

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

Peeper

Argus

“Peeper”

by

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It was a boring evening, intensely boring. With nothing better to do, Kyle set up his telescope and pointed it at the nearest apartment building. He adjusted the sites to sixty power and scanned idly through the lighted windows.

It was early, too early really for anyone to be changing, for anything to be going on in any of the bedrooms. Indeed, most of them were dark anyway.

He concentrated mainly on living rooms. These had large, picture windows, so it was more likely he'd spot someone.

Anyone.

Kyle did not have many friends. In fact, he had no friends. He was a very tall, very thin man. He was prematurely bald, and had bad eyes. He wore thick, horn-rimmed glasses that looked like the bottoms of coke bottles, and he had a long scar along the right side of his jaw and a large, ugly birthmark on his left cheek.

He was a rather ugly man, not just on the outside either. His mind was filled with jealousy, anger, and a large degree of self-pity. None of these things were of much help in getting or keeping friends. Not that he much bothered with people anyway.

He focussed on some guy in his undershirt watching TV, trying to figure out what the guy was watching. After a minute he shifted to a woman washing the dishes. She was cute, and he watched for another minute.

He shifted the scope, using the smaller, siting scope to search for lighted windows where movement could be seen. Up high, he spotted considerable movement, so focussed in the main scope.

It was a bedroom window, and as he sighted in he saw several people moving around in it, unusual enough to make him zoom in. He saw now that they were kids. No, well, not little kids perhaps, but teenagers, older teenagers, girls.

There was a mirror on the wall next to the window, and a couple of them were brushing their hair or checking their makeup, or something like that.

From time to time one would move away, and another would take her place.

They were pretty damned cute too. Oh, they were young, but they were pretty, and they had bodies that were anything but childish. He watched for several minutes, in his mind, hoping they'd all strip naked and have a lesbian orgy or something.

Wasn't gonna happen, of course, but he could fantasise.

He watched for almost half an hour, but none of them removed her clothes, though one did take off a jacket. She had a sizeable bust beneath, and he licked his lips admiringly. He removed the sixty power eyepiece from the scope and put in a hundred twenty power piece.

The window looked a little dimmer now, but the girls were much larger. He shifted his gaze from one to another as they moved around, wishing he could hear what they were saying, wishing he could see what they did when they moved out of his view.

Some guy came in and hugged one of the girls, then lifted her up in the air. She appeared to be laughing, but it was hard to tell. The guy pulled her over his shoulder, then moved out of sight.

Kyle cursed idly. What was going on? Was the guy groping her or something?

Why the hell couldn't they have stayed in sight?

A few seconds later the guy appeared and moved out of the door, disappearing. He focussed on the girls again, a little disappointed. He would've liked to see some hot groping and petting. Not that that was likely to happen with four or five girls in the room.

Eventually they all moved out of the doorway and disappeared. He watched for another little while, before boredom overcame his patience and he moved on, checking other windows. Nothing much was happening, so he closed the window and found something else to do.

He didn't forget that window, though. He kept his eye on it, from time to time moving to the window, picking up his binoculars, and training them on the small square of light to see if anything was moving.

It was two nights later that he caught sight of something of real interest. He quickly opened his window and pointed the telescope there, focussing in tight. It

was one of the girls from the other night, a brunette. She was wearing some kind of black shirt, and moving around near the mirror.

He watched for a minute, then she disappeared. He watched again, but lost patience after five minutes and closed the window.

The next night he caught movement again, and pointed the telescope. He saw her moving by the mirror again, then saw her stop and lift her sweater up and off. He licked his lips appreciatively as he saw her breasts push out against some kind of undershirt or chemise.

Her hands went to her lower belly, and then she bent over, shoving her pants down and off. He felt his pulse pick up a bit as he saw her panties, some dark colour. Then she went out of his sight. He cursed angrily, wanting her to take off the rest.

But when she appeared again she was wearing a nightshirt. He snarled unhappily and closed the window.

Night after night he looked periodically at her bedroom window. She seemed to keep the light on all the time, and if there were curtains she didn't use them.

Three nights later she was before the mirror again, lifting off a sweatshirt, shoving down her pants, then reaching up to the window and letting the Venetian blinds down. The blinds were angled so he could still see her, though not as clearly.

He watched as she lifted up the undershirt or chemise she seemed to wear under all her clothes, and saw a white bra underneath. She reached behind her and undid the clasp, then turned and moved away from the window.

He snarled angrily, jamming his eye against the telescope. She appeared again, but he caught only a glimpse before she turned her back to the window. He stared at her naked back, licking his lips, silently urging her to turn around.

She didn't. She pulled on a nightshirt, then bent over, removing her panties. He cursed her viciously and closed the window.

Over the next few weeks he spent more and more time watching the window, even doing it in the early morning, hoping she would be less careful around the window in the daylight. But he caught only flashes and glimpses.

He was becoming more and more angry and frustrated. Every night he spent hours watching her window, knowing she was probably either in the living room watching TV, or laying on her bed reading . Unfortunately, the living room window was around the corner and away from him. He could only see the two bedroom windows on this side of the building, and the other one always had the blind down. Only occasionally did she move within sight of his scope.

One night he caught her dancing before the mirror, swinging and swaying to music he couldn't hear. She danced for only a few seconds before looking at the window, then stepping over and letting the blinds slid down to the bottom. She appeared to think that blocked his view. Maybe she didn't realize that the angle of the blinds let him see right through almost as though the blinds were open.

She continued to dance energetically. He urged her to strip but she didn't. However, after five minutes or so, she stopped. She went over to the window and lifted the blind again, and he cursed. A minute later, though, she picked up a towel, put it over her shoulders, and left the room.

He figured she was going to take a shower or something. He checked his watch, deciding to give her fifteen minutes. Maybe she'd come back in just a dressing gown, then slip it off as she waited for the steam to clear.

Maybe she'd comb her hair naked in front of the mirror.

Probably not but...

He went into the other room and something on TV caught his eye. Someone called him on the phone, and he forgot about her for twenty minutes. When he remembered he hurried back to the window. The blind had been lowered again to the bottom, but there was no sign of the girl.

He cursed savagely, imagining her returning in the dressing gown, lowering the blinds for modesty, then removing it. He imagined her dancing naked before the mirror, sliding her hands up and down her body like a stripper would. His mind was filled with anger at himself, and at her.

He waited another half hour, though he knew it was pointless. sure enough, when she came back into the room she was wearing a nightshirt. He snarled and slammed the window closed.

He didn't know how old she was. His sight wasn't clear enough to see her face that precisely. She was cute, though, and young; perhaps a college girl. She was pretty, and had a full, yet slender body.

He dreamed about her standing against the window masturbating, dreamed about her having girlfriends over, or a boyfriend, and having sex right against the mirror. He started focussing on the front entrance to the building in the late afternoons, when people were coming home from work and school. He spotted quite a few cute little honeys, but for some reason they didn't interest him. It was her he wanted.

He spotted her in a black skirt and jacket, which excited him. It meant she worked in an office, and thus, he knew something more about her than he had. He watched her walking up the street, then turning into the building.

He raised the scope to her window, and caught shadows of movement.

For the next week he watched her, continuing to get angry, becoming more and more obsessed. He spotted her getting undressed now every night, for he spent the entire evening at his window.

Finally he was rewarded by the sight of her stripping off her bra and looking at herself in the mirror. He felt his cock thickening and bulging out the front of his pants, and his heart raced as she posed for herself.

But she didn't strip off her panties, at least not where he could see, and she moved out of the window a few seconds later.

In his mind she stayed there, fondling her breasts, jamming her fingers into her panties and jerking off, stripping, sitting back against the dresser, spreading her legs and touching herself.

"Bitch," he hissed, seeing her as taunting him.

"Little cock tease."

The next day, after watching her leave for work, he got dressed and walked down the block to her building. He had little difficulty getting inside, and took the elevator up to the fifteenth floor, where her apartment was.

Hers was the last apartment on the right side, apartment 1501, as it turned out. He stood near it looking, wondering if there was anyone else inside. As far as he knew she lived alone, for he had not seen anyone else. So that meant no one was inside.

But how could he be sure?

He went back downstairs and buzzed the apartment, jamming his thumb on the button for a long while without getting any answer. Nobody was home.

He thought about her apartment, empty, her things laying around, her panties and bras.

He ran his finger over the name on the board. Rawlins, it said. Rawlins S.

