

THE INTRUDER

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ONE

Jessie sighed as she closed the text at last. She took off her glasses and rubbed her tired eyes, then stood up, yawning and stretching in her chair. She was beginning to think maybe she'd been wrong to choose law as a major. Long years of long hours awaited and she wasn't sure she was up to it.

Instead of going to Europe with her family, for example, she was here alone in their huge summer home, alone for a few days anyway, until she began her summer law clerking job in the city. What she wouldn't give to be alone out here for the rest of the summer, just relaxing.

She plucked a tissue out of its box and wiped her thin, wire framed aviator style glasses, then put them back on her nose. What else could she, daughter of William Winston the fourth do, anyway? Her family practically bred lawyers, had for centuries.

She would be the first woman though, and surely that was something to be proud of. She pulled her sweatshirt up and off, then skimmed out of her pants, tossing them in the laundry hamper.

She hesitated, then slid her panties off, undid her bra, and tossed both in with the sweatsuit. The house was empty, after all. She padded naked down the hall to the bathroom, pausing by a large mirror and turning to examine herself.

She was a tall young woman, lithe, slender, athletic, as she should be as Captain of the school's track and field, volleyball, and swim teams. She had short hair because of that, not wanting it in her way when she moved around quickly. It was straight; very light blonde, and somewhat boyish, just over her ears on the sides and touching her collar in back. She did have long bangs though, which she brushed across to the right.

She held her right leg out straight and raised it off the floor, smiling. She had great legs, everyone said so, legs that went on forever, long and shapely and unblemished, perfectly formed and tapering evenly to her ankles.

Rest of you ain't bad either, she said to herself, her hands cupping her high, full, firm breasts. She turned sideways to admire her profile, then turned her behind to the mirror,

slapping her bottom with a smile. Her buttocks were nicely rounded yet not plump or oversized.

She padded down the hall to the bathroom and began brushing her teeth, her perfect, white teeth, she thought, turning glum. What good was a body like this when you had no damned time to make use of it in the way it was made?

Slut, she thought, giggling a little in amusement.

She washed out her mouth and sighed as she saw her reflection. Her face was oval and soft, too soft for someone who wanted to be a cutthroat lawyer. She had a small snub nose and round green eyes, again, not the piercing, angry eyes to sway or intimidate opponents.

Well, she'd just have to be tougher than them, then, thinking her a powder puff because of her looks, they'd be taken completely by surprise.

She brushed her hair then went back down the hall to her room, feeling slightly kinky walking naked, empty house or no. She got into bed naked and fell quickly asleep.

She woke at dawn, as usual, and got out of bed, feeling energised. She went to the dresser and got out a pair of shorts and tank top, not bothering with underwear since she'd just get it all sweaty. Who was out there to see her anyway?

She went downstairs and out the back door. The Winston's owned a large former ranch, over five thousand acres of green. Their sprawling home sat in the middle of it, with a big pool in back and a stable off to one side. There were a few horses in the stable for riding, something else she would miss when she left. She did some deep knee bends, then stretching exercises.

She was about to set out when something happened. Normally, she jerked off in the morning, but this morning she'd neglected that for some reason. As a result she was feeling sexually charged. Maybe that was why she suddenly had an idea, an idea that made her skin tingle with lust.

Why not jog nude? After all, the jogging trail was clear as it wove in and out of the woods. No branches or bushes needed to be pushed through. She could jog naked without getting any scratches or scrapes. Nobody would see her either. Their nearest neighbour was miles away.

Feeling terribly slutty she stripped off her shorts and tank top, then, naked, her breasts swelling with heat and her nipples hard as diamonds, she ran out across the wide green lawn towards the jogging trail that wound through the woods.

She jogged all through the woods, feeling wonderfully natural as she moved in the buff. She halted halfway through, supposedly to catch her breath, but really just to lay sprawled

out in a grassy field naked. She felt like a naughty, slutty little girl.

She jogged back, then as she was nearing the pool in the back yard, danced around pulling her shoes off, then ran as hard as she could and dove forward, hitting the water like an arrow and sliding beneath in a smooth, deep arching dive.

She swam strongly from one side of the pool to the other, then took it easy, doing a slow backstroke. She climbed out, dripping water, and walked into the house, and up the stairs, taking her morning shower at last. She wanted to jerk off badly, very badly, but she fought it.

She didn't have time right then, since she wanted to go to town quickly, get some shopping done, then get back and hit the books again. She had ten chapters to get through today.

Feeling sexy, she put on a pair of tiny pink, silk bikini panties and a matching French bra. Then, as if to counterbalance that, she put on a red checked flannel shirt and loose white pants, then got into a pair of cowboy boots and went back downstairs.

"Well, hi there.

She gasped in shock and spun around to find a large, strange man sprawled out on the couch, a glass of beer in his hand.

"Who are you? How did you get in here?" she demanded.

"Name's Jones. What's your name, honey?"

She glared at him and strode forward. "It's not honey, for one thing. Now get your feet off the coffee table and your ass out of this house before I call the police."

"You haven't even asked me why I'm here," he smiled.

"I don't care why you're here. You had no right coming into this house uninvited."

She saw now that she'd left the patio door unlocked.

"Oh come on, honey. Don't be unfriendly like that."

"Fine," she said, glaring.

She went over to the phone and lifted it up. There was no dial tone. She looked at it in surprise, then at him. He grinned, and she suddenly felt a twinge of fear.

"Did you do something to this phone?" she asked, her voice not as firm as it was before.

"Maybe, maybe not. Come and sit down and we'll talk."

Instead she backed away, realizing for the first time, just how big he was. Sprawled on the couch it didn't show as well from back by the stairs.

"I said, come here," he said, and suddenly he had a gun in his hand.

She froze, her eyes widening and her heart beginning to

pound with fear.

"Get your ass over here and sit down," he ordered.

She swallowed nervously, then did as he ordered, sitting across from him.

He had shaggy brown hair and was wearing a cheap looking shirt and tight jeans.

"You're cute, you know that, honey?"

She didn't answer.

"What's your name?"

"Jessica," she said.

"Jessica. They call you Jessie?"

She nodded.

"Jessie, I got a bit of a problem. See, I got no place to stay tonight, and here I find you with this big ol' house and nobody else here. I was hoping you'd let me stay the night."

"Sure," she said, eyeing his gun.

"Why, I think you, Jessie. That's real friendly. Say, stand up for a minute, would you?"

She stood hesitantly and his eyes moved up and down her body.

"Really nice. How tall are you, Jessie?"

"Five eleven," she whispered.

"What?"

"Five eleven," she gulped.

"That's pretty tall for a girl. Course, I'm six-four myself. Turn around, would you?"

"Pardon?"

"Turn around. I wanna see what you look like from behind."

She turned, flushing red in embarrassment.

"Nice. Nice ass you got, you know that? Course you do. All women know what they got."

He smiled, his face looking feral. "Go get me somethin' ta' eat, baby."

"Sure," she gulped.

She moved warily around him and scurried to the kitchen, running through it and jerking the door to the patio open. She screamed as he stepped in. He laughed loudly, then grabbed her arm and jerked her around.

His hand slapped down on her bottom several times, making her cry out in pain as the big palm slammed into her soft buttocks. Then he shoved her hard towards the counter. She staggered and almost fell, but caught the edge of the counter, turning to stare wide-eyed at him.

"I ain't no fool, baby cakes. Now make me some food!"

"Wha... what do you want?" she asked.

"Sandwiches will do fer now. Got some meat?"

"Baloney? Ham?"

"Ham and cheese."

She turned away from him, taking down a loaf of bread, then pulling the cheese and ham from the fridge.

She pulled out the utensil drawer, gazing down at the sharp steak knives. She could feel his eyes boring into her back. She pulled out a butter knife and closed the drawer, then began making him a sandwich.

She felt him moving closer to her, moving up behind her. Then she felt his breath on the back of her neck. She tried to ignore him, concentrating on the sandwich. His hands slid around her then, sliding up under her breasts, cupping them and squeezing them up and back against her.

She gave a low gasp and stiffened, her mind blaring with terror.

"P.... please," she whispered.

His tongue slid back and forth against the back of her neck, then slid around the side and up along her cheek. His groin pushed against her buttocks, crushing them as he brought his weight to bear. She felt his hard erection pressing through his pants, pressing against her bottom.

He ground his loins into her buttocks, his hips moving from side to side, then up and down, dry humping against her, thrusting his hips into her. He shoved his erection in between her buttocks, humping into her as his lips sucked on the nape of her neck.

A sob broke clear of her lips and she cringed inwardly in humiliation, wanting to turn and claw and punch and kick at him, but not having the courage.

His hands kneaded her breasts through the thin shirt as his groin rubbed her ass in a slow, circular motion, then began thrusting into her, knocking her hips into the corner of the counter. He grabbed her hair, pulling her head back sharply. She cried out in pain but he only laughed, his teeth closing on the side of her throat as he sucked and bit furiously.

Then he stiffened, rubbing his erection even harder against her soft, cupcake bottom, humping and grinding with desperate intensity as he groaned in pleasure.

He staggered back and sat on the table, breathing hard. She stood there on shaky legs, trembling, the butter knife still in her hand.

"Hurry up there, pussy. I ain't got forever. I'm hungry, an if I don't get some ham an' cheese I'm liable to start eating

beaver." He snickered in amusement.

She handed him the sandwiches on a plate. He smiled, then stood up, taking them in one hand and her hand in the other, leading the trembling girl out into the living room behind him. He pushed her into a corner chair and sat across from her, picking up the first sandwich and taking a big bite.

"Not bad," he said.

She sat there in fear as he ate the sandwiches and stared at her.

"If... if you leave I won't tell anyone," she said.

"Yeah, sure. You must think I'm a fuckin' imbecile."

"No. No, really."

"Shut the fuck up, cunt."

She shut up. He ate the sandwiches.

"Hey, cunt. Stand up and turn around."

She stood uncertainly, then turned, her face reddening.

"Like I said, you got a nice ass, but those pants are too fuckin' loose. Go upstairs and get a really tight pair and come back down an' show me."

She stared at him until he slammed his fist down on the table, then she scurried past him to the stairs and ran up. She went to her room and closed the door, locking it. She grabbed the phone, but there was no dial tone here either. She could have cried.

She went to the widow and looked down, wondering if she could jump down and get away without him seeing her. Surely he'd be watching for that. He was probably downstairs at the window right now. She sat on the bed, racking her brain, trying to figure out what she was going to do.

That loathsome, disgusting creature had rubbed himself to climax against her behind. She knew he was going to rape her, after he was done toying with her. If only there were a gun in the house, but there wasn't. Her parents hated guns and so did she.

"Hurry up, cunt, or I'll come up there and take those pants off for you," he called up from downstairs.

She started in shock, then jumped up, going to the window. No, even if she didn't break her leg, she was sure he was watching. What would she do? For now, she would do as he ordered. He had the gun, after all. She went to her closet and pulled a pair of jeans off the hanger, then slipped off her white pants and pulled them on.

She went back downstairs and he ordered her to turn around again.

"Not tight enough. I want pants that squeeze your buns

apart, nice tight ones that cut up between your pussy lips. Now get back up there. You don't find pants tight enough this time and you won't wear any at all. Got that?"

"Please... "

"Get your ass moving!" he yelled.

She jumped back, then hurried upstairs, knowing for sure that he meant what he said, and wondering whether he would accept any pants as being tight enough. She dug out a pair she hadn't worn since she was thirteen and tugged them on. She could barely close the zipper and the things dug up into her crotch almost painfully hard.

Red faced, she went back downstairs and walked in front of him, showing him her bottom. His hand came up and rubbed it, then slid between her thighs and gave her pussy a squeeze.

"That's nice," he grinned. "Nice and tight. Bet it squeezes your pussy. Don't it?"

She didn't answer.

"I asked a question. Does it squeeze your pussy?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Say it louder."

"Yes," she said.

He stood up behind her and pressed himself against her, his hands caressing her shoulders, then sliding up and down her arms. She shivered in fear, her eyes closed, praying. His hands moved around her and cupped her breasts, then went down her belly and snapped the catch on her pants. He snickered as he slowly eased the zipper down.

Quickly then, without a word, he jerked her pants down over her hips, then her panties. His actions were fast, violent, forceful. He swung her around and pushed her backwards until she fell onto the couch. He gripped her legs and pulled them up, dropping to his knees next to the couch.

He shoved her knees back against her chest, one hand holding them there as he unzipped his fly and pulled out his bulging erection.

"Please," she sobbed. "Oh please!"

He pushed his cockhead against her cringing pussy opening, then jammed it inside.

"Ahhhh! OH God!" she cried, the pain like fire as he tore open her sex lips and forced his organ into her.

He forced the cockhead inside, then gripped her hips and thrust hard, his prick stabbing deep into her, his hips rutting furiously as he drove his cock up into her belly.

"AHhhhhh! Unnnnggh! OHHhh! GOddd!" she cried, sobbing as he jackhammered his cock inside her dry sex tube.

He buried it inside her belly, his fingers like claws on her hips as he jerked her forward to meet his thrusts.

She ground her teeth together, pinned like a butterfly, impaled by his angry spear. She tried to claw at him, desperate to ease the pain, but couldn't even reach past her own knees, still locked together inside her jeans, which were bunched up around her thighs.

He fucked into her with furious, savage force, his prick rutting and twisting and churning inside her aching sex sheath. His hips slapped against her upturned buttocks as he jerked her back against him again and again.

Jessie felt his cock pounding up inside her belly, ripping and tearing at her guts as he jerked her back, used her like a rag doll, jerked off inside her pussy. His hands slid up over her belly and fastened around her breasts, squeezing them harshly, twisting and jerking the tender meat around as he pounded his cock into her sex opening.

He sawed his cock back and forth between her straining sex lips, spearing it deep into her lower belly as he sneered down at her. Then he grunted, his pumping slowing, slowing more until he stopped. He sighed in pleasure, then pulled his cock out between her wounded, burning sex lips. He pushed her knees back more, grinning as he gazed down at her buttocks, his jism seeping out of her pussy opening, and her puckered little anus.

"Like I said, nice ass," he said, rubbing it.

He gave her a slap then, making her scream as her bare bottom stung fiercely. He stood up and went over to his chair, sitting down and watching her, smiling. She grabbed her pants, jerking them back up around her hips, zipping and buttoning them.

"Go get me some more sandwiches, slut," he sneered.

She staggered off into the kitchen, her eyes wide, her chest heaving, her mind reeling at the sudden, violent attack. She stumbled into the kitchen, and fell back against the fridge, covering her face with her hands.

Desperately, she lunged towards the hall door, then ran down to the other side of the house and out the side door, running as fast as she could across the wide green lawns. She kept looking back to see if he was coming, and then he was. She whimpered in terror, running faster.

Her arms and legs pumped as fast as she could as she raced across the grass, leaving the lawn and running through the scraggly weeds and tall grasses. She looked back every few seconds, and saw that he was gaining. Then, while looking behind her, she tripped over a gopher mound and went flying,

tumbling head over heels in the grass.

She cried in desperation and pain, getting to her feet again. Her foot collapsed beneath her, dropping her to the ground again. She clutched her ankle as pain made her want to scream. Then he was beside her. He grabbed her hair, pulling her to her feet, then slammed his fist into her belly so she collapsed to the ground again, gasping, choking, coughing.

"Fuckin' whore!" he yelled. "I told you, didn't I?"

His foot lashed out and kicked her hard in the ribs. She howled and rolled as he kicked her again, in the belly, then in the hip, then the back. He gripped her hair and dragged her upwards, then slid his arm around her neck and squeezed her throat.

She choked and struggled to breathe as he tightened his fingers around her throat, strangling her. He gripped her right arm and forced it up behind her back until she would have screamed from the pain, if she could have breathed.

He stopped, throwing her down on the ground on her face. Her chest heaved as she gulped in great lungs full of air. He dropped down beside her, his hands yanking at her pants, tearing them down over her hips, baring her buttocks.

"Show you what happens when you try to get away, you dirty little cunt," he hissed.

Jessie hardly heard him. She was too busy breathing. Nothing had ever tasted so good to her as air. She groaned weakly, holding her throat with both hands as she tried to ease the pain. Then she shrieked in new pain, wriggling against him as her ass exploded in agony.

She whipped her head back and saw him brandishing a small stick, an obscene look of pleasure on his face as he raised it high. He swung it down at her bare bottom again and again she screamed in pain as fire ripped into her nether region.

She struggled to free herself but he pinned her easily, one knee on the small of her back as he swung the stick down onto her buttocks again, then again, then again, the stick making a loud whirring sound as he swung it down.

It smashed into her soft skin with a loud, crack of noise, echoed each time by Jessie's cry of pain. Her legs jerked and twisted on the ground, her knees digging into the dirt as she tried desperately to pull away, but it was hopeless and she finally lay there, sobbing as he continued to rain blows on her aching bottom.

"Fuckin' whore," he snarled.

He dropped the stick and his hand shot down between her legs, gripping her pussy in tight fingers. She cried out again as he

squeezed savagely, twisting his hand from side to side, tearing at her pussy flesh as the girl thrashed and writhed beneath him.

"What you need, is a hard cock up your fuck hole! You need one every minute of the day, you filthy slut! All you snotty bitches should be fucked fifty times a day at least. That'd teach you your place!"

He held tight to her pussy mound while his other hand gripped her hair and twisted her head up and back. She screamed in pain, trying to pull his hands away but he only laughed louder.

"Admit it, slut! You want cock, don't you? Don't you?"

"Yesss! Yesss!" she screamed. "Pleeeeeease!"

"You'll get it, baby, don't worry," he sneered, tossing her away. She rolled several times before stopping, moaning and clutching her groin.

"Now get your skinny ass back into the house, and the next time you try and leave you'll really feel it, whore!"

He stood up; glaring down at the blonde girl as she slowly pulled herself to her knees, her hands pulling her pants up as she rose to her feet. He bent and picked up the stick, holding it menacingly. She hurried forward, doing up her pants as she went.

Once back in the house Jones slammed the door and then grabbed her by the hair, jerking her back against him. His right hand slid around in front of her and cupped her breast, squeezing and kneading the soft flesh.

"Now get your ass back into the kitchen and make me some more sandwiches, whore," he sneered. Then he spit in her face and shoved her towards the kitchen.

TWO

Trembling in fear, Jessie made him several more sandwiches, then brought them out to him, wide eyed and fearful. He took them with a smug smile, sitting back on the couch as he bit off a giant bite from one. His eyes never left her as he ate, then he cleared his mouth a little and sniggered.

"Those pants are still too loose. Take em' off."

"Wha... wha.. What?" she squeaked?

"Take off them pants. Fact, take off everything. I wanna see you naked."

"I-I have some money," she gulped.

"Sure you do. Rich girl like you. I'll get it later. Right now, take off your clothes."

"Please, please I'll do whatever you want... "She heard herself saying, detesting herself for her weakness, wanting to curse him but too frightened.

"Yeah, I know you will. You can start by stripping."

Her heart hammered in her chest so loudly she could hardly hear.

"No," she gulped.

He smiled, then stood up. His hand slapped her face hard, knocking her back against the wall. She cried out in shock and pain, clutching her stinging cheek as she looked at him, terrified.

"Do what I say, girl."

"Please," she whimpered, Please... "

He slapped her face again, once more knocking her back against the wall.

"Strip," he said in a pleasant voice.

Jessie was in shock, her face stinging with pain. Tears blurred her vision and she blinked her eyes to try and clear them.

"Strip," he said again, then slammed his fist into her stomach.

She fell to the ground, clutching her belly, tears trickling down her cheeks as she whimpered in fear and pain, cowering back against the wall.

