

Chapter 1 Amy

The girl caught his eye and he turned to regard her. Beautiful, without question, but there were many beautiful girls and women. Something was special about this one, however, something charmingly innocent.

Her hair was long and lush, a thick and soft main that framed a pretty, elfin face with large blue eyes and a pert little chin. Her lips were full and sensuous though her mouth was small, and he imagined them wrapped around his cock.

He followed the girl's movements down the street, then turned and followed her, admiring the perfection of her round little ass. She wore jeans and a pretty blue peasant girl top, which revealed her smooth round shoulders.

She was well built, her breasts, braless, pushed out firm and round against the fabric of her top. Her laughter drifted back to him as he followed her and another girl down the mall.

He eased back as they left, following them down the quiet streets that surrounded the mall. The other girl parted, both waving, and the blonde continued alone. He followed, turning twice, then watching as she walked up the drive of a two-story house and went up to the door.

He checked his watch, then stared as she unlocked the door and went inside. There were no cars in the driveway. From the time, three thirty, there was likely to be nobody home. Still, he was careful, always.

He turned away, going back to the mall. He picked up his van and drove back, parking just down the street from her house. He took out a clipboard and made notes, then waited.

An hour later a teenage boy arrived, slightly younger than the blonde girl. He noted it. An hour later two more teenage boys, followed closely by a man, and a woman arrived. He noted the times and then drove off.

The next day he was back at five in the morning. He studied the house, watching the windows through binoculars. He watched the man and woman and boys leave. The girl remained. He watched for several hours, then saw the girl come out.

He drove away, but was back the next three days, studying the situation. The times varied only slightly. He snuck into the backyard the third night, checking out the windows and door. He left, satisfied. Tomorrow, he thought.

Amy woke slowly, blinking her eyes against the bright sunlight streaming through the lacy curtains over her bedroom windows. She yawned

and rolled over, trying to bury her face in the thick pillow. She dozed lightly for a time, but soon woke again.

She curled up under the covers, delightfully comfortable, the soft silk nightshirt she wore caressing her ivory skin. She rolled over onto her back and brought her hands up behind her head, looking up at the ceiling.

Her thick blonde hair fanned out below her on the pillow, making a pleasant contrast to the deep black silk of her nightshirt and the paler blue of the pillowcase. Her eyes, wide and bright blue, shifted to the window and took in the sunshine outside.

She sat up, yawning again, throwing back the covers and swinging her legs out over the side of the bed, then stood up and made her way to the door.

Naked, but for the button up nightshirt, she walked down the hall to the stairs, then skipped down them to the living room and went through into the kitchen.

She was alone in the house. It was mid-morning and everyone was at work but her. She didn't miss them. She was glad of the peace and relaxation summer vacation provided, and glad too that she wasn't forced to get a summer job or something as her younger brothers had, the benefit of having a scholarship paying for her college education.

She ran a hand through her thick, fluffy mane of hair, then opened the fridge and pulled out the milk, pouring a large cup. She ran through the things she was going to do today. Her schedule was pretty uncertain, which was the way she liked it. It left opportunities for new fun to present itself.

She took the cup upstairs to the bathroom, sipping as she climbed the stairs. Her movements were smooth and graceful, her willowy body moving easily, all awkwardness of youth gone now as she approached the fullness of womanhood.

She set the cup down and closed the door behind her as she unbuttoned her nightshirt and slipped it over her shoulders. She hung it on a hook and glanced at herself in a mirror. She studied her body for a moment, vanity overcoming reserve and discomfort.

Amy hadn't been really comfortable with her body since she'd reached puberty, and it had begun to change in so many ways. Her breasts had embarrassed her the most, as had the hair that grew between her legs.

She'd gotten used to them by now, though. She even thought her body rather beautiful, though she still blushed frightfully whenever anyone, particularly a man, told her so.

She was of medium height, for which she was grateful. She knew how unhappy her friends, those who were particularly short, or particularly tall, felt. Being of average height was just about perfect, she thought.

Her body was slender but not thin, her breasts high on her chest, round and firm, not sagging the slightest bit despite their size. She'd developed early, which was one of the reasons her breasts had embarrassed her. She'd been a thirty six C at twelve, which, combined with her shortness and slight frame, made her like more than a little top heavy.

Now with her increased height and size her breasts looked just a little

bigger than what would be perfect. They didn't bring stares from the men like some of her busty friends got, and didn't draw snotty remarks from people. In fact, they looked perfectly average except when she was naked. Only then would someone notice that they were somewhat large for her thin chest.

Of course nobody ever saw her naked. The girls at school had her first year in High school, during Gym class, but gym wasn't mandatory after freshman year and she'd dropped it.

Some guys had fondled her breasts, and her equally round and firm buttocks, but only in passing for the most part, and usually in the darkness of a parked car. She'd never gone all the way, for the idea of lying naked with a guy, and him being naked too, was just too mortifying to consider seriously.

Bad enough, she thought, at the beach, when the guys stared at her in her bikini. To actually be naked, her skin pressed against a naked guy, his hands on her, his groin pressed into hers... The idea was exciting in a way, but she was simply too embarrassed at it to allow the boys their wishes with her.

She raised one straight leg and put her foot on the edge of the counter as she ran her hands up and down it. She seldom needed to shave her legs. Hair grew sparsely, and of such a light golden color it was hardly noticeable. Even her pussy hair was just a little bit of fluff along her cleft.

She raised her arms, putting her hands behind her head. No, there was no hair in her armpits either. But then, there never had been. She noticed in passing how her breasts stood out even more proudly in this position, and felt a slight thrill at the thought of someone seeing her like this.

Then she dropped her arms and slid the door of the shower stall over. She reached in and turned on the water, which gushed out of the overhead nozzle. She adjusted it to the right temperature, nice and hot and steamy, then stepped in and closed the door behind her.

She let the water pour down over her, thinking about what to do today, who to call on the phone, which of her girlfriends to hang around with. She thought she'd give Jenny a call after her shower and go down to the mall for a little while, maybe scope out some guys.

She reached for the shampoo, which was sitting on a nearby shelf, then stepped out of the water and poured a bit into her hand and rubbed it into her hair. She soaped up her head thoroughly, her eyes closed as a thick layer of foamy soap rose on her head.

She stepped forward into the stream of water and let it pour down over her, feeling the soap dissolving and running down her body. She ran her fingers through her hair, sliding them through the thick wet tresses to work the soap out, then shoved her hair back and stepped back out of the water.

She backed into something warm and wet and soft and gave a startled shriek, spinning around and stumbling back into the wall below the shower as she tore her eyes open. She stared in shock and horror at the large muscular naked man that stood there grinning at her, his back against the shower door.

"Wh... wh... who are you!?" she cried. "What do you want? How did you get here?"

Her hands frantically tried to cover her nakedness, her right arm

crossing her breasts and her left hand cupping her pussy mound. The man, a bald black man, didn't answer, grinning still.

"What do you want?" she asked again, her voice high and shrill and frightened.

Terror made her body tremble as she stared at the man. His body, wet from the shower, glistened, his muscles thick and rippling. His head was bald but shaved that way, she thought, and between his thickly muscled thighs was a black bush of pubic hair and a penis, thick and black and half erect.

She stared at him, appalled, her eyes flicking from his arrogant smile to his groin, then back again. She glanced past him at the door, ruling as hopeless any thought of getting past him.

"What do you want?" she asked again, her chin trembling as she fought to hold back a sob. She was horribly embarrassed at her nudity, and the way his eyes took it in. He hadn't said a word, hadn't moved towards her. She knew what he wanted, though, holding onto a slim, a very slim hope that she was wrong.

"I'll scream!" she cried.

"Nobody will hear it," he said, smiling. His voice was deep and rich.

"What do you want?" she asked again.

"To fuck you."

The words sent a jolt of shock through her.

His eyes studied her there, a quirky smile on his face as she continued to try and cover the lushness of her naked body.

At last he stepped forward. Amy backed into the corner of the shower stall, whimpering, a sob escaping her lips. The man was too powerfully built to even consider fighting. She, who had never fought anyone, who considered both exercise and violence to be ludicrous concepts, was in no position to refuse this man anything he desired, and, she was sure, what he desired was her.

His hands gripped her wrists and lifted them effortlessly away from her body, raising them in the air and pinning them back against the wall behind her. He stared down at her, grinning still. Amy's eyes bulged as she stared up in terror.

"Please," she whimpered. "Please. Please don't!"

Then he pulled her wrists together, holding them in one large black hand. The other hand slid down under her chin, caressing her throat. He closed his hand, easily encompassing her narrow throat with his large, sausage-like fingers. He didn't squeeze much, just a bit, then his hand slipped away.

It was a threat, and she knew it. She trembled at the idea of what he could do to her. Her mind replayed all the gruesome horror stories she'd heard, of the things insane men did to pretty girls. Rape was far from the worst thing that could happen to her, she realized then.

His big hand slid down her chest, then stroked the flesh of her breasts. He cupped her left breast, lifting it gently, as though weighing it. His fingers slid up onto the nipple and stroked it lightly.

"Nice. Nice tits," he sighed. "Nice everything."

"Oh God," she sobbed.

He bent and his mouth came down on her breast, his lips around her nipple. He sucked softly, like a baby suckling at its mother's breast. His tongue flickered against her nipple as he took it into his mouth, and his teeth closed around it, gnawing ever so slightly.

He pulled his lips away, then licked a trail across to her other breast. His tongue was large and pink and soft. He lapped upwards against her other nipple, then closed his lips over it and sucked. She said nothing, did nothing, frozen in fear and helplessness and humiliation.

His tongue curled around her nipple and slid upwards onto her chin, then over her jaw and against her lips, which she closed tightly. He cupped her breast again, his fingers squeezing harder, then his hand went around behind her and he pulled her chest forward, even as he held her hands pinned together against the wall.

Her chest arched out, her breasts round and taut as her skin tightened against them. He bent again and ran his tongue over her nipples, slurping and sucking on the glistening wet little buds. He kissed them and sucked on them, long minutes passing as his tongue and lips and teeth worked them over.

Her nipples hardened, though not with excitement. Still, he seemed satisfied and stood back, releasing her hands. She immediately tried to cover herself again. He shook his head, grabbing her wrists and pulling them away, a stern look on his face.

Stand straight and don't try and hide that nice body of yours, slut. You know I'm gonna get what I want."

Reluctantly, fearfully, she let her arms drop to her side, though she stopped as if to hide her figure. He lifted the soft wash sponge, the one with the soap inside it, and squeezed it. Soap oozed out.

He pressed the sponge against her chest and began to rub it up and down over her breasts, down her belly and up between her legs. His hand gripped her upper arm and he turned her, then scrubbed the soapy sponge over her back and down over her buttocks.

He turned her around again so she faced him. She stared in helpless fear as he handed her the sponge. She hesitated then raised her hand and took it, making sure not to touch his hand. She stared at the sponge, then at him, then at the sponge again. He stepped forward a little and she backed against the wall once more.

His big hand gripped her wrist and raised it, pressing the sponge against his thick, muscular chest. he rubbed it up and down a couple of times then took his hand away. Amy continued to rub the sponge against him, quivering with tension as she soaped up his chest and upper belly.

His hand pushed the sponge downward, and reluctantly she slid it over his lower belly, then up and down his thighs. Again he took her hand and pressed the soapy sponge into his crotch, against his genitals. She clenched her teeth in embarrassment as she sponged up his cock, making sure again that only the sponge touched him.

He took the sponge from her hand and she backed up again, looking at him in fear. He followed her into the corner, his eyes steady as he looked down at her. His hands came down and he cupped her breasts, then stroked the slippery, soapy surface, his fingers gliding across.

"Real nice," he sighed.

His hands went around her then and he jerked her forward against him. She squealed as her naked flesh was pressed against his. Her breasts pillowed against his hard, muscular chest, her thighs and legs and belly pressed into his. She squirmed frantically to pull back but his hands held her tightly.

Horrified, she could do nothing but moan and whimper as his hands stroked her back and buttocks. His left hand slid down onto her bottom, covering it, squeezing and kneading the soft, soapy buttocks. His right hand went behind her head, his fingers pressing into her skull, turning her head upwards.

His lips pressed against hers with firm pressure. She tried to pull her head away, tried to turn it, but couldn't. She moaned weakly as his lips slid over hers. She kept her lips tightly closed, her teeth clenched.

Her mind was spinning with terror and shock as she felt his hardness pressing into her. His erection was hard, and had become crushed between her belly and his. With appalled shock, she sensed just how long and thick and hard the male organ was.

He pulled his lips from hers briefly, a frown on his face. He opened his mouth and flicked his tongue out at her, nodding. She looked back in fear, not responding. He frowned harder, opening his mouth and nodding. Frightened, she opened her mouth, just a little.

He smiled and she hesitantly smiled as well. Then his lips came down against hers and his tongue slid into her mouth. She whimpered, the sound muffled by his lips. He slid his tongue all over the inside of her mouth, then over her tongue, caressing it.

His fingers were kneading her buttocks and his chest ground against her flattened breasts. The index finger of his right hand pushed and circled her anus, then thrust inside.

Amy cried out, twisting, her legs jerking and kicking to no avail. He chuckled throatily, his soapy finger thrusting deeper.

"Don't! Don't!" she gasped.

The index finger of his left hand pushed into her, and she shuddered and twisted, her head jerking from side to side.

"I'm going to fuck you in the ass," he breathed.

She stiffened with shock, her head jerking in denial.

"No! Please!" she moaned.

"Slut," he breathed.

"I-I'm not!"

Two fingers pushed into her, one pumping in as the other pumped out. She remained trapped in the corner by his heavy body as the fingers pulled her anal opening in opposite directions, the fingers stretching her as his teeth chewed along the nape of her neck.

He pulled them out suddenly, and she cried out in pain as he yanked her head back by the hair, forcing her back to arch.

"Will you be a good slut?" he asked in a throaty growl. "Or will I have to - hurt you?"

"I-I'll be good!" she cried.

"Say it. Say you'll be a good slut."

"I-I'll be a go-good slut!" she sobbed.

His hand went down to his groin and he folded his thick fingers around his prong, then pressed it down.

He kneed her thighs apart and pressed his groin forward, his frighteningly long cock sliding between her thighs, the shaft pressing up against her pubic mound. His hand, the one under her bottom, gripped the tip of his cock and he ground against her, sawing his cock back and forth between her thighs, pressing the long shaft up against her soft mound.

Amy was breathing so hard and fast she was getting light headed. She trembled in horror and mortification as she felt his male organ pressing against her pussy. He pressed it up harder, forcing it up into her soft, pulpy flesh, mashing it up into her slit, sawing it against the delicate pink flesh within.

"Please don't," she sobbed.

He ignored her. His heavy, soapy body pressed into hers, slippery and warm. He gripped her left thigh and raised it off the floor, pulling it high. He pulled his hips back and brought his cock out from between her thighs, then, keeping her leg open with his, he pressed his thick, soapy cockhead against her slit and rubbed it back and forth.

Amy felt the pressure mounting as he cockhead pressed against her vaginal entrance. She felt her pussy lips spreading as the invader forced its way up between them. She sobbed again, then caught her breath, staring up at him as he forced the thick organ into her pussy tunnel.

"Noo," she whimpered. "Noooooo."

He ignored her and his cock, hard and thick, moved into her. She gasped in pain as her tight, virgin hole was forced to spread. His cock pumped lightly within her opening, using short strokes, each forcing it a little bit deeper.

She cried out, her back arching, her body trying to jerk away from him as his cock pressed into her hymen. She squirmed and thrashed frantically, then gave a cry of pain and sorrow as she felt her cherry snap and his cock slid up into the previously hidden depths of her vagina.

He gripped her thigh again, forcing it up and back, his hand caressing the soft skin as he drove his cock deep into her belly. Her eyes bugged out and she jerked helplessly, her mind shaking and spinning, her body helpless against him.

She sobbed quietly as she felt his cockhead mashing into the very end of her pussy, felt her pussy lips clinging tightly to his shaft. She was impaled on his long, thick male organ, and clung to him, her arms gripping his shoulders to keep from falling.

"Ohhh! Ohh! Ohhh," she moaned.

He bent and crushed his lips against hers again, his tongue sliding into her mouth with intimate freedom. He ground his hips against her, his hard, muscular thighs bruising hers, his big hard organ twisting and turning inside her belly.

"Tight," he groaned. "Tight, hot pussy."

His hand gripped her head again as he chewed hungrily at her mouth. His lips roved across her face, less gentle now. His lips kissed voraciously, his tongue slid and rasped against her soft flesh, and he bit down lightly, fast little nips to her ears and cheek and throat.

She gave a startled cry as he drew his long, sword of a cock back, shocked by the sensation as it slid backwards over her pussy lips. Then he pushed forward and his big tool slid back up into her belly again, drawing a moan of protest.

With just one foot on the floor she had to continued clutching his shoulders to keep from falling. His hard soapy body rubbed up and down against hers as he began to slide his cock in and out of her newly opened pussy tunnel.

She closed her eyes and shuddered as his movements became steady, his hard black flesh scraping against her pubic lips as he pumped his organ up and down inside her body. She was being fucked, she realized. She was no longer a virgin, and she was being fucked.

The frantic beating of her heart slowed somewhat with the realization. What was left to fear now? It had been done, was being done. She wasn't in much pain any more and most likely, from what she'd heard, he would soon be spent and would go.

She felt a small kernel of anger at him now that the terror had eased. She did not, could not, resist though, for that might anger him. Angering him was far from what she desired just then. She was certain, somehow, that he was capable of great violence, and did not want that violence directed against her frail, naked flesh.

She followed the movements of his organ inside her, unnerved at how clearly her body communicated every sensation as his hardness moved up and down in her soft pink tunnel. It was strange to feel something actually moving inside her body.

Her pussy lips, she noted, were moving up and down with the motion of his organ, now being pulled out, now being pushed in. They clung tightly to his hard shaft as it pumped up and down.

Of course she noted this just in passing, most of her concentration on his face, staring up at him as if this would provide her warning of his intentions. Surely he wouldn't hurt her now? She hadn't fought, hadn't resisted. He had what he wanted and would soon go.

Both his hands went down to her buttocks then, squeezing them hard as he jerked her up against him. His cock moved faster inside her, and his hips struck her thighs with bruising force, jarring her body. His cock was slicing back and forth inside her furiously.

He bit down on the side of her neck as he hammered his loins into her. Amy's face was pressed into his shoulder and she clung to him even tighter as his motions made her body jerk back and forth on the single leg.

Not that she could fall, she thought, not with the way he was holding her. Surely he would catch her. He was practically lifting her off the floor as it was.

Then she heard a gurgle of excitement from him and he jammed her down hard, his cock punching against her cervix with enough force to make her cry out. He held her against him, shaking slightly, and Amy knew his sperm was gushing up into her cunt.

The knowledge filled her with horror and nausea, but more than that with relief, for now that he had had his orgasm he would surely leave. Wouldn't he?

Her fears rose again, wondering if he would now kill her, as men sometimes did to cover their rapes.

He held her against him and she thought she felt his penis softening inside her belly. Then he pulled back, letting her leg down. His cock slipped from between her pussy lips, which closed again. He pushed her back, sighing in pleasure. Amy backed into the corner, one hand moving down onto her pussy and squeezing it a little to ease the soreness.

He grinned at her. He moved under the water and let it pour down over him, washing away the soap. She glanced at his organ and saw it was only partially soft yet. She wondered at how he had possibly gotten such a large thing inside her without killing her.

He clenched his hands into fists and raised his arms above his head suddenly, letting out a howl that made Amy squeak in shock and fear. He arched his back, howling up at the roof, the muscles standing out all over his shining black skin. Then he turned and his eyes gleamed as they fell on her.

He reached for her and gripped her arm, pushing her under the water, coming in himself, pressed to her back, his hands moving over her flesh as he ground himself against her.

“Whore,” he whispered into her ear. “Slut.”

She twitched with fear at the words, her pulse moving faster.

He turned off the water and stepped out of the stall, the motioned her forward. Fearfully, she obeyed, trying to cover herself with her arms again. There was a gym bag on the bathroom counter. It seemed sinister for its foreignness. He drew a narrow length of cord from it and her heart skipped a beat.

“Turn,” he ordered.

“Please,” she gulped. “Please, I won't - .”

He slapped her face and she staggered back, but at the same time he grasped her arm and yanked her forward, spinning her around.

“Hands behind your back. Cross your wrists.”

Half sobbing with pain and fear, she obeyed, and felt the touch of the cord wrapping tightly around first one, then the other in a carefully laid pattern, one loop alongside the next. He tied it tightly, and spun her around

again, and she swallowed her breath, gulping and shaking as she stared up at him, pulling at the cord, shocked at how firmly it held her, at the powerful sense of helplessness she was now gripped by.

"Whore," he said.

His eyes were darker now, more sullen, and she quailed under his gaze.

He jerked her forward and shoved down, unbalancing her, forcing her down onto her knees. He gripped her head then and tilted it up as he stepped before her. She stared up at him, intensely aware of his half hard cock inches from her face.

Oh God, she thought with horror. He wants me to suck his cock!

"Suck this, baby. Suck my black cock. All you white whores get off on black meat. I bet you jerked off a hundred times dreaming of a big black prick up your snatch."

"No! I never."

"Suck it!"

He pressed it against her lips and she scrunched up her face in disgust. His hand jerked her head and he pressed it against her lips again. Tentatively, she opened them, just a bit. He pushed his cockhead forward and her lips opened just a bit more.

She almost threw up, but was terrified of what he might do to her if she did. His cockhead slipped past her lips and his shaft followed. She'd never sucked a cock before but knew roughly how it was done from talking with her girlfriends.

She sucked on his cock as he moved it in and out of her mouth. Her tongue tried to hide for awhile, even though she knew she was supposed to make use of it. Finally she moved it against his cock as he pumped it in and out.

Frighteningly fast, his cock grew hard between her lips, hard and long and thick. Her mouth was wide as her lips encompassed its massive girth and her jaw soon ached as he continued to pump it in and out of her mouth.

He held her head firmly in place as he pumped into her. She was revolted by the movements of his cock inside her mouth, feeling more degraded than she ever had in her life.

Still she sucked on it, knowing that she must do as he desired, not wanting to anger the large, powerfully built man. Several times his cockhead pushed back so far she choked and came close to throwing up, and she had to desperately control herself.

