

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

Punching Bag

Argus

“Punching Bag”

by

Argus

Copyright. Argus 2002

The right of Argus to be identified as the author of this book has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 and 78 of the Copyrights and Patents Act 1988.

Dana had had a bit too much to drink. She was enjoying herself, though. She felt young and hot and sexy and was having lots of fun out on the town with her friends.

The tall, beautiful blonde, her hair as light as gossamer silk, was dressed in a skin-tight mini-dress, the hem only inches below her firm young buttocks. The dress showed off her voluptuous form at its best, and gave a great view of her long, perfectly sculpted legs.

Her full, round, thirty-eight inch breasts thrust out hard against the straining fabric of the dress, the nipples clearly outlined through the thin, tight material. Dana was feeling wild and cocky and sleek and wanted the world to agree with her.

She had no idea, and never really would, what prompted them all to wander into the gym. One of the guys wanted to, she guessed. She didn't care. She went along with them, giggling and laughing as they paid a few bucks for tickets and went into the small arena.

There were fights there every Saturday night, between amateurs who were mostly aspiring pros. Dana thought boxing was, at best, an idiotic excuse for a sport, but for some reason tonight she thought it tremendously funny.

She was in the front row, watching as men in boxing trunks swung wildly at each other, often connecting hard. Dana had had a little grass at their last venue, and was feeling little pain as she snickered at the big men pounding away at each other.

Then, feeling very hot and slutty and mischievous, she nudged one of her girlfriends. There was a tall, gruesome looking boxer in the ring, holding his fists up carefully, concentrating on every move his younger opponent made.

Dana pulled one of the straps of her dress down and displayed her firm round breast to the ring. Her girlfriend held her hand over her mouth, snickering and giggling. The others soon noticed and they too giggled and chortled.

But then the big ugly boxer noticed, and his eyes were caught on her creamy white skin for a moment, which was just long enough for his opponent to deliver a fist to his face and knock him backwards.

The group broke up into laughter, then got up and staggered off, telling jokes and complimenting Dana on her great sense of humour.

They went on to a nightclub and did some more dancing, and then Dana was taken home by her date, who had little trouble persuading her to strip and spread her long legs for him. It was, all told, a great night for her

Dana woke slowly, her head and throat aching. She rolled to one side, groaning as she brought her hand up to her face. Her hand felt... heavy... and there was something on it, on both of them.

She opened her eyes, wincing at the light, blinking repeatedly. There was no light in the room, and she could see nothing. As her senses began to return she realized that she was naked, and laying on a cold, hard surface.

She groaned as she sat up, pawing at her hands, trying to figure out what was on them. They were inside thick padded... somethings, and she couldn't pull the things off.

Where was she? Why was she naked? Fear began to seep into her befuddled mind and she looked around worriedly. She felt a little chilly; the air was a bit damp. She tried to stand up, but was jerked back hard, falling onto the floor.

The floor gave quite a bit. It seemed springy. She ran her hands up to her neck. She couldn't feel anything with the heavy pads around her hands, but there was something around her neck, and as she pulled forward experimentally she found that there was a line of some sort attached to it.

She whimpered in real fear now, ignoring the headache and other routine signs of the hangovers she was used to, looking around her, wondering what was going on. The last thing she remember was...

Someone had grabbed her from behind, their arm going around her throat and crushing her back against them, a man, and a big one. She had kicked and struggled but her air had quickly run out.

She drew her legs together and brought her knees up against her chest as she huddled there fearfully. She tried again and again to pry the things off her hands, but couldn't.

Then the lights snapped on. She let out a startled scream, and blinked her eyes rapidly as she tried desperately to adjust to the light and make out the figure that was approaching.

She got her first sight of the room, at least. She was in a stonewalled room, a small one, maybe a basement. She was sitting in... in what looked like a boxing ring, complete with ropes and corner posts. The things on her hands were boxing gloves, tied very tightly at the wrists.

She was chained to one of the corner posts, and the figure approaching was a huge ugly man wearing boxing trunks. He climbed up into the ring, bending one of the ropes and ducking inside.