Jones smiled down at her, then slowly undid his belt, sliding it out of the pants loops and doubling it in his fist.

"Strip, or else," he said, slapping the belt against his other hand.

He grabbed her arm and hauled her to her feet again, shoving her back against the wall.

"Okay, baby, lets see it."

He raised his hand and she cried out in fear, her hands jerking to the top button of her shirt. Her hands were trembling but she got the button open, then got her fingers onto the second button and after an eternity, got that open.

Jones folded his arms, watching, a smile of amusement on his face.

Her shaking hands went down the line of her shirt, undoing the buttons one by one until she reached her pants. She looked up at him, as though hoping for a reprieve, then pulled her shirt out of the white pants and undid the rest of the buttons.

She slowly eased the shirt open, cringing inwardly, her face flaming with embarrassment as she exposed her full breasts, only partly clad in the small silky half bra.

"HmMMMMM," he said appreciatively.

He extended his hand and she took off the shirt and handed it to him. She raised her right foot and slipped off her boot, then took off the other one. Jones took them both. Then her hands went to her pants and popped the catch. Her hands shook even harder now and she had a hard time getting the zipper down.

She eased the pants slowly over her hips and down her thighs, exposing her softly rounded hips and silky pink panties. She stepped out of them and, her hands trembling even more, reached for her bra clasp.

"Not yet. Don't be so slutty," he said.

He moved back, then walked across the room and turned on the stereo. He examined the CD's and popped one into the player, smiling and clapping his hands as loud music came out. He came back to her and sat down.

"Dance," he said.

"Wha... what?" she gulped.

"Dance, baby. Dance. Shake your ass for me. I wanna see a nice dance."

"I-I can't," she whimpered.

"You better, baby, or you'll get a whipping like you never imagined," he said, his voice pleased, light hearted.

She stared at him in shock and horror, then yelped and stumbled back when he suddenly yelled at her. "Dance!"

She began to dance, more moving her trembling body from side to side than anything else. He scowled impatiently and hefted the belt and she began to dance in earnest, swinging her hips and moving her legs, her hands moving in and out.

He smiled and clapped his hands, eyes glued to her body as she danced.

"Do a strip, little girl. Do a bump an' grind," he said with a broad smile, munching on his sandwich as he sat on the edge of a chair.

Her mind in a whirl, Jessie tried to remember how she'd seen girls do things like that on TV shows or movies. She rolled her hips in an amateurish show, her hands waving out on either side.

"Take off the bra," he laughed. "I want see those titties of yours."

Her skin dark red, and hot with embarrassment, Jessie reached behind her, and after several fumbling attempts at undoing the catch, finally got it free. She looked down as she let the bra fall forward over her shoulders and drop off her high, firm breasts.

"Real nice. Those nipples look like a good suck," he commented. "Let's see `em swing. Swing those tits around, honey," he said, clapping a little.

She wriggled and twisted, making her soft breasts sway and jiggle and swing from side to side as Jones grinned and stared.

"Now the panties. Let's see the beaver!"

His crude words embarrassed her even more. Yet she was too terrified to disobey him. She still ached from the beating he had given her. She reached down and peeled her panties downwards, bending over to slip them off her knees.

"Dance, girl!" he yelled. "Swing those tits. Pull your legs apart. I wanna see that crack!"

She tried to dance with her legs open. It was awkward and far from graceful, but he didn't seem to mind. He laughed and clapped his hands.

"Turn around, girl, and bend over. Spread those legs apart. Nice, real nice," he said as she bent far forward and spread her legs.

"Reach back and pull your ass cheeks apart. I wanna see that little round asshole."

She cringed in mortification, but reached back and pulled at her buttocks, prying them open and letting him look at her round anal opening.

"Nice, pull your cunt lips open too."

She whimpered and a tear fell from her right eye, but her fingers slid into her soft pussy and pried her sex lips apart, opening her glistening pink tunnel to his view.

"That's a lovely fuck hole," he said. "Fuck yourself. Let's see you finger fuck yourself. Stick those fingers up your cunt."

She trembled and shuddered in anguished humiliation, but her finger slid into her soft warm sheath, wriggling from side to side until it was fully inside her.

"Another. I want three fingers up your cunt hole!"

She slid a second finger then a third into herself, feeling her pussy walls suck and squeeze on the digits as she slowly pumped them in and out. Jones sat back on the chair and put his feet up on the table, laughing and snickering as he watched.

She pumped her fingers in and out, wincing a little at the pain as she forced her dry pussy walls back.

"Faster! Faster!"

She pumped her fingers in and out, panting and whimpering as he chuckled and snickered.

"More, slut. Push your whole hand into your fuck box."

She gasped and trembled harder. "I-I can't," she

whimpered.

"You better; otherwise I'll shove mine in. Wanna bet I can't do it?"

She moaned and slid a fourth finger in alongside the other three, folding her thumb in tight against them as she twisted them from side to side and tried to work them into herself. She got all five into her as far as her thumb's first joint, but then her pussy could hardly spread any more.

"Come on, you cheap fucking slut," he growled. "Shove that hand up your cunt!"

"I-I'm trying," she whined.

He stood up and moved behind her, making her heart pound in fear. His big hand gripped her wrists suddenly; his other hand holding her by the hair, then shoved it hard. She screamed in pain, her hand jammed hard into her aching pussy, her body shaking as he cruelly twisted her wrist from side to side and forced her hand deeper and deeper into her pussy opening.

"OWW! OWW! Ooohhh! Pleecease!"

"Shut up, you walking fuck-box."

He shoved her hand deeper still, forcing her whole hand inside her aching, straining sex lips, shifting his grip further up her wrist and still pushing inward. Her pussy screamed in sharp, throbbing pain as her fingers were driven deep into her lower belly.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" he laughed, jamming her hand into her until her sex lips eased closed around her wrist.

She moaned in relief, though it was just a little better. Her pussy still ached and burned but her pussy lips weren't as tightly stretched since her wrist was somewhat thinner than her hand.

"Now that looks nice. How's it feel in there, slut?"

She whimpered and gasped several times, trying to somehow shrink her hand inside her overloaded, swollen pussy tunnel. The pain began to ease. Thankfully, her pussy tunnel was more elastic than her sex lips, sort of like, she thought, the leg of a pair of panty hose. She yelped suddenly as Jones slapped her bottom hard.

"I said how's it feel, you fucking smart assed, egg head whore?"

"I-I don't' know," she whimpered.

"Is it tight?"

"Yessss."

"Hot?"

"I don't know."

He slapped her bottom again. "Stupid little whore."

He grabbed her other hand suddenly and yanked it

through her legs. His other hand grabbed one finger, pulling it out straight, then pushed the tip against her crinkled little anus.

"Wha... what..." she gasped.

He forced her finger against her anal opening and jammed it inside, ignoring her whining and moaning.

"Finger fuck your asshole now, bitch."

"Please, nooooo," she sobbed.

"Put it in or I'll jam my fist up there."

She pumped her finger slowly, wincing from the pain of the unnatural, perverted act. Tentatively, she eased a second finger into her anal opening, and got both in to the knuckles.

"The whole hand," he demanded.

She sobbed, having hoped a couple of fingers would be enough to satisfy his disgusting perversion. She slid a third finger inside, groaning from the pain as she forced her anal opening wide. A fourth finger joined the other three, then she pressed her thumb in tight and groaned as she eased all five into her anus.

She was breathing harshly though her gaping mouth, gasping in pain, moaning. She spread her legs wider, hoping to ease the tightness. She clenched her teeth tightly and ground them together as she slowly worked her hand into her anus.

She had to go back and forth, moving back when the pressure got too harsh, too tight, then easing forward again. All the while she trembled in anxiety, wondering when he would lose his patience and jam her hand in with savage force.

Her right hand was like a big thick lump of lead inside her sex pipe, blocking it and forcing the tight walls way apart. And now her other hand was pushing deeper into her anus. She could actually feel the her right hand deeper through the thin wall of her anal tube as her left hand probed deeper.

She groaned and grit her teeth as the widest part of her hand, the heel, slowly eased up into her anus, then she gasped in relief as her anus snapped shut on her wrist. She had both hands inside herself now, just her wrists sticking out of the tight, wide holes.

"Now isn't that pretty," he said as he ran his hands over her straining buttocks. He moved around in front of her and squatted down, looking up at her with a gaping grin on his face.

He reached up and fondled her hanging breasts, snickering as he worked his fingers into the soft, malleable flesh. "Moooooooooooo," he said. "Moooooooooo."

He burst out laughing, his fingers now kneading her breasts savagely, jerking them downward as though he were milking a cow's udder.

"Where's the milk?" he demanded.

He stood up then and unzipped his pants, stepping out of them. He gripped her by the hair, forcing her head up so she was staring into his hard cock. She looked at the round little piss hole as he pushed it forward.

"Time to eat, baby," he said, pushing his cockhead against her face.

She opened her lips and his cock slid through and into her mouth. She gagged as he pushed his cockhead too deep, closing her lips tightly and sucking on it, working her tongue against the head in an attempt to satisfy him so he wouldn't choke her.

"That's it. Suck that cock, baby. Suck it good," he said.

She sucked as hard as she could but he wasn't satisfied. He held her hair as he pumped his cock in her mouth, sliding his bloated cock shaft back and forth across her straining lips. He pulled it out and wiped the saliva coated prick across her face several times, then he slid it back into her mouth again.

He gripped her head with both hands, holding her around the ears as he spread his legs and began to pump steadily, using her mouth forcefully. He sneered as he thrust into her, using greater and greater force, his cockhead punching against the back of her mouth as she tried desperately to control its cruel plunges.

Then he gave a harsh thrust and his cockhead slipped right down her throat. She choked and gurgled helplessly, in fear and pain as his long thick cockshaft followed the rounded head down her gullet.

"Swallow it, whore, fucking cheap bitch. Swallow that cock!"

He drove his cock in to the balls, his pubic bone mashing her nose as his balls hung down against her jaw. He groaned in pleasure at the feel of her throat swallowing continuously, instinctively trying to draw the thick chunk of meat lodged inside it down into her belly.

He drew it back, fighting the sucking power of her throat, then thrust forward, pumping his cock inside her throat tube. He ignored her strangled choking moans as he fucked his cock in her throat, holding her tight by the ears.

Jessica swayed and shook, bent over, her hands all but locked into her own belly as she gurgled and choked. Her vision began to blur from lack of air as his thick bloated cock blocked her wind pipe. Finally he pulled it back into her mouth, then out, letting her gulp in air as he wiped his cock against her face again. He grinned then thrust it back into her mouth and straight down her throat.

"Yeahh! Yeahhh! Your mouth and throat were built to swallow cock you stinking cheap slut!"

He held her head tightly and began to really pump into her, his cock pounding up and down her throat, sawing over her tongue as he humped into her. His balls slapped against her jaw and chin as he raped her mouth and throat with cruel relish, driving his cockhead almost down into her chest with his forceful strokes.

He pulled back suddenly, his cockhead popping out of her throat tube like a cork coming out of a bottle, and held his cock in front of her. Then a thick wad of cum spit out and hit her in the face. Another followed and another and another as cock juice spit against her cheeks and forehead and mouth and nose.

He used his cock to smear the cum juice across her face as he held her tightly by the hair, then he pulled back with a laugh. Jessie was horrified and disgusted as the cum poured over her face.

"You fucking bastard!" she sobbed. "You dirty stinking pervert!"

He laughed, then slammed his open hand against the side of her face. It hit her like a thunderbolt, knocking her over onto her side. She fell heavily, screaming as her hip and side slammed into the floor. Her hands were still buried in her pussy and anus and she couldn't pull them out without great pain.

He slid his belt out of his pants loops and doubled it up, then swung it down on her, cracking it against her back. She screamed again, trying to wriggle aside or away, but she was helpless with her hands inside herself. She tugged at them, trying to pull them out, but each time the heels of her hands tried to push her pussy lips or anus open wider the pain forced them back.

The belt swung down again and again, cracking against her back and her hips and her bottom and her legs as she yelled and begged and cried out in pain, helpless to dodge it or protect herself. Finally she gave a scream as she managed to pull her hand out of her anus.

He continued to whip her with the belt, hardly hindered at all. She tugged at her other hand, trying to get it out of her pussy, ignoring the pain because of the greater pain of the whipping belt. She gave another scream and jerked it free, her pussy snapping closed on empty air.

She tried to crawl away but he followed, cracking the belt down on her bottom freely now, without her hands in the way. He growled and dropped to his knees behind her, grabbing her thighs. He jerked her back against him until her buttocks were

pressed against his belly.

She continued to paw at the floor, trying to crawl away but he held her too tightly. He reached forward and grabbed her arms, pulling them back behind her, dropping her onto her face and shoulders on the rug. He pulled her wrists together behind her, then forced them up high, until she screamed in agony.

"You love it, don't you, cunt?" he laughed, forcing her wrists right up behind her neck, mashing her face into the rug as he spread her legs with his free hand.

He took his cock, which was still as hard as steel, and slid it effortlessly into her pussy. He fucked her hard and savagely for a long minute, then pulled out and shoved it into her anus.

Jessica burst into tears, utterly mortified and disgusted by having his cock up her anus. The very idea of sodomy had always revolted her, and now she had a big fat dripping wet cock in her rectum. He buried it inside her, then pumped hard and fast, his hips smacking and slapping against her buttocks.

"I'd like to do this to all you snotty college girls," he said. "This's what you all need, a good hard cock up your ass. A good reaming out would do wonders for you whores."

He let go of her wrists and they fell limply apart as she moaned in relief. Her arms twitched and jerked as they slowly pulled away from her back and fell onto the rug on either side of her. He rammed his big cock down her tight anal tunnel with renewed energy, both hands on her hips as he jerked her back to meet his savage thrusts.

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah," he grunted. "Fuck you! Fuck you!"

He reached down and grabbed her by the hair, pulling her up and back against him as she cried out in pain. He slid his arms underneath her armpits and brought his hands up and back behind her head, jerking her back hard against him. His cock rammed up into her anus, his balls mashing against the underside of her buttocks.

He held her there, then bent her back as he ground his loins against her bottom, twisting his cock inside her anus. He pulled back even harder, bowing her back to the point of breaking as he pumped his rock hard cock inside her rectal tunnel.

His hard thrusts actually lifted her off her knees, his prick stabbing straight up into her and making her jerk upwards. He sneered and laughed, ignoring her whimpering pleas for relief, then he suddenly pulled his arms away, letting her fall back onto the rug. He gripped her hips tightly as he pistoned his throbbing cock down her anus with furious energy, his hips bruising her soft bottom as he skewered the sobbing blonde girl.

He groaned in relief as a thick wad of cum spewed out of his cock and pumped down into her rectum. Wad after wad sprayed her anal tunnel with its sticky whiteness until he had emptied himself inside her.

"Ahhhhhhh," he sighed, easing his pumping, leaving his cock buried inside her as he leaned forward, his hands pressing down on her shoulders.

"That was good, slut," he sighed. "Bet you liked that, huh, on your knees gettin' a good hard one up the ass, that's just what you needed."

He let his cock soften inside her, not eager to pull it free from her snug, warm anus, then he felt a pressure from his bladder. He smiled broadly.

"Uh oh, Gotta go, whore. Gotta take a piss. Here it comes. Get ready."

Her eyes widened in dazed shock. Surely he - surely he couldn't. Nobody could be so perverted, so disgusting, so - . She felt the hot, forceful stream of urine pouring into her anus. More and more of the burning fluid flooded down into her bowels as he sighed in happiness. He poured half a quart of urine down into her rectum before finally pulling his cock back out, letting her anus squeeze out the last drops of urine. He slapped her bottom hard, making her yelp.

"Now you got a bellyful of jism and a full load of piss in you," he said with a pleased grin, getting to his feet.

Jessie dropped fully to the floor and rolled onto her side, hugging herself. Never in her life had she felt so filthy, so revolted.

She staggered to her feet and ran to the stairs, racing upstairs to her bedroom and slamming the door behind. He chuckled and went into the kitchen to get a beer.

Upstairs Jessie sat on the toilet, on the verge of throwing up as the urine and cum dribbled out of her anus. She sat on the toilet for long minutes, then filled her tub and took a long bath, then another. She didn't think she would ever feel clean again.

She prayed he would be gone when she got back down. What more could he do to her? Surely he'd satisfied his perverted lust. He'd already raped her, sodomised her, forced her to suck him. Please, please, please, she asked God, make him go now.

THREE

Finally she wrapped a big fluffy towel around herself and left the bathroom, going back into her bedroom. Jones was in her room, poking through her dresser drawers. She stared at him in shock, her heart sinking. Jones ignored her as he pulled lingerie out of the drawer.

"Now this is nice," he said, holding up a mass of lacy black material.

There was a frilly little see through lace bra, a matching G-string, and a garter belt, garters, and black fishnet stockings. A girlfriend had given the set to her last year as a joke on her studious, dull life.

He tossed them on the bed as he turned to look at her.

"Put em on, baby. I wanna see you in them."

He sat on the end of the bed, watching with interest as she donned, first the G-string, then the bra, then the garter belt, and garters and stockings. She looked at him wordlessly.

"Nice, real nice. You can wear that. Now come and show me where everything is."

He pulled her down the hall to her parent's room, demanding she tell him where their jewels were, where cameras and other expensive things could be found. She answered him in a dull, lifeless voice. She had given up any struggle, either for her dignity or her family's possessions.

He unplugged their TV and carried it down while she carried the jewellery box, a VCR, a video camera and a pair of thirty-five millimetre cameras. She helped him pack their silverware and gathered together the other stereos, TVs and VCRs in the house, all except for the ones in the living room.

"Well, that was sweaty work," he said. "You go upstairs and pour me a bubble bath, and make the water hot."

She nodded dully, then went up to do his bidding. After a bit he came up, grunting and smiling and stood in front of her, forcing her to take off his clothes. Naked, he climbed into the tub and lay back, sighing in comfort.

"Get in slut, strip and come in. I always wanted one of those oriental type baths. You're gonna soap yourself up and scrub me with your tits."

Jessie didn't really know what he meant, but stripped naked and got into the tub. He handed her the soap and ordered her to soap herself up good. She soaped up her chest heavily, then he turned around and ordered her to rub her fat breasts against his wet back.

"This is no good," he said.

He stood up and ordered the soapy wet girl to follow him. They went down the hall to her room and he got into her bed with a sigh of pleasure, laying flat on his belly.

"Got on me, slut and soap me up with your titties."

Swallowing nervously, she got into bed, straddling him, her soft buttocks and stinging pussy pressing against the small of his back. She bent over and pressed her breasts against his back, softly rubbing them up and down.

"Harder, slut!" he snapped.

She pressed her soapy breasts harder against him, rubbing them up and down, mashing them against his muscular back as she soaped him up. Her bottom and crotch were also soapy and she rubbed herself over his lower back and buttocks as he sighed in comfort.

"Ahhh," he sighed. "Rub that pussy on me, girl, mash those titties against me." He paused for a moment. "Hey, give my shoulders a nice massage too."

Her fingers kneaded his shoulders as she rubbed her pussy up and down his back. She slid easily now as both were wet and coated with soap.

"Harder, you twat. Rub harder."

Jessie's pussy, bottom and thighs slid back and forth over his back as she kneaded his shoulders. Oddly, she discovered the sensation quite pleasant. Her thighs were spread wide; opening her pussy up and her slit was sliding back and forth over his soft, warm, soapy flesh.

"Let me turn over, slut."

She was slightly disappointed to stop the steady sliding but got up as he rolled onto his back. Then she dropped her soapy bottom and pussy onto his belly and bent forward, avoiding looking at his face as she pressed her soapy breasts down on his chest and rubbed herself back and forth.

