

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a light gray color, framing the central text.

Legal Briefs

Argus

“Legal Briefs”

by

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It was always the newest associates that got the crummy jobs, Jessie grumbled to herself. She had only joined Emmett, Allen and Peel six months ago, and she'd already been given more than her share of boring, miserable jobs.

She didn't complain. E, A&P was one of the city's most prestigious law firms, and the partners all made more than a million dollars a year. If she did a good job, in ten years she'd be a partner, then she could shove all the shit jobs onto the new guys.

In the meantime, she was stuck doing boring research, and dealing with the more unpleasant of the firm's clients.

And that included Jerome Snyder.

Jerome was a short, greasy faced man with an enormous long neck and a snotty, whiny tone of voice. He was sulky, unpleasant, rude, and stared at her like he hated her. No, like she was naked, and he hated her. That was an odd combination, and kind of scared her, even though she was actually bigger, and probably stronger than him.

Why, she wondered, was a smart, gorgeous girl like her stuck in back rooms writing research papers, and dealing with geeky clients like Jerome Snyder?

For this she'd taken ballet, modelling, and voice lessons? For this she spent all that time and effort learning how to project just the right image, how to dress for effect, how to artfully apply makeup. For this she'd spent thousands on a perfect set of teeth? For this she worked out every night, keeping her body in peak condition?

She was six feet one, and a statuesque beauty. She had long, flowing red hair, and a beautiful, aristocratic face with full, sensuous lips. She had perfect round breasts that were large enough to attract second glances, but not so large men would think she was busty, and thus stupid. Her waist was incredibly narrow, and she had a firm, boyish ass, and a set of long, long, exquisitely sculpted legs.

There were men who would pay a fortune to lie between them.

And instead she was going to see Jerome Snyder.

Oh well, eventually she'd be dealing with more sophisticated people, and her beauty would benefit her then. Oh, she wouldn't sleep with anyone to clinch a deal or get ahead, but men were much more congenial and friendly, and much less suspicious, when dealing with a beautiful woman.

In the meantime, there was Jerome Snyder, who half the time looked like he wanted to rape her, and the other half looked like he wanted to hit her.

She was glad of her size around him. Whatever his thoughts, the little pipsqueak better not try anything around her.

She parked the car in front of his large, isolated house, and got out of the car. The house looked like a dump on the outside, and on the inside resembled a high-class bordello, all thick red velvet and silk. The man had lots of money but no taste whatever.

She locked the car, even though the house was at the end of a long private lane, and then walked up to the door, holding her briefcase firmly. She was dressed in a long skirt and a business jacket, with a silk blouse beneath. Her hair was tied behind her in a tight bun, and she wore her glasses. They were made of clear glass, and she only wore them to look businesslike.

She rang the bell and waited, wondering what the little geek wanted this time. She looked around her, wondering how much she could get for this land if it were sold, and how many houses could fit on it.

Then the door opened and Jerome stood there glaring at her.

"Ah, Mister Snyder? You called and said there was a problem with your account?"

"Yes, come in," he said, backing away.

She stepped into the house and he closed the door behind her, and then led her into the huge living room. It had red velvet wallpaper and heavy leather sofas. There was a chandelier hanging from the high ceiling, and a big fireplace against the wall.

"You said something about there being an over billing?" she asked.

"Sit," he said in an arrogant tone.

She held her frown to a minimum. Snyder tended to sue people at the drop of a hat, and even though the lawsuits were mostly silly, and gained him nothing, it did produce a lot of money for the firm.

She sat on one of the big old sofas and he sat across from her, glaring for a few seconds, then turning his eyes to some papers set on a table before him.

“You guys billed me for fifty grand for my lawsuit against Biggins.”

“Yes?”

“You’re charging me money at the rate of two hundred bucks an hour. That’s money for one of the partners. But it’s little snots like you who do all the work, not them. Why the fuck should I pay two hundred bucks an hour for a know?nothing like you?”

“Junior associates only do the research and prepare some of the documents, Mister Snyder,” she said, trying to keep her voice level. “The partners time is spent reviewing them and...”

“Bullshit,” he snapped. “Ninety?five percent of the work is done by niggers who got the job because of their skin, and bitches like you who got the job by blowing one of the partners. Those lazy fuckers don’t do much more than glance at the files.”

“Every associate at the firm is a qualified attorney, Mister Snyder, who went to prestigious law schools, graduated at the top of their class, then passed the bar exam. We don’t ?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, so you had to blow off some professors too. I don’t give a shit! When I’m paying two hundred bucks an hour I either a partner, not you.”

“I do a lot of work for my money, Mister Snyder,” she said, glaring.

“You want two hundred bucks an hour, honey, you get your clothes off and get into my bed. Otherwise I want a partner working on my cases!”