Then his hand forced her head far back and he suddenly thrust forward. Her mind screamed in shocked horror as his cockhead forced its way right into her throat and slid down her gullet. She stared despairingly at his belly and hips, her hands pulling frantically at the cords behind her.

His cock slid all the way down her throat through, and his balls were soon resting on her chin as he held her head in both hands and pumped slowly up and down. Her throat felt swollen and bloated and she fought to keep from choking or throwing up or both.

She couldn't breathe, not even the slightest bit. Her throat was totally

blocked by the thickness of his meaty fuck stick. Her throat ached, from the inside, all the way down to her upper chest and she could feel his prick rasping against the walls of the thin tube as it moved up and down inside.

She became faint, both from shock and lack of oxygen. She stared up at him, her eyes held by his as he grinned down at her with smug satisfaction. She could not move herself even an inch away, could not pull her throat off his cock, could not resist his steady pumping motions.

Her hands twisted and pulled at the cord to no avail, then slowly went still as she knelt there on the tiled floor. Her back was arched painfully, but she ignored that completely, and started to even ignore the cock in her throat. Her chest burned, and her eyes fluttered as her vision began to blur.

She started to sag down, but was held up by his hands, which were still tightly gripping her head.

Then he slid his cock back up and out of her throat, popping it out into her mouth, then removing it entirely. Amy shuddered, sucking in deep long breaths of air, her chest heaving as she felt the dizziness fading from her mind.

“Whore,” he whispered, rubbing his spit-wet cock across her face. “Slut.”

He pushed against her mouth again, and she closed her lips tightly. Strong fingers jammed into the sides of her jaw and she screamed in pain, her mouth opening wide. The cock thrust forward, grinding over her tongue, filling her mouth, jamming against the inside of one cheek, then the other, then thrusting forward and down her throat.

He pumped even faster now, separating her hair into two thick wet braids and using them as the reins of a horse, yanking her head forward to meet his thrusts, yanking back as he pulled back, then repeating. Her throat burned with pain and discomfort and his pelvis slammed into her face, into her nose, again and again.

He pulled out abruptly and she coughed explosively as he held it in front of her. Then he came, spewing a thick stream of semen across her face. Wad after wad splattered her cheeks, her lips, her nose and forehead as he laughed long and loud, a blood chilling cackle of delight.

He dropped to his knees then, and she cried out as he yanked her head back by the hair. He knelt and drew her against him, drew her across his thighs, pulling her backwards, forcing her head back and her back to arch. He ran his big hands over her breasts and down between her legs. Sausage sized fingers caressed her aching pussy and then thrust into her as he began to chew at her neck.

“Oh God! Please! Please!” she sobbed, his teeth biting in harder, deeper, voracious animal bites now that made her cry out in pain again and again.

“Did you like the taste of my cock, whore?” he asked in a thick, deep purr.

She felt his fingers against her rigid nipple, and cried out as he pinched it between them. He dug the nails of his thumb and forefinger into the nipple,

and she screamed and writhed, her legs kicking and flailing on the floor as he chuckled in sadistic pleasure.

He reached up for the gym bag and pulled it down. She could not see what he was doing, could not see the heavy clip pulled from the bag. She felt something metallic against her nipple, and then bucked violently, screaming as the hard clip snapped closed around her soft pink flesh. She screamed and sobbed, tears spilling from her eyes now as her body thrashed and shook in his arms.

He held her tightly, feeling her heart pounding against his chest as he whispered and smiled and rubbed his face against her breasts. He held her until she calmed, until her movements softened to trembling, and then fit the second clip around her other nipple. Again she bucked and shook and thrashed, and he held her and whispered and fondled her slick, wet young flesh.

“Whore,” he whispered.

“Please, Oh please!” she sobbed.

His fingers caressed her sex, penetrated her, pumped in and out.

“Please,” she whispered despairingly.

“Spread your legs, slut.”

“Please.”

“Spread your legs.”

She spread her legs, head still pinned up and back by the hair, still unable to see what he was doing, unable to see the third clip as his fingers pushed aside the soft, covering hood and exposed her clitoris.

She felt the jaws pressed against it, and had an instant to brace herself. It was not enough. Not nearly enough. Agony ripped through her and she screamed at the top of her lungs, screamed in pain, bucking and twisting, her legs kicking into the air, slamming painfully against toilet and cupboard doors. Nausea and agony twisted through her vitals.

“Shhh. Shhhhh,” he whispered, holding her against him.

“Please,” she sobbed. “W-why are you doing this?”

“Because you are a whore.”

“I’m not!” she wailed.

“All women are whores.”

He turned her over, and she cried out, for his fingers remained locked in her thick hair. Held by hair and thigh, she was dragged forward and pushed, belly down, across the toilet, her legs forced apart.

She felt his fingers at her anus and moaned, shuddering, closing her eyes. Then they went away, he rose. She turned her head slowly as she heard the water in the sink run. He was filling something, staring down into the sink. He turned off the water and lifted it up, and her eyes widened in shock. She had never seen one, but she had a terrible idea of what the large rubber bag and hose were designed for.

He knelt and she whimpered, her breathing becoming ragged again as she felt his fingers against her anus. The hose was pushed into her, pushed in deeply, and she sobbed in shame and humiliation. Then, abruptly, her eyes

bulged and she screamed. As if expecting her reaction, his hand came down to pin her in place as she began to twist and jerk and shake.

Hot water flooded into her, as hot as the faucet could make it. She screamed and sobbed, her insides burning as he knelt on the backs of her legs and his hand gripped her hair tightly. The water flooded into her trembling, shaking body, and he chuckled and leaned over her. “Shhh,” he whispered. “Shhhhh.”

The bag was enormous. The heat inside her grew as more water gurgled down into her body. She breathed in short, desperate panting breaths. She felt herself filling, felt the hot liquid pressing everywhere inside her. And still it gurgled down. He squeezed the bag and she cried out at the sudden increase in pressure, water pouring into her until she felt her belly begin to ache with fullness.

He removed the hose and immediately thrust something else into her, something thick and fat, which made her cry out again as it forced her anus wide. Then he drew back, smiling, caressing her. He rose, and with a cry of pain, she rose as well, yanked up by the hair. He bent her across the cabinet and she shuddered as her full abdomen and belly pressed down against the hard wood.

He drew something else out of the bag and, frightened, she turned to see him with a roll of duct tape. She swallowed, wondering what he intended. Would he tape her legs together now?

He drew out a long piece and ripped it free, then roughly kicked her ankles apart. She expected him to tape one. Instead he pressed the tape in between her thighs, up against her abdomen, pressing firmly to lay the tape along her pussy and up to the edge of her anus.

“Wh-what are you - .”

He ripped the tape up and back suddenly.

She shrieked as the tape came free, covered with pubic hair ripped out by the roots. Her entire groin was on fire with pain, and she screamed and sobbed in pain and shock at his cruelty.

She heard him tear another piece free, and her sobs grew as he pressed it against her sex once more. Again he ripped it free, tearing more pubic hair out of her body. He forced his fingers into her and she felt them pulling the lips of her sex open, spreading them achingly wide. Then his cock thrust into her.

He rode her like an animal this time, without restraint, hammering his powerful body against her, ignoring her cries of pain as he drove his prick deep into her aching body. He was going deeper in this position, hammering against the end of her pussy, and Amy sobbed in misery as her insides were battered and bruised.

Her belly was starting to ache as the pressure inside her grew to expel the hot water. She squeezed down against the pressure, but it was growing more powerful, more painful to hold against. The urge was becoming too great, and she could feel the pressure against her anal opening, pressure which was building against - against whatever he had pushed into her there.

The hard wet slap of his hips against her upturned bottom filled the small room, and she stared dazedly at the counter top, praying it would soon be over.

. His hands slid up onto her shoulders, folding tight as he pumped powerfully in her pussy. Amy was stunned by the violence and humiliation of it all. How long, she wondered.

Rationally, she thought it had only been some minutes, perhaps a half hour or so since he had arrived. She felt another wave of anger at him for forcing himself on her, for using her like she was some kind of sex slave to him. She wanted to scream at him, to demand he explain why he thought he could do this. How dare he!

He continued to pump into her, his cock straining the walls of her pussy tunnel as he ran it in and out. His hips were slapping against her wet buttocks as his hands roamed over her body. Her breasts were being ground back and forth against the counter top, her nipples burning with pain as the clips bit into them. Her clit continued to throb with agony. And the pain in her bowels was growing worse by the second.

. She was grunting steadily now, in time to his hard thrusts. Her eyes were closed and her mouth open as she cringed beneath the pain.

“Please,” she panted.

“Slut,” he whispered.

His hand came under and pressed up against her abdomen. She cried out at the increased pressure against her water filled belly, and he chuckled. He pressed harder, his fingers thrusting up like soft edged daggers.

He drew back suddenly, and reached to one side. He drew out a gigantic dildo and held it before her face. It was much thicker than his cock, with a fat, mushroom like head.

“Like it, baby?” he whispered.

She stared at it uncomprehendingly, and he drew it away from her eyes. A moment later she felt it pushing against her sex. It pushed harder and she groaned at the pressure against her mound, groaned as her pussy was pushed in hard. The lips began to spread and the pain began to mount. She sobbed brokenly and then cried out, begging him to stop.

“Shhh,” he purred. “Shhhhh.”

She screamed as the thing was jammed into her, as the walls of her sex bulged tautly, as his powerful hands forced the thick, monster cock deeper, twisting from side to side, pulling back, and then thrusting further, higher into her aching belly. He chuckled at her cries, gripping her hair tightly to hold her over the counter, and rammed the thick dildo forward. She felt as if she had been punched hard in the belly, inside the belly. Pain and nausea filled her.

He gripped her hair and yanked her upright, and she stared at herself in the mirror, stared at her bald, hairless sex, and the monstrous base of the dildo he had rammed up inside her. She whimpered dazedly, and then sagged, sinking to her knees as he turned her around.

His cock pushed into her mouth and she no longer had the will to resist.

She knelt in place as he raped her mouth and throat, staring up dully as he leered down at her, as he drove his long cock balls deep into her face and ground her nose and face into the black flesh of his belly.

He pulled out just as the world started to go gray, and slapped her face to bring her back. Cramps were rippling through her belly now, and every movement was agony. He knelt and chuckled and removed the nipple clips, and her crushed nipples screamed anew with returning sensation. Tears spilled down onto her breasts as she writhed against the pain. He kissed her neck, bit her hard, and plucked away the last clip.

More pain, agony, and she drew her head back and screamed in misery and pain as he bit into her shoulder, drawing blood. He dragged her to her feet and bent her back over the toilet. She felt his fingers at her bottom, at the thing he had shoved up inside her. He yanked it free and shoved her back and she screamed in pain again, then felt the pressure surge and build.

The water exploded out of her, and the agony began to fade. The water poured down into the toilet and she felt a spreading sense of relief. The cramps faded away and the relief was - wondrous. And then the sharp ache in her nipples and clitoris began to fade, as well, and as the last of the water trickled out of her there was more relief, spreading from clitoris and nipples.

She groaned weakly, dazedly, as he ran his hands gently over her body. He moved forward, straddling her and the toilet, his cock pushing into her mouth. He pushed forward again, his hands gripping her head, forcing it back onto the toilet seat as he forced his cock down her throat. She groaned but her battered throat was now numb to pain, and he sawed in and out as she lay still, the relief from the terrible, intense pain filling her with a sense of ease.

He pulled back, gripping her hair, and dragged her from the toilet, forcing her onto her knees on the floor. He moved behind her and spread her legs, and Amy laid her cheek against the floor and closed her eyes.

She felt his thickness against her anus, and whimpered, but the pain as he entered her was not as bad as she had feared it would be. He filled her with his thickness, but there was no pain, for she had been stretched and burned by the water, and now his cock moved fairly easily into her rectum. She grunted as his hips struck her bottom, and moaned softly as his fingers reached beneath to gently stroke her clitoris.

Her clit was swollen and exquisitely sensitive now, as were her nipples. Shocking little burst of pleasure rolled through them as his fingers stroked and massaged them in turn, his cock pumping steadily, but not roughly in her anus.

Amy felt a sense of almost sensual pleasure creeping over her as he continued to pump inside her. There was almost no pain now, and her body gloried in its absence. His fingers continued to rub against her clitoris, and the pleasure grew, spreading, making her skin tingle and her insides throb. She realized, with some shock, that she was enjoying the steady sodomy, and her face cringed in horror and confusion.

“Slut,” he whispered.

She bit her lip and moaned as his cock continued to pump, as his fingers

rolled her nipples and caressed her clitoris.

"Come, baby. Cum for me," he hissed. "You snotty bitches all think you're so fuckin' great! You don't feel so great now, huh, with my cock up your asshole!"

His hands cupped her buttocks, squeezing and kneading the smooth white flesh. He remembered his first white girl, years back, the snooty blonde who'd thought she was too good for him, who thought the sun rose and fell on her white flesh. She'd moaned and groaned just like this one when he'd rammed his cock up her asshole.

He'd showed her, and showed plenty more since then. He'd lost track of how many he'd taken. Only his files contained the true figures. The names, dates, places, and in most cases, pictures of the girls and women he'd used. Young and old, rich and poor. He'd shown them all.

As he was showing this little blonde whore.

Cunt, he thought, ramming his cock in hard. She cried out in response. His smile widened.

"Whore!" he snarled. He thrust deep and she shuddered and cried out.

"Slut!" His cockhead stabbed up into her guts, rocking her body.

He pounded into her with vengeful fury, his thick prong pistoning up and down in her anus, the girl whimpering and grunting and moaning as he shook her body with his hammering blows. His hips pounded into her buttocks, his hands jerking her back against him to meet his forward thrusts.

He grabbed a thick mass of her wet hair and pulled hard. She cried out in pain, her shoulders lifted off the floor, jerking back against him. He slid his hand against the side of her face, twisting it back against him. His lips sucked hungrily on her mouth.

His other hand mashed and twisted her breasts, almost beating at her soft flesh as his fingers gouged the soft meat. His cock hammered upwards into her guts, almost jerking her up off the floor with the force of his strokes.

He reached below and began to rub her clitoris, his fingers expert at manipulating female flesh. He could see it in her eyes, the glassy look, the shuddering, the whimpers, and then her anus started to spasm around his cock and he laughed triumphantly, throwing her forward onto he face again, pounding into her as she came, as he forced her to climax.

He came as well, feeling his semen gushing down into her, spraying into the depths of her tight belly.

"Oh yeah! Oh yeah!" he gasped. "Take it white bitch! Take my cum! I'm shootin' it up your ass! I'm gonna drown you in my juice!"

He groaned and clutched her tightly to his chest, emptying his balls up inside her. Her rectum squeezed and sucked on his cock, draining him dry as he eased his frantic movements.

He sighed and was still, his anger drained along with his balls.

He gripped her hair and rubbed it against his cock, cleaning himself, the yanked her to her feet. He pushed her before the mirror, then picked up the hair dryer and a brush and began to blow dry her hair. The girl stared at him in the mirror, obviously both confused and scared.

"What are you doing?" she whimpered.

He said nothing.

He liked her hair, brushing it carefully. It quickly lightened and spread apart. He hummed as he worked, running the dryer all over her hair, brushing it carefully, watching her in the mirror as she watched him. When he finished he set down the dryer and brush and stepped back.

His pants were hanging from a hook. He stepped into them, then pulled his t-shirt over his head and stepped into his tennis shoes. The girl stared at him, obviously thinking he was leaving. She was in for a surprise.

She trembled with fear, wondering if he was going to kill her, wondering what he was going to do to her.

She turned and he motioned her out the door, gripping her upper arm. He led her downstairs and then down the hall to the garage. She moaned in terror as he opened the door to the garage and she saw a strange car parked there.

He led her to the trunk, then opened it and lifted her up, setting her feet down inside the trunk.

"No!" she cried, trying to jump away. He held her easily, forcing her to sit down in the trunk.

"NO! I'm not going with you!" she screamed. "Leave me alone!"

Frowning, he picked up a rag and jammed it into her mouth, muffling her sounds. He took out the roll of duct tape and tore off a strip, taping the rag in place, then pushed her down on her back. He rolled her over onto her belly as she squirmed and thrashed in terror.

He pulled another cord from his pocket and grabbed her ankles, tying them together, then forced them back against her buttocks and tied the cord to the one around her wrists. Helpless, the girl eased her squirming. He turned her over and looked down at her wide, frightened eyes, and smiled.

He slammed the trunk then and opened the garage door, then got into the car and drove off. Half an hour later he pulled into his own garage and closed the door behind him. He opened the trunk and the girl stared up at him with the same terror.

"Time to get out, white girl."

He untied her ankles and pulled her out of the trunk, then marched her into his house and down into the basement. The basement was all stone walls and floor, with only a few chairs, a table, and a bed there for furniture. There were also several cameras and a camcorder on tripods, and a TV and VCR on a wheeled stand. Chains hung from the ceiling in several places.

Amy was terrified as she looked around. The place looked too much like she thought a dungeon would look. There were no windows and the only way out was the stairwell, which was blocked by a door at it's foot, a door the black man locked with a key.

He led her over against a bare stone wall and pushed her back against it, then moved over to one of the cameras. He lifted it up and carried it, still mounted on the tripod, over in front of her and put it down, then he looked through it at her. He moved over to a couple of big portable lights and turned

them on, making her blink in the brightness.

He frowned and came over to stand in front of her. He shoved her back against the wall, and put a hand on her forehead, pushing her head up until she was standing straight with her head looking forward.

"Stand straight with your head up and smile."

She stared at his back in astonishment as he walked back to the camera. he turned and bent over again.

"Smile," he snarled.

She formed her lips into a tentative smile and he snapped a picture, then another.

"Turn to the side," he ordered. She did and he snapped a couple more pictures.

"Turn your face to the wall."

She turned and he took more pictures.

"Bend over," he ordered. She bent over slowly and he took a bunch of pictures.

"Lower," he ordered.

She bent lower, and then still lower. She bent as far as she could, until she was looking at her own knees.

"Spread your legs, whore," he called.

She trembled but did as he ordered, the giant dildo still inside her sending cramps through her belly as it shifted within her. Again she heard the camera clicking several times.

"Turn around and get on your knees," he said.

She did and he took more pictures.

"Turn your face to the wall and bend over. Put your face against the floor," he ordered.

She bent far over until she half fell to the floor, her weight resting on her head and shoulders.

"Spread your legs, you slut," he sneered.

So she spread her legs and he took pictures.

"Raise your little white ass higher," he called.

She did, trying not to think of how humiliating the pictures would be.

He put the camera back and took out another one, then moved over to a cupboard and took down a big double handful of chains. He brought them over to her and dumped them on the floor, then cut the cord off her wrists and lifted her to her feet.

He turned her to face him, his eyes scouring her naked flesh, then bent and pulled out four thick round metal tubes. They were ugly and cruel looking. He picked up two of them and stood up.

"My people used to wear these," he said. "These came off a slave plantation."

He slid one of the thick things around her right wrist, then locked it. It was heavy and cold. He put the other three around her other wrist and, ankles. He bent then and picked up a thick chain, about a foot long, and fastened it between the two manacles around her ankles.

"Wha... what are you going to do to me?" she whimpered.

"Whatever the fuck I want," he said, calmly.

He rose with a thick metal strip and slid it around her waist, then locked it together. There were fat rings welded around the strip on all sides. He picked up a heavy chain that was only a little longer than the ones between her ankles and snapped one end to her right wrist, then slid it through the ring in the front of the belt and attached it to her left wrist.

He picked up one final heavy metal object then, it was a collar. He slid it around her throat and snapped it closed. Amy looked up at him in fear but he did nothing but stare at her. Then he turned and went back to the camera. He started snapping pictures as she looked at him in bewilderment.

"Turn to your right and lower your head," he ordered.

She did and he snapped more pictures, then she turned her back to him and he took more pictures.

He came over to her and unsnapped the chain binding her right wrist, pulling it back through the ring on the belt. He pulled both her wrists back behind her back then up, making her groan in pain. He slid the chain through a ring in the back of the collar and snapped it to her wrist again. Her arms ached fiercely and her hands were up between her shoulder blades.

He went back to the camera and took more pictures, then came back and removed the chain entirely. He snapped the manacles on her wrists directly to a ring in the back of the belt and then took more pictures. After that he snapped them directly to rings set on either side of the belt, and again took pictures.

He pushed her down on the floor, forcing her to lay on her back, then, with her wrist manacles still cuffed to the sides of the belt, he pushed her legs up and back, ignoring her cries of pain as he attached the short chain between her ankle manacles directly to the sides of the collar.

He moved back and took pictures of her like that from several angles, then came back and unchained her. He led her over into the corner and pulled her arms high, attaching them both to a chain hanging from the ceiling.

He moved to the wall where the other end of the chain was locked, and pulled it, forcing her up to her toes. He locked the chain in place and took more pictures of her. He went back to the wall and raised the chain higher, lifting her feet off the floor, and again took pictures, from several angles.

He used up all the film in that camera and got a third, snapping a couple more shots before releasing her. He immediately attached her wrists to two other hanging chains and again lifted them so she was just on her toes, this time with her arms spread.

After several shots like that he lifted her off her feet and took more, then attached her ankle manacles to chains set in the floor, taking shots of them together and pulled straight down, and apart, so she was spread-eagled in mid-air.

"My wrists hurt," she whimpered.

He grinned and released her, then attached the chains to different manacles. He fixed the ones hanging from the ceiling to her ankle manacles

and hung her upside down.

With that done he took off all her chains and ordered her onto the bed. He reloaded his cameras and slowly eased the giant dildo out of her pussy. She groaned in relief, trembling as he took a variety of shots of her in lewd, crude, perverted positions. She had to bend over with her bottom pointed at the camera, reach back and spread her buttocks.

She had to push her hand through her legs in the same position and slide two fingers up into her pussy slit. She had to lie back on her back with her legs spread, one hand squeezing her breast and the other pumping her fingers in her pussy. She had to sit back against the wall, pull her legs up against her chest and smile invitingly at the camera.

Then he brought out a pair of large black dildos. Neither was as thick or as long as the one she'd had before, and she was able to push them into her body with only a little difficulty while he took even more disgusting pictures, all of them with her face scrunched up or mouth wide and back arched, all of them looking like she was doing this on purpose and that she was climaxing.

