

Susie picked her client out of the line-up, which didn't surprise Kelly considering he had twenty nine previous sex convictions. She leaned against the wall, catching her breath while Susie picked out the sixth guy.

Then, after Susie was escorted out she approached the ADA in charge. "So, wanna make a deal?" she asked.

"Sorry, hon. Not this time. DA wants to make an example out of these guys."

"Hey, they didn't hurt her or anything. All they did was hold her down and fuck her."

"Gang rape is just about number one on the DA's list of no-nos these days," he shrugged. "He wants to throw the book at them."

"He ought to consider doing the same to the murderers," she snorted. "Of course, they don't get nearly as much press as a good old gang-bang,

especially when the victim is a cute, blonde teenager, and the defendants are all black."

"True enough," he shrugged. "Them's the rules, though."

"You're really gonna make me waste my time trying to defend that scumbag in a trial? You're gonna force poor little Suzie to go through a trial?"

"The ADA says maximum sentence. You want to agree to plead him guilty and accept a life without parole, we'll talk."

"Right, and I'll mail my licence back to the bar so they don't have to waste time with a hearing," she sighed.

"Hey, I don't make the decisions."

"Right."

She grumbled, and headed downstairs to find this Stanley pervert. She looked at his records while riding the elevator down to holding. He was twenty-nine. His picture showed a man with a skinny face, large nose, and short hair. He weighed just over a hundred pounds.

"What a string bean," she murmured.

She couldn't help grinning at the thought of him putting iced semen behind the shower heads. Now here was a guy with imagination. She wondered if word of this had gotten out yet, whether the press knew. She might be able to get on TV if they found out. This was an even better story for them than Susie's gang bang. College cheerleaders showering in semen.

She met with ADA Conners just before going down to see Stanley.

"Hey, Richie, what do you want on the shower man?"

"Huh?"

"Wurtz, the shower peeper?"

"Oh, you got him," Richie grinned.

"So to speak."

"Well, this is a serious thing, you know," Richie grinned again.

"Not that I can see. Poor Stanley's already been fired... uh, I assume."

"Actually, no."

"No?" she laughed.

"The school wants to keep this as quiet as possible. They haven't fired him. Instead they're gonna give him a month's wages so he'll quit."

"That's certainly nice of them. I guess they don't want all those rich people to know their janitor was dumping sperm on their virginal little girls."

"I don't think so either," he sniggered.

"So what about the charges?"

"They don't even want to lay charges. We don't have much choice, though. We caught him... in the act, so to speak."

They both giggled at the thought.

"So what kind of deal you want then? He's got no previous record, and it wasn't like he hurt the poor little things."

"As long as he's willing to take the deal the school's offering and quit, we're only charging him with an 839."

**"Peeping tom? That's all?"**

**"No mention of him doing anything but drooling through the hole in the wall. He pleads guilty, gets a suspended sentence, and walks."**

**"Well, I don't know. Maybe I should see what kind of evidence you have first."**

**"Are you kidding? The cops caught him in the act of putting the ice cubes in the shower heads."**

**"That didn't happen, remember? What evidence of peeping do you have?"**

**"The holes in the wall," Richie snorted. "Which were expertly drilled and led to a small closet which only he had access to, and which he went into each time girls were going into the shower."**

**"That doesn't prove anything. Just because he was in there doesn't mean he was looking through the holes. Anyway, I bet lots of people had keys that could get into that closet."**

**"Come on, Kelly. This is a gift. Take it and get lost. We've both got better things to do."**

**"But poor Mr. Wurtz would never be able to get into another school again with a sex offence on his record."**

**"And this is bad?"**

**"It limits his career options."**

**"You're kidding? Right?"**

**"I shall offer my client the deal," she said haughtily, "but I don't think he should take it."**

**"Why not?" he demanded.**

**"Because I think I can get the school to put enough pressure on you guys to drop the whole thing," she grinned.**

**"It ain't gonna happen."**

**"Lotta rich folks go to that school, I bet. They won't like having to have their daughters go to court and testify about whether they could actually feel any semen falling on them when they showered."**

**"I told you we're dropping that!"**

**"Ahh, but maybe I'll bring it up anyway," she grinned. "Maybe I'll subpoena every girl in school, ask them all if they could feel Mr. Wurtz's jism in their faces when they showered. I bet it would be a huge story. CNN would cover it live!"**

**"You're crazy," he said.**

**"Maybe, but ask the DA about dropping all charges in exchange for Mr. Wurtz accepting the school's deal to quit quietly."**

**"He won't like it."**

**"That pains me," she smiled.**

## Two

Kelly went down the hall to the interview room they'd put Stanley Wurtz into and the deputy let her inside. She glanced briefly at him as she dropped her briefcase on the table, then pulled out a chair and sat across from him.

Stanley looked at her sulkily. He was wearing a checked short sleeve shirt, and had a very large zit on his nose.

"Mr. Wurtz," she said, shuffling through her papers. "My name is Kelly McNeil. I'm your attorney."

She looked up and saw him staring at her.

"Mr. Wurtz?"

"Yes?" he whispered.

"You're being charged with a number of offences. However, the DA is willing to drop all of them except a minor sex offence."

"Sex offence?" he whispered.

"Yes, for drilling the holes in the wall and peeping at the girls."

"Oh."

"Now, if you agree to plead guilty to that, they'll drop everything else and give you a suspended sentence."

"What does that mean?"

"It means you don't have to go to jail."

"Oh."

He stared at her the whole time, and she dropped her eyes in annoyance, scanning her papers again.

"Now, I think we might be able to do better. The school is very embarrassed about what you've done, that business with the..uh, ice cubes, and I think if we hold out a little they'll put pressure on the DA to drop all charges."

"Okay."

"All right then. Now, about bail. How much can you afford?"

"Bail?"

"Bail. You know. You give the courts some money and promise to come back for your trial, and then they let you go."

"How much money?"

"For you? Probably a couple of thousand. Can you afford that?"

"Yes."

"Good." She rolled her eyes and made a notation on the file.

"The hearing will be in about an hour. I'll see you then."

She started to rise.

"M..miz McNeil?" he gulped.

"What?"

He stared at her through those wide eyes for a long moment.

"What?" she demanded.

His eyes flicked downwards to her crotch, and she frowned. He inhaled

deeply, then looked up at her.

"I can smell it," he sighed.

"Smell what?" she glared.

"Sex. I can smell it on you."

"Don't be needlessly insulting, Wurtz," she glared, turning to the door.

"You're not wearing panties, are you?"

She knocked on the door.

"I know you just had sex. I can smell the semen leaking out.."

He inhaled deeply again, as she looked over her shoulders in surprise and distaste.

"Oohhhh," he sighed. "You were sodomized as well. Oohhh, how lovely."

She pounded on the door and the deputy finally opened it. She hurried out, wondering if it was possible Jack had told the little worm about what had happened. Surely it wasn't possible he could really smell... anything?

No. It wasn't possible. It wasn't.

But she stopped at the ladies room, got some moist tolettes, and rubbed her pussy and anal opening just to be sure.

She went upstairs to Court Four, where another of her clients was charged with molesting a sheep. There she protested that the man couldn't really be charged unless the sheep was willing to testify.

Then it was time for Wurtz's bail hearing. She tried to stand as far from him as she could, but the table was only so wide, and he kept edging closer. He inhaled deeply several times, and she blushed angrily.

"I can still smell it," he sighed softly.

She stomped down on his foot and he yelped and danced away, grabbing at it.

The clerk read the charge and the judge offered bail for two thousand. She quickly accepted, then turned to leave.

"Miss McNeil?"

"Get away from me, you repulsive little man," she snapped.

He pouted sadly. "I didn't mean to offend you," he said. "I have a very powerful sense of smell."

"Well, you did. Now what do you want?"

"Would you bring a pair of panties next time I see you? You don't have to wear them. I mean, bring them in your purse so I could..."

She turned and strode away, ignoring him.

Stanley looked after her, his eyes wide and blinking.

He posted his bail, then wandered out of the building and paused at the sidewalk. He really didn't have anywhere to go. He was supposed to be at school, but of course, he couldn't go there any more.

He sighed unhappily. That job had made him sooo happy. Now what was he supposed to do?

He thought about the pretty lady lawyer. She was so tall, so... strong looking. She had excellent breasts. They were probably very firm and round.

He inhaled deeply. He could still remember the wonderful smell of her pussy, the scent of sperm mingling with her own aroma. His mind played through image after image of her posing naked for him, of her in various sexual positions, her legs apart, begging for his cock.

He shuffled down the sidewalk, thinking about her. He caught a bus to his home, which was in the basement of an old brownstone, and went to the computer there. Half an hour later he had gotten Ms. McNeil's address and phone number from the cable company's records.

He called up her number, and heard her voice on the answering machine. He sighed and hung up, then got his tools and headed uptown on the bus.

A short time later he was letting himself into her apartment. It was large and airy, furnished with ultra-modern furniture. He felt his cock bulging as he eased into her bedroom and his eyes gazed at the bed. This was where she fucked men.

He pictured her there, on all fours, a large, muscular man taking her from behind. He pictured her with her ankles pinned beside her ears, or flat on her belly, with a man sodomizing her, grinding his pelvis into her soft round buttocks.

He turned to the dressers and pulled the drawers open, running his fingers over the soft clothes. He found her lingerie drawer and sighed, pulling out lacy, colourful bras and panties, stockings and teddies. Some of it was quite ordinary, but there was also some that were incredibly sexy, and made his erection throb with lust.

He wandered into the bathroom and looked around, staring at the tub and imagining her naked there, water pouring over her naked flesh. He went back into the bedroom and pulled out her lingerie drawer, lifted up a pair of sexy panties, then took out his cock and began jerking off.

He groaned and panted as images of her swept through his mind. Then he came, pouring cream into the crotch of the panties. Thick, white wads filled the cotton crotch. He held it carefully in his hand, then one by one, took out her other panties, turned them inside out, and gently rubbed their crotches against the creamy semen.

He folded them all and put them carefully back into the drawer. He found a key, and pocketed it, then began to read her mail.

He heard the front door open and quickly put things away, then dove under her large bed. A minute later she walked into the bedroom. He couldn't see her face, but recognized her skirt and shoes.

And he could smell her, just a little.

He shuffled forward a bit, so he could see more of her. He had to be careful, though, in case she suddenly moved back and saw him. She was undressing, and his cock started to harden as his heart pounded.

Her skirt came down, and he muffled a gasp as he saw her naked pussy above him. She had just a little bit of pussy hair, and he could see her slit quite easily. He remembered the tiny thongs in her drawer, and knew she kept

herself shaved so close for them.

She took off her shoes, then her jacket and blouse, going across the room to the closet to hang up the jacket. He ducked back under the bed, though his eyes locked onto the sight of her naked body. Her breasts were nice and large and firm, just like he'd known they would be!

He felt his cock rubbing against the floor below him as she turned and came back to the bed. Then she went into the bathroom, and he heard the sound of the shower running.

He paused a few moments for safety, then crawled out from under the bed and scurried to the bathroom. She hadn't closed the door, and he could see the back of her left leg as she disappeared behind the curtain. He felt a wave of disappointment that he couldn't see her in the shower, then had an idea and went back to her dresser.

There was a small compact on the dresser. He opened it and removed a tiny, rectangular mirror, then hurried back to the bathroom. He moved inside quietly, then went up to the curtain and edged the mirror towards the wall.

He saw the backs of her legs, so eased the mirror in more fully, and was able to see her standing there with her back to him...to the mirror. Her head was back as the shower came down on her head and face. She turned slowly, and he continued to watch.

She had her eyes open but with the water pouring down on her she didn't notice the small mirror against the wall where the curtain stopped. Stanley's cock bulged as he saw the water pouring down over her firm, up thrust breasts, as his eyes flicked up and down her slender, athletic body.

She turned again and his eyes feasted on her soft, round buttocks and long, sculpted legs. She reached for a bottle of shampoo then, backing out from under the water. Stanley eased back so she wouldn't see him, as she poured shampoo into her hand, then raised both hands and began rubbing it into her hair.

As she lathered it up she closed her eyes, and Stanley, taking a chance, pushed the curtain back a little and stuck his head in. She was only a couple of feet away, utterly naked, as his bulging eyes beheld her lovely flesh.

The lather from the shampoo dribbled down over her wet shoulders, then down her chest, trickling over and around her breasts, so firm and taut as she held her hands up on her head. The soap dribbled down her belly and through her thin thatch of pussy hair, then down to her pussy crack, where it dripped down to the bottom of the tub between her feet.

Stanley ripped open his pants and his trembling hands brought out his bulging erection. He pumped desperately as his eyes ravished her naked, soapy wet body. He gurgled and panted softly, moaning to himself at how close, how naked, how beautiful she was.

He longed to reach out and touch her, to run his hands across her ivory flesh, to help rub the soap into every pore of her delightful body.

She turned, with her eyes still closed, and walked forward under the water, letting it pour down over her head to rinse out the soap. Her hands

remained in her hair as she rubbed her fingers through the soapy tresses. She turned slowly, eyes still closed, while Stanley watched and jerked off furiously.

Her head was thrown back as she pulled her long hair out behind her and let the water splash down on her face and breasts. Then she straightened, and shuffled slowly forward, coming out from under the water. Her eyes remained closed, for there might still be soap that would get into them.

She reached for the towel always left hanging on the rod there, so she could rub it over her eyes.

Stanley, only a foot away, came, spewing a thick stream of hot, milky semen onto her belly and thighs, and breasts as his skull threatened to explode with passion. Only the fact that the shower was going, and that she had water in her ears kept Kelly from hearing the grunts and moans.

Stanley stumbled back as she rubbed the towel over her eyes. And when she blinked them open there was no sign of him. She didn't notice the small white drops on her breasts or belly as she turned and eased under the water again, reaching for the soap.

Stanley staggered out of the bathroom, his face red, his body quivering. He dropped to his knees, then crawled under Kelly's bed again, where he moaned to himself and tried to catch his breath.

The water went off, and he heard her moving around in the bathroom. A minute later she padded out, naked, except for a towel wrapped around her head. He licked his lips as he watched her move around the room, his heart pounding anew at the sight of her lovely pale flesh.

For the next hour she remained naked, moving back and forth between the bathroom and her makeup counter drying her hair, brushing and styling it, then putting on makeup.

Stanley cursed himself for not having brought a camera, something he could use to record her with. She had turned on her stereo, so the small clicking of his camera would have made no noise. He drooled a little on the floor, especially when, for one agonizingly long, heart-stopping moment, she bent way over to search for something in the bottom drawer of one of her dressers.

He had a perfect shot of her pussy, and dreamed of darting out from under the bed and stuffing first his cock, then his entire body up into her.

His cock was bulging again and he was pumping softly. He went into high speed as she bent over, then came, spewing his juices into the little baggie he always kept in his pocket for emergencies.

She straightened and went back into the bathroom, and he sighed, rolling over on his back and thanking God for this wonderful opportunity, for giving him something to live for now that all his pretty little cheerleaders had been taken from him.

She finally got dressed, and he mourned as she put on a pair of lacy black string bikini panties, then a matching French bra. She did look sexy in them, but he preferred her naked. He could smell her better that way too.

He was consoled, though, by remembering that he had been especially

careful to coat the sexier panties more heavily with his juices, spreading it out over the crotch so that it wouldn't likely be noticed. So he knew that she now had his dried come juice pressed up against her warm, musky sex.

She slipped on a tight, black, sheath style mini dress that was so short he could see her panties when she approached the bed. She stepped into some high, spiked heels, then left.

A few minutes later he heard a buzzing sound, then her voice. He couldn't quite make out the words, and wondered if he dared to crawl out of the bed just yet. But then he heard the sound of the front door closing.

He waited several long minutes, then slid out of his hiding place and crept to the doorway. He checked the hall, then the other two rooms, then the living and dining rooms and kitchen. She was gone!

He raced to the window and looked down at the front entrance. There was a shiny black car waiting there, and after a moment he saw Kelly emerge from the building and get in. The car drove away, and he whimpered slightly, missing her already.

He wandered around the apartment some more, fingering the towels she'd used in the bathroom. Then he stripped naked and got into the tub. He showered, using the same soap as her, groaning in pleasure, his cock bulging as he soaped up with the soap that had just been rubbing over her naked flesh.

He came, wastefully spewing his load against the wall as he pumped his cock and cried out in pleasure.

Afterwards, he dried himself off with the same towels she'd used, then padded, somewhat damp, around the apartment naked.

In addition to her bedroom, complete with en-suite bath, there were two others, one of which she used for an office. The third was left empty, though furnished as a spare bedroom. He found plenty of closet space in it, and knew he could comfortably sleep there.

Stanley went back to her bedroom and lay on her bed naked, sighing unhappily. He didn't understand women. Fucking her would give him so much pleasure, and would be so easy for him. All she had to do was bend over, like she had earlier, and just stay put for a couple of minutes. It would require so little effort on her part to let him fuck her.

And he would be more than willing to pleasure her in return. His cock was unusually thick, and just over eleven inches long. He knew that he could give her a really good fucking, a fucking that would bring her pleasure too. He was long ago diagnosed as a sex-addict, though he wasn't sure what that meant. However, he was capable of staying hard even after coming repeatedly.

He had once jerked off five times straight in the space of thirty minutes, and each time had spewed an enormous amount of juice out the tip of his monster cock.

Yes, he could make her very happy in bed, yet he knew she would never have him, never even consider him. She wanted some good-looking, broad

shouldered type who would talk in a slippery way and treat her like dirt. He would be so much nicer than any other guy she could find. If only he could convince her of that.

He sighed again, then sat up and got dressed. There were a lot of things he needed to do before she got home.

