

WOMEN IN CHAINS by Argus
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The Peeper

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

It was early, too early really for anyone to be changing, for anything to be going on in any of the bedrooms. Indeed, most of them were dark anyway. He concentrated mainly on living rooms. These had large, picture windows, so it was more likely he'd spot someone.

Anyone.

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

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

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

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

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

There was a mirror on the wall next to the window, and a couple of them were brushing their hair or checking their makeup, or something like that. From time to time one would move away, and another would take her place.

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

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

He watched for almost half an hour, but none of them removed her clothes, though one did take off a jacket. She had a sizeable bust beneath, and

he licked his lips admiringly. He removed the sixty power eyepiece from the scope and put in a hundred twenty power piece.

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

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

Kyle cursed idly. What was going on? Was the guy groping her or something? Why the hell couldn't they have stayed in sight?

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

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

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

It was two nights later that he caught sight of something of real interest. He quickly opened his window and pointed the telescope there, focussing in tight. It was one of the girls from the other night, a brunette. She was wearing some kind of black shirt, and moving around near the mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Probably not but...

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

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

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

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

He dreamed about her standing against the window masturbating, dreamed about her having girlfriends over, or a boyfriend, and having sex right against the mirror,

He started focussing on the front entrance to the building in the late afternoons, when people were coming home from work and school. He spotted quite a few cute little honeys, but for some reason they didn't interest him. It was her he wanted.

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

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

Finally he was rewarded by the sight of her stripping off her bra and looking at herself in the mirror. He felt his cock thickening and bulging out the front of his pants, and his heart raced as she posed for herself. But she didn't strip off her panties, at least not where he could see, and she moved out of the window a few seconds later.

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

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

"Little cock tease."

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

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

But how could he be sure?

He went back downstairs and buzzed the apartment, jamming his thumb on the button for a long while without getting any answer.

Nobody was home.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Heart pounding, he pulled open her dresser drawers until he found the one with her lingerie, then pulled it out and let his fingers slide through it, especially the frillier items; lacy, silky thongs and string bikini panties, imagining her in them. He checked the bra size, thirty-four C. Not big, but not flat either.

He checked her closet and found a couple of mini skirts and low cut tops. They made his cock throb. He imagined her in them, taunting men with her lovely legs and cleavage. He pulled out jeans and shirts, then checked under the mattress and in the closet.

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

Her name was Sandra, Sandra Rawlins.

He wanted to see her naked.

He wanted to fuck her.

Hard.

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

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

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

He was elated.

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

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

"Hello?" she asked in a soft voice.

"Sandra?"

"Yes? Who's this?"

He didn't answer.

"Hello?"

"Do you know how beautiful your tits are, Sandra?"

"Who is this?" she demanded impatiently.

"Just a man who wants to stick his cock up your tight little pussy, baby. Just a man who wants to rape your asshole and shove his cock down your throat!"

She hung up.

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

"Hello?"

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

"Who is this?"

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

Again she hung up. He chuckled, his cock hard.

He called her again.

"Hello?" she was wary this time.

"How was your day at the bank today?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She lay on her back, both arms at her sides. He slowly moved forward, lowering a knee onto the edge of the bed, doing it slowly so it wouldn't disturb her sleep. He swung his other leg across and then put his gloved hand down hard against her mouth as he let his weight down.

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

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

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

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

She shook her head frantically.

"Will you do what you're told?"

She nodded her head.

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

She shook her head again.

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

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

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

She moaned plaintively.

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

She nodded.

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

She nodded.

"Remember, act up, and I'll cut you."

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

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

"Now, you hold it right there. Don't move it. Understand?"

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

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

"You open your mouth, and do it slowly, and don't make a sound," he said.

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

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

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

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

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

"I watch you, you know," he said. "I watch you through the window, in my telescope. I watch you undress, watch you dance in front of the mirror. You're very sexy. I bet you knew I was watching, didn't you? You were doing that for me."

She shook her head desperately.

"Whore."

He felt the faintest trace of pubic hair as he got to her bush and pulled his hand away. He would leave that for a bit. Instead he slid his hand up her body, over her belly and onto her left breast. He let his hand ride the curve of her

body, sliding gently over the soft, warm orb pressed tightly against her nightshirt before squeezing it.

She moaned and he laughed softly.

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

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

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

His hands slid off her breasts and went to the buttons going down the front of her nightshirt. One by one he undid them, taunting and teasing her as he moved down her body. Her chest heaved, and she sobbed softly as he reached the last button, then he slowly, slowly parted the garment in the middle, baring her breasts first, rising and falling rapidly as she gulped in air, then her soft, concave belly, then her firmly rounded hips and her small, narrow brown bush between her legs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He stood up and undid his pants, his own hands shaking as he let them drop to the floor. He stepped out, then moved right next to the bed where her head was, and slowly, tauntingly pulled his shorts down, letting his bulging erection bounce up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He slid upwards, giggling, jamming his buttocks against her face, rubbing himself against her, forcing his anal opening down onto her nose and twisting his pelvis from side to side. He drew back, wanting to see her face, and laughed at the expression on it.