He went home and changed into his best suit, got his briefcase, then went back. He waited in the outer lobby until someone came out, then went into the inner lobby. He found some Hispanic guy in a blue shirt with a mop and smiled at him.

“Excuse me,” he said. “I seem to have misplaced my keys. Is it possible for you to let me into my apartment? I’m in fifteen oh one. My name is Steve Rawlins.”

The Hispanic looked him up and down, then nodded. “Si, Senior,” he said, putting down his mop and heading for an elevator. Jack came behind him, then rode up to the fifteenth.

They went down the hall, his heart pounding. What if the guy demanded some ID? What if someone was inside, after all? He could get in a lot of shit.

The guy unlocked the door and Kyle thanked him profusely, then went inside. He closed and locked the door behind him, then quietly and quickly checked the living room, then the second bedroom, which was, he saw, equipped as a gym, with a bike and treadmill. He checked the girl’s room briefly, recognizing it by the mirror and dresser on the wall by the window.

After he’d made certain the place was empty he went to the window and looked across to his own building, then at the bed, which was to one side of, and below the level of the mirror.

Heart pounding, he pulled open her dresser drawers until he found the one with her lingerie, then pulled it out and let his fingers slide through it, especially the

frillier items; lacy, silky thongs and string bikini panties, imagining her in them. He checked the bra size, thirty-four C.

Not big, but not flat either.

He checked her closet and found a couple of mini skirts and low cut tops.

They made his cock throb. He imagined her in them, taunting men with her lovely legs and cleavage. He pulled out jeans and shirts, then checked under the mattress and in the closet.

He spent an hour and a half leafing through her diary, but found nothing really compromising. There was nothing about sex in it.

Her name was Sandra, Sandra Rawlins.

He wanted to see her naked. He wanted to fuck her. Hard.

He wrote down her phone number. Did she do phone sex? Did she put out a lot? Was she a virgin, or a whore? He copied down names, numbers and addresses in her address book. He found her pay stub, and saw that she worked for a bank as a teller.

He went to the window again, looking for which building would have a better angle through the window. None was perfect. If he took a higher vantage point, the angled blinds would obstruct his view when she lowered them. If she was to perch off to one side, where he could see her bed area, he wouldn't be able to see her before the mirror. Anyway, he would need to be higher than her window to see the bed, which was lower, and there simply were no higher buildings nearby.

He wandered through the rest of the apartment. He found a picture of her and a woman, her mother from the looks of it. Then he found a few keys in a drawer. He went back to the front door and one of them worked.

He was elated.

He considered staying and grabbing her when she got home, but no, it wasn't time yet, and the janitor, or whatever he was, had seen him too clearly.

He wasn't sure what to do about her. He continued to watch her, and one night called her on the phone.

“Hello?” she asked in a soft voice.

“Sandra?”

“Yes? Who’s this?”

He didn’t answer.

“Hello?”

“Do you know how beautiful your tits are, Sandra?”

“Who is this?” she demanded impatiently.

“Just a man who wants to stick his cock up your tight little pussy, baby.

Just a man who wants to rape your asshole and shove his cock down your throat!”

She hung up.

Pulse racing, he gazed at the window through the telescope, but she didn’t appear. He knew her phone was on the other side of the room by her bed. He called her again.

“Hello?”

“Are you wearing the blue panties today, like you were yesterday?”

“Who is this?”

“I loved those panties, especially the way they pulled up tight between your ass cheeks.”

Again she hung up. He chuckled, his cock hard. He called her again.

“Hello?” she was wary this time.

“How was your day at the bank today?”

“You better stop calling me or I’ll call the fuckin’ cops!” she cried, slamming down the phone.

“Cops? You stinking bitch!” he yelled into the dead phone.

He focussed on her window again and saw her pass by and go out of her bedroom.

“Cops huh? Think I’m a criminal, slut?” he muttered. “I know what the crime is. The crime is nobody’s fucking you, you little slut whore!”

If only he could see her better. But from any angle he would miss part of the room...unless he was right up against the window, of course, and he didn’t know how to fly.

He glared furiously, and that night, he put on a black suit and put a balaclava in his pocket, then walked down the block to her building. It was three-thirty in the morning when he let himself in.

His heart was pounding, and he crept forward slowly, his eyes staring around to see if anyone was around. He yanked the balaclava over his head as he closed the front door behind him, then checked the living room and kitchen. There was nobody there.

He went down the hall and listened at the door. He opened it just a crack, and heard soft, steady breathing. His heart was racing, and he was gulping in air. He had to pause to keep his hands from shaking, and to steady himself.

Then he opened the door slowly and stepped inside. It was dark, and he heard breathing from her bed. He closed the door tightly and moved slowly over beside her bed. He could see her now in the pale light coming through the open window. She was pretty, very pretty.

He paused in an agony of indecision, wondering what to do, how to go about what he wanted. His cock was straining at his pants, and he wanted... no, he needed, he absolutely had to shove it inside her soft, warm body.

In his pocket was a pair of handcuffs. He pulled them out and held them in his hand, then moved up to the edge of the bed. He stared down at her, and again hesitated. He had to have her, though. There was no doubt about that.

She lay on her back, both arms at her sides. He slowly moved forward, lowering a knee onto the edge of the bed, doing it slowly so it wouldn’t disturb her sleep. He

swung his other leg across and then put his gloved hand down hard against her mouth as he let his weight down.

Her eyes snapped open and she screamed into his hand, but hardly a sound emerged. He was sitting on her lower chest, his knees pinning her arms, his weight keeping her body down. She stared up at him, her eyes wide, bulging, filled with fear.

He was filled with lust and satisfaction. He leered down at her, revelling in her terror, in her knowledge that he could do anything to her now, that she couldn't hide, couldn't pull back out of view, couldn't go into another room, couldn't lower a blind.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a knife then slid it against her cheek.

“Want me to cut your face up?” he hissed. “Want me to scar you?”

She shook her head frantically.

“Will you do what you're told?”

She nodded her head.

“If you scream I'll stab you. You want that?”

She shook her head again.

“If you're a good little girl, I'll be gone in half an hour and you can go back to sleep. If you act up, you might be scarred for life, or dead.

Remember that, slut!”

He pressed the sharp blade against her nose, sniggering as she trembled in terror.

“I should cut your nose off. Bet you wouldn't get many dates then, huh, baby.”

She moaned plaintiffly.

“Now here's what you're gonna do. Are you listening, slut?”

She nodded.

“I’m going to move my left leg, and you’re going to pull your left arm out and raise it above you. I want you to grip the crossbar at the top of your bed. You understand that?”

She nodded.

“Remember, act up, and I’ll cut you.”

He had no intention of doing any such thing, of course, but throwing the fear of God into her couldn’t hurt.

He shifted aside and she slowly pulled her hand up and gripped the bar. He was pleased to see her hand shaking before it locked around the bar.

“Now, you hold it right there. Don’t move it. Understand?”

She nodded, and he put the knife down, then shifted aside and lifted her other hand up, putting it next to the first. He got his handcuffs, and quickly snapped them around her slender wrists, locking them in place around the crossbar.

He licked his lips and then pulled a long scarf out of his pocket. He saw a pair of panties on the floor next to the bed and smiled, then reached down for them, carefully keeping his hand over her mouth. He lifted up the panties and pressed them against her mouth.

“You open your mouth, and do it slowly, and don’t make a sound,” he said.

She slowly opened her mouth as he eased his hand back, and he jammed the panties against it. He forced the panties all the way into the back of her mouth, then tied the scarf tightly over her mouth and around her head.

With a burst of relief he got off the bed and looked down at her. She looked up at him, terrified. He grinned in delight, then flung back the covers. She was wearing one of the nightshirts he’d come to recognize, a green one.

He sat on the edge of the bed beside her, delighting in her fear, in her terror. For some reason he found that tremendously satisfying, wonderfully exciting. He was in no hurry to end it, to let her worst nightmare come to fulfilment. He wanted to drag it out.

He turned on the beside table, and both he and the girl blinked their eyes against the light. His eyes moved over her body, then he took off his gloves and let his hand move slowly onto her leg just above the knee.

He slid it slowly upwards to where the hem of her nightshirt was, then on underneath. She was trembling and moaning, whimpering into the gag. She felt hot, her thigh soft, incredibly soft.

“I watch you, you know,” he said. “I watch you through the window, in my telescope. I watch you undress, watch you dance in front of the mirror.