Finally he brought over the video camera, where he filmed her masturbating, first with her fingers, then with one of the big dildos, then with both of the dildos, one up her rectum, the other up her pussy. He kept stopping to yell at her for not being realistic enough, telling her to moan more or hump at the dildos more.

The whole event took hours, and when it was finished he forced her onto all fours and fucked her for a steady ten minutes before shooting into her.

"Well, that was interesting," he smiled. "I made another white girl's dreams come true."

"You... you did this before?" she gulped.

"Hundreds of times, and you know what, not one of em' ever reported it to the cops." He grinned nastily as he opened a cupboard and showed her photo albums that filled it. There were dozens and dozens, maybe hundreds. He pulled one out and flipped it open, showing her pictures just like the ones he'd taken of her, only of a cute brunette.

"I guess none of em' like the idea of having everybody seeing these pictures, not to mention the videos."

He pulled open another cupboard and showed her a huge collection of video tapes. He pulled one out at random and shoved it into the VCR. He turned it on and Amy watched a redheaded woman masturbating with a big black dildo, perhaps the very one she had used. The woman was moaning and panting and grunting very realistically.

Amy could see where she wouldn't want a judge and jury to see that. She turned beet red at the thought of sitting in court while the whole room watched her own tape.

"Okay, slut, let's go. I'll drive you home," he said.

Filled with relief she followed him up the stairs. Still naked, she got into the trunk of his car and lay curled up there while he drove her home. The car stopped and she got out, finding herself in her own garage again. He slid an arm around her, palmed her pussy with his other hand and kissed her long

and deep and hard.

Then he pulled back and got into his car, grinning as he backed away.

"You ain't a bad piece of cunt meat, Amy girl," he sneered.

Amy watched him drive away, heedless of who might pass by and look into the garage. Then she turned and walked into the house. It was just after three, she saw. She went back upstairs and had her shower again, feeling his hands on her the entire time.

She told no one about her day, and that night, as she lay awake staring at the ceiling, her hands crept inexorably down to her groin, and her fingers began rubbing at her clitty as she dreamed of giant black cocks piercing her body.

Chapter 2 - Dale

He didn't even see her at first. She was behind a counter and invisible. Then she came out from behind it and drew his eyes. She was short, maybe only five feet. Her face was narrow but very pretty, pixyish cute like he liked them.

She was petite but it looked like she was pretty well built, even if it was all downsized. Her breasts were probably not that big but looked pretty good on her narrow chest. She had big green eyes, or maybe it was just those round glasses she wore that made them look big. Her hair was a soft, glistening brown, straight and collar length. She looked very intelligent and walked with a straight back.

He watched her bring the magazine up to the counter. She was wearing a long blue and green dress with a fringed hem. Below that she had black, high heeled boots, expensive ones, he thought. Her voice was soft, and a little high pitched as she paid for the magazine.

He stared at the cover over her shoulders as he moved in behind her. The magazine was all about computers, Byte, it was called. You can bite me any time, baby, he thought. She turned slightly as she was waiting for her change. Her eyes passed right over him.

Snotty bitch, he thought, pretending I ain't even here. Just some nigger, not worth noticing.

She walked out into the mall and he paid for his cola and followed. He trailed her down the mall, pausing when she went into women's stores, then following again when she came out. She went out into the parking lot and he followed, sliding further behind. Women tended to get paranoid in parking lots. It was the one place white women always noticed niggers hanging around.

She stopped and got into a tiny blue sports car. He strolled past, getting the licence number and memorizing it. He hurried across the lot to his own car and sped towards the exit she would have used but couldn't pick her up again.

He went home and called a friend of his at the DAV. Roy would give anyone a make on a car for twenty bucks. He was cooperative as always.

The car was registered to a Dale McMann, age twenty four, who lived on Pinehurst. Bad news though, she lived in an apartment building. He drove over there and didn't like what he saw. The building was fifteen stories tall with three branches, shaped like a Y in other words. There was a parking lot out front.

He got into the building easy enough, following a resident. There was a floor plan right on the wall between the elevators. Hers was apartment six fourteen, and that meant she faced the front parking lot. That was more bad

news.

He went down to the basement and checked the parking lot. He wandered around for several minutes and finally found the car. Now he thought he knew where he'd hit her. Certainly he couldn't grab her upstairs. A scream in a building like this would be heard by the neighbours. If the window was open the shape of the building would act like a megaphone. Everyone would hear her for blocks around.

He arrived the next morning, waiting outside to see what time she left for work. He almost missed her because she was pulling in to the parking lot, not pulling out. He spotted her just before she drove into the garage.

Maybe the cunt works midnights, he thought, excited at the idea. If so maybe he could hit her at work. Who worked midnights, he wondered. She could be a nurse, or maybe a doctor. He'd love to screw a doctor, rich fucking bastards.

He waited for an hour, just to be sure she hadn't left for work early and then forgotten something and come home again for it. She didn't show up. He drove home then called her number. It rang a number of times before she answered it. Her voice was sleepy.

Hot damn, he thought.

"Hello?" she grunted.

"I'm gonna fuck you baby," he said, then hung up.

He laughed out loud. She'd take it for an obscene caller and not give it another thought. He'd remind her that he had warned her though, when he had her alone.

He drove back to her place and parked opposite the garage entrance around nine thirty. Better early than late, he thought. She drove out a little after eleven. He followed.

The drive wasn't long and ended at a mid sized building in the city's business park. Hovertech, it said on a big sign. This wasn't good, now that he thought of it. The place had to have an alarm system, probably a real good one, and maybe even security guards.

He went home. No way was he going to go skulking around the place at night. He looked up their number in the phone book and called. It rang a dozen times without an answer. That was good news. Usually if there was a security guard he'd answer the phone.

He called several more times but there was still no answer. He smiled and slept a few hours then drove back to the building and waited for Dale to leave. She pulled out and drove home, stopping along the way to pick up some things at a grocery store.

He got on his best suit and drove back to Hovertech, carrying an expensive briefcase. He handed the receptionist a card which identified him as a salesman for a security company. His smile was warm, for he was happy at finding a receptionist instead of a guard.

In due course he was shown in to see the building manager, who didn't even wait for his sales pitch. He told him that Hovertech had an excellent alarm system already. He tried to tell the guy that alarm systems were all well

and good but security guards were much better. The guy wasn't having any of it.

"Security guards are a waste of money," the guy said.

So now he knew there weren't any security guards. The short walk from the front door to the manager's office revealed no indications of electric eye beams, and no motion detectors. The floor was stone with no rugs to hide sensor pads. The stupid bastard probably only had those silly little magnetic alarms on the doors and windows.

On his way out he detoured and went out a fire escape. Yep, only the magnetic contact switches. He looked around quickly, then reached up with his knife and cut the wires leading to the contact on the door. He let it shut and went home.

Dale was still awake and answered on the second ring. then woke and called Dale.

"Hello?"

"I'm gonna fuck that tight little body of yours, Dale," he whispered. "I'm gonna ram my cock so deep into your asshole my cream will come out your mouth."

"Wh-who is this!?"

"An admirer, baby, an admirer of your tight ass. I bet it's soft. I bet when I take a belt to it it turns all red."

She hung up and he laughed long and loud.

Dale could hardly stop yawning as she drove to work. It wasn't the midnight shift that was making her tired. She'd gotten used to it in the past few months. No, it was the sick bastard who had called her on the phone several times during the day, waking her up each time with a chilling promise to rape her.

She'd taken the phone off the hook after the third call, despite knowing she was on call for any computer trouble and could get into trouble if they couldn't reach her. She kept assuring herself it was just an anonymous caller, but he kept acting as if he'd seen her, watched her. It was chilling.

Straight out of University she'd been hired here. There was great promotion potential with Hovertech. They paid well and had great fringe benefits. Unfortunately their policy called for all new people to start out on the midnight shift babysitting the computers and fixing bugs.

Her social life had been shot to hell, but the job was worth it. Anyway, in another few months it would be some other new guy, or girl's problem. She'd be shifted to evenings then, and have company on her shift. And in another six months she'd be on days. She could forego a social life for that long.

She'd talked to Jenny Murphy, who'd been hired just two years ago. Already she was out of the computer room and had her own office as a programmer. There were places where she could have started right off the bat as a programmer but none had the potential of Hovertech, which was one of the best companies to work for in the country.

She greeted Jack and Paul as she walked into the vast computer room. They chatted a bit, then the guys left her alone and went home. She yawned again and sat down in the main operators chair, scanning the screens lined up before her. Everything was just fine.

She nodded off.

Something woke her. She wasn't sure what at first. She panicked, thinking it had been a call for something on the computer but a fast scan showed everything was all right. Then her eyes slid up above the screens and she saw the black man smiling at her.

She screamed and jumped to her feet, sending the chair rolling back into a tape drive. He just smiled at her as she stared up at him in shock.

"Wh... who are you? How did you get in here?" she demanded fearfully.

He didn't answer.

"If you don't leave I'll call security," she stuttered.

"Ain't no security in this building, honey," he smiled. "There's just you... and me."

She gave a gasp of terror, her hands going to her mouth as she recognized his voice.

"I believe we spoke earlier on the telephone," he said suavely.

He turned and ran for the door, her heart pounding. She grabbed at the knob and jerked hard but it wouldn't open. She saw now that a chain had been wound tightly around the two doorknobs that led out into the hall. It was locked in place by a padlock.

She turned and saw him smiling as he approached. She screamed again and raced past him towards the exit on the other side of the room. She dodged in and out of the computers until she came to it. It was locked tightly, just like the other doors.

She stifled a sob of fear, her mind racing as she tried to think of another way out.

The phone. She'd call 911. She ran to the nearest one, set on a wall and tore the receiver off the cradle, her finger stabbing the buttons. There was no response. She looked down below the phone and saw the wire had been cut.

She dropped the phone and backed away, then turned around. He was walking towards her slowly, and was now completely nude. He was an enormous black man, muscles rippling all along his powerful body as he padded across the tiled floor towards her. His huge cock was erect and pointing at her like a spear.

She screamed again as she saw him, and screamed even louder when she saw the size of his cock. She turned and raced off towards the other side of the room. He padded after.

She grabbed at phones but all had been cut. She tried to hide, scurrying behind the big machines.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are," he called.

She whimpered, her pulse roaring in her ears. She snuck between two machines as he came past. But he'd seen her. He reached back with a gigantic hand and grabbed her arm, yanking her out from behind them.

She screamed and screamed, trying to claw him with her fingernails, but she didn't have any nails really and he backhanded her hard enough for her to see stars and go limp. He threw her into a chair and stood before her as she cringed and whimpered and her chest heaved.

"Feel better now?" he asked.

"What... what are you going to do with me?" she sniffled.

"I'm going to fuck you a lot, then I'm going to go home. How does that sound to you?"

"Please don't. Please don't touch me," she moaned.

"Why not? You look like you could use a good fuck."

"No... No I... I... "

"Take off your clothes, baby," he ordered, folding his thick arms across his massive chest.

"No. Please don't... "

"You got a choice, baby. You can take off those clothes, get fucked, then be left alone, or I can rip them off fuck you and leave you tied up naked for your friends to find in the morning, maybe with your legs up around your ears and your pussy stuffed with a dildo."

She turned red at the very thought, her eyes getting even bigger than they were before.

"Strip, girl, or I'll do it for you, an' I won't be gentle."

He glared ferociously and she gave a little cry of fright, her hands going to her white jacket.

Dale, her hands trembling, slipped off the white lab coat all the computer room workers had to wear, then hesitantly, let it drop to the floor. She stood there in her flower print dress, staring at him.

"You got five seconds," he hissed menacingly.

She whimpered and reached back, unsnapping the neck, then slowly pulled it forward across her shoulders and let it slide down to just above her breasts. Then, closing her eyes in shame, she let it slide further, revealing her small, bare, pink nipples, then her smooth, slim belly, and finally her rounded hips and her pink satin, string bikini panties.

She stepped out of the dress and stood there in just her little white boots and pink panties. She tried to fold her arms over her breasts but he growled in an ugly way.

"Don't forget the rest," he snarled.

Sobbing, she slipped her boots off, then, after a mute appeal to him, had to slip her panties down and off.

She stood there, shaking, again folding her arms together, trying to cover her little pussy with one hand.

"Put your hands behind your head, slut," he barked.

She gasped, then slowly brought her hands up and put them behind her head. She looked down at the floor, humiliated and unable to look him in the face.

"Straighten up, whore, and raise your head. Look at me!" he snapped.

She obeyed reluctantly and forced her back straight. her small but

perfectly rounded breasts stuck out firmly as she looked him. He looked down at her and grinned smugly.

"Nice. Little but nice," he commented. "Nice little titties. I bet you like havin' them sucked."

He slid his hands over her round breasts, caressing the skin with a light stroke. He fingered her hard pink nipples, rolling them between his fingers as she stood there in horrible humiliation.

One of his hands slid down her belly and in between her thighs. He slid it up and down her inner thigh, then fingered her pussy.

"Spread your legs, whore, and pull your head back. That's a good little girl," he purred.

He stroked her sex, rubbing his hand up and down, then bent and began to lick at her hard nipples, sucking on the right, then the left, then the right again as he stroked a single finger up and down her slit. He pressed the side of his finger into her cleft, forcing her pussy lips aside, and sawed it up and down her pink flesh.

His hands came up to her glasses suddenly and he lifted them off her nose. She blinked her eyes, hardly able to see more than a big black, unfocused shadow in front of her.

"Okay, white bitch, now turn around and lets see your pretty little ass."

She shuffled around, beet red, mortified and frightened out of her wits as the big black man loomed over her. She gasped as she felt his hand cupping her buttocks. His hand totally covered her round bottom.

"Bend over, whore, and spread your legs."

She grimaced but obeyed, too frightened not to, and knowing he could force her to do anything he wanted. She bent over, keeping her hands behind her head. Her legs shifted apart inch by inch. Then she almost fell as his big hand slipped between her white thighs and he palmed her pussy mound, squeezing and rubbing the soft, pulpy flesh.

"Bet you're tight," he mused.

He straightened one big finger and rubbed it up and down her tightly clenched little slit, then wiggled it inside. Dale gasped and grit her teeth as she felt his big finger pushing up inside her.

"Yeah. Nice and tight, all right," he sighed, feeling her cunt tunnel clutching his finger tightly.

He cupped and fondled her pussy, then rubbed his big paws over her bottom for long seconds.

"Reach over and grab the corners of that computer, slut, then lean over and spread your legs. You seen it done on cops shows all the time."

She grabbed the corners of the tall computer and spread her legs, leaning over in the classic police frisk pose, her body trembling in shock and terror and mortification. His hands stroked her cunt and ass, sliding up and down her inner thighs and then up her back.

"Don't move, whore. I'll be right back."

He moved away, padding across the tiled floor naked on his big black feet. Dale stayed in place, fighting back further useless tears and trying to use

the brains she had always prided herself on to get her out of the terrible danger she was in.

The familiar sounds of the computer room filled the air, and made her awful plight seem almost unbelievable. Never would she have dreamed anything like this could happen here. Her feet were cold on the tiles and her skin was rapidly becoming covered in goose bumps as the cool air swept over her. She knew a sudden fear, that he would see her hard nipples and think she was enjoying his evil assault.

He came back, and she saw he was carrying a gym bag. He set it down on the operator's desk, then opened it and pulled out two cords, one long, the other short. He came over to her and stopped right behind her.

"Okay, white girl, stand straight and put your arms behind your back.

"Please," she said. "I... I've got money. I can get you more money if you..."

"Did I ask for money, slut?" he demanded. "I ain't no thief! Now do what you're told."

She stood straight and put her arms behind her.

"Cross your wrists, slut," he ordered.

She did so and felt the cord sliding around her right wrist and then felt a loop pulled tight around it. He began to carefully criss-cross her wrists with the cord, humming as he worked.

"Some people prefer handcuffs," he said casually. "Me, I think rope, thin rope is best looking, more attractive. And I like the wrists crossed. With handcuffs, you see, the wrists are side by side. Some guys like em' like that. I like em' crossed.

He wound it around her wrists several times, then tied it snugly tight.

"Now I want you to open that pretty little mouth wide, and suck on this big black nigger cock here," he leered. "And remember, it's goin' down your tight little fuck hole in a couple of minutes, so you want it nice and slippery, so it don't hurt you. Right?"

She stared up at his big cock in appalled silence, her mouth opening and closing several times. She could only bring the first few inches into focus, the rest of his cock disappearing into the fog that was the world around her. She squinted her eyes, trying to see it all. The thing was hugely thick.

"Get to work, bitch, or I'll shove it up your cunt dry. You'll be screamin' then all right."

She stared up at his thick hard cock, panting for breath as the adrenalin raced through her veins.

"Suck it, baby, or I'll bend you over and stuff it up your cunt dry."

She had to pull her head back and raise herself up to her fullest height to reach his cock. Even then she was too short on her knees and he had to push his cock downward and spread his legs apart to lower himself.

She slid her lips over his black cockhead and whined in misery as she tasted its salty tang. Still, she gulped in more, sliding her lips up the shaft, whipping her tongue up and down and all around the head. She slid her lips up further, not looking up at the smug black face as the man stood there, his

arms still folded arrogantly across his chest.

Her hands pulled impotently at the cord binding them, and she moved her lips up higher still, trying to bring saliva to a fear dried mouth. Her tongue worked over the thick veins and ridges of his black cock as he began to slowly hump against her.

Again, the unreality of the situation struck her. She was here at work, in the big, high tech computer room, naked, on her knees, hands tied behind her back as she sucked a giant black cock. How could this be? she demanded of herself.

He pulled his big cock from her lips and rubbed it up and down her face, wiping his cockhead across her nose and cheeks and eyes and forehead, then drying it against her chin.

"Better wet it down again, little white girl," he sniggered.

He pushed it into her mouth again and once again she began to lick and suck on the thick black organ. It was all she could do to pull her mouth wide enough to get the massive thing inside, and she couldn't get more than a third of the length into her mouth.

She pulled her mouth off the end and began licking up and down the shaft, knowing he would rape her with the fat cock and wanting to ease her own pain when he pushed it into her. She had had very few lovers and none with a cock as fat or as long as this one.

He sat back on her chair then, spreading his legs. He held her by the hair, pulling her down as he eased into the chair, and forcing her to quickly shuffle forward on her knees. He sighed as he sat back and let go of her hair.

She bobbed her lips up and down on his cock, taking in as much as she could without gagging. He rested his hand on her head but didn't try to force her down further, content, it seemed, for her to bob up and down on the front third.

He leaned forward and began to slide his hand over her head, stroking it like she was a puppy. His hand slid up and down her back, then slid down onto her bottom, squeezing and kneading the soft flesh as she sucked him.

"Nice little ass," he grunted. "Wouldn't you like it if I called a few of my friends over, white girl. You really need a hard one up the pussy right now, when you're all bend over suckin' me like this."

She trembled but made no answer as she continued to suck him. He slid his hand under her buttocks, stroking her crotch. He forced a finger into her pussy, pumping it in and out with intimate familiarity.

"Okay, white girl, that's enough," he sighed. "Turn around and bend over, and spread those skinny legs of yours. I'm gonna shove this nigger cock so far up your pussy it comes out your mouth."

His words seared her but she obeyed, starting to whimper again as she pressed her shoulders down against the cold tiles and spread her legs.

"Raise that round little ass higher," he instructed, fondling her buttocks and pussy.

She felt his cock, hard and hot and round and immensely thick, probe the entrance to her body. She groaned as he pressed it against her and began

to bring pressure against her tightly closed pussy.

She clenched her teeth and groaned in pain as her pussy lips were slowly forced in and back before the awesome force of his mighty cock. Air puffed out between her clenched teeth as she hissed in sharp biting pain. His fat cock forced her cunt wider than it had ever been before as it slowly pushed forward into her body.

"Oohhhhh GOddddddd," she groaned. "Uuuunnngghh!"

"Yeah. You like that, don't you, bitch?" he sneered.

He gripped her hips in his massive hands, able to almost get them linked around her narrow waist. He pumped against her, his cock head battering its way up her tight sheath as he revelled in the feel of her soft skin.

His cock pushed deeper and deeper and she moaned even more loudly as it pushed higher into her belly than any cock ever had.

"Oh God help me," she sobbed.

"God built you to be fucked," he sneered. "That's why you got a cunt and a tight round ass, white girl."

He gave a sudden lunge and she screamed as several inches of black meat slid into her sex.

"Jesus you're tight. You tryna snap my cock off, bitch?"

Her arms jerked fitfully behind her but she couldn't move otherwise as his cock impaled her, bloating out her pussy tunnel with its huge thickness. It continued to batter away at the hidden recesses of her body, driving ever deeper as he grunted with the strain.

He jerked back on her hips, jamming her against his cock as he drove it forward. She screamed, feeling as though she were being spiked by a steel spear. He ground his hips in circles, twisting the fat prong around in her belly, then pulled back and thrust hard. Again she screamed as his cock finally was buried in her belly.

She felt his massive round balls pressing into her as his hips mashed against her soft white flesh.

"Now you got it," he groaned. "Your dream come true, white girl. Your pussy's full o' nigger cock. Yeahhhhh!"

He ground his hips against her in slow circles, first clockwise, then counter-clockwise. His hands stroked her body, massaging her shoulders and back and sides and ass while he forced her cunt walls apart.

He started pumping, using slow, hard strokes. Gradually he eased her tightness and increased both the speed and length of his strokes. Sooner than he expected he was able to fuck her with long, powerful strokes, the full length of his fuck tool sliding back and forth in her small tight belly.

He gripped her by the hair, making her squeal as he pulled her shoulders off the floor and raised her upper torso, bringing her back against his chest. He squeezed her breasts in his hard, rough hands, rolling and twisting the tender mammaries as he ground his hips into her bottom.

"Tell me you never dreamed of me, whore. Tell me you never wished a big nigger buck with a big cock would take you on your knees. Tell me that, slut! Dirty stinking cunt faced whore!"

He bit her on the side of the throat, munching and chewing his way along her neck, up across her chin and over her jaws to her mouth. His hand pressed her head back so hard she thought her neck would break, and then his lips slid onto hers and his tongue pushed into her mouth.