His hands came around and cupped her soapy buttocks, jamming her down harder as he pulled her up and down his belly. Her crotch rode across his cock several times.

"My cock needs special attention, slut. Use those fat tits of yours to clean it."

She slid further down his body until her chest was over his cock. Her pussy was resting on his legs, which were together and she shifted over to one side so his left leg pushed firmly against her pussy slit. She took his cock and pressed her breasts against it from either side, mashing her breasts meat around it as she used the two breasts as scrub brushes.

"Harder, cunt meat. Scrub my cock." She rubbed her breasts back and forth on his prick, which was beginning to get

hard again. He reached down and grabbed her by the hair, pulling her upwards as she cried in pain. He manoeuvred her snatch over his boner and took his cock in one hand, fitting the head against her hole.

"Take it, slut." he sighed. She eased up, then slid back down over his prick. His soapy prong drove up high into her belly, the soap stinging her pussy as she settled atop it.

"Okay, whore, ride it," he sighed, his hands going behind his head as he smiled up at her. Her belly full of hard, thick cock, she pressed her hands flat on his chest and began to slowly slide her pussy up and down his hard male meat. Oddly, this too felt good. She ran her sensitive sex tube up and down over his prick, sighing weakly at the feel of his soapy flesh on her clit.

After the violence that had been wrought on her poor body this fuck, which was nothing less than rape, seemed somehow, almost friendly. It was almost like she was just fucking a man willingly. Her pussy rode over his prong steadily, heating up around the hard tool, sending a quiver up her spine.

She rode harder, sliding her fuck meat up and down around his shaft with ever increasing speed, panting with the effort and the resulting heat in her loins. When Jones reached up and squeezed her breasts she actually moaned in pleasure, glad of the added sensation.

Her buttocks ground down on his hips and thighs as she twisted and rubbed her pussy lips against his skin. Her round, taut buttocks rose and fell, rose and fell, as her sex lips repeatedly swallowed the entire length of his purple knobbed prick.

He began humping up into her then, so his cock was sent slicing up between her tender sex lips with savage force and speed. She didn't care. Her belly was a quivering, churning cauldron of excitement, her pussy steaming with juice as she whimpered and whined in pleasure.

"Fuckin' whore," he grunted. "Fuckin cheap slut!"

He clamped his hands painfully tight around her breasts, dragging her upper body down to his chest then gripping her hair with one hand and jamming her lips onto his. He mashed his lips onto hers, his tongue shooting up into her mouth as he rammed his cock up into her pussy slot.

His free hand slid down her back and clamped around her buttocks, pushing her down with each stroke, mashing her flesh beneath his hard fingers.

Jessie didn't care what he did to her. She was on the verge of an orgasm, the first in, in, in well over a year. She'd ignored sex for so long that the insides of her pussy had practically

calcified. Now with the steady pumping of his meat, and the lack of fear and pain, her pussy juices were flowing freely and her slit was burning with need.

She kissed him back, something that would have revolted her even minutes ago, and still did somewhere at the back of her mind. But all she really cared about right now as cumming, cumming long and cumming hard. She rode up and down his prick while her breathing became more ragged and her body became more raw with crackling sex energy.

Then she came, crying out in excitement, in glee, in bliss, as her body erupted in powerful waves of boiling orgasmic pleasure. She felt like her body was turning inside out, like her pussy was gushing fire and juice as she came explosively, jerking and trembling and shaking against him as he continued to ram his prick up into her belly.

Snapping, crackling multi-colored lights flashed and burst in front of her closed eyes and her chest locked tight, as the sex heat poured through her. She grunted repeatedly, her pussy sucking and squeezing on his cock as it thrust into her.

Her climax screamed along every nerve ending, every pore in her skin radiating sex heat as her pussy sent jagged bolts of ecstasy shooting up into her gut, searing her insides with its powerful concussive explosions.

She went limp with weakness, flat atop him as he continued to thrust up into her. His hands clamped down on her bottom, jamming her down on his fuck stick, grinding her pelvis over his groin as his cum shot up into her guts.

He heaved her aside and sat up, scratching his head.

"Cheap piece of meat," he sneered, swinging his legs out of bed. "Come on, bitch. I ain't finished my bath yet."

He swaggered across the rug towards the bathroom. Jessie got to her feet and shuffled after him. Just as she entered the bathroom he grabbed her arm and hurled her through the room into the tub. She landed with a loud splash, sending water flying everywhere. Her leg banged into the tiled wall, making her cry out in pain, then water got down her throat and she choked and coughed furiously as he laughed in amusement.

"Soap yourself up some more, slut, then come and rub me again," he sneered.

She pulled herself to her knees, water dripping off her hair. She slipped and fell, then got up again and climbed out of the tub. He grinned nastily as she picked up the soap and soaped up her chest and belly again.

He grabbed her and pulled her against him, still grinning. "Rub those fat tits against my cock. It's all dirty again."

She rubbed her breasts back against his soft prick, mashing the soft meat around his sensitive prong.

"Fuckin' cunt," he snarled, shoving her back. "I keep telling you to rub harder!" he snarled. He grabbed her and shoved her back against the tub, bending her back across the side.

She clawed at his hands as her back threatened to break under the pressure. He slapped her hard, then grabbed both her wrists and locked them together, forcing them back over her head and down into the tub.

"Stop! Please!" she gasped, her wet feet and legs kicking and flailing on the floor in an effort to ease the strain on her back.

He jammed his knee into her crotch to pin her in place, laughing as he bent her back even harder. Her spine ground and rolled on the hard enamel. He reached down beside the tub and found a brush. It was made for scraping the floor and had harsh, strong bristles. He picked it up and looked down gleefully at her round, straining breasts, both pushing out hard against her taut flesh.

"I'll show you how to scrub up, pussy," he sneered. He shoved the brush into the water, then pulled it out and jammed it against her sensitive left breast. He began scrubbing harshly as she screamed in pain. The bristles were clawing the skin off her as he rubbed it up and down over her soapy melon.

He paid particular attention to her nipple, scratching and scraping and scouring the brush across it with furious, forceful motions. Jessie twisted and thrashed helplessly, yelling and screaming as her breast burned with pain. He only laughed, then ran the harsh brush over her other breast, scraping savagely as her back bent even more over the edge of the tub.

"Ahh! Ahhhh! Ohhhh! Uhhhh!" she cried, as he viciously scoured her tender flesh with the harsh brush, sawing it back and forth over the soft skin until it, like the other one, was blood red, ever nerve ending screaming with pain.

He looked down at her splayed legs and pulled the brush away from her aching breasts, jamming it down against her vulnerable sex and rubbing furiously at her soft pussy mound. She howled in agony, her legs jerking and flailing as she thrashed and writhed against him. The harsh bristles scraped and clawed at her sensitive pink skin as he rammed it up against her sex lips, forcing it inside her, twisting and turning it then yanking it back up again, pumping it violently and laughing as she screamed.

He quickly flipped her over, tired of her struggling, and jammed her face down into the water as he sawed the cruel

brush in and out of her pussy again. He held her head under water, a cruel sneer on his face as the brush scraped savagely over her sensitive flesh.

He yanked it out and threw it away, letting go of her head. It sprang out of the water, Jessie coughing and gagging as he laughed and pushed his erection against her aching sex lips. He thrust into her, burying his cock in her warm, raw sex with a single stroke.

Fighting to regain her breath, Jessie hardly even noticed, nor cared. Her arms hugged her chest as she coughed and choked. His hands held her hips and he thrust steadily, his soapy fat cock sliding nicely in her belly as he hummed to himself.

Jessie moaned as she cupped her aching breasts. The skin had been scraped raw and there were tiny bleeding scratches in a dozen places. He slapped his hands down on her bottom with a laugh, jamming his prick into her with more force as his pleasure mounted.

"Teach you your place, girl," he said with a snicker.

His hips worked faster, his cock pounding into her as he gripped her hips and spurted out more cum into the depths of her belly.

"Gonna give you a baby, slut," he laughed. "Gonna fuck a baby into you, make your tits and belly fat."

He slapped her bottom again, then dragged her back out of the tub and shoved her back on the floor. He stood up and got into the tub, running the shower to rinse the soap off himself, grinning down at her.

Jones was getting off on his control over the beautiful young blonde. He found he loved it, that it thrilled a part of him which could never be satisfied any other way. He kept her naked and abused, and insulted her constantly. He spent most of the evening in the couch watching TV. Jessie knelt in front of him on all fours and he propped his feet on her back.

Several times he dragged her face up between his legs and had her suck him off, grinning down at her as she did, calling her whore and slut. The only time she was allowed to move was when he sent her into the kitchen for food or beer.

Late in the night he was poking around with the video camera. He filmed her naked, then stuck the tape in the VCR, laughing and giggling as her naked image came up. He put the tape back in the camera and turned it on her again.

"Lay back in the corner, slut, and spread those pretty legs of yours."

She sat back against the wall, face dull, lifeless, exhausted by the emotional assaults of the day, opening her legs carelessly

as he filmed her.

Jones grinned beneath the camera, loving the look of the battered, beaten girl - whore, he thought, filthy, snotty little college slut. She didn't look so hot now! He got down on his knees and brought the camera in close to her sex...

"Pull your cunt lips open," he ordered. "That's it. Stick your fingers in your snatch."

He crawled backwards and sat up, shifting back until he had her whole body in the shot.

"Let's see you play with yourself, baby. Jerk off for me."

She looked anxious at the camera now, but could not do anything other than he wished. She pumped her fingers in and out of her aching pussy as she gently stroked her thumb across her hot, aching clitoris, wincing at the pain.

"He stopped the camera and scowled at her.

"Show some emotion, girl. I want to see you cumming. I wanna see how excited you are. Play with your titties and diddle your pussy like you really mean it."

He raised the camera and turned it on again. Jessie, anxious to please, to avoid more pain, started wriggling on the floor, running her hands up and down her body, sliding her fingers into her pussy slit. She moaned weakly, moving her head from side to side and fondling her breasts.

"More emotion, slut!" he yelled.

She moaned louder, wriggled harder, pumped her fingers into her sex as she mashed her breasts. She grunted and groaned and sighed dramatically while he grinned and ran the camera up and down her lush, naked body.

"Enough for now," he said, yawning.

He put the camera down and stood up. "Come on, fuck pad. We're goin' to bed."

Her heart leapt a little at the thought of him sleeping, and the chance that presented for her to escape. She'd be very careful, she told herself. She'd make absolutely sure he was asleep before sneaking out.

But Jones had no intention of relying on her to stay around for him to wake up. He scratched himself as he went into her parent's room and looked at the big double bed with a wide grin on his face. The four poster had seven foot high posts on all four corners.

He searched in her parents drawers and came out with a pair of her mother's panty hose. Jessie watched in confusion as he ripped them down the middle and then pulled her over against the foot of the bed.

"Reach up and grab the poles, baby bitch," he said.

She tried, but couldn't reach them.

"Well, just hold your arms up like that then," he said.

He tied one of the panty hose legs tightly around her right wrist, then tied the other around her left wrist. He then tied the other ends to the poles. He tied her arms tight so she was almost on her toes and had to stand up very straight, otherwise she'd be hanging from her wrists. They already ached from the way the nylon cut into them but she knew better than to complain.

He tied her so she was facing the bed, then slapped her bottom and moved around her, getting into the bed himself.

"You can have a nice view of me in this comfy warm bed," he said with a malicious grin. "While I have a nice view of your pretty titties and cunt fur."

With that he turned off the lights and rolled onto his side, breathing evenly as he tried to fall asleep.

Jessie stayed still for long, long minutes, until she was sure he was asleep. Only then did she try to pull her hands free from the tight panty hose. She quickly found that she couldn't, that the knots were just too tight and hugged her wrists no matter how she twisted them.

Then she tried to pull hard in hopes of snapping the panty hose. Certainly she knew how easy it was to get a run in the elastic stuff. She pulled as hard as she could, first with her left then her right, but the panty hose wouldn't give, and the pulling cinched it even tighter around her wrists.

She finally thought to try and dig holes in the panty hose with her fingernails in hopes of shredding it. But by then her hands were numb from lack of blood. She could hardly even move her fingers and couldn't get enough pressure on the panty hose to cause any damage.

Jones began to snore. She had no idea how much time had passed. She stood there in the darkness, her legs stiff and tired, her back sore and her wrists feeling like they'd been cut. More time passed, the only sign the shadows moving across the room as the moon shifted.

By dawn her entire body was stiff and sore and tired and she was exhausted. She'd taken to shifting from one foot to another long ago, and lifting and bending her legs to ease their stiffness. Her back felt horrible. It wasn't exactly a bad pain, just a sort of terrible stiffness like an itch she couldn't scratch.

She finally got the idea of kneeling up on the edge of the bed, but had to do it so carefully so as not to wake him that, though it helped ease some of the strain on her legs, it didn't help her back at all, nor her wrists or shoulders or hands.

She was kneeling there, her head hanging low, half asleep

a couple of hours after dawn when Jones woke up. He glanced down and saw her and frowned, then slowly shifted his feet over and suddenly kicked her knees back over the edge of the bed. She dropped off the bed, all her weight coming down on her wrists, which suddenly felt like a tight wire was slicing through them.

She cried out in shock and pain, her feet scrabbling at the floor for several seconds before she was able to stand up and support her weight again.

"Didn't tell you, you could get in the bed with me, slut," he said blearily.

He scratched himself and yawned, then looked across at her with a small smile.

"Hmmm, got myself a boner, pussy. What'dya think I should do with it?"

She looked back miserably, saying nothing. He grinned and crawled tiredly out of bed, his cock sticking straight out as he went around to the foot of the bed to stand behind her. She felt his cockhead rubbing up and down between her buttocks, then felt it press against her anus.

He spit a couple of times and she felt a finger stab into her anus and slide back and forth, then it withdrew and his cock probed her rectal entrance again. She felt the pressure mount but could do nothing other than try and loosen her muscles to ease the way, hoping there would be less pain.

He wasn't at all concerned about pain as he forced his fat cock nose up into her anus, then rocked back and forth to twist another inch, then another into her rear tunnel. His hands slid up and down her back, then around in front of her to cup and then squeeze her full round breasts.

His thumb stroked her nipples as his fingers kneaded her breasts, mashing and twisting the soft fleshy meat as he worked his cock yet deeper into her rectum. His hands slid down her belly, then gripped her thighs from in front, pulling them up and apart, letting her entire weight come down on her wrists once again.

He pulled her legs wide and back against him as he jammed the entire length of his hard, hungry prick up her anus, grunting with pleasure as he felt his balls squeezed against the undersides of her buttocks.

"Like that, whore?" he panted. "This is the way all you college girls should wake up every morning, with a good hard cock up the ass."

He grunted and thrust up harder, grinding his pelvis against her soft round bottom skin as he twisted his cock around

inside her gut.

He began stroking then, tearing his cock back down her anal tube, then forcing it back up inside her with a hard, violent thrust. She grunted in time to his thrusts as he used more and more of his cockshaft, pistoning it into her with long, hard strokes that made her breasts bounce and jiggle.

He sucked on the side of her throat as he rutted his purple red cock up into her tight little back opening, sucking and then biting at the nape of her neck, ignoring her whimpers and moans as he used her body for his own pleasure, intensely aroused at his total possession, total control over the luscious young blonde girl.

His cock worked steadily up and down inside her belly as his breathing grew faster and harder. He bit harder on her neck too, gripping her breasts again as he used his knees to keep her legs apart. His fingernails found her nipples and dug in hard from either side, then pulled the soft little buttons far out from her meaty breasts, distending the shape into sharp pointed cones.

Hi ships were slapping violently up against her buttocks as he rammed his cock up her anus, reaming out her rear entry and lustfully pawing and fondling her soft young flesh. He snickered at each groan, chuckled at each whimper, laughed at each cry of pain, and his cock grew even thicker inside her lower belly.

Jones had never been gentle with women, even those who came to his bed willingly, but now he was finding a delightful pleasure in his complete and unchecked domination of the girl. He could do anything, anything at all to her he wanted to, and his mind spun through idea after idea.

But for now he was still tired. He rammed his prick deep into the college girl's anus and spewed out his morning load of sperm juice, churning her rectum into butter as he let it suck the last drop from his cock. He withdrew then and went into the bathroom to piss and wash his cock, then returned, grabbing another pair of panty hose from the dresser.

He tied them around her ankles and bound each to the bottom of the bedposts so she couldn't get on the bed again. Of course this meant that all her weight was hanging on her wrists again, but he didn't care. She was tied so she couldn't move at all that was what he wanted. He jumped back into bed and fell asleep again.

FOUR

Jessie was dazed and limp when he woke again some hours later. She didn't even raise her head when he got out of bed, yawning, and moved past her towards the bathroom. But she yelped and woke quickly when he smacked his hand down on her behind as he passed.

He came back out and undid her legs, then used a knife to cut the panty hose off her wrists. She fell to the floor and bed, moaning weakly, her stiff legs unable to hold her weight. Her hands ached fiercely with returning circulation.

Jones grabbed her by the hair and hauled her off the bed, throwing her on the floor near the door.

"Get your lazy cunt downstairs and make me breakfast, bitch, otherwise I'll use the belt on you again. I want, let's see, I want pancakes with lots of butter and syrup. Now get moving." He kicked her in the side to enforce the order and she cried out, grabbing her side with her wounded hands.

She half crawled out the door and downstairs to the kitchen, then sat on a chair for a few minutes trying to gain control of her brain. She got up then and started making pancakes, afraid of what he might do if he came down and found her sitting around with no sign of food.

Not sure how many he wanted, she made a lot, taking bites out of a couple as she made them for fear he wouldn't give her anything to eat. He came downstairs finally, naked, which disappointed her since it made it obvious he had no intention of leaving soon.

He munched on the pancakes without complaint, his eyes moving from them to the window to her.

"Kneel on the floor there, cunt," he said after a minute, gesturing to the floor next to his chair.

Flushing, she did as he ordered, sitting back on her heels as she watched, warily ready to dodge a blow.

Instead he cut off a piece of pancake and put it under her nose. She wasn't sure what to do though since it was obvious he wanted her to eat it she did. She snickered and cut a number of other pieces and ate them, then he cut another and she ate that. He was, she realized, feeding her like a dog.

That would have made her mad before yesterday, but now she didn't care. So long as it didn't hurt he could do what he wanted as far as she was concerned. It wasn't as if she had much pride or dignity left to protect around him.

He finished eating and Jessie washed the dishes, but he didn't leave the kitchen. He went to the fridge and looked inside,

then opened the freezer and looked inside. He pulled out the ice cube box and the trays and sat back down at the table, a sadistic smile on his face.

"Come here, slut," he ordered.

Jessie nervously walked over and he grabbed her wrist, pulling her across his knees with her bottom in the air. He fondled her buttocks for a few seconds then smacked his hand down hard, making her cry out in pain. He snickered, then forced his finger into her pussy and pumped it in and out between the soft tight sex lips.

"Real hot in there," he said. "Maybe I should do somethin' to cool it off."

He plucked one of the rounded ice cubes out of the box and pushed it against her sex lips. Jessie, head hanging low, unable to see what he was doing, jerked in surprise, then clenched her teeth as he held it right against her clitty, the cold becoming a burning sensation that made it difficult to hold still and she squirmed and moaned helplessly. He laughed and pushed the ice cube right into her pussy opening, using his longer finger to shove it deep inside her hot body.

She gasped and bit her lip, but gave no other display of what she felt. Above and behind her, he picked up a second cube and slid that into her pussy as well, then a third, then a fourth, then a fifth and sixth and seventh and eighth. Each cube pressed against the one before it, jamming it higher inside her lower belly.