You’re very sexy. I bet you knew I was watching, didn’t you? You were doing that for me.”

She shook her head desperately.

“Whore.”

He felt the faintest trace of pubic hair as he got to her bush and pulled his hand away. He would leave that for a bit. Instead he slid his hand up her body, over her belly and onto her left breast. He let his hand ride the curve of her body, sliding gently over the soft, warm orb pressed tightly against her nightshirt before squeezing it.

She moaned and he laughed softly.

“Think I don’t have the right to squeeze your tit, Sandra? Think I have to buy you dinner first, take you dancing?”

He kneaded her breast excitedly, then put his other hand on her other breast. He worked his fingers into the soft warm breasts tissue through the thin nightshirt as she whimpered and wriggled a little, her face flushing red in embarrassment and shame, tears trickling down the sides of her face.

“Slut,” he grinned. “I’m gonna fuck you. I’m gonna fuck you hard. I’m gonna ram my cock into your pussy so hard you’ll never forget it.”

His hands slid off her breasts and went to the buttons going down the front of her nightshirt. One by one he undid them, taunting and teasing her as he moved down her body. Her chest heaved, and she sobbed softly as he reached the last button, then he slowly, slowly parted the garment in the middle, baring her breasts

first, rising and falling rapidly as she gulped in air, then her soft, concave belly, then her firmly rounded hips and her small, narrow brown bush between her legs.

“Now this is made to be fucked hard and often,” he whispered, his cock throbbing and pulsing at the nearness of her.

He laid his hand on her belly, and felt her body shake as she whimpered and sniffled in terror. He stroked her stomach slowly, then eased his hand up over bare breasts. He squeezed and stroked the soft flesh, then brought his other hand down and seized both her small pink nipples in his fingers, pinching them and pulling upwards.

He sniggered at her huge eyes and trembling movements. His head bent and he licked across her right nipple, then sucked it into his mouth. He seized it in his teeth and nibbled softly, then harder, biting into the tender meat as she jerked and wriggled beneath him.

He could do anything to her. Anything. He didn't have to care what she thought or said or wanted. He owned her.

He opened his mouth wider, biting down on her breast meat, growling as he bit deep and her body twisted and arched beneath him. She screamed into the gag, trying to throw him off, and he gurgled in delight, biting her breasts again and again, his teeth crushing the soft, sensitive flesh between them. He took one of her nipples carefully between his teeth and bit. He could almost hear the crunch as his teeth crushed it between them, and Sandra screamed and twisted and bucked again.

It was an intense feeling, having her so completely at his mercy. He chewed and tongued her breasts and nipples, biting harder to draw cries and thrashing movements. His tongue slurped and slithered over her nipple with growing excitement, and he knew he wouldn't be able to maintain a slow pace, that he would have to sheath his hot cock inside her before he blew off in his pants.

NO! He wouldn't be forced! He wanted her to wait, wait as he'd waited, wait for him to decide when he'd stuff his cock up her slit.

He stood up and undid his pants, his own hands shaking as he let them drop to the floor. He stepped out, then moved right next to the bed where her head was,

and slowly, tauntingly pulled his shorts down, letting his bulging erection bounce up.

Her eyes went even wider and her sobbing took on new desperation as she saw the size of his thick, hard cock. He giggled as he held it in his hand, then put a knee on the bed and brought his cock down against her face.

She closed her eyes as he pressed his cockhead against her face. He could feel his moisture leaking out, as though the pressure was too great for it to remain. He rubbed his cockhead over her skin, gasping for breath as the pressure built up inside him.

He stroked his cock against her forehead, against her cheeks and nose and eyes. He gripped her hair and wrapped it around his shaft as he sawed his cock over her, rubbing the head into her ears and along her throat. He wanted to pull the gag loose and shove it into her mouth, but that would come later.

Then he came, spewing out thick wads of semen that poured over her cringing face. She thrashed frenziedly, and tried to turn her head away, but he held her by the hair as he pumped his cock and poured come over her face. He used his cockhead to rub the gobs all over and leave a nice even, glistening sheen, then, sighing in relief, he moved back.

His cock softened, but he knew it wouldn't stay that way for long. But he had more time now, more time to terrorize her, more time for her to hope that he wouldn't ram it up her pussy. That would make her misery even greater when he did.

He stepped back and stripped off his jacket, shirt, and even his shoes, then got into bed naked with her. He rubbed his face over her breasts and started sucking and licking and biting again. He ran his hands over her trembling body, stroking and squeezing and groping her everywhere.

He rubbed his crotch over her belly and breasts, because he knew how revolted she was at the touch. He straddled her belly, rubbing his hairy ass on the soft, unmarred flesh, and took his cock in his hand to rub it over her breasts and nipples.

He slid upwards, giggling, jamming his buttocks against her face, rubbing himself against her, forcing his anal opening down onto her nose and twisting his pelvis

from side to side. He drew back, wanting to see her face, and laughed at the expression on it.

“Mine, bitch. You’re mine,” he panted.

His cock was hardening again, and the intensity of his excitement rose.

But he loved the power he held over her, the absolute power to do anything he wanted, and felt, in some strangely twisted part of his mind, that she owed him for all the time he’d put in watching her.

Why, if the little slut had just shut her blinds he never would have wasted all that time watching. Or even, if she’d done as she promised, stripped naked right in front of the window, maybe jerked off for him, then he’d have had something worth watching. But no, she’d teased him, and made him waste all that time, all those hours, for a few passing glimpses.

He slid down between her legs and spread them wide, then lay on his belly examining her small, neatly furred slit. He probed it with his fingers, then peeled the lips apart and gazed at the pink flesh revealed. He pressed the tip of his finger against her little hole, dipping it inside, then licked at her clitty.

He licked at it not to give her pleasure, but for his own satisfaction. He sucked and chewed on her pussy flesh, now lapping gently, now biting to make her cry out in pain, to buck and jerk her hips.

He forced his finger deeper and deeper in her sex, surprised at how tight it was. He drove it in to the knuckle and ground his knuckles against her pussy meat, then pumped it in and out. He pulled it free and slid his ring finger inside, because it could go deeper, and jammed it deep.

“Bad little girl,” he whispered. “Keeping this hot little cunt all to yourself. Why haven’t you been fucking men with it? You too good for them?”

Bitch.”

He moved back and then rolled her over onto her belly, running his hands slowly up and down her back and over her lovely buttocks. His breathing was growing harsh, and he stepped back. He rolled her again, yanked the pillow from under her head, and then rolled her back, with the pillow beneath her.

“Bad girl,” he said. “Bad girls need to be punished.”

He moved off the bed and opened her closet door, then took a thin belt from a hook and doubled it in his hands. The girl, looking over her shoulder, cried out in fear as she saw him return, slapping the belt idly against his other hand.

“You’re going to be punished,” he said. “Which is only what you deserve for punishing men and not letting them have your tight little cunt.”

He brought the belt down across her rump. The loud crack of noise was followed an instant later by her squeal of pain, and her body twisted and rolled onto her back.

He chuckled. Did she think he was her daddy? Did she think this would work?

He swung the belt down across her breasts and she screamed in horror and pain, her body twisting even more violently, turning onto her belly again.

“Wasn’t such a good idea, was it, Sandra?” he laughed.

The belt cracked down onto her bottom again, leaving a second red stripe to mirror the first. The feeling inside him was pure delight and power. He brought the belt down again, and again and again as the girl sobbed and shuddered and twisted. But she could no longer try to turn away as the belt laid nasty red stripes across her bottom and then moved higher.

The belt struck the small of her back, then higher still, cracking down onto her soft flesh again and again and again as he panted and moaned and trembled in excitement, his stiff erection bouncing and jerking and throbbing to the point he feared it would explode.

That wouldn’t do.

He stopped, panting, then rolled the girl onto her back. She was sobbing, her face red, the scarf over her mouth wet with drool.

“Whore,” he said.

He spread her legs and knelt between them, then slapped her face, first with his right hand, then the left, knocking it from side to side with slow, deliberate blows which dazed her and made her eyes glassy.

“Dirty little whore,” he whispered. “Filthy little cunt. Did you think you could tease men forever? Huh? Did you think you could walk around in tight pants showing off your pretty little ass and not have someone fuck you?”

Filthy bitch!”

He glared at her now, feeling the frustration and anger he had always felt at women.

“You think your cunt is made of gold, bitch? You think you’ll use it up if you let a few cocks slide in? A bitch like you should be out fucking every day. It’s a crime not to use a body like yours for what it was made for!