He sucked and licked at her mouth as he ground his hips into her and fucked with short pumping motions. She whimpered helplessly, his cock far up inside her belly giving her cramps and pains.

He laughed and let go of her, letting her fall forward again. She almost fell on her face but turned aside and took the impact on her shoulder as he began to fuck her once again. His hips slapped hard against her soft firm bottom, jerking her forward on the floor as he hammered into her.

Then she cried out in shock as she felt him pressing a finger down against her anus.

"What are you doing?" she cried.

"Anything I want, white girl," he sneered.

His finger probed her rectum, then eased into it as she bit her tongue against the pain. He pushed his finger all the way inside her, ignoring her squeaks and groans of pain as he pumped it slowly up and down in her rectum.

He curled it upwards against her tailbone and jerked up a little, forcing her bottom to jerk up. He grinned and began jerking up again and again, pulling against her tailbone, jerking her up like a fish caught on a hook. Each time he pulled her up he thrust into her hard, then eased out as he let her back down.

He watched her bounce up and down as he fucked, her moans and groans sweet music to his ears.

He slid his cock out so only the tip was inside her.

"Beg for it, white girl," he sneered.

She didn't speak.

"I said beg me for it, slut! Beg for my cock!"

"P... p... please," she whimpered.

"Please what, slut?"

"Please, fuck me," she whined.

"Fuck you? You want me to fuck your little white pussy?"

"Please," she sobbed.

"Say it, whore. Say fuck me with your big nigger cock!"

"Please fuck me! Please fuck me with your big nigger cock!"

"Say more, slut? Tell me what you want."

"Fuck me! Fuck me with your nigger cock! I want your nigger cock!"

"Where, white curl?"

"In... in my... my cunt. I want it in my cunt!"

"You want me to stick it up that shiny little pink twat?"

"Yes," she moaned. "Stick it in my cu... cunt! Fuck me with your big niggerAAAHHHhghghgh!!"

He buried twelve inches of thick black cock in her with one mighty thrust. She jerked and shivered and convulsed on the floor, her head

whipping back at first, then falling forward onto the floor.

He pulled back and thrust hard, drawing another cry of pain from her. He sniggered and began to fuck wildly, rutting into her, his prick a jackhammer as it punched into her cervix. His hips pounded against her buttocks, turning them red with pain.

"I'm gonna give you a ride you won't forget, white girl, just like you been dreaming of."

An insane thought came to her, that somehow she had imagined him, that he was created by her daydreams, her fantasies. She had, on occasion, dreamed of being crudely taken by a huge black man, a crude, savage muscular man who would use her with cruel violence. She had never wished it to happen for real, of course, but she had rubbed her little clitty in bed while dreaming of it.

Now her clitty was being virtually spanked as his big balls bounced against it again and again. Her body was jerked and pounded by his powerful hips and her pussy was being skewered by his fat fuck pole. She grunted repeatedly, the air almost knocked out of her by the force of his blows.

"Don't, uhgn... feel so, ungh... fuckin' snotty... ungh... now, do you, ungh... bitch, ungh!"

He rode her furiously, her entire body bouncing and jerking as his hips rammed into her aching behind. He kept pulling up on her tailbone, his finger jerking up painfully high, almost lifting her right off her knees as he drove his fuck pole deep into her buttery little sex.

He grabbed her hair and pulled her face up off the floor as she squealed in pain. He held her up by the hair as he rutted into her, ignoring her cries of pain as her made her body jiggle and shake.

"This is what you were made for, you cunt faced, slut! This is why you're here on God's earth, so men can fuck their cocks up your tight little snatch. You're a walkin' fuck pad, bitch!"

He pulled his finger out of her sucking anal opening and gripped her hips as he rammed into her. He thrust deep, riding up over her round bottom, riding over her like a dog fucking its bitch. His hands came down on the floor beside her head as he pounded down into her from above, smashing her down towards the hard tiles.

He drew back, shaking with the effort to hold himself. He stood, pacing from side to side, letting the heat pour off him in waves, then gripped the girl and yanked her to her feet.

He showed her a chain with a pair of clips on either end. She stared anxiously, and whimpered as he opened one of the clips and pressed it to either side of her left nipple. It closed and she cried out in pain, twisting and writhing in his grip.

"Shhh," he said, stroking her head comfortingly. "The pain will go away."

He bit at her earlobe, and the pain was even greater, then he laughed and stood back.

"Bend over, fuck toy," he snapped, his voice harsh.

Whimpering, tears filling her eyes, she bent, and he forced her to bend still further. He picked up the chain dangling from one nipple and pulled it behind her legs, then pinched her right nipple and snapped the chain in place. She cried out at the fresh pain, gnashing her teeth, the tears spilling free now as she sobbed in humiliation.

She felt his hands at her wrists, lifting them, forcing them higher, and then they were still, held in place somehow. She looked up awkwardly and saw he had hooked a cord through and bound it to an overhead pole.

He moved in front of her and gripped her hair, forcing her head up, and then thrust his cock into her mouth.

“Dirty fucking whore,” he sneered, pumping harder, pushing deeper.

He rammed himself forward and she screamed soundlessly as it punched through into her throat. Pain tore through her as her attempt to jerk free pulled the chain harshly against her nipples, but again, no sound emerged, only a wet, sucking sound as he pumped his cock up and down her throat.

“When I’m done with you, bitch, you’re going to know you’ve been DONE!” he shouted.

She was choking, strangling on his meat, her throat aching and raw as it pumped up and down inside her. Then, abruptly, it pulled back, pulled free, and she coughed and choked, saliva pouring from her mouth down onto the floor below. He moved behind her and she felt him pressing against her anus. Tears followed the saliva to the tiled floor and pain ripped through her as he angrily forced his thick cock into her anus.

The saliva helped, but pain clawed at her inside as he held her hips and forced himself ever deeper. Cramps rippled through her as he jammed himself fully into her, and she sobbed in mortification as he chuckled and laughed and began to pump. It didn’t take long, and he hissed, then howled, his back arching and his head pulling back. He screamed like a madman as his cum blasted down into the tiny brunette’s anus. Wad after wad spat down into her belly, sizzling and bubbling against her pink flesh.

“Uuuuunnnggghhh,” he groaned as he leaned forward again, his hands coming down on the terrified woman’s bottom.

“Dirty girl,” he said. “I think you liked that.”

He moved back and bent, reaching into the gym back. He withdrew a long thin riding crop, though she did not recognize it as such. He moved behind her, slapping the black leather against his palm, and then brought it whistling down across her buttocks.

Dale screamed in pain, and then a second time as her body jerked violently against the rope holding her arms up, against the chain pinning her nipples down.

“Oh God! Please don’t!” she sobbed.

“Shhhhh,” he whispered.

The crop whistled as it cut through the air, and hit her bottom with a meaty crack of noise that rose above the humming machinery. Dale cried out again, then again, and again as the crop sliced down into her soft flesh. Blow

after blow cut across her rounded bottom and upper thighs as she trembled and jerked and sobbed against the flashing pain.

“Dirty bitch,” he said. “Dirty slut.”

He stopped and drew two huge dildos from the gym bag. Slowly and sadistically, he forced the first deep into her pussy. It was too long for the petite woman, but he slapped and punched at the end until, despite her screams of pain, it was buried in her belly. The second had the same problem, with the same solution.

He let her arms down, and then removed the clip from her nipples. But almost at once he fitted one around her clitoris and let it snap closed, almost giggling as she screamed in pain. He turned, slipping the strap of the gym bag across his shoulder, then walking away from her. Dara screamed again as the chain yanked on her clitoris, and her body twisted and almost flung itself after him.

His big legs drove him quickly as he clutched the end of the chain, and pain burned at Dara’s groin as she hurried to follow. The two dildos buried inside her twisted and jerked within the confines of her elastic sheaths, and tears blurred her vision as the chain continued to pull against her clitoris and she scurried to keep up and ease the pressure.

“Please!” she cried. “Walk slower!”

“Walk faster, slut,” he said carelessly.

He unlocked the door and pulled her through, tugging on the chain, which had become a bizarre kind of leash. Naked, they moved down the wide corridor as he inspected the building, and Dara gasped and moaned in pain as the chain tugged against her aching clitoris. Her movements were awkward, and the thick dildos protruding from her pussy and rectum rubbed against her thighs and buttocks as she walked.

“So you work here, huh?” he said, gazing in at empty offices. “You ain’t got no office?”

“No!” she gasped, small legs pumping.

“Don’t you ever work here in the day?”

“No!”

“Pity.”

He dragged her around the corner and into the company cafeteria, then around behind the counter, where he inspected the equipment and supplies.

“Please! Please let me go!” she begged.

“Quit whining or I’ll give you something to whine about,” he growled.

He tugged on the chain and she screamed.

“Fuck!” she cried. “Stop it, you bastard!”

He turned on her and slapped her face viciously, throwing her against a nearby counter, then yanked on the chain so that she screamed and leapt forward against him.

“You don’t tell me what to do, white bitch!” he growled.

He pulled her to a large walk-in fridge and opened the door, then led her inside. The cool air raised goose bumps on her overheated skin, and her toes danced on the floor. Another door was inside and led to a freezer. He

yanked it open, and she shuddered at the rush of freezing air.

“Oooee,” he said. “This is some place to cool off.”

He pulled her with him into the freezer and she almost immediately began to shiver.

He laughed suddenly, then turned to look slyly at her. He took a cord from his bag, then spun her and unbound her hands.

“P-P-Please,” she gasped, shivering more with each second.

He unbound her wrists, but immediately tied them together in front of her, then raised them above her head. There was an empty meat hook near the wall, and he slipped the cord over it and tied it tightly.

“No!” she whimpered. “Please don’t!”

He winked and turned, leaving her standing in place, the chain dangling from her clitoris, her body beginning to shiver more violently. The door closed, and she looked at it in despair, pulling frantically against the rope holding her arms above her head. The cold bit into her flesh and she shuddered and twisted, her heart pounding faster and faster as she began to fear he would leave her in place to freeze.

The door opened again and she felt a deep relief as he walked back in. He had a bucket in his hand, and grinned as he stood before her and upended it. Cold water poured down over her head and body, splashing and trickling down the length of her freezing body to pool at her toes. He laughed and walked out, and her shivering grew worse. Her skin burned with the cold, and her teeth chattered violently.

The water began to freeze against her skin, turning her flesh a frosty white. Dale worked her hands desperately, wriggling her fingers to keep the circulation moving. She shifted her weight from foot to foot as her toes and feet began to freeze. She had never felt so cold in her life. She hadn’t known it was possible to feel so cold.

He returned, smiling.

“Please, please please, I’ll do anything,” she said, her voice stuttering, her teeth chattering.

“Anything?”

“Anything! Anything!”

“Will you drink my piss?”

She stared at him in shock, then nodded jerkily. “Anything,” she moaned.

He reached above her and released the rope, then pushed her to her knees.

“Please,” she sobbed. “Let me out of here!”

“Don’t give me orders, bitch.”

He drew out his cock and aimed it at her face.

‘If one drop hits the floor I’m gonna leave you here like this. Got that?’

She stared, then opened her mouth and took his cock in. She felt his hot urine spurt and swallowed quickly. Her mind was dazed but frantic with the cold biting at her flesh. Nothing mattered but escaping the cold, and her throat worked again and again as she swallowed his urine.

His cock began to harden inside her mouth, and the urine slowly trickled to a stop, but still he held her, pumping his cock now, thrusting it down into her throat, pulling on her freezing, matted hair as he lunged into her. She pushed weakly against his belly with her bound wrists and he pulled out and slapped her twice, then thrust back in again, raping her throat as she swayed, glassy eyed before him.

He grunted as he came, pulled out, and sprayed it over her face, then, with a sigh of relief, pulled her to her feet and yanked her out of the freeze and fridge, and back down the hall towards the computer room.

Dale never stopped chattering, shivering and shaking, even as the cold began to melt the frosty, snowy, frozen water against her skin and made it glisten wetly.

He took a camera out of his bag and turned to her.

"Gonna take some pictures, slut," he grinned.

He raised the camera and turned on the flash, then snapped several shots of the shivering woman. He grinned, then untied her and removed the clip from her clitoris. She twisted and shook and sobbed, grasping at her aching pussy as he watched.

"Okay, whore, stand straight, head up, arms at your sides," he instructed.

She did as he ordered, her face a mask of fear and pain. He snapped more shots.

"Now raise your hands and put them high in the air. No. Spread them apart. That's it, now arch you back." The flash snapped again and again.

"Spread your legs, slut." Again the flash snapped.

"Now turn around and grab the computer. Spread your legs and bend."

He took more pictures.

"Okay, whore, now bend way over and grab your ankles."

"Get back on the table, white girl, on your back."

She did as ordered and he stood in front of her.

"Pull your legs way up and back against you, whore. Pull them in under your arms.

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

He forced her legs back and she pulled her arms over them. He grinned, then went around behind her and pulled her ankles together behind her head. She groaned at the pressure put on her back.

He chuckled and picked up the short piece of cord he'd dumped on the table earlier, tying her ankles together behind her head. He moved around to the other side of the table, grinning down at her.

"Now you're all cunt and ass and mouth," he sneered. "You're the perfect woman."

She blinked her eyes as she looked up at him. Her breasts were squeezed together between her thighs, only inches from her chin. Her pussy was lewdly displayed around the thick dildo and her little puckered anus was obscenely visible, along with the dildo protruding from it.

"Here's one to send your friends at Christmas, bitch," he sneered,

snapping several shots of her like that.

"Put your hands on your ass, slut. Cup your ass for me." He snapped several more pictures of her like that, giggling in amusement. She was mortified at anyone seeing her like this.

"What do you think, white girl? Should I tie you up like that and leave you for your friends to find in the morning?"

"No! Please no!"

He chuckled and pulled more cords out of his bag, then tied her arms behind her back, pinning her legs back hard beneath her armpits. He ran another cord from the one binding her wrists, up to the cord around her ankles, just so she couldn't pull her hands out from under and straighten herself.

"There," he said, smiling. "Now there's no way you can shift yourself."

He swung her around so she faced the main doors.

"You're friends are gonna get a hell of a greeting when they walk in tomorrow morning," he snickered.

"NO! Don't! Please! I'll do anything! I've got money! P... p... p.. leeeeeesse!" She stuttered desperately, more terrified at the thought of being left like this than anything else.

"Whatsamatter, white girl? Don't want them to see you're pussy and ass hole?"

"Noooooooo!" Dale was horrified. Her dignity had always been of paramount importance to her. To be found with her legs behind her head and her pussy so lewdly and crudely displayed would be unbearable. She would die of humiliation.

Oh, no doubt they'd make sympathetic noises, but she'd quickly be the source of disgusting jokes and stories, especially if the dildos were sticking out of her.

"You don't want me to leave? Is that what you're saying, white girl?"

"No! I mean, Yes. I mean. Untie me. Pleeeease!"

"Why should I?"

"Please! I... I won't tell anyone about this! I'll keep my mouth shut!"

"What do I care? You want me to stay you gotta offer me something?"

"Money? I have money in the bank. I can... "

"I don't want money, white girl."

"What? Anything! My car! Do you want my car?"

"I don't want your car either, pussy."

"Whaaaat?" she groaned.

He sauntered back and stood right in front of her, his semi-flaccid cock inches from her buttocks.

"Tell me you want me."

She stared at him in shock.

"I want you!" she blurted.

"Uh uh. I don't want a parrot, baby. I want you to tell me how much you want me to fuck you. I want you to be creative and sound real, real sincere. I want you to tell me how you want to suck my nigger cock, how you

want me to pound my meat down your twat and up your asshole. I want you to beg for it so hard you make me cry."

"Oh Godddd!

"I'm waiting, whore."

She licked her lips, panicking as all words escaped her. He sighed and moved towards the door.

"Wait! Please fuck me! Please come and... and stick your cock in my pussy! I need it! I need a big black cock in my cunt! Stick it up my asshole too. I love having a big nigger cock in my asshole! Ream me out! Stuff it all up my asshole until I scream!

"Pleeeeeease! I love nigger cock! I love to suck it! Let me taste your sperm! I want to drink it all down! I want to suck your balls and... and lick them, and feel your juice shooting up my ass and down my pussy. Pleeeeeease fuck me! Please! Please! I need to be sodomised sooo bad! I need a cock up my asshole!

"I'll do anything if you'll just fuck me in the ass! You can do it as hard as you want! Please, please, please, pleeeeeease!" she sobbed.

"You want it up your ass, baby?"

"Yes! Yes! Oh please, yes! Please sodomise me! Rip my asshole apart! Fuck my brains out! I need to feel that big nigger cock up my ass and up my cunt!"

He placed the tip of his cock against her mouth and she frantically licked at it. He teased her, pulling it back just out of reach, making her jerk her head forward as she tried to get her tongue on it.

"Please! Please! Let me suck it!" she begged.

He let her tongue reach it, then pushed it forward into her mouth. She sucked desperately, her tongue whipping all around his big cock tip as he drove it into her oral cavity. He let her lick on it a little then pulled it free.

"Want this in your cunt, Dale?"

"Yes! Yes, please! Fuck me with it!"

He pulled the thick dildo out and pushed his cockhead against her as she watched, her eyes wide as it slid down into her body. Her pussy was only about a foot from her nose and she had a close up view as his pole split her lips open and drove down into her tight belly.

"OOooohhhh! Yeessss! That feels so goooood!" she groaned.

He snickered and pumped his cock up and down in her tunnel. Dale watched, entranced, amazed at the sight of such a thick cock sliding down into her body. She'd never seen her pussy taking a cock before, for that matter. She'd never been in a position to. Now she stared in amazement and horror at his long gleaming black tool as it slid back and forth between her pussy lips.

His fingers rolled her hard nipples as he slowly worked his cock back and forth inside her. He loved the way she was staring at her cunt getting fucked. Her desperate begging had tailed off as she watched herself being fucked.

"Like that, slut?"

"Yes! Yes! I love it?" she moaned, still staring.

"Oh God," she sighed, staring at it anxiously. How did it all fit in her, she wondered. How could she take such a huge male cock into her body and not be killed? Maybe she was being killed. Maybe she was bleeding internally, all torn up inside.

Could a person be fucked to death. She giggled hysterical, then gasped and jerked her head back as he thrust into her with new force.

"Uuuhnnngggh," she groaned.

He worked his thumb against her clitty, rolling it back and forth, grinding it down on the little fuck button, frigging her even as he rodded his cock down into her guts.

Dale was grunting and sighing, her mind dazed, confused, blasted and bewildered by the shock and terror of the night. Her body throbbed with pain and heat. She mumbled to herself incomprehensibly, the words only interrupted by sudden grunts when he fucked into her particularly hard.

"Oh Jesus!" she whispered. "Oh! Oh God! Unngh! Unngh!"

She didn't know what was going on. Her body had been racked by rapidfire sensations for half an hour now, terrible fear, anxiety, humiliation and misery, pain in too many places, the kneading, stroking and fondling of her breasts and nipples and bottom, the raping of her pussy, and the repeated hard rutting into her sex.

Her system was overwhelmed with contradictory feelings and her mind was exhausted from being in a hyper anxious state for too long. Like others before her, she suddenly began to find the steady pumping of a male penis inside her love tunnel familiar and even oddly comforting.

She relaxed under the steady stroking, her eyes closing weakly, then jerking open to focus, as best she could, on her slit and that big black cock moving in and out of it. She moaned weakly, nearly insensible.

Her pussy began to burn with lust, pussy cream oozing out of her pores, sliding around his steadily pumping cock. She groaned, her jaw hanging down as she squinted at her moist opening. He threw a series of hard strokes into her, rocking her up and down on her spine. Juice spurted out of her pussy with each hard thrust.

Her eyes fluttered again, and then they went wide. Her mouth gaped and then trembled, then she jerked frantically, her head smashing back against her ankles as she gurgled in maniacal glee. She drooled and spit and whined and grunted insanely as her body trembled and jerked and thrashed in orgasmic fever.

Her pussy sucked and squeezed on his cock as she blasted into orbit. Her body rolled and jerked and trembled with burning sexual heat. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she ground her teeth together as he fucked her as hard and fast as he could.

His fingers rubbed furiously over her clitty as she whimpered and whined and panted for breath.

Then she shuddered a final time and went limp, her head falling forward then back. Her eyes fluttered weakly and he eased up on his fucking stroke, grinning down in arrogant contempt.

"That was a nice little cum, wasn't it white girl?"

She groaned in response.

"Tell me how much you want it, baby."

"I... I want it," she panted. "I want... want your cock!"

He pulled it out and rubbed the head up and down her slit.

"Now I think I'm gonna shove it up your asshole, Dale, baby."

"Yes! Yes! Do it! Fuck me in the ass! Fuck me in the ass!" she whimpered.

He pulled the other dildo out and pressed his cum soaked cockhead against her anus and began to apply pressure.

"Ooooh! OOooh! Yeessss!" she gasped, reeling in pain, but not caring.

Anything was better than being found like this. Anything!

She had little dignity left, almost no pride, not after being raped like this, not after having to beg for it, and especially not after having an orgasm. She didn't know how that had happened. She could only imagine that her body had short circuited under the strain. Still, she didn't care what he did to her as long as he didn't leave her like this for the morning people to find.

Never in her life had she imagined she would be raped in the ass! Conscious of her pride and dignity, she would never have allowed any lover to do this, but now she begged for it, terrified at the thought of the men coming into the room and howling in laughter at the sight of her like this. She would rather be dead!

Her rectum ached and stung as he forced more and more of his fat male organ down into it. She could see the thick black rod, purple veins ringing it and bulging out as it slid down into her anus. She groaned in pain, then grit her teeth, trying to ignore it.

"Beg, whore!"

"Yes! Fuck my ass!" she cried. "Stick it all down into my ass! I want it all inside me!"

He pushed deeper, harder, grunting and sighing as her anus clamped down on his prong. At last he drove the last of it into her hole and pressed his balls against her buttocks.

"OOooohhh!" she groaned.

"You like that, huh white girl?"

"Yes! Yes!" she panted, waves of pain trying to tell her that she had been split apart.

He ground his hips down into her taut, stretched out buttocks, his hands kneading her tit meat as he twisted his cock around inside her rectum. He sniggered down at her smugly, his hands pinching and pulling at her nipples as he began to slowly pump his cock inside her.

"Beg for it, slut! Beg or it!"