"Mine, bitch. You're mine," he panted.

His cock was hardening again, and the intensity of his excitement rose. But he loved the power he held over her, the absolute power to do anything he wanted, and felt, in some strangely twisted part of his mind, that she owed him for all the time he'd put in watching her.

Why, if the little slut had just shut her blinds he never would have wasted all that time watching. Or even, if she'd done as she promised, stripped naked

right in front of the window, maybe jerked off for him, then he'd have had something worth watching. But no, she'd teased him, and made him waste all that time, all those hours, for a few passing glimpses.

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

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

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

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

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

"Bad girl," he said. "Bad girls need to be punished." \

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

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

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

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

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

"Wasn't such a good idea, was it, Sandra?" he laughed.

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

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

That wouldn't do.

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

"Whore," he said.

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

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

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

"You think your cunt is made of gold, bitch? You think you'll use it up if you let a few cocks slide in? A bitch like you should be out fucking every day. It's a crime not to use a body like yours for what it was made for! You should have a line of guys outside your door, all of them ready to sink their cocks in your pussy. You're just selfish, that's all. You're a selfish little cocktease!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ready, bitch? Ready, little slut? I'm gonna rape your cunt apart!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He grinned and stood up, then searched in her closet and found a few more scarves. The girl lay sobbing and moaning on the bed, and did not react as

he bound her ankles to the lower corners of the bed. Then he picked up the belt again and grinned down at her, wanting her to see it through her blurred tears.

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

The belt cracked down on her breast and her eyes bulged as she flung her body against the cuffs and scarves to no avail. The belt fell again and again, cracking down across her soft breasts until they were an angry red. Then he laid into her lower chest and belly before drawing back, lifting her ankles up and back, and binding them to the headboard next to her hands.

He sighed as he stared at her vulnerable sex, and the girl twisted, sobbing, moaning, knowing what he intended. The entire front and rear of her body was red now, and it wasn't going to get any better.

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

"Whore," he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He sucked on one of her nipples, then grasped it delicately between the nails of his thumb and forefinger, pinching it and stretching it upwards. He smiled at the girl as he pressed one of the sewing needles against the small pink button, then slowly drive it through the thin sliver of pink flesh.

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

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

Yet there were so many needles.

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

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

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

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

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

"Bitch," he said with laughing, child like delight.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She whimpered and nodded, her jaw slack.

"I'll be watching, whore. If you don't obey I'll be back."

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

"Maybe I'll see you again," he grinned.

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

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

He was filled with elation at his conquest, reliving it all in his mind. His only regret was that it was over. He should have gotten some pictures, or better yet, video tape, he thought.

He kept an eye on the two windows that were her rooms. He didn't bother wasting his time watching the girl with a scope. No doubt she was in the bathroom, trying to wash off the stains on her pristine body. The whore! But he watched the building's entrance for police. It was late at night, really, early in the morning. If they came he thought he would notice. No one arrived.

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

"Hello?" she said, her voice dry and lifeless.

"It's meeee," he taunted.

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

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

Still no answer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By the next night he was really angry at her. He'd spent much of the evening staring at her window, and as usual only catching glimpses of her. The blind remained down, too, which made it harder to see. Oh, he could see through it, but it wasn't as clear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He forced her to kneel, and took videos of her like that. then ordered her to bend forward. He took more videos, including close-ups of her sex. He fingered her while the cameras watched

He had brought more than just the camcorder, though, and had bought more at the sex shop than handcuffs and a ball-gag. He went to his bag and pulled out a huge, long double headed dildo. It was the thickest he could find, and easily twenty inches long. The girl's grew wide when she saw it, and she tried to push herself off the floor.

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

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

"Know what you're gonna do now, Sandra?" he grinned.

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

"You're gonna suck my cock, that's what."

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

"Don't worry, your mouth will get it hard again."

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

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

He reached behind her and undid the gag, then pulled it out of her mouth. She took several deep, shuddering breaths, but didn't scream.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yessir, you were made for fucking, you're a hot little fucking machine," he grinned. "On your knees is just exactly where a slut like you should be...except when you're on your back with your ankles pinned behind your ears. Cheap little tramp! Filthy whore!"

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

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

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

"Oh God!" she whimpered. "Oh noo! Pleeease! Please mister! Doon't!"