First he dressed, then he took the baggie of semen and poured it into the open milk container in the fridge. He left, then, going home to his place and getting some of the things he thought he might need to get more excitement out of his new girlfriend, for so he thought of her.

First he expertly drilled a hole between the wall of the empty bedroom, and the master bedroom she used. He hid it under a picture on his side, and made sure the hole poked out low, and to one side of a dresser. If she was close, the dresser would block her view, and if she was on the other side of the room she probably wouldn't notice.

The dresser blocked most of the room, but he had a clear sight of her bed. For the rest of the room he drilled a hole high up near the ceiling. Neither hole was wide, only as wide as a nail. He put in small, very expensive spyglasses, which magnified the view coming from the small holes considerably. He had as good a view as if he were in her room.

He drilled two more holes into her bathroom, which, fortunately, also faced the spare room.

The room on the other side of the spare, which was her office, would probably not be worth it, but he drilled a hole into it anyway. Again, he disguised it well. He went into her office next, and drilled a hole from there into the master bathroom, covering it with a picture on the office side.

He then placed microphones in all the rooms, leading back to a receiver he hid in the closet of the spare bedroom. There was plenty more to do, but he would wait until she was at work so he would have more time.

He had a small, portable TV with earphones, and he went into the spare bedroom and sat in the closet as he waited for her to return.

He didn't hear the door close, but heard her voice. He turned off the TV and plugged his earphones into the receiver, switching from bug to bug until he got her clearly.

"...in your drink?" she asked.

"A couple," a heavy, male voice answered.

Stanley licked his lips. He was mildly jealous that another man was with her, but the prospect of perhaps witnessing someone fucking Kelly made his cock stir yet again.

He heard sounds of tinkering in the kitchen, then the sounds faded, and he switched to the living room bug.

"Thanks," the man said.

He scurried out of the closet and crept down the hall until he could peek around the corner into the living room. Kelly was sitting on the sofa next to a large, muscular looking man in a suit. The man had a moustache, and was sipping from a glass.

**"I always liked Robin Williams," Kelly said.**

**"You wouldn't catch me dressing up like a woman," the guy snorted.**

**"Oh, but you'd look so cute in a dress," Kelly smiled, batting her eyes.**

**"And you'd look so good without one," he grinned, sliding his hand behind her head and pulling her face into his.**

**The kissed, and again Stanley felt a wave of jealousy, but at the same time he prayed the man would do something more, that he'd get to see some real action. Rare were the times he actually got to see more than nudity, except in dirty movies, of course.**

**He was rewarded as Kelly turned in towards the man and their arms went around each other. Then the man's hand slid up and cupped Kelly's breast, his fingers kneading lightly as their lips slid together.**

**Stanley's cock throbbed into life as his eyes began to bulge excitedly. He stared excitedly as the man squeezed Kelly's breasts, then slid his hand down her body and along her thigh.**

**He stroked the inside of her thigh below her short skirt, then eased his hand in underneath, forcing the skirt up as his fingers drove up against her panty covered pussy mound. Stanley groaned softly as he watched the man ease Kelly backwards, and saw his hand fully cupping the woman's sex.**

**Then the man slid his hand inside her panties and stroked her pussy slit with his fingers as they kissed. Kelly moaned and sighed contentedly as the man rolled half atop her, his fingers rubbing insistently at her clit.**

**He pulled them out and yanked her panties down then, baring her moist pussy to his and Stanley's eyes.**

**Kelly lifted her legs as he pulled her panties off, then spread them wide as his fingers again slid between her thighs and stroked against her pussy. The man ran his other hand up and down Kelly's body, then pulled his lips from hers and jerked her legs up across his lap.**

**He twisted around so he was between them, and his big hands encircled her thighs, lifting and spreading them, forcing them back against her as he eased his face in between her thighs. Kelly began to sigh and moan and whimper in pleasure as the man's tongue and lips worked over her sex.**

**Stanley wished he could see more of that but the man's head was in the way. He took his cock out and began to slowly pump it as he feasted his eyes on Kelly's face, drawn back into a grimace of pleasure.**

**The man continued to crouch between her legs, his fingers and hands and mouth working steadily as the woman moaned and wriggled and bucked against him. Then she let out a low cry of pleasure and passion, arching her back and clawing at the air as her bottom bucked furiously.**

**Stanley took out his baggy and pumped his pecker harder, then poured a thick creamy load of jism into it.**

**He sighed happily as the two lovers on the couch slowed, the man crawling up between Kelly's legs until she could taste her own pussy on his lips.**

**Then the man rolled roughly over, taking her with him. She swayed a**

little as she found herself straddling him, but gripped his shoulders to steady herself as she leaned in against him.

His hands kneaded her bare buttocks, sliding her short dress upwards, and Kelly reached down, gripped the hem, and peeled the dress up and off, tossing it on a chair behind them. She reached between her breasts and unhooked her bra, and the man's hands came up to cup the tender meat as it spilled free.

She slid the bra off and tossed it away, then slid her arms around him as he mashed his face into her cleavage. He sucked and chewed and nibbled and licked at the soft, ivory flesh as Stanley moaned jealously and Kelly groaned in pleasure.

After several minutes she reached down, shifting her bottom backwards, and undid his fly. Stanley couldn't see his cock at first, for her body hid it, but he knew what she was doing, and stared as he saw her rising up.

He saw the cock then, as she held it in one hand, its head pointed up at her pussy slit. She lowered herself slowly, letting the head split her sex, and slide inside. Then she let go, and Stanley saw the man's cock before Kelly slid her pussy down over it.

He wasn't impressed. It was big, but not that big. He wanted to see her split open by a monster cock, one even bigger than his. Still, the sight of her smooth, round buttocks rising and falling and grinding over his thighs as she rode his pecker made his cock stir again.

He crouched low and eased in closer, watching her riding her ass up and down, watching the man's fingers kneading her soft buttocks. Kelly rode higher and higher, grunting and moaning as she came down, as she impaled herself on the man's big prick.

The man was sucking and chewing on her nipples as she rode him, rubbing them against his face as he helped her ride up and down. Stanley gasped in delight as he saw one of the man's fingers sliding into her anal opening, dipping in, then pumping in and out.

Fuck her ass, he thought to himself. Ream out her asshole!

But the man seemed quite content to fuck Kelly's pussy, humping up only a little, letting her do most of the work as she slid her creamy pussy up and down his bulging pecker.

Then he came, gasping and moaning and jerking her up and down faster and faster. He sighed and let go of her bottom, and Kelly slowed her movements. She slid up and down for another minute, then stopped and kissed him deeply as he sat back beneath her.

Stanley sneered at the man for not fucking her to another come. He crawled backwards and around the corner again, watching from comparative safety as they kissed for another little while.

Kelly slid off him finally, though her hand played with his soft cock as she slumped there beside him. They talked, but it was so soft Stanley couldn't hear much. After a disgracefully long time, in his opinion, the man got hard

again and Kelly bent and began to suck him off.

He watched her bobbing head, gripping his own cock as he dreamed her full, moist lips were sliding on it. She sucked steadily, as the man stroked her hair and groaned in pleasure. Then the man came again, and Kelly dutifully sucked it all down.

Stanley was so shocked he lost his erection. What kind of a man would let himself come twice and not fuck her more than once? What an idiot!

He was even more shocked when, instead of at least eating her out again, the man dressed, claiming he had to be in early for work the next day.

Stanley hurried back to the spare room as Kelly saw the man to the door, then waited until Kelly went to her room to sneak to the wall and peek through the peephole he'd installed.

### Three

Kelly was still naked, and Stanley took a great deal of time to admire her body as she moved around her bedroom. He was disappointed for her that the guy who'd fucked her was so bad. If only she would realize how much better it could be with him, he sighed to himself.

He saw her go to the door and leave her bedroom, and quickly ducked into the closet, just in case she checked this room. He listened on the receiver, and heard some sounds in the kitchen, then, a minute later, the sound of her door being closed again.

He slid out of the closet and back to the wall, peeping in at her. He saw she had a glass of milk in her hand, and watched as she placed it on the night table beside her bed. Then she went into the bathroom.

He hurried over to the peephole for the bathroom and gazed in at her again. She was bending over, reaching in to the tub to turn on the water. He admired her lovely backside as she tested the water, then turned on the shower. She stepped inside and closed the curtains.

Stanley giggled a little, and moved to the second peephole in her bathroom. It was inside the tub, high up in one corner, above the showerhead. He had to stand on the headboard of the bed in the spare room to see through it, but he didn't mind. It was worth it to see her naked flesh all wet and glistening.

He watched as her hands moved up and down her body, as she reached for the soap and pulled back out of the line of water to soap herself up. His erection quivered against the wall as he saw her hands moving over the soft full meat of her breasts, wishing it were his hands doing the soaping.

He considered jumping down and going into the bathroom again, but that was really taking too much of a chance. Besides, since she'd washed her hair already, she wasn't likely to do it again. That meant she would probably

keep her eyes open. Instead, he considered something more interesting by far.

He'd rarely, rarely ever tried it. In fact, he'd only done it once, to his sister, years and years ago when they were both teenagers. But it had worked well that one time, and...and well, maybe he could get away with it again.

He watched as Kelly soaped up her torso, then slid her hand in between her legs, rubbing at her pussy, soaping it up very... carefully. She seemed to be soaping it up with quite something more than casual effort.

She turned and soaped up her buttocks as well, then reached for a wash cloth. She began to scrub herself, starting with her arms and neck, then working her way over her belly and shoulders and legs. She rinsed off the cloth, then rubbed soap over it and began to slowly slide it over her round breasts.

She was in the corner of the shower, away from the water, and kind of leaned her head back as she slid the cloth over her breasts again and again. At the same time, her other hand slid down between her legs and began to rub at her pussy.

Stanley's cock throbbed and pulsed with the need to sheath itself in her snug sex, but he continued to watch as she eased two fingers into her pussy slit and began to stroke her clitoris.

After long moments, she began to roll her hips and grind herself against her fingers, her eyes closed as she ground her buttocks lightly back against the wall. Then she bunched up the washcloth and slid it down between her legs. As Stanley watched, she rubbed it over her pussy, then forced it slowly up into her sex, moaning and grinding faster.

She rolled her head against the tiled wall as she bucked against her fingers and the washcloth, gasping and panting for breath as the excitement grew inside her. Then she stiffened and quivered like a plucked bow string.

She groaned softly, then sagged against the wall, easing the cloth slowly out of her pussy and letting it fall to the floor.

Stanley was quivering himself. He was trembling with lust and excitement. He had to have her, HAD to. He didn't care about the risks. He had to fuck her, and fuck her hard.

He jumped down and ran to the closet, then pulled open his bag and took out the sleeping draught he'd first made so many years back for his sister. He crept out and hurried into her room. The sound of the shower reassured him as he went to her glass and poured in some of the draught, then stirred it with his finger.

The water turned off, and he hurried out, closing the door behind him. He went back into the spare room and watched as she dried herself with the towel, then blow dried her hair. She didn't bother to dress as she left and went into the bedroom.

Stanley dropped down and eased over to his other peepholes, watching her sit on the edge of her bed and sip from the milk. He felt his heart clutch, fearful that she'd detect the taste of the drug even though it was virtually undetectable.

**But she showed no sign of that, drinking almost half the glass before standing and moving to the closet.**

**He remembered how he'd gotten Tina to drink a similar drug the night before she went away to college. He'd been several years her junior, but had been watching her undress, shower, masturbate, and fool around with guys for years. Seeing her about to leave drove him to the ultimate in desperation.**

**He'd drugged her drink, and while she slept, had fucked her for the first and last time. It was the first time he'd fucked any woman, for that matter, and it had been glorious!**

**Now he intended to do the same with Kelly.**

**She went back to bed and got in, then read a magazine while sipping on the milk. Her eyes began to blink, and she nodded several times, then, with almost all the glass finished, she slumped unconscious, letting the magazine slide off the edge of the bed.**

**Stanley stayed watching for long minutes, afraid it was a trick, that she somehow suspected there was a drug in the milk and was just waiting, trying to lure him out. Maybe it was all a setup, maybe that big guy was in on it. He wasn't sure.**

**He crept out of the room and checked the house, then opened the front door and looked outside. It was empty. He closed and locked it again, then, his cock throbbing, and his heart racing, he moved slowly down the hall towards the master bedroom.**

**His hands trembled as he slowly turned the doorknob to her room. He fought to keep from hyperventilating as he eased the door open a crack and peeked inside.**

**She hadn't moved.**

**He licked his lips fearfully, then pushed the door wider and crept inside. He closed it behind him, never taking his eyes off her, watching for any sign that she was faking it. He moved slowly towards the bed, heart pounding, then moved around it to the other side.**

**Now she was facing away from him. She was lying on her side, and he didn't want her to see him if she woke. He leaned far forward, supporting his weight by grasping the headboard, then touched her shoulder lightly.**

**He ducked down beside the bed, holding his breath, but there was no sound of movement, no end to the steady, even breathing. He raised his head and looked at her, but she hadn't moved. He stood up, and again pushed on her shoulder, harder this time.**

**Again he dove down, in case she woke, but after waiting, he raised his head and saw she still hadn't moved. He licked his lips again, then slapped her head. He shook her, then pinched her arm.**

**Finally, he moved around to the other side of the bed and squatted beside it. His trembling fingers eased the sheets aside and he groaned as her nude body appeared. He fought to keep his breathing even, to control the shaking in his limbs as he eased a hand in and touched her nipple.**

**He knew his cock was about to shoot. He fumbled at the zipper and tore**

his pants down, then stood up. He leaned over her, holding his thick cock inches from her face, and squeezed once.

A massive wad of semen spurted out and hit her on the closed eyelid. Another shot out, then another, then long, sticky streams of it, falling on her lips and nose and cheeks and forehead as he pumped his cock furiously.

His heart felt like it would explode as he leaned a little further forward and rubbed his wet cockhead all over her face, smoothing out the wads, rubbing them into her skin in a nice, even layer. He rubbed his cockhead over her lips, trembling and panting at the touch of her soft skin.

His cock didn't go down, for he was too excited. He knelt again, and tilted her back a little, then began to lick and suck and chew on one breast while his hands fingered and squeezed both the soft breasts.

He licked every inch of both breasts, sucking and nibbling and rubbing both nipples until they became hard. For long minutes he knelt there, stroking her upper body and suckling at her nipples, content and blissful as he rubbed his face against her breasts.

Then he turned her onto her back and spread her legs very carefully. He crawled into bed with her, kneeling between her legs as he dropped forward onto his elbows. He stroked her thighs and then his fingers rubbed up and down along the unconscious woman's pussy slit.

He forced her sex lips apart and gazed reverently at her sex, noting the glistening pink flesh and the round little hole. He leaned in and began to lick and suck, forcing his tongue down her hole, then his finger. He sucked on her clit as he finger fucked her, panting and moaning and whimpering as his excitement grew unbearable.

He straightened and gripped his cock softly, then pressed the head against her wet sex. He slid it slowly, but firmly into her, grunting with the effort. His enormously thick cock had a hard time gaining entrance, but his spit, and the fact that she was so relaxed helped, and he was able to force himself into her.

He let his body come down on hers, glorying in the feel of her naked flesh against him. He tore off his shirt so he could feel it against every part of his body, then began to pump his cock inside her. Faster and faster his hips worked, his skinny hips becoming a blur as he thrust his long, thick prick deep into her belly.

He felt the very end of her pussy, her cervix, against his cockhead on each deep thrust, and punched frenziedly against it as he lavished chewed and sucked on her throat and mauled her soft breasts.

He came again, pouring his semen into her. He could feel the thick, heavy wads of cream pumping into her womb, and moaned in delight. Still, he kept fucking. Long minutes passed as he pumped his tool into her tight hot sex. Kelly didn't move, her eyes closed as her body jerked and shook under the impact of his hard thrusts.

Then he came again, pouring more steaming juice into her belly. He collapsed tiredly atop her, lowering his lips and sucking tiredly on her nipple.

He lay like that for five minutes or so, sucking continuously on her nipple. Then he slowly pulled himself off her. He sat back on his heels, staring at her naked, splayed body, gleeful in the knowledge that her face was coated in his juice, and her pussy was full of it.

He crawled forward, straddling her prone body, and sat down on her stomach, rubbing his ass and soft cock against it. He eased forward, taking much of his weight on his legs as he brought her breasts in against his groin. He began to mash them in his fingers, crushing them around his cock and balls as he sighed happily.

He began to get hard again, his thick, ugly cock lengthening as he squashed her breasts against it. He continued to rub her breasts over his cock as his excitement rose, delighting in the sensation. Then he pulled back and knelt between her legs once more.

He lifted them and pressed them gently back against her chest as he forced his cock into her pussy crack again. He let his weight come down on her legs as he began to fuck down into her like he'd seen so often in those porno movies. His cock was a weapon of lust as he stabbed it into her furry little slit again and again, his hips pounding against her upturned buttocks.

He came again, spewing another hot load of jism up into her belly. This time he knew it would be a while before he could get hard again. He'd had a long day, after all.

He pulled the sheets over her and dressed, going home.

Kelly woke slowly, blinking her eyes. She groaned, and slapped a hand to her head. She hadn't thought she'd had that much to drink, but she definitely had a hangover.

Her body felt bruised and sore. She smiled as she remembered fucking Jack. It had felt so good when he'd come inside her.

She wondered at how sore she felt, though. After all, she'd been on top, not him. Her breasts felt especially sore, but then, he'd spent a good deal of time sucking and groping them while she rode his cock.

She tossed back the sheets, yawning and then moaned again. She sat up slowly, holding her forehead, and swung her legs out of bed. Her pussy felt like it had taken a real pounding. She wondered a bit at that, but shrugged it off.