"P... please," she gasped.

"Beg for it you cheap piece of cunt meat!"

"Fuck me," she whined.

"Harder! Beg harder!" He squeezed her breasts hard, her soft, wet flesh oozing between his hard black fingers.

"Fuck me! Fuck my ass! Fuck me harder!"

"I'm gonna rip your asshole open, slut!"

"Yes! Yes! Rip my asshole open! Rip me open! Fuck my asshole! OOohhhhhh! Uuuuunnn!"

His cock moved inside her anus with greater force and speed, pumping up and down in her tightly constricted anal tube. He glared at her, his lips drawn back in a snarl as he gripped her hair and tore her head from side to side, jerking it back against her ankles then pulling it forward, mashing her chin into her pillowed tits.

She groaned loudly, then sobbed in agony as his prick began to pound down into her anus with total abandon. His big black prong hissed in and out of her tight hole, slicing deep into her guts on each down stroke. His hips slammed against her bottom, bouncing her, rolling her back and forth on the table as she perched precariously on her spine.

He stuffed his thumb down into her pussy and pinched his fingers down against the top of her slit, down against her clitty. He squeezed them all together, grinding her hard little clitty between them, rolling it and squeezing it with cruel force.

Her face was damp with sweat, her hair plastered against her forehead. Her mouth hung slack, her breathing loud as she gasped and panted and moaned in dazed pain. She lay her head back against her ankles, staring up at the ceiling as the big black cock pounded down into her anus.

She hardly noticed at first, when he stopped. His cock tore free of her clutching anus and he panted for breath, holding the giant black rod in his fingers. He moved around behind her and untied her arms, then her legs. She groaned, and then sobbed as her body unfolded and her legs and arms hung over the opposite sides of the table.

She lay limp, moaning low in her throat as he snapped more pictures.

"You look all fucked out, whore," he sneered.

He grabbed her by one ankle and pulled her off the table, his big hands holding her up as her rubbery legs tried to fold beneath her.

"Stand up, white girl," he sniffed. He grabbed her hair and she yelped and stood upright, her hands going up and behind her, grabbing his wrist. He shoved her against the wall, forcing her hands flat against it and kicking her feet apart.

"Assume the position again, slut," he ordered.

"Spread your legs more, white girl... more... that's it, bend forward. Now I want you to wag your round little ass at me. Just wave it back and forth."

She did as he ordered, her eyes dull and glazed.

"Wag that ass, baby. And beg for it. You want this nigger cock up that tight little ass again, don't you."

"Yes," she said, her voice a whisper.

"Beg for it." He raised a video camera to his eye and began shooting.

"Fuck my ass," she moaned. "Please stick your cock up my ass again. Pleeeeasse! Pleeeeasse! Please fuck my asshole!"

He put down the camera. She shuddered as she heard it hit the table, then whimpered as his heavy bare feet padded towards her.

"Fuck my ass!" she whimpered. "Please fuck me in the ass."

His hands slid up and down her back, then her sides. They slid down her hips and around to the inside of her thighs. His cock pressed into her buttocks, then slid down between them. He gripped the shaft and pressed the rounded head against her asshole.

"Here it comes, bitch," he growled.

Dale clenched her teeth as his cock slowly forced her puckered hole open. It went higher and higher inside her belly, moving at a slow but steady, inexorable pace until it was two thirds of the way in. His hands gripped her thighs tightly then and he thrust up hard.

Dale gave a gargling cry of shock and pain as she was impaled on his thick prong. His balls mashed against her buttocks as he held her thighs tightly and ground himself into her.

"Cunt! Slut! Whore!" he hissed into her ear.

His right hand slid between her legs, cupping her pussy and squeezing it. His left hand slid up her quivering belly and cupped her right breast, his fingers working it over roughly as he bit down on her throat. He abandoned her breast and gripped her by the hair, jerking her head up and back.

She sobbed and grabbed back for his hand again, uselessly trying to ease the strain on her sweat dampened tresses. His hands slid around her belly and he jammed them in tight, squashing her into his body. He lifted her off the floor, pinning her slight body against his as he swung her around.

He shoved her against the table and bent her over again, then threw a hard series of violent thrusts into her backside, his cock stabbing deep into her gut with each stroke.

He pulled her up by the hair again, then gripped her upper arms in both hands, holding them up high and apart as he pumped his tool up her rectum. He chuckled as she whined, then slid his arms around hers and linked the fingers of both hands together behind her head.

He held her tightly locked in a half nelson, his lower body mashing up into her buttocks as he pulled back on her arms. He bent her backwards, straining her spine as his prong ran deep into her belly. He humped hard and fast, bouncing her against the edge of the table as he finally shot his load of hot bubbling sperm up into her bowels.

Nobody noticed anything amiss the next morning. If Dale was unusually subdued, well, Dale was hardly the most bubbly person around anyway. She drove home in a haze, purely on instinct, then went up to her apartment, shucked out of her clothes and took a long, long bath with plenty of bubbles.

It was hard trying to figure out where she stood, how her mind and life had been changed because of the horrible events of that night. She wasn't hurt, other than for a few bruises, well, a number of bruises.

Still, she was alive and healthy and... and...

She lay her head back and sighed, then closed her eyes. She not to, but

her mind kept flashing back to the harsh, sweating moments she'd experienced with... with that man. What was his name? She would probably never know.

She had been attacked, viciously, and yet, she didn't feel frightened or outraged or, or even upset. Yes, it had been humiliating, yet somehow, some kind of bond had formed between them, a bond she never would have wished, yet a bond nonetheless.

And she had come, come hard, come so hard her body had trembled and shook and shuddered, and her mind had been shattered.

How that had happened she couldn't guess. Certainly he was handsome enough, and had all those muscles, and that, that enormous penis...

She sighed again, her hands reaching unconsciously for her groin. She rubbed a finger along her slit, trembling slightly.

Chapter 3 - The Twins

He noticed the girl right away. She was young and lovely, with the cute innocence and nubile beauty that often attracted his eyes. He'd had better in the long string of girls he'd taken, but certainly she was worth more than a thought.

She had curly brown hair, shoulder length, and was wearing a tight mini-dress that hugged her figure well, showing off her curves. The dress was black, with wavy orange stripes, and below that she wore black stockings and high heels.

Very cute, he thought. Nice tits, nice tight ass. Young too, not as young as the blonde he'd had last month, or even the Jap girl he'd had last week, but reasonably young, late teens maybe. Probably not a virgin then, at least in the pussy.

Then he saw another girl come out beside the first. His eyes opened wider as he stared at her. She was an exact picture of the first, though she wore tight jeans and one of those cock teasing tops, where the material sort of fell straight down from her tits and the bottom ended several inches above her belt. Little whore, he hissed to himself.

She had a nice tanned belly. He wondered if her sister did too. Twins. He'd never had twins before. He trembled a little at the thought of what he could do with twins. Had they ever fucked a guy together? Had they ever fucked each other?

His mind played out a fantasy of the two girls naked and rolling together on a bed, licking each other's pussies, maybe taking a shower together, rubbing their tits over each other.

Dirty whores, he growled.

The two girls wandered down the mall and he followed, plotting and planning. He'd do a lot of video of the two together, and pictures, lots of pictures. He'd have those two dirty little sluts sucking and fucking each other, moaning and groaning so realistically they'd never dare tell anyone.

He'd pound those bitches till it came out their ears. He'd fuck one while the other watched, then do the second while the first watched, maybe up the ass. He'd make them suck each other off.

The two girls left the mall and he followed them out to a red convertible. He glowered at them as the convertible backed up, noting their licence number automatically. He let his lips curl in a sneer, thinking that red should be only for blonde sluts. Brunette sluts should be in green cars.

Well, he'd teach them better. He'd teach them a lot about everything.

Their names were Laurie and Corey. Cute. They were both Froshes in

university. Luckily, they lived together off campus. He'd had problems in dorm rooms before and wanted to stay away from the campus.

They shared a two bedroom apartment. That wasn't great. A house, preferably an isolated house, would be great. Still, it was better than a dorm room. He studied them for a while. Their schedule wasn't as easy as a working girl's. They didn't leave at the same time every day and didn't come home at the same time.

He finally took a chance and broke into their apartment. Taped on the back of each of their bedroom doors was their schedules at school. He copied them carefully. While he was there, of course, he searched through their belongings.

Laurie's clothes tended to be conservative, so too did her lingerie. Her room was neat as a pin, everything hung up and put away in perfectly made up drawers. Her bed was neatly made, her brushes, combs and other toiletries lined up neatly before the makeup mirror.

Corey's room was a disaster area. Her wardrobe was all over the floor. He could hardly see any of the rug at all for the clothes and other junk lying around. Her clothes were a lot sexier than her sister's. She had a lot of mini-skirts and mini-dresses, and her lingerie was multi-colored silk, satin, and lace. There were thongs, G-strings, and see through teddies and a vibrator hidden in the bottom of her sock drawer.

He held it up, a gleam in his eyes. He was going to watch the whore use this, on herself and on her sister. He put everything away then let himself out, locking the door carefully behind him. He went down the hall to the elevator and pressed the button, humming to himself as he waited.

The elevator door opened and he stepped in, automatically noticing it was already occupied by a woman.. It was only as the doors were closing again that he noticed just how gorgeous she was.

She turned to look up at the elevator lights, carefully avoiding looking at him. He didn't care. He stared at her openly, admiringly. She was wearing a pair of jogging shorts and a tank top cut off above her belly button. Her long brown hair was wound in a thick tail that hung down her back, the bangs kept out of her face by a headband.

She noticed him staring, and nervously flicked her eyes from the lights to him then back. He continued to stare. She had nice long legs, and a good set of tits inside the tank top. Her face was sleek, intelligence in her soft brown eyes.

"You got a nice set of milk jugs there, baby," he said softly.

Her eyes widened and she tensed up but said nothing.

"You hear me, baby?"

Still she said nothing, moving slightly further from him, until her shoulder touched the wall.

"Nice legs too." He gripped her arm and twisted her around a little so her back was to him.

"Nice round ass too."

"Leave me alone!" she cried, jerking her arm away and backing into

the corner of the elevator. She folded her arms over her chest and stared up at him in fear and anger.

"Let's see those tits," he leered. "I wanna know if they as white as the rest of you."

"I'll scream!" she warned.

"Who gives a shit, baby? Ain't nobody gonna hear you."

He took a batch of keys out of his pocket and studied it for a moment, then tried to fit one into the elevator panel. It didn't work. He tried another. It slid in easily but wouldn't turn. He sighed and tried a third. This one worked and he switched the elevator off, then to service.

"Wha... what are you doing?" she gasped.

"Jus givin' us a little time," he grinned.

He moved against her then, he pressed into her. She brought her hands up against his chest, pushing feebly at him as her lower lip began to tremble. He gripped the back of her head in one hand and mashed his lips against hers. His other hand slid down her back and cupped her full round bottom, his fingers kneading it through the thin shorts.

She struggled weakly, moaning and whimpering as his tongue pushed into her mouth. His heavily muscled black body pressed her into the wall as he darted his tongue about inside her oral opening. His hand tightened on her bottom, then gripped her shorts and just ripped them apart.

She cried out, the sound muffled by his mouth. His fingers had torn the shorts in pieces, leaving her only in her panties. A second later he'd torn those apart as well and her narrow brown bush was bared to his questing fingers.

He cupped her pussy as her legs jerked and twisted helplessly. He palmed her mound, then began rubbing it with his fingers as he pulled back on her head and jammed his lips even harder against hers. He forced a finger up between her tight pussy lips and wiggled it around inside the struggling woman's hole.

He chuckled cruelly, his hand gripping her thick pony tale and jerking it down hard. She cried out in pain as he forced her head back hard. Trying to keep from falling backwards, her legs slid automatically apart and he squeezed her pussy in a tight grip, his fingers cupping her buttocks from beneath even as he ground the heel of his palm into her soft pussy meat.

He let go of her pussy for a bare instant, his hand gripping her tank top and tearing it off her with a loud ripping of fabric. He tore her bra off next, shredding it as he had the rest of her clothes and leaving her utterly naked before him.

The woman was a deep shade of red, her face a mask of fear and humiliation as she whimpered and sobbed. His hand rubbed at her pussy hard, then he bent and ran his tongue across her left nipple, sliding it around her nipple, then over it. He closed his big lips on her nipple and sucked hard as he thrust a finger high into her tight pussy again.

She jerked and trembled and twisted, but was too weak and too frightened to put up any real defence. He sucked her nipple up into his mouth then closed his teeth around it and bit down.

"Ohhhh! OoooooH! Ppplleeeesse!" she wept.

He bit harder and she cried out in agony. He thrust a second finger up into her pussy, pumping them hard, using her violently.

His mouth moved off her nipple and he opened it wide, then bit down on her breast again, then again, then again, teeth biting in hard enough to draw blood. He moved his lips quickly across the soft white mound, licking and biting cruelly. He shifted his face to the other breast, biting it all over as he forced a third finger up into her tight box.

He pulled back abruptly, remembering how little time there was. He sighed, hating to rush things but aware of the danger, should the super discover the locked elevator and release it. He flung her against the far wall. She turned terrified eyes on him as she tried to cover her naked body with hands and arms.

"Turn around," he snarled. She gasped in new fear and then slowly, her body shaking, she turned her back to him.

"Now get down on all fours like the bitch in heat you are, slut," he growled.

She sobbed louder, but slowly eased herself down on her knees, then onto all fours, her head down.

"Spread those legs, whore!" he snapped, "And raise that white ass up higher."

She complied, whimpering and whining as he dropped to his knees behind her. His hands cupped her buttocks, stroking and squeezing the soft flesh as he admired the view. He slid one hand under her, cupping and rubbing her mound as he undid his fly and brought out his hard cock.

He pressed the knob against her and eased it inside as her trembling grew wilder and more uncontrollable. She moaned loudly as he forced her sex open and slid the first inch of hot black cock into her. Then he gripped her hips in both hands and thrust hard, driving half his prong into her at once.

She screamed, then burst into fresh sobbing. He thrust again, and again, burying his thick black tool inside her tight belly. He moved his hips in slow circles, tearing his cock around inside her. His hands slid up and down her sides, feeling the harsh pumping of her chest.

He began to fuck his cock up and down inside her, his hands fisting her fat, hanging breasts, squeezing and kneading them. His fingers dug into her soft meat, pinching it. He mashed them flat against her ribs, then let them drop and encircled them, squeezing from the sides, mashing them into hard balls of distended meat.

He loomed over her, bending forward, his hips slowly grinding into her buttocks as he brought his chest down against her back. His hands pressed flat against the floor of the elevator cab right next to her own hands.

He thrust into her with hard strokes, his cock sliding steadily out then thrusting in hard, sliding back out then thrusting in hard. Each deep penetrating thrust rocked her body forward and brought a cry from her whimpering lips.

He began to really give it to her then, his body humping wildly, his cock

slicing back and forth between her tormented pussy lips, his cockknob smashing heavily into her cervix as his hips slapped into her buttocks.

His prick pounded into her sex, almost lifting her forward off her knees with each harsh, cruel thrust. He growled and bit down on the side of her throat, his teeth tearing at her flesh as he pounded her shaking, trembling, jiggling body with his own heavily muscled frame. She sobbed brokenly as he rode her like an animal, his fingers like claws tearing at her flesh, slapping and twisting her breasts, tearing at her hair and ramming her shoulders down against the floor of the elevator.

Then he came, his juice blasting down into her hot pussy, sluicing down into her very womb. He arched his back, grabbing her long pony tail and tearing her head up and back, jerking her up off her hands and bending her back against him as he sent wad after wad shooting up into her tight belly.

She screamed as he jerked her head back. He pulled on her pony tail like he was reining in a wild horse, forcing her back hard against him as his cock pumped hot white semen up into her belly. He jammed his free hand down between her legs and squeezed her savagely, mashing her lips around his stiff prong as she gave a wail of agony and terror.

He grunted and sighed in satisfaction, letting her pussy milk his juice from his tight balls.

He laughed and let her hair go, shoving her back onto her face. He slapped her bottom, drawing another squeal from the trembling woman. He put his cock back in his pants and started to rise, then halted. He grabbed her wrists and pulled them up behind her back, pressing her face into the floor. He pulled her thick pony tail down and wound it around her wrists, then tied it tightly.

He stood then and pressed the button for the basement. The woman continued to kneel there with her face against the floor, whimpering and sobbing. He was taking a chance, he knew, but then taking chances now and then made life interesting.

He picked up her torn fragments of clothing and stuffed them into his bag, then grabbed her by the hair and pulled her to her feet. He held her panties in one hand and pressed them against her mouth until she opened her lips, then he forced them completely inside.

"You do what you're told, white bitch," he glared.

The elevator doors opened and he pulled her out. Her hands were pulled up tightly behind her neck and he gripped her hair, pushing her forward ahead of him. They went out into the empty garage, her feet, still clad in tennis shoes, scuffling on the pavement.

He opened the trunk of his car and flung her into it, then slammed the trunk shut. Nobody saw anything. He got into the car and drove home.

He was ready for the twins a couple of days later. He had used the brunette, who, as it turned out had been a lawyer, for almost a full day, fucking her face, her throat, her ass, making her do the most obscene, disgusting, humiliating things he could come up with, in front of the camera,

then had let her go.

He knew she wouldn't tell, any more than the others would. There was no stepped up security at the building as he walked in. He went upstairs to the twins apartment and, as before, picked the lock easily, letting himself in, in seconds.

Laurie would be off school at two, when her last class of the day ended. Corey would be at school until nearly six. That gave him lots of time to break the first girl before turning to the second. He figured Laurie might even be a virgin, and would certainly be the easiest to break.

He set up to video cameras in Laurie's bedroom, both facing the bed. He had straps already fixed to the four corners, waiting for her. His thirty five millimetre cameras were lined neatly on a dresser, along with several different restraints and gags, a pair of long, thick, double headed dildo, and some other things he'd gotten specially for them.

He watched from the window, knowing the direction the girl would take. She was half an hour late, and he was just beginning to worry, when she trotted up the path from the road. He watched her through binoculars until she disappeared in the front door.

He chuckled softly and got up, then moved into the slut's bedroom. He wanted to catch the goodie-goodie from behind and knew she would change right after getting home.

He heard the front door slam and drew back a bit, watching through the crack as Laurie threw down a heavy bag of books and moved into the living room. She sat down and went through the mail as he watched impatiently.

He was naked except for a thin pair of leopard print string bikini underpants. His cock was already trying to unfold in anticipation of the deep pink tunnel it would soon be sliding into.

The girl stood and, with her shoes in her hands, walked past where he was hidden and opened the door to her own room. He came around the corner and walked over to her door as she stood there in bewilderment, staring at the cameras pointed at her bed.

He was able to come into the room and close the door behind him, then lean his bulk against it before she even knew he was there.

"The cameras are for you, slut," he said.

She screamed and whirled around, her eyes wide as she stared at him. She backed hurriedly away, tripping across a low stool, but quickly picking herself up and backing as far as she could, until the wall kept her from moving further.

She held the shoes up as though they were weapons, her mouth gaping, her eyes bulging. She stared in horror as he padded slowly forward.

"Now let's get something straight, Laurie," he said, smiling reassuringly even as he joined his hands together and flexed his powerful muscles.

"I'm going to fuck you and you're not going to do anything to stop me. You're an intelligent girl."

He walked forward until his thick chest was almost touching her, and

his big fists were against the wall on either side of her shoulders, his arms blocking her on either side.

"Being intelligent, you'll recognize the hopelessness of trying to resist me, and realize how much pain you could experience if I choose."

He took the shoes from her trembling hands and tossed them behind him. The girl stared like a fawn caught in a car's headlights, trembling in shock and stunned fear.

He moved back a foot, folding his arms across his chest as he looked down at her.

"What you gonna do? Scream?" he asked. "You got no upstairs neighbour. You're on the top floor. Your sister's room is on your left, the living room on your right, the hall behind us. You got one neighbour and he's downstairs. And guess what? He works days. You can scream all you want, bitch, and ain't nobody gonna hear it."

She stared at him, trembling.

"Take off your clothes, Laurie," he said.

"P... please, I... "

"Take off your clothes!" he hissed in a furious, raging voice he had long ago perfected.

She gasped in terror, drawing back flat against the wall as he snarled down at her.

"I better not have to tell you again, slut!" he growled. "Strip!"

"All right! All right! Don't hurt me!" she whimpered.

"I ain't gonna hurt you, white girl. I'm just gonna fuck you... hard."

Her hands shaking, her eyes not leaving him for a second, she unzipped her dress and slowly brought it forward over her shoulders, letting it slide down her slender body and drop in a pool at her feet. She stepped out of it and reached for her bra, her hands going behind her and unlatching it, then bringing it forward.

Like many others, she tried to cover her chest until the last possible minute, her arms folded over her breasts, but then, her skin red in embarrassment, she let the bra and her arms drop and slipped her thumbs into her panties, shoving them down and stepping out of them.

Naked, she stood there, slightly stooped, her arms half covering her nakedness.

"Put your back flat against the wall and stand straight," he ordered.

Her chest heaving, she complied, staring in terror at the giant black man as he regarded her naked flesh.

"Not bad," he said. "Tits are a bit small, but they're nice and high and round. Now, I want you to put your arms above your head, way up there. Higher, as high as they can go. Good girl. Now spread them apart, wider. Good."

He moved over to the dresser and lifted one of the cameras, then snapped several pictures.

"Spread your legs now, and keep your back straight."

He snapped more pictures of her. Laurie trembled with fear and

humiliation, but stood still, her back pressed hard against the wall, her arms and legs spread apart.

"Now turn around, baby, turn and face the wall, same position."

Her chest heaving, she did as he ordered, pressing her breasts flat against the surface of the wall.

"Now, I want you to bend over. Bend over and spread your legs for me, and keep your hands pressed against the wall. You've seen the position on the TV shows."

He took several more shots.

"Wag that round little ass at me, baby. Wiggle it and wave it. I want to see it dance."

She didn't move, her eyes wide as she stared at the wall.

"You heard, me cunt. I said to wag your tail!"

She slowly moved her ass from side to side, panting and moaning weakly. He picked up one of the video cameras and started shooting.

"Faster. Put more life into it, slut! And hump back for me."

"Wha... what?"

"Hump that butt! Pump it like you got a hard one up your asshole!"