He came over to her, and Dana cowered in fright, trying to hide as much of herself as she could behind her knees and the boxing gloves.

“Hello, slut,” he said.

“Please,” she gulped. “Please let me go!”

He reached behind her neck and she flinched back, but he only removed the chain, which had been clipped to her collar. Then he turned and went to the other side of the ring. She stared at him in shocked fear as he picked up a pair of boxing gloves and pulled them on his own hands.

He walked back, stopping in the middle of the ring.

“Stand up,” he ordered.

Dana shook her head in terror.

“I said stand up!” His voice was a howl.

She screamed in fear, then slowly, tears starting to form in her eyes, she pulled herself to her feet, one hand over her groin and her arm across her breasts.

“Remember me, bitch?”

Dana shook her head and whimpered.

“You don’t remember last week, coming into Ernesto’s Gym, sitting there at the edge of the ring and waving your tits at me!?”

Dana blushed in sudden remembrance.

“I got creamed because of you, bitch. I was hoping to start a comeback. There was an agent watching to see how I did. I worked fifteen hours a day to get ready for that fight! Then you come in with your slutty mind, pull your top down and wave your tits at me to distract me!”

“I-I’m sorry,” she squeaked.

“Not half as sorry as you’re gonna be,” he said in a cruel voice.

“But... but I didn’t mean any harm!” she whimpered. “I was drunk. I was just fooling around!”

“You thought it was pretty funny when he knocked my ass down!”

“I didn’t! I was drunk! Please! I didn’t - .”

“Shut the fuck up!”

She gasped and cowered back.

“Since I didn’t get to fight him I’m gonna fight you. You wanna leave, just fight me.”

“I caan’t!” she wailed.

“You better try. Otherwise you’ll stay here until your tits are drooping around your ankles, you fucking cow!”

“But I don’t know how to fight!” she cried as he stepped forward.

“Then you’ll lose,” he said.

He smashed his punching bags together with a frighteningly loud crack, then began to walk across the ring. Dana backed up in terror until she was against the ropes.

“Please! Please!” she gasped.

He held his fists up in front of him, and his lips parted in a nearly toothless smile.

He jabbed, his gloved fist thumping into her face and throwing her backwards against the ropes. Her arms were flung back too, and her back arched as she grunted in shocked pain, then the ropes began to fling her back up, and his fist slammed into her belly, folding her like a jack-knife.

She went down to her knees with a whoof of escaping air. The man stepped back, then brought his hand up in an uppercut. Her head was lowered and it caught her chin, throwing her head up and back. Her body followed, arching back hard, flying backwards against the ropes, then dropping onto the mat, where she lay, groaning and sobbing.

“Get up, whore!”

He had carefully pulled his punches, not wanting his fun to end too soon. One hard blow would have put her out, but he wanted her to feel the pain like he had. And he wanted her to know how much better he was than her.

He stepped over to her and reached down, grasping her loose hair with his glove and yanking her head up. She screamed in pain, forced to stagger quickly to her feet.

He let go of her hair only to bring his fist up into her chest, throwing her back against the ropes. They threw her forward and her face met his next blow, throwing her back. She fell heavily onto the mat, groaning dazedly.

“Get up, whore!”

He grabbed her arm and yanked her to her feet. She staggered against him and he steadied her, leering, then he slammed his fist into her right breast, sending her stumbling back against the ropes.

She clung to them, whimpering, gasping, as he walked over.

“Please,” she whimpered.

He slammed his fist into her face, throwing her head up and back and almost sending her over the ropes. Instead she was thrown forward again. He steadied her

again, and grabbed her wrists, pulling her hands up in front of her.

She stared at him dazedly.

He jabbed rapidly, still pulling his punches, his fists pounding into her face hard enough to make her stagger backwards, but not dropping her. Blood was coming from her lip and nose as he shifted his target. He swung a wide hook and his fist struck her in the side of the ribs, twisting her around and sending her to her knees with a cry of pain.

He dragged her up to her feet and punched her in the other side, the blow sending her into the corner. She threw her arms around it, hugging it desperately. He came up behind her and his fist slammed into her right side, then her left, then into the small of her back.