She looked at the alarm clock, then cursed. She'd slept in! She had a court date in half an hour! She jumped up and staggered to the closet, grabbed the first presentable dress she could find and pulled it on. She didn't bother with underwear. The judge would kill her if she didn't show up!

She pulled on a jacket, because it would disguise her lack of a bra, then stepped into a pair of shoes and staggered for the door. Breakfast would have to wait.

She raced downtown, almost broad siding a bus, then screeched to a halt inside the garage with five minutes to spare. She ran upstairs and grabbed her briefcase, ignoring everyone as she raced back to the stairs and ran down two flights to the courts.

**She slammed open the door to the courtroom and hurried up the aisle.**

**"Well, Miz McNeil," the judge said. "I was just saying to myself how I've missed you."**

**"Sorry, your honour, traffic accident," she said.**

**She was stuck in there for almost two hours, and her stomach growled by the time the judge called a recess. She shuffled out into the hall and almost ran into that Stanley Wurtz pervert.**

**"Oh, glad to see you," he smiled.**

**"What are you doing here, Wurtz?" she glared.**

**"I was just wandering by," he said, his eyes flicking over her body.**

**He inhaled deeply, and she glared and blushed.**

**"Get away from me or I'll have you arrested," she snapped.**

**"Do you know, I can almost hear it sloshing around inside you," he breathed. "The sperm. You must have gotten a real good fucking last night."**

**She shoved him back angrily and moved past him. He sniggered and giggled as she stormed down the hall, his cock hardening as he watched her ass move in the tight little skirt.**

**She had his come up inside her belly! Even if she'd showered this morning, she still had three thick, hot doses of his white cream in her slippery little cunt hole!**

**And she didn't even know! That was the best part.**

**She didn't even know how he'd seen her, how he'd touched her, spilled his juice on her face, fucked her again and again. Images of her naked flesh spun through his mind, images of her rigid pink nipples, her hot, musky slit, the tightness of her pussy around his cock, the feel of her breasts crushed up against his cock and balls.**

**Oh she thought she was so superior, but he'd HAD her! He'd fucked her and fucked her good, and if she'd been awake she would have screamed in joy.**

**If she only knew. Oh, if she only knew, he thought to himself. Wouldn't she be mad!**

**He snickered to himself then went back to his place. He got his camera, and the other things he wanted, and took them over to her apartment, putting them all out of place under the bed or in the closet.**

**He masturbated several times that day as he remembered what he'd done to her the previous night. He poured the results, along with what he'd collected in baggies the other day, into her cold cream and her milk. He added some to a little bottle of breath freshener, giggling as he imagined her spraying it into her open mouth, and left the rest on the crotches of her panties.**

**A doctor once had tried to explain to him why he came so much, but he hadn't really understood. He produced much more semen than most men, it seemed, and the muscles in his groin that expelled it during climax were unusually powerful.**

**The result was all that mattered, and that was that he pumped out three to five times the amount of juice when he came.**

That left plenty of semen to go around, and even some he could put away for future opportunities. He set up a jar in the corner of the closet, and started to fill it.

Kelly came home early, though not too early. She was tired, and ordered a pizza, then watched TV. She did a little paperwork, then had a shower and went to bed.

Stanley watched her off and on while she was in the living room. He spent most of his time in the closet, though, watching his own little TV. He watched when she had her shower, but didn't go in to jerk off on her. That seemed a stupid risk now that he had fucked her, and had the opportunity to fuck her again in future.

He did not fuck her that night. She went to bed early, without having anything to drink. He knew enough about the drug to know it would cause headaches and mild nausea in the morning, and decided to try and hold off until she had some alcohol again.

He didn't know for sure whether she could feel anything else the next day, whether she could tell she'd been fucked. He'd dared to do it the other night because not only had she been drinking, but she'd fucked that guy not long before going to bed. He was always careful about covering his tracks.

Over the next few days his jar slowly filled, even though he was generous in dosing her milk and objects of her clothing with his juice. On Friday, she went out again. He watched her dancing a slow, seductive dance in front of the bathroom mirror as she did her makeup. She was naked, and her body looked indescribably beautiful to him as it swayed and undulated to the music.

He was gleeful, though, figuring she would have a few drinks, then come home and be fucked by her boyfriend. He would get to watch, then drug her and fuck her himself later.

But she didn't come home that night. Stanley was bitterly disappointed. She didn't come home the next day either. She didn't return until Sunday afternoon, and he was sullen and angry by then, thinking about all the fucking and sucking she'd probably done that he had missed watching.

He couldn't stop himself from going after her that night. She stayed home all evening, and had nothing alcoholic to drink, but he didn't care. He was determined to do her and do her good if he had any chance to.

Sure enough, she got a big glass of milk before settling into her room with a book.

She then sat in bed drinking it while Stanley cursed furiously on the other side of the wall. He prayed she would get up and go to the bathroom or something, but she never did, finishing the cup as she read her book. Then she turned out the light and went to sleep.

The next day, Stanley wasn't taking any chances. After she left he dosed the whole quart of milk with the drug. But then in a fit of anxiety, afraid she'd come home and drink it with her dinner, then fall asleep and be suspicious the next day, though, he threw out the milk.

He had to go and buy another quart, of course, and also make up more drug. He waited until she had eaten dinner, then watched, and the next time she went down to the bathroom he scurried into the kitchen and dosed the milk.

She had her usual glass of milk before bed, and he sighed in pleasure and anticipation as he watched her drinking it. When she fell asleep he stalked into the room, no longer timid. He knew the drug worked on her, and knew she wasn't faking it.

He ripped the sheet back and gazed down hungrily on her lush, naked body. He sat on the edge of the bed and ran his hands over her, caressing her soft, ivory flesh, squeezing her breasts, pinching and twisting her nipples, and sliding his fingers up into her pussy crack.

He went to her closet and got out her own camcorder, then set it up on a tripod. He focussed it on her, panning it up and down her body, zooming in on her stiff nipples and tight little pussy cleft. He pulled back the focus, set it on a full body picture from the side, then pressed record and moved in front of the camera.

He jerked his pants down and off, then pulled off his shirt and climbed on top of her. His cock was bulging, and he entered her immediately, fucking long and hard, grinding his pelvis into her thighs, driving his prick deep into her belly, sucking and chewing on her throat and breasts.

He lifted her legs up and pressed them back against her chest, spiking his cock down into her hard, the mattress bouncing her up and down, throwing her ass up to meet each thrust.

He pumped two hot loads of white sauce into her before his cock softened. Then he got off her and checked the tape, rushing into the living room to play it on the VCR. He laughed gleefully at the sight, excited and elated at seeing himself fucking the beautiful lawyer on the TV.

He went into the spare room and took some of the things out from where he'd hidden them. First he pulled the bed away from the wall, moving it into the corner. Then he replaced the headboard with a cheap one he'd brought with him. He put a thick, and ugly green comforter over the bed, then went and got Kelly.

He was not a strong man, and even though she was neither particularly large, nor heavy, she was awfully heavy to him. He groaned and grunted and panted with the effort of getting her over his shoulders, then staggered down the hall to the spare room and dropped her on the bed there.

He took a few minutes to recover his breath, then began posing her and taking pictures. First he took pictures of her lying on her back, legs together, arms at her side. Then he spread her legs apart, taking more pictures. Then he got creative.

He put a pillow under her shoulders so her head would be falling back. He bent her legs at the knees and spread them wide, then he inserted a very life-like dildo into her pussy and put her fingers around it. One hand dropped away, but that was all right because it looked like she might be rubbing her

clitty with it.

He took a number of shots like that, changing the position of her head, the depth of the dildo, and continually pushing her legs back and apart.

He rolled her onto her belly and shoved her knees apart, then drew one of her hands down between her legs and shoved her fingers into her pussy crack. He snapped more shots like that from various angles.

He was so excited then that he put the tape back into the video camera, turned it on, then climbed on top of her and pressed his thick cock against her small, round rectum.

It took him a while to get it inside, even though she was relaxed. She was wonderfully tight around his cock as he pumped into her, and he tried to go slow, groaning in bliss, glorying in the sensation of her tight anus around his cock, and her buttocks against his pelvis as he fucked down.

He spewed his juice in her rectum, then eased back on his heels and picked up the dildo, sliding that up her ass and pulling her other arm back behind her to set her hands against the dildo.

He got off the bed and took more snaps, then packed everything away, picked her up, and carried her back to her room. He set her in her bed and pulled the covers up, then got in with her and lay against her for over an hour, loving the feel of her naked flesh against his.

He got hard again, and slipped his cock into her, fucking her softly as they lay together on their sides. He kissed her lips and face as he fucked into her, his hands cupping her buttocks as he rolled her over and fucked harder and faster. He dropped another load of sauce up her pussy, then stopped, panting for breath.

Regretfully, he got out then and went to the spare bedroom, slipping under the bed and going to sleep.

## Four

Kelly didn't understand why she felt so rotten the next morning. She was sore in odd places, too, and felt almost like she'd been in a real hot, horny fuckathon with someone. She wondered if she was catching a cold, or maybe the flu.

She never suspected the truth, in spite of the fact that she'd had some intensely erotic dreams. She went to work, getting in a bit late, but not too late. Then she set about the paperwork that always occupied her Mondays.

Late in the afternoon a messenger delivered an envelope, and she signed for it without thinking twice. An hour or so later she opened it and a thick handful of eight by nine pictures slid out. They were black and whites, but there was no doubting who they were of.

Her jaw dropped and she gasped in shock and horror as she saw herself in the lewd, perverse photos. She flashed through them, one after the other,

her horror growing. She tried to figure out how or when they could have been taken, but her mind brought up no clues.

She'd never owned a dildo, and never used one. Yet in the photos she was clearly using one on herself, and just as clearly enjoying herself. Her eyes were slitted, and her lips parted as she worked the thing into her body.

She didn't recognize the bed, and couldn't remember ever having been in it. She could see nothing of the room the bed was in, not even the floor. Was it possible the pictures were of someone else, and that her face...no, that was her body too. There was no doubt about that.

When could she had gotten so drunk that she would do something like that, let someone take pictures of it, and not remember a thing?

And where?

It hadn't been recently. Her last big drunk was a couple of months ago, and she and Mark had gone to his place and fucked themselves unconscious.

Had he done something while she was asleep?

She peered at the pictures, focussing on her face. Yes, it was possible that she was asleep there, well, drunk out of her mind asleep. That must have been it. That bastard! She'd thought he was as drunk as her, but obviously he wasn't. Or maybe he was, and this was the kind of thing he did while drunk.

She called him, but he wasn't in. She left an angry demand that he call her at once, then fumed the rest of the afternoon. She called his office three more times, but they always said he wasn't in, and her suspicion grew.

She snapped at everyone around her, and went home early. She sat in the living room looking through the pictures, trying to remember, cursing Mark as a sick, nasty pervert and asshole.

She didn't know what she was going to do about these things. She had no proof it was him that took the pictures, and even if she did was not about to have him charged, and let all those stinking flatfoots that hated her get their greasy fingers on these.

And that bastard probably knew it!

An hour later the door rang. She went to it and looked out, then snatched it open.

"You cocksucker!" she snarled.

"Huh?" Mark blinked.

"Get in here!" she hissed, jerking his arm and pulling him into the apartment.

She slammed the door closed and whirled to confront him.

"Of all the sleazy, sick, perverted, disgusting, vicious little scumbag worms I've every in my life come across," she growled. "You are the absolute slimiest of the slimiest!"

"Wow," he said. "I don't suppose you'd like to tell me what brought all that on."

"Oh, don't give me that shit!"

"I have no idea what you are talking about," he said.

"Look, I won't have you charged if you just give me the negatives, and

forget we ever met."

"Well, the negatives, huh, so we're dealing with some nasty pictures?"

"I told you, don't give me any bullshit, Mark!"

"I don't know what you're talking about, baby. I don't have any pictures of you."

"You lying bastard! It has to be you!"

"Why?"

"Wh...what?"

"Why does it have to be me? And what is it anyway."

"You know," she said sullenly.

"No, Kelly, I don't. I have no idea what you're talking about. My secretary told me you've been calling all afternoon, and that you sounded really pissed, so I came over to see you. Now I get yelled at and you won't even tell me why."

"When I was at your place last month? When I got so drunk? You took pictures of me while I was zonked out!"

"No I didn't. I was pissed too."

"It had to be then."

"Is it in my place?"

"What?"

"The pictures, are you in my place?"

"I...I can't tell."

"Well let me see them."

"Forget it!"

"I've seen you naked, Kelly, remember?"

"You're not seeing them."

"If you're so sure I took them, then I've seen them all before anyway," he said reasonably.

She sulked unhappily, then got one of the pictures, and put a piece of paper over herself as she showed it to him. He grinned but looked at it.

"This isn't my bed," he said. "All my stuff is in ultra modern. This looks like a piece of crap."

"Well where else could it be," she whined. "It's not like I get that drunk very often."

"Well, you must have done it somewhere else."

"Oh God," she moaned, taking the picture away and sitting down heavily on the sofa. "Who else could it be?"

"I dunno, baby. Who're you seeing?"

"A guy named Jack, but I've never gotten this drunk around him. Even if he wanted to he wouldn't be able to have taken these."

"So maybe someone took em' a year ago, or two, or three."

"No, I had my hair cut last year. The pictures were taken this year."

"Well, sorry I can't help you, baby. Anyway, you're single, and, let's face it, gorgeous. I mean, there's nothing to be embarrassed about, even if one of your old lovers did take some pictures."

She snorted, gave him a look, then handed him the pictures. He leafed through them, his eyes widening.

"Whoah," he said.

"I was clearly asleep," she snapped.

"I... guess you could be asleep," he said slowly. "It's hard to tell. You could be coming."

"I'm asleep!" she snapped.

"Okay, okay. But remember, I've seen you coming, you do kinda look like this."

She blushed and glared, and he grinned and turned back to the pictures.

"Give me those," she snapped.

"Just a sec. Just a sec!" I'm trying to see if I recognize anything."

She grabbed at them and he pulled them up high. She tried to climb up but he held them away, laughing.

"Mark!"

"Can I make copies?"

"Bastard!"

He laughed and handed them to her. She hid them behind her, glaring still.

"Hey, look, I don't see anything wrong with them. They're very hot."

"They're disgusting!"

"No picture of you could ever be disgusting," he smiled.

She flushed and gave him a reproachful look.

"You're too beautiful to be disgusting."

"Right," she snorted.

"You are. And these pictures, well..." He shook his head admiringly.

"You look...so hot..."

"I'm unconscious!"

"Well, even so, you still look hot."

"You're just a pervert."

"I'm a healthy male. Any healthy male would be turned on by those pictures."

"You were turned on by them?"

"You bet."

"Men," she snorted.

"We're all whores," he said, sliding his arm around her.

"Mark! You're seeing Maria, and I'm seeing Jack."

"I'm seeing Maria," he grinned, pulling her against him. "But what I just saw now makes me want to see a lot more of you."

He nibbled on her earlobe and she pushed him back in exasperation.

"Maark!" she exclaimed.

"Hey, I can't help it. It's my sick male nature."

His hand slid up and cupped her breast through her shirt.

She slapped his hand and he grinned. "You owe me, baby."

"I owe you!"

**"Well, for all those nasty things you said to me. Not to mention for even thinking I would do something like this."**

**"Well...I'm sorry," she pouted. "But I couldn't think of any other time I'd gotten so zoned out away from home."**

**"I don't accept your apology. I require compensation," he said, nibbling at the nape of her neck, his hand coming up to cup her breast again.**

**"Maria would kill me," she sighed, her insides starting to light up as they often did around Mark.**

**"Only if she found out."**

**He pressed her back against the couch, his lips crushing hers as his fingers dug into her soft breast meat. Her hands pressed against his chest, and she tried to turn her head away, but she put up less and less resistance as the seconds ticked off, and then her hands slid down his chest and went around him.**

**He began to get aggressive, and she felt her loins itching and burning, knowing how Mark fucked, knowing the hard, rough, furious way he drove himself at women. It was incredibly sexy when she was in the proper mood.**

**And for some reason she was in the mood now.**

**He grabbed the front of her shirt and tore it open, ripping the fabric and sending buttons flying. She cried out in surprise, her words quickly muffled as he crushed her lips with his again. His hands tore her bra open and mauled her breasts as his heavy body pressed hers back into the couch.**

**She panted and groaned, sliding her tongue out against his as he stabbed it into her mouth. He seized her hair, jerking her head back hard, exposing her throat. She cried out again, then again as his teeth gnawed at her throat.**

**He mashed and groped her breasts, then his hand slid down and jerked her pants open, plunging down inside to rub her pussy roughly. She gasped and moaned, humping against him, her arms trying to grip his shoulders.**

**He jerked her pants down, then ripped them off. He pulled her legs up and flipped her onto her belly along the sofa. His hands slid under her belly and between her legs, and he pulled her up onto her hands and knees, then slapped his hand down on her buttocks.**

**She yelped, then groaned as he squeezed her pussy pad.**

**"That's it, baby. On all fours like a bitch in heat," he growled, rubbing his cockhead up and down against her pussy slit. "You ready for it? Huh, baby? Ready for my cock?"**

**"Fuck me," she gasped. "Fuck me."**

**"Beg for it, slut. Beg for it."**

**"Fuuuuck! Oohhh! Do it! Do it!"**

**He slapped her buttocks again.**

**"Beg."**

**"Pleeease!" she moaned. "Please fuck meaaahhhhhhGH!"**

**He thrust in hard and deep, his hands digging into her flanks as he began to pound his tool up her tight pussy. His heavy hips slapped against her**

buttocks repeatedly, hurling her forward as his cock sliced between her pussy lips.