You should have a line of guys outside your door, all of them ready to sink their cocks in your pussy. You’re just selfish, that’s all. You’re a selfish little cocktease!”

He rubbed his stiff erection along her slit, mashing it into the soft flesh as she whimpered and moaned.

“Well now your gonna get a cock up your hole,” he sneered. “Now you’re gonna get just what you need, just what you deserve!”

He pressed his cock against her sex, grunting with effort as her pussy lips fought him. He slowly forced them aside, and his cockhead popped into her pussy tunnel. She was tight, her tunnel closed, but he had a powerful hard?on which he intended to ram through and open her up for business.

He gripped his cock like a weapon, pushing it forward, jamming it down into her soft, tight sex, ignoring her groans and whimpers as he crammed an inch into her, then another. He could feel his cockhead sliding forward like a wedge, cleaving her soft, dry flesh., forcing it aside as it drove deeper into her body.

She writhed and thrashed as the pain filled her, and her desperation became frantic. It distracted him from his pleasure and he glared at her, wondering if he should get something to tie her ankles aside.

But no, why should he? He was the boss here. He would do as he wanted, and she would damned well do as she was told or else.

He raised his hand to slap her face again, but reconsidered.

He grabbed her right breast and dug his fingers into it, then twisted cruelly. She screamed into the gag, and he felt a hot wave of lust and desire grip him.

“You lay still, slut,” he growled. “I told you you would get hurt if you fought me! Didn’t I?” He twisted her breast even harder, knowing she couldn’t lay still while her breast was on fire, but not caring. He loved her response.

He shoved his cock in harder, forcing it through her tight flesh, jamming it inside her. He laughed then dropped partially forward on top of her, holding himself up by the elbows as he lay between her shaking, flailing legs.

“Ready, bitch? Ready, little slut? I’m gonna rape your cunt apart!”

He ground his hips around, then drew back slightly and let all his weight drop onto his cock. It tore through her soft flesh as she screamed into the gag, and his cock thrust in to the deepest pit of her sheath, impaling the thrashing girl as he dropped his hips onto her thighs.

She shook and bounced for a few more seconds before giving up, then layed there gasping for breath, tears trickling down her come stained face. He laughed and began to grind his hips against her soft thighs, twisting his cock around in her belly.

“Like that, whore?” he sneered. “You got a big cock in your pussy now!”

She was incredibly tight, but his rough grinding and twisting and jerking movements slowly opened her up enough for him to start pumping. His cock was sucked hard each time it pulled back, and had to force its way through the folds of her sex sleeve when he thrust it down, but he didn’t care. He was delighted to be fucking her, delighted to be raping her pussy after so many hours, days, even weeks of frustration.

He rode her as hard and fast as he could, wanting her to feel pain, wanting her to know what it was like to be royally fucked. He thought of her as a slutty, selfish bitch for not using her pussy more, for not letting guys into her pants. What was a tight assed body like hers for if not to fuck?

His hips pounded into her thighs as he stabbed his cock up into her belly with savage delight, laughing softly as she wept, sucking and chewing hard on her breasts and nipples until he felt the heat rising in his balls.

He drew back, taking his weight off her, getting to his knees between her legs. He seized them behind the knees, lifting them and jamming them back against her chest, forcing her ass up and high. He spread her legs more, forcing her knees down to the bed beside her chest as he rose over her and pounded his cock down into her hole with every ounce of force at his command.

His hips pounded against her upturned buttocks on each downstroke, smashing her body back into the bed as he spiked his cock into her. But the mattress flung her back up to meet his next stroke, redoubling the force of the impact.

The bed shook as he rode her through a wild, furious orgasm, his heavy hips smashing down again and again and again as he rammed his cock into her tight cunt box. She made odd, gurgling noises, but they weren't very loud through the gag, and he was too concerned with his own pleasure now to care much about her pain.

He felt his balls explode, and what felt like a quart of semen spewed out the tips cock head, pumping into her hot, warm body. He groaned as he slowed and his orgasm faded. His cock felt drained.

He sat back on his heels and let go of her legs, letting them flop back to the mattress to either side of him.

"Someone should've done that years ago," he panted.

He grinned and stood up, then searched in her closet and found a few more scarves. The girl lay sobbing and moaning on the bed, and did not react as he bound her ankles to the lower corners of the bed. Then he picked up the belt again and grinned down at her, wanting her to see it through her blurred tears.

"Bitch," he said, as her eyes recognized what he held.

The belt cracked down on her breast and her eyes bulged as she flung her body against the cuffs and scarves to no avail. The belt fell again and again, cracking down across her soft breasts until they were an angry red.

Then he laid into her lower chest and belly before drawing back, lifting her ankles up and back, and binding them to the headboard next to her hands.

He sighed as he stared at her vulnerable sex, and the girl twisted, sobbing, moaning, knowing what he intended. The entire front and rear of her body was red

now, and it wasn't going to get any better.

He slashed the belt down directly onto her sex, and she squealed and thrashed, her bottom fairly leaping up off the bed. He laughed at her enormous eyes, and brought the belt down again, and again and again, the soft leather slashing across her pussy mound as his arm rose and fell.

"Whore," he said.

He looked through the apartment again, returning with some sewing needles some butter and and a cucumber.

The girl hardly noticed him, laying dazed by her pain, her eyes glassy.

"A new game, Sandra!" he cried in delight. "You'll love it!"

He rubbed the cucumber in the butter, smearing it all over, then pressed it against her sex, pushing hard, twisting it from side to side. Her eyes blinked and fluttered and she moaned anew as the pressure grew on her aching sex. The cucumber pushed into her, and he leaned forward, putting his weight behind it, gripping it with both hands.

Her eyes were wide now and her head was jerking from side to side as she implored him with her eyes.

The cucumber slid deeper, forcing her wider and wider. The pain seemed to be intense as her head twisted violently from side to side. That excited him again.

He forced the cucumber deeper and deeper, both hands on the bottom half, then on the base as he forced it deeper between the girl's straining pussy lips.

When only the last few inches protruded he pulled back and pressed his knee against the base, letting his weight jam it in hard and deep. It must have been excruciating, for her screams were louder than ever.

He eased back and ran his hands over the end of the cucumber , grinning at the panting, gasping, whimpering girl, then released her ankles, dropping them back to the mattress. He spread them wide and bound them to the lower posts, then, giggling a little, crept on his knees up her body, taking out the sewing needles.

He sucked on one of her nipples, then grasped it delicately between the nails of his thumb and forefinger, pinching it and stretching it upwards.

He smiled at the girl as he pressed one of the sewing needles against the small pink button, then slowly drive it through the thin sliver of pink flesh.

The girl's eyes bulged again, her head thrashing, body writhing in pain as he chuckled down at her. He was getting another erection just staring at her pierced nipple. He picked up a second needle, slid his fingers beneath the opposite sides of the first, and pulled, stretching her nipple out once again. The first needle pierced it from side to side. He drove the second into the top, piercing it up and down.

His heavy body shook as her small, lithe frame twisted and jerked despairingly, but he had no difficulty staying in place as he took her other nipple and slowly, and with delicious cruelty, worked another needle through it from side to side, and yet another top to bottom.

Yet there were so many needles.

He thrust one at her eye, laughing as she screamed in fear, then plucked her nose instead, slid the sharp needle against the small bridge between her nostrils, and gently, slowly, sadistically pushed the needle against the somewhat harder cartilage there, forcing it through and out the other side.

Where did girls get their bodies pierced, these days? So many places!

A needle slid through her left earlobe, then a second, then two more into her right. He pushed a needle through her left eyebrow, then her right. He avoided her mouth, easing his body down her long legs so he could kneel between them. One, two, then a third needle pierced the soft flesh of her belly button, and then he was at the gates of paradise with many needles still remaining.

The girl's pussy lips were already swollen red and forced back tightly. A half dozen needles pierced on, and another half down the other, as she howled and twisted and bucked frantically.

He pushed the hood over her clitoris back and jammed a needle through it to hold it in place, leaving her small pink clitoris exposed. Then he lavished attention on the little bud, licking and sucking and caressing it before thrusting another needle through its centre.

“Bitch,” he said with laughing, child like delight.

The girl shuddered violently, her head rolling back beneath her so that he feared her neck would snap. He crawled up her body, deftly avoiding the needles protruding from her belly button and nipples, and worked the scarf and panties out of her mouth.