She began to shake with the terrible blistering cold she was feeling high inside her totally unprotected innards. Nothing cold was ever meant to go up there and so her pussy tube didn't know how to react to it. She felt the contact as a burning sensation, but her lower body began to chill and tremble and shake.

He was enjoying himself, grinning down at the girl's trembling bottom as he pushed another dozen cubes into her pussy, so they ground slickly against each other inside her lower belly.

He slapped his hand down hard on her pale bottom, laughing as she cried out again. Then he picked up another ice cube and pressed it against her little round anus. She whimpered as he forced the cube through the wrinkled opening. Her whole lower body was soon shaking uncontrollably as he forced a dozen more cubes up her rectum.

He was like a sadistic little boy with a new toy, and she was the toy. He snickered and laughed as he pushed more cubes into her pussy and then more into her anus, forcing both tubes to bulge out painfully inside her belly. He soon had to jam the

cubes in hard to get them inside, for there was little room left inside her. The cubes were melting, however and a little stream of water was trickling out her pussy.

He forced even more cubes up her anus, so the round opening gaped wide, parts of several cubes visible in the space. Her pussy was also gaping open with more cubes seen between her split lips.

"Doesn't that feel goooood?" he sneered, rubbing his hand up and down over her pussy and anus.

Jessie didn't answer him. Her belly felt like it was ready to split open from the pressure pressing against the walls of her pussy and anal tube. In addition, her body quivered and trembled with the numbing cold as the dozens of hard cubes ground and clinked together in her abdomen.

He shoved her off him and onto the floor.

"Make sure none of them cubes come out, whore, or you're in deep shit."

He got up and fished around in the drawers, finally coming out with some thick electrical tape. He returned to her, bringing her wrists together behind her back and taping them together as she moaned miserably and stared down at the floor. He took off a big strip of tape then and put it down between her buttocks and down between her legs, pressing it hard against her mound.

He'd done it to keep the ice cubes inside her, but suddenly had an idea. His eyes narrowed and his smile broadened as he stared at the girl kneeling on all fours in front of him. He pressed the tape hard against her pussy, then gripped the end and ripped it up hard,

She screamed, her knees coming apart and dropping her on her belly as he tore the tape up off her. Cubes spit out her pussy and anus as she howled in agony and writhed on the floor. Jones laughed uproariously and looked at the tape. A thick mass of pubic hair was attached to the sticky underside.

He forced the whimpering, shaking girl to kneel again, then tore off an even longer strip of the two inch wide tape. He pressed it against her belly button, then ran it down her abdomen and up between her legs again, rubbing his hand up and down the tape, pressing it tightly against her flesh.

She trembled and whimpered and began to sob in anxious anticipation. He snickered, then gripped the edge of the tape near her belly button and ripped it upwards as hard as he could. It tore back down her abdomen and up over her pussy lips, ripping out masses of pussy hair with it as she shrieked in agony and flopped on the floor again.

He clutched his sides and howled in laughter as he looked

at her fiery red, nearly bare pussy. He kicked her onto her back and spread her legs, examining her groin with interest. Jessie had only had a narrow band of pubic hair because of the high cut bathing suits that were fashionable, now this band was nothing but a thin, almost invisible shadow.

He ignored her babbling pleas and tore off another strip of tape, fastening it over her pussy and abdomen once more. He held it by the free end as she moaned anxiously. He waited, knowing the waiting was torture on her, then tore it back suddenly. Again she screamed, though not as badly for there were far less pussy hairs left to be ripped free.

He stopped her writhing and examined her pussy again. It was nearly as bare and smooth as a baby's butt, hardly a hair to be felt and none to be seen. Her bottom and pussy had spit ice cubes across the floor though so he replaced them and then put yet another strip of tape down between her legs and up between her buttocks, this one just to hold the cubes inside her.

He sat back in the chair then and dragged her up between his spread legs, pulling her face down over his fat, hard prick. She took it into her mouth, shaking and trembling from pain and cold, but willing to do anything for him so long as it didn't hurt.

She bobbed her lips up and down on his cock, her tongue lapping furiously against his cockhead as she tried to bring him off quickly. She was hindered by not being able to use her hands but he was in no hurry, sitting back with his legs spread and his hands resting on her head, smug satisfaction on his face as he looked down at the girl's mouth sliding up and down his slick cock.

He sighed in relaxation, happy with his little toy as she ran her lips back and forth, up and down his cock shaft. He pulled his feet up off the floor, resting them on her back as she sucked his hard prick. Then a grin appeared on his face. He put his hands on her head and shoved her face down hard, punching his cockhead right into her throat.

She gurgled in pain as he leered and sighed in pleasure, the feeling of her throat choking around his cockhead wonderfully sensuous. He forced her head down until her lips and nose were mashing against his belly and crotch, then let her pull back up again.

She coughed violently and gasped for breath as his cockhead popped out of her throat and back into her mouth, then sucked even harder on it, hoping he would come. But he jammed her head back down again, forcing the cockhead and several inches of shaft back up into her gullet.

He came then, pumping wads of sticky cum straight down

her throat and into her belly. He sighed in pleasure, leaning back in the chair, his hands behind his head as he let her head rise again and his cockhead slipped out of her throat.

His hands slipped beneath her and he cupped and fondled her breasts. Then he had another idea.

He pushed her away and went over to the sink and turned on the cold water. He let the tap run for a minute so the water was extra cold, then poured it into a big pot. He turned off the tap and put the pot on the floor, then dumped in the remains of the ice cubes. He stirred it a little with his finger, then drew it out and licked the cold digit.

Jessie watched him worriedly as he turned and grinned at her.

"C'mere slut," he ordered.

She crawled over to him and he gripped her by the hair and arm, bending her forward on her knees, pushing her chest down over the pot. Her big breasts were pushed right into the icy cold water and she gasped in shock, trying to pull away. He grinned and laughed, pushing harder, immersing her warm breasts in the ice water for a long minute.

Finally he pulled her back out of the water. Her breasts were now swollen and hard with the cold, her nipples erect, hard like little pebbles. He pinched them, then bent and took one into his mouth, sucking avidly.

He sucked the other nipple, then returned to the first one, his hands stroking the hard, taut, dripping wet mounds. He pulled back then and picked up the pot of ice water, dumping it over her head. Jessie screamed in shock, writhing and flopping on the floor.

He howled with laughter, then got up and went into the living room to see what was on TV. Nothing much was on except soaps and game shows so he came back to play with his toy.

Jessie was sitting back on a kitchen chair, dull eyed, still soaking. The trembling had eased a little, but she was still a wet, bedraggled mess. Then she seemed to shake her head.

"I-I have to take care of the horses," she almost whispered.

"Horses?"

"Yes. They're in the stable. I should have gone and checked on them yesterday. They'll have used all their grain and hay now and will be starved."

"Well, by all means, let's go."

First he put on some clothes, then, refusing to let her do the same, he followed her outside to the stables. He cut the tape off her wrists, freeing them, then ignored her, examining the

horses as she poured them grain and water and set out hay.

"Any of these stallions?" he wondered.

"No, they're all mares."

"Too bad. I would've loved to see you sucking off a horse."

Jessie shuddered, but didn't answer that as she petted Donna, one of the mares. He looked around the stable, prying into corners. She thought about jumping up on Donna and racing away but he had his gun stuck in his belt and would almost certainly shoot her before she even got out of the stable.

He picked up a metal device from the corner, a long tube that looked something like a bicycle pump and examined it.

"What's this?" he asked. She looked over and swallowed in surprise.

"I uh, I don't know. Just some piece of junk that's been broken for years."

He put it down again and wandered away, much to her relief. He opened a fridge and looked inside. It was stacked with pills and medicine for the horses. He lifted out a big half gallon container and looked inside it.

"What the hell is this?" he demanded, frowning down at the thick, white, creamy stuff.

"Just a uh, an ointment for the horses if they get a sore."

He turned it around and then grinned broadly.

"How come it says horse semen on it then?"

"It used to uh, have uh, horse semen," she gulped as he carried it over to her.

He was smiling as he approached but when he was a couple of feet away he swung his hand and cracked it across her face hard. She spun around and fell to the ground, crying out in pain.

"Lying little whore!" he yelled. "You're a filthy, stinking slut!"

He pulled the roll of electrical tape from his back pocket and quickly taped her wrists behind her back again. He pulled her up to her knees by the hair, ignoring her screams of pain, then opened the big round plastic container and bent her head back.

"Okay whore, here's some horse juice for you. Drink it."

"Nooooo!" she screamed.

"Drink it, cunt!"

He pulled her hair even harder, but she clenched her teeth tight, refusing to drink the horse semen. He pulled harder on her hair, forcing her head way, way back, thrusting her round breasts out against her taut skin, but she kept her mouth closed. He glared angrily at her, thinking of pouring the whole thing

down on her head.

Instead he set it down away from her. He scrabbled around beside her, still holding her head back by the hair as he pulled his belt from the loops.

"Fucking cunt face bitch," he snarled. "I'm gonna show you your place!"

He doubled up the belt then slashed it down against her right breast. She howled in terrible agony as the heavy leather cut into her tender flesh. He raised it and whipped it down again, this time on her other breast. Again she screamed, the sound so loud and horrible the horses shuffled uneasily in their paddocks.

He slashed it down on her right breast again, then her left, then her right, then her left, swinging it as hard and fast as he could. The belt was a constant whirring blur as it cut into her sensitive breasts, turning the skin an angry red as she screamed and shrieked in pain.

He finally halted, panting from exertion.

He pulled her head forward, feeling a wonderful power as he watched her tear streaked face sobbing in misery. He lifted the container and held the edge to her lips, tilting it so the cum was against her mouth.

"Drink, slut girl."

She pretended to drink, revolted by the stuff even touching her lips. He wasn't fooled, cursing and slapping her face. He set down the container again and stood up. He gripped her left ankle and pulled her leg high, then stepped on her left leg.

He held her legs wide as he slashed the belt down directly against her pussy. Jessie shrieked and thrashed like a madwoman as the belt slammed down right on her now hairless pussy. She howled and screamed in agony as he whipped it down again and again and again, the harsh leather cracking loudly against the soft, exquisitely sensitive flesh.

Then he let her leg go and dropped to his knees. He lifted the container in one hand and gripped her hair in the other, forcing the sobbing girl onto her knees and then pulling her head back.

"Open your mouth, whore!"

Jessie opened her mouth.

"Wider. Wider!"

Sobbing helplessly, she opened her mouth wide and he tilted the container of horse semen, letting a thick stream pour down into her open mouth. It filled her mouth completely and he halted.

"Swallow it, cunt meat or I'll tear the skin off your back!"

She sobbed and swallowed, coming very close to throwing

up as the horrible tasting stuff poured down her throat. He tilted the container and poured more into her mouth, filling it again. Again she swallowed, and again, and again, and again. He snickered and laughed, then moved the container around, pouring the horse semen down on her face, and onto her taut, red breasts, down her smooth, soft belly and into her bare pussy mound.

He shoved her away and she fell onto her face. He poured more horse semen down on her head and shoulders and back and bottom. Then, with almost half the container gone, he put it down and picked up the belt. He leaned over and gripped the tape still tightly fixed to her pussy and ripped it off. Water gurgled out of her pussy chute, for all the ice had long since melted in her warm belly.

His eyes were wild as he raised his hand high and slashed the belt down on her bottom. She screamed in pain, the sound music to his ears. Water gushed out of her anus as she lost control of herself. He whipped it down again and more water spat out of her bottom.

He slashed it down again, this time on her back, then on her bottom again, then her thigh, then onto her stomach as she rolled drunkenly, trying to evade his cruel, savage strokes. But he kept swinging the belt, raising angry red welts on her soft white skin as he slashed and slashed and slashed again.

Finally he tossed the belt away and dropped his pants. His cock was bulging red and rock hard as he dropped to his knees between her legs, ripping her thighs open. She was on her belly, sobbing in horror and misery. He fitted his cock against her pussy opening and thrust hard and deep, burying its entire length inside her slick sex tube.

Her pussy was soaking wet from the water, but had already warmed up. Now it squeezed down around his cock as he pounded it furiously down into her belly. His hands slapped her bottom and then gripped her hips to jerk her back against him as he skewered the weeping, shivering blonde girl.

He fucked as hard as he could, not in ignorance, but wanting to hurt her, needing to hurt her. He felt the cum bubbling in his balls and tore his cock free, then slammed it down her anus. She sobbed louder but could do nothing else as he viciously drove his cock down her anal chute with violent strokes.

Then he came, yelling in pleasure and triumph as he poured his juice down the college girl's anus and let her insides suck it down.

"Now do you understand, SLUT? You're a filthy,

worthless little cunt! You're nothing but a fuck hole, three fuck holes, and I'll use whichever one I want, and whatever else you got that I want."

The trembling, shaking girl understood, only too well.

It didn't take him long to find the number in their little brown book. He called up the supply house and used their credit card to order up twenty gallons of horse semen. He was surprised at how expensive it was, but then, it wasn't his money, was it. He told the man they were going to start a big breeding program and that seemed to satisfy him.

Jessie was upstairs having a bath. He snickered in glee at the thought of the bath she was going to take when he got the rest of that semen. In the meantime...

He lifted the pipe the girl had called a piece of old junk. He knew very well what it was. It was a cattle prod, and he'd ordered some fresh batteries for it from the farm supply house. He could hardly wait till the little cunt felt it up her snatch.

He thought about inviting some of his friends over, but he didn't want to share the pretty blonde with anyone just yet. Besides, his friends wouldn't be able to pay for her. The only ones who were gonna borrow his pet pussy were people with money.

After that last whipping he'd given her he figured she'd do damned near anything he told her to, no matter how disgusting. There wasn't going to be any college for this pussy, he thought viciously. He was going to put her out on the street and make some money off her tight cunt and pretty face.

First, he'd have to fuck up her head more, like those brainwashed guys in Vietnam or Korea. He'd have the little bitch willing to do anything on his say so, make it so she wouldn't even think about trying to leave or disobey, then he'd really be in the money. He'd heard where some of these cunts could pull in a quarter of a million a year.

Of course they all used it up on drugs, or their pimps did. He would get it all though, and get himself a nice penthouse somewhere in New York. Yeah, he'd live in style then. He'd show them all!

He heard a sound out front and ran to the window. A blue car was pulling in the drive.

He ran upstairs fast and burst into the girl's room, then into the bathroom. She looked up in surprise and fear. He grabbed her and jerked her out of the water, deluging the whole floor as he pulled her stumbling wet and soapy into her room.

He took the tape out of his pocket and taped her wrists behind her quickly, then pulled her ankles together and forced

them back against her bottom, winding the tape around them again and again, then back around her wrists, hog tying her. He heard the door bell and so did she, gasping in surprise.

He quickly pulled the tape up and jerked her head back hard, running the tape over her mouth and around her head several times, then back around her wrists. He didn't even bother to tear the tape off, leaving the roll attached as he ran to the stairs.

"Jessie?" a voice called.

It was a female voice. He edged closer to the stairs as he looked over. There was a girl coming into the living room, looking around in surprise at the pile of electronic goods near the stairs.

"Where are you? Are you here, Jessie?" she called.

She looked up the stairs and Jones ducked out of sight.

She was an older woman, older than Jessie anyway, maybe by ten years. She had thick, shoulder length brown hair and wore a suit without a tie.

She came up the stairs and Jones ducked back into Jessie's room, standing up behind the door. The woman came straight there, like she knew the layout of the house. She stared in shock at the bound, hog tied form of the naked girl.

"Jessie"! She cried, rushing forward.

Jones grabbed her from behind, his arm going around her throat to stifle a scream. He gripped her right arm and forced it up behind her back, tightening his arm around her throat as he forced her down to her knees.

She struggled wildly, especially when she ran out of air. But eventually her struggles weakened, then halted. She didn't move as her eyes closed and she went limp. He held her for a few seconds to make sure she wasn't fooling, then let her go.

She fell on her face on the floor and lay still. He stepped over her and ripped the tape away from Jessie's mouth.

"Who's the cunt?" he demanded.

"M-my sister, Caitlin," she sobbed.

"What the fuck is she doing here?"

"She's a lawyer. She... she got me a job clerking for a friend of hers. They must have called and told her I didn't show up."

"Shit!"

"Is she... is... is she... dead?" she squeaked.

"No, she ain't dead. Not that that matters to you, you stupid whore. I'll kill her if I want to, and you too. Understand?"

She nodded her head in fear, her eyes wide.

"We're just gonna have to do something about this, now

ain't we?" he said, his lips turning into a nasty smile.

FIVE

He took all the tape off the naked blonde and dragged the brunette over his shoulder, carrying her into the master bedroom. Jessie followed anxiously, watching silently as he took off her sister's jacket, then took a pair of panty hose and ripped them in two.

He made Jessie help him as he tied Caitlin's wrists high to the twin bedposts. Caitlin started moaning half way through the job, jerking fitfully as she began to regain consciousness. She opened her eyes and looked at them in confusion, somewhat dazed.

"How ya' doin', Caitlin baby?" he sneered.

"Wha... wha... who... what's... what's going... on?" she moaned.

"You're gonna sure find out, baby," he snickered.

Caitlin stared at him, then at her naked sister, her eyes getting wider as she looked at Jessie standing there nude.

"Okay, cunt," Jones said, bringing over a portable phone.

He'd found it in her car when he'd moved it into the stable.

"You're gonna call your company and tell them your little sister is sick and you're taking a couple of days off to look after her. What's the number?"

"Jessie? What's going on?" she demanded.

Jones smiled thinly, then punched her hard in the belly. The air whooshed out of her and she gasped and groaned for long minutes before she could recover it.

"I didn't say you could talk to her. This cunt here belongs to me. Nobody talks to it unless I say they can. Now what's the number of your company?"

"Fuck you," she spat. "I'm not going to tell you anything."

"No?" He smiled, then gripped Jessie by the hair and stepped behind her. He pulled her head back and slid a sharp knife up against her throat.

"You don't do as I tell you and I'll cut baby sister's pretty throat. Understand, bitch?"

"All right! I'll do it! Don't hurt her!"

Jones dialled the number then put it next to her ear, listening closely as she told them the story.

"Now you can call her company and tell them she won't be

coming for a few days."

She did so, and he hung up, grinning.

"Now we can have us some fun," he said with a laugh.

He threw down the knife, his hand sliding up and down Jessie's belly, then going up beneath her right breast, cupping and weighing it, then squeezing tightly as Caitlin watched. He slid his hand down between her legs and started rubbing his fingers up and down between her puffy bald sex lips.

"What are we gonna do with this whore, baby?" he asked Jessie.

"I don't know," she said dumbly.

"I know," He grinned cruelly.

He pushed her away and he went to Caitlin, gripping her head from behind. She stared at him in fear as he sneered at her. His right hand slid up her chest and squeezed her breast through her blouse, then he muffled her curses with his mouth, kissing her deeply, his tongue pushing into her mouth.

He drew back with a curse, then punched her in the face, rocking her back and knocking her feet out from under her. She groaned, hanging for long seconds from her wrists before she could find her feet.

"Fuckin' whore bit me," he snarled. "We'll teach her what happens to cunts who don't behave, won't we slut?" he snapped at Jessie.

"Uh, huh," she said, looking down.

He gripped her by the arm and pushed her forward towards her sister. Caitlin was running her tongue over her lower lips which were bleeding a little.

"Take the bitch's clothes off," he ordered.

Jessie's hands moved tentatively to the buttons on Caitlin's shirt and she began to undo them. She didn't look at her sister as she carefully opened her shirt to the belt line. Once it was open she realized she couldn't get it off because her sister's wrists were tied so she just left it hanging open. She undid Caitlin's belt buckle and opened her pants, then tugged them down over her rounded hips, down her smooth, silky thighs, and over her knees to bunch up around her ankles.