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

"Please," she sobbed, her voice low, desperate. "Please don't! You can fuck my pussy again!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Weary, he dropped his throbbing arm, dropped the flog, then stepped up to her. He yanked her legs out from under her, lifting them up and back and dropping much of her weight on the long, rough tail of hair he had bound back behind the dresser. He was erect again, and thrust himself into her pussy, gripping her thighs to hold her lower body up and out as he pounded himself into the wailing, howling girl's body.

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

"I brought you presents," he said gaily.

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

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

She moaned dully.

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

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

"If you don't, I'll get you again, only next time I won't be so gentle! There's no lock on your balcony door, so don't dare refuse me again!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then she slowly stripped, removing her top, then her pants, then her bra and panties. Her movements were slow and reluctant, and her skin was flushed

as she bared herself to the window. She stood in front of the mirror naked, her chest rising and falling rapidly. He giggled as he looked at her, waiting for her to begin the real show.

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

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

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

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

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

"Say hello, slut," he growled.

"He...hello," she gulped.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Pretend I'm not here, slut. Just go on with your shower," he ordered.

"Wh-why are you doing this?" she whimpered.

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

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

"No. I said I wouldn't hurt you if you obeyed. I didn't say I wouldn't come back. Now get back to the shower."

"But I..."

"Do what you're told, bitch!" he yelled.

She yelped in fear, and cringed back.

"Now get to it," he growled.

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

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

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

"Don't look at the camera, slut! Pretend it's not here."

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

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

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

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

"Start groaning for me," he said. "Moan and groan like you're getting off on it."

She let out a low groan, then another.

"Louder, slut! And put more emotion into it!"

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

It looked quite realistic.

"Where's your dildo?"

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

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

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

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

"It'll hurt more if you make me mad, slut," he snarled.

Frightened, she stepped across the edge of the tub, straddling it. The double headed dildo was U-shaped as it stuck out of her pussy and went up into her rectum. As she sat, the edge of the tub put more pressure on it, and forced both ends deeper and deeper.

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

"Ohh! Oohhh! Ooww!" she gasped.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He grinned at her and quickly stripped.

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

"Not today, whore."

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

"Shut up, slut."

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

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

"Kiss back," he hissed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Grunt and groan, slut," he hissed.

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

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

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

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

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

"Fuck my ass," he whispered.

"Fuck my ass!" she echoed.

"Say it with feeling," he glared.

"F-fuck my ass," she moaned.

"More feeling!"

"Fuck my ass!" she moaned.

"Harder," he whispered.

"Harder," she moaned.

"Ream me out!" he whispered.

"R-ream me ooout," she sobbed.

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

"Dirty whore," he laughed aloud. "Say yes, yes, I'm a whore," he whispered as he chewed on her ear.

"Yes! Yes! I'm a slut!" she groaned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He had Sandra kneel and suck him off, while he pointed the camera at the mirror. He shifted her around to get different angles, then zoomed in when his

cock was at full erection. He held her hair and fucked her face, zooming in and out.

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

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

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

"What a great shot," he said enthusiastically.

"Y-y-you... b-basstaard," she croaked.

"Watch your mouth, slut girl."

"F-fucking bastard," she sobbed.

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

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

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

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

Again and again he slashed the belt across her buttocks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Noo," she whimpered.

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

"I-I can't!" she gasped.

"Sure you can."

"I don't know any lesbians!" she wailed.

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

"But why?!"

"Because once you've done it a couple of times I'm gonna hide in the closet and watch."

She started sniffing and he laughed.

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

"I-I don't know hooooow!" she whined.

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

"Get some porno movies and find out, bitch!"

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

Finally, a couple of days later, he watched in elation as she and another girl, a young blonde, started kissing, then groping each other on her bed. Neither of them knew he was watching, which was what really excited him, and

he jerked off several times while Sandra ate out the blonde, then while the blonde ate Sandra.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I watch you every second," he hissed. "If you try it again I'll kill you!"

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

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

By then, something had shifted inside the formerly innocent young woman. Whatever strength she had once had was gone. She had performed a lot of perverted acts, and had sex with countless men, and oddly, had come to enjoy some of it in a sick, twisted kind of way. She was also beginning to get off on her performances before the window, guessing that more than one man were

watching. Her movements were no longer mere acts, and her grimaces of pleasure were no fakes. She often came two or three times during a fifteen minute performance.

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

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

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

Kyle continued to watch and masturbate, sniggering.

Old and Mean

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

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

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

And that included Jerome Snyder.

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

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

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

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

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

And instead she was going to see Jerome Snyder.

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

In the meantime, there was Jerome Snyder, who half the time looked like he wanted to rape her, and the other half looked like he wanted to hit her. She was glad of her size around him. Whatever his thoughts, the little pipsqueak better not try anything around her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sit," he said in an arrogant tone.