He jerked her back to meet each thrust, his hands on her flanks. She grunted and moaned, gasping as his thick cock thrust into her. He eased forward, then slid his hands up onto her shoulders as he began to growl and chew on the side of her neck.

"Hot assed bitch!" he growled. "Take it! Take my cock!"

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Oohh! Oohh God! Oohh Yess!"

He grabbed her hair, jerking it back hard, making her arch her back and cry out in pain. He laughed, forcing her up and back, his arms sliding around her and his hands cupping her breasts roughly. He gnawed on her throat as he ground his hips into her buttocks.

"Fuckin' whore," he panted. "Hot, slutty bitch!"

"Bastard!" she said in a choked voice.

He let go of her hair, shoving her forward, then grabbed her wrists and jerked them straight back alongside her body, using her arms like the handles of a wheelbarrow as he spiked his cock into her crack with hard, violent thrusts.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she cried as his hips slammed against her bottom.

Her head bounced up and down, her hair flying as he rode her with desperate excitement. She couldn't see much beyond her own brown tresses, and what she could see kept bouncing around.

Her entire body thrummed with sexual energy, and her heart screamed as her nervous system was blasted by the waves of pleasure thrown up by his hard, violent pounding. She felt her pussy spasming and shaking and burning with lust.

Then she came, screaming in pleasure, giving herself up totally to the sexual energy tearing through her. Her mind was blasted by the massive sexual heat and pressure her quivering pussy spewed through her body.

The world spun around her as she forgot to breath. Her chest ached, and her skull threatened to explode as multi-coloured lights sparkled before her eyes. Through it all was the hard, deep, rough pounding of his cock as it rammed up her fuck pipe.

Stanley had watched and listened to it all, excited and enthralled. This guy, this Mark guy, at least had style. He'd taken the slut like she needed to be taken, fucking her hard and rough, like he'd do if he were in his place.

He'd poured two loads of juice into his baggie while watching them, then crawled back into the spare room to recover.

He listened to them talking for a while longer, then Mark left. Kelly sat around nude for a little while, just laying there on the couch with her legs spread. Then she got up and wandered down the hall to her bedroom.

She posed for herself in front of her mirror, sliding her hands up through her hair as she tried to look at herself like a man would. She'd always known she was beautiful, of course, but the idea that even sleazy pictures like

that would turn on an experienced, sophisticated guy like Mark kind of gave her a high.

She took a long bath, then had a glass of milk and went to bed.

Stanley fucked her several times that night, once in the ass, pounding into her as hard and fast as he could.

Kelly wasn't surprised to feel sore the next morning, but she was surprised at being nauseous again, and having a headache.

The next morning she felt the same, much to her puzzlement, and then the next. She made an appointment with her doctor, worried she might be pregnant or something.

After a couple of weeks, she found the headaches and nausea going away, but she still found it very hard to get up in the morning, and felt plenty of unexplained aches and sore places.

One night she had this incredibly vivid dream. Her eyes opened suddenly, and she was in her room, the lights on, and that pervert she'd represented the previous month was fucking her. She didn't really feel much of anything, but he was laying on top of her, his hands on her, and he was humping and grinding into her.

Her vision was foggy and unfocused, then faded away.

Stanley hadn't noticed her eyes fluttering because all his concentration was on ramming his stiff cock into her tight pussy. By the time he let his body fall fully atop her and crushed his lips against hers Kelly's eyes were closed again.

He hadn't really thought much about the possibility that she might build up an immunity to the drug he was using, that he would have to use higher doses as her body got used to it.

The next night, Kelly again found herself semi-conscious as he fucked her. She was laying face down, and he was fucking her ass for all he was worth, so again, he didn't notice her eyes fluttering and her hands shifting ever so slightly. She even moved her head a little, dazedly aware that something was...moving behind her, and wondering what it was.

The next night, however, Stanley was laying fully atop her, his cock buried to the hilt in her tight sex, her legs spread wide as he ground himself into her. He was licking her face when her eyes opened and she stared right at him.

He felt a moment of utter shock, then terror. He stopped moving and stared back down at her.

"Whhaaaa...." she croaked.

He just stared, shaking, horrified that she had wakened and seen him. He didn't know what to do. He was gripped by the urge to tear himself free and run as fast as he could, but couldn't bring himself to move.

Her hands moved, shifting slowly across the pillow beside her, trying to raise themselves up to push him back. She gasped and blinked her eyes repeatedly, her vision swirling as she pushed her hands against him.

The pressure was so slight that Stanley hardly felt it. He gripped her

wrists and jerked them back, shoving them back against the pillow again. She moaned, and didn't move again, though she continued to stare up at him in dazed confusion.

And Stanley felt something he felt only very, very rarely. He felt powerful. He felt strong. He knew she couldn't do anything, not now anyway. She was weak, and he was strong. She couldn't even yell at him!

His cock, which had been wilting, throbbed with life again, growing, straining. Her eyes were on him, and she was awake... sort of. She was aware - a little. He licked his lips fearfully, then began to fuck her again, grinding his cock upwards towards her clit.

He pushed the hair out of her face, staring down at her as she stared dazedly back, thrusting his cock into her pussy as his hips rose and fell and she lay helpless below him.

Her eyes blinked several times, and she moaned a little, but she made no attempt to resist as he drove his thick prick up into her belly, his movements growing more certain, more powerful with each passing second. He grinned down at her as he fucked, then stuck his tongue out.

He laughed, fucking harder, raising himself on his elbows and throwing his hips into her. He reached down and cupped her breast, squeezing it insolently as she looked up at him. He leered at her, then bent and sucked on her nipple, drawing it into his mouth and chewing on the surrounding flesh.

Kelly's vision continued to swirl in and out, and her mind was clouded and confused. She was being fucked. She knew that much. She even recognized the man fucking her, though she couldn't imagine why he was doing it, why she was fucking that Wurtz guy.

But... it didn't feel bad. In fact, it felt quite nice. His cock filled her up inside, filled her up the way she loved to be filled, and was grinding steadily across her clitty as he suckled on her nipple. She moaned low in her throat, letting her eyes close for a minute as she basked in the soft, languorous heat wafting up from her groin.

She grunted a little as his thrusts became harder, yet the feel of his cock stroking in and out of her was even more intense, and the pleasure bubbled up through her veins as she felt his cock punching her cervix. She felt hot, her body overheated and sweating, but didn't really care. She didn't really care about anything.

Stanley continued to fuck his big cock into her as she grunted softly. He was tremendously aroused, for he'd never fucked a woman who was conscious before, well, semi-conscious. Aside from his sister the only woman he'd ever fucked had been when he worked as a hospital orderly and he had been able to fuck a woman in a coma.

This was so much better! He drove his cock into her with powerful strokes, slamming his cockhead into the deepest pit of her pussy tunnel. He groaned and came, pouring his cream inside her, blasting out a tremendous mass of silvery white semen, filling her belly to the brim with his juices.

Then he settled upon her, his worries instantly returning. He looked her

in the face, but her eyes were closed again. That didn't reassure him, though. She would know when she woke up that something was wrong. She'd surely know he was drugging her.

He'd go to jail! And not only weren't there any women in jail but there were lots of big nasty men who would beat him up!

If only she wouldn't wake up. Well, no, he liked it when she was awake, at least, partly awake. Maybe he could fix it so she didn't wake up all the way. Then he could fuck her, and they'd both like it.

He got out of bed and paced back and forth for several hours, trying to think. The woman didn't move the whole time, laying there naked and spread-eagled. He finally came to a decision, and went and got some of the drug. He lifted her into a sitting position on the bed and she blinked her eyes and grumbled dazedly.

He held a spoonful of the drug to her lips, then tilted her head back. Her mouth opened and he shoved the spoon in, then dribbled the syrupy stuff into her. She struggled a bit, and gagged a little, but he kept her mouth closed until she swallowed.

Again he paced around the room, wondering what to do next. He had never given anyone the stuff straight like that, and, afraid of causing damage, he had given the least amount he thought he could get away with. He hoped it would be enough. He knew her well enough to know she'd be a spitting, snarling hellcat if she woke.

It wasn't that he didn't think he could overpower her physically. He supposed he probably could. He didn't think he could face her snarling and yelling at him though. It always made his chest tight when people were mad at him. It was very unpleasant.

He slept beside her in the bed, his naked body pressed to hers, their heads together. In the morning, her alarm went off. It didn't wake her, though it did him. He picked up the phone and called her office, leaving a message with the receptionist that she'd be off with the flu for the next couple of days.

He gazed down at her thoughtfully. He wasn't at all sure how long the drug would last, nor what she'd be like when she woke up. He fished around in her closet and came out with a few silk scarves. He used these to tie her wrists together behind her back, then tie her ankles together.

It would do for now, he thought. He took a shower, then made breakfast for himself. He checked on her from time to time, then went out, going to a sex shop he frequented, and using some money he'd taken from Kelly's wallet to buy some real restraints, along with some other things that caught his eyes.

He returned to her apartment, fearfully checking to see if anyone was there. He didn't see any signs of police, so he gingerly set his package down, then scurried quietly to the end of the hall to check on her. At first he thought she was still asleep.

He moved into the room, then gasped as her eyes opened. He braced himself for an angry tirade, but she didn't say anything. He licked his lips and moved closer, then sat on the side of the bed looking down at her.

**"I-I-II... ca... cann't... m... move," she whispered, her eyes glassy.**

**He smiled tenderly, then reached down and stroked her cheek. He combed her hair back, then bent and kissed her on the lips. She blinked her eyes up in confusion.**

**"Don't you worry, Kelly," he smiled. "I'll take care of you."**

**He bent and untied the scarf from her ankles, then unbuttoned his shirt as she lay there blinking and watching. He smiled excitedly, his cock already throbbing as, for the first time in his life, he undressed as a woman watched.**

**He was almost too embarrassed, but, considering she wasn't liable to laugh or taunt him in her present condition, he was able to expose himself to her. He was proud when her eyes moved from his face to his immense, bulging erection, gratified and proud.**

**He knelt naked on the edge of the bed, holding his cock out to her and giggling.**

**"This is for you, Kelly. It's pretty, isn't it?" he smiled.**

**He dangled it near her face, then rubbed it across her lips.**

**"Isn't it a nice one?" he whispered, using baby talk on her. "Look at the pretty cock. It's so big and nice and long. It's aaall for Kelly. All for yoooouuu."**

**He gripped her shoulders and pulled her slowly up into a sitting position, then turned her legs and, with some effort, pulled her over to the edge of the bed so she was, with his help, sitting there upright.**

**He stood before her, one hand on her shoulder, one on his cock. He pressed his cock against her lips and she looked at it, her eyes unfocused.**

**"Suck the pretty cock, Kelly. Come on, slutty girl. You know how to suck a cock. You do it all the time. Suck the nice cock, Kelly. Suck the nice cock."**

**He prodded her mouth with his cock, then shoved his cockhead inside. At first she did nothing. Then she slowly began to suck and lick at it. He smiled and stroked her hair, patting her and speaking softly.**

**"Good giiiiirl. Gooood giiiiirl," he smiled. "Suck the cock, Kelly. Lick it too. Lick it, slutty girl."**

**His voice got rougher and less even as she sucked at his cock. She wasn't doing a very good job, suckling almost instinctively, but since he'd never had anyone suck his cock before he was in heaven. He'd dreamed all his life about having a woman suck his cock, and now one was.**

**"Oooohhhh! OohhhhhhhH! Yeesss! Oohh Kellllyyy! Oohh my sweeeettyyy!" he groaned, gripping her hair.**

**He fucked his cock into her slowly, panting and moaning and grunting as the pleasure rocketed higher and higher. Kelly was too dazed to do much as he began to fuck her mouth. She just sat there, her head in his hands as he used her mouth as a pussy.**

**When his cock punched down into her throat she struggled to pull free, gripped by discomfort, and the inability to breathe. But he held her head in his hands, and his excitement leant him strength as he forced his cock down**

her gullet.

He cursed and moaned as he rammed his cock into her to the hilt. He felt her lips against his pubic bone and the pressure made him come. He spewed out a tidal wave of semen, pouring it down into the girl's belly as he held her face against his crotch.

It was a wondrous sensation, and he wanted it to last forever. He poured his come into her as her throat squeezed and spasmed around his thick, throbbing shaft, ignoring her weak attempts to pull free.

Luckily, it was such a tremendous come that his cock softened somewhat, and he pulled it free before she suffocated. He let her fall back on the bed where she gasped and coughed and moaned.

Then he sat shakily on the bed, panting for breath himself, his heart pounding in his chest.

## Five

After a few minutes to catch his breath, Stanley got up and padded naked down the hall to where he'd left the bag from the sex shop. He carried it back to her bedroom, where Kelly still lay on her bed, chest heaving.

"Got some presents for you, Kelly," he said. "Nice presents for a pretty girl. You'll really like them I'm sure."

The first thing he brought out of the bag was a thin, gleaming metal collar. He smiled at her as he knelt over her, showing her the collar. "Isn't it pretty?" he smiled. "See? It even has your name on it."

He showed her where the name "Kelly" had been cut into the front of the collar. Then he placed the cold metal around her throat and locked it into place. He stroked her cheek and then moved back to where he'd placed the bag.

He pulled out four metal bracelets, all shiny new like the collar. Like the collar, they all had her name carved into them, and all had a ring so that chains could be locked to them.

He lifted her right foot and kissed her ankle, then gently slipped the first bracelet around it and locked it. He kissed her ankle again, then set the foot down and lifted the other, again, kissing it, then locking another bracelet around it.

"We're going to make you sooooo pretty," he smiled.

He rolled her over and untied the scarf from around her wrists, then, straddling her body, he clipped the other two bracelets around them.

He got off her and helped her sit up again. She groaned weakly, shaking her head as if to clear it.

"Wha...what's....what's go...going ooonnn?" she moaned, shaking her head.

Stanley looked at her in alarm, then quickly moved over to the table where he kept the drug. He poured it into a spoon as Kelly looked around her in confusion, then quickly returned.

"Here you are, baby. Take this," he urged, sitting beside her and placing the spoon before her lips.

"I...I don't want..."

He jerked her head back by the hair and she cried out, then he shoved the spoon into her mouth. Her hands came up and tried to push him away, but he was able to hold her easily for she was still very weak.

"Ge...geet off," she panted, trying to pull away.

He put his arms around her and held her tightly against him as she struggled. She cursed softly, weakly, wriggling constantly.

Then her movements became slower, and her words softer. Her head fell back and her eyes became glassy, then closed. Stanley let her fall back, patting her cheeks as he got up and gazed down at her.

"All mine," he smiled fondly.

He settled her more comfortably in the bed, cursing himself for using as much drug as he had. He'd have to get more practised. He didn't want her unconscious, after all. She was much more fun when she was partly awake.

He wondered what to do next, then smiled and went into the bathroom. He turned on the water in the tub and poured in some bubble bath, then let the tub slowly fill. He dragged the unconscious young woman to the edge of the bed, then bent and pulled her up over his shoulders, grunting with effort.

He staggered across to the bathroom, then stepped into the tub and slowly eased himself down to his knees. He almost dropped her, but managed to keep control with some effort, and lower her into the water without any hard bumps.

He set her down on her behind, then sat next to her, his arm around her as he pulled her head against his chest. He stroked her head softly, crooning to her as he relaxed in the water.

Then he picked up soap and a washcloth and began to clean her, starting at her face, then going over her shoulders, her full, round breasts and her back. He wasn't quite sure what to do next. He couldn't really wash the parts that were under water.

And her hair. He needed to wash her hair, after all. She always washed her hair in the morning.

He thought for long moments, then let the water drain out. Now he was able to soap up her legs and lower belly, and especially her groin. He spent long, long minutes rubbing his hand over her soapy pussy mound, and got so hard he had to turn her over onto her belly, letting her lay down on the bottom of the tub so he could sodomize her.

She remained unconscious as he slid his soapy cock back and forth in her anus, grunting and moaning with pleasure as her insides sucked on his cock. Then he spewed his load down into her lovely little bottom and was able to concentrate again.

He rinsed her off, then lifted her out of the tub and onto a chair sitting nearby. He covered her with a towel and awkwardly dried her, then carried her back to the bedroom and dropped her in the bed.

He let her head and shoulders dangle over the side of the bed, though, and put a big pot of water below her. He used a cup to soak her hair, then lovingly shampooed it and rinsed it off twice.

He then sat her up, propping her against the headboard as he used a blow dryer and brush on her hair. She started to come around then, and he felt excited as her eyes rested on him.

"Hello, sweet Kelly," he smiled. "I'm glad you're awake again. I've missed you."

He finished drying her hair, then went to the bag from the sex store and took out a mass of silky red fabric. He carried it over to the bed and dropped it there, then began to sort through it.

He pulled out a garter belt and managed to get it around her hips. Then he picked up a lacy red, half-bra. He'd seen her put her own bras on, so knew more or less how it was done. He pulled her shoulders through the straps, fastened the cups together, then fitted them up under her breasts.

The bra was too small, but he didn't mind. It looked nice, exposing much of her soft, round breasts even as it crushed the malleable flesh up and pushed it outward. He had some trouble fitting the lacy red G-string to her, because she wasn't able to move much and he wasn't very strong, but he got it on.

The garters were easy, as were the stockings. Then, not wanting to take any chances, he pulled out a thin, but strong chain from the sex store bag.

He slipped it around her trim waist and locked it together in front of her, then took a much smaller chain and slid it through the two rings set into her wrist cuffs, attaching it to the front of the chain.