She dropped to her knees, but he yanked her up, flinging her against the ropes. She caught at the top rope, clinging to it. It dug up hard against the underside of her breasts and she whimpered in bewildered pain and terror.

He grabbed her arm, twisting her around. She looked up helplessly, and his fist slammed her back, hard now, sending her head whipping back and her body arching back over the top rope.

He shoved a hand up under her chin to hold her head back and slammed his fist down into her taut belly, drawing a grunt of agony. He held her back, slamming his fist into her belly again, then again, then pulling her forward, punching into her stomach again, holding her up by the hair as he slammed his fist into her gut.

Each blow lifted her off the mat, and only his grip on her hair kept her from dropping. Then he steadied her, holding her by both arms. Her eyes were completely glazed over, and she swayed unsteadily.

He steadied her, and then let go. She started to fall but his fist drove straight-armed into her face and hurled her backwards several feet. She dropped heavily and didn't move. He held his arms in the air in victory and marched around the ring.

Then he returned to the spreadeagled girl and dropped to his knees in front of her. He took off his boxing gloves and pulled a small vial from his shoe, holding it under her nose.

At first she didn't react, then she sputtered and coughed and pawed weakly at him. He put the vial away and dropped his trunks, then dropped atop her. He gripped her hair and pulled her head back, then began to rain harsh kisses over her face.

He reached down and took his thick cock, rubbing the head over her sweating thighs and groin. He found her sex and thrust in, making her grunt, then groan slowly as he buried himself down inside her.

"Smart assed little slut! Think you're so fucking hot, huh! Well, here's what I think of you, bitch!" he hissed, thrusting in again and again.

She grunted and gasped, her eyes fluttering as the man raped her cruelly. His muscled hips ground down painfully against her soft thighs as he pounded his cock down her tight tunnel. She grunted repeatedly, moaning dazedly as his heavy body crushed her and his thick meat skewered her.

"Wake up, bitch. Wake up!" he snarled, pulling at her hair until she screamed and her eyes widened.

"Do you feel me inside you, bitch?" he snarled. "Do you feel my cock punching you in the gut?!"

And it was, and she gasped and moaned and shuddered each time the fat head of his helmeted cock rammed up into her cervix, punching her from the inside as the cruel, angry, ugly man leered down at her.

"Still think you're so fucking hot, bitch? Still think you're better than me!?"

She groaned, her eyes fluttering and he reached back, gripping her ankles, yanking them up and lifting them back. Her eyes widened and she gasped as her ankles were jammed down over her shoulders. He leaned into her, his weight forcing them down farther as his big, rough hands forced them in against the sides of her head.

"Whore," he spat, pounding his hips down against her upturned bottom, ramming his cock into her like a spear, his hips crushing the slight young woman's body beneath as he flung himself against her.

Then he grunted in pleasure and spilled his seed inside her. He got up and spit on her, then turned and climbed out of the ring. The light snapped off, and she was left alone.

She lay alone with her bruises and aches for a long time, moaning softly, dazedly. After a while the fuzziness left her mind and she began to weep and try to run her trembling hands over her face and body, but they were still gloved, and offered no comfort, so that she winced and gasped at the stinging bruises and raw ache.

The light snapped on without warning. He returned, smiling as she whimpered and dragged herself to the far corner of the ring.

“Ready for another bout?”

She stared at him in fear, trembling.

“Come on, whore. You thought it was real funny the other night. Get up and fight.”

She clung to the corner post, whimpering.

“Fine. You don’t wanna fight. I’ll just get in a little practice on the speed bags. Hmmm. Doesn’t seem to be any speed bags. Guess I’ll have to make one... or two.”

He went over to a corner table and got out several pieces of thick rope. He climbed into the ring and dropped them in the middle, then went over to her and grabbed her arm, yanking her away from the corner post. He dragged her into the middle of the ring and rolled her onto her belly, then pulled her arms up behind her back.