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

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

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

"Yes?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'll convey your wishes to Mister Peel," she said stiffly.

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

"If that's all," she said, getting to her feet.

"No, it's not all. Sit your ass back down. I'm not done!"

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

"How come you assholes lost the Morgan case?"

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

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

"Judges are bound by precedent, Mister Snyder."

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

"I'm afraid we don't do that, Mister Snyder."

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

You skinny, ugly little scumbag weasel, she thought.

"I'm leaving now," she said firmly, getting to her feet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Nothing dangerous." He smirked.

"What the hell does that mean? What did you do?"

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

"Wha...what...what did you..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He laughed as he squeezed her pussy mound through them.

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

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

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

"How about that. You really are a redhead, huh? Didn't think you were."

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

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

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

As if to demonstrate he stood up and then stripped. She could only whimper and whisper and wriggle slowly as he bared his own body. She let out a soft croak of terror as he pulled down his pants and she saw his cock. It was as

ugly as him, but not nearly as stunted. It looked to be at least ten inches long, and was growing thicker and thicker as he fisted it.

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

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

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

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

He fucked his cock in and out several times, almost making her choke as he shoved it deep. She was having enough trouble breathing without that, and without his weight on her chest, and was relieved when he pulled back and slid down her body between her legs.

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

"No matter what color their skin or their pussy hair, every woman is pink on the inside," he snickered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fuckin' cow," he panted.

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

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

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

He pulled the rope straight down then, and rolled her over onto her back. He pulled the rope up between her legs, yanking hard, forcing the coarse rope up against her pussy lips so hard it dug in between them and crushed her soft pink skin.

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

He pulled a loop around her waist, then a second, tying them tightly behind her, then pulled her ankles up and pushed them down hard, looping the

rope around them. He forced her feet back so far her back felt like it would break. Then he gripped her long red hair and yanked it up hard, forcing her head back as her scalp screamed in agony.

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

"Shut up, slut. I'll do anything I want," he sneered.

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

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

"Nooooo," she gurgled. "Pp...p..pleeeeeease."

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

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

What felt like hours passed. The scurrying sounds grew closer and closer. She heard the sounds of little feet on the stone, little feet getting nearer. Could the things see in the dark? Did they need to? They could probably smell the sweat pouring off her.

If she could only yell, maybe it would scare them away, but the rope was digging into the sides of her mouth something fierce, and effectively gagging her. Then something sniffed at her leg and she yelled in terror. The sound was muffled by the rope, but she managed to rock a little, enough to make it scurry away.

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

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

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

"Did you miss me?" he sneered.

He couldn't know how much.

He had a large brown bag in his arms, and he emptied it on the work table, then came over to her, carrying a knife. He sawed through the ropes around her ankles and the one going between her lips, and she moaned weakly

as her legs flopped back down and she was able to ease her aching head forward.

"Thank you, thank you," she whimpered.

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

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

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

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

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

"W-wait," she gulped. "Please."

"What?"

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

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

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

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

"You just do what I tell you, you whore!"

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

"Suck me, whore," he sneered.

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

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

She'd tried once to deep throat a lover, but after several attempts at getting the cockhead into her mouth, and several gagging fits where she almost threw up, she had given it up. Jerome hadn't given her any choice in the matter, though, and his cock filled her throat so tightly it wouldn't have been possible to throw up.

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

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

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

As she caught her breath Jessica saw that the things he'd put around her wrists were studded leather restraints, the kind the bondage crowd used. He fetched a chain from the table and snapped it to them, then looked overhead. He flung the chain up over a pipe and pulled it tight, forcing her up to her feet.

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

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

"No," she said.

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

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

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

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

"Please...I..."

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

"Get up on the bench, whore!"

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

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

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

"Not so snotty now, are you, slut," he laughed.

"You fucking little bastard," she sobbed.

"You're getting just what you deserve, whore!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Y-You wouldn't dare," she gulped.

"Ugly twisted little dwarf?" he demanded.

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

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

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

"NOo! Stoop!" she screamed. "Please! Pleeese!"

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

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

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

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

"Te...teach you respect," he panted.

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

He moved back and stared at her, his eyes sliding over her heaving chest, her glistening, sweat coated flanks, and her tear stained face. Then he reached forward and gripped her hair, pulling it back slowly, drawing growing sobs from the tormented woman as he forced her head back.

"Still think you're so great?" he growled. "Still think you're better than me? Do you? Do you!?"

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

"Answer me!"

"NOoooooooooooo!" she shrieked.

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

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

"Y-you...you're a...w-wonderful... guy," she groaned.

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

"I-I I-love you," she said in a choked voice.