She gasped in shock, her fear mounting again.

"Move!" he snarled.

She squeaked in fear and humped back at him. Her ass shook from side to side and bounced up and down. She clenched her teeth and closed her eyes as she shook and wagged her ass cheeks at the fearsome black man.

"Not great, but it's only rehearsal. You'll do better after I stick you a few times."

He put down the camera and went over to her. His hand slapped down on her round ass cheeks and she gasped in shock and renewed terror. He cupped her ass, then kneaded the soft meat with his heavy fingers. He slid his hand down between her legs and cupped her pussy, giving it a few squeezes.

"Please don't hurt me," she whimpered.

"Just do what you're told, bitch."

He pulled her from the wall and flung her towards her bed. She tumbled onto it, then turned to gaze back at him in fear.

"On your back, spread your legs apart, slut, and your arms. Yeah. I think I like that idea."

He pulled several leather strips from his bag and went over to the bed, then he quickly bound her wrists and ankles to the four corners of the bed. Satisfied, he went back to the dresser and got the still camera, then took several more pictures.

He put it down and went back to the bed. He stood beside it, grinning down at the helpless girl. His hand cupped his crotch and he rubbed it in a slow circular fashion.

"Guess what I got here, baby. Guess what I got for you, white girl."

He slid his bikini down and his long, thick prong sprang forth, pointing towards the startled girl's face. She gasped, her mouth and eyes wide. He stepped out of his and got onto the bed, crawling over between her legs and

squatting there. He and the girl locked eyes.

He chuckled and she broke contact, her eyes darting helplessly at his thick organ as he held it there in his fist.

"Ready for it, cunt? Ready for a big nigger cock?"

"Please don't," she sobbed. "I'm a virgin."

"I knew it! I knew it," he laughed, slapping his hands together. "I figured you for a virgin. That's a God damn shame, girl. Way I got it figured teenage girls should have a cock up in their pussies every fuckin' day, every fucking minute. Yeah. And in their asses too. You're walking around letting it go to waste."

He slid his free hand onto her belly. She gasped again, staring at it. He rubbed her belly, sighing in pleasure at the softness and warmth. His other hand joined the first and he caressed her flesh, sliding up and down her hips, her sides, then up along her ribs before coming around and sliding over her breasts.

She whimpered and pulled at the leather strips holding her in place. His hands rubbed very softly against her rounded orbs. He stroked the sides, then the center, avoiding the nipples. Then he bent over and slid his tongue onto her belly, just above her thatch of pussy hair. He slid it upwards along her belly, very slowly, winding it from side to side.

His tongue slid up between her breasts then curved around one, circling it before passing across and circling the other. Finally, his hands stroking her titties from the sides, he slid his tongue directly up onto her left breast and onto her nipple. He closed his lips on the little round bud and sucked, first gently, then stronger.

He shifted to the other breast, sucking on that nipple. He closed his teeth around it and gnawed lightly, drawing a whimper from Laurie. His fingers kneaded her soft, malleable breast meat, digging deep furrows in the soft round orbs.

He eased downwards, sliding his tongue down her belly again as he shifted himself back towards the foot of the bed. He stared at her cunt from inches away, his hands caressing her thighs.

"Virgin cunt," he sighed. "Ain't had no virgin pink for a while now. Nice N fresh N tight."

His fingers eased into her tight slit, and rubbed along it, then peeled the outer lips apart, revelling her soft, gleaming pink skin, raw and moist and lovely.

Laurie whimpered again, refusing to watch, staring up at the ceiling in total humiliation as the giant black man pulled her sex open and stared into her.

He rubbed his fingers along her slit, then bent and slid his tongue into her, rubbing up and down her pink flesh, moistening it, slipping into her hole, sliding over her clitty. He spread the top of her lips apart like a flower and slid his lips onto her clitty, buzzing and humming as he lapped hard with his tongue.

He screwed a finger into her tightness, sighing in pleasure as her body

sucked and chewed and bit down on his finger. He pumped it slowly, his tongue whipping up and down against her clit. He laughed, then slid upwards along her body, his heavy muscular frame crushing her as it rasped upwards.

Then he was over her, on her. His eyes stared savagely down into hers. His heavy frame crushed her into the bed. He seized her hair and forced her head up and back, then mashed his lips against hers. His tongue jabbed into her, flittering around like a live thing.

He reached down to his cock and pressed the head against her moist center, then began pushing downwards. He pulled his lips from hers, but held her hair tightly, staring into her eyes. His eyes bored into her as he slowly drove his cock through her pussy lips and into her body.

She opened her mouth, a gurgling sigh of breath escaping as her eyes widened.

"No! No I... Oh! OOhhh! UUnnnnnnggghhhhh! AAAAaarchhhh!"

Her head pulled desperately, her body shaking and tearing at the bonds holding her. Her muscles strained and pulled to no effect as his cock slowly drove through her, mashed against her cherry, and then burst through. It slid deeper inside, forcing open the never before entered passage.

The fat, bloated cockhead thrust high into the writhing girl's belly, moving upwards until it finally came to rest against her cervix.

Laurie's eyes bulged wide, and the air puffed out of her in short, gasping groans. Her insides were on fire with pain and shock as the thick, hard organ rested inside her.

The feeling, like no other she had experienced, was shocking to her system. Never before had she felt such... pressure inside her. Never before had she felt her cunt pierced, her soft tunnel pried apart. The thin flesh was tight around his pulsing tool. Her pubic lips were clamped down tightly against the base of his prick.

She groaned, the sound choked back by another cry of pain as he drew back slightly then thrust inward. His weight was an overwhelming, squashing her. His skin was hot against her, his hands rough as they kneaded her flesh. His tongue slithered in and out between her mouth, slipping over her own tongue, scouring her teeth, caressing the insides of her cheeks.

He ground his loins into her, then began to pump, grunting at the effort or forcing his thick organ up and down her tight fuck tunnel. He pulled his cock out half way, then slid it slowly back in, watching her eyes still. His hands slid down beneath her, hard, steel-like claws gripping her buttocks and pulling her tight as he ground his pelvis into her soft thighs.

His thick black fingers dug into her tender buttocks, squeezing, kneading, pinching, digging into the malleable flesh as he forced her up against him. She whined, and the sound was music to his ears. He bit her throat, then licked her, his tongue sliding up from under her chin to behind her ear.

His fat fuck meat pulled back, then thrust inward, starting to pump in slow movements, fighting the tightness of her hot belly. He rolled his hips from side to side as the girl whimpered and moaned and grunted and whined.

His cock worked in harder as he tore her virginal pussy was worked open.

"Like that, little bitch? Dirty little white whore! Wagging your ass around in front of everyone! You want it! Don't you? Don't you?!"

He tore her head back and she cried out in pain as he pulled her hair.

"Yes! Yes!" she cried, her eyes tearing.

"Slut! Dirty little slut!" he sneered, mashing his lips down over hers again as he humped into her with greater strength. His hips rose higher and higher with each stroke, as he used more and more of his cock to stab her.

His cockhead slid up and down her with tremendous force and velocity, pounding into her with deadly energy, ripping down her sheath from her pussy lips to her cervix, then tearing back up again. His heavy thighs bruised and hurt her thighs, but neither noticed, or cared. Both were concentrating on his hard cock as it pumped inside her.

"Oh Yeah! Take it! Take it, bitch! Bitch! Whore!"

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she grunted, gasping for breath as his heavy body pounded down into her.

Then he stiffened and came, flooding her belly with his steaming white juice, pouring thick, goopy wads of juice into her belly, draining his balls down into her guts as he eased his motions and lay still atop her.

He sighed, and pulled up, rising to his knees again as the girl stared up at him, sniffing and blinking her eyes.

"So you been fucked. It shoulda been done years ago, you stupid bitch. Now I want you to promise you'll slide this pretty cunt of yours over at least three cocks every day."

He leered and rubbed her pussy.

"I... I promise," she whimpered.

"Good. Now, we got a few more things to get through, business to take care of."

He untied her and let her sit up.

"I'm gonna take some more pictures. You, baby, are gonna pose for em'. The longer it takes you to do it right, the longer we'll be at it. Understand?"

She nodded, fearfully.

For the next half hour he put her through gradually more and more obscene poses. At first she just modelled, though with her legs open, her body posed. Then he added toys, and lust filled expressions. She had to pose with her legs wide, a dildo half buried in her pussy, her back arched and a look of bliss on her face, for instance. He did his best to make the pictures look like she'd willingly posed for them.

Laurie's desperate desire for him to finish and leave, and the knowledge that she was totally at his mercy, overcame her shyness, her humiliation and embarrassment at the filthy, obscene poses, and the disgusting things he made her do.

He ended with a careful rehearsal, where she pretended to be masturbating with the aid of a dildo. He went over it again and again, insisting on the right facial expressions, on the right grinding of her hips and

movement of her body. Then he filmed it, gleeful in the knowledge that she looked, as far as the camera was concerned, like she was really jerking off.

Her orgasm was quite convincing, better than many he'd seen, and he'd seen a lot.

His voice was a club he used to beat her down with. Laurie, hardly a strong willed person to begin with, was easily intimidated even by ordinary people. She was terrified of him, and was soon a pliant, obedient tool, quick to obey his every lewd wish.

She stripped and dressed and stripped again for him. She said filthy things into the microphone as he videotaped her. She professed her lust for her sister, for her father and mother, for little children and dogs and horses. She begged to be fucked, to be whipped, to be tied and beaten and sodomised, all the while pumping herself with the dildo and staring desperately into the camera.

She confessed to having raped little girls, to having fucked the family dog, to having cheated at school, and lusted for black men all her life. She tearfully accused her sister of having raped her with a dildo years ago, all put up, all lies, but said convincingly.

He screwed a heavy hook into the wall, then cuffed her hands together and bound her to it. The hook was high, forcing her to stand very, very straight for him. He put a ball gag in her mouth then, just in case she had ideas of warning her sister, then waited.

Soon Corey came home. She found a note from her sister telling her to turn on the TV and VCR and watch the tape there. He watched in glee as the girl's eyes shot up and she stared in disbelief and appalled shock at the images on the TV screen.

He waited.

Her expression became more and more angry, stunned and horrified as she listened to her sister talk about the affairs they had had together, and watched Laurie masturbating with the dildo. She seemed unable to tear herself away from the TV, as if afraid she would miss something even more terrible.

Finally she turned it off, snatching the tape out and throwing it across the room.

"Laurie!" she howled in anger. She stormed up to the bedroom door and threw it open with furious anger. He slipped out of the closet and followed her in, coming up behind her as she stared in amazement at her twin, hanging from her wrists.

"What in the fuck is the matter with you?" She demanded. "Have you lost your mind? Are you sick?"

Then she spun as she sensed him there. He smiled evilly and closed the door behind him.

"You're gonna make a tape just like that, baby," he grinned. "Only, maybe you don't have to, you lookin' just like her."

"Who the fuck are you?"

"I'm the guy who just fucked the cherry right out of your sister here.

And I'm the guy who's gonna fuck you till you beg for mercy."

"You get away from me!" she gasped, her hands coming up as if to fight him off.

He laughed and moved forward. She backed away, her eyes wide and frightened.

"Come on, baby. Gimmie what you get between your legs.

"G... G... go away!" she yelled.

His hands went to her dress and before she could respond ripped it right down the front, tearing the whole front half off her. She screamed and automatically tried to cover herself. He grabbed her arm and swung her wildly around then grabbed the collar of her dress and ripped downward.

The tatters of her dress fell off, leaving her clad only in her black lace bikini panties and bra. He flung her back and she tumbled onto the bed, then quickly scrambled out of it and backed against the wall. He sniggered as he caught sight of her scanty underwear.

"What kinda bra you call that, whore?" he sneered.

Her bra, really a half bra, cupped and supported her breasts from beneath, but left them bare from just below the nipples on up.

"How come that little bra thing don't even cover your nipples, whore?" he jeered. "It's so they stick out through your dress, ain't it? You want guys to see them and wanna fuck you just so you can turn em' down."

"I... I do not," she panted.

"Whore! I found your pretty dildo in your lower drawer. You gonna tell me you don't pump your little pussy with it?"

She turned beet red, her eyes flipping between him and her sister, who was watching with wide eyes.

"Maybe you two cunts use it on each other, huh? You like to suck pussy, whore?"

"You... you leave me alone!" she cried.

"Not likely."

He grabbed her bra and tore it off. The force pulled her off balance and she fell against the bed. He quickly grabbed her ankle, lifting it high as she squealed in fright. He laughed, holding her upside down in the air, her free leg and arms flailing helplessly.

He reached down and tore her thin panties off, then pawed her crotch, grabbing and rubbing her mound as she swung and thrashed in desperate attempts to free herself.

He grabbed her windmilling arm and threw her onto the bed, then leapt atop her.

"Gonna put you in your place, whore," he snarled. He flipped her onto her belly and his big hands slid beneath her, jerking her ass up into the air.

"No! No!" she screamed.

**"Shut up, whore. You're gonna get just what you deserve." **

His fat hand slapped down on her bottom and began squeezing and kneading her buttocks as the girl squirmed furiously. She tried to turn and slap and claw back at him but he easily dodged her frantic blows. He jerked

her legs apart and rubbed his groin into her, his hands pawing at her breasts.

She dug her fingernails into his wrist and he snarled and jerked his hand back, then slapped her face savagely. It threw her face to one side and had stars dancing before her eyes. He grabbed both her wrists and pulled them up behind her back, then shoved them up her back, up high behind her neck as she squealed in pain.

His hand not only pinned her wrists up behind her back but also forced her chest down into the bed. His other hand slid under her belly and jerked upwards, raising her bottom higher. Her knees came off the bed and she squalled in anger before they fell back again.

"You gonna like this, bitch," he sneered.

His cockhead pressed against the writhing, cursing girl's sex, then pushed in between her pussy lips.

"Stop it!"

"When I'm done."

His cockhead forced her pubic lips open and sank down into her silken belly. She screamed and gnashed her teeth. her body shook and writhed against him, but he held her easily in place.

He thrust hard, jamming a half foot of thick hard meat down her pussy tunnel.

"AHhhhhhhhh!" she screamed.

"Love it, bitch! Love it!"

He pulled back then rammed forward, driving another four inches up her sheath. He sniggered in satisfaction as she wailed in misery. He began pumping into her with small, sharp jerks and rutting motions. His hips grinding and punching into her ass flesh.

He turned and looked at her sister, grinning from ear to ear at the girl's wide eyed stare.

"Hey, whore, you like what you see? You jealous?"

Laurie turned her head away and he sniggered again.

He pumped harder, using more length, thrusting into the girl with furious lust. He pulled out suddenly and jerked her back up, pulling her backwards off the bed as he got off himself. He dragged her by her arms and hair back to her sister, then forced her down to all fours at Laurie's feet.

He pressed his cock against her slit and thrust hard, drawing a cry of pain from the terrorized girl. He pumped hard for a long minute, his hands holding her hips tightly, jerking her body back and forth with him.

He pulled back out again, grabbing Corey by the hair and forcing her to her feet, her shoved her into her sister, mashing her body into Laurie, mashing their naked flesh together. He sniggered as he mashed her soft breasts against Laurie's, rubbing and grinding them together.

Corey tried to push herself back but was helpless under the enormous weight he pressed against her. She was mortified and shocked and stunned but the lewd, perverted actions the giant black man was forcing upon her, and the presence of her sister only made matters worse, much worse. Now it seemed there were no depths to which the filthy beast would not stoop as he

forced the sisters into a lewd, lesbian embrace.

He yanked the gag out of Laurie's mouth and the girl panted and gasped loudly as she sucked in fresh air. He held Corey's hair, making her whine and yelp several times as he pulled hard on it. He pressed her against her sister's face as he squeezed her breast hard.

"Kiss her, slut," he snarled. "Give her a big, wet, juicy dyke kiss."

Both girls looked at each other in appalled shock, neither wishing to carry out the vile order. Then Corey gasped in new pain as his heavy fingers twisted her breast with cruel violence.

"I said kiss her, you filthy little whore," he growled.

Laurie, not wanting her sister to be hurt any more, kissed her chastely on the lips.

"Not like that, you stupid cunt! I want a dirty wet tongue kiss. Let me see you shove your tongue right down her throat."

Frightened, Laurie kissed her sister with an open mouth, her tongue tentatively slipping through her lips and sliding along her sister's closed oral entrance.

"Open your mouth dyke!" he ordered, jerking Corey's hair by the head. She cried out and her sister's tongue slipped into her mouth, shocking her into silence.

"Let me see some tongues dancing," he sneered, rubbing his cock against Corey's buttocks.

The two kissed wetly, pretending to push their tongues into each other's mouth. He kept pulling Corey's head back though, and wasn't satisfied.

"Push your tongues out, sluts," he snarled.

They were forced to slide their tongues out and slither them against each other as he watched, then push them inside each other's mouth. He joined in the kiss, making a wet, lustful, three way joining of lips and tongues. He shoved his tongue into both girl's mouths as he continued to rub their warm, soft breasts together.

He gripped his hard cock and pressed it up against Corey's asshole, then jerked up hard. The girl cried out, tearing her lips back from her sister. He only chuckled in lewd delight, pushing up with more pressure.

"Fuck! Don't! Oh God!" she moaned.

"Shut up, slut. You know you want a big nigger cock up your asshole!"

Laurie, unable to see what he was doing, gasped in shock at the words, her eyes widening as she saw her sister's face cringing in pain.

He drove his cock up high and deep, ignoring the girl's agonized groans and whines as he used his heavy body to hold her in place for the obscene anal penetration. He buried every inch of thick black meat in the struggling, whimpering girl's anus, barking at her and her sister to continue their incestuous kissing.

He gripped Corey's right hand and pulled it up between the twins bodies, pressing it hard into her sister's left breast.

"Squeeze it, slut," he hissed. "Give it a nice workout. Let me see you dig those fingers into that soft tit meat."

Helpless to refuse, and whimpering with pain from the deep anal assault Corey squeezed her fingers down around her twin sister's breast, her fingers mashing and kneading the tender meat as she was ruthlessly sodomised.

He held her easily, one hand around her right thigh, almost encircling her leg, the other clasping a thick mass of curly hair. He began pumping into her, the girl's grunts and moans sweet and sensual to him as he ran his cock up and down in her nether hole.

He forced her head downward, bending her over until her face was against her sister's breast.

"Suck that titty," he sneered. "Suck it hard, bitch."

He yanked and jerked on her hair until the whimpering girl complied, folding her lips around Laurie's nipple and sucking frantically in hopes of easing the pain in her hair. He watched from above, urging her on, demanding she suck harder.

She sucked and nibbled and chewed on Laurie's nipple,, then licked out, her tongue pushing out as she lapped over every inch of her twin's breast, then shifted to the other. She sucked and licked on the nipple there too, her hips jerking upwards with every brutal thrust of his big dark cock.

He pulled her down more, forcing her to her knees before her whimpering sister. He dropped to his knees behind her, his cock buried up in her anus.

"Lick her out, whore. Let me see you give that pussy a good cleaning. Finger her too, stick your fingers up that twat to the knuckles."

"No! Please!" Corey whimpered.

He jerked her head up and down cruelly, producing squeals of pain as he tore at her hair.

"Lick that cunt, whore!"

She stuck her tongue out and began lapping at Laurie's pussy, her tongue moving desperately over the delicate folds of her sister's pubic lips.

"Stick it in her. Pull those pussy lips open and shove your tongue up her snatch!"

She sobbed in pain and humiliation, her hands going up to her sister's groin, her fingers touching her puffy pussy lips and gently prying them apart. Her tongue slid inside and lapped at the soft, glistening pink flesh.

His right hand had slid down between her thighs and was rubbing and squeezing at her own pussy as he continued to hammer his cock up into her rectum. His dark, angry black cock was pumping steadily inside her anus, reaming her out with painful force.

His fingers dug at her pussy mound, squeezing, pinching, twisting the sensitive flesh. Two fat, giant fingers were thrust up into her silken depths as he ground his other fingers down against her clitty.

Her tongue pushed into her sister's entrance, and she tasted the remains of the black man's semen. She moaned anew, but kept licking, kept sucking. She slid her lips onto her sister's clitty as the man ordered and licked and sucked on it. She pushed a finger up into Laurie's tight pussy tunnel and pumped it in and out, then forced a second, and under threats and pain, a

third, then fourth.

Laurie moaned and writhed against the wall as her sister pumped her pussy with four fingers. Her legs were spread, forcing her up onto her toes. The cuffs dug hard into the flesh of her wrists and her back ached from the pressure of her stretched out position.

She was disgusted to the point of nausea, first by the deep tongue lashing she and her sister had exchanged, and then, as horror mounted, by Corey's hard sucking and licking of her breasts. Now, as she stared in numbed shock at her sister performing cunnilingus on her, as she felt her sister's tongue lapping at her clitoris and her fingers pumping at her belly, only fear of the giant black man's response kept her from screaming in horror.

But worse was to come... much worse.

He pulled his cock free of the straining teenager's anus, then stood up. He quickly unfastened the cuffs holding Laurie aloft and the girl almost fell, caught by her sister. He grabbed both girls by the hair and pulled them over to the bed, tossing them in together.

"Now get to work, babes," he sneered. "Let me see some good, hot, hard lesbo action."

They both turned and stared at him in confusion and terror.

"Get to it!" he snarled. He shoved Laurie down on her back and jerked her sister over her, so she lay upon Laurie as a man would. Under his angry orders they were soon stroking each other's naked bodies as they kissed deeply. Their bodies ground together, Corey grinding and humping her crotch into her sister's vulnerable groin.

They squeezed each other's breasts, and, just as Corey had had to, Laurie was forced to give her sister's breasts a hot tongue bath, sucking and nibbling on Corey's nipples. Corey was shifted around and the two engaged in a sixty-nine, lapping at each other's pussy as their fingers kneaded their buttocks.

He knelt beside the bed with his camera, shifting from one pussy to the other, barking out orders when one or the other was not energetic enough to his liking.

He took numerous snapshots of the two, then, as Corey stared up from between Laurie's thighs in shock, knelt behind Laurie and forced every last inch of cock down into her anus. He fucked her with furious strokes, jerking on her sister's hair to keep Corey licking at her slit.