Did she dare tell him to go fuck himself? No. The partners knew he was an asshole and expected her to deal with him. His money was as good as anyone’s.

“I’ll convey your wishes to Mister Peel,” she said stiffly.

“Yeah,” he snorted. “You do that next time you’re in his office, if you can with your mouth full.”

“If that’s all,” she said, getting to her feet.

“No, it’s not all. Sit your ass back down. I’m not done!”

She sat slowly, and kept her back straight as she fought to mould her face into neutral tranquillity.

“How come you assholes lost the Morgan case?”

“You were told when you launched that case that all the precedents went against you winning, Mister Snyder. We advised you not to proceed.”

“Don’t give me that shit! Everyone knows the fuckin’ legal system is a joke. I pay you to get around the law, not to follow it.”

“Judges are bound by precedent, Mister Snyder.”

“Oh, crap! Judges are just shyster lawyers that have a robe now. They’re just as crooked and greedy as the rest of you. Bribe the fuckers. Maybe I’d win more cases.”

“I’m afraid we don’t do that, Mister Snyder.”

“Then find some way of winning some fucking cases! If you can’t then start learning how to deep throat. Cause I’m sick of paying big money for no results. You tell that to Peel the next time he’s humping you across his desk!”

You skinny, ugly little scumbag weasel, she thought.

“I’m leaving now,” she said firmly, getting to her feet.

“Have I offended you?” he asked sarcastically. “Like there’s any way to offend a lawyer except complain about his fee!”

“Kiss my ass,” she snapped finally, storming towards the door.

“Yeah, that’s the kind of work you look like you were meant for,” he taunted as he followed. “You’d probably do a lot better job in bed than you ever do behind a desk.”

She snatched at the door handle and pulled the door open, then cried out and dropped her briefcase, whirling around to confront him as she gripped the back of her neck.

He closed the door and backed into it, looking at her eagerly as she clutched where something had stung her.

“What the fuck was that?” she demanded, losing her businesslike demeanour as she rubbed her sore neck.

“Nothing dangerous.” He smirked.

“What the hell does that mean? What did you do?”

She saw the hypodermic needle in his hand and gasped in shock. At the same time her vision began to blur and her knees got shaky.

“Wha...what...what did you...”

“Snotty, arrogant bitch,” he sneered. “Think you’re so good. Think you’re so gorgeous. We’ll see how gorgeous you are now!”

She stumbled towards the door and tried to shove him aside, but her body felt like it was encased in cement. Every movement was an effort. Her balance was off, too, and her vision got even more blurred.

He shoved her back, and she stumbled and fell to the floor, panting and moaning. She climbed onto her knees, but had to hold onto the side of a table as the room swirled around her.

“You think I can’t see it in your eyes, you bitch?” he growled in his high-pitched voice. “You think I don’t know how much better than me you think you are? You can hardly stand to talk to me! If I wasn’t rich you wouldn’t even spit on me!”

He smirked as he stepped towards her, then he put his foot against her chest and shoved. She fell back onto her back, trying to scream, but unable to get the necessary air into her lungs. Her vision cleared a little, but her body felt disconnected from her mind, unable to move.

He squatted beside her and looked down with a sneer. “Not so snotty now, are you, Mizzzzz Carmichael.”

Her jacket had fallen open and his eyes slid onto her chest, then his hands followed. She felt his hands digging into her soft meaty breasts, squeezing and mashing them through her thin blouse. She raised her arms weakly, but they fell back to the floor. She tried to twist away but only managed to lurch slightly.

He ripped the front of her blouse open, revealing her lacy pink French bra.

“Ha! I knew you were a slut under your lawyer suit!” he laughed. He squeezed her breasts through the bra, then yanked it down, baring them.

Jessica felt a wave of horror and humiliation as he bent and sucked on her left nipple. She felt his spit drooling over her softly rounded skin, felt his tongue and lips on her nipple, then whimpered as he bit down on the meat, chewing as he sucked. His hands were mauling both her breasts, fingers repeatedly twisting and kneading it as he suckled at her nipple.

He snickered and slurped, then pushed himself back, leering at the stricken woman’s horrified face.

“You’re gonna earn back some of the money I paid, you slut,” he said. “And I’m gonna teach your to have more respect for your betters.”

He gripped her legs and pulled them apart. Jessie tried to resist, but her legs felt like lead, and she could hardly do more than twitch them. It was like all her muscles had dissolved into jelly.

He stroked her leg, then moved his hand upwards, taunting her as he forced her skirt higher and higher. Then he flipped it up to bare her panties, lacy and pink, just like the bra.

He laughed as he squeezed her pussy mound through them.

“This is what you can do best,” he said. “You don’t need a brain, Carmichael, you only need this.”