She started to scream but he gave her no time. His fingers yanked her hair back violently and he thrust his cock down into her mouth. He felt the soft, slippery pool of saliva filling her mouth as his cock slid through it. Then he was driving himself down her throat, groaning with pleasure as he leaned forward over her, as he dropped forward against the headboard and began to rut.

He rutted savagely, violently, desperately, grunting like an animal as he rammed his cock up and down inside Sandra’s throat, gasping in delight as waves of pleasure rolled over him as her spasming, choking throat muscles squeezed down around him.

He came again, groaning in pleasure as he poured his need down into her belly and felt himself shrivel.

He drew back with a heavy sigh and stared at her barely conscious body.

She was not as neat, as pretty, as cool and neat as she had been. Her body was red with bruises and welts and small, dribbling trickles of blood. Her face was a read, smeared mess and her hair was tangled and sticky with semen. Her skin glistened with sweat, and her eyes were bruised and sunken and rimmed with red.

“From now on you are going to use this whore body as it was meant to be used,” he growled. “You are going to fuck anyone who wants you, and stop hiding yourself away. You are going to put your bed against the far wall there, where it can be seen from the window, and bring men back to your room to fuck, each and every night. Do you understand me?”

She whimpered and nodded, her jaw slack.

“I’ll be watching, whore. If you don’t obey I’ll be back.”

He spent a few more minutes stroking her body, then rubbed his cock off on her hair and got dressed. Before he left he removed his handcuffs and leaned over her.

“Maybe I’ll see you again,” he grinned.

He left the apartment, leaving it unlocked behind him, not wanting her to know how he’d gained entry. With any luck at all she’d assume they’d forgotten to lock the door that night.

He went back to his apartment and went immediately to the window. Her light was on, but as he focussed the scope he saw no sign of her. The door was closed, though, which probably meant she hadn’t left the bedroom. He chuckled happily.

He was filled with elation at his conquest, reliving it all in his mind.

His only regret was that it was over. He should have gotten some pictures, or better yet, video tape, he thought.

He kept an eye on the two windows that were her rooms. He didn’t bother wasting his time watching the girl with a scope. No doubt she was in the bathroom, trying to wash off the stains on her pristine body. The whore!

But he watched the building’s entrance for police. It was late at night, really, early in the morning. If they came he thought he would notice. No one arrived.

The next night, as dark fell, he wandered over to the window and sat down before the scope again. He trained it on her window, which, as usual, was lit, and uncurtained. A thought seized him, and he grinned, getting the phone.

“Hello?” she said, her voice dry and lifeless.

“It’s meeee,” he taunted.

There was silence at the other end, and he imagined her face filled with terror.

“I want you to do something for me, Sandy baby,” he said. “I want you to go to your window and wave to me.”

Still no answer.

“That’s right, baby. I’m looking at your window right now through my telescope. I want you to go to the window and wave.

The phone slammed down, and a second ago the blind dropped. He giggled, for she obviously hadn't yet clued in to the fact that the angle of the blinds let him see through them.

He phoned her again, but she wouldn't answer. He glared angrily at the phone, then tried again. This time he got a busy signal.

"Bitch!" he snarled, slamming the phone down.

He gazed at her window, growing increasingly angry that he wasn't seeing anything. She must be sitting on her bed, probably reading something, or maybe masturbating.

"Maybe the little slut needs another visit," he growled to himself.

But no, she'd probably be up all night. She might scream and spoil everything, the stupid cunt!

He'd give her tonight. With any luck she'd be exhausted tomorrow, and not expecting anything anyway.

By the next night he was really angry at her. He'd spent much of the evening staring at her window, and as usual only catching glimpses of her.

The blind remained down, too, which made it harder to see. Oh, he could see through it, but it wasn't as clear.

"I'll show you, you whore," he snarled to himself.

It was three in the morning when he tried his key in the apartment lock.

It worked easily, and he let himself in. He checked around briefly, then went to her room and listened. He pushed the door open and slid inside, then moved over to her bed and dropped atop her as he had two nights earlier.

Her eyes opened wide and she screamed into his hand as he laughed silently down at her.

"You know what I want, slut," he said.

She was frantic, though, and kept writhing and twisting below him. He gripped her hair and pulled it hard, but she only screamed more, almost crazed as she fought against him.

Angrily, he pulled out the ballgag he'd purchased just that day and pulled his hand free. She opened her mouth wide to scream and he jammed the ball into her mouth, then latched the strap around her head. He pulled his handcuffs out and slipped the cuff over her right wrist as he held it pinned by his leg, then jerked it up against the top of the bed.

He pulled her other hand out, easily overpowering her, and locking it to the other cuff. She continued to shake and thrash and he gripped her head coldly and held it down.

"You listen to me, you filthy little cunt pad," he snarled. "If you want me to stick my knife in your guts you just keep acting up, but I'm gonna fuck you whether you like it or not!"

He took out the knife and held it against her throat and she whimpered in terror, then seemed to collapse. He got off her and stripped off her covers, then gazed at the long, heavy nightgown she wore. He wouldn't get this off without uncuffing her hands.

Or...

He untied the laces by the throat, then used his knife to cut right down to the hem. He pulled the thing apart and ran his hands over the heaving body beneath, grinning at her weeping eyes.

"Dirty little whore," he said. "If you had only done as I ordered I might not be here now. You should have just obeyed me, then I wouldn't have to come here."

He pulled his pants down, and with few preliminaries, forced his cock up into her sex and gave her a hard fucking, thinking it would calm her down and make her more pliable.

After he came inside her he lay atop her body for a minute, then rolled off and got out of bed. He went to the bag he'd carried and took out the camcorder and the small, expandable tripod.

He turned on the camcorder first, getting full body shots, then zooming in to her breasts and nipples and pussy and face, observing the bruises and welts he had placed upon her. The girl lay there limp, not making any attempt to cover or hide her nudity. He set up the tripod and checked the view several times.

Then he went to her and uncuffed her right wrist. He held both wrists firmly as he pulled her out of bed, then turned her around and cuffed them together behind her back.

“This is some ass,” he sighed, running his hand over it as he held her by the hair. “Yes, sir, this is an ass made for fucking.”

He forced her to kneel, and took videos of her like that. then ordered her to bend forward. He took more videos, including close-ups of her sex. He fingered her while the cameras watched He had brought more than just the camcorder, though, and had bought more at the sex shop than handcuffs and a ball-gag. He went to his bag and pulled out a huge, long double headed dildo. It was the thickest he could find, and easily twenty inches long. The girl’s grew wide when she saw it, and she tried to push herself off the floor.

He gripped her hair and jammed her face back down, ignoring her whimpers as he slowly forced the cockhead into her. Her pussy was already nicely greased with his semen, so he didn’t need butter. He forced about half the thing into her, and pumped it in and out as the camera looked on.

Then he pulled her face up off the ground, letting her sit back on her heels.

“Know what you’re gonna do now, Sandra?” he grinned.

She looked at him miserably, not trying to answer or guess.

“You’re gonna suck my cock, that’s what.”

She swallowed and her eyes went to his mostly flaccid cock.

“Don’t worry, your mouth will get it hard again.”

He positioned the camera to his side, then sat on the edge of the bed and pulled her head in between his thighs.

She whimpered in terror as she stared up at him. He smiled to see it.

He reached behind her and undid the gag, then pulled it out of her mouth.

She took several deep, shuddering breaths, but didn't scream.

"All right, baby. Don't tell me you don't know how. I know you've sucked cocks before. Get to it."

He gripped her hair and pulled her forward, holding his cock in the other hand and rubbing it over her face. He pressed it against her lips, and it was already hardening. She opened her mouth reluctantly and his cock slid inside where it was warm and wet. He felt her tongue and teeth against him and groaned in delight, his cock hardening quickly.

"Filthy little cunt pad," he sneered. "You were made for this, girl. This is what you were designed for. You're just a little fuck machine. You ought to be fucking a hundred guys a day!"

Her lips slid up and down his cock as she licked at the head. She sucked weakly, probably hoping to bring him off quickly so he'd leave. Was she in for a surprise! After his first come he was always a long time coming a second time.

The spit she was putting on his cock would come in handy later, though.

He stroked her face and then slid his hand under her to squeeze her breasts, hanging below her as she bent over. He ran his hand down her flank and over her ass cheeks, then down the crack of her ass. His finger probed at her asshole and slowly wriggled inside.