He unlaced the boxing gloves and removed them, then tied her wrists tightly together behind her back. He bound her ankles together, then pulled them up and back hard, bending her body sharply. He tied a rope to her ankles and fed it up between her wrists, then pulled hard.

Dana cried out in pain as she was bent back painfully hard, and tears trickled down her bruised face. He wasn’t finished, however. Next he grasped her hair and wound it into a tight braid, then tied the end to another rope. He pulled the rope back, forcing her head up and back sharply, then tied the rope to her ankles.

Chuckling cruelly, he left the ring, going down to the wall alongside. He turned a crank there and a hook up near the ceiling lowered downwards on the end of a chain until it was just above her.

He came back and hooked the rope carefully under the rope binding her wrists and ankles together, then went back and turned the crank. The chain pulled upwards, lifting up on the rope, and then lifting the girl up off the mat.

Dana sobbed in pain as the rope bit into her wrists and ankles, threatening to tear her arms out of their sockets. She swayed and rocked as the chain pulled her higher and higher, yet she could do nothing whatever to ease her pain.

When she was about seven feet off the mat he stopped and locked the crank in place, then came back to her. He reached up and adjusted her on the hook so her body was more or less horizontal to the floor. Her head was still pulled back tightly, of course.

And her large breasts hung down freely, softly, like soft, white bags of liquid. The man fondled and squeezed them for a minute, pinching on her nipples and squeezing the fat fleshy bags together. Then he moved back to the corner of the boxing ring and donned his gloves.

He returned, moving to stand at her head. The two heavy breasts stared at him invitingly, and he raised his gloves and took his stance, then began to punch. He'd never used twin speed bags before, so it took a little getting used to, but soon the fleshy bags were whipping back and forth as the girl screamed and screamed.

Her breasts shook violently under the hard, fast impacts of the big boxer's gloves, his fists smashing them backwards, then meeting them again as they swung forward. After a couple of minutes he stopped the rapid punching and began to dance around, swinging roundhouse curves, slamming his fists into the fat, meaty balls from the sides.

He danced around to her side, then moved in underneath her. Her belly brushed his hair as he slammed his fists into the undersides of her breasts, setting them bouncing and shaking again as he worked up to speed.

He stopped, laughing in amusement, then delivered a final straight-armed blow up into her belly. She would have thrown up had she had anything inside her. As it

was all she could do was gurgle and choke in pain as the breath was driven from her.

He went to the crank and lowered her to the mat. Even breathless, she screamed at the pain as her breasts were squeezed between her chest and the mat, and quickly rolled onto her side as soon as the hook let her. He chuckled and returned.

“Titties a little sore, baby?” he taunted.

He gripped a slim ankle and lifted with ease, raising her lower body off the mat, then turned so that her upper body lay on its side.

He gazed at one of her fat red breasts, then stepped on it, squashing it below his foot. She shrieked and screamed, writhing and wriggling in a desperate attempt to push him off. He just put more weight on the breast, snickering in amusement.

“That was the one you flashed at me, bitch, the one that got me knocked out, the one that ruined my comeback,” he snarled.

He stepped back finally, and untied the ropes holding her head up and her wrists and ankles together. She whimpered and moaned and sobbed, trying to roll off her bruised, battered breasts, but he held her on her front as he removed the ropes around her ankles.

He spread her legs wide and gripped her hips, jerking her bottom up into the air, then gave it a hard slap.

“Hold still, you little whore,” he growled. “And get ready for it.”

He took out his cock, bulging with life and hunger, and forced it into her tight, dry pussy, then thrust deep and began pumping. For long, long minutes he held her hips while he casually thrust his cock inside the sobbing girl, wild-eyed girl, then spewed his load, gave her buttocks a final slap, and left the room, snapping off the light.

She rolled onto her back and lay there, gasping from the burning, aching pain in her wounded breasts, sobbing with agony as they throbbed and boiled.

When next he appeared she was ready to do anything to avoid a beating, anything at all to keep herself from being hurt.

“Please,” she begged. “I’ll do anything you want! Anything! I’m sorry I did that! I didn’t mean to! I’m sorry!”

“You want to suck me off then, slut?”

“Yes! Yes! I will!”