He squeezed her pussy hard enough to send waves of pain and nausea through her trembling body. She gurgled and moaned, but still couldn’t draw enough breath to cry out loudly.

His hands quickly went to the side of her skirt, and he undid the catch and buttons, then yanked it down and off. He removed her shoes, then pulled down her

panties, baring her red furred pussy mound.

“How about that. You really are a redhead, huh? Didn’t think you were.”

He rolled her onto her side, then pulled the jacket over her shoulder. He rolled her over onto her belly and undid the bra, and removed the jacket entirely. He flipped the straps forward over her shoulders, then rolled her back and removed the bra.

She was utterly naked now as he squatted beside her like some hideous gnome and drooled over her body. He sniggered and leered down, his hands moving roughly and hungrily across her softly curved body.

“Nice fuckin’ tits,” he said. “You got great tits for a lawyer, Carmichael. I’m gonna love sucking and fucking them.”

As if to demonstrate he stood up and then stripped. She could only whimper and whisper and wriggle slowly as he bared his own body. She let out a soft croak of terror as he pulled down his pants and she saw his cock. It was as ugly as him, but not nearly as stunted. It looked to be at least ten inches long, and was growing thicker and thicker as he fisted it.

“This if for you, bitch,” he sneered, dropping to his knees beside her. He threw his knee over her body then and sat on her belly, rubbing his ass and cock against her flawless skin.

He eased forward and gripped her breasts from the sides, then slid his cock between them and mashed them down around it. He began to pump his cock in the cleavage as he squeezed her breasts around it, laughing down at her as she whined and whimpered.

“Yeah. This is what you were made for, baby,” he sighed. “You’re bloody useless as a lawyer, but pretty good for fucking.”

He shifted further forward, pushing his cockhead against her lips. She wanted to close them tight, but they remained stubbornly parted, and he was able to push his cockhead through them and into her mouth.

He fucked his cock in and out several times, almost making her choke as he shoved it deep. She was having enough trouble breathing without that, and

without his weight on her chest, and was relieved when he pulled back and slid down her body between her legs.

He stroked her thighs and pussy mound, then she felt his fingers at her cunt lips, prying them roughly open.

“No matter what colour their skin or their pussy hair, every woman is pink on the inside,” he snickered.

He shoved a finger up inside her and pumped it in and out, then pressed his cock against her and jammed it inside.

Jessie could only lay there in helpless fury and misery as his cock burrowed deeper and deeper inside her. Her strong, athletic body was as helpless as a babe's as the little runt raped her.

There was nothing wrong with her senses. She could feel his cock going deep, forcing her pussy wide around it, could feel every touch of his body against hers. Her mind was clearing up, as well, and she could almost think normally. At least, if she weren't infuriated and horrified she could have. But her muscles were as limp as dishrags, and she could not make her body do anything.

He fell forward on top of her then, his slimy body pressing against her everywhere, his hands on her breasts as he began to grunt and hump against her. His cock pumped unsteadily in her pussy as he ground his pelvis into her.

He slid a hand under her head, then lifted it as his own came down. She tried against to close her mouth but his lips crushed hers and his tongue slid easily inside. She gagged again, out of revulsion and disgust. Even his cock tasted better than his mouth. Obviously he had no use for mouthwash or toothpaste.

His big cock pumped frantically in her snatch as he drooled over her mouth and mauled her breasts. He was panting and puffing like he'd run a marathon, and after three or four minutes...which seemed like an eternity, he groaned and slowed down, then halted.

The thought that his semen was inside her was enough to make her vomit, except even her throat muscles didn't want to work right.

He lay atop her for a minute, then rolled off and got to his knees. He reached behind her head and undid her bun, letting her hair fall out long and loose.

“Yeah, I can put a whore like you to a lot better use than that crummy shyster law firm,” he said.

He made several unsuccessful attempts to lift her up before finally pulling her over his shoulders and lurching weakly to his feet. He groaned under her weight and staggered across the room and down the hall. He opened a door and, clutching the handrail tightly, slowly made his way down to a basement.

It was a very large, very dimly lit, stone walled, stone floored room filled with spider webs and dust and boxes and junk. Pipes ran across the ceiling overhead, and rats and mice scurried away as he stumbled through it to the far end.

There were two large, ancient tubs meant for washing clothes by hand, and a hand-cranked water pump set next to the wall. There were also a few benches and a worktable with tools scattered over it in an untidy mess.

He lowered her to the floor and groaned exhaustedly, stumbling back to sit on one of the benches. He lay back against a table, chest heaving as he rubbed his brow with his hand.

“Fuckin’ cow,” he panted.