"You love my cock too, don't you, slut?"

"I... I-love your... your c-cock," she gasped.

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

"I-I..."

"How old were you? Eight? Five?"

"Fi..fifteen," she panted.

"Whore! I bet it was your own father, wasn't it!?"

"N-no."

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

"Don't say not to me, you filthy whore. I'm your master here! Say it. Say I'm your master!"

"I...you're m-my master," she groaned.

"Say you love me."

"I...lo...love you.."

"Master!"

"Massster," she groaned.

"Tell me how your father popped your cherry."

"I...but...but he..."

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

"Tell me how he fucked your cherry out!"

"He...he fucked me!" she sobbed.

"You climbed into his bed one night and slid your lips around his cock, didn't you, whore?!"

"Ye...yesss," she whimpered.

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

"Y...yesss," she groaned.

"Say it!"

"I...I climbed in...into his bed..."

"Who's bed!?" he snapped, tugging on her hair.

"My father's! My father's bed! I climbed in and sucked his cock!"

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

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

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

"Bitch!" he snapped, dodging away.

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

He put chains through them, then raised her legs up and out, prying them so wide the tendons in her thighs burned as they stretched and strained. She sobbed and moaned, but couldn't resist him as he lifted her ankles up high and wide and locked the chains to the restraints.

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

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

"Please! Please don't!" she begged, staring at the flame.

"Tell me how much you love me."

"I love you! I love you! I do!"

"Call me master!"

"Master! I love you, Master! I love you, Master!"

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

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

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

When Jerome slid the flame down her belly towards her pussy her shrieks rose to new heights. He stared down, fascinated, as he burned away her pubic hair, running the flame back and forth, back and forth, up and down. He smelled singed hair as he burned it, and giggled in delight as her cunt muff was quickly melted away.

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

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

And now he was getting his revenge.

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

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

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

He shoved his pants down and gripped his purplish cock, then shoved it into her spasming opening. He gripped her buttocks, digging his fingers into the soft meat as he buried his steely prick inside her belly, then he humped violently against her, twisting and tearing his cock around in her guts as she choked and groaned and whimpered in helpless pain.

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

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

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

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

Just a bit.

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

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

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

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

"How you feeling, slut?" he breathed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He picked up the riding crop and came back to her, then halted her swinging. He let her adjust to the steadier burn of pain from hanging still, then slashed the riding crop down on her right breast. He watched excitedly as it

cracked into the soft white meat, as it cut the round orb in half and drove all the way down to her ribs. The crop fell back, and her breast bounced and shook. There was an angry looking red weal across the middle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He pressed her face against his shoe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Cave Man

Lauren never saw the man she later thought of as the monster. The slender, blonde woman was hiking through woods, her mind almost entirely on other things, not even looking around her.

She was a teacher, and had been for almost five years. Now, in summer, she was taking the time to just be alone, away from the crowded classrooms, away from the fluorescent lights and paperwork and meetings.

Just under thirty, the loose hiking shorts and thick red checked shirt could not hide the curves of a body that was still as firm and athletic as when she was a teenager, and the captain of her high school track team.

Her loose, shoulder length blonde hair was as silky and soft and sweet smelling as it had ever been, and her deep blue eyes had the glint of humour and intelligence in them.

Still single, Lauren had no difficulty attracting the men, which was one of the reasons she was alone in the forest. She wanted away from them as well, at least for a little while. She wanted to be able to move freely without their eyes on her body, without them coming near, trying to pick her up.

She moved easily along the trail, not breathing hard at all as she took in the sweet scent of the morning air and the light breeze blowing from the nearby lake. She heard nothing but the distant songs of birds.

Suddenly a hand was on her mouth, an arm around her chest, pinning her arms to her sides and yanking her back against a hard male body.

She screamed, or tried to. Hardly a sound came out as she was dragged backwards off the path. She struggled and strained, but couldn't move her arms at all. He whirled her around suddenly, lifting her and throwing her down like she weighed nothing.

She was on her face in the bushes, his heavy body over her, jamming her face into the dirt as he forced her arm up behind her back. His knee jammed against it, then her long hair was pulled back savagely. She opened her mouth to scream, and something was shoved into her mouth, a rag of some sort, foul tasting, noxious smelling. A second was tied so tightly around her head and mouth the sides of her mouth burned like fire.

Her other arm was jerked behind her back, and something - rope or cord - was tied tightly around her wrists, biting into her soft skin. In terror she pulled and twisted, but to no avail, as the man chuckled, a deep, evil sound, and rolled her over.

She screamed again as she saw his face, screamed in terror as he looked down at her, his wide, nearly toothless mouth drawn up into a sneering leer. His large dark eyes bulged madly. He had little hair, and what there was of it stuck up in odd ways. He had dark blotches across his face, and a huge nose that had been broken many times.