She faltered in her sucking, and he slapped her bottom hard, making her grunt in pain.

"I tell you to stop, slut?" he hissed.

She continued sucking, and he wriggled his finger deeper in her ass, pumping it in and out before sliding it out and gripped the thick dildo still sticking out of her pussy.

He started pumping it slowly in and out, thumping the head against her cervix as she whimpered and grunted in response. He forced it up deep, and twisted it around.

“Yessir, you were made for fucking, you’re a hot little fucking machine,”

he grinned. “On your knees is just exactly where a slut like you should be...except when you’re on your back with your ankles pinned behind your ears. Cheap little tramp! Filthy whore!”

Her lips continued to bob up and down on his cock as she sucked him, then he held her head in both hands, keeping it still as he fucked her face, pumping his cock through her lips and stabbing it into her cheeks and against the entry to her throat.

He wanted to ram his cock down her throat as he had the other night, but was afraid he’d come, and he didn’t want to come in her mouth...not this time. Later, maybe. Tonight he was going to ream out her delicious little round bottom.

He pulled his cock out of her mouth and turned her around, bending her over and putting her face against the rug again. He rubbed his spit-wet cockhead against her wrinkled little anal opening, then pressed it forward with growing pressure.

“Oh God!” she whimpered. “Oh noo! Pleeese! Please mister! Doon’t!”

“Shut up, slut, or I’ll ram my fist into you!” he growled. “You been wagging this ass around at everyone and you need to get it fucked. This won’t be the last cock that goes up your buttery little asshole! An ass like yours was made for sodomizing!”

“Please,” she sobbed, her voice low, desperate. “Please don’t! You can fuck my pussy again!”

“I’ll fuck any part of you I want, you filthy fuck bitch dog! I’ll stick my cock up any hole I feel in the mood to! Now shut your foul mouth while I ream out your asshole!”

She sobbed quietly as he forced his cock deeper and deeper. She began wincing and moaning and gasping in pain as his cock forced its way up her tunnel and into her belly.

He forced the whole length of cock up her anal tunnel, then twisted the head around in her guts as she groaned from the cramps. He seized her hips and began to fuck, pumping his cock in long, steady strokes so the camera would get the whole sight of it.

He gripped the dildo and rammed it into her pussy at the same time, and her gasps and whimpers grew louder. He sniggered at the sight, jamming the dildo deep as he ripped his cock back, then ripping the dildo out as he thrust into her anus.

He worked the girl's anus looser as he pumped, and was soon smashing his hips against her buttocks with a loud enough sound that he worried her neighbours would hear. He couldn't slow down, though, and couldn't ease up. He was too hot, too excited.

He pounded his cock into the whimpering, moaning, sobbing girl's anal opening with brutal force, and then groaned loudly as the semen poured into her.

He pulled out and rubbed his cock off in her hair as he had the other night, then got dressed and put his things back into the bag, all except the big dildo, which was still sticking out of her tight pussy opening.

He sighed in pleasure, then shoved the gag back into her mouth and dragged her over to the bureau. He twisted her long hair into a tail and yanked it back over the top of the tall dresser, forcing her to rise onto her toes as her body bowed back.

More prepared now, more professional, he didn't need simple belts and needles. He took the metal ring from the bag and screwed it into the rear of the dresser, then bound her hair to it. Satisfied that it would hold her, he took a flog out of his bag and showed it to her, holding it over her head. She whimpered piteously as he let the long leather laces slide over her face. Her body was still marked from his earlier beating. No doubt it was quite sensitive and tender.

He drew back and stared at her lovely, taut breasts, then let the flog swing, excited as the laces tore into her soft flesh. She writhed and twisted and jerked violently as she howled in pain, but she could not move to protect herself as the whip descended again and again.

The long, thin leather strips left turned her pale flesh red, then, as he continued to bring the whip down across her chest and belly left white lines across her pink flesh, lines which quickly faded to dark, angry red.

Weary, he dropped his throbbing arm, dropped the flog, then stepped up to her. He yanked her legs out from under her, lifting them up and back and dropping much of her weight on the long, rough tail of hair he had bound back behind the

dresser. He was erect again, and thrust himself into her pussy, gripping her thighs to hold her lower body up and out as he pounded himself into the wailing, howling girl's body.

He spent himself quickly, gasping, and then smiled almost fondly as he dropped her legs to the floor. She was more or less hanging by her hair now, only the tight pull of her soft brown tresses keeping her body from sliding to the floor.

"I brought you presents," he said gaily.

They were rings for body piercings. He quickly pinched her nipples, forcing the stainless steel rings through the openings he had made the other day, then did the same to her clitoris and clitoral hood. He pushed a line of rings through her left labia, then her right, then forced one through the holes in her naval, eyebrows, ears and nose.

"Now you listen to, slut," he glared, undoing her hair and yanking it up to pull her face up to his. "Are you listening?"

She moaned dully.

"I'm gonna be watching. Let me see, say at nine O'clock tomorrow night.

You're going to have that blind wide open, and you're going to put that lamp..." He pointed at a small lamp on a corner table. "right under the window. Then you're going to strip naked for me. I want you to pose for the window, show me your tits and pussy. Then take this dildo and fuck yourself with it."

She stared at him in shock and disbelief, but he pulled his features into a threatening grimace.

"If you don't, I'll get you again, only next time I won't be so gentle!

There's no lock on your balcony door, so don't dare refuse me again!"

She nodded fearfully and he took the handcuffs off her wrist.

"Let me see you jerk off with the dildo," he glared.

She looked down at it, then up at him, her face a mask of fear and pain.

“Lay back, spread your legs, and jerk off with it, whore!”

She obeyed him, slowly at first, her movements halting, exhausted, but soon she was pumping the dildo in her sex fast enough, hard enough, and deep enough to satisfy him. He took several minutes of tape of her doing that, then left.

She was scared, but would she stay scared, that was the question.

At nine he focussed in on her window. The blind pulled up and her image was brightly lit. He licked his lips excitedly as she looked out into the night. Her eyes were haunted, and she stood there for the longest time.

Then she slowly stripped, removing her top, then her pants, then her bra and panties. Her movements were slow and reluctant, and her skin was flushed as she bared herself to the window. She stood in front of the mirror naked, her chest rising and falling rapidly. He giggled as he looked at her, waiting for her to begin the real show.

She moved aside, then he saw the big dildo in her hand. She spread her legs a little, and he saw her pressing the cockhead against her cunt. It glistened, and he guessed she'd oiled it up with something. He laughed in delight as she worked it up into her sex and started pumping it in and out.

He wondered if there was anyone else watching, if some other schmuck had focussed in on the brightest light in that building right now and was astounded at the sight of the hot slutty woman pumping her pussy with the big dildo.

He hoped so. He thought about letting others know what a show there was in that window, but no, this was his to enjoy. If someone else came across it, so be it, but it was his.

She pumped her pussy, but it looked kind of mechanical. He'd have to have a word with her about that.

He phoned her. He watched her hesitate, then stop. She moved away from the window and after several more rings she picked up the phone. She didn't say a thing, though.

“Say hello, slut,” he growled.

“He...hello,” she gulped.

“You’re not doing bad, but it’s not good enough. I want you to pump your hips more, and make yourself look like you’re really getting off. Let your head roll a little, and close your eyes. You know what I want, slut, so get to it. Oh, and you can turn around for a minute and bend over. Let me watch your getting it from behind.”

He hung up and watched. After a minute she returned to the window and started pumping again. Her head began to roll a little, and her back arched. She humped against the dildo and his cock started to rise in excitement.

She turned and bent over, then raised one leg and put her foot on the corner of the dresser. She reached between her legs and pumped the dildo in and out of her pink snatch as he took out his cock and pumped it with his hand. He came, spewing his gunk against the wall as she rolled her bottom back at him.

The next two nights she repeated the show. The next night he called her up and had her sit on the dresser and draw her knees up and back, then pump the thing in and out. She was angled so her side was to the window, but turned halfway towards it so he could see her pussy cleft. It was the perfect angle, and he jerked off again as she pumped the thing into her pussy.

He continued to watch her apartment and keep an eye on her movements, but he was annoyed at being shut out of her life when she was away from the window. Maybe he could plant a few microphones around there, so he could hear her on the phone.

Maybe he could even put hidden cameras there somewhere. How hard would it be to install them? What did they cost, anyway?

There were all kinds of things he could do with the little slut...all kinds of things.