Jessica lay on her back on the cold floor, feeling the chill of the stone seeping into her body as she quivered in terror. How many bugs and rats were there anyway? Were there any bugs crawling on her now? She was terrified of this dingy, filthy place, and what the evil little gnome would do to her here.

After a minute he got up and rummaged through the junk around the worktable, then produced a long length of thick, coarse rope. He walked back to her and squatted, studying her. Finally he rolled her onto her belly, and she gasped as her soft breasts were pressed against the stone.

She felt him pulling her hands up behind her back, then felt the roughness of the rope as it was tied around her wrists. He tied the rope tightly, and she whimpered in pain as it dug into her soft flesh, criss-crossing her wrists, then going between.

He pulled the rope straight down then, and rolled her over onto her back.

He pulled the rope up between her legs, yanking hard, forcing the coarse rope up against her pussy lips so hard it dug in between them and crushed her soft pink skin.

He pulled the rope up hard, laying it up her body and across her right breast, then looping it behind her neck, down over her left breast, and down between her legs. He rolled her over again, keeping tight pressure on the rope, then pulling it up tight between her buttocks alongside the other loop to tie it around behind her wrists again.

He pulled a loop around her waist, then a second, tying them tightly behind her, then pulled her ankles up and pushed them down hard, looping the rope around them. He forced her feet back so far her back felt like it would break. Then he gripped her long red hair and yanked it up hard, forcing her head back as her scalp screamed in agony.

She was actually able to make some sounds then, for the agony leant her strength and she sobbed and croaked and cried out softly.

“Shut up, slut. I’ll do anything I want,” he sneered.

He looped the rope over her face, right over her mouth, then jerked it back tightly, to tie around her ankles again. That done he stood up. He shoved her onto her side and giggled at the sight of her so tightly trussed. The ropes dug up painfully hard into her pussy, and cut both her round breasts in half as it crushed down into the soft, malleable meat.

“All right, whore, I’m gonna leave you here with the cockroaches, the spiders, the rats, and the mice,” he said. “Have fun.”

“Nooooo,” she gurgled. “Pp...p..pleeeeeease.”

He laughed and walked away, then went up the stairs and snapped off the lights. There were no windows in the ancient basement, and she was left in utter darkness. She whimpered and sobbed, no longer in fury but in helpless terror.

She heard scurrying noises. She couldn’t hear the bugs, but every other second she imagined she felt one crawling over her. Her mind shrieked in disgust and horror, but she was so tightly bound she could hardly budge an inch.

What felt like hours passed. The scurrying sounds grew closer and closer.

She heard the sounds of little feet on the stone, little feet getting nearer. Could the things see in the dark? Did they need to? They could probably smell the sweat pouring off her.

If she could only yell, maybe it would scare them away, but the rope was digging into the sides of her mouth something fierce, and effectively gagging her. Then something sniffed at her leg and she yelled in terror.

The rope muffled the sound, but she managed to rock a little, enough to make it scurry away.

As time passed the things grew bolder, and one bit at her shoulder before she rocked enough to send it fleeing. Another, or maybe it was the same one, bit at her thigh, then one bit her on the fullest, softest part of her, her breast, the one laying against the floor.

She screamed and rocked wildly, sobbing in horror and misery and pain as it scurried off.

When the door opened and the light flicked on she felt a massive wave of relief. She blinked her teary eyes as he trotted down the stairs, then walked across the floor to her.

“Did you miss me?” he sneered.

He couldn't know how much.

He had a large brown bag in his arms, and he emptied it on the worktable, then came over to her, carrying a knife. He sawed through the ropes around her ankles and the one going between her lips, and she moaned weakly as her legs flopped back down and she was able to ease her aching head forward.

“Thank you, thank you,” she whimpered.

“Don't think me yet, slut. I'm not nearly done with you,” he said.

He got some things from the worktable and came over to her, sitting on her back as he cut the ropes binding her wrists. She felt the coarse rope peeling off her skin, and groaned in pain. Almost at once, though, she felt something soft laid over her wrists.

She didn't care at that moment, even when whatever it was tightened. It was still not as tight as the rope, and much softer. She heard a click, then, and realized her wrists were bound behind he back again.

He cut the rest of the rope off her and pulled her to her knees before him. Much of her strength had returned, though her muscles still felt weak. She could move her head and balance herself on her knees, and could breath evenly.

He took off his pants, flinging them on a bench, then gripped her hair and rubbed his cock over her face.

“W?wait,” she gulped. “Please.”

“What?”

“I...Please let me go. I won't tell anyone if you just let me go now!”

“I'll do what I want. Now suck me off. I've thought about having your pretty lips wrapped around my pecker long enough.”

“Please,” she panted. “Don't do this. Please! I don't...”