“On your knees, whore!”

The busty blonde, her breasts purple and red with pain, her eyes blackened and face swollen and puffy, struggled to her knees, then crawled over to him. He jerked his boxing trunks down and she eagerly slipped her lips around his cock, sucking and licking as she looked up at him beseechingly.

His cock began to grow as he stared down at her, his arms folded over his chest as he revelled in the feeling of power over the snotty young beauty.

Dana sucked hard, using every trick she knew, wanting to please him, to keep him from hurting her any more. She worked her tongue over his cockhead, and ran her lips up and down the shaft. She caressed his balls with her fingers, then sucked each of them into her mouth to massage it with tongue and cheeks.

His cock began to grow, and she bobbed her lips up and down as she sucked and licked at it.

He brought one of his hands down and clutched her tangled hair, fucking into her face. She did her best to accommodate him, slurping and sucking, some drool spilling down her chin as his cock punched in and out too hard and too fast.

Then he pulled back and before she even suspected it was coming his fist slammed into her jaw, with no boxing glove attached. It whipped her up and back, and she went flying onto her back on the mat, dazed.

“Stupid slut,” he sneered.

He went to the table and got a rope, then lowered the hook again. He went back to where she was laying and rolled her onto her belly, then dragged her by the hair over to the ropes. He propped her upper chest on the lower rope and squeezed her pussy hard until she kept her knees under her.

Then he took the rope and tied two in the centre. He brought the rope under the sobbing, whimpering girl's chest and then pulled the two loops up around her dangling breasts. He pulled it up hard against her ribs, then began to tighten the loops.

As the loops tightened they squeezed in against the sides of her breasts, pinching them, crushing the meat together, then outwards. Dana whimpered and sobbed, but did nothing, not even knowing what was going on anymore as he tightened the ropes until her breasts were bulging out like fat round meaty balls.

He pulled her back and let her fall on her back on the floor, then stepped on her chest and pulled on the two sides of the rope. She screamed now as the rope crushed her breasts. He laughed and tied the two ends together, then knotted them between her bulging breasts.

He dragged her under the hook and forced it in between the rope and her chest, then went back to the crank and began turning it.

Dana sobbed hysterically as she was lifted off the floor by her breasts. The pain grew and grew until she was screaming non-stop, lifted to her knees, then pulled right off her feet and lifted higher in the air.

He locked the crank in place with her toes inches from the floor, then walked around her, snickering as she sobbed and moaned and whimpered in agony.

"Nice tits there, baby," he sneered. "Maybe you'll think twice about flashing them around now."

He left and snapped off the lights, and Dana sobbed pitifully as her breasts burned like fire. Her feet and toes trembled and jerked spastically as she slowly swayed on the end of the chain.

She was barely conscious, the pain stunning her, when he returned and lowered her to the floor. He untied her breasts, then spread her legs, lifted them onto his shoulders, and thrust into her like a bull in heat.

He fucked her for long minutes, then left her alone again.

She had no concept of time any more. She laid in the darkness moaning helplessly, her breasts still burning like fire.

“Are you sorry, whore?”

She fluttered her eyes in the light.

“Are you sorry, whore?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

“Come here. Crawl to me, whore.”

She stared as though she couldn't see, but then groaned and rolled onto her side, slithering slowly forward.

“On your belly, slut!”

She sobbed as she rolled onto her belly and crushed her breasts. Pain ate at her like acid. Yet she crawled forward on her belly, sobbing and clenching her teeth against the agony until she was next to him.

She tried to roll onto her side but he stepped on her back, crushing her down harder. Then he laughed and took off his shoe, pressing his foot against her face. He pressed his toe against her lips, forcing it inside.

“Suck it, whore.”

She obeyed weakly, sucking and slurping on his toe, licking at it as he pumped it in and out.

“Guess you've fallen pretty low now, huh? Not so hot and cocky anymore.”

He bent over and grasped her hair, dragging her up to her knees. She barely whimpered at the new pain. He pressed his cock into her face and she sucked wearily, dazedly. He pumped it in and out, then shoved her back.