She knelt in front of her sister and undid her shoes, taking them off along with her socks, then pulled her pants off. Without looking up, she reached up and gripped Caitlin's panties, tugging them down her legs and off as well.

She stood up, turning to look at Jones.

"Don't forget her shirt and bra," he sneered.

"But... but they won't come off," she said, worriedly.

Jones stepped forward and gripped the shirt's collar and

ripped the entire back of the shirt off, leaving only one sleeve on her right arm. He gripped her bra and tore it open, then ripped it off as Caitlin yelled in pain.

Caitlin was red with embarrassment now, looking anxiously from Jones to Jessie. She was trying to cross her legs to hide her softly furred pussy but couldn't do that without hanging from her wrists. She had to stand absolutely straight to keep her feet on the ground.

"Well now, your sis ain't bad, baby," Jones leered.

"Nice big fat titties, a nice round ass... "

He was standing beside her and slid his right hand down between her legs to cup her pubic mound. "Nice soft pussy too," he sneered.

"You bastard!" Caitlin cried in a choked voice.

He gripped her hair and she screamed as he pulled her head far back. He jammed his face into her throat and bit down hard, making her cry out again.

"You haven't even begun to see how much of a bastard I can be, slut," he said.

He turned to Jessie who was standing there timidly, trying not to look at her naked sister.

"You whore," he snapped. "Get your ass over here."

Jessie shuffled forward.

"Look at these titties. Aren't they nice?"

Jessie nodded, embarrassed.

"Nice big nipples too. I wonder how big they get when you suck on them. Let's find out, baby. Start sucking."

"Me?" Jessie squeaked.

"Yeah, you, you stupid fucking twat! Suck those nipples!"

Jessie's eyes got round and she dropped her eyes reluctantly to see her sister's big breasts standing out taut as Jones kept her head back. A part of her was grateful for that as she didn't have to look Caitlin in the eye. Trembling, she bent and hesitantly took Caitlin's left nipple into her mouth, sucking gently.

"Suck harder, slut. I want to see suction here," he sniggered. "I want teeth marks on that tit meat."

Jessie sucked harder, then cupped Caitlin's big breast as Jones watched. She squeezed and fondled both her sister's breasts at his insistence, and moved her tongue all over Caitlin's meaty breasts. She tongued one nipple, then the other, sucking hard until both were erect.

"Now they look much nicer," Jones snickered. "I think I'm gonna fuck her now. Why don't you warm her up for me, fuck-pad? Suck her cunt out."

"I... I don't know how," Jessie whimpered.

Jones reached over and grabbed her hair hard. She yelped and cried in pain as he forced her downward onto her knees and jammed her face into Caitlin's sex.

"Push your tongue into that cunt meat, you stinking whore or I'll jam your whole fucking head up her ass."

He let go of Caitlin's hair and the frightened woman's head leapt forward as she gasped in relief. She stared down at Jessie between her legs in appalled shock.

"Run Jessie!" she yelled.

But Jessie was too scared to run and Jones turned and slapped Caitlin's face in response.

"You open your slutty mouth when you're sucking my cock and not otherwise," he warned. "Now spread your legs apart so your baby sister can suck you off."

Caitlin looked at him miserably, then down at Jessie, who refused to meet her gaze. "I... I can't," she moaned. Jones cuffed her again, knocking her head aside.

"I said open those legs, slut!"

She groaned as she pulled her legs apart and her weight came down fully on her wrists. Jones bent over and eagerly watched Jessie as she pushed her tongue into Caitlin's tight slit.

"Put your hands under her thighs, cunt face, and lift them. That's it, hold them there and stuff that pretty little tongue up her snatch."

He watched with a big smile on his face. "Run your tongue up and down her slit, and suck that clitty. That's it. All your bitches are natural dykes. You know how to do this."

Caitlin was in shock, stunned at the enormity and the horror of what was happening to her. Being stripped and tied up would have been bad enough. Having her sister watching was much worse, and having her actually, actually... sucking her pussy, was beyond comprehension.

She closed her eyes and tried to shut out the feeling of Jessie's tongue sliding up and down her pussy slit, pushing in and out of her sex hole and buzzing over her clit, of her sister's lips folded on her clit and her mouth sucking avidly at the little fuck button.

A loud sob broke from her lips. "You sick bastard," she wept."

"Pry that cunt meat open," Jones sneered.

He reached over Jessie's shoulders, his hands going to Caitlin's fuck hole. He forced two fingers of each hand into her sex and pried her pussy apart as Caitlin gasped and moaned and grunted in pain. He held her sex lips wide as he kneed Jessie in

the back.

Jessie shoved her face into her sister's open sex, sucking and licking, pushing her teeth inwards, and slipping it up and down over the glistening pink skin.

Jones watched, grinning. After a minute he jerked Jessie away by the hair. He stripped and pressed his naked body against her, mashing his lips down on hers as he ground his pelvis into her groin and fondled her breasts.

He pulled his lips away and turned to Jessie. "You, fuck pad. Get around behind her on the bed."

She scurried around to do as he ordered, kneeling behind Caitlin on the bed. Jones lifted her sister's legs up and pushed them back, her knees pushing against the woman's sides.

"Hold her legs, slut. Hold them up for me."

Jessie had to press her body right up against Caitlin, which was awkward and embarrassing for both women since her full round, naked breasts had to push into Caitlin's back. She slid her arms around her sister, locking her hands together under Caitlin's knees to hold her legs high.

Jones gazed down at Caitlin's naked, exposed groin with a lustful, sneering smile on his face. He cupped her crotch and rubbed his hand up and down over her pussy mound and down between her buttocks. He stiffened one finger, thrusting it into Caitlin's fuck opening and pumping it in and out.

"Beg for it, slut," he jeered. "I can fuck your cunt or fuck your asshole. If you ask me to I'll fuck your cunt. Otherwise you get reamed up the ass. Which will it be, bitch?"

Caitlin stared at him in hatred and humiliation, her wrists in agony.

"Well, I guess you want it up the ass then," he said, shaking his head in mock regret.

"NO!"

"What was that?"

"No, don't. D... don't do that."

"Do you want it up the cunt?"

"Yes."

"What? I didn't hear you."

"Yes." she snarled.

"Not good enough. Ask me to fuck you."

"Fuck me."

"I said ask me, you stupid fucking twat!"

"Please. Fuck me."

"Where?"

"In... In the... the cunt. Please fuck me in the cunt," she said in defeat, lowering her head.

"Say it nicer, slut."

"Please fuck me in the cunt," she said, on the verge of tears.

"Well, since you ask so nicely."

He held his cock in one hand. It was hard as a rock, all dark angry red, veins running all over it, hair sticking out in all directions. He pressed the cockhead against the brunette's slit and rubbed it up and down several times, then slipped it into her saliva coated opening, pressing the cockhead in slowly until it disappeared.

Suddenly he thrust hard, making Caitlin cry out in shock and pain. He jammed his pelvis against her, burying his cock inside her trembling belly. She shuddered violently, her head jerking spasmodically. He gripped her hair and forced his mouth against hers, grinding his hips against her buttocks, twisting his cock around inside her.

He pulled his bottom back, then thrust hard, then pulled back, then thrust hard. Each hard thrust smashed his hips into her behind and knocked her backwards. Jessie spread her own knees a bit to better balance herself as she kept hold of Caitlin's legs.

He drew back more of his cock and thrust it in deep, then started pumping long and hard, despite the tightness of her sheath. His buttocks humped back and forth, in and out, driving his boner inside her crotch hole, skewering the helpless brunette with his hard tool.

"You like that, don't you baby."

"Bastard," she whimpered.

"You want it up the ass instead?"

"No, please."

"You love it don't you."

"I... I love it," she groaned.

"Beg for it."

"Fuck me. Please fuck me. I love it. Please fuck me," she whined, her voice breaking as tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Whore. Fucking whore," he gritted, humping furiously, his hips smashing against her tight buttocks, his cock pistoning up and down her soft, velvety sex box.

He pounded his hips into her with ferocious intensity, then groaned as his cock sprayed its juice down her tunnel and into her belly.

"Yeah! Yeah! You got it, slut! Suck my cum down! Suck it up your cunt! Uhhhhh!"

He let his cock slip out of her hole and grinned smugly at her.

"Bastard," she wept.

"You're gonna have to learn to watch your tongue, slut, before I cut it out."

He bent and pulled his belt out of its loops again, then turned back to her. He raised the belt, and just as comprehension and horror dawned on her face, he swung it down savagely. It slashed into her pussy and she screamed in agony, jerking and shaking and thrashing in her bonds. Jessie could hardly hold onto her.

He lifted it and swung it down hard again. It slammed into her vulnerable sex with a meaty thwack. Caitlin shrieked in horrible pain, jerking and bouncing, her head thrashing from side to side. Again it slashed down and again the horrible pain ripped into her pussy, bringing nausea and dizziness with it.

Again and again and again the belt whipped down onto her pussy as Caitlin screamed and cried. Only when her shrieks had given way to constant sobbing interspersed by dazed, miserable gasps and grunts at each new impact did he stop.

"You learn to keep a respectful tongue in your mouth, whore, or things'll go bad for you," he taunted.

Then he punched her in the pussy as hard as he could.

Her eyes bulged and she choked as the dizziness and pain slashed through her brain.

"Let her legs go slut and go and get a razor, some water and some shaving cream."

Jessie slowly eased her sister's legs down and then scurried into her bathroom.

"Before you're through you'll be just as obedient as her," Jones sneered.

Jessie came back with the things and Jones tied Caitlin's legs open then ordered Jessie to shave all her pussy hair off. Jessie set to work as Jones watched and in a few minutes Caitlin's pubic hair was gone, her pussy as bald and naked as Jessie's own.

Jones rubbed his hand up and down her soft pussy mound, his other hand stroking Jessie's bald pussy at the same time. He untied Caitlin and dragged her across the floor by her hair. The weeping girl gripped his wrists to try and ease the pain as he threw her up onto the bed.

"Let's see a hot sixty-nine," Jones said excitedly. "You two bitches can suck each other off. I'm gonna get the camcorder."

He left the room and Jessie hesitantly sat down on the edge of the bed near Caitlin. Caitlin sat up and looked at the door, then turned to Jessie.

"Let's get the fuck out of here!" She groaned, trying to get

out of bed. Jessie gripped her arms and pulled her back.

"NO!" she cried. "He'll hurt you bad. I tried to run away. You can't."

"We can try!"

"No. He'll hurt you terrible."

"He already did that!" Caitlin snarled.

"It'll be lots worse, Caitlin. I know. He's mean and crazy. And he's got a gun."

"I didn't see any gun."

"He's got one."

Jones came back at that moment, and they stopped talking.

"Okay bitches. Start sucking each other."

He brought the video camera to his face and started filming the naked pair as they stared back in embarrassment and fear. He halted and glared at them and Jessie quickly pushed her sister back on the bed and scrambled around to squat over her face. She bent over Caitlin's body and began to tongue her sex.

Jones started taking pictures, moving around the bed to get them from the side, then moving in on Caitlin's face. Caitlin was revolted as she stared up at her sister's naked slit, but gripped her buttocks and started licking her tongue up and down as Jones moved in for a close-up.

"Suck. Suck it, whore. Stick your fingers up her cunt. Yeah! That's it. More! Deeper. Shove em' right up baby sister's fuck pipe. Now lick that clitty. Suck it right off."

He turned off the camcorder after several minutes.

"All right, sluts, lets see you do something else," he said. "Blonde cunt, get around and kiss her."

Jessie twisted herself around and knelt above her sister, then hesitantly lowered her mouth and kissed.

"Not like that, whore. Stick your tongue down her throat. Kiss her hard and you kiss back, bitch, and squeeze each other's titties. I want a nice hot lesbo scene here."

So Caitlin and Jessie kissed each other hard, their hands stroking and fondling each others' naked bodies while Jones recorded it all. He put the machine down after a few minutes, too excited to continue. He gripped both girls by the hair and pulled them around onto their hands and knees at the edge of the bed, then showed them his hard cock.

"Suck this, whores," he grinned, pulling both their faces in against his cock. Jessie opened her lips and sucked it in as he fucked it slowly back and forth in her mouth.

"Suck my balls, slut," he ordered Caitlin.

She cringed in disgust, but bent forward and began licking and sucking on his hairy balls. He sighed in pleasure, letting them suck him for a minute. Then he pulled back, dragging both off the bed by their hair. They tumbled awkwardly to the floor and he dragged Jessie around behind him as he lined Caitlin up with his wet cock.

"Suck my asshole, slut," he ordered her, spreading his legs.

He pulled her face in against his butt as he shoved his cock into Caitlin's mouth. He held the brunette in place, holding a mass of brown hair in his fist, then pumped his cock in and out. Meanwhile he pulled Jessie harder into his bottom.

"Stick your tongue up my shitter, whore," he ordered gleefully.

Too frightened off him to refuse any order, Jessie began tonguing his anus hole while Caitlin tried not to choke from his pumping cock. He moaned in happiness, then began drawing Caitlin in tighter. His cockhead started punching against the back of her mouth.

Suddenly it popped right through and into her throat. She gurgled in panic and horror, slapping at his hips as she tried to push him away. He only snickered and jammed his cock down deeper. He stood tall and proud, his legs spread as he held both beautiful women by the hair and felt the pleasure of their mouths on his cock and anus.

Jessie pressed her face in between his buttocks as she forced her tongue way up his anus. Caitlin was panicking from lack of air as the cruel man plunged his cock up and down her quivering, spasming throat tube. He yelled in glee and spurted his juice into the brunette's throat, sending it sluicing down into her belly.

He dragged the blonde around and shoved her into the brunette, and both fell back together on the rug. He laughed down at them. Caitlin ignored him, gasping and coughing, her chest heaving as she drew in deep gulps of air.

"Well, whores. I gotta leave you alone for a while. I gotta go and meet a guy and see about a way out of the country. In the meantime, just so you're not lonely, I'll leave you both together."

He dragged them both into the bathroom and ordered them into the tub. He positioned them standing up together, face to face, breasts mashing against breasts, then taped Caitlin's wrists together behind Jessie's back and Jessie's wrists behind Caitlin's back. He wound tape around their joined bodies as well, winding the tape around their hips and backs.

He ordered them down on Caitlin's back, then pulled the

brunette's legs up around her sister's behind and used the last of the tape to bind them there. He left the room for a minute then returned with the remains of the horse sperm.

Caitlin looked up without comprehension but Jessie closed her eyes and cringed as the man stuck the plug in the drain, then upended the container and slowly poured its contents over their bodies, paying special attention to their faces and bottoms and down between their melded chests, making sure their breasts were nicely coated.

Caitlin realized what it was within seconds and screamed in disgust, trying to duck her head away. Jones only laughed, pulling her head back by the hair and pouring it right over her face. With the last of the horse sperm gone he tossed away the empty, then left, after warning them against either pulling the plug or trying to escape.

SIX

Caitlin pulled desperately at the tape, trying to get her wrists free.

"You shouldn't do that, Caitlin," Jessie moaned. "He'll get mad."

"Fuck him!"

"He'll hurt you. He'll hurt us."

"Not if we aren't here when the bastard comes back. Yuck, God damned bastard! This shit is all over me."

"Me too. He made me drink some before."

"Oh my God! How disgusting!"

"I nearly threw up. But I knew he'd make me drink that too."

"We have to get the fuck out of here, Jessie!"

"We can't."

"Try! See if you can pull your wrists apart."

"I can't."

"Try!"

"No. He'll notice and get mad. I'm not moving."

"You dumb little bitch! Do you want him to come back and rape us?"

"Better than getting whipped on the cunt or the breasts, or having him strangle you or beat you up or shoot you."

"He might do that anyway!" Caitlin pulled and twisted her

hands, ignoring the pain as she tried to jerk them back from the tape that held them.

No matter how hard she pulled she couldn't get her arms free and though she rolled back and forth and splashed in the puddle of horse sperm in the bottom of the tub, she and Jessie stayed where they were.

"Well, well, well. Isn't this pretty."

The two girls looked up at the sound of Jones' hated voice and saw him grinning down at them. He held a knife in his hands and they cringed as he bent over the tub. All he did though was cut the tape off them.

Both girls sat up in the tub, Jessie fearful, Caitlin scowling.

"Have a nice time, girls?" he sneered.

He reached behind the door and pulled out a plastic gallon jug, holding it up gleefully.

"Look what came while you were busy. I almost missed the guy but I got back just in time." he took off the top and showed them the gooey white contents.

"Here, cunt. See what it tastes like," he sneered, holding it out to Caitlin. She drew back in disgust.

"Take a good long drink, whore." he ordered. Again he held it to her lips but again she kept her mouth closed and drew back against the opposite wall. He smiled, then motioned Jessie forward.

"Show sis how good it tastes, slut," he leered.

Jessie, trembling, put her lips to the edge and started drinking as he held the heavy container in place. She drank and swallowed for almost a full minute. When he pulled the container away almost a quarter of it was gone and Jessie looked white in the face.

"See how good it is," he smirked. "Show your sister how good it makes you feel, whore. Jerk off for us. Lean back and jerk off real nice."

Jessie slowly leaned back against the corner of the tub, still sitting on her heels. Her eyes were dull and almost vacant as she ran her hands up and down her sticky wet body, cupped and fondled her breasts, then started rubbing her slit.

Jones tilted the container and a long thick stream of horse sperm poured down over her head and face, then splashed off her breasts. He let the stream fall right onto her pussy, ordering her to pry her pussy lips open and lay back. She lay back, her knees back and legs wide, holding her pussy open as he poured the stuff right into her hole.

She was utterly coated in the sticky semen and Caitlin watched, nauseated and horrified as Jessie plunged four fingers

into her pussy and squeezed her breasts hard, her body writhing as she grunted and moaned and sighed in fake pleasure.

"Okay, whore. That's enough self loving. Now do your sis. I wasn't to see a good hard kiss and I want you to squeeze those round titties of hers until they come off."

Caitlin drew back into the opposite corner, trying to push Jessie away as the cum smeared girl, her hair plastered to her scalp and cum dribbling down off it and off her face and shoulders, tried to embrace her.

Jones produced a second gallon container and poured it down on Caitlin's head. She screamed and tried to avoid it but her sister grabbed her and started kissing her, mashing her cum wet breasts against Caitlin's. The two rolled to the bottom of the tub as Jones poured the contents all over them, deepening the level of the cum in the tub.

He grinned and snickered as Jessie fought to kiss and fondle her sister.

"All right, blondie. Get your ass out of the tub."

Jessie gratefully pulled away and stepped out of the tub, dripping cum onto the floor.

"As for you, slut," Jones said to Caitlin. "You're gonna learn a lesson."

He turned his back on her and opened the cabinet, then fished out a pair of plastic gloves. Caitlin jumped out of the tub and he jerked aside, not wanting her to get horse semen on him. She ran out the door with him in pursuit, down the hall, down the stairs and out the door.

She ran across the lawn towards the nearest building, the stable, hoping to hide, but he was too close and reached out, grabbing her long, trailing hair and jerking her to a halt. He whirled her around and slammed his knee up into her bare pussy, lifting her right off her feet with the force of the blow.

She gurgled in shock and agony, her legs going rubbery and dropping her downward. But he slammed his knee up into her groin twice more as he held her by the hair and arm, and then turned and threw her into the wooden fence, slamming his fist into her side.

She sagged to the ground and he gripped her under the arms, hauling her up again. The top rail of the wooden fence was at chest level and he forced her arms over it, pulling her hands under and back. She was bent over and helpless and he slammed his knee up into her soft, sensitive pussy again and again, until she was all but unconscious.