“Shut the fuck up,” he snapped, jerking her hair violently, making her head snap up and back as she screamed in pain.

“You just do what I tell you, you whore!”

He pulled her head forward again and pushed his cock into her mouth. She gurgled in surprise and tried to hold it away from the entrance to her throat as he pumped it back and forth in her mouth.

“Suck me, whore,” he sneered.

She had no choice but to obey him, or try to. He was pumping his cock so violently it was hard to work on it. She tried to get her tongue on the underside of the head, but it jammed forward then and before she could even scream it slid right down her throat.

Again she felt nausea, revulsion, pain, and horror. Her throat ached, and felt bloated out. Her stomach churned and she gagged and choked as his thick meat slid down her gullet.

She'd tried once to deep throat a lover, but after several attempts at getting the cockhead into her mouth, and several gagging fits where she almost threw up, she

had given it up. Jerome hadn't given her any choice in the matter, though, and his cock filled her throat so tightly it wouldn't have been possible to throw up.

He fucked her throat hard and fast, but she couldn't pull away, couldn't fight, and couldn't even protest. The only sound she made was a soft, wet sucking noise as his cock slid up and down in her gullet.

Then he pulled back so his cockhead was in her mouth, and spewed his dirty white semen into her. She swallowed automatically, but there seemed so much of it that she couldn't get it all down, and some drooled out through her lips as he pumped his cock in her mouth.

He pulled back then, and while she was still coughing and choking and gasping for breath, unlocked her wrists and pulled them together in front of her, then locked them together again.

As she caught her breath Jessica saw that the things he'd put around her wrists were studded leather restraints, the kind the bondage crowd used.

He fetched a chain from the table and snapped it to them, then looked overhead. He flung the chain up over a pipe and pulled it tight, forcing her up to her feet.

"P..please let me go," she whimpered. "I won't tell anyone!"

He pulled harder, grunting and straining, but couldn't get her off her feet. He cursed, then got a bench and slid it over next to her. He ordered her to get up on it.

"No," she said.

"You better do what you're told, you whore," he glared.

"Look...Jerome...I can't..."

He punched her in the mouth, rocking her backwards, then he kicked her hard, his foot slamming up into her pussy mound. She rocked backwards, held up only by the chain binding her restraints, and tasted blood in her mouth.

"You do what you're told, slut!" he snarled.

"Please...I..."

He stomped down on her foot and she howled in pain, jumping on one foot as he stood before her glowering.

“Get up on the bench, whore!”

She whimpered in fear and pain, then climbed on the bench. He pulled the chain tight, then wrapped it around a metal bracket in a nearby wall.

Then he shoved the bench out from under her feet, and she fell almost a foot before jerking to a halt. She cried out as her weight fell on her arms and shoulders. Her wrists didn't hurt much, for the leather cuffs were somewhat padded, but her arms and shoulders started to ache fiercely.

He stood before her, looking up. She was almost a foot taller than him normally. Now, with her toes a couple of inches above the floor, she was even higher.

“Not so snotty now, are you, slut,” he laughed.

“You fucking little bastard,” she sobbed.

“You're getting just what you deserve, whore!”

“You'll go to jail for life, you little creep!”

“Not likely,” he sniggered. “I got money to hire good lawyers.”

He bit down on her nipple, sucking and chewing it, and she managed to bring her legs up and hurl him away.

“You're gonna learn, you filthy whore, that I'm the boss around here,” he glared.

“This is the only way you could ever get a woman! Isn't it, you ugly, twisted little dwarf!”

He glared furiously at her, then moved over to the table and picked up something. He brought it back, and her heart skipped a beat when she saw it. It was a long length of ugly looking black leather. She'd never seen one in person, but she recognized it as a riding crop.

“Y?You wouldn't dare,” she gulped.

“Ugly twisted little dwarf?” he demanded.

He moved behind her and she gasped in fright, twisting her head from side to side in an effort to see behind her. Then something hit her ass and a moment later a razor sharp blast of pain tore through her.

Jessie screamed in agony, writhing and shaking and twisting on the end of the chain. She spun and swayed, shaking and sobbing and moaning as her bottom burned. She caught sight of him standing there with his arm raised as she spun around, then she spun back and felt the crop lash down on her bottom again.

There was another flash of terrible, burning pain, and she screamed again, the pain ripping through her mind like a roaring express train.

“NOo! Stoop!” she screamed. “Please! Pleeese!”

Again the crop lashed her bottom, and again, then cracked across her back between her shoulder blades. Jessie howled in pain, begging and pleading with him to stop.

Wave after wave of pain ripped through her as she shrieked and sobbed and spun on the wildly swinging chain. Whenever she was able to focus her blurry, tear stained vision on him she saw him leering excitedly, holding the crop up for another blow.