After pumping into her for a couple of minutes he pulled out, crawled around to the other end and shoved his cock down into Corey's anus again, pumping her hard and steadily for long minutes. He pulled out again and crawled back, shoving his cock into Laurie's backside and pumping her for only a minute before spraying his juice up inside her.

Then, his cock limp after several cums, came rehearsal. Laurie, already obedient, parroted everything he told her without problem, though he had to keep snarling to get her to put emotion into her voice. Corey was more difficult, but she too managed a creditable performance after a while.

He took dozens of snapshots of the girls, both looking happy and

aroused, arm in arm, kissing, their tongues probing at every orifice, their bodies arched in ecstatic release, their hands squeezing, fingering, groping each other.

Then came the video camera, and more toys.

First they writhed together on the bed, arm in arm, tongues tasting each other's mouth, hands squeezing asses and tits, groans filling the air as they tumbled over and over.

Corey slid down her sister's body and licked and sucked her pussy as Laurie arched her back in seeming orgasmic bliss, then they sixty-nined, both grunting and panting in supposed ecstasy as they stuffed their tongues into each other's pussies.

Each girl sucked he twin while pumping Corey's vibrator up and down in her sister's pussy. Then both girls lay back side by side and masturbated, first with just their fingers, then with a pair of big black dildos.

They intertwined their legs and ground their pussies together as their hands squeezed and groped each other's ass and titties, and their mouths slid over each other's throat and face and lips.

Corey was then tied tightly with coarse rope, the rope wrapped all around her body, criss-crossing her breasts, binding her wrists behind her back. She knelt between Laurie's legs as the other girl held a leash which attached to a collar around Corey's throat.

"Suck me, whore," Laurie ordered, glaring down at her helpless sister as the girl lapped at her pussy.

"Suck harder, bitch, or I'll whip your ass," she growled.

She ground her pussy into Corey's mouth as the other girl sucked, then, after a prolonged orgasm, she sat back on a chair, pulled Corey over her lap and spanked her bottom soundly, while the camera watched and listened.

Corey was forced onto her knees, her face pressed into the rug, while Laurie, wearing a strap-on dildo, thrust into her with hard, bruising strokes, her hands kneading her sister's body. Corey moaned in fake pleasure as Laurie snarled insults, often vile and obscene.

"Shake your ass, little slut," she barked, "or I'll let those German Shepherds fuck you again."

He finished the film off with a hot shower scene, the two sisters soaping each other up and exchanging soul touching kisses as their hands and bodies rubbed wetly together.

He put aside the camera and got in with them. Both girls were forced to clean his body, soaping and scrubbing every inch of him as though they were slave girls. He put both down on their knees before him and made them both tongue and lick and suck his cock, which hardened again.

They sucked his balls and took turns bobbing their mouths up and down on his cock shaft. Then both girls got on all fours, reached back, spread their buttocks and begged that she be fucked and sodomised. He took turns, able to hold back his cum for long minutes as he pumped each girl's pussy then each girl's asshole.

Finally he came for the last time, dumping a heavy load of juice down

Corey's pussy tube.

It was glorious, and the videos and pictures he'd taken were so marvellous, so damning, that he knew they were his to do with as he chose. He should have left. He'd been successful for long years by not overstaying his welcome, but they were twins, and he didn't know when he'd get another chance like this.

With their arms bound tightly behind their backs, he forced Laurie to lay sideways on the bed, her head and shoulders over the edge. He had Corey do the same on the other side, then forced the two double headed dildos into Laurie's pussy and Corey's anus. With a little chuckling, he brought them together, ignoring their whimpers and moans as he forced each girl's legs to split wide, and then slowly drew their groins together by binding them at thigh, knee and ankle.

He bound each girl's hair into a braid, then tied cord to Corey's and threw it beneath the bed. He retrieved it at on the other side, forcing Laurie's head down and back, then binding it to her hair.

Both girls were now well positioned. He forced ball gag's into their mouths, then took out his thin crop, grinning as their eyes rolled in terror. He started on Corey, the tough girl, slashing the thin leather down across her belly. The way the two were positioned meant the skin was taut, her back arched, and she squealed with pain as a red line of heat rose along her tight, flat stomach.

He slashed down again, crossing the first line with a second, then again, and again, letting the crop slide higher, then lower. He smiled to himself, then brought the crop screaming down onto her left breast. Her body exploded, tearing and thrashing madly in place as the pain overwhelmed her. He laughed and felt his cock throbbing anew, even though he'd already come many times.

His arm swung down again, and the crop snapped loudly as it struck the soft, malleable flesh of her breast. He swung again, and again, a frenzy overtaking him now as his arm rose and fell in savage anger, the crop slashing the screaming, sobbing girl's breasts until they were both bright red with pain.

He stopped, chest rising and falling, then his teeth pulled up in a feral leer as he moved around to stand on the other side of the bed. Laurie had been listening to her sister scream in terror, had felt her body move and twist, but had been unable to see anything. Now she saw the body of the big black man approach her, saw the thin leather in his hand, and whimpered in terror as he raised it high.

It cut across her taut breast and pain filled her world. As her sister's body had done before her she thrashed and twisted and pulled frantically against the ropes binding her, to no avail. Again and again and again the crop sliced across her taut belly and straining breasts, raising welt after welt on her soft, ivory flesh.

He owned them. That was what kept running through his mind. This time, more than any other time, he had them in his hand. Nothing he could do

would ever cause them to risk seeing those pictures and videos made public, even to them being watched by police and court workers.

He laughed maniacally and left them as they were, going out into the front room, turning sitting down, and watching TV. He made dinner, relaxed, and felt smug and happy and strong and powerful. He had a case of beer delivered, charging it to Corey's credit card. Every now and then he went back to the room to check on his White whores, but his knots were those of a well practised expert, and they were tightly bound.

Late in the evening he returned, grinning. He was hard again, and both girls were helpless. He removed the ball gags and they moaned weakly and whimpered in pain. Their jaws were stiff and aching from being forced wide for hours. Their hair pulled on their scalps, which forced their mouths open anyway.

He knelt at Laurie's head and thrust his cock into her mouth and, without hesitation, straight down her throat. She gurgled and choked and coughed, but he held her throat warningly as he thrust in and out with hungry, violent need, slapping his testicles off her eyes as he raped her throat.

He pulled back and watched her white face as she coughed violently, rose, and circled the bed to kneel at Corey's head. As he had with her sister, he forced his cock straight down her throat and raped it as she choked and coughed and twisted her head weakly, pounding his hips into her face until she lost consciousness from lack of air, then turning back to her sister. He forced his cock down her throat as well, as with Corey, sawing it up and down inside her neck until the lack of air sent her spinning into unconsciousness.

He untied them quickly and bound them into a trunk, bending their legs in against their chests, squeezing them in atop each other and closing the lid. It was late, and no one saw him as he dragged the trunk down the hall into the elevator, and then into the garage. He tried to put it into his car there, but failed. The trunk was too large. Irritated, he opened it to find both girls gasping weakly, both conscious.

He dragged Corey out by the throat, and squeezed until her eyes bulged and then lost focus and faded. He threw her into the trunk, then repeated the procedure with her sister.

He slammed it and drove them to his place, where he could work on them at his leisure.

It was early morning, and he fitted both with thick leather restraints. Their arms were strapped tightly together behind their backs, then the wrists were lifted high, forcing them to bend at the waist. The thick double headed dildos were buried in their pussies and rectums and their thighs bound together. He tied tight wires around each girl's nipples. The wires led straight down to the floor, through a ring set there, then along the floor to the ring beneath each sister's nipples, and up to them.

Their hair, still braided, was pulled straight back and bound together again so that their heads were held up and looking straight ahead, then bound in that position with cord. He raped their throats again, and then went to bed.

He didn't waken until noon. He yawned and went to the sisters, raping

their throats again - being fair and even handed to both, and then, when he came, his cock softening, released his morning's urine into their mouths, pinching their mouths to force them to swallow.

He bound their wrists together to opposite ends of a bar, then lifted it so their toes danced above the floor. Their bodies were pressed tightly together, their breasts pillowing against each other, and he used a thick, heavy flog to turn their backs an angry red. He sodomised each in turn, then left them hanging by their wrists until they were slack jawed and limp with exhaustion. He spun them around and hung them by their ankles for most of the rest of the day, bringing them down only at dusk to rape and sodomise again.

He had stopped talking to them, stopped speaking at all. He was a dark creature of pain to them, and they began to whimper like frightened animals whenever they heard the sound of his approach.

He never touched them without slapping, pinching, twisting, cuffing, without yanking roughly on hair and arms. He bit at their arms and throats and necks and faces, leaving bruises and cuts. And forced them into sadistic incestuous sex, picking one sister to whip, slap and rape the other with long thick dildos that pounded deep into their bodies.

He bound both sisters belly down across low poles, their wrists tied below them, a thin cord leading across the floor, through a ring, and up to the nipples of the other sister. Then he took a cane to their bottoms, slashing the thin wood in wicked arcs that had them screaming and jerking violently, instinctively yanking their arms up and pulling with agonizing force on the other twin's nipples.

After amusing himself like that for half an hour he raped each twin and poured his semen into Corey.

He did not stop sodomising them, did not stop raping their throats, but he made sure now that every drop of his juice was spurted deep within their bellies. He was going to make them both pregnant, pregnant with his bastards.

In the meantime, he had plenty of semen to spare for others.

Chapter 4 – ASHLEY

He saw her outside the Science building at the university, a tiny perfect woman, all tits and ass, with curly red hair and bright green eyes, striding purposefully, happily along, books loading her down. He followed her at once, across campus to the dorm building. He hated dorms, but on the other hand, the University was his prime hunting turf.

He loved to get these snotty, rich, know-it-all white girls and drag them through the dirt, show them who was boss, show them how low and filthy and worthless they were. This redheaded bitch would learn that too.

Ashley blinked, then pulled her eye from the microscope's eyepiece and rubbed her eyes. It was past nine. She had better head home if she was going to get any sleep tonight. She slipped on a denim jacket, scooped her books into her gym bag, then headed for the science building's door.

It was already dark outside and a little cool. She hugged herself as she walked across the parking lot towards the bus stop. It was a lot darker than usual out and she glanced around curiously. The street lights were out, she saw, at least along this block. She hoped the bus wouldn't drive by and miss her.

She stepped into the bus shelter, putting her bag on the seat and zipping up her jacket. She hated cold. At barely ninety seven pounds she had no fat to speak of to protect her from the cold.

Of course, she was barely five feet tall as well, so she wasn't all that light for her size.

A man walked along the sidewalk. She kept her eye on him. It was after dark, after all, and there was nothing around her except the parking lot and the empty science building behind it. She didn't like his looks, but it seemed he would pass by.

Then he stopped and walked into the shelter. She stepped closer to the other side of the shelter, giving him lots of room. He was a big guy and needed it.

She felt him looking at her and her pulse grew more rapid. She cursed herself for being paranoid, then looked at her watch, wishing the stupid bus would be early instead of late, like normal.

"Hi."

Her heart gave a lurch and she turned to look at him momentarily. She wasn't sure what to do. Ignoring him would be outright rude and insulting, but he looked rough and dirty...

"Hi," she said, as brusque and unfriendly as she could manage without giving offense, she hoped.

"What's your name?"

"Sara," she replied. It was a lie, but she didn't want him knowing anything about her.

"You got nice hair, Sara. I love red hair." She had curly, shoulder length red hair and he reached out and slid his fingers through it on the right side. She shuffled forward a bit, going deeper into the shelter, but he moved forward too.

"You're a real pretty little thing. You know that?"

"Thanks," she gulped, praying he'd get lost, or that the bus or anybody would come.

"Always loved red hair," he mused. "Is it natural?"

She didn't answer, hoping now that ignoring him would discourage him.

"Hey, is it natural?" he poked her shoulder and she turned, glaring up at him. He was well over six feet tall and must weight way more than twice what she did.

"Yes! Okay!" she snapped.

"Don't get bitchy, Sara. Just wondered is all. So many of you broads dye your hair a guy's gotta check your pussy to make sure half the time."

She turned away again, turning her back on him.

"You got a nice ass too. You know that?"

Her heart was pounding furiously now, her body tense as her fear grew. Her pulse was hammering in her throat and she was breathing in shallow little pants.

"Real nice little ass," he sighed. "Nice body, in fact. You're kinda little but you got a nice little body. Hard to see what your tits look like with that jacket closed though. Why don't you open it and let me see."

"Please leave me alone," she said, her voice small.

"Leave you alone? I ain't hurtin' you, baby. I ain't touching you. I just asked is all. I wanted to see if you got nice tits like you got a nice ass."

She turned away again, ignoring him, her skin tingling, light headed with terror now.

"Hey, I bet a guy my size would really squash you down, huh? I bet you prefer fucking on top."

Again she didn't answer.

"Or maybe you like the doggie style, huh? You like it on all fours, that round, tight little ass in the air. Zat it? Huh? Hey Sara, I asked you a question."

"Leave me alone!" she cried, turning and trying to dart past him. He backed up into the entrance, completely blocking it as he leered down at her.

"Let me out," she demanded, her voice quavering.

"Why? The bus ain't here yet. Hey, I bet you got one really tight little snatch there." He reached towards her and she jumped back, almost falling down in her haste to evade his touch. He sniggered and folded his arms across his chest.

"Real, real tight," he said, his eyes sliding up and down her body. "Tell me what your favourite position is, Sara."

"Please leave me alone," she whispered, hovering on the edge of tears.

"I ain't hurting you, Sara, baby. I just wanted to know what your favourite position is. You ain't a lezzie, are you? You like licking pussy, sucking on clitties, sucking tits? Huh?"

She turned away, looking in all directions for any signs of anybody.

"I do. You know, I wouldn't blame you if you liked that. Nothing better than sucking on a nice titty I always said. Hey. Tell me, You got big brown nipples, or nice little pink ones? I bet you got nice little pink nipples, don't you?"

"Please go away?" she begged, her voice breaking now as she fought to hold back tears.

"Hey. I'm just waiting for the bus, baby." He moved forward and she cringed back into the far corner, her eyes wide as she stared at him.

"You ever deep throated? You know guys really love deep throating. I could show you how if you want."

She trembled and began to weep. He grinned, his hand coming out and touching her hair again.

"Real nice hair," he said.

His fingers slid through her hair with growing possessiveness, his body blocking her back into the corner. She was sniffing and trembling and looking down at the ground as he gripped the zipper of her jacket and slowly eased it down until he could open her jacket and look at her body. She was wearing a red button down shirt. He looked at it for a few moments.

"Looks like you got nice titties in there, Sara. Hey. Could I see them? Huh? I'd really like to see them."

She wept harder.

"I bet that shirt would tear in pieces without half trying. How bout you open your shirt and let me have a see huh? Come on. Open it. Just unbutton the shirt for me, baby. Come on. Do it." She was terrified he'd hurt her and her fingers moved, trembling and shaking to the buttons. Her mind was blasted with waves of terror and fear and humiliation and she couldn't think straight.

One by one she unbuttoned them until she reached her pants.

"Pull it out of the pants and open it," he said, his voice impatient. She did as he told her, shaking and whimpering, dazed and fearful.

"Nice little bra, but I want to see what kind of nipples you got. Let's see, baby. Let's see the nipples."

She unclipped the bra and then let it slide aside, covering herself with her shaking hands. Tears were streaming down her cheeks now and her eyes were blurred by them as she huddled miserably in the corner.

"Let's see them," he demanded.

Trembling, she slowly pulled her hands apart and down, standing, slumping in the corner, her head bowed, body quivering.

"They're nice and pink, ain't they. Do they get real big when your boyfriend sucks them? Or is it your girlfriend? Huh? Huh? Hey, Play with them, Sara. Pinch them and roll them in your fingers. I want to see them hard."

Dazedly, she did what he ordered, her hands going to her breasts, slowly rubbing her nipples as he looked down.

"Why don't you take off that shit? Just let the shirt and jacket slide down to the ground, baby. I want to see how nice you look without them."

His hands touched her clothes for the first time, pushing her shirt and jacket across her shoulders, along with her bra. They all slid down her arms and dropped off onto the floor, leaving her naked from the waist up.

"Now the pants."

"Please," she moaned.

"What?"

"Please. Please don't," she wept.

"The pants, you slut. Take off the pants."

His voice and presence were so menacing she thought she might faint.

"Take them off!" he yelled. She screamed in shock, and her hands quickly unsnapped her pants, then eased down the zipper. She let the pants slid down off her hips to her knees.

"The panties. Push them down, whore."

She pushed them down, sobbing loudly now, gut wrenching sobs that made the tears drop down onto her naked breasts.

"Whore. Look at that pussy. Sure is shaved nice. That's so you can wave your ass around in those tiny little bikinis, isn't it? Huh Slut? Whore? Take them off completely, and the shoes and socks."

She almost fell but got her pants and shoes off and huddled in the corner naked as he leered down at her.

"Nice body. Real tight I bet. You ever suck a cock?" Answer me!"

"No." she gulped.

"You lying slut. I know you have. Ever take a cock down your throat?"

"Noooo," she wept.

"You're going to, baby," he snickered, leaning closer. "Ever get a big thick one up the asshole? Huh? You ever get fucked in the ass?"

"Nooo," she whimpered, sobbing loudly again.

"You're gonna," He laughed.

He took her hand, pulling it against him, rubbing it against his crotch, up and down. She could feel his hard erection inside his jeans and tried to pull away. He held her wrist there against him, grinning down at her.

"Let me see you stick your finger up your cunt. Go on. Do it or I will. Push your finger right up your cunt hole."

She looked around as if in a daze.

"Do it!" he roared.

She jerked as if struck, then her hand, her free hand, slipped down to her groin and she eased a trembling finger inside her pubic lips, wincing as she screwed it up into her tight, dry pussy.

"Deeper. Bury it up your snatch, whore. Yeah, that's it. Jerk off on it. Beat your little pussy, slut. Spread your legs more, Sara. Wider. Now bend back, arch your back. I want to see those hard little nipples sticking out. Yeah. Lookit them. Look how hard they are, all stiff and wantin' to be sucked."

Her nipples were hard, for she was freezing, her body covered in goose bumps, trembling and shaking in the cold night air.

"Bitch," he snickered. "Stupid little slut. I bet you want this, don't you?"

He squeezed her hand down harder against his erection.

"Don't you? Bet you want it up that tight, wet little gash of yours, huh? Or maybe you want it up your ass? Let me hear you beg for it."

She wept and said nothing.

"Beg for it," he snarled. "Beg me to fuck you. Beg for it!"

"P-p-please... p-please f-f-fuck me," she stuttered, her voice strangled and weak.

"Say it louder."

"P-p-please... f-f-fuck me," she gasped.

"Beg me to fuck you."

"Please... f-f-fuck m-me."

"Beg me to fuck your asshole."

She moaned and sniffled and shook her head.

"Beg for it!" he hissed.

"P-p.. please fuck... fuck my... my... ass...asshole," she whimpered.

"Well, I dunno. I bet its tight there, tight and dirty. Course I fucked tight white asses before. Tell you what, you turn around and bend over. Spread your legs and grab hold of your ankles, and I'll consider it.

"P... please," she whimpered.

"You don't have to beg any more, whore. Go on. Do it."

She turned her back on him, trembling and shaking, slowly bending over and spreading her legs. She shook and almost fell, then bent way over and pawed at her bare ankles, taking several attempts to grip them.

"Straighten your legs. I want to see that round little ass sticking up," he ordered.

"Beg for it again," he said. "Beg for it, slut."

"P-p... please... f-fuck... me,"

"Get on all fours, slut. Get down on all fours like the bitch dog you are. Yeah, go on. He shoved his foot against her ass and she dropped to her hands and knees.

"Raise that little ass, and spread your legs. That's it. You've done this plenty of time before."

She trembled violently, almost throwing up as her guts churned. She waited for him to get down behind her, to use her, rape her.

"Reach back between your legs, slut, and play with yourself. I want you to get all warmed up for me."

She closed her eyes in new humiliation.

"Jerk off for me. I want to see those fingers jerking off that tight little cunt box."

She reached back with one hand, her trembling fingers touching her pussy entrance, rubbing in jerky movements.

"Harder, slut!" he snarled. "Rub that little snatch."

She rubbed harder as he watched.

"Stick your finger up your asshole!"

The words struck her like a blow.

"Do it, you white whore!"

She eased her fingers higher, up against her anus, then slowly pressed one finger against her crinkled little anal opening. She felt her hand gripped tightly, his fingers pressing her finger straight and jamming it into her anus - hard.

He pumped her own finger up and down in her asshole as she whimpered and moaned and sobbed.

"Dirty little whore," he sneered.

She heard his zipper and her whimpers turned to tears again. She closed her eyes and waited, trembling violently, then sensed his movement behind her. She felt his hands on her behind, rubbing, squeezing. A hand cupped her pubic mound then and began squeezing that.

"Nice," he said.

She felt pressure against her pussy, the pressure growing greater. She felt his cock sliding into her, forcing its way into her tight, dry opening. She winced, gritting her teeth against the pain, praying for it to be over.

"UUUUHhhhhhhhh!" she cried, as he thrust forward. His cock stabbed into her with savage force, ramming deep into her inner body, tearing at her dry flesh.

He gripped her hips hard, beginning to jerk and twist his prick inside her, ignoring her whimpers and cries, heedless of the pain he was causing her. He threw his hips forward hard thrusting his cock into the center of her belly, burying his thick, bloated prong inside her.

"Yeaahhhh. How's it feel, whore? How's it feel with a big nigger cock in your belly? Bet you love it. Don't you, slut? Huh? Love it, don't you? Huh?" He slapped the side of her head.

"Don't you?" he demanded.

"Yes," she sobbed.

"I knew it. I knew you were a cheap slut when I saw you."

He fucked her with hard, brutal strokes, the pain almost unbearable to her. She felt like she was being disembowelled, ripped open from the crotch inward. She swayed and shook and bit her tongue as he rutted into her with cruel strokes.

"Uh, yeahhhh!" he grunted, thrusting harder still and then giving as series of hard, sharp thrusts into her.

"Oooh babyyy," he gasped. "You got it now. Got my juice up inside you. Got my cum in your cunt box."

She felt nauseous at the thought, yet also tremendously gratified that he had finished. She hoped against hope he would soon leave.

She felt his cock pump a few more times but she could tell it was softening. He pulled it out and she closed her eyes in relief.