Jessie had stayed in the bathroom, kneeling in the corner and trembling in terror. He came back and grabbed her by the

arm, pulling her after him as he went back downstairs. He picked up a bag and shoved it into her chest, ordering her to follow him.

They went back to the corral, where Jessie spotted her sister lying in a heap. She squeaked in fear but saw almost at once that Caitlin was still alive.

Jones lifted the unconscious girl and pushed her back against the fence. He made Jessie hold her there as he brought her arms around and under the top rail, tying them in place with a rope he took from the bag. He tied her legs wide apart as well, so they weren't even on the ground and the helpless girl's weight rested mostly on her armpits.

He stood back and looked at her in approval. With her arms around the rail her chest was pushed out nice and firm, and her slit was parted wide for his inspection.

He took the bag from the subdued blonde and fished around in it, pulling out a little vial.

He held it under Caitlin's nose and the girl started mumbling and jerking and twitching, then she woke up with a gasp. He snickered and pulled it back.

"Wouldn't want you to sleep through this, whore."

"Go inside and get me a couple of those containers of horse sperm," he ordered Jessie. "They're right by the front door."

She trotted back to the house, not for a minute considering running. Meanwhile he pulled out a riding crop from the bag and held it out to the bedraggled, moaning brunette.

"I went and got some professional equipment," he smirked. "It's made for slut training."

He slashed it down on her right breast and she screamed in pain, jerking helplessly against the ropes. He laughed and swung it down again, this time on her left breast. Again she screamed and jerked and wept as an angry red welt appeared.

He swung the crop down against her stomach, then her right breast again, then swung it in a sideways motion against both breasts at once. They jiggled and bounced and he laughed, swinging it again the same way.

Jessie ran up with the two containers held against her chest. He put down the crop and plucked a clamp from the bag, slipping it over Caitlin's nose. Then he took one of the containers from Jessie, ordering her to put the other down.

He opened one, then motioned Jessie over the fence.

"Grab her hair and pull her head way back," he ordered.

Jessie did as he ordered, trying to ignore Caitlin's moan of pain as she forced her head upside down.

Jones poured the entire contents of the container down

over Caitlin's face and shoulders and down the front of her body, his erection sticking out against his jeans as he watched.

Fucking bitch whore lawyer, he thought almost rabidly.

He pulled a big wide funnel from the bag and slapped gripped Caitlin's right breast with his gloved hand, then twisted savagely. She screamed, and in the middle of the scream he forced the funnel between her teeth and into her mouth.

He picked up the second container and started pouring it into the funnel as Jessie held her sister's head back. The creamy fluid poured out the end of the funnel into Caitlin's mouth, then rapidly filled the oral cavity and backed up to the top of the funnel, overflowing it and pouring down on the brunette's cum smeared face.

Jones stopped pouring and smiled.

"You better swallow that cum, whore; otherwise you'll drown on it. You ain't gonna breath till you've taken it all."

He watched the level of cum in the funnel start to go down and saw the girl's throat bulging as she swallowed again and again. When the funnel, and her mouth were empty, her chest heaved as she drew in air. He gave her a few seconds, then started pouring again.

Again the funnel filled, though this time it was obvious she was drinking quickly. The level slid downward steadily and she breathed again. Again and again he filled the funnel, watching the horse semen go down the luscious brunette's throat and into her belly.

"Please no more," she moaned dazedly, "I can't take any more. Please. Please, I'm all full. Please," she groaned around the funnel.

He ignored her pouring more, removing the clamp from her nose so she could breathe but warning her it would be back if she didn't continue to drink steadily.

She kept drinking as he kept pouring. She choked after a half minute, and semen shot out her nose as she started coughing and choking and gagging. He examined the container. It was almost half empty. He grinned at her, then bent and untied her legs.

He pushed her right leg up beside her head, tying it to the top rail, then pushed her left leg up, forcing her left foot up next to her head as well. With both tied there and her groin open and vulnerable, he picked up the crop and started whipping her pussy and buttocks.

She choked and screamed and jerked helplessly, pain ripping through her system, her mind dazed and weak, her belly bloated, nausea filling her system. She threw up, but all she'd

eaten or drunk that day was horse semen so that was what poured out over her body as Jessie let go of her head.

Jones kept slashing the crop down on her pussy for almost a full minute, then stopped with a nasty smile.

"Starting to understand what happens when you disobey me and try to escape?"

He pulled a long hose from the bag and shoved it into her anus, feeding inch after inch of rubber into her rectum. Then he lifted the funnel from where it had fallen on the ground and attached it to the end of the tube. Jessie held it up at chest height as he poured horse sperm into it.

The sperm slid down the tube and up into Caitlin's anus, almost three quarts of it seeping into her guts before her rectum was full and would take no more. She sobbed and wept through it, coughing and hacking and choking on semen.

Jones took the hose out of her anus and stuffed a plug in place, then shoved the hose up her pussy and poured another quart of horse sperm into her. When the container was empty he sent Jessie into the house for another. He shoved a round plug into her pussy and then used tape to seal both holes tightly.

Jessie returned with the container and he took it from her and set it down on the ground, then picked up the riding crop. To her surprise, he gave it to Jessie. She took it uncertainly, looking at him in bewilderment.

"Use it on her cunt."

She turned and swallowed, looking at her moaning, groaning sister.

"I-I... I don't... "

"If you don't I'll use it on her then on you."

Jessie moaned in indecision, then lifted the crop and brought it down lightly on Caitlin's pussy.

"Harder, slut!"

Jessie jumped in fear, then swung again. This time the crop made a loud thwack as it slashed into Caitlin's semen covered pussy. Of course the tape was in the way but the girl still screamed in pain. Jessie struck her groin several times, then stopped as Jones took it from her and pushed her away.

"Get on all fours," he ordered.

Jessie immediately complied, shocked with terror. She looked back and moaned as Jones stuffed the hose into her own anus. She felt the slimy thing slide deep into her bowels, then watched as Jones held the container awkwardly and started pouring. She felt the stuff gurgle down into her belly and quickly fill it up.

Caitlin was groaning and moaning now from the cramps in

her belly. Her guts were rolling and aching from all the liquid up inside her but she couldn't expel it because of the plugs.

Jones untied Caitlin, but only to turn the exhausted, dazed girl around and retie her facing the fence. Again he bent her arms around the top post and tied them in place. He gave Jessie the crop again and she said a prayer then swung it down against Caitlin's back.

Caitlin let out a cry of misery that brought tears to Jessie's eyes, but at Jones' order she swung the crop down on her back again, then again, then slashed it across her rounded buttocks a dozen or more times.

She tried to ignore the growing discomfort in her own gut as the quart or so of horse semen that was up in her anus fought to escape. She clamped down on her sphincter, terrified of what Jones would do if she let all the horse sperm spew out.

"Enough for now," he said finally.

He cut the brunette loose and she slid to the ground, apparently lifeless. He knew better though. He kicked her in the side and she groaned in pain.

"Okay whore, get sis to suck you off. Climb over her face and drop that slutty wet cunt down on her mouth."

Jessie was holding her stomach, and groaning. She looked up at him miserably.

"Please can't I go to the bathroom?" she moaned.

"When I say. Now climb aboard slut face there and get a good eating."

She straddled Caitlin's face, wincing from the pain in her belly. She let her pussy come down on Caitlin's face but the brunette made no attempt to eat her.

"Eat the pussy, you cunt faced whore!" Jones yelled. "Suck that clitty!"

He put his foot down on Caitlin's abdomen and slowly brought his weight down. She gasped in pain and pushed feebly at his foot.

"Ohh! Ohh! Uhh! P... p... Please! Please!" she gasped.

"Suck that cunt or I'll make your belly explode," he snapped.

She pushed her tongue out against her sister's slit and started tonguing it. Jessie moaned too, her own belly grumbling and rolling, threatening to rip open from the pressure of her swollen bowels.

Jessie leaned far forward, her hands on the ground, trembling miserably as she sat on her sister's jaw.

Suddenly she lost control and her anus burst open, spewing a thick white mass of horse semen down onto Caitlin's

face and chest.

Caitlin choked and coughed but kept sucking on her pussy as though nothing had happened. Jessie groaned in relief, her belly and groin feeling an immense pleasure at the sudden emptiness. She groaned and hugged Caitlin's face as the woman's tongue pushed up into her slit and tongued her clitty.

She closed her eyes, sighing in happiness, her body feeling a glow of pleasure. Her pussy was burning with heat she suddenly realized, and before she could think about why or how or what to do about it she was cumming, cumming furiously, her own cum spewing down onto her sister's semen stained face as she ground her bald puffy pussy into Caitlin's face.

Jessie washed herself off with a hose and soap, then had to clean up Caitlin, who was in no shape to do anything much beyond moaning and whimpering. She was as gentle as she could with her sister, but knew the girl's many cuts and welts were stinging from the powerful soap.

Not content to clean herself outside, the blonde pushed the garden hose up her anus and let water sluice up into her for a full minute before removing it. She shoved it up Caitlin's pussy and anus too, nothing too intimate for her any more.

Clean, the two staggered back to the house where Jones sat before the big screen TV watching a ball game. Jessie took Caitlin upstairs to her room and put her to bed, hoping Jones would leave her alone for a while.

There was no such luck, though. Jones was too excited to wait longer than it took for the sloppy, cum stained girls to get clean. Almost as soon as Caitlin was settled in bed, wincing from the pain in her back, breasts, anus and pussy, Jones came into the room with his hard-on, looking for a place to put it.

Jessie felt guilty for having cum on Caitlin's face, and from pouring all that slimy gunk down on her. She offered to suck or fuck the cruel man, but Jones wanted Caitlin. Shoving Jessie aside he jerked off the covers and looked down at the nubile woman laying there.

He gripped her arm and rolled her onto her belly, then got into bed, kneeling between her legs and pulling them wide apart. He leaned forward, dropping his pants and taking out his hard prick, then pushed it against the brunette's anus.

Jessie watched, wringing her hands a little as she saw Jones force more and more of his thick cock meat down into the groaning girl's anus. He draped his body over the brunette and thrust hard. Caitlin gasped in pain as the full length of his prong rammed up into her anus.

Like Jessie, she'd never been sodomised before, but after

the horrible events of the day there was nothing that could disgust her any more. She lay there and let him spear her anus, just hoping he would quickly finish. She clenched her teeth against the pain, pressing her face into the pillow as Jones pounded his cock up and down her rectum.

She didn't realize that, like Jessie, she had become tamed, unresisting, not thinking about anything but freedom from pain, willing to undergo anything so long as it would keep her from being whipped or beaten. She didn't even think of protesting as Jones reamed her as hard as he could, then spurted his wad down into her anus.

She was happy to feel it shooting into her. After all, she'd been pumped full of horse semen. At least this was only a bit, and human, if she could call Jones human, and it meant he was finished with her.

"Thank me for the cum," he said as he slipped his cock out from between her buttocks.

"Thank you for the cum," she whispered.

"Any time, slut," he laughed, slapping her bottom.

He swaggered out of the room and Jessie rushed over to comfort her. The blonde girl got into the bed with her and the two hugged each other tightly.

"He's so cruel," she whimpered.

"He's... he's a cocksucker," Caitlin groaned, gazing down at her bruised and battered flesh.

She slid her hand back behind her and rubbed her sore bottom, wincing at the sharp stinging that remained in her reamed out anus.

"That disgusting, filthy pervert," she groaned.

"Isn't it awful being fucked in the ass?" Jessie whispered in agreement.

"Jessie... we have to get that fucking tape from him."

"What?"

"The tape! The tape of us... of us... you know... doing things."

"Oh that." Jessie blushed in remembrance.

"Can you imagine if anyone we know sees it?"

"But it wasn't our fault!" Jessie protested.

"That doesn't matter! Jesus Christ can you imagine if Mom and Dad see it? We can't even call the police in case they catch him and see the tape. What if they show it to everyone?"

"They wouldn't do that. Would they?"

"They're men aren't they?" she snarled bitterly. "I bet they'd all have a good long look at it. And they'd all show their friends and maybe make copies."

"I don't want to call the police anyway. I mean, we can't tell them what happened... the things we did, you know."

"What are we going to do, damn it? We can't let him keep doing this to us! We have to get the tape and get away somehow."

"What if he stays here and waits for us?"

"He wouldn't do that."

"But he's crazy! Who knows what he'd do?"

"Maybe you're right," Caitlin sighed. She squeezed her aching pussy again.

"It sure hurts being fucked in the ass," she groaned.

"It'll feel better soon."

"Where did he get all that horse sperm anyway? Shit. I've never felt so nauseated in my life."

"He ordered it from the farmer's depot. And he used our credit cards, the bastard."

"We have to kill him, Jessie. We'll just kill him and dump his body in the septic tank or something."

"How? He's got the gun."

"Where? Lots of times he's naked and I don't see the gun anywhere. If we could just get it then and shoot him..." Caitlin growled.

"I don't know. I've never shot anybody before."

"Well neither have I, you idiot! I don't intend to wait for him to decide to kill us though."

"Do you think he will?"

"I don't know. Either way he's going to rape us in the cunt and asshole and make us suck each other off and do all sorts of other disgusting things to us. I don't want to swallow any more horse semen and I don't want to lick your pussy again!"

"Well I don't like licking your pussy either!"

"I wasn't blaming you, Jessie. Anyway, licking your pussy and sucking your breasts is the least disgusting thing he's made me do. I don't mind that so much as his filthy cock."

"I don't really mind it either, I mean, not like getting beat on or raped up the ass. Actually it's the first time I ever licked a pussy before. It was kind of... I don't know... kind of interesting."

"Interesting? You thought it was interesting!? God you're a dumb slut!"

"I am not! I didn't mean, well, it's just something I've thought of before and, well, it was kind of... not that bad a thing."

"Well if we get out of this mess you can lick my pussy all you want to." Caitlin snapped.

"I didn't mean that!" Jessie flushed.

"Shit, my pussy hurts like hell, too," Caitlin groaned, rubbing it softly.

"I'm sorry about that," Jessie said, contritely. "I didn't want to whip your pussy at all but he made me."

"Well you didn't have to whip so hard."

"Is it really sore?"

"Yes! So are my breasts. God." She rubbed her breasts.

"I'm sorry," Jessie said.

She too gazed down at the wounded mammary meat. She reached down and stroked Caitlin's right breast, feeling for welts or swellings on the soft flesh. Her fingers slid over the slightly discoloured flesh without finding any bumps or swelling.

"Want me to kiss it and make it better?" she grinned.

"Don't be such a slut, Jessie," Caitlin moaned.

"Well, it couldn't hurt."

She bent and slid her tongue softly up and down Caitlin's rounded mammary melon. Caitlin started to push her away but the other girl's soft tongue did feel kind of good as it stroked across her silky flesh.

She rolled back on her back and did nothing as Jessie slid her tongue up and down and all around the rounded breasts. The blonde slid her right hand under Caitlin's left breast and kind of stroked the underside, sliding her hand back and forth, sliding around the edges of the fat boob.

She saw that Caitlin's nipples were hardening and remembered how she'd seen the riding crop slash directly across the soft pink flesh. She slid her tongue directly over the nipple, hoping it made her sister feel better. She worked very tenderly over the wounded flesh, wanting to ease the leftover pain.

Caitlin sighed softly, too exhausted, too much in pain, too traumatized, her judgement and concern over such things gone, closing her eyes as she lay her head back on the pillow. Jessie slid her tongue over onto the other nipple, sliding it around and around, then slurping directly across it. She slid her lips around the hard little bud and rubbed and squeezed them around it, then suckled gently.

Her hand moved down between Caitlin's legs and stroked her bare, bald little sex, two fingers softly rubbing up and down along her slit, pressing just hard enough to pry the sex lips apart and slide within the cleft, stroking over her clitty.

She didn't see or hear Jones coming into the room, for he moved very silently, a grim smile on his face. He was wearing thick rubber gloves of the type her father used when working with electricity. In his left hand he held a mass of leather and

chain, in his right, a long metal tube resembling a bicycle air pump. He extended the air pump directly out in front of him as he moved closer to the bed.

Jessie was on her side, though tilted over against her sister's body. Her legs were parted slightly, revealing her pussy crack. Jones slid the tip of the narrow tube in between the blonde girl's parted thighs, a nasty smile on his face, then he jammed it hard against the girl's bald pussy.

SEVEN

There was a crackling sound and Jessie shrieked so loudly that Caitlin screamed as well. The blonde's pelvis shot forward so hard her spine almost snapped as she jerked her pussy away from the searing pain that was biting at it.

Her entire body flew across her sister and landed in a whimpering heap against the wall as she scrambled around to look behind her, mouth and eyes wide.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Jones laughed uproariously.

"Liked that I bet, slut," he sneered, eyeing the two lasciviously.

"I see you to slut dykes are getting into it without my say so. Baaaad giiiiirls."

He touched the tip of the cattle prod to Caitlin's hip and the brunette howled and jerked backwards, so both girls were now crouched wide eyed against the wall.

"You! Blonde slut! Get your cunt over here, right now!" he growled.

Jessie whimpered fearfully, her eyes on the cattle prod, but there was nowhere to run. She edged forward to the end of the bed, then slid her legs over the edge and stood up. Jones put his hand on her face and shoved her hard, hurling her back against the bed. She fell back but he grabbed her ankle and dragged her off the bed.

Her bottom hit the floor with a loud thump. He sniggered then and lifted her foot high, almost lifting her whole body off the floor. He jabbed the cattle prod down against her pussy and screwed it from side to side, forcing it inside her snatch.

Jessie whimpered and moaned, pleading with him not to shock her again. "No! No! No!" she begged, but he pushed down on the button and sent high voltage pain ripping into her nervous system. She howled and screamed, her body thrashing

violently, half on the floor, half in mid-air.

Jones kept a tight gloved hold on her ankle as she jerked and shook and strained against him. Finally she ripped the tube free and fell bonelessly to the floor, eyes glazed, body trembling and twitching uncontrollably.

"All right, whore, get back near the bed, on your knees." he ordered.

Whimpering in pain and terror, Jessie crawled back towards the bed and knelt, sitting back on her heels, still trembling. Jones pointed the prod at Caitlin.

"Off your ass, whore," he snarled. "I got something for you and your slut sister."

He hurled the chain and leather at her and it bounced off Caitlin's sore breasts. Caitlin yelped, then edged off the bed and backed herself against a dresser.

"Put those on the blonde whore, girl, and do it fast," Jones glared.

Caitlin stared at the jumble of chain and leather then eased away from the dresser and picked some of it up. There were a number of small leather bands, sort of like wrist bands. They had metal studs and small rings set in their sides. She picked one up and eyed Jessie hesitantly.

"On her wrists and ankles, you stupid piece of cunt meat," Jones snarled.

Caitlin swallowed fearfully, then reached down and gripped her sister's arm, lifting it. Jessie held it up obediently, still shaking, staring in terror at him and the cattle prod as Caitlin fitted a leather band around her wrist. She held up the other and Jessie raised her other hand so it too could be encircled by one of the leather bands.

In due course both her ankles were also circled by leather bands. After them came a leather collar, also studded, and also with a ring, just like a dog collar, in fact. She fitted it around Jessie's small throat with a look of regret at the kneeling girl.

Jones flicked a wide metal ring at her and Caitlin grabbed it, looking at it in confusion.

"Fasten her wrists together behind her back you stupid, shit faced, whore," Jones said in a conversational tone.

Caitlin saw that by pressing hard against one side of the metal ring she could create a small opening. She pulled Jessie's wrists together at the small of her back and slid the ring through both the rings in her wrist bands, linking them together.

"Now fasten them to her collar," Jones sneered.

"But... but... "

"The chain, you fuck eyed fat assed cunt brained piece of

shit."