Two days later he watched her leave, then hurried down the block with his bag. He was going to have the little bitch today, and have her hard! He let himself into her apartment and heard the sound of the shower running.

He licked his lips happily, then set down his bag and took out his camcorder. He checked the tape, then went to the bathroom. The door wasn’t locked, and he pushed it open and stepped inside. The curtain was drawn before the tub, but that proved little hindrance. He ripped it back.

She screamed and cowered back into the corner, trying to cover herself with her hands. He laughed and stood back against the counter, then raised the camcorder and started filming.

She blinked her eyes at him in fright, gulping in air.

“Pretend I’m not here, slut. Just go on with your shower,” he ordered.

“Wh?why are you doing this?” she whimpered.

“I’m here to get some good film, fuck you a few times, then leave. Now get on with your shower.”

“But...but you said you wouldn’t come back if I...if I did...those things in front of my window,” she whined.

“No. I said I wouldn’t hurt you if you obeyed. I didn’t say I wouldn’t come back. Now get back to the shower.”

“But I...”

“Do what you’re told, bitch!” he yelled.

She yelped in fear, and cringed back.

“Now get to it,” he growled.

She slowly came out of the corner, and stood under the shower.

“Come on, get the soap and soap yourself up. Do it!”

She obeyed, running her soapy hands over her soapy body as he panned the camera over her.

“Don’t look at the camera, slut! Pretend it’s not here.”

She looked down, then away as she stroked her soapy flesh.

“Okay, turn off the water. Then get back into the corner, spread your legs, and let’s see you jerk off,” he said.

She let out a low whimper, then obeyed, shuffling back into the corner and spreading her legs apart. She ran her hands up and down her body like she had done last night, cupping and stroking her breasts and letting her head roll back. She slid a hand down between her legs and started stroking her cunt soapy pussy crack.

He zoomed in on it, watching as she slid two fingers into her sex and pumped them in and out. He pulled back so he could see her hips humping and grinding slowly, and then pulled back further to get her entire body in the frame.

“Start groaning for me,” he said. “Moan and groan like you’re getting off on it.”

She let out a low groan, then another.

“Louder, slut! And put more emotion into it!”

She groaned louder as she humped against her fingers. Her other hand was squeezing and kneading her soapy breasts as he and the camera watched, and her head was pulled back, her eyes slits.

It looked quite realistic.

“Where’s your dildo?”

“I...in my room at the back of my closet,” she gulped.

He went and got the dildo, then tossed it to her. She soaped it up and shoved it up her pussy as he knelt and recorded it, then, under his instructions, she bent the other end, and slowly forced it up her asshole.

She turned and bent over, pumping the bent dildo up her holes while he zoomed in.

“Sit on the edge of the tub,” he said, backing up. “Straddle it.”

“I...it hurts when I push them in too far,” she whimpered.

“It’ll hurt more if you make me mad, slut,” he snarled.

Frightened, she stepped across the edge of the tub, straddling it. The double headed dildo was U-shaped as it stuck out of her pussy and went up into her

rectum. As she sat, the edge of the tub put more pressure on it, and forced both ends deeper and deeper.

She groaned and gasped in pain, but to the microphone, they sounded like pleasure. She lowered more and more of her weight on the edge of the tub, her eyes wide and desperate.

“Ohh! Oohhh! Ooww!” she gasped.

She turned imploring eyes on him, but he shook his fist, and she lowered more of her weight down, clenching her teeth against the pain as the two heads jammed up into her guts.

Finally she was sitting flat on the edge of the tub. He made her raise her feet off the floor, and she sobbed at the pain in her belly. He put down the camera for a moment, then went to her, gripping her hair tightly, then jerking her left ankle up and putting her foot on the side of the tub behind her bottom.

She cried out in pain, the breath coming out of her mouth in harsh, ragged gasps, but he showed no concern, cursing her harshly and ordering her to keep her foot there. He lifted her other foot and jammed it up behind the first, crossing her ankles behind her buttocks.

He quickly got the camcorder and recorded her. Her eyes were wide and filled with desperation, and she trembled and shook, for almost all her weight was now on the dildo.

“Now bring your hands up and run them through your hair,” he ordered.

A sob burst from her lips, then she gingerly removed her hands from the edge of the tub. She groaned in pain as every bit of her weight came down on the big, thick rubber cock inside her.

“Not a bad start,” he said. “Okay, you can stand up.”

She gripped the edge of the tub with her hands and let her feet down, then slowly sat up and pushed herself upwards. Only about an inch of dildo showed, a solid rounded tube emerging from her taut pussy lips and disappearing into her round anus.

He zoomed in on it, then turned off the camera and put it down. He got the tripod and set it up while she slowly eased the thing out of her guts. By the time she had it out he was set up and focussing in on the back part of the tub.

He grinned at her and quickly stripped.

"I...I have to go to work," she said feebly.

"Not today, whore."

"Bu...but I'll get in trouble if I..."

"Shut up, slut."

He stripped naked then got into the tub with her. He pulled her in against him, feeling her wet, soapy flesh against his own body. He revelled in the slick, slippery feel of her flesh as his hands moved over it. He pulled her against him tight, one hand on her bottom, the other behind her head, as he leaned into her and mashed his lips against hers.

He pulled back after a few seconds, and scowled down at her angrily.

"Kiss back," he hissed.

He crushed his lips against hers again and the frightened girl softened her lips and pressed her tongue up to meet his own. He ground his body into hers, squeezing her ass, then bringing his hand up to cup and grope her breasts.

He jerked her head back by the hair and bit her throat as she gasped in pain. Again, he knew the sound would be interpreted as one of pleasure to someone watching the tape. This was important to him because he had plans for the tape he was going to produce.

He nibbled at her ear, the one facing the camera, then the one on the other side.

"Beg me to fuck you," he whispered. "Beg hard, and put some feeling into it...or I'll beat the shit out of you!"

"Fu?fu?fuck meee," she gulped. "P?please... please... f?fuck me! Please!"

"You got it, slut," he growled, shoving her back into the corner.

He jerked her leg up and jammed it back against the wall, then pressed his cock into her slit. She whimpered and moaned as she looked down at it, then let out a long, shuddering groan as he thrust it up into her belly.

He laughed and mashed his lips against hers again as he pumped rapidly into her snatch. He held her leg high and apart as he stabbed his cock up into her, and battered her body with his own, excited by his power and control over her.

He pulled his lips off hers and stared into her wide, fearful eyes as his prong slid back and forth through her soapy cunt lips.

“Grunt and groan, slut,” he hissed.

She had no difficulty grunting with the impact of his hips against her thighs, and the hard thrusting of the cock, and she managed to let out gurgles and groans and whimpers that sounded like pleasure.

He pulled back suddenly and twisted her around. He shoved her face into the tiles of the wall and pressed his cock against her round rectal opening. She whimpered and a small sob escaped her as she realized his intent, but she made no attempt to resist as he jammed his soapy cock into her.

She gasped and grunted and moaned in a way that sounded quite nice to him, then his cock was buried in her ass and he was grinding his hips against her soft, soapy cheeks. He slid his arms around her and his hands cupped her breasts as he bit down on the side of her throat.

“Beg for it, whore,” he whispered. “Let me hear you beg!”

He dug his fingers painfully into her tits as a threat and she squeaked in pain. “Fuck me!” she gasped. “Fuck me!”

“Fuck my ass,” he whispered.

“Fuck my ass!” she echoed.

“Say it with feeling,” he glared.

“F...fuck my ass,” she moaned.

“More feeling!”

“Fuck my ass!” she moaned.

“Harder,” he whispered.

“Harder,” she moaned

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“Ream me out!” he whispered.

“R...ream me ooout,” she sobbed.

He rammed his cock up into her ass with savage gusto, drawing gasps and groans and yelps of pain.

“Dirty whore,” he laughed aloud. “Say yes, yes, I’m a whore,” he whispered as he chewed on her ear.

“Yes! Yes! I’m a slut!” she groaned.

He pulled her away from the wall and put her down on all fours, then thrust into her again.

“This is how you love it, isn’t it, slut? On all fours like a bitch in heat!”

He reached forward and gripped her wrists, yanking them out from under her. She started to fall but he pulled her arms straight back, and held her up as he reamed out her anus.

His hips pummelled her soapy buttocks as his cock pistoned inside her rectum. He jerked her back and forth by the arms, using her wrists like the handles of a wheelbarrow as she gurgled and moaned in dazed pain and misery.