"Okay, slut, come with me."

He gripped her arm and jerked her to her feet, then dragged the naked

girl out of the shelter and across the street. Her feet froze on the cold concrete as he led her onto the sidewalk and then into a small thicket of woods on the other side.

He led her in a few feet then through her down on her knees.

"Suck it hard again, whore." He held his cock in one hand and her hair in the other. He pressed his cock, oily and wet, against her lips. She kept them tightly closed, staring at it in horror.

"Suck it, slut!" he hissed, slapping her face. "Open your mouth or I'll break your fucking teeth."

She did as he ordered and he pushed his wet, dirty cock into her mouth. Again she almost threw up but feared he'd kill her.

"You're gonna suck me hard and then I'm gonna fuck you right up your tight, buttery little asshole," he sniggered.

"Oh please noo!" she sobbed, trying to pull away, tearing her mouth free of his cock briefly.

"Do it!" he snarled.

He gripped her hair and pulled her face in against his crotch. He pushed his cockhead against her lips and she reluctantly opened them, taking it in. He grinned down as the girl sucked his cock, taking the whole thing into her mouth. That was easy enough, it being soft, but as she worked it over with her tongue and sucked on it, the long black snake began to thicken and harden.

"It's gettin' hard, slut. It's getting long and thick. Soon it's gonna be up your asshole. You'll like that, won't you, college bitch. Won't you!"

Her muffled moans and soft whimpering contradicted him and he snickered in glee. He began to pump his cock in her mouth, sighing in pleasure as his prong turned to steel against her tongue. Finally he pulled it free, rubbing it across her face as he chuckled.

"Okay, whore. It's ready. Turn around and get on all fours like the bitch dog you are. Go on."

"Please! Please don't!" she begged desperately.

"Shut up and do it!"

"Please. It's sick! It's horrible. Can't you... can't you just... just fuck me in the cunt again?"

"I'll do whatever I want to you, slut!"

He pushed her to all fours and knelt behind her, his cock sliding along her slit, sawing against the tight slit.

"So you don't want it up the asshole, huh, baby? Okay, beg for it then. Beg me to fuck your dirty cunt."

"Please fuck me," she gasped. "Please fuck my cunt. Fuck my dirty cunt!"

"You're twat? You're pussy? You're fuck hole? You're slit? You're slash?"

"Yes! Yes! Fuck my twat! Fuck my slit!"

"With this big nigger cock?"

"Yes! Yes! Fuck my slit with your big nigger cock! Shove your giant nigger cock in me to the balls! Bury it in my dirty fuck hole!"

"Call me... call me massah."

"Please fuck me master!" she whimpered.

"Not Master, Massah, like those southern nigger accents!"

"Please Massah! Please fuck me in the cunt, Massah!"

"What's your name, whore?"

"Ashley, Massah!"

"You told me before your name was Sarah"

"I-I... I'm sorry, Massah!" she sobbed.

"Fuckin' lying bitch!"

He slapped her head hard, then slapped it again, and again, using opposite hands, slapping down until she was sobbing hysterically, then yanked her head up by the hair.

"Does little Ashley want a hot nigger cock up her cunt pipe?"

"Yes, Massah! Please fuck Ashley up her cunt pipe, Massah!" she sobbed.

"You got it, whore. Reach back and pry your dirty little cunt lips open for me. Go on. Pull them open."

She reached back behind her and pulled her pussy open, shaking with cold, pain and terror.

"Wider! Wider!"

She moaned with pain as she opened herself wide apart for him. He grinned in pleasure.

"Now grab my cock and put it in, then back onto it."

She used the fingers of one hand to hold her pussy lips as wide as she could, then reached between her legs and gripped his thick prong, pressing it against her opening. She shuffled her knees backwards in the dirt as she slid her velvet sheath over his prick and jammed herself back onto the shaft.

She drove herself back onto the thing, impaling herself until she had the whole thing inside her belly.

"Now fuck me, bitch. Work that little white ass on my cock."

She sobbed as she began to hump back against him. Under his snarling instructions she was soon grinding her hips and slapping her bottom back against him with vigorous motions, jamming herself again and again on his hard cock.

Suddenly he pulled out, holding her in place.

"So I've fucked you. I said I would, right? I fucked your cunt. Now I want that asshole."

"Pleeeeeassssee!" she sobbed.

"Reach back and pull your ass cheeks apart."

"Please, Massah! Please Massah!"

"Do it," he snarled, slapping savagely at her breast as it hung down below her.

She screamed in pain, and he slapped at the other. She burst into broken, shuddering sobs and he yanked her hair up and back.

"Pull those butt cheeks apart, now!"

The shaking, trembling girl reached back and pulled her buttocks

apart, whining and groaning in anxiety and fear. She gave a short cry as she felt his cockhead pressing against her anus, then gritted her teeth and gasped in pain as he put more and more pressure against her sphincter.

His cockhead slowly forced her asshole open and sank down into her. Deep sobs of pain and disgust wracked her slight body as his log sank deeper and deeper into her rectum. Her breasts stung but the real pain was deep inside her as his giant cock forced its way further inside.

"Yeahhhh," he sighed. "Nice little white ass meat."

He gripped her hips and thrust hard, drawing a cry of pain from the tormented girl as his cock drove deep. He drew back then thrust again, burying his cock in her tight anal tube. With hardly any hesitation, with no time to let her sphincter to become accustomed to his girth, he began to pump, tearing his cock up and down inside her.

Soon he was pounding his cock with savage force and speed, sodomising the weeping, shaking girl with no regard to her pain. His cock skewered her with terrible violence, ripping in and out of her tight, aching tunnel. His cockhead pumped like a butter churn in her anus as his hips rocked the girl again and again.

Then he came, dropping thick, white loads of juice down into her body, sighing in pleasure as he felt the sperm shooting into her guts.

He laughed and bound her elbows back together with cord, then used a thin stick to lash her bottom and force her to crawl on her belly across the rough ground to where he'd parked his car. He gagged her and threw her in the trunk, then drove her back to his place.

There he introduced her to the twins. It was the second month of their captivity. Both were pregnant now, but neither showed. He'd shaved their heads and bodies. They habitually wore old iron shackles and chains as he imagined Black slaves had worn long ago. But for this night the chains had been removed. Now they were dressed exactly alike, in thigh high boots with stiletto heels, elbow length black leather kid gloves, chain and leather halters which squeezed their breasts up and out, leaving them bare, and long, thick, black spiked strap-ons.

Ashley stared in horror at the twins while he got his video camera. Both girls knew by now what was expected of them, and went for the bound girl with long, thick dildos and hungry, voracious tongues.

Ashley's pleas for mercy were unheeded as Corey and Laurie sandwiched her between them, each ramming her strap-on up into one of the girl's holes, their hands mauling her slim body, squeezing on her breasts, their tongues and lips racing across her throat and face.

Then it was Ashley's turn to make a video, slapped and pinched repeatedly until her acting improved to the point she could do the lewd, masturbation scenes without prodding, to brag about having raped little girls and had sex with relatives and animals, to have prostituted herself on many occasions.

She did long sex scenes with the twins, licking pussies and moaning and writhing as her own was licked, then she was hung upside down by the ankles

and left in place all night.

The next day he hung her by her wrists and had the twins sodomise and rape her, then made her crawl and began and lick at their toes and pussies. He raped and sodomised her and rammed his cock down her throat again and again.

He bought her stiletto heels, a leather micro mini, and a plastic tank top and dressed her, then drove her out to one of the meanest sections of the city, putting her on a street corner and warning her, with savage threats, that he would tear her skin off if she didn't produce for him.

He didn't need the money, but forcing a snotty college bitch into prostitution was a kick. And without the need of money he was able to keep her price down. Prospective customers were shocked that such a beautiful girl gave her price, albeit in a trembling voice, as ten dollars.

He had told her that he had planted a microphone on her, in a cheap necklace he placed around her throat, and that at least some of the guys who would stop to see her would be his "boys". The terrified girl took one man after another into the alley behind her, charging her ten dollars until her breasts, face, hair and thighs were dripping male semen, until her pussy and anus were raw from the cocks thrusting repeatedly into them.

By the early morning, when traffic had disappeared, she had fucked and sucked almost forty men, and had nearly four hundred dollars clutched in a tiny plastic purse. She paced back and forth exhaustedly, waiting for him to pick her up, but as the hours passed, there was no sign of him. She was alone on the dark street, staggering back and forth, staring at the occasional car which sped past.

Only after the sun began to rise did she slowly, anxiously walk away from her assigned corner, her head swivelling back and forth in fear lest he show up and punish her. She walked for miles on her stiletto heels, dazed and exhausted, never head always turning to watch for him. It took her almost three hours to walk back to the campus.

Chapter 5 – Stevie

He was in a bar on Tenth street when she walked in. She was tall, confident looking, with a short mannish haircut. She wore a leather jacket and jeans, and had a badge. A blonde slut with a badge, he thought in disgust.

He watched her and her male partner move to the bar and talk to the bartender. They showed him a picture and he shook his head, then they left. He got up and followed. He liked the blonde's ass.

They got into a sedan and he watched it drive off. He had no intention of following them now. He knew where the division station was, and knew when the shifts changed. He went home and prepared for work.

He watched the rear of the cop shop from a distance, using a night scope. She came out, said good bye to some people and got into a red mustang. He waited, and followed the car as she drove home. He'd never had a cop before, and wanted to.

He hated cops.

The good thing about them though, like this one, was that their movements were pretty predictable. He knew just when she'd get off and when she'd go in.

He toyed with the idea of sneaking into the police station and getting her there somehow, but the risk was too great. He'd get her at home. She lived in a townhouse just inside the city limits, a nice, peaceful, quiet neighbourhood.

She had two kids, a boy and a girl. That complicated things, but also made them easier. She'd be much more likely to cooperate if he threatened them.

He broke into the house late one night, after only a few days of study. Her pattern was so inflexible that he'd known she would go to bed at precisely ten, as she had. It was midnight when he slid into the basement through the window.

He padded upstairs, then climbed to the top floor. He had waited down in the basement for ten minutes so his eyes would be completely adjusted to the dark, so now he could see fairly well as he slowly pushed the woman's door open.

The sound of her deep, even breathing came clearly to him. He snuck in, crouching by the door, then closed it behind him. He took a small triangular door block from his jacket and slid it beneath the door, pushing it in hard. The last thing he wanted was for one of the kids to wake up, open the door and see him without him seeing the kid.

He crawled over to the bed. The blonde was asleep on her side, her cheek pressed into the pillow.

His next movement had to be carefully done. She was likely to fight if she could, unlike most women, and also unlike most women she probably had a pretty good knowledge of unarmed combat. His superior weight and strength would still overcome her, of course, but he didn't want any noise to wake the kids.

His hands encased in soft leather gloves, he rose and very gently slid into the bed on his knees. Then, with a fast movement, he clamped his left hand over her mouth and shoved her over onto her belly, bringing his heavy weight down on her back and clamping his knees and thighs into her arms, pinning them to her sides.

She struggled wildly, muffled yells and screams coming through his hand as her body writhed and thrashed beneath him. He rode her like a wild, bucking bronco, waiting for her to settle down or exhaust herself. It took less than a minute for her to realize the situation was hopeless.

"Much better," he said softly.

"Now. You and me are going to reach an understanding, aren't we?"

"Aren't we?"

She made a muffled sound that he took for a yes.

"Your kids are sound asleep. They'll stay that way unless you do something that wakes them up."

He took a ball gag from his jacket and slid it in beside his hand.

"You're going to take this in your mouth when I slide my hand back. Understand?"

Slowly, he shifted his hand over, the ball gag instantly replacing it against her lips.

"Open your mouth," he ordered.

She did so and he slid the ball gag into it, then pulled the straps around her head and snapped them tight behind it.

"Good girl."

He shifted backwards a little, grabbing her wrists and pulling them up behind her back. He held them there with one hand as he snapped a pair of handcuffs over them. He raised himself and rolled her over, then sat back down on her hips.

She stared up at him in rage and fear as he smiled back down.

"Now that didn't hurt, did it, baby? Let me tell you what's gonna happen. I'm gonna fuck the living shit out of you, and you're gonna like it. Understand?"

An angry muffled snarl came through the gag and he smiled even more broadly.

"Now, now, now. We don't want to wake up the kiddies, do we?"

His hands slid onto her breasts and he began to caress them. He watched her face with considerable satisfaction as she stared up at him in hatred. His thumbs and fingers pinched her nipples and kneaded her breast flesh. He rolled her nipples between his fingertips and pulled them up hard.

He shifted his weight down further, so he was kneeling between her legs, which he had forced wide apart. He licked and sucked on her nipples, then

began biting them, his teeth digging into the soft tender meat as the woman winced in pain.

He shifted his mouth downward, then began to lick her pussy, prying her lips apart as his tongue delved deep within her. He rose up like a mountain and then got out of bed. He calmly, tauntingly, stripped before her angry, fearful eyes.

When his giant black cock sprang free he laughed in appreciation as her eyes widened.

"Yeah, baby. That's all for you."

He grabbed her hair and pulled her out of bed, turning on the light to see her better.

"HMMMM MMmmm. Nice body for a cop."

He forced her down on her knees before him and rubbed his hardened organ over her face, then left her there as he moved to her dresser. He flipped through her purse, examining her gun, then her badge.

"Well, Stephanie. Say, what do they call you, Stephe? Steph?" He picked up an opened letter and examined it.

"Stevie? How cute."

He opened the closet and looked inside, pulling out her uniform, then her Sam Browne belt, with its handcuff case, ammo pouch, holster and nightstick holder. He removed the nightstick and turned, moving his eyes up and down as he licked his lips and leered at her.

She jumped to her feet and ran to the closed bedroom door. She tried to press her back against it and turn the knob with her cuffed hands. He padded over slowly as she attempted to yank the door open. She hadn't seen the block he'd put beneath it and was frantically trying to yank the door open as he stepped over to her.

He held the long, thick nightstick like a dagger, and as she struggled to pull the door inward, he thrust up into her crotch with it, shoving his other hand against her chest to pin her to the closed door. She screamed, the sound muffled, as the end of the nightstick rammed into her pussy.

He twisted it hard and forced it up between her pussy lips, then, as she jerked and shuddered and howled into her gag, he jammed it up into her sex. Inch after inch of hard, brown polished wood was jammed up into her tight sheath, until the whimpering, grunting woman was forced to her toes by the pressure against the back wall of her pussy.

"Bet you've used this on your pussy before. Haven't you, slut?" he hissed.

He began to tear the nightstick in and out of her agonized pussy, punching the end into her cervix with angry forceful strokes. Stevie wept and moaned and shuddered helplessly.

He gripped her hair finally and pulled her away from the door. He forced her across the room, the nightstick still buried in her sex, then shoved her against a dresser and pulled out a chair from the nearby vanity.

He sat down as she slumped against the wall and stared at him in terror. The nightstick slowly slid down out of her pussy and dropped to the floor with

a soft thump.

"What you're gonna do, cop girl, is come over her and drop your cunt down on my prick here. You're gonna do all the work for me, and if it ain't good enough I'll get your kids in to help. Understand?"

He smiled nastily and held his cock up for her.

"Let's go, slut," he snapped.

She shuffled forward, her body shaking, then widened her legs and straddled the chair. He held his cock upright as she lowered her pussy gently down. His hand gripped her hair, forcing her face against his. He held it in place, his eyes locked onto hers as she sank down onto his cock.

She gave a startled gasp and jerked up briefly when she felt his cocktip against her slit, but then slowly eased back down. She tried to close her eyes as his cock pushed up into her but he snarled at her to open them. He stared into her eyes as she sank down, as his thick, fleshy pole slid up into her belly.

She shuddered and groaned with barely three fourths of it inside her, and tried to rise again. He sniggered and slid a hand onto her bottom, jerking her forward and down as he thrust up. She screamed into her gag as his cock thrust up into her guts and her buttocks flattened against his thighs.

He gave her little time to recover, and soon she was humping up and down, sliding her pussy up and down his thick organ, grinding her hips into him and pressing her soft breasts against his face while he sucked and chewed on her nipples. He pumped a load of steamy cock milk into her pussy, then ordered her to rise, turn around, and lower herself again.

She complied with a moan, and this time he pressed his cock against her anus. She struggled briefly, but he pulled her down by the hair, forcing her to impale herself on his long steel hard prong. He bounced her up and down on his thighs, his hands squeezing her breasts as his cock slid up and down in her hole, then sprayed another load of sticky cum into her anus.

"Wasn't that fun?" he asked with a sneer.

He was done with the foreplay. No doubt she thought the worst was over, but it hadn't even begun.

He bound her ankles together, then gathered his things and opened the door. He yanked her to her feet by the hair and lifted her over one shoulder, then carried her down the hall and out the door to his car, dropping her heavily in the trunk.

He whistled to himself as he drove through the night. He was going to teach this cock to cringe just like the twins. They were in their third month with him now, and soon he'd let them go back to their family, with fat bellies filled with his bastards.

At his place he introduced the wide eyed woman to his two leather clad rape sluts.

"Stevie, meet Whore and Slut. Whore and Slut are my nympho fuck toys. They love company, don't you, bitches?"

"Yes, Master!" they cried, dropping to their knees and licking at his feet.

As before, he manned the camera while the twins sodomised and raped

Stevie, then pulled their dildos aside and sat on her face, pulling on her hair until her tongue drove deep into their pussies.

He gave her a dildo and made her fuck herself as he took pictures. She never lost her sullen look, though, which spoiled things a little. He had brought her uniform, and he made her put it on, then strip slowly as he video taped her. It took a number of angry threats before she put enough life into the performance to satisfy him.

After she'd stripped she fucked herself with the nightstick, first in the pussy, then in the rectum, writhing and moaning as he filmed it. She had paused when he'd given her the stick, as if considering her chances. Apparently she decided against an attack. Not that he was worried. She was a big woman, but still a woman, and he was a very, very large man.

With that done he hung her from her wrists and took the whip to her. He started on her back, using light flogs, working his way up to heavier, thicker, meaner whips as he worked his way up and down her back, then up her front. By the time he was finished there wasn't anywhere on her body above the ankles which was unmarred.

He dropped her when she was unconscious, hog tied her, stuffed her into a trunk, and left her there while he sat back and had the twins perform on each other, and then blow him.

After twenty four hours in the trunk he had the twins drag her out and untie her. She was so stiff and sore and dazed she could hardly move by then. The twins hung her by her ankles and used their dildos on her, then whipped her pussy. He just watched, smiling.

They forced her to crawl to him and lick at his feet, chuckling happily as she whimpered and trembled and lapped at the dirt between his toes. He reached down and gripped her hair, wondering if he ought to shave it all off, and yanked her upwards.

But she came a lot faster than he expected, and he was still wondering about that when her right fist slammed into his throat and threw him up and back to land heavily on his back.

The twins screamed in terror, not of Stevie, but of the anger they were sure he would display, but while he was grasping at his throat and choking Stevie was snapping the pair of shackles which hung from the chain to his ankles. She staggered to the nearby wall, where the chain ran down to a crank, and began to turn it. He put out a hand, snarling in rage as he swung at her, but she ducked out of range, and then he was pulled further along, his legs rising higher and his hips following.

“Let me down, you fucking bitch!” he screamed.

She kept turning, and the chain cranked higher, lifting his back off the floor, then his shoulders. And then he was hanging free, his arms swinging out wildly at her, and then at the twins, who shrieked and ducked away.

Stevie sat down against the wall, groaning weakly, and staring up at him as he screamed warnings and obscenities back at her. When that had no effect he turned and screamed at the twins, ordering them to lower him. Corey and Laurie started towards her but she picked up the nightstick and slammed it

against the wall menacingly. They halted anxiously, staring at each other.

“You two bitches get on your knees!” she ordered.

They stared at her uncertainly, but when she stood up they shrank down fearfully.

She glared at them, then at him, ignoring his continued ranting and cursing. She limped across to the nearby video cameras and ripped the cassettes from them, then tore the film out of the cameras.

“Gonna arrest me, bitch? Gonna arrest me?” he demanded. “Those ain’t the only videos I got! I’ll show what I got to everyone! They’ll all see you fuckin’ yourself with that stick!”

She turned and glowered at him and he laughed.

“Wait till I tell your cop buddies how much you loved it when the twins were sucking you, bitch. Wait till I tell them about how you came and came while they fucked your ass with their strap-ons!”

She turned and glared at the twins. **“Take that shit off!” she ordered.**

The twins eased up, then hesitantly pulled off the strap-on dildos and leather outfits. She took their arms and yanked them towards the door, leaving him behind.

“Where are we going?” Laurie asked anxiously.

“Shut the fuck up,” she ordered.

She took them upstairs and threw them into the trunk of his car, then went upstairs and found clothes which would fit her from among the collection he’d stripped off women over the years and kept. Then she got back into the car and drove away. She didn’t go home, not yet. She drove around, thinking, then stopped and made a phone call.

When she pulled up next it was in the driveway of a woman she knew. The garage door opened and she drove inside, then got out of the car as the garage door closed.

“They’re in the trunk,” she said to the two large women who came out to meet her.

They opened the trunk and the twins cowered as they stared up.

“Come on out,” one of the women barked.

They helped the twins out, shaking their heads and clucking their tongues as they stared at them.

“What are we supposed to do with them” one of them asked.

“Teach them how to be human beings again,” she said.

“I don’t know, I kind of like the way they look now,” one of the women said with a grin.

Stephanie glowered at her and she shrugged. **“Just kidding.”**

He felt the blood rushing to his head and started to yell again, but the sound made his head ache. He went silent, cursing weakly. He had tried several times to swing himself across to the crank, and failed. He would just have to wait for the cops to get there and arrest him. He grinned to himself. He’d have a lot to tell them. His trial would be a sensation. He was sure it would make the national news, probably even international. He’d be a star!

He sniffed something odd and looked towards the door, then froze as a dark smoke wafted through it. He gaped, and as he stared the smoke thickened, swirling through the room, covering the roof, and starting to sink lower.

“Let me out of here! You fucking bitches! I’ll haunt you! You hear me! I’ll haunt all of you! I’ll teach you! I’ll teach you all!”

He began to cough, the coughing growing worse. The room began to warm, and he heard the crackle of fire in the room next door.

“Bitches!” he screamed.