She picked up a long piece of chain but Jones pressed the tip of the cattle prod against her wrist and she screamed and dropped it.

"The short one, slut mouth."

She picked up a very short chain, and saw that there was a small ring at one end similar to the one binding Jessie's wrists together. She pulled Jessie's collar around so the ring on it was behind her and snapped the chain into the ring, then pulled her bound wrists up.

Jessie began gasping in pain long before her wrists were high enough to reach the end of the short chain. Caitlin hesitated to push them up higher but knew Jones would not be satisfied otherwise. She pushed as slowly and gently as she could, edging her sister's slim arms higher and higher as Jessie gasped and moaned and whined in pain.

She had to raise them almost up to Jessie's neck before she could fasten the ring to the end of the chain.

"Now the belt, whore flesh. Around her arms, pull them together."

Jessie was already clenching her teeth against the pain as her sister looped the fat leather strap around her arms above the elbows and then, as gently as she could, drew them back together. She was forced to ignore her sister's pleas to stop, forcing her elbows back tightly and buckling the strap in place.

"Now put the same things on yourself, cunt," Jones ordered.

Caitlin donned the wrist bands and ankle bands, then slid the other collar around her own throat. She couldn't tie them together but Jones didn't seem to intend that just yet. He reached down and gripped Jessie by the hair, dragging her to her feet.

Jessie gasped and moaned, every movement putting pressure on her agonized arms. Her head was pulled back, her chest thrust out as her arms pulled on the collar, which pulled back on her throat. Her eyes rolled fearfully as she tried to look behind her at Jones.

Jones was smiling, which meant bad news.

"Okay, cunt, here's this slut sister of yours. I think she needs to know who's boss. I want you to punch her in the stomach as hard as you can."

Caitlin looked at Jessie's helpless body in consternation. She didn't want to hit her sister, but was terrified of what Jones would do if she refused. She was painfully aware of the cattle prod still clutched in his other hand.

"Right now, cunt!"

She drew back her fist and thumped it weakly into Jessie's belly. Jessie grunted, though not much. Jones hauled her aside and stabbed the cattle prod into Caitlin's belly. The sizzling power ripped into the brunette's gut as she screamed in agony.

She was thrown back against the dresser, Jones keeping the prod jammed into her belly as he sneered in pleasure. Caitlin instinctively grabbed at the prod but her hands burned as the power ripped into them as well. Jones laughed and pulled it back. Caitlin shook and trembled as she fell to her knees, then rolled forward onto the carpet, clutching her belly.

"You better learn to do what I tell you, fuck hole." Jones said.

"Now, you're gonna punch the blonde whore in the belly. If you don't, and if it isn't hard, I'll stick this thing up your cunt and fry your brains. I had it on a low setting for little sis, but I'll stick it up high for you. I fucking hate lawyers!"

She slowly climbed back to her feet, panting and whimpering, tears in her eyes. Jones swung Jessie around in front of him again and smiled.

"Now, slut!" He yelled.

Terrified, Caitlin drew back her fist and punched Jessie as hard as she could in the belly. The blonde gurgled in pain and tried to bend forward but was drawn back sharply by the agony in her shoulders when she did. She felt sick and dizzy and her belly ached.

"Good, now lets' see you punch her in the tit, either one will do."

Anxiously, torn between not wanting to hurt Jessie, and terror of the cattle prod, Caitlin slammed her fist into Jessie's left breast. Her fist sunk deep into the soft flesh before coming to rest against her sister's ribs.

Jessie screamed in pain but Jones held her easily in place.

"Again, this time her other tit."

He held up the prod menacingly and Caitlin squeaked in fear and slammed her fist into Jessie's other breast. Again Jessie howled in pain as the fist smashed into her soft, tender meat, but there was nothing she could do.

"On your knees, whore!" Jones yelled. Caitlin dropped to her knees, gratefully, thinking she wouldn't have to hurt Jessie again. Jones had other ideas, he bent Jessie forward, ignoring the groans of pain from the trembling girl.

She kept her head pulled back as Jones bent her forward at the waist so her fat breasts hung below her like full water balloons. Both hung just about level with Caitlin's face.

"Let's see how good you are at boxing, slut box. I want you to start punching these two fat torpedoes here and keep doing it as hard and fast as you can until I say stop."

"Oh please no," Caitlin whimpered.

Jones stabbed the prod against the side of her neck and pain exploded in the shaking girl's mind, hurling her back against the wall where she sagged to the floor. Jones stabbed the prod down against her foot, then against her side, then her bottom then her back as the girl twisted and turned, shrieking in agony and terror.

Jones pulled back, laughing. Caitlin lay curled up in the corner, sobbing and trembling and shaking in pain and terror. She shivered uncontrollably as looked down with a smile of satisfaction on his face.

"Now get your ass over here, you miserable slut box and do what I tell you or you'll get it twice as bad next time."

Caitlin couldn't move for a minute, but then crawled across to them and jerked upright on her knees, her body still trembling, her eyes wide and wild.

"Start punching at these milk bags," Jones ordered, pressing down against the back of Jessie's neck.

Caitlin lifted her hand in a girlish fist and slapped it at Jessie's breast. It struck and smashed the breast backwards.

"Faster! Harder! Faster! Harder! Harder! Harder!" Jones shouted angrily.

Caitlin punched with her other fist, then with the first, then the second, punching harder and faster and straighter, eyes frenzied, her face a mask of terror as some of her body began to sort itself out from the violent electrical firestorm that had ripped through it.

Jessie screamed in agony as her breasts flopped and jerked and bounced under the continuous blows of her sister's fists. The two heavy breasts swung and bounced as Caitlin's fists sunk into their soft meat and sent them hurling backwards like punching bags.

Caitlin had never used speed bags, or even really seen them but she was using Jessie's breasts like twin speed bags now as she rattled her fists against the bouncing flesh again and again. Jones laughed in amusement as he watched.

"Enough," he said, twirling the blonde around by her hair and shoving her down to her knees.

She bent her over, mashing her face against the floor as he picked up something from the bed. He tossed it to Caitlin and ordered her to put it on.

Caitlin wasn't even sure what it was at first. Her thinking

processes weren't working all that well. Still, she slipped it on, realizing quickly what its purpose was. It was a dildo, only it strapped around her hips and nestled down between her legs like a man's penis. She knew it was for fucking her sister with.

"All right, whore, give this blonde slut a real ride," he grinned. "Stick it up her snatch and fuck the bitch till she cums."

Jessie was oblivious to what was being said or done behind her. She sobbed in pain, wanting to comfort her aching breasts, which were throbbing with agony as they lay pressed against the floor beneath her. She felt something hard pressing against her pussy, but the sensation was trifling next to the agony of her breasts and she practically ignored it.

The dildo was very long, however, and quite thick too. It slid remorselessly into Jessie's tight, snug pussy sheath, Caitlin having no choice, or thought of doing other than burying it in the slender young blonde's belly. She wiggled her hips from side to side when the dildo met resistance, screwing the thick rubber prong around inside Jessie's sex, pumping back and forth until it pushed deeper.

She grunted with the effort, her hands on her sister's hips as she drove the dildo steadily deeper into her pussy chamber. Only when her own hips were pressed hard against Jessie's soft round buttocks did she began to draw back.

She fucked into Jessie's pussy with a steady pumping motion, going fast because she knew Jones wanted her to. Jessie hardly seemed to notice at first. She moaned, as she'd been doing for some time but did not try to resist or move away.

"Harder!" Jones ordered.

The order wasn't unexpected and Caitlin immediately began to thrust harder, drilling the thick rubber cock back and forth inside Jessie's aching tunnel. Her hips began to slap against Jessie's bottom with greater force and noise now and Jessie grunted with the impact of the dildo against the back wall of her sex tube.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she groaned in accompaniment to the slapping of Caitlin's flesh against her buttocks.

"I think she needs something else to turn her on," Jones commented.

"Take out the dildo and take this." He handed her the cattle prod.

She almost dropped it, staring wide-eyed at the metal tube. Jones immediately slid a slender choke chain over the blonde's head and down around her throat, just above the collar, then

gave the other end of the chain to Caitlin.

"Now whore, you're gonna ride this bitch like she's fuckin' buckin' bronco. And she will be too. Stick that prod as deep in her cunt as it'll go, then hang onto the chain and press the button."

Caitlin thought, briefly, about using the prod on him, but was sure he was prepared for such a thing and doubted she'd be able to reach him before he knocked it out of her hand with his own protected hands. It was only a flickering thought in any event, for she was too stunned and terrified. She eased the tube into her sister's pussy, reluctantly pushing it deep into her sex until she could get it no further.

"When I say, you press the button, and if she gets away from you before I say to stop I'll shove it up your cunt and show you how easy it is to hold a whore in place and ride her with the prod."

Caitlin nodded her head quickly, gasping in fear at the thought. She pulled the chain tight, not thinking or caring that it tightened around Jessie's slim throat.

"Now!" Jones shouted. Caitlin yelped in fear, her finger pressing down on the button.

Jessie howled in agony, her body pulling desperately against the chain as she tried to tear herself free from the horrible pain ripping through her guts. Her knees smashed and ground against the carpet as her body shook violently, thrashing and pulling, even as the chain choked the breath out of her.

Her head whipped back and forth and her body trembled and shook. She tried to rise several times only to be forced back by Caitlin, who jammed the prod down hard against the back wall of her pussy tunnel. She shook and bucked like a horse, her upper body flying upwards off the floor and back against her sister.

Terrified that she'd get loose and Jones would subject her to the prod, Caitlin hung on for dear life, pulling down hard on the chain as Jessie tried to rise to her feet, holding the prod inside her thrashing, shaking, squirming, writhing sister's belly as Jessie howled and screamed in tortured agony.

Finally, the breath choked out of her, Jessie fell forward, flat on her belly. Caitlin still knelt between her spread legs, holding the prod down against her sex as the blonde bounced and shook and trembled on the floor, grunting and gurgling as convulsions wracked her tortured body.

"Enough," Jones said lazily, grinning.

Caitlin turned off the juice and slid the prod out of Jessie's pussy, letting go of the chain. She whimpered herself as she

looked down at her sister, still trembling and gurgling and shaking.

"I bet she won't forget that soon," Jones laughed. "Okay, slut, turn her over and start eating that pussy."

Caitlin rolled her sister over, spreading her legs further as she knelt and pressed her face into her bald, burned up little pussy. She tongued her slit, sliding her moist pink tongue up and down the dry cleft, then pushing it inside.

Jessie seemed oblivious to what she was doing. She was still shaking and grunting, her eyes glassy, and Caitlin had to hold her thighs down to keep her in place. She pushed her tongue deep into the hole, hoping to moisten some of the tortured pussy she had abused.

Her tongue slurped and sucked and slid up and down the blonde's sex, probing inside her hole as she licked. In a determined effort to relieve some of the pain, Caitlin began to rub and suck on Jessie's clitty, her tongue stroking over it again and again.

Jessie's mind was a bedraggled mess, fractured into a thousand pieces by the terrible pain she had undergone. Her body though, reacted as it was made to. On automatic pilot, without the guilt, fear, or anger to affect it, her clit began to buzz with pleasure from the careful stroking of the other woman's tongue.

Caitlin sucked two of her fingers, moistening them, then slid them up into Jessie's snatch, pumping them slowly in and out as she continued to lick and suck on her sister's clitoris. She felt Jessie's own lubrication beginning to seep out from her pussy walls and slid a small prayer of thanks.

Jessie was still trembling, though not as violently. Her grunts and groans had been replaced by delirious mutterings and whispers, words neither of the others could make out. Caitlin sucked hard on her clitty as she stroked her fingers in and out of the pussy hole she herself had so abused.

Jessie showed no reaction, but her body was obviously responding and that was what Caitlin wanted. She slid one hand up Jessie's body and gently kneaded a soft breast as she searched for, then found the hard little nipple.

Jessie's head was jerking and thrashing from side to side and her loins were starting to hump up against Caitlin's face. Caitlin licked harder, her tongue rasping across Jessie's clit as she pumped her fingers faster in her sister's snatch.

The blonde wept and moaned and grunted insensibly, her legs pulling apart as her buttocks ground into the carpet and her hands jerked and quivered on the floor. Her eyes were open but

unseeing as her body, responding to an age old stimulus, began to rip into an orgasmic explosion that shoved aside and then buried the sensation of pain that had enveloped the blonde.

She groaned in pleasure now, though her conscious mind wasn't aware of what was going on. Her body shook and bounced through a climax of immense proportions, her raw, frazzled nerve endings flooded and overloaded with cataclysmic ecstasy that grew and grew until it blasted the hapless, helpless girl completely out of her skin and dropped her into the blackness of unconsciousness.

"Well, you got a talented tongue, pussy," Jones snickered.

He gripped her thick hair and dragged her to her feet, then shoved her against the bed, forcing her onto her hands and knees on the edge of the mattress.

"Spread those legs, whore," he ordered.

Caitlin spread her legs wider, then wider still, raising her bottom in the air as he fingered her slit and anus. He ran his hands over her round buttocks, then slapped them both down with a laugh.

"That's the position for you to get used to, whore. This is something all you college girls should be shown before you even start school."

He unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock, hard yet again, sticking the head against her bald pussy slit. His cockhead sank into her velvety opening, disappearing from view. Caitlin grunted as he thrust forward, half his cock driving up into her belly.

"Suck it down. Suck it down," he sighed, gripping her hips as he slammed the rest of his cock meat into her tight tunnel.

"Fucking cunt! Stinking whore! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" he grunted, drilling his prick into her buttery depths, grinding his hips against her bottom as he pulled hard on her hips.

"Take it! Take it!" he gasped, pounding his prick harder and harder into her soft pussy box, his hips hammering into her bottom, knocking her body forward away from him, only to be dragged back by his strong, iron hard grip.

"Fucking bitch!" he cursed, his hips beating a furious tattoo against her bottom, his cock drilling her tight pussy, pistoning in and out as he jerked her body back and forth with savage, violent fury.

Caitlin's breasts swung back and forth and her head bounced helplessly as he slammed into her with remorseless anger and lust.

He grabbed her wrists, pulling them straight back along her body, pulling so hard she screamed, her arms threatening to

rip free of their sockets as he used them to tear her body back against his raging hard-on.

He pounded into her, his hips making brutal contact with her cupcake buttocks, hurling her forward with a scream of pain. Then he yanked back on her arms, again making her scream as he used his grip to brake her body's forward motion and jerk her back against his next ferocious thrust.

Caitlin was pounded and battered like a rag doll, yelping and groaning and sobbing in disorientation as her body bounced and jerked up and down and back and forth. He raped his cock down into her with cruel spearing strokes, skewering her aching pussy box, making her scream in pain as his lance impaled her over and over again.

He gave a groan and fell forward over her, his weight crushing her into the mattress. His body covered her, his arms sliding beneath her and nearly cutting her in half as he crushed her against him with all his strength. He ground his crotch into her bottom as he twisted his hard cock around inside her tight, elastic inner sheath, then his mouth opened wide and he bit down on her shoulder, his teeth digging into her soft flesh as she quivered in agony.

He growled and drooled, his cock beginning to pump inside her again, his hips slapping against her bottom.

"Bitch! Whore! Fucking... Ungh... Cunt! Ungh!"

He buried his purple knobbed prick inside her, and still he rammed forward, mashing his hips against her, crushing her against the mattress, trying to ram his entire pelvis into her pussy opening.

Then he came, his juice spewing out the end of his thick prong and boiling down into her belly, gushing along her silken pussy walls and flooding her womb with warm wet white semen.

He grunted as he jerked hard on his arms, crushing her against him again, then again, then again, as though trying to force his flesh through hers, to force his entire body into her.

A last wad of semen spat out the tip of his cock and rattled down into her belly and he finally relaxed atop the near senseless girl, groaning in satisfaction as his cock finally began to soften inside her snug slit.

EIGHT

Jones left them alone for a long while, long enough for the bedraggled, abused young women to regain at least some small portion of their sanity and energy. They both groaned weakly from the hard riding and torture they'd been given. Each had new sore spots to cup and squeeze and rub as they lay together, taking comfort in each others' presence.

Jones didn't bother them until supper time, when they had to go down into the kitchen and make him a big dinner. The two naked girls worked side by side in the kitchen, always with an ear open for Jones' appearance, frightened he might catch them saying something against him.

Both still wore the leather bands around their ankles and wrists, though Jessie's were no longer fastened together. Neither tried to escape out the kitchen door. By now they both had the idea that Jones was omniscient, could read their minds and tell when they were planning something.

Neither wanted to feel his fists again, or the pain of the cattle prod. Jessie, in particular was too frightened to even think about running away from him. They made steak and potatoes and gravy and then knelt on either side of his chair, their wrists bound together behind their backs as Jones ate.

After dinner, Jones used both as foot stools, making them kneel side by side as he rested one foot on each back. He clicked through the TV channels, but found nothing half so interesting as the two rounded bottoms and tight, bare little pussy cracks staring up at him.

Every once in a while he would lift a foot off one of their backs, then shove hard on the girl's bottom, knocking her off her knees and onto her face on the carpet. He would watch with a sneer as the girl quickly got back to her knees and scurried back into position.

Several times he leaned forward, his lighter in his hands, clicking it on and sliding it beneath a soft little pussy mound so the flame burned into tender flesh. The girl would screech in pain and fly forward as he laughed in amusement and put his lighter away.

Still, even this began to bore him after a while. He stripped and let both girls work on his cock at the same time. To make it more difficult for them he kept their wrists bound, allowing them only their tongues and lips to work suck and lick on his balls and cock. Before he came he jammed their heads together, then spit his sperm into their faces, making them lick it off each other.

It was while he was watching Jessie suck Caitlin's nipple, and yelling at the blonde to bite it off, that he got an idea that promised excitement. He played with it in his mind for a few minutes as the two girls made love together, trying to think of the most interesting way to bring it about.

He went to the kitchen and got a sewing kit, then rummaged in the jewel box for some rings. He found just what he wanted and brought them back to the living room. First he had Jessie lay flat on the coffee table, then he pulled her upwards so first her head hung over, then her shoulders. Her wrists were still bound and he spread her legs and fastened her ankles to the legs on either side of the table, running a chain beneath the table to lock them together.

The blonde groaned in discomfort, the edge of the table digging painfully into her arms beneath her. Jones ignored her, sending Caitlin scurrying to the kitchen for ice, then making her kneel with her sex over Jessie's face, pressing down hard, her hands cupping and squeezing the girl's wounded breasts.

He pressed one of the ice cubes against Jessie's right nipple, holding it in place for several long seconds as the blonde shivered on the table. When he pulled it away, the nipple was wet, and firmly erect.

He took out a long, thin needle, his eyes gleaming as he beheld the twin mounds, both sticking out so hard, so full, so round and firm.

He rolled the nipple in his fingers for a few moments, then pinched the end tightly and pulled upwards. He pressed the needle against the side of Jessie's nipple and slowly pushed it in.

Jessie gave a sharp cry of pain, then another, louder yell. She started struggling, the muscles of her stomach and legs rippling as she tried to pull away. Her face jerked upwards into Caitlin's groin, as though she could lift the girl off the floor.

She screamed louder as the needle dug into her super-sensitive flesh, boring a hole through the nipple and out the other side. Both Jones and Caitlin stared in fascination at the nipple, pierced by the needle, an inch of thin steel projecting out either side.

Instead of pulling the needle all the way through, or drawing it back out, Jones turned it to one side, twisting it around in a full circle, twisting the aching nipple with it as Jessie howled in pain. He let it go and it spun around just like a propeller.

He took it out and replaced it with a small golden earring. Jessie's screams had dropped to whimpers but quickly picked up as she felt the sharp biting pain in her other nipple. Of course

the way to do such things was quick, so there would be less pain. Jones pushed the needle in as slow as he could, prolonging the pain for the shaking, writhing young woman.