“Do you want me to let you go, whore?”

“Please,” she whimpered.

“Roll onto your belly then and lift your ass high. That's it. Come on, move! Now spread your legs. Wider...wider. Good. That's a nice round ass you got there, baby. You know what I think when I see an ass like that?”

She moaned.

“I asked you a question!”

“Nooo,” she whimpered.

“I think...there’s an ass that needs a good hard FUCK! I think...I’d love to ram my cock up that slut’s asshole. That’s what. Do you want me to fuck your asshole, bitch?”

“Nooo,” she whimpered.

“Yes you do. You’re going to beg for it. Beg me to fuck you in the ass, bitch. Do it!”

“P-P-Pleee... pleeeasse fu-fuck me in the - the ass,” she sobbed.

“Say...please stick your wonderful cock up my asshole and fuck the shit out of me,” he sneered.

“P-p-please s-stick your - your wonderful cock up my... asshole and fu-fuck the shit out... of me,” she groaned.

“Say... please ream out my asshole. Say... please butt fuck me! Say, please ram your cock up my ass and pound me hard!”

She whimpered out what he wanted and he laughed, then got down on his knees behind her and pressed his cock against her wrinkled anal opening.

“I’m gonna fuck you so hard you ain’t gonna sit down for month,” he snarled.

He rammed his cock into her anus with hard, brutal thrusts, burying every last inch inside her quivering, burning guts. Then he began to fuck, jerking her hips back to make his strokes more powerful, ramming his cock into her with total abandon, smashing his hips into her soft, jiggling buttocks.

“Are you sorry now, you filthy fuck hole? Are you?” he sneered, slapping his hands down on her bottom now, cracking them down cruelly, spanking her as he rammed his thick meat into her rectum.

She sobbed and moaned, her body shaking and jerking under the hard impact of his pounding hips and stabbing cock. He reached for her wrists, untying them, jerking them apart, then grabbing her hair and pulling it back hard. She screamed, her hands scrabbling at the floor to support herself.

He laughed, continuing his hard rutting. he pulled on her hair like it was the reins of a horse, slamming his hips into her, then jerking her back by the hair. He reached under her and groped her breasts, making her scream in pain, then resumed his hard slapping against her buttocks.

Her cheeks soon burned red, but still he spanked, and still he fucked. He moved his hands up her body, clutching her sore ribs and jamming her back onto his cock, then he slid his hands up under her arms and jerked them up and back, lifting her upper body and pulling it back against him.

He spread her arms up and back, his fingers locking together behind her neck, forcing her chest out hard and her head back as he ground his pelvis into her buttocks and twisted his cock around in her belly.

“Are you sorry, bitch?” he hissed into her ear.

He bit down on the side of her neck as he held her back, body arched, burning breasts straining, then he threw his weight forward, dropping her flat on the mat and crushing her beneath him.

He pounded his cock down into her anus, laughing at her pain, hammering his hips against her from above so that the ring itself shuddered, grinding her face into the mat as his big cock tore up and down within her rectum.

“Stinking whore. This is all you are,” he snarled, “just a big titted slut with holes for fucking! You’re nothing! Nothing!”

He cursed and panted for breath as his excitement grew more powerful, slamming his steely lance down into her hot, burning anus. Then he exploded, blasting thick white jism down into her buttery rump, filling her belly with his hot seed.

“Yeah! Yeah!” he cursed, thrusting hard to each word, ramming it up her ass until his cock softened, then slowly pulling it out.

He lifted her up by the hair a final time, then grinned nastily .

“Once more for old times,” he said.

His fist filled her vision, then she fell back, hitting the mat hard and losing consciousness.

She woke in her own bed, her purse on the table, and the keys beside it. Every inch of her was bruised and battered, ached and hurt, but she was free of him at last, back in her own bed, the nightmare over. She looked down at her breasts through a swollen eye, whimpering at the ugly discolouration.

It would take weeks for the bruises to leave her body, but finally she was the same, voluptuous, sexy woman she'd been on the night she'd dropped by the gym. She was a lot more careful about showing it, though.

The End.