The world spun around her as blast after blast of pain tore through her dancing, bouncing, shaking body. She screamed and sobbed and begged him to halt, but he didn't until he was too out of breath to whip her any more.

He sat back on a bench, puffing and panting, working his sore arm as she continued to swing and sway and sob in pain. His body was tired, but his eyes were alight with pleasure and satisfaction. He watched her spinning, his eyes glued to her striped back and buttocks, where angry red welts covered her.

“Te...teach you respect,” he panted.

He stood up and walked back to her, gripping her arm to halt her swinging and steady her in place. He stroked her breasts and belly, then cupped her pussy and squeezed it. He bent and began to lick and suck on her nipples, his heart fluttering with elation as she sobbed and whimpered in pain.

He moved back and stared at her, his eyes sliding over her heaving chest, her glistening, sweat-coated flanks, and her tear stained face. Then he reached forward

and gripped her hair, pulling it back slowly, drawing growing sobs from the tormented woman as he forced her head back.

“Still think you’re so great?” he growled. “Still think you’re better than me? Do you? Do you!?”

He tugged on her hair harder and she sobbed in pain.

“Answer me!”

“NOoooooooooooo!” she shrieked.

He squeezed her breasts, running his fingers over the taut, straining skin.

“Tell me how much you love me,” he leered, easing up on her hair only a little. “Tell me what a wonderful guy I am.”

“Y?you...you’re a...w?wonderful... guy,” she groaned.

“Tell me you love me,” he grinned, eyes sparkling with triumph and power.

“I?I?love you,” she said in a choked voice.

“You love my cock too, don’t you, slut?”

“I... I?love your... your c?cock,” she gasped.

“Tell me what a sleazy whore you are. Tell me about how you lost your cherry.”

“I?I...”

“How old were you? Eight? Five?”

“Fi..fifteen,” she panted.

“Whore! I bet it was your own father, wasn’t it!?”

“N?no.”

He slammed his fist into her belly and she coughed and choked, her feet jerking and shaking as she fought for breath.

“Don’t say not to me, you filthy whore. I’m your master here! Say it. Say I’m your master!”

“I...you’re m?my master,” she groaned.

“Say you love me.”

“I...lo...love you..”

“Master!”

“Massster,” she groaned.

“Tell me how your father popped your cherry.”

“I...but...but he...”

He jerked hard on her hair and she cried out in pain.

“Tell me how he fucked your cherry out!”

“He...he fucked me!” she sobbed.

“You climbed into his bed one night and slid your lips around his cock, didn’t you, whore?”

“Ye...yesss,” she whimpered.

“And then you slid your dirty cunt over his pisser and rode it up and down while he sucked your fat nipples!”

“Y...yesss,” she groaned.

“Say it!”

“I...I climbed in...into his bed...”

“Who’s bed!?” he snapped, tugging on her hair.

“My father’s! My father’s bed! I climbed in and sucked his cock!”

“Dirty, filthy piece of cunt meat! Think you’re so special, think you’re better than anyone else because you’re tall, and got big tits and a tight ass!”

He let go of her hair and reached into his pocket, then pulled out his lighter. He clicked it on and the small, inch long flame licked out. He held her head back by the hair as he raised the flame to her left nipple.

She screamed and thrashed as the pain tore into her, sobbing and wailing and kicking out at him.

“Bitch!” he snapped, dodging away.

He went over to the worktable and got another pair of restraints, then gripped her ankles, locking the studded leather restraints around her trim, shaking ankles. He got a chair and used a screwdriver and drill to put several strong round eyelets into the ceiling beams.

He put chains through them, then raised her legs up and out, prying them so wide the tendons in her thighs burned as they stretched and strained.

She sobbed and moaned, but couldn’t resist him as he lifted her ankles up high and wide and locked the chains to the restraints.

That took some of the strain off her shoulders, but not much, and the straining in her groin caused worse pain than that in her shoulders.

He stepped up in front of her then and clicked his lighter.

“Please! Please don’t!” she begged, staring at the flame.

“Tell me how much you love me.”

“I love you! I love you! I do!”

“Call me master!”

“Master! I love you, Master! I love you, Master!”

“Good. But I think you need a little more punishment for the nasty things you’ve said about me.

He put the flame against her nipple and she screamed as she shook and thrashed and bounced in the chains.

He laughed, sliding the flame over her nipple, then down along the underside of her breast. He ran it across her chest and across her other breast, then over the nipple again. She continued to howl and shriek and sob, but could do nothing but shake and writhe and strain to pull free.

When Jerome slid the flame down her belly towards her pussy her shrieks rose to new heights. He stared down, fascinated, as he burned away her pubic hair, running the flame back and forth, back and forth, up and down.