"You look adorable," he smiled, stroking her cheek.

He pulled her to the edge of the bed and held her there in a sitting position as he knelt beside her.

"My name is Stanley," he said. "Can you say Stanley? Come on. Say Stanley. Staaaannlleeeey. Say it. Say it, sweetheart."

"Ssstenly," she breathed.

"Staaaannlleeeeyy."

"S..ss..ssteennly."

"That's okay for a start," he smiled, patting her cheek. "You and me are gonna have sooo much fun together, Kelly."

He cupped her breasts and squeezed them as she blinked her eyes up at him. Then he grinned and eased her back onto her back. He pulled her legs apart and unsnapped the G-string, exposing her groin. He licked his lips as he crawled in between her splayed thighs.

He stroked her thighs with his hands, then peeled her sex lips open and gazed into her pussy. He pressed his tongue against her hole and drove it inside, pumping it in and out several times, then began to lick over her clitty

as he eased a finger down her tight, sex tunnel.

Kelly's mind continued to swirl and tumble in dazed confusion. She wasn't able to focus on anything much as she lay there. She felt his tongue at her sex, and knew, sort of, what it was, but didn't think about it.

Pleasure was physical and instinctive, however, and Stanley had read lots of books about sex, including oral sex, and seen thousands of porno movies. He knew, or had a pretty good idea, what to do down between her legs, and his lapping tongue and sucking lips and stroking fingers began to moisten her pussy and warm her body before too long.

Kelly felt the pleasure and sighed happily, but wasn't really aware of the source except from moment to moment. Her pussy felt good, she knew that much, and from time to time she realized that it was...was...what'sisname down there causing the pleasure.

But she just lay there in a drugged stupor, sighing and moaning as her body heated up, as it responded instinctively to the pleasurable stimuli. She rolled her head slowly and weakly, sighing and whispering and groaning as she faded in and out of consciousness.

The orgasm startled her, and she let out a confused squeak of pleasure as it rippled through her nervous system. She humped up at him briefly, her hands pulling at the chain as they sought to grip whatever was between her legs and pull it down harder.

Stanley was even more aroused by her orgasm than he had been the first time he raped her. He redoubled his efforts, sucking and blowing and licking and nibbling on her clitty as he finger fucked her, his tongue whipping frenziedly across the hot little fuck button as he sought to drive her into another climax.

He was persistent, and eager, and soon the dazed young woman was rolling her hips up and moaning as she came again, her head rolling and jerking as the climax sent energy blasting through her numbed mind.

Stanley climbed onto her, then, thrusting his cock deep into her pussy. She groaned in pleasure as he rode her. He popped her bra open and sucked on her nipples, then mashed her breasts with his hands as he crushed her lips with his.

He drove his tongue into her mouth and her own responded weakly and instinctively. She humped up against his cock, trying to pull her wrists out from between their bodies.

Stanley lifted her legs up and shoved them back against her chest and arms, then began pounding his cock down into her upturned pussy with harsh, furious thrusts. Kelly grunted and gasped as his hips slammed into her buttocks and his cock stabbed her pussy, but there was more pleasure than pain, so she really didn't care.

He came inside her and groaned in delight, pumping more juice inside her hot belly before rolling off. He recovered his energy, then put her sexy lingerie back into place and got her to stand up. He helped her stumble down the hall to the kitchen, then sat her in a chair.

He made pancakes for her as she sat there, talking to her all the while, telling her how pretty and sexy she was. Kelly didn't answer. She sat there trying to keep from falling over, and tried to focus a thought or two together.

He sat next to her and cut a piece off the pancake then put it against her lips.

"Come on, sweetheart," he cooed. "Something for you to eat. Come on, take it in your pretty mouth."

She wasn't really hungry, but Kelly was able to grasp the concept that he wanted her to eat whatever it was. He pressed it against her lips, so she pulled it off the fork, chewed it a couple of times, then swallowed.

"Gooood giiir!" he laughed, patting her head and stroking her face. "You're such a gooood giiir!"

Kelly smiled confusedly, happy that he was pleased. He put another piece in front of her mouth and she ate that as well, and was patted and praised some more. In this way they got through breakfast. Stanley put a small dose of the drug into her milk, and held it to her lips as she drank it down.

"Say Stannleeey," he smiled.

"Ssstaannlllyy," she whispered dazedly.

"Good giiir!" he laughed, kissing her cheek.

"Say...I love you Stanley."

"I-I... I... luvyous... S-S-Stannleyy," she mumbled.

"And I love you, Kelly," he smiled.

He helped her walk down the hall to the main bathroom. Kelly wondered why she was so weak, then wondered who Stanley was. He pulled down her G-string and sat her on the toilet and let her pee, then praised her, patting her head.

He bent her over the counter and brushed her teeth for her, then gave her water to rinse out her mouth and spit out. Again he praised her, patting her head and stroking her cheek.

He brought her into the living room and sat her down beside him as he turned on the TV. He put his arm around her and held her to him, hugging her happily as he watched the game shows. Often he ran his hands over her body, and soon he had her bra open so he could stroke and suckle at her nipples and breasts.

Kelly enjoyed this, and laid her head back, sighing whenever he turned from the TV to work on her throbbing breasts.

He eased his hand into her G-string and began to rub his fingers against her clit as he worked over her breasts, and she felt the pleasure grow much stronger. She moaned and whined and wriggled in heat, her hands pulling feebly against the chain in front of her as she tried to hump against him.

He forced three fingers up into her pussy as she ground his thumb over her clitty. At the same time he sucked voraciously at her nipple as he mauled her other breast with his fingers. She came explosively, humping and grunting as her head spun from the dizzying blast of pleasure.

He laughed delightedly as she humped and writhed and grunted in pleasure. He felt her pussy sucking and squeezing on his fingers as he pumped them in and out, and watched her taut, round breasts as she arched her back and trembled.

"So pretty," he smiled. "So sweet and pretty."

He stroked her hair as her trembling eased, then hugged and kissed her. He let her recover, then eased her down onto the floor on her knees and spread his legs wide. He loosed her wrists, then fitted them together again behind her back, then drew her in against his groin and held his cock up to her face

He rubbed it over her face, then placed it against her lips.

"Suck the nice cock, Kelly," he smiled. "Suck the pretty cock."

He pushed it through her lips and she began to suck automatically. He sighed in pleasure and stroked her head and hair. He pushed her head down, forcing more prick into her mouth, and she continued to suck. Then some instinct cut in and she began to run her tongue along the underside of his cockhead.

"Yesssss. Niiice Keeellllyyy," he sighed. "Good giiiiirl."

He put his hands behind his head and arched his back, spreading his legs wide as she bobbed her pretty lips up and down on his cock. He lifted his feet and closed them, bringing them down on her shoulders as he slumped down on the sofa. He closed his eyes in bliss as he let her suck his cock, intensely happy as her soft tongue lapped over his cockhead and her warm mouth suckled on his prick.

He felt his orgasm approaching, and knew it would be a good one. He basked in the pleasure as her mouth sucked steadily on his boner, then groaned as he came, his juice spewing up into her. She choked and jerked back, coughing and spitting in confusion.

He cursed and grabbed his cock, squeezing and rubbing it like he did when he jerked off. But it was too late. He'd lost the moment. He glared angrily at Kelly.

"Stupid girl!" he snapped. "You know better than that! I've seen you swallowing it before!"

She spit again and he angrily lashed out and slapped her on the side of the head. She yelped in pain and cringed back, blinking up at him through her wide eyes.

"You don't spit it out, you stupid girl!" he shouted.

"You swallow it! Everyone knows that!"

He felt a sudden surge of power, the same kind as he'd felt when she'd tried to push him back and he'd realized how weak she was.

He slapped her on the side of the head again and again she yelped in pain and fell back onto her back, trembling fearfully.

"You swallow it when I come!" he yelled. "Come here!"

She sniffled fearfully, and blinked her eyes.

"Come here!" he snapped, pointing at his feet as though she were a dog.

He felt his heart beating more rapidly as he eyed her, felt the power rising inside him. He got to his feet and leaned forward, grabbing her by the hair. He pulled on it, making her cry out in pain, and bent her over the coffee table.

"Bad girl!" he said, staring at her upturned bottom.

"Bad, bad girl!"

He slapped her buttocks and was rewarded by her yelp of pain. He felt tremendous heat and excitement as he saw the small red mark on her perfect, ivory cheeks. He slapped her bottom again, harder, making her cry out again.

"Bad girl!" he said. "Always swallow when I come!"

Again he slapped her bottom, and again, and again, raising red hand prints on the flesh. He stopped talking, spanking her steadily, feeling his cock hardening from the tremendous sexual high he was getting.

Her bottom turned a bright red, and now his hand was leaving white palm prints when it struck. He gripped her hair and made her straighten, then turn from the table. He pressed his half erect cock into her mouth and forced it inside.

"Now you suck this cock and then swallow my jism when I come," he ordered, his body trembling with power and excitement. "Otherwise I'll give you another spanking, you naughty girl!"

He tangled his hands in her hair and pulled her face in closer, panting for breath as he fucked his cock into her. She sucked hard, afraid of being hit again, and used her tongue to try and keep his cock from gagging her.

"Slutty girl," he chided. "Nasty, slutty girl."

Much of the drug had worn off, leaving Kelly able to at last put some rational thoughts together. She was still very weak, however, and confused at what was happening. She sucked on...on...on Stanley's cock because...because he would hurt her, yes, that was it.

For long minutes she sucked on his thick cock, her lips spread wide and taut as he fucked her mouth. Then he tilted her head back and thrust sharply. Kelly gurgled for a second, then went silent as her air was cut off. The massive, thick cock meat was forced into her throat, and she writhed helplessly as he slowly forced it down through her constricted tube.

She shook and twisted, but he held tightly to her hair as he forced his cock deeper.

"Swallow my cock, dirty girl," he gasped. "Swallow my big boner, slutty Kelly!"

He jerked her head up as he thrust down, and his cock lurched deeper, driving down through her throat and into her very chest cavity. He mashed her nose up against his abdomen as he buried the last inch of cock in her mouth, then came, spewing out a thick tide of foamy come juice.

It poured down her gullet and into her stomach as he fucked his cock rapidly up and down in her throat. Then he slowly eased his softening cock up and out, pulling the head out of her throat with an almost audible pop.

He let her fall back panting and choking and coughing as he sat down

heavily on the coffee table.

"Ohh myyyy," he sighed.

He stumbled over to her and knelt next to her. He stroked her hair and face, crooning softly.

"Pretty Kelly," he said. "Nice, pretty Kelly. You'll be a good girl now, won't you, baby? Sweet little baby."

He pulled her into his lap, stroking her hair and face as he held her against him. She continued to cough and pant heavily for a minute, then turned her eyes towards him, then away again. She started taking note of her surroundings, started wondering again what was going on.

She didn't know this guy. What was he doing here? Where was here anyway? She looked around again. This was her apartment. That was reassuring, at least. But...but who was this and...why...what was...

She remembered him vaguely. She knew him from work, didn't she? But why...when had she...

"Nice Kelly. Pretty Kelly," he smiled.

She pulled against the metal restraints, and when they wouldn't give way pulled harder. She strained against their hold on her, twisting in his arms.

"Now, now, calm down, pretty Kelly," he chided.

"What... I-I can't... move... My hands are... caught."

"Never mind that. You don't need them," he said.

"But...but my hands are caught on..."

"Time for you to have a drink, pretty Kelly," he said.

He stood up, pulling her to her feet. Then he led her across the room. She kept turning and looking behind her, pulling her hands out to stare at them in confusion.

"I...my hands..."

"Just come and have something to drink, pretty girl," he said.

He led her into the kitchen and sat her down at the table, then poured a cup of milk.

"Here you are, baby. Nice cold milk."

"What...what's going ooon?" she moaned. "What are you doing here? Why am I..."

"Here, drink this."

"Nooo! I don't..."

"Drink it!" he snapped.

He gripped her hair and jerked hard, making her cry out in pain, then pressed the cup to her lips.

"Drink!" he snapped.

She started swallowing, and he eased up on her hair. He had her drink half the cup. He didn't want her to fall unconscious again.

He pulled another chair over beside her and sat down with his arm around her.

"You'll be all right now," he smiled.

"L-Let me go," she panted.

"Shhh. Just be quiet. You'll be all right." He cupped her breast and squeezed.

She stared down at his hand, and then stared into his face, eyes wide.

He pulled her head in against his and kissed her. She tried to twist away, but he held her by the hair as he mashed his lips against hers. At the same time he mauled her breast, his fingers digging into the soft meat, squeezing and kneading it excitedly.

She continued to wriggle and pull for a minute, then her struggles eased, then disappeared. Her eyes glazed over and when he pulled back her chin lowered almost to her chest.

He felt disappointed, and realized that he preferred controlling her when she was more conscious. There was a much greater sense of power when her mind was in one piece and functioning almost normally. He still didn't want her screaming and yelling at him, but he wanted her more able to understand what was happening.

He would, he decided, try and keep the drugs to a minimum. Maybe Kelly wouldn't be so nasty once he showed her how much pleasure he could give her. Of course, he couldn't do that while she was drugged since she didn't know what was going on then.

That meant he had to somehow fuck her and make her come while she was conscious, or mostly conscious anyway. And she'd probably be pretty mean then.

He sighed unhappily, wishing there were a way of convincing Kelly that she should let him fuck her all the time without having to endure her insults and resentment.

She would resist him, he was sure. She would do her best to deny any pleasure she felt. He imagined her glaring at him as he fucked her, and wondered if he would be able to keep his hard-on with her baleful eyes staring up at him.

Well, he would just have to try it. He'd gotten bored fucking her unconscious body. Well, no, that wasn't true. He could happily do that forever. But he'd found that he liked her able to respond. He liked her conscious more than he liked her biddable.

She murmured something and he patted her face, then lifted her and carried her down the hall to her bedroom. He dropped her onto the bed and rolled her onto her belly, then unclipped her wrist restraints.

He rolled her back onto her back and spread her legs apart, then got a pair of small chains and clipped them to the rings in her ankle restraints, locking them to the lower corner posts. He raised her arms and dropped her hands onto the mattress near the top posts, then used another pair of chains to lock them there.

She would sleep for a couple of hours anyway. He decided to go out and get something he hadn't thought he'd need at the sex shop, a gag. She was going to be awfully mad when she woke.

## Six

By the time he got back from the sex shop Kelly was conscious again. She wasn't as conscious as she had been before the drug, but her eyes were open and blinking as she murmured weakly and pulled against the chains.

"Hello, pretty Kelly," he smiled, coming over to the bed and sitting on the edge. "Did you miss me?" he beamed, sliding his hand over her firm, soft flesh, squeezing her breasts lightly, then tweaking her nipples.

"I missed you," he smiled. "And I bought you something."

He reached into the bag he held and took out a box, then showed it to her. She blinked her eyes dazedly.

"It's a vibrator," he smiled.

He opened the box and took out the long sex toy, then plugged it into an extension cord and set it between her legs. He stripped naked, proud now to have her eyes on him as he revealed his long, thick cock.

He bent over her and kissed her on the lips, and she responded slowly and weakly. Then he settled between her widely spread thighs and stroked her pussy with his fingers.

He peeled her sex lips open and began to lick at her. He eased a finger into her sex tunnel and began to work it in and out as he licked and sucked on her clitty, and after a few minutes she started grinding her buttocks down into the mattress as her body responded.

He picked up the vibrator and screwed it down into her pussy hole, pushing it deeper and deeper as he caressed her clitty with his tongue. He drove it in deep, then began pumping it in and out, and Kelly responded, humping weakly as her head rolled from side to side.

"Ooohhhhhh," she moaned. "Uhhhhhhhhnnnnnn."

"Yeah. You like that, don't you, Kelly," he smiled. "You like getting your little pussy licked."

He sucked excitedly on her clit bud as she began to whine and whimper, and her pussy began to hump up with more energy. She jerked her head back as she came, gurgling in wondrous pleasure, her body steaming with sexual heat as her pussy exploded in sizzling pleasure.

Stanley laughed in delight, pumping the vibrator into her pussy as he stroked her clit. Then he turned on the vibrator and drove it deep into her belly. He let it sit there inside her buzzing powerfully while she moaned wearily from her first orgasm.

With the vibrator in her sex her body soon began to quiver with lust once again. Stanley sat between her legs, rubbing her clitty with his fingers and running his hands over her taut breasts. He took another box out of the sex store bag and opened it, removing a thick, rubbery dildo. He gazed at it for a moment, then rubbed it over Kelly's breasts as he rubbed her clit.

Then he slid the vibrator out of her and pulled the dildo down, thrusting it inside her as he pressed the nose of the vibrator against her clit. He ground

the vibrator back and forth against her clitty, gratified to feel her starting to hump up again.

"Slutty Kelly," he smiled, pumping the dildo into her too as she started to pant and moan and strain against the chains holding her down.

She came again, arching her back and slapping her head back into the mattress repeatedly, grunting and moaning and whining in heated excitement as the flames roared inside her skull.

He pumped the dildo really fast, and ground the vibrator down especially hard during her come, then eased off, sliding the dildo out of her and replacing it with the now turned-off vibrator. He lay down on his side next to her, sliding his hand over her belly and breasts as he nibbled at her shoulder and neck.

"Pretty Kelly," he said. "See how much fun we can have? You don't need those other guys. You only need me."

He rolled one of her nipples between his thumb and forefinger, then bent and began to lick at it. He closed his lips around it and sucked contentedly, his hand sliding down between her legs to rub her clitty.

After a minute he raised his head and gazed down into her eyes.

"I'm Stanley," he smiled. "Remember me?"

"Sssstenly," she whispered.