"Mine," he chortled, his voice a gurgling growl. "All mine."

His hands went to her blouse, huge, misshapen hands, the largest she had ever seen. They tore her blouse open, then ripped it from her body as if it was tissue paper. She sobbed in horror as he groped her softly rounded breasts, then tore her bra apart.

"Mine," he gurgled.

His long, thick fingers kneaded and crushed her breasts repeatedly as she writhed in pain and terror and shame. He laughed, continuously, a low, gurgling sound that made her hair stand on end. He grabbed at her shorts and tore them open, ripping them apart, then jerking them and her panties down her legs.

She sobbed and moaned, biting into the thick rag in her mouth as the horrible man's eyes roamed over her, and his hands pawed and groped her soft, sensitive flesh. He gripped her thighs, his giant hands almost encircling them, and ripped them open as he lowered his eyes to her exposed slit.

"Fuck," he snickered. "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck hole. Hole for fucking. Fucking hole."

He snorted and chuckled, his hand gripping her lightly furred pubic mound and squeezing.

Lauren screamed, writhing in agony as his powerful hand mashed her soft pussy. Pain and nausea tore at her mind as he chuckled and drooled on her belly.

Then he grabbed at his own pants and jerked them down. He had no underwear, and a mass of black curls appeared around - around - an enormous, bulging erection. His cock was easily a foot long, and as thick as Lauren's wrist. She was shocked into silence as her eyes caught sight of it.

"Bitch," he growled. "Bitch. Whore. Bitch. Whore."

He rubbed his massive cock against her pussy, mashing and squeezing it against the soft, hairy slit. She sobbed in terror, and tried to turn away. He let out a snarl and his open hand cracked against her face, throwing it violently to the side. Her vision spun and her ears rang as she moaned in dazed pain.

"Slut! Slut! Slut!" he snarled.

He pushed his cock against her slit again, and began to jam it against the tightly closed lips of her pussy entrance.

Lauren moaned as more and more pressure was heaped on the soft, thin lips, and they were forced slowly apart. She felt her pussy lips straining, pulling wider and wider apart, the skin taut and tight, threatening to rip apart as it was pulled even further.

She groaned as her sex burned with pain, and she felt his monster cock slowly forcing its way into her. It jammed against her sheath, stabbing forward again and again, battering her tight hole open as he growled and snarled in anger.

She felt his big cock boring up into her body, his helmeted cockhead bloating out the thin, soft walls as it ground its way forward. It punched through the quivering muscles and flesh as it burrowed deeper inside her body. She felt the soft membrane of her sex savagely inflated, felt it the tight tube swelling and bulging around his thick, stabbing male organ.

Lauren knew she was going to die, that she could never survive the enormous cock being forced up into her belly. It split her apart, cleaving its way up into the deepest recesses of her abdomen, impaling her as he growled and snorted and chuckled.

Cramps ripped through her abdomen as his massive log of a cock jammed forward. Inch by inch her pussy bloated out around it as the thing was crammed deeper. His heavy paws were on her thighs, pinning them straight to either side, forcing her to do the splits as he put his weight behind his cock.

Six inches, then eight, then ten. She felt her pussy straining to accommodate the thick, hard meat, felt her lips tighter than she'd ever imagined them as the enormous girth of his cock slid through. She shook and jerked and thrashed violently, pain ripping through her belly and sex as he gurgled in happiness.

Then he let go of her thighs and dropped his body over her, crushing her into the dirt. His weight came down on his cock and it lanced up into her belly. Twelve full inches of cock speared her, and her eyes bulged in agony as he ground his hips into her jerking, flopping thighs.

He growled and chuckled, biting at her throat as he began to tear his cock in and out of her. Her pussy was so tightly wrapped around his tool that her hips was jerked upwards each time he pulled back. She screamed again and again as his fat, steel-hard meat tore around in her guts, jabbing and grinding and tearing at her internal organs.

He battered and tore at her pussy tunnel, growling angrily as her pussy sucked and chewed and pulled against him. He snarled and bit her throat, jerking his hips up and down violently, tearing his cock out of the depths of her hole, ripping it free with ruthless hunger and lust, then stabbing it deep into her again.

He chuckled and growled, his hands clawing at her breasts and naked buttocks as he tore his cock back and forth. His teeth chewed on her throat and ears and shoulder as he fucked her with savage, animal fury.

Her legs bounced and jerked, and her head thrashed wildly. Her eyes rolled in terror and pain as he raped her tortured hole. His cock speared down into her like a pile driver, hammering against her cervix as though trying to enter her very womb.