He smelled singed hair as he burned it, and giggled in delight as her cunt muff was quickly melted away.

Jessie had given up pleading with him. She sobbed and howled and jerked and thrashed as the fire burned around her pussy. It never stayed in one place for very long, so her skin wasn't actually burned much, but her entire mound did have the kind of burn that would throb and pulse for hours afterwards.

Jerome put the flame down, excited beyond anything he had ever felt before. He loved being so completely in control of the tall, beautiful, athletic woman, loved making her twist and writhe and scream. To him, she represented all the beautiful women who had rejected him since he was a teenager.

And now he was getting his revenge.

He recalled one girl, one snotty blonde who had slammed her knee into his crotch after he'd propositioned her one afternoon. Everyone had laughed as he'd shuffled away, especially her.

He slid his hands over her bald sex, rubbing and stroking it as she sobbed. Then he seized her thighs and rammed his knee directly into the soft, puffy flesh. It bounced her upwards in the chains, and drew an outraged grunt from her.

He rammed his knee up into her pussy again, then again, then again. Each time the hard, bony knee hit her soft, puffy pussy she grunted and let out a ragged, shaky gurgle.

He shoved his pants down and gripped his purplish cock, then shoved it into her spasming opening. He gripped her buttocks, digging his fingers into the soft meat as

he buried his steely prick inside her belly, then he humped violently against her, twisting and tearing his cock around in her guts as she choked and groaned and whimpered in helpless pain.

He bit down on her nipples and breast flesh, sucked and chewed on her throat and shoulders, and clawed at her ass meat as he raped her. He laughed as he fucked her, his eyes alight with excitement and revenge, using his cock like a weapon as he stabbed it up into her again and again.

He came inside her, grunting and groaning as her pussy was filled with his juice, then he staggered backwards, panting for breath and groaning weakly.

He reached up and unhooked her legs, then let them fall downwards. Then he turned and shuffled away, turning the light out behind him.

He left her to hang there in the dark for a couple of hours, groaning and moaning in pain and misery. He knew full well that it was impossible, while hanging limp from the wrists, for a person to breath. In order to breath, she had to pull herself up a little, had to exert her strength to raise herself just a bit.

Just a bit.

But lifting her entire body up...just a bit...every time she inhaled, got tiring before long. In fact, it got utterly exhausting, so exhausting that, left alone, she would suffocate in due time, unable to draw herself up just that little bit so she could breath.

He had no intention of letting that happen, of course. He loved his new toy, and didn't want to break it, didn't want to do any permanent damage to it. He hated her, and all women like her, but his lust burned like a fire in his belly whenever he saw her or thought about her.

He went back down to her and saw her hanging there, breathing so shallow and slow, head bowed, body extended, straining. She looked so hot, so sensual, the muscles and ribs standing out below the glistening flesh of her athletic body.

He walked over to her and ran his hand up and down her legs and over her belly and breasts and between her thighs. He licked his lips in appreciation, but at the same time as he was admiring her looks he felt a rising wave of jealousy and anger.

“How you feeling, slut?” he breathed.

She was too exhausted to reply, and when she lifted her head up...by the hair... she only groaned weakly.

He let her hair go, then abruptly slapped her face. She gasped as her head was rocked to one side, then groaned again. Again he slapped her, harder this time, in the other direction. He felt a wave of power filling him.

He slapped her again, then again, then again, slapping her from the right, then the left, then the right, making her head rock from side to side. He giggled at the sight of it, then slammed his fist into her belly.

She could do nothing, not even cry, could only grunt with each blast of pain.

He went to the wall and gripped the end of the chain, lowering her slowly to the ground. Her feet wouldn't hold her and as he lowered the chain she sagged to her knees, then sat to her back.

He walked over to her and removed the chain from her wrist restraints, then rolled her onto her belly and locked her wrists behind her back. He gazed at her for a long moment, gripping her hair, then a slow, cruel smile slid over his face.

He got up and went for some rope, then came back to her. He carefully pulled her hair together in a tail, one that stuck out from the very top of her head. He wound it in a tail and then tied the tail to the end of the rope, putting several knots in it.

He giggled again as he threw the other end of the rope over a pipe, then grasped it and pulled. Jessica groaned in dazed pain as her hair was pulled up hard. Despite her weakness she was forced into a sitting position, then was forced upwards, first onto her knees, then onto her shaky feet.

And still he pulled. She sobbed in pain, then screamed, her mouth drawn back in a grimace of agony. He pulled harder, putting the rope around his chest as he backed up, and actually lifting her off her toes.

Jessie swung slowly in mid-air, hanging by her hair as she screamed in agony. A thousand needles of pain stabbed down into her skull as her hair strained. She didn't thrash or shake or twist or wriggle, but became as still as possible, for every movement twisted and pulled on her hair more.