"That's right. Stanley. You love me. Can you say that? Say...I love you Stanley."

She blinked her eyes dazedly and pulled at the chains holding her wrists down.

"You're such a pretty girl, Kelly. I love fucking you, and you're going to love fucking me too."

He kissed her on the lips again, then drew back, smiling. "Does that feel good, Kelly?"

"Gooooood," she breathed.

"Yeah. I knew it did."

He rubbed her clitty a little faster, then lowered his head and began to lick and suckle on her nipples again. She groaned softly and closed her eyes.

He licked his way down her chest and around her belly, dipping his tongue into her belly button before easing even lower. He stared at her pussy hair for a long moment, not really liking it, but not sure what to do. Then he eased lower still and began to lick at her clitty as he thumbed the button on the bottom of the vibrator and turned it on.

It began to buzz away inside her once again as he licked gently against her clitty, and soon she was sighing happily and humping up once again. He put his finger on her clitty, pressing it down against the buzzing vibrator, then ground it between them, rubbing faster and harder as she gasped and moaned and humped up against him.

He eased his second hand down below and pressed a finger against her rectum, slowly piercing her rectum as she yelped and moaned and then came again.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha." he giggled happily. "Oh, you're so pretty when you come."

He turned off the vibrator, then slid up her body again. He straddled her chest and laid his cock along her breastbone between her breasts, then pressed against the round orbs from either side and mashed them together around his tool.

He ground and mashed her breasts over his cock as he humped slowly into the cleavage he made, smiling into her face as she stared at his cock. He slid further forward and pressed his cockhead against her lips and she tried to turn her head away.

This excited him. Any resistance excited him. Well, resistance meant she was conscious, more or less, and knew what was happening. He knew he would have to work hard before she would be happy with him fucking her, and as long as she wasn't nasty and mean, and didn't say bad things about him or make noises, he didn't mind resistance.

"Suck my cock, Kelly," he chided. "Come on. You know you want to. Open your mouth and suck it for me, sweetie."

"Nooo," she whispered.

"Suck it," he barked, gripping her hair and pulling it enough to make her cry out. He pressed his cock against her lips and she reluctantly opened them. He thrust his cock through and she began to suck while he smiled down at her.

"And when I come, you're gonna swallow it like a good girl. Otherwise I'll have to spank you again. Do you remember when I spanked you in the living room? You don't want me to spank you again, do you, pretty Kelly?"

She remembered only vaguely. It was very hard for her to think. She hadn't had that large a dose of the drug, and she was becoming less responsive to the drug anyway with the more of it she took. Her head was still fuzzy, though, and she didn't seem able to do anything but whatever he told her. Certainly she couldn't move away.

He eased his ass higher, so he was fucking straight down into her mouth. She had a vague memory of him forcing his cock down into her throat, so sucked harder, wanting him to come off before he thought to do that again.

He was fucking into her face so hard she was gagging repeatedly, then he actually dropped forward onto his shoulders, gripped the back of her head with both hands, and thrust his cock right down her throat.

She found all her air blocked instantly. She tried to pull her arms up or twist away, but was held down firmly. She couldn't even scream or make the slightest sound in complaint, for her throat was totally blocked by his thick boner.

He fucked into her face harder and faster, pulling upwards on her head, jamming his crotch down into her face harder and harder as he fucked her throat. Kelly was a helpless fuck hole for his using, and she could do nothing to resist as her air ran out and her chest began to burn with the desperate need for air.

But then he pushed himself off his shoulders, panting and moaning as he sat back. He pulled his cock out from her mouth and she was able to gulp in air once more. She sobbed and coughed and moaned as she breathed, and he rubbed his spit wet cock over her face as he watched her.

"Now I'm not going to fuck your throat this time, pretty Kelly," he smiled. "I wanna come in your mouth so you can swallow it."

He tried to put his cock into her mouth again but she resisted, closing her mouth tight.

"Open your mouth, slutty girl."

She ignored him.

"Open your mouth right now, young lady," he snapped.

She kept her teeth locked together, breathing rapidly through her nose.

He licked his lips, wondering what to do with such defiance. Then he remembered that he was the one in charge, the one with the power. He would make her do what he wanted.

"If you don't open your mouth I'll have to punish you," he glared.

She stared back, frightened, but still disobedient.

He slapped her face lightly, and it rocked to the side. Then he slapped her again, harder, and gripped her hair. He tangled it up around his fist and jerked back hard, and she opened her mouth, screaming.

"Just do what you're told, young lady, or I'll give you reason to scream," he snapped.

He pushed his cock into her mouth and eased up on her hair, though he held it tightly so she couldn't twist her head away.

"Now I want you to suck on my cock. Do it and do it now," he ordered.

She started sucking his cock again, and he smiled reassuringly. Soon his cock began to throb with that old need, that old urgent need to explode. He groaned and fucked just a little, keeping his cock in her mouth but working it back and forth through her lips.

"That's it. Suck! Suck it! Ohhh! Suck my cock! Oooh yess!" he groaned.

He felt his come approaching, and fucked a little more, then he spewed, and Kelly found her mouth filled with his jism.

He gripped her hair tightly and she had no choice but to swallow. It was the largest mass of jism she'd ever felt, and even after a big swallow she found her mouth full. She swallowed again, then again, then finally again, though the last was a small swallow.

"Gooood giiiiirl," he moaned, easing back on his heels and sliding his softening cock out of her mouth.

He lay down next to her again, stroking her sweating forehead, easing the hair out of her eyes.

"Don't worry, sweet Kelly. You'll learn to love me," he smiled, giving her a half hug.

"Le...let me gooo," she whispered in a choked voice.

"Nope. Can't," he smiled. "I like you too much, pretty Kelly."

He slid his lips onto her nipple and began to suck, as his hand moved

down between her legs and turned on the vibrator. He stroked her clitty with his fingers as he sucked at her breast, content, not moving fast or energetically, rubbing his cheek against her mammary mound as he licked and suckled at her nipple.

Kelly pulled at the chains, and slowly raised her head, looking back at them, looking at her wrists to see what was holding them in place. She was still a little dazed, but had some grasp of what was going on. She remembered Stanley, a little, and knew she didn't like him.

She wanted to get away, to get him away, but her wrists and ankles seemed completely locked, unable to move. There was nothing she could do to stop him from fondling her naked, exposed flesh.

She swallowed repeatedly, wishing she could rub her sore throat. She'd never been fucked in the throat before, and it was very uncomfortable, the effects lingering on even after he'd come. Her throat felt like she'd had a cold for days.

At least she could breathe now. And he wasn't hurting her. Things weren't too terrible.

She couldn't remember much of the past day, or was it two? How long had it been? What day was it, or night?

"Le...let me go," she gasped.

"No," he smiled. "You're all mine."

He licked at her nipples then settled down to sucking one again. Kelly laid her head back and closed her eyes with a shudder.

She tried to relax, to gain her strength back. Her mental faculties were slowly returning, but she still found it hard to concentrate on things. She had no idea how she'd come to be in this position, how he'd gotten in here, or what had happened.

Nor could she put together any good ideas about getting rid of him, about stopping him or freeing herself.

All she could do was lay there as he fondled and molested her body.

She was not frightened. She was too...relaxed to be frightened. Anyway, he'd already done...it...everything, was still doing it. That puzzled her, but didn't frighten her. She was frustrated at not being able to pull her hands free from the chains, but not really angry. She felt quite calm, actually.

But there was a quivering in her lower belly, and a...a full sensation. There was something inside her, she knew, something hard inside her pussy tunnel. It wasn't him, she didn't think. No, it was something else, and it was...buzzing.

Her groin felt terribly exposed, terribly vulnerable as she lay there with her legs stretched widely, and the muscles in her thighs strained as she tried to close them. She felt his tongue lapping at her pussy flesh. It wasn't unpleasant or anything but...it felt...strange.

His fingers caressed her flesh down at her crotch, occasionally slithering up her body to inch and squeeze her breasts. His tongue lapped over her slit, then along her thighs, then back to her pussy again. And inside her,

that...thing...buzzed.

She felt her body kind of buzzing in tune with it, like it was making her very bones tremble. She squeezed down instinctively with her pussy muscles, and ground her ass into the bed a little. The buzzing was an itch she couldn't scratch.

She felt his lips on her clitty, felt him sucking on it, and then felt the raw burst of sensory pleasure rippling up her body. She sighed softly, glad of the pleasure, not caring about the source. She pulled at the chains again as she ground her buttocks into the bed. She wanted her hands free, but they wouldn't come.

She felt the...the thing...vibrator...yes, it was a vibrator...she felt it moving, sliding in and out of her. She wondered at that, wondered what was causing it, then realized that, of course, he must be doing it, Stanley, his name was.

It slid up and down in her sex tunnel, and she could feel how slick and moist she was, how the hard body of the sex toy caressed the soft, fleshy walls of her sex. It pulled out and she felt vacant for a moment, then something else slid into her, something thicker, and rougher.

She raised her head, her eyes blinking repeatedly as she gazed down, and saw that he had some other kind of sex toy. It looked like a big cock, and she watched and felt as it slid up into her belly.

She caught her breath as another wave of pleasure rippled through her. The new thing rasped against her clitty in a terribly pleasant way. She wished he would...

She groaned as he pulled it back, then slid it into her again. He began pumping it in and out hard and fast. Then, a moment later, she felt the buzzing again, felt the tip of the vibrator pressed against her clitoris. She ground her buttocks harder and harder into the bed as the tickling, itching, burning sensation increased, and it spread through her lower belly.

She felt her pussy burn with lust and excitement, felt the rest of her body catching fire as her clitty crackled with sexual electricity. She panted for breath, moaning and whining as the pleasure washed over her in waves.

Then a blast wave of ecstasy tore through her. She cried out in surprise and pleasure, her head jerking back, her back arching as she trembled and shook. Air puffed out of her gaping mouth as a protracted storm of feverish sexual delight surged through her veins.

Her arms and legs pulled against the chains and her muscles strained beneath her skin as she humped furiously, her body shaking with fiery sex-heat. She strained again and again at the chains holding her down, then collapsed, panting for breath as her over heated body went limp.

"Pretty Kelly," he laughed. "Nice, slutty Kelly."

The pounding of her heart eased, and her blood slowed as Kelly regained her breath. She swallowed repeatedly, blinking her eyes as she groaned. More of the drug was clearing out of her system now, in part due to the energy her body was putting out.

She raised her head and looked at him, recognizing him anew, the geek from the courthouse. She glared up at him, feeling the first stirrings of anger and embarrassment, and also fear. She looked up again at the chains holding her wrists, then back at him.

"U-Untie me," she demanded.

Her voice was little more than a whisper, and she swallowed in confusion, trying again. "Untie me," she said, trying to put some force and weight behind her voice. It still emerged as little more than a croak.

"Not yet, pretty Kelly," he smiled.

He giggled, then slid forward over her body, his hands going under her, cupping her buttocks as he rubbed his face against her belly. His fingers kneaded her buttocks, and one slid up into her anus. She tried to twist away, but couldn't.

He rubbed his face along her belly as he crawled higher, his hands sliding up from under her and roaming her body freely. They massaged her breasts, kneading the soft flesh as he brought his face up against them. He rubbed his face against her breasts, then began to suck on her left nipple.

His hands continued to glide up and down her body, stroking her breasts, her buttocks, and her groin. He gripped the protruding tip of the dildo and pumped it in and out slowly.

Then his face was hovering over hers. He licked her cheek, and she closed her eyes and turned away. He laughed and pressed his lips against hers. She again twisted away, but he gripped her hair and jerked her head back, holding it in place as she gasped in pain.

His lips pressed down against hers, rough and demanding as he pumped the dildo into her. He pulled his mouth back and glared at her, then shifted one of his hands to her breast. He pinched her nipple hard, then dug his nails into it, making her cry out in pain.

"Kiss back, slutty Kelly. I want you to kiss me back," he said.

He ground his nails into her nipple and she cried out again. He laughed, then bent and licked at her lips.

"Push your tongue out, slutty Kelly," he grinned.

She panted and gulped in pain, then tentatively eased her tongue out between her lips. He licked his tongue across it and she groaned in disgust. Her awareness was growing, and with it her revulsion, embarrassment and anger.

He reached down and rubbed her clitty against the dildo, then yanked the dildo out of her pussy and cupped her pussy mound in his hand, squeezing it softly.

"Slutty Kelly," he giggled. "Want me ta fuck you, slutty Kelly? Hmm? Want me to fuck you with my big big cock?"

"N-No," she gasped.

"Say yes," he pouted.

"N-No. I...don't wan.."

He dug his nails into her nipple and pinched hard. She cried out in pain,

shaking and twisting under him as her nipple burned in agony.

"Say yes," he demanded.

"Yes! Yes!" she cried.

He giggled and eased up on her nipple, then bent and licked it several times before sliding his lips over and sucking gently.

Oddly, she was glad of that. It soothed her hurting nipple.

He pulled his lips off it then and kissed her. She let her lips open, let him slide his tongue into her, and fought the revulsion and anger that continued to grow inside her.

"Slutty, slutty Kelly," he giggled.

This person was obviously crazy, she told herself. She would have to be calm and not do anything to get him worked up. She would have to cooperate and look for a chance to get free.

"Want me to fuck you, slutty Kelly?" he smiled.

"Ye...yes," she gulped.

"Say it. Say, fuck me, Stanley man. Fuck me with your big cock Stanley man!"

"Fu...fuck me with...your...big...cock, Stanley man," she gulped.

He giggled again and she felt something rubbing against her belly. She'd felt it before but hadn't taken notice of it. Now she realized it was his cock...but...it was so...

He eased back and pressed his cock against her crack. She looked down, gasping as she caught sight of it. The thing was enormous! It was thicker than any cock she'd ever seen in her life, and extremely long too. She felt her pussy lips spreading and spreading as he jammed the nose of the massive thing against her.

She gasped and strained again at the chains, but was just as helpless as she'd been earlier. She felt her sex lips spreading even wider, and groaned as the thick nose of the pervert's cock was forced into her. She panted rapidly, the tension building up inside her as his cock slid slowly and remorselessly into her body.

She could feel her pussy flesh bloating out as the thing moved forward, could feel the soft folds of her sex sleeve straining, bulging back as the massive meaty prong ground forward. She gasped and moaned as it drove higher into her belly, as it slid through her guts and upwards into her lower belly.

"Oh God," she gasped in a choked voice.

"Big cock for you, Kelly," he laughed. "Big, big cock for slutty Kelly."

His hands roamed her body, fastening on her breasts then to squeeze and mash them together. He leaned forward over her, then let his body slide onto hers, his arms going around her as his skinny chest came down on her round breasts.

He slowly forced his hips down too, and his cock jammed high into Kelly's pussy tunnel. She clenched her teeth as she felt the nose of his invading cock climb impossibly high, felt it mashing up against her cervix as his balls finally pressed down against her buttocks.

**"Slutty Kelly," he sighed, rubbing his chest against her breasts as he licked and chewed on her throat.**

**"Pretty, slutty Kelly."**

## **Seven**

**Kelly shuddered as he ground his pelvis against her. His monster cock twisted around in her guts, threatening to rip her apart.**

**She'd never had anything so large inside her before, nor so deep either. She panted and puffed and groaned as she waited for her pussy to get used to the big cock, but the skinny man atop her wasn't showing any sign he was going to give her any time to adjust**

**He began to hump against her, tearing his giant cock back and forth in slow, sharp thrusts that made her cry out in pain. His cock stabbed into her belly like a spear thrust into her guts. She felt impaled on the gigantic thing.**

**"Pretty, slutty Kelly," he giggled, grinding his hips against her, then humping again.**

**He licked at her face, then pressed his mouth against hers. Both his hands went to her head and closed around it as he crushed his lips downwards with bruising force, sliding them wetly over her as his tongue shot into her oral cavity.**

**He began to hump into her again as he kissed her, his hips bouncing up and down in short, sharp movements as he ripped his cock back and forth. She cried out again and again, the sound muffled by his own mouth as he groaned and whined in pleasure.**

**He tore his lips free and she gulped in air, gasping and groaning as he humped harder, using longer strokes. He bounced her hips down into the bed, rising onto his elbows as he fucked his fat meat into her pussy with terrific force.**

**Kelly felt like he was tearing her apart. The monster cock was stabbing into her again and again, the cockhead bruising her cervix as it pounded into it repeatedly.**

**"Ohh! Ungh! Noo! OOh! P...Plllease!" she gasped. "Sstop! Ooh! Unngh! Stoop! God! OOh!"**

**"Fucking Kelly! Fucking Kelly!" he gasped. "Fucking Kelly!"**

**He slammed his powerful cock up her fuck pipe with brutal strength, slicing through her tight pussy like a hot knife through butter, cleaving the folds of her sex as it rammed up into her body.**

**"Fucking you! Fucking you!" he gasped, chanting it like a mantra. "Fucking Kelly! Fucking you!"**

**Kelly ground her teeth together, desperately praying he would finish,**

not sure how much more of the terrible rutting she could stand. Her insides were being churned to butter by his awful fuck pole.

Her body bounced and shook beneath him as he threw his weight against her crotch repeatedly. His balls slapped against her buttocks as he drove his pecker deep into her guts on each stroke.

After what seemed like an eternity he came, humping madly, making her cry out anew as he pounded his prong into her. Then she felt his juice, actually felt it spurting inside her. She'd never felt a man coming in her before, but it felt...it felt almost like he was pissing in her or something. There was so much of it!

Then he settled atop her, softly groaning in pleasure as he stopped fucking. She felt his cock slowly begin to soften inside her strained pussy tunnel and gasped thankfully.