Then his semen came jetting out of his cock, flushing her like an enema, pouring into her very bowels as he groaned. He let her wrists go and she fell forward onto her shoulders, gasping in relief. He pumped his cock in her bung hole a few more times, then slipped it free.

After a shower to rinse off they got out of the tub. He filmed her drying herself, then jerking off as she sat against the counter. He had her go to her room and repeatedly dress in clothes he picked out of her closet, then strip them off.

She did a long, sluttish dance in the nude for the camera, which included bending over and sticking her hands back through her thighs to pry her pussy lips wide.

He had Sandra kneel and suck him off, while he pointed the camera at the mirror. He shifted her around to get different angles, then zoomed in when his cock was at full erection. He held her hair and fucked her face, zooming in and out.

He pulled her head back, then rammed his thick meat down her throat, burying it to the balls as she wriggled and writhed and shook in dazed horror. Because he had one hand occupied in working the camcorder, she managed to pull free, and fell back, coughing and gasping for breath.

He put down the camera and handcuffed her wrists behind her, then pulled her back on her knees, bent her head way back by the hair, and shoved his cock down her throat again. She struggled, but his grip on her hair, and her cuffed hands, prevented her from pulling away as he fucked his cock back and forth in her throat.

Her shaking and wriggling eased, and she knelt there limply as his cock slid back and forth. He pulled it out and she fell back, gasping and choking and moaning.

“What a great shot,” he said enthusiastically.

“You...you... b...basstaard,” she croaked.

“Watch your mouth, slut girl.”

“Fucking bastard,” she sobbed.

He put down the camera and glared at her. Then reached down and gripped her by the hair, drawing a cry of pain. He flung her against the side of the bed, bending her over it, then knelt behind her and raised his hand.

He slapped it down on her bare bottom, and she cried out in pain. He cursed himself. His hand hurt!

But there was a red hand print on her quivering white flesh. He slapped his hand down again, and again she cried out in pain. Again he slapped her bottom, and again, and again. She burst into tears, then started cursing him in misery and pain.

He halted his spanking, even though his cock was bulging again and he was enjoying himself immensely. He went to her dresser and plucked a belt off the top, then returned to her and doubled it in his fist. He slashed it against her bottom, and she screamed in pain, her sobbing growing louder.

Again and again he slashed the belt across her buttocks.

“Dirty whore,” he sneered. “You think you can call me names, slut? You filthy fuck dog! You show respect for your betters you piece of cunt meat!

You stinking cunt crack!”

He whipped her back, bottom and thighs repeatedly as she sobbed in misery and pain, then stood up. He gripped her by the hair and dragged her off the bed, pulling her after him as he headed for somewhere to hide her for a little while. He shoved the closet and propped a door against it, then picked up his bag.

He quickly planted the microphones under her bed and dresser, then in the exercise room, in the bathroom, in the living room, kitchen, and dining room. He examined the bathroom mirror. It was standard, a box-like affair that was hollow behind the glass.

He removed the glass and placed the camera he'd brought behind it, running the wire into the electrical connection behind it, then left the apartment and drove to a downtown store. He had already ordered one way glass, and he had them cut it to size for him. Half an hour later it was in the bathroom and looking like any normal mirror.

The mirror in her bedroom was larger, and thus more expensive, and he had to put the actual camera, not much bigger than a pen, in the wall, which required a little more effort. It would be noticed if anyone moved the dresser, but he wasn't going to let her do that.

He let the girl out of the closet, making her crawl across the floor on her belly and lick his feet, then suck his cock. Then he fucked her and left.

The great part about the hidden cameras was that she didn't know they were there. It was fun watching her masturbating in the window, but just watching her strip naked for her showers and baths was a greater turn-on, merely because she didn't know he WAS watching.

He listened in on all her conversations, most of which were pretty boring, and felt he had more control over her.

He called her up each night when he wanted her to do something different in her act, then one evening he decided he wanted something entirely different.

“Do you want to suck pussy, Sandra?” he asked.

“Noo,” she whimpered.

“Tough, here’s what you do. You find yourself a nice little girlfriend, you bring her back to your room, and you two have sex.”

“I...I can’t!” she gasped.

“Sure you can.”

“I don’t know any lesbians!” she wailed.

“Find one. I don’t care where you find her. I don’t care what you have to do. I want you to get her into your bed and fuck her!”

“But why?!”

“Because once you’ve done it a couple of times I’m gonna hide in he closet and watch.”

She started sniffing and he laughed.

“You just do it, bitch! And you give me a call when you do. I’ll be waiting. I want to see you get her in front of the window. See if you can get her to stand against the dresser while you suck her cunt, or stand there while she sucks yours.”

“I...I don’t know hoooow!” she whined.

Weakling, he thought in contempt. Stupid, ignorant, cowardly weakling.

“Get some porno movies and find out, bitch!”

She didn’t want to, afraid for her reputation, but he threatened to mail the video tape to her mother and friends and people at the bank, which would have done a lot worse for her reputation.

Finally, a couple of days later, he watched in elation as she and another girl, a young blonde, started kissing, then groping each other on her bed.

Neither of them knew he was watching, which was what really excited him, and he jerked off several times while Sandra ate out the blonde, then while the blonde ate Sandra.

He forced her to bring guys to her room, then several guys at once. She obeyed him, and none of the guys wondered or cared why. He laughed and jerked off as five, six, or even ten men gang banged her on her bed, and she took cock after cock up the anus and pussy, and down the throat.

Meanwhile she continued her nightly masturbation show and strip sessions before the window. He never told anyone about the show, but there were half a dozen apartments that faced Sandra's, and many of the residents had binoculars or telescopes. Gradually more and more of them found the show that was put on at eight every night, and within months there were dozens watching excitedly as Sandra pumped her pussy.

By then the show had gotten more sophisticated, and began with dancing and a strip tease. She masturbated, humping against her fingers, then used the big dildo to pump her pussy. Sometimes she forced it up her anus too, bending the thick, flexible tool and jamming it into both holes.

He thought the show was so fine that he came and raped and sodomised her again, then made her watch a copy of the edited video tape he'd made, a promise of what the police would see if she ever reported him. She came off in it as an absolute whore, of course, which was what he wanted. He left it with her, promising to let everyone she knew see it if she ever disobeyed.

One day as he fast forwarded through the microphone recordings he discovered she was planning to move. He grinned to himself, wondering if he should let her, then show up at her new apartment. But no, he had a good view where he was. He cancelled all the arrangements he had made, then paid her a special visit.

She was thoroughly cowed, so much so he had been surprised she had gotten up the gumption to try to move. He raped and beat her, then hung her from her ankles and whipped her pussy, leaving like that over several days, returning every day to whip and rape her before finally letting her fall to the floor.

“I watch you every second,” he hissed. “If you try it again I’ll kill you!”

When her body recovered he ordered her to go to a strip club downtown and ask for a job there. He knew the place. It was the sleaziest around. He sat in the back of the bar when she came in, watching secretly as she was escorted to the manager’s office.

When she came out her clothes were a little ragged, and he was reasonably sure she’d gotten her pussy fucked. The next day he watched her show. It was great fun. The men liked it, and even Sandra seemed to be timidly enjoying the applause and attention.

By then, something had shifted inside the formerly innocent young woman.

Whatever strength she had once had was gone. She had performed a lot of perverted acts, and had sex with countless men, and oddly, had come to enjoy some of it in a sick, twisted kind of way. She was also beginning to get off on her performances before the window, guessing that more than one man were watching. Her movements were no longer mere acts, and her grimaces of pleasure were no fakes. She often came two or three times during a fifteen minute performance.

So doing it on a stage with dozens of men watching and hooting in applause, really set her on fire, and she ground her hips enthusiastically as the men yelled obscene remarks.

Sandra hated the intruder, whose name she didn’t know, the man who had forced her into becoming the slut he said she was, but she couldn’t disobey him, and couldn’t resist showing herself off, couldn’t resist taunting and jerking off for the unknown people who watched her in her window, and the men who watched her openly at the strip club.

She stayed naked most of the evenings and spent a lot of time in front of her window, enjoying it even more than the men who watched. She brought men and sometimes women back to her bedroom every night and fucked them wildly, not knowing that even in her bed he was watching. She was a slut, she realized, just like he’d said. And she loved it even as she hated it.

Kyle continued to watch and masturbate, sniggering.

The End.