Her head felt like it was ready to explode from the pressure and pain inside it.

Jerome tied the rope off and gasped in relief, then turned and stared at her. His cock began to pulse with excitement at the sight of her. She looked so sexy, so exotically sensual, and yet was also so obviously in unbearable pain.

She was trembling and whimpering, and trying so hard not to move that she didn't even see him come up before her. He put his hands against her belly and shoved hard, making her swing back and forth.

She screamed and sobbed in misery and agony as she swung on her hair, and he laughed to see and hear her.

He picked up the riding crop and came back to her, then halted her swinging. He let her adjust to the steadier burn of pain from hanging still, then slashed the riding crop down on her right breast. He watched excitedly as it cracked into the soft white meat, as it cut the round orb in half and drove all the way down to her ribs. The crop fell back, and her breast bounced and shook. There was an angry looking red weal across the middle.

No matter what her intentions, Jessica couldn't keep still as the agony tore through her breast. She howled and shrieked as her body twisted and jerked under the strain, then screamed again as her hair pulled harder and twisted above her.

Again he slashed the crop down, this time on her other breast, with much the same result. Again and again and again he whipped the crop down across her rounded breasts, sending agony howling through her maddened brain, agony from her breasts, and agony from her scalp.

She was going mad under the hammer blasts of pain, shrieking and sobbing insanely as she bounced and twisted and swung on the end of her own hair, her glistening body sweating profusely as it hung in the dark, hot basement.

Jerome lowered the crop, lashing it across her belly and thighs and ribs, then went behind her to whip her back and bottom again.

Finally his arm grew tired. Whipping the redhead was the most exercise he'd had in months. He let her go still, then went to the rope and eased it down.

He let her roll on the floor, whimpering and sobbing and cringing away from him every time he walked near. Then he gripped her by the hair and laughed as she screamed.

“Who’s your master?” he leered. “Who’s your master, slut? Huh? Think you’re better than me? I’m your master! I am!”

He pressed her face against his shoe.

“Lick my shoe. Lick it, you sorry stinking whore! Lick my shoe clean!”

Her small, pink tongue came out and she slowly, weakly licked across his shoe. He laughed in glee, then removed his shoes and socks and made her lick his toes and feet. He shuffled backwards and made her crawl across the dirty stone floor on her belly to suck on his toes.

Then he climbed atop her and spread her legs. He knelt between them, guiding his cock against her wrinkled anal opening. She made hardly a sound as he drove his dick into her anus, too intent on breathing, on surviving.

The pain in her rectum was slight compared to what she had been subjected to, and she was almost glad that was all he wanted. His cock drove all the way up her to the balls, then twisted around inside her. He bit down on the side of her neck as he began to grind his hips, then he started thrusting against her, pumping his cock rapidly.

She had never been sodomised before. She had always thought it was a disgusting, degrading thing to do, and had too much pride to allow it. Now she didn’t care, didn’t care that a weaselly little man was pumping his cock in her anus. She was caught in a terrible miasma of pain. Pain bored into her skull from every direction, pain filled her world, and she could hardly keep her sanity against it.

The little man fucking her ass hardly counted for much against the pain...the pain and the misery, and the hopelessness...even though he was the cause of it all.

He raped her anus for a few minutes, eagerly ramming his cock into her with all his strength, then dropped his semen inside her and climbed off.

He locked her ankle restraints together, then attached a chain and hung her upside down from the roof, her long hair barely touching the floor as she groaned weakly.

He left her like that for the night and went up to bed. It made him feel good, as he pulled his satin sheets aside and slipped into bed clad in silk pyjamas, that she was moaning and groaning, hanging upside down by the ankles.

His mattress was deliciously soft, as were the sheets. It was nicely warm, and the pillows were fluffy. He felt smugly superior to her, and fell happily to sleep.

The next morning he went down to the dark, hot, filthy basement. He pulled her off the chain and put her in one of the long tubs, then washed her from head to toe. When she was clean he carried her upstairs and laid her on the sofa. He spread her legs and raped her, then got his video camera and took pictures.

She was just alert enough to obey his instructions, to pose as he ordered, to shift and position herself according to his wishes. He produced a pair of large black dildos and she pumped them in her pussy and rectum as he recorded it.

She crawled across the floor and licked his feet again, then sucked his cock and licked his balls. He fucked her throat once more, then drove his cock deep into her rectum and blew his wad in there.

Then he dressed her and drove her to her home. He left her in the car out front, patting her head before leaving.

After an hour or so she worked up the strength to get to her apartment, though she barely made it. She spent the next week recuperating, getting her strength back. She was very careful, thereafter, about how she acted around men, especially the ugly ones.

The End.