He eased off her, sliding back onto his knees, and she felt his cock slip out of her pussy. Her pussy felt like it was still gaping, and she wondered if it was. She felt something liquid trickling down her buttocks, and knew it was his semen.

"Slutty Kelly," he smiled, rubbing his belly with his hand.

"S-S-Stanley," she whispered, trying to keep her voice even.

"What?" he smiled.

"Could... could you untie me now?"

"Nope," he shook his head.

"But... but I... have to go to work."

"I called in sick for you."

"You what?"

He nodded his head, smiling."

"I-I have to go to the bathroom," she said, trying again.

"Oh, hmmm, okay," he said thoughtfully.

Stanley moved to the head of the bed and did something with the chain there. It slid loose and she could move her hands. The handcuff, or whatever it was, was still around her wrist, though.

He pulled her hand down, and then to her surprise, he pressed it to her belly. She saw the chain there around her waist then, noticing it for the first time. She saw him lock the handcuff thing to the chain.

"Y-You don't have to chain me," she said.

"Have to, slutty Kelly," he smiled.

Fucking asshole, she snarled to herself.

He unchained her other wrist, then once more brought it down to her waist and locked it to the chain there. Then he undid her ankles and helped her sit up. The sheets were moist under her buttocks, and she scrambled off them, surprised at how weak she still felt.

Stanley helped her walk across the floor to her bathroom, then helped her inside, but didn't turn to leave.

"I... don't need your help," she said.

"It's okay."

**"I-I'd rather have some privacy, Stanley."**

**"I seen you go already."**

**He had. She blushed furiously.**

**"Stanley, would you please wait outside?" she asked, trying to speak firmly.**

**He pouted, then turned and left. She closed the door behind him and groaned, all but collapsing against it. She pulled at the chain around her waist, examining it and the handcuffs. They seemed locked in place, and she couldn't find any way to get them loose.**

**There was no window here in the bathroom, and there didn't seem to be anything she could do. She searched the cabinets and drawers for something she could use as a weapon but came up empty. There seemed little chance of overpowering the man, especially with her hands chained.**

**Her only alternative then was to talk him into taking off the handcuffs. She'd have to convince him that she liked him, that she would stay even without being chained.**

**She was revolted at the thought, but didn't see anything else she could do.**

**She looked down at her thigh and saw the liquid trickling down her leg. She gasped in disgust and grabbed some toilet paper. She rubbed her leg, then eased her sore pussy lips apart. She felt more of his white juice trickling out of her.**

**God! How would she be able to stand it!? How could she go out there and pretend she liked that disgusting pervert!?**

**He knocked on the door and she jerked her eyes that way.**

**"Kelly girl?" he called. "Time to come out, Kelly girl!"**

**"Wait!" she called.**

**She went to the bathroom, then slowly, reluctantly pulled the door open. He beamed at her and led her back to the bed.**

**"You... you don't have to chain me up, Stanley," she said. "I'll let you do anything you want to me."**

**"Got to," he said.**

**"But I-I can't hug you with my hands chained like this," she said.**

**"I'll hug you," he smiled, then he did.**

**She muttered angrily.**

**He led her back to the bed and had her sit down, then lay back. She thought about trying to tear herself free when one hand was unbound, but thought the odds of that succeeding were slim and none. He only unlocked one at a time, after all.**

**He chained her wrists to the headposts again, then chained her ankles to the lower posts.**

**"Stanley, I'm... I'm hungry," she said.**

**"I'll get you something to eat."**

**"Can't you take me to the kitchen?"**

**"Nope. Later."**

He left her there and she lay motionless for almost half an hour before he returned. He brought some soup with him and her hopes increased that he might untie her hands.

He did just that, but one at a time again, and again chained her wrists to the chain around her waist. He undid the chains from her ankles, then helped her to sit back against the headboard as he sat on the edge of the bed and held the spoon to her lips.

"What is it?" she asked dubiously.

"Chicken noodle soup," he smiled.

She sipped it gingerly, then swallowed it. There was no point in starving herself, after all. She still felt weak, and needed to get as much of her strength back as possible. She knew he had drugged her in some way, but wasn't sure how much the effects would last.

"Pretty Kelly," he smiled.

She fought to keep from snapping at him.

He continued to feed her, now and then patting her head like she was a dog and saying "Pretty Kelly," or sometimes "Slutty Kelly."

"Stop calling me that!" she finally snapped.

"What?"

"Slutty," she said. "It... it's not nice."

"I like slutty girls," he said. "Anyway, you were fucking guys before, and you ain't married, so you're a slutty girl."

"Just...just because I slept with someone doesn't mean I'm a slut," she said.

"Want me to fuck you again?"

"No! I mean, not right now."

"We'll fuck lotsa times."

"But... it's not right for you to tie people up and fuck them, Stanley."

"Why not? I ain't hurting you."

"But... it's still not right."

"Would you fuck me anyway?"

"I... sure."

"Liar," he said.

"I would," she insisted. "I mean, I fucked those other guys, remember."

"Big good lookin' guys," he pouted. "You wouldn't wanna fuck me cause I'm not as pretty as them. I got a lot better cock even."

"I-I think you're... very handsome," she lied.

"Really?"

"Yes, and I-I think you have a... really great cock."

"I know," he smiled shyly.

"It's just that it's... so big that... that it hurts me, Stanley. See, I'm too small for a cock that size. You need to find a girl who's... bigger than me."

"I fucked you plenty of times," he said.

"You... you did?"

She seemed to have vague memories of him fucking her before on the

couch, or was it..."

"Uh huh. I fucked you hundreds of times. Well, maybe not hundreds, but... maybe almost a hundred times in the last coupla weeks or so."

"Weeks? I've been chained here for weeks?" she gasped.

"Uh uh," he smiled. "Just today."

"But you said..."

"I put some stuff in your milk every night so that you fall asleep, then I fuck you while you sleep. I been doin' it for a while now."

"In...in my milk," she gasped, dazed.

"Uh huh. Know those pictures you were mad at? I made em," he said proudly. "I took you into the spare room and took the pictures there."

"But... but it didn't look like..."

"I put a different headboard, and a comforter," he laughed.

"Fuck," she whispered.

"I got movies too."

"M... movies?"

"Yup. I took em' with your movie camera, of you and me fucking before. Wanna see?"

"N-o." she moaned.

"We can look at em' later," he shrugged.

"Stanley, people are going to miss me. They'll come looking for me."

"I told em' you had the flu for a couple of days," he said.

"A....a couple..."

"And then it'll be the weekend," he grinned. "Want some milk now?"

"Milk?"

"Not the drugged stuff. Just milk."

He placed a glass to her lips and she swallowed, then gagged and coughed. He laughed and held the thing against her lips, grabbing her hair as she tried to twist away.

"Drink it. Drink it all!" he laughed.

She refused. The stuff tasted awful, bitter, salty, metallic.

"Drink it!" he demanded.

"No!"

She was able to twist away and roll off the bed, but there was nowhere to run as he came around the other side and grabbed her arm, pulling her upright.

"You're being a bad girl," he said.

"I don't want any more drugs!" she cried.

"It's not drugs."

"What is it then?" she demanded.

He leered and then pulled her around the bed to the other side, where the glass of white liquid was sitting on the night table.

"Know what it is?" he giggled.

She didn't answer.

"It's my jism," he laughed.

**"Wha...what?"**

**"My cock milk! I jerked off and kept it. I jerked off when I was watching you. That was before I started fucking you. This is yours!"**

**"I don't want it!" she gasped in horror.**

**He glared angrily at her.**

**"You drink it anyway!"**

**"No!"**

**"You...You...!"**

**He grabbed one of her breasts and crushed it in his fingers, twisting his hand as she screamed and writhed in pain. She kicked out at him, slamming her foot into his crotch, and he gave a gurgle of pain and let go of her breast.**

**She tried to run but he grabbed her ankle as he collapsed to his knees, holding it tightly. She fell to the floor and kicked out at him with her other foot, but he grabbed both feet and hugged them against his chest as he lay on the floor moaning.**

**She tried desperately to shake loose, but he clung to her tightly. "Bitch!" he gasped. "Dirty bitch!"**

**"Fucking pervert asshole!" she screamed. "Heeeellp!"**

**She screamed at the top of her lungs, but he fell atop her and jammed his hand up against her mouth, crushing it closed and silencing her.**

**After a minute or so he dragged her to her feet. She again tried to kick him but he yanked her hair back hard, making her scream into his hand. He grabbed something from a dresser, then removed his hand. She opened her mouth to scream only to find something rubbery shoved into her mouth.**

**It had straps, and was like a leather ball. He strapped it around her as she struggled, then slapped her face again and again, throwing her head violently from side to side and stunning her. He flung her down on her belly on the bed and began slapping her buttocks.**

**She yelped and cried out into the gag as his hand cracked down on her buttocks. The blows sent jagged, burning pain up into her body. She wouldn't have believed being spanked could hurt so much.**

**"Y-You need a wh...whippin'!" he gulped. "That's what my momma usedta give me when I was real bad!"**

**The spanking stopped, and she moaned thankfully, hardly hearing his words. She felt his weight come off the bed, and noted, dazedly, that he was going to her closet. She didn't see him removing one of her belts from a hanger though, or folding it in two as he came back to the bed.**

**But she felt it when the belt cracked down on her already sore buttocks.**

**She screamed in pain, jack-knifing and twisting to the side, rolling away from the source of the sharp pain. He swung the belt down again, cracking it across her hip. Then he grabbed her leg and yanked her back onto her belly as he whipped the belt down onto her buttocks again.**

**Again she screamed, the pain terrible and sharp**

**"Dirty slut!" he cried. "Dirty bitch slut!"**

**Again the belt lashed across her buttocks, and again she screamed as**

the pain ripped through her. She twisted away, wriggling across the bed. But he ran around the other side and caught her as she tumbled over the side. He gripped her hair and yanked her up to her knees, then bent her over the bed and held her there by the hair as he whipped the belt against her bottom again.

She screamed into the gag repeatedly as the belt cracked down onto her buttocks. She jerked and twisted and shook as she sobbed in misery, but could not stop him from whipping her aching, burning bottom.

He stopped finally, and both of them sobbed and panted for breath.

"Dirty bad girl," he gulped.

He dragged her back onto the bed, then took one of the chains locked to the corner post and locked it to the collar around her throat. He ripped the phone out of the wall, then carried it out of her bedroom, slamming the door behind him.

Kelly moaned and whimpered, rolling onto her side so her burning buttocks could cool off a little. They hurt so much it felt like they were radiating heat. She wondered if she'd been cut. She felt wet, but that was probably because she was sweating like a pig.

She'd been stupid. She should have just argued him out of drinking that... that piss of his, not tried to kick him and escape.

But she'd almost done it!

With her hands in front of her she could have opened the front door and ran screaming down the hall! If only she'd been able to get away before he grabbed her! Next time she'd be more careful.

She was alone for a couple of hours. Finally the door opened and Stanley came back in. He was still naked, and he glared at her as he approached the bed.

"You better be good," he said. "Or you're really gonna get it."

She nodded anxiously at him.

He sat on the bed and glowered at her.

"You said you'd be a good girl," he said accusingly.

She made a muffled sound.

"I ain't taking that off. You can just keep it in your mouth forever!"

He looked her up and down, wrinkling his nose.

"You stink!" he said. "I cleaned you this morning and you already stink."

She glowered at him.

"You know what I read in a book once?" he demanded. "I read where this guy uses a belt on this girl's titties. You want me to do that?"

She shook her head rapidly.

"You better be good then, else I will!"

She nodded her head.

He got a foot long chain and carefully locked it to her two ankle restraints. Then he undid the chain from her collar and gripped her hair, twisting her around. He unlocked her wrist restraints, then pulled her arms

behind her back and locked them together there before making her slide off the bed and stand.

"I'm gonna wash you again," he said.

He marched her into the bathroom, then made her get into the empty tub. Right away there was a problem, for she wasn't able to raise one of her feet high enough to climb in. This annoyed Stanley, and he pouted unhappily before reluctantly removing the chain.

"You better not try and run again," he said.

He made her kneel down in the tub, then pulled the gag out of her mouth.

"Tha-thank you," she gasped, swallowing, or trying to.

"You scream again and I'll stuff it in there so deep you'll never say nothing."

"I... won't. Can I.. please have some water? Please?"

He poured a cup of water and let her drink it, but that abruptly reminded him of the topic they had argued about before.

He jerked the cup away and she blinked up at him in surprise.

"No more water for you," he said.

He turned and left the room, and she wondered what she should do. Then he was back, carrying the big glass of semen, and grinning nastily. She shuddered and closed her mouth.

"Yer gonna drink this, slut," he said. "Else you won't get nothing else to drink. Plus I'll whip your titties so hard they'll probably fall off!"

"No, I - ."

He jerked back on her hair hard, and she opened her mouth to scream just as he poured the come into it. She coughed and choked as some of it poured down her throat. It filled her mouth and spilled over her face. She spat in disgust, trying to keep from swallowing any more as the thick, creamy liquid trickled down her chest and between her full breasts.

Then Stanley poured some onto her breasts, soaking them in come juice. He laughed in delight, pouring more of the semen over her face and head and shoulders. He stepped into the tub and jerked her head back harder, so it was upside down, then pinned it between his legs.

He pinched her nose as he filled her mouth with cum.

"Swallow it, slut!" he demanded. "Or I'll whip your tits!"

She choked and swallowed, feeling revolted and nauseous as the cream poured down her throat. He filled her mouth again, then again, then again, and she swallowed it all, trying not to throw up.

He poured the last of it into her mouth, then put the glass down and shoved her down on her back. She felt the come soaking her back, and realized that he'd put the plug in, so all the come she hadn't swallowed was now on the bottom of the tub.

She groaned in disgust as she rolled in it. It soaked her hair and covered her bottom and back, even as it dribbled down the sides of her breasts. Then Stanley rolled her over so her front was pushed into the greasy, creamy jism

too.

**"Now you're all covered in my stuff!" he laughed.**

**He stood over her, leering happily, his cock sticking out hard and thick from his curly pubic hair. Then he knelt and spread her legs apart. He leaned into her, pressing his cock against her rectum.**

**"Nooo!" she sobbed.**

**"Right up the asshole," he said gleefully. "Right up Kelly's asshole!"**

**He rubbed his semen coated cock against her wet anal opening, the liquid easing it's entrance as he forced his prick into her tiny round hole.**

**Kelly sobbed miserably as she felt his cock jamming into her ass. She kept her head up, trying to keep her face out of the sperm, even though the foul liquid was already soaking her face and dribbling off her nose and chin.**

**She gasped and moaned and begged him to stop, but he only laughed as he forced more and more of his thick cock into her rectum.**

**"Jesus God!" she sobbed, as the long, thick, rock hard prick drove deeper into her belly and began to pump in and out..**

**"Fucking your asshole!" he crowed with delight.**

**He stabbed it deep inside her, twisting it from side to side as he giggled and grunted. Kelly felt impaled. She had never had anal sex with anyone before. It was a disgusting, degrading act, and she felt tears filling her eyes as the skinny man forced his oversized prick into her ass.**

**"Bastard," she sobbed.**

**"Slut!" he laughed. "Slut! Slut! Slut! Slutty Kelly!"**

**He gripped her wet, greasy hair and shoved her face down into the cum puddled at the bottom of the tub, laughing as he ground her face into it. He let his weight pin her down as his hips began to work, thrusting his cock back and forth inside her, gasping and grunting with the effort as he used her tight rectum.**

**As he battered her sphincter muscle into submission he began to really ream her out, his stiff tool thrusting deep into her anus, giving her cramps as it reamed out her insides. He laughed and giggled as he rode up and down on her, his cock pistoning inside her aching bottom.**

**"Dirty slutty Kelly!" he laughed. "Up her ass! Up her ass!"**

**He slammed his hips into her soft, wet buttocks, bouncing off her only to slam back again. He fucked long and hard, fucked so long she stopped sobbing, stopped trying to keep her head up, and just lay there, grunting as his cock reamed her out.**

**Then he poured his hot cream into her bowels, moaning and cursing and gasping for breath as his balls emptied themselves into her.**

## Eight

Stanley pulled his softening cock out from her gaping rectum, then stood up, panting for breath. He stepped out of the tub and grabbed a towel, rubbing his own come off his feet. He turned and smiled at Kelly as she lay there on her stomach in the tub, smugly superior and proud of himself.

"You liked that, didn't you, Kelly?" he laughed. "Had a good drink, didn't you!"

He felt a sudden urge then and turned to the toilet. He paused abruptly, swallowing at the shock of a new idea. He turned back towards the girl, then, gripped by a rash excitement, he reached in and gripped her arm, rolling her over onto her back.

She groaned and blinked up at him, her hands pulling against the chain and wrist cuffs. He stood up and gripped his soft cock, pointing it down at her, then a long stream of yellow urine spurted out and splashed against her face.

It poured into her open mouth before she could close it, then washed over her nose and eyes and cheeks soaking her face as she coughed and choked and spat out. She tried to stand but Stanley shoved her back down, gleefully showering her with his hot urine, and the piss stream splashed against her breasts and belly and pussy as she tried to roll herself away from it.

Stanley laughed delightedly at his own joke, aiming his piss at her hair, then at her buttocks as she succeeded in turning over. He sniggered and chuckled and chortled as he soaked her come stained body in piss from head to toe.

"Slutty, slutty, slutty Kelly," he taunted.

He emptied his bladder on her then shook his cock, smiling down at her as she lay there in a smelly mess. The plug was still in the tub so the piss hadn't gone down the drain. It was pooled in the bottom of the tub with his come.

He balanced himself on one foot, then brought his other foot down on the side of Kelly's head, forcing her face down into the liquid mess.