On and on it went, as he heaved and ground and humped down on her, his weight crushing her, his cock tearing about her abdomen as he rammed it into her. Her tortured mind went numb, and her writhing went still, save for the lurching and grinding his powerful humping motions forced on it.

Her eyes stared upwards, seeing nothing, as he thrust faster and faster, harder and harder, then threw back his head and howled in conquest. Come gushed out of his monstrous cock, spewing into her womb, pouring into her body.

Then he groaned and went still. He lay over her for a long minute, then slowly drew back, sliding his softening prong out of her pussy tunnel. Her sex gaped open, the muscles too torn and beaten to function.

He squeezed his cock, and a thick white oozing liquid came out, dropping onto her belly. He snorted and chuckled, then shoved his cock back into his pants and pulled them up. He stood up, then wiped his nose on his sleeve.

"Up!" he growled. "Up, whore!"

She lay there, dazed, numb.

"Up!" he roared, slamming his big, booted foot into her crotch, into her tortured pussy.

She screamed in pain, her legs bouncing, her body whiplashing up and back as tears poured down her cheeks.

"Up!" he cursed, his foot slamming into her buttocks, making her tumble across the ground.

He reached down and gripped her long hair, then yanked her bodily upwards. Stabbing needles of agony tore through her scalp, and she screamed again, sobbing in misery and horror and pain as she struggled to get her rubbery legs under her, to take the tension off her hair.

He pulled her up and she stood weakly. He snorted and growled something, then pulled a length of rope from a pack he carried and looped it around her neck. He pulled it tight, his face snarling at her, then hefted his pack and started off into the trees.

The rope jerked against her and pulled her after him. She stumbled weakly, naked but for her hiking boots, hands still tightly bound behind her as he moved quickly into the woods. She moaned and sobbed into the gag, but he ignored any sounds she made as he pulled her after him.

There was a small trail, a deer trail, and he led her along it, pulling without any seeming care. She stumbled and staggered along behind him, moaning and gasping in pain whenever branches lashed her soft, tender flesh.

Once she fell, and he continued, dragging her along on her belly, almost strangling her as he pulled on the rope. He stopped after half a minute and turned on her.

"Up!" he snarled. He picked up a dead branch and slashed it across her back repeatedly.

She screamed, sobbing into the gag as the thin branch whipped down on her ass and back.

"Up! Up! Whore! Whore!"

She staggered to her feet, and stumbled forward as he lashed her bottom.

"Move! Move!" he snarled, cracking the thing across her buttocks.

He made her run down the trail, run until her lungs burned. Whenever she slowed the branch whipped across her shoulders or bottom and thighs, and he would scream at her. "Run! Run!"

Finally she collapsed, chest heaving.

"Whore! Whore!" he snarled.

His foot slammed into her belly, throwing her two feet to the side and flipping her over onto her back. She jerked spastically, the wind driven out of her by the blow. She gurgled and twitched and rolled her eyes as she tried desperately to draw a breath.

"Whore!" he glared sullenly. "Whore! Bitch! Slut!"

He went over to her and rolled her onto her belly, then jerked her hips upwards and spread her knees. He pulled his pants down and took out his hardening cock, then rubbed it up and down against her pussy mound.

Lauren continued to gurgle and croak and tremble as she fought to draw a breath. She hardly cared what he was doing, all her attention on the desperate struggle to breath.

His cock forced her pussy lips open and battered against her hole. He gripped her hips and thrust against her again and again, forcing his way up her tight tunnel, cramming his cock into her tight belly, driving it into her to the hilt.

He howled in glee, jerking her back and forth like a rag doll as he pounded his cock savagely into her twitching, gurgling body. His hips slammed into her soft buttocks and his giant balls swung and bounced against her as he rodded his tool with anger and lust.

Lauren gulped in a part of a breath, then another. Slowly the breaths got bigger, and the pain and burning in her chest eased. She was able to breathe, though raggedly, and she knelt there sobbing in relief as her cheek ground into the dirt and his cock stabbed into her from behind.

His fingers dug into her flanks as he ripped his cock back and forth inside her, spiking his tool into her with vengeful anger and rage, using it as a weapon, hammering his loins into her exposed sex as she sobbed and moaned in pain and misery.

Then he came, growling and slapping his hands down on her buttocks while his warm semen spurting out of his massive cock and poured into her belly.

Then he was up again, grabbing the rope around her neck and jerking the dazed woman up to her feet as he moved forward along the trail. Weary and dazed, Lauren followed, body aching in every pore, his come slowly dribbling down her thighs.

After about fifteen minutes he turned off the trail, forcing his way through bushes, dragging her along behind. She moaned and gasped and cried out in pain each time her soft flesh was cut by bushes and branches, but he ignored her except to turn and snarl at her to hurry from time to time.