Then he slid a matching earring through this nipple.

Jones shifted downward along the table, eyeing the soft, warm pussy meat. He licked his lips as his fingers rubbed along Jessie's pussy, felt her pussy lips and looked for a good place to jam in the needle. Down at the bottom, he thought.

Again Jessie howled in pain, this time even louder. Her legs jerked furiously against the legs of the table, her legs straining to pull free as Jones pushed the needle deeper and deeper into her tender pussy meat.

Jessie didn't know what was going on. All she could see was her sister's thighs bottom and pussy, along with the far wall. She had no idea why her nipples had stung so, and why they still stung a little and felt so odd. Nor did she know what Jones was doing to her pussy, to the tender, sensitive flesh down there. All she knew was that it hurt... a lot.

She struggled furiously, but could do nothing as Jones pushed the needle through her flesh and out the other side, then put a fat ring through her outer labia on both sides just at the base of her slit. He played with the three rings, rolling them, tugging on them, twisting her soft skin until she screamed again. Finally he untied her legs and had Caitlin let her up.

Jessie stared down at the rings dangling from her sore nipples, astonishment on her face. Of course she had heard of people wearing rings in their nipples, but had never imagined such a thing happening to her. She couldn't pull her hands around and couldn't see the ring dangling from her pussy, but knew it was there, could feel it against her thighs when she closed her legs.

"Take them out! Take them out!" she cried.

"Don't tell me what to do, slut, or I'll put in a hundred more," Jones snapped.

He shoved her aside and dragged Caitlin up on the table. The brunette began to whimper in fear but didn't dare to struggle as he fastened her legs together beneath the table, then bound her wrists up against the back of her collar.

He pushed her back over the top of the table, kneeling there and sticking his cock into her mouth as he rolled the ice cube over her right nipple. He hummed softly as he pierced her nipple. Caitlin, not as alarmed as her sister had been since she knew very well what was happening, still cried out in pain, but did not thrash as much as Jessie had.

Soon both nipples and her pussy lips had rings through

them, and Jones got another idea. He pulled his cock out of her mouth and shuffled back a bit, still holding her head down. Before she could react he slid the needle down against her nose and jabbed it in hard.

She screamed in agony as her eyes teared up. Her nose felt like it was on fire as he forced the needle through the small layer of flesh dividing her nostrils. He pulled it out and took another earring, slipping it through the hole and clipping it in place.

He looked up at Jessie and his eyes gleamed. She started whimpering and her head turned left, then right, as though seeking a path to escape. Jones pounced on her and forced her flat on the ground, sitting on her chest and bringing his knees down hard against the sides of her head. Locked tightly in place, she could not resist as he pierced her nose as well, and slid a ring through.

He let her up and she sobbed as she felt the gold ring dangling on her lower lip. It was a bit big for a nose ring, but Jones was happy and that, ultimately, was all that mattered. He released Caitlin, then forced both girls to their knees, side by side in front of him.

"Now that looks good," he sniggered. "Dirty little whores. All you cunts ought to be taught your place like this."

He looked down at the bound, naked girls, licking his lips as his eyes gleamed in delight at the delicious sight of the naked, docile female flesh that was in his control. Both girls knelt with their heads bowed, gazing down dazed and stunned at the rings through their nipples and the trying to see the ones through their noses.

Jones dropped his pants and his erection stuck out hard and strong and proud. He grinned as he stepped out of his pants, then he gripped them by the hair and pulled their faces in against his crotch, rubbing his cock against them.

He pressed their faces together on either side of his cock, sliding his cock slowly forward and back between their cheeks, pressing their faces against it as he humped slowly in and out. He pulled back a bit, then pushed his cock against Caitlin's mouth. She opened it and he thrust it inside.

His cockhead pumped steadily in her mouth as he watched her begin to suck. After a minute he pulled out and pushed it into her sister's mouth. Jessie dutifully began to suck on it as well and he pumped it in and out of her soft, moist lips for a long minute too.

Wet with saliva, he pulled his cock out of her mouth and rubbed it against her face, then let her suck on it again. He took it out of her mouth and rubbed it against Caitlin's face, his eyes

full of lust and power, certain of his mastery over their soft, vulnerable bodies, relishing their subjugation and degradation.

He moved behind them, then pushed their heads forward, forcing them down onto their shoulders on the floor. They knelt their, bottoms in the air, legs apart, arms bound behind them, as he admired their perfect round buttocks and the soft pink flesh of their pussies peaking out between their pussy lips.

He knelt behind them and slid a hand under each pussy mound, rubbing back and forth, savouring the softness of their pulpy little pussy meat. He thrust a pair of fingers into each girl's pussy and pumped steadily, wishing he had two cocks to fuck them with.

He shuffled to one side, positioning his cock against Caitlin's sex, then pushed it inside, burying the entire length to the balls inside her belly. He sighed in delight, pumping steadily, not in any hurry to get off. He fucked her for a minute, then pulled out and shifted behind Jessie, then thrust into her, jamming every inch of cock shaft inside her.

He started fucking her with the same steady motion as he'd used on Caitlin. His left hand slid up and down Caitlin's pussy mound as he finger fucked her at the same time. He felt powerful and commanding, relishing his conquest over the snotty college girls he hated.

He pulled out of Jessie and moved over to the bag he had on a side table, pulling the strap-on dildo from it. He returned to the girls, neither of whom had moved, and knelt behind Caitlin. He pressed his cock against her hole, then drove it deep inside with a single thrust.

He held the base of the dildo in his left hand, pressing the head against Jessie's snatch. He screwed and twisted it as he forced the thick rubber prong into the blonde girl's fuck pit, loving every groan and grunt she gave off.

He fucked both girls now, using the same motion, the dildo sliding in time to his cock as he casually made use of the subdued girls' bodies.

He started fucking harder, then harder, his hips pumping with greater energy as his excitement mounted beyond check. He no longer could restrain his furious desires as he slammed his hips into Caitlin's buttocks and pounded the dildo down into Jessie's quim.

He fucked hard and fast, using long, deep strokes that sent cockheads, both real and rubber, smashing into the deepest pits of the girls' bellies.

Then he came, spitting thick gooey streams of juice up into Caitlin's belly, groaning in pleasure as he felt her tight, elastic

pussy milking his tool, sucking out every last drop of fuck milk down into her hot belly. His pumping slowed and he sighed in relief, stopping and pulling his cock free of the brunette.

He jerked the dildo out of Jessie's pussy so fast she cried out in pain, which made him smile.

"Time to go to bed, whores," he sighed, rubbing his head and yawning.

He led them upstairs to the master bedroom, then looked around, as though searching for a place to put them. He shoved Jessie down onto her back on the floor, then positioned Caitlin over her face, forcing her pussy down onto the blonde.

He slipped a finger into the ring in Caitlin's pussy, pulling it down towards Jessie's nose ring. Each of them yelped and gasped in pain as he tugged on the rings, trying to clip them together. Finally he succeeded. He crawled over between Jessie's legs then and pushed Caitlin's face down into her pussy, snapping Caitlin's nose ring through Jessie's pussy ring.

He took a small gold chain and slipped it through Caitlin's nipple rings, then circled it around Jessie's back. It was very tight, and pulled both her breasts out towards the sides of her body, but her discomfort didn't concern him. He found another chain and slid it through Jessie's nipple rings, then around Caitlin's back.

Then he got into bed, confident neither would be able to go anywhere with their wrists bound behind them and their bodies so tightly locked together.

That each girl had her mouth pressed directly against her sister's pussy slit was merely amusing to him, though they of course found it highly uncomfortable. Neither could sleep at all, not with their nipples being pulled so hard by the chain around her sister. Any small movement, however subtle, would pull hard on a nipple ring, or worse, a nose or pussy ring, which would result in a cry of pain from one or both of them.

Hours passed, uncountable hours, as Jones snored and the two women endured the discomfort and pain of the sleepless night. Both had bruises and cuts and welts and aches and pains all over their body, including stinging, continual discomfort from the little electrical burns where the cattle prod had touched them.

For Jessie, it was the second sleepless night, after the second, horrible, tense, exhausting day. She wept bitterly several times, in absolute misery. Her tears however, served no purpose other than to moisten her sister's pussy.

Sometime near dawn, the exhausted girl drifted off briefly, only to awake with a jerk of her head that made both her and

Caitlin cry out in pain. Tears flowed down her cheeks again as the nose ring sent pain ripping through her face.

She couldn't even clutch her nose to rub the soreness away, nor could Caitlin cup her stinging pussy to ease the pain.

"Watch what the hell you're doing!" Caitlin snarled, panting from the pain in her tender pussy flesh.

"I'm sorry," Jessie whimpered, blinking back tears.

"How the hell you could fall asleep... "

"I haven't slept in two days!"

"Well don't do it now! You nearly tore my pussy open!"

"Did not," Jessie pouted, sniffing in misery.

"Shit that hurts," Caitlin moaned. "That lousy pervert fucker."

"I'm sorry," Jessie repeated, an idea appeared then in her far from clear mind.

She pushed her tongue out against her sister's pussy, sliding it up and down the bare slit, then working it in deeper.

"What are you doing?" Caitlin gasped.

"I'm trying to make you feel better."

"Well don't."

"Doesn't it feel better?"

She pushed her tongue deep into Caitlin's sex, twisting it around inside her velvety pussy opening, then rasped it across her clitty with sharp, flicking motions.

"You just... just shouldn't," Caitlin groaned.

Jessie didn't really hear her. She licked all along Caitlin's slit, probing deep inside with her tongue, then started a steady, soft lapping of her clitty, her soft tongue slipping over the rapidly hardening little bud again and again and again.

Caitlin lay there, weary and despondent, not caring enough to make her sister stop licking at her slit. It didn't feel bad, after all. In fact, it kind of felt good. Certainly, she'd felt little enough that was pleasurable since she'd come here yesterday morning.

After a while though, the pleasure intruded on her quiet despair, sending tingling heat into her belly, a hot, quivering lust sizzling up along her spine to her brain. She began to pay a lot more attention to what was going on between her legs, spreading her legs wide apart to let her sister lick easier.

She flicked her own tongue against Jessie's pussy, pushing it in between her pussy lips and corkscrewing it in as deep as she could, slurping and sucking at her sister's pussy box. Jessie sighed in pleasure and opened her own legs.

Caitlin pushed her tongue deeper, heaving a little sigh herself as Jessie's tongue rasped particularly hard over her

clitty.

"Oh! Oh Caitlin!" Jessie moaned as the brunette mashed her chin against the blonde girl's clit.

She had to tug a little on her nose but the pain was minor next to the pleasure bubbling up into her belly.

Caitlin sucked hard on her slit and pussy, chewing and gnawing at her wounded pussy flesh as Jessie moaned louder and began shaking and trembling against her. Caitlin arched her back, pulling her breasts back against the pull of the nipple rings, then she mashed her breasts against Jessie's belly, groaning in pleasure.

She flickered her tongue as fast as she could against Jessie's clit, then pressed it against her lower lip and mashed it slow and hard over the buzzing little fuck button. Jessie quivered and jerked and moaned, both girls giving little cries as their bodies pulled at the rings locking them together.

Then Caitlin screamed as Jones slashed the riding crop down against her upturned buttocks. Her body shot forward, her pussy ring tearing at Jessie's nose, Jessie's pussy ring tearing at hers. They both cried out in pain at that.

"Fucking dyke whores!" Jones snarled. "I'm tryin' to get some fuckin' sleep!"

He slashed the crop down on Caitlin's back again and again, raining blows down as the brunette screamed in agony, her body doubly pained, both by the crop and by her own jerking motions that pulled at her pussy and nose rings.

She rolled instinctively and the crop cracked down on Jessie's buttocks, bringing a howl of pain from the blonde. Again and again the crop cracked against the blonde's back and buttocks and thighs until Jessie rolled and then Caitlin was slashed.

Both were soon in tears and frantic pain, unable to move to avoid the pain of the crop without drawing pain from their agonized noses and pussies and nipples. All they could do was lay there and sob with pain as Jones whipped the crop down steadily.

At last he tossed the crop away and, grumbling to himself, climbed into bed again and settled down to fall back to sleep. The two tried to keep down their weeping in case they woke him again.

Hours later Jones woke up and got out of bed naked, grinning down at the two, apparently in much better humour now.

"Well, I hope you slut lesbos had a fun time munching pussy all night," Jones snorted as he stood over them.

He bent and unfastened their rings, then pulled them both up by the arm, dragging them into the bathroom.

"Time for our morning milk," he snickered, lifting one of the big containers of horse semen.

He opened it and held it against Jessie's lips. She cringed but began drinking. He snickered, then pulled it away and pressed it to Caitlin's lips. Remembering what he'd done yesterday when she'd refused, she drank quickly, trying to ignore what it was she was drinking.

He turned them so their backs were towards him, then grabbed a fist full of soft round bottom with each hand, cackling with pleasure as he mashed his fingers into their buttocks. He undid the links holding their wrist bands together and gave them a shove towards the tub.

"Get into the tub, whores," he ordered.

The two women stood in the tub, which still held all the horse semen he had poured in the other day, then got down onto their knees as he poured the container of milky white fluid down over their heads, coating their bodies with horse cum. He picked up a second container, then a third, pouring the entire contents down on them.

"Let's see some lesbo action," he ordered, picking up another container.

Jessie was dulled eyed and hopeless. She obeyed at once, putting her arms around Caitlin and kissing her. Caitlin kissed back, trying to think of how she could get Jones, how she could escape, how she could kill him. Jones watched with lewd delight as they kissed each other and fondled each other's cum stained body.

"Suck her tits, blondie," he ordered, and Jessie bent and began licking and sucking on Caitlin's nipple, ignoring the fact the white horse semen completely coated it and was dripping down into the pool of cum they knelt in.

He picked up the toilet plunger and shoved it hard against Caitlin's side, knocking both girls over onto their sides. There was a good foot of cum in the tub and they rolled in it helplessly as he poured down more. Jessie wound up on her back, her entire head under the horse semen for long seconds before Caitlin could shift and let her up.

The blonde choked and coughed as Caitlin rubbed her back. Her mind blazed with rage at Jones. The man snickered as he bent to open another container. He laughed openly as he poured it down on the choking blonde girl's head.

She had to, simply had to get him soon. She couldn't bear the idea of another day of torment and degradation.

It had to be fast and unexpected, leaving him no time to react. Jessie was so exhausted and subjugated by now that she'd be virtually useless. And if Caitlin didn't do something soon, she wouldn't be in any better shape herself.

"You two whores make a good show," he said in a conversational tone. "You got good tits too and nice tight pussies. I bet I make a fortune out of you. I'm gonna take you across the border to Mexico and sell your pussies all day long. I'll be fuckin' rich!"

She saw him pick up another big jar of horse semen. Both his hands were needed to hold the jar and he was being very careful with it, not wanting to spill any on himself. The cattle prod was sitting on the counter on the left.

She gave Jessie another deep kiss, then rose to her knees, pulling the blonde up with her. Their hands stroked each other's buttocks as they kissed with pretend passion, wanting to please Jones. Caitlin thought quickly, wanting to stand without raising any suspicion.

She slid her hand down between Jessie's thighs, squeezing her pussy, pushing a pair of fingers up inside her sex. Jessie moaned in pleasure, her dazed mind no longer registering what would have disgusted her only days ago.

Caitlin gripped her hair and pulled her higher. She put all her own weight on her left knee as she brought her right up between Jessie's thighs and mashed it against the soft pussy meat. She pushed Jessie back against the corner of the tub, then rose, pulling the blonde up along the wall.

She pressed Jessie into the corner, kissing her deeply again, her back to Jones so he wouldn't suspect anything. She felt him getting nearer, coming right up against the side of the tub. He extended his arms, bringing the container of horse sperm over their heads.

Suddenly she turned and her hands shot up, knocking the open container backwards, spilling it onto Jones's surprised face. He screamed in shock, stumbling backwards away from it. She jumped forward out of the tub as the container fell on the floor. She kicked Jones in the balls as she shoved him back against the counter.

He yelped in surprise, not having even seen her, too busy trying to rub the horse semen out of his face. She grabbed the cattle prod and swung it like a bat, slamming it against the side of his head, knocking him forward. She pushed the end against his bottom and pushed the trigger, shooting high voltage into his naked ass.

He screamed in pain and was thrown forward, falling into

the semen filled tub. Jessie stared down at him with wide eyes.

"Get out of the tub!" Caitlin screamed at her. She looked fearfully at the brunette, then at the cattle prod, and eased out of the tub, along the wall away from her.

Jones growled in fury and surged out of the tub, but the tip of the prod met his face and he screamed in fury as the sharp, crackling power bit into his forehead, flinging him backwards into the tub. Semen splashed all over the floor as he fell into it. He pulled himself out, sputtering and choking on it.

Caitlin jammed the cattle prod against his arm and chest, stabbing it again and again and again as he choked and tried to fight her off at the same time. He batted at the prod but only got shocked hands. Caitlin shot the prod through his warding hands and shocked his face again, flinging him back hard against the corner.

He fell back into the semen again, his head and shoulders disappearing briefly underneath. The semen was very slippery, as she well knew, and he instinctively rolled onto his front, to get on all fours. He heaved himself up out of the murky white fluid, but his bottom was pointed at Caitlin and she took full advantage.

She stabbed the prod against his balls and pressed the trigger. He shrieked and shot forward, his head smashing into the wall. He groaned and sank down into the semen, his motions feeble as the dazed man tried to pull his head out of the liquid.

Caitlin jumped into the tub and sat atop his back, her hands gripping his hair as she fought to keep his head under the sperm. He trashed and shook weakly, then a series of bubbles came to the surface. She held him in place for a long minute before climbing out of the tub.

She was shaking and trembling, as was Jessie, who was cowering in a corner. Both eyed the motionless body floating in the sperm filled tub, fearful that he was just faking, that he would jump out and attack them again. But it didn't happen.

It took hours of exhausting work for the two tired young women, but they finally got the house cleaned up, all the electronic goods put away, and Jones dumped unceremoniously into an abandoned septic tank behind the stable.

With the house clean they stepped into the shower and cleaned themselves off, both nearly scrubbing the skin off before they were satisfied. And then, the exhausted girls dropped into their parent's bed for a dozen hours of uninterrupted slumber.

When Jessie woke it took long seconds to put together where she was, and to remember the horrible events of the past two days. Her movements woke Caitlin and the two stared at

each other, unaccountably shy now in each other's presence.

"We forgot one thing," Caitlin said, finally.

"What?"

Caitlin slid her hand down onto her sister's right breast and fingered her nipple ring.

"You know, it's... weird, but, I kind of, well, kind of like them."

"You do?"

She tugged a little at the nipple rings.

"Yeah."

"Me too."

"I never... I mean, I never did it with a girl before you know."

"Me neither."

"I always thought you were sexy."

"You too."

They stared in each other's eyes for long seconds, then Jessie shifted hers downward to Caitlin's breasts. Her hands moved out tentatively and she fondled the rings and Caitlin's nipples, then she looked up at Caitlin, meeting her eyes.

As one they moved forward, their arms going around each other, their lips melding in a hot, passionate, loving embrace. Their breasts mashed together, their bellies and loins joining in soft embrace. Their hands stroked each other, sliding gently along soft, bruised skin, stroking carefully, caressingly. Soon moans of pleasure rose from the bed, getting louder, turning to cries of passion and delight.

The cries rose, going out through the open window, easily heard on the quiet night air. But nobody was there to overhear, only the horses, which ignored the sounds, and a bobbing form in the old septic tank, which heard nothing at all.

END