"Drinky, drinky," he teased. "Slurp it all up, slutty Kelly."

She rolled away and managed to get to her knees, panting and spitting and blinking her eyes. Come and piss dribbled off her face and breasts, and trickled down her belly and between her thighs as she sobbed in misery and frustration.

"Now you really smell," Stanley giggled. "That's what happens when you're a bad girl."

He locked her ankles together again, then got another chain, pushed the helpless girl onto her belly, and forced her ankles back hard, bowing her body until he could lock them to her wrists.

'Now you stay there, bad Kelly, and learn some manners,' he said sternly. "You think you're so special! Well you're not special at all! You're a slimy, pissy Kelly now and you smell awful!"

He laughed to himself and left her there, laying in the bottom of the big tub in a puddle of come and piss, whimpering and trembling in miserable disbelief and shock. She stared, dull eyed, at the small puddle below her face, moaning to herself. For some minutes she tried to keep her head up, but it was no use, and the best she could do, in the end, was roll onto her side so that when she laid her head down only the side of her face came into contact with it.

Her efforts were of little use, of course. Most of her body was already covered in piss and come, and Stanley was delighted, though he didn't really understand why. All his life beautiful women had sneered at him, looked down at him, looked at him in contempt. He wasn't handsome enough, manly enough, muscular enough for them. They were princesses, goddesses, worshipped by men, and knew it, and revelled in it.

But now he'd dragged one of the pretty princesses down low and gloried in showing her who was better. He watched TV, and thought of more ways he could play with his new girl toy, and all the while he drank large quantities of pop, which required him to urinate frequently.

The first time he returned to the bathroom Kelly moaned weakly and stared up at him hopefully. But then her small hopes were dashed as the naked little man aimed his cock at her. She closed her eyes just as the yellow stream began to splash over her face, and cringed as she felt the hot liquid spraying across her eyelids and nose and lips. Then the stream slid down onto her chest, and splattered against her breasts and belly. She heard Stanley laugh, then he was gone.

But he returned, and this time he reached into the tub and unlocked her wrists from her ankles. Kelly groaned aloud in relief, her back aching, and dazedly resolved to somehow obey him in hopes of getting another chance at freedom.

"Drink, slutty Kelly," he ordered.

Kelly bit her lip miserably as she saw the little spoon of liquid in his hand. But she had no choice, and opened her mouth as he slid it inside. The drug tasted bitter, and tears filled her eyes as he patted her wet hair and stood up.

"Now open your mouth wide and drink my piss, slutty Kelly," he ordered.

"P-Please," she croaked. "Please don't -."

He slapped her face and Kelly gasped in pain, flung back against the back of the tub to land sprawling in the piss and come.

"Obey the boss man, slutty Kelly!" Stanley demanded in a high, nasal voice. "I'm the boss man now. You're not a great princess any more! You're just an ugly, smelly slut!"

He pulled her back into a kneeling position by grasping her collar, and steadied her there until she could kneel unaided.

"Open your mouth, slutty Kelly!"

Dazed, her head starting to buzz and fuzz now from the drug, Kelly

obeyed, her eyes going glassy as the stream of urine shot into her open mouth. It filled her mouth and began to dribble over her lower lip until Stanley yelled at her. "Swallow it, slutty Kelly! Swallow it! I'll beat you if you don't!"

And she swallowed, wincing at the foul taste, and swallowed again, and again as the urine filled her mouth. Stanley then sprayed the remainder over face and body, laughing. So excited was he that his cock grew erect again and he forced it into the dazed girl's mouth and down her throat. He had not washed himself since sodomizing her, so this added another level of taste to the foulness in the miserable, dazed woman's mouth.

Before coming this time, however, he pulled out, spewing his seed over her face and breasts once again. Then he pushed her back onto the bottom of the tub and pulled her ankles up tightly behind her back, locking them to her wrists.

All the rest of that day he kept her hog tied in the tub, urinating on her, coming in her face, laughing in delight at how dirty and smelly she was. Towards the end of the day he was growing bored with simply urinating into her mouth and over her body. He unchained her ankles, spread her legs, and used a dildo to ream out her anus.

Then, with her anal muscles battered, her anus spread wide, he pissed into the open hole, watching gleefully as his piss disappeared into the woman's stretched anal opening. When he was finished he slapped his big hand against the opening until it reflexively closed, then, giggling, tied her legs tightly together and lifted her ankles high into the air, tying them to the showerhead above. Her feet were not raised high enough to lift her out of the tub, but all that remained were her upper chest and face, pressed hard against the bottom of the tub.

And there he left her for the night, face down in the piss and come, her weight crushing her breasts.

Morning came, and Stanley returned, well rested, and with his usual morning erection. The drug had, for the most part, worn off, but Kelly was still dazed, bedraggled, shocky, and befuddled. Her breasts burned, her back burned, and she ached everywhere.

"Boy, do you ever stink!" Stanley cried, holding his nose as he giggled.

He climbed into the tub without hesitation, not caring that he was standing, then squatting in his own cold urine and come. He gripped Kelly's wet, tangled hair and yanked her face up, bending her even further, forcing the gasping, whimpering girl's head back hard until he could thrust his erection through her open mouth and down her throat. He used her casually and roughly like that, grunting with pleasure as he used the full, long length of his cock to rape the girl's mouth and throat. As before, he pulled out to spew his fresh semen into her face.

He lowered her at last, letting her lay in the bottom of the tub, then pulled her into a kneeling position and ordered her mouth open. When she was positioned properly, swaying only a little, he emptied his bladder into her mouth and she swallowed it.

**“Good girl!” he said happily, patting her head. “Now you have to drink all of the stuff in the tub. Clean it off. Empty it out. Drink it! Slutty Kelly needs to drink!” he said.**

**He shoved her face down in the tub once more.**

**“Drink! Drink! Drink it all down, dirty, slutty Kelly!”**

**When she hesitated, Stanley brought a thin belt down across her back and buttocks, and the pain drove her to obedience. And so she pushed her mouth into the liquid, sipping, slurping, drinking and swallowing the foul mix of cold liquid until she was reduced to licking at the bottom of the tub**

**Stanley looked down at the filthy creature lying in the bottom of the big tub and felt content. Yet he was growing bored again and wanted to play with his girl toy in other ways.**

**“I guess I better wash you off.”**

**He pulled the plug, then turned on the water... the cold water. It poured down on her. She gasped in shock at the temperature, but welcomed it anyway as it washed the piss and come off her skin and out of her hair.**

**Stanley took pity on her and turned on some hot water too, and let her sit under it for a couple of minutes. He turned off the water and ordered her to stand up. She did, slowly, and he picked up the shampoo.**

**"Bend over, slutty Kelly," he giggled.**

**She blinked her eyes, then slowly bent forward. He poured some shampoo on her head, then worked his fingers into her hair, soaping it up, working the shampoo into a thick lather. As the lather got thicker he spread it out over her face, rubbing his hands over her eyes and nose and mouth, soaping them up with the shampoo too.**

**"Straighten up," he said in a musical voice.**

**She slowly stood up straight. Her entire head was covered in a lather of shampoo. Stanley didn't rinse it off. He wanted to soap up her entire body first, because he thought it would look neat. He picked up the soap and began to run it over her belly, rubbing it up and down and up and down, building up a layer of lather.**

**He spread the soap out, rubbing over her breasts and upper chest, then over her arms and back. He soaped up her buttocks slowly and carefully, then slid his hand between her legs and began to soapy up her pussy. He spent a good deal of time there, rubbing his soap and hand up and down and up and down making a thick layer of soap.**

**Finally he soaped up her thighs and legs, spending just a little time on them. He stood back, excited at the sight of her. She was standing there quite still; eyes closed tightly as they'd been since he'd started shampooing her hair.**

**He knew she couldn't see, that if she opened her eyes she'd get soap in them and be unable to rub it out. That tempted him to make her open her eyes, but he had another idea instead, one he'd gotten from some porno movies and magazines.**

**He gripped her arm and pulled her forward. She stepped out of the tub uncertainly, and he had her sit on the toilet and spread her legs wide apart.**

Then he got a razor from the cupboard and began to shave her pussy hair off.

She knew what he was doing, but didn't protest. She was still emotionally drained from having his come poured into her throat, then ass raped, and finally pissed on and left hanging almost upside down all night. She had little spirit left to fight him, and though the drug had worn off she was almost in a state of shock. Now she was effectively blind as well as being chained.

Stanley shaved carefully, spreading her legs wide, wide apart, then making her draw her legs up and back and slump down low on the seat so he could shave her completely bald. He poured a cup of water over her pussy after he'd done, and rubbed her pussy with his fingers.

He used the shaver again to get a few stray hairs, then rubbed her naked, puffy little pussy mound with delight.

"Now you're soooooo soft," he said. "I bet it'll be really neat to lick you."

He helped her stand up, then rubbed his wet hand over her pussy and lower belly again, spreading soap onto her mound once more. He helped her into the bathtub, then got in with her. He pulled her down to her knees, and got down on his knees before her, then pulled her across his thighs as he sat down.

He stroked her slippery, soapy bottom, smiling to himself as he remembered all the times he'd stared at it through the peep hole and wished he could fuck her in the ass.

That wasn't all he wanted to do, though. He'd once shoved his whole hand up into his anus, and he wanted to see if he could do that to her. He had a very skinny hand, after all, no bigger than hers, and he was betting he could get it inside her.

Of course, he didn't have to bother with her anus when she, unlike he, had a nice, soft, pussy crack.

He rubbed his soapy fingers over her pussy crack again and again, then thrust them into her. He jammed two, then three fingers high into her crack, pumping them in and out as he stroked her buttocks with his other hand. He got a fourth finger into her and started pushing in deep, making her grunt and groan as he forced it in to the knuckles.

Her pussy was very tight, or at least, her pussy entrance was, and he had to go slowly as he worked his fingers back and forth, but the soap helped, and he was able to finally get his fingers in to where his thumb stuck out and hooked over her tail bone.

He twisted his hand around inside her, turning it from side to side as he felt her pussy flesh against his fingers. He pumped them back and forth, scissoring them inside her. Then eased his thumb in beside the four fingers.

She grunted and groaned as he slowly twisted his hand from side to side, using the soap to slide deeper inside her. She was very tight, and he had to put a lot of pressure behind his hand. He pushed in hard, making her groan loudly, and his hand jammed in deep.

**“Please!” Kelly gasped at the pain. “Oh please!”**

**He had to ease back, then he jammed his hand forward again. Again it went in and lodged in her pussy entrance. He eased back, then jammed in again, and his knuckles slowly, slowly slid through the taut entrance to her pussy.**

**“Oh God! S-Stop! P-Please stop!”**

**She sobbed in pain as his knuckles slid through her opening, then her sex lips were able to close a little as the heel of his hand passed into her body and her pussy was able to grip his wrist. He sighed in pleasure at the feel of her pussy sleeve wrapped around his hand.**

**It was so soft, so warm, so silky smooth. He slowly rotated his hand inside her fuck tube, giggling happily as he opened and closed his fingers in her belly. He pushed his hand deeper then, letting her sex lips slide along his soapy wrist.**

**He opened his fingers wide to press the walls of her pussy outwards into her gut. She squirmed a little in his lap, moaning and whimpering as he strained her pussy to its limits.**

**"So soft inside," he sighed. "And warm. So warm."**

**He screwed his hand deeper and deeper, ignoring her gasps and protests, wanting to reach the very bottom of her pussy cavity. His questing fingers finally touched what felt like the bottom. He kept pushing deeper, though.**

**He had to draw his fingers into a fist, which gave him more room. Her pussy strained even more as his wrist slipped into her and his forearm began to stretch her out.**

**Kelly felt like she was giving birth in reverse. Her entire lower belly was awash in pain and discomfort, and she was terrified that he would tear her belly open with his big hand. She was shocked and horrified at the very feel of his hand inside her, at the very notion that he had put his entire HAND into her belly!**

**It was an amazing sensation, especially when he rotated his wrists slowly from side to side. And when he began to pump his cock up and down she recalled hearing someone talk about fist fucking, and knew that that was what he was doing.**

**Oddly, that made her feel better, because as strange as it was, it was still something others had done and lived through without any harm. And the part of her mind which was still functioning was reassured that she could survive it as well.**

**As she focussed her scattered mind on it she realized that her pussy wasn't hurting as badly as it had, and that his soapy hand was moving more freely inside her. Even his forearm was sliding between her sex lips with less pain and effort than it had been.**

**His cock was hardening again, and Stanley thought about pulling his hand out of her pussy to make room for his cock. Instead he slid her off his legs and turned her onto her side. He pressed his prick against her rectum and**

slowly forced it into her.

He was thrilled to feel his hand with his cock, and he wondered if it would be possible to jerk off inside her belly. He got even more aroused at that thought, though he knew, of course, that there were several layers of skin between her anus and her pussy tube.

The idea was so thrilling, though, that he started fucking furiously as his blood heated up. He pictured holding his cock inside her abdomen and jerking it off, even as he pounded his thick cock into her ass with all his strength.

He came quickly, pumping the moaning, groaning girl's bottom full of semen as his fist jerked and twisted in her soft sex tunnel.

He sighed happily and eased his hand out of her pussy crack, then turned on the water and rinsed off the both of them. He stood up, dragging the dripping woman to her feet as well, then stepped out of the tub.

He rubbed her down with a towel, then dried and brushed her hair as she sat on a chair.

"Such a pretty little Kelly," he sighed, smiling at her in the mirror.

Kelly sat there dully, not looking, her mind still overwhelmed with what he had done to her, the disgusting, degrading things he had done to her helpless body. She didn't talk except when he asked her something, and even then he had to hit her on the head with the brush a couple of times.

"Now, on your hands and knees, slutty Kelly," he said.

She was so weak she had no difficulty at all sinking to her knees. Stanley then attached a leash to her collar, and giggled in delight as he "walked" her out of the bathroom and up and down the hall. He stopped and pointed at dirty spot on the kitchen floor, suddenly inspired.

"Clean it, slutty Kelly! Lick it clean!" he chortled.

Beautiful women were always so snotty, so mean to him, so arrogant. He smiled as he pushed her head down, slapping the back of her head, pointing at the floor. And when Kelly's pink tongue slid out and began to lick at the floor he laughed in delight.

Thereafter he had her lick the floor in many places, wherever he found dirt. He made her lick at his toes and feet, then "walked" her back into the toilet and made her lick the floor there, then the base of the toilet, and finally pushed her head into the toilet and made her lick at the inside of the rim and drink water like a dog.

He was so excited he got down on his knees behind her as she drank, thrusting his cock into her pussy and rutting wildly until he poured his cream into her belly. Then he tugged on her leash and led her back into the kitchen. He fed her some more of the drug and then opened a can of dog food he had bought; putting it on a bowl on the floor and making her eat it.

Kelly never left her knees that weekend. Stanley watched television on her big screen TV, and drank a lot of pop. Whenever he needed to urinate he would snap his fingers, and the dull eyed woman would crawl to him, take his cock into her mouth, close her lips around its base, and swallow as the urine poured into her mouth. Often he would get hard afterwards, turn her around

and ride her violently, his massive cock thrusting deep into her belly.

Some time in the morning on Sunday she came as he rode her, gasping and gurgling and moaning in dazed pleasure as the big cock plunged up and down in her sex tube. She came again the next time he rode her, and several times afterwards as he teased her with the vibrator and dildo.

Her voice was somewhat slurred when she called work and told them she would be off all next week, but then they would assume it was due to her sickness, he decided.

He had found the perfect amount of drugs; just enough to keep her buzzed. Combined with his sharp slaps and smacks and occasional strappings, her exhaustion and mental shock, she was entirely obedient to his will.

She was also becoming more and more addicted to sex, exulting in his stiff cock sliding into her pussy or anus or even into her mouth. When he wasn't using her he would toy with her with the vibrator or dildo, or his tongue, or his fingers, or all, so that she writhed and twisted and moaned and begged him to make her come. And when he wasn't touching her she would grovel at his feet, begging him in a little girl voice to fuck her, to use her, to sodomise her, to play with her. Sometimes he threw the dildo or vibrator across the room and watched gleefully as she crawled rapidly after it, "fetching" like a dog, then used the sex toys on herself.

Kelly spent the week on all fours, naked. When it was up, Stanley was worried about extending it, about visitors. There had already been knocks and rings at the door. He had her call work again late at night and quit. Then he packed her into a trunk and wheeled her downstairs to her car. He didn't really know how to drive, but managed somehow, driving her to his house, the one his mother had left him.

There, he chained her to a ring set in the floor of the basement until he could buy a dog cage. He didn't have much money, so the cage wasn't very large, just big enough to hold her curled up inside it when he went out.

As he was editing videos of her he got an idea how to make more money, though. He started a web site, and put pictures and videos of Kelly on it. This brought in a surprising amount of money, and Stanley was delighted. His viewers wanted more than just Kelly tied up, Kelly pissed on, Kelly being ridden, or masturbating, or being fisted. They thought she was a bad girl, and wanted her to be punished more.

Stanley understood this, because he had thoroughly enjoyed spanking and strapping her. He felt a little bad since she was such a girl now, but he explained it to her and Kelly was willing to do anything for him. He started out with hard spankings, then strappings. His viewers were very creative, however, and offered many suggestions Stanley would never have thought of himself.

Kelly got even more obedient, and Stanley was very pleased.

But something was missing. Stanley had his very own girl toy, and he kept her naked at all times. He could fondle her and ride her, and of course, see her at will. Yet the voyeur in him found things wanting.

**And so Stanley found another job, at a Catholic girl's school, and was soon happily drilling holes in the shower walls again.**

**END**