They moved through the bushes and then were into the deeper forest, where the trees were tall and thick, and wide apart. The branches overhead blotted out the sun, and made it hard for any bushes to grow around them. The man, the monster, as she thought of him, hurried along, dragging her behind, walking up and down hills until he came to what seemed to be a long closed mine entrance.

He tugged at one side of a large wooden sign that said DANGER in large letters, forcing it open a couple of feet. Then he went inside, pulling her in after him. Lauren could hardly see as he shoved her deeper into the cave and reached up to the wall.

He lit a lantern, then pulled the sign closed. Still, she could see little. The mine, or cave, went deep into the side of a hill, winding its way towards the right, and going deeper.

He led her along it, seemingly familiar with the place. Lauren looked around uneasily, seeing the rotted wooden beams that braced the walls and roof. She tripped several times on the old rail that ran along the floor. It was twisted and torn up in several places.

He wound his way down and down and down, until Lauren thought they must be a mile under ground, then he halted and she noticed a side tunnel, only

a couple of feet wide. He went in there and pulled her in after him. The tunnel was perhaps fifty feet long, and emerged into another wider tunnel.

Again they went downwards, until she was so exhausted she could hardly move. Only his sharp curses and slaps kept her shuffling along behind him. He went into another side tunnel, then another, then into a larger one, then another smaller tunnel, which appeared to be a natural one, rather than belonging to a mine.

She was completely lost, having made no attempt to memorize their route, and was too dazed to much care anyway. She thought that she would surely die soon.

Finally he stopped. They were in a wide cavern of some sort. It was about twenty feet from side to side. There was a filthy mattress on the floor on one side, and a pile of rubbish, old bones, and garbage scattered around the room.

There were a few other lanterns here, hung on steel hooks driven into the stone walls, and the monster lit them so the place was reasonably bright, then turned to her and smiled cruelly.

"Slut," he said, gleefully rubbing his hands together.

His hand lashed out, cracking against the side of her face and throwing her to the ground. She cried out in pain and fear.

"Slut!" he screamed louder.

He jumped on her prone body, his heavy weight crushing her, and she felt his hardness against her groin again.

"Oh, God, not again," she sobbed, as he stabbed his bulging tool against her aching pussy slit.

He thrust into her hard, and she cried out in pain as his bloated manhood rammed deep into her belly and started tearing back and forth.

His mouth came down on hers and she fought down bile and nausea at the foul scent and taste of him. He stuffed his tongue into her mouth as he ground his hips into her loins. His hands ripped at her hair and crushed her breasts, then jammed under her to cup her buttocks and jerk her up to meet his savage thrusts.

He raped her for what seemed like half an hour, his pile-driving cock ramming up into her guts again and again and again until she thought she would go mad if it didn't stop soon. Then he grunted in pleasure and halted, letting his weight down hard on her chest, rubbing his face into her breasts.

After a minute he rolled off. He blew out the lanterns, except for one, then tied the rope around her throat to a round ring set into the wall and collapsed on the mattress. He grunted and yawned, then rolled over and blew out the last lantern. Within minutes he began to snore.

Lauren lay there for a long while, for her mind was too blasted to function properly. She was completely blind, the darkness total. She hurt everywhere, but especially her pussy, especially her belly. She was sure she must have internal damage, that her insides were torn apart by his monster cock that had rooted around inside her.

She waited to die, but she didn't. She finally managed to sit up, though it was hard. Her hands were numb, but she tried to move them anyway, tried to work some blood into them and maybe untie the rope. After awhile she gave up, though. Her hands just wouldn't work right.

She sat back against the wall and for long, long hours stared into the blackness of the cave, filled with misery and hopelessness.

She had no way of telling how much time passed before his snoring faded, turning to grunts and mutters. She heard a noise, then the light slowly came up. She blinked her eyes in it as she stared at him. He was sitting up on the mattress, stretching and making strange mouth noises, smacking his lips and clearing his throat.

He looked over at her, but without any great interest, then got to his feet and shuffled over to a corner. He had not bothered to put his pants on after raping her, and his thick cock swung back and forth as he moved.

He went down a narrow tunnel and faded into the dark. At first she hoped he was gone for good, and maybe she could escape, but then she feared he was gone for good, and she would die there, unable to free herself.

He shuffled back, carrying something. It was a can of something. He sat down on the mattress and pulled a large, rusty knife out from under it, then stabbed it down against the top of the can. He cut the top open, forcing the lid back. It was, she saw, a can of beans.

She stared in disgust as he put the thing to his lips and began to slurp down the raw beans. He drank down the entire can, then tossed it into the corner and belched several times.

He looked at her, sometimes lewdly, sometimes angrily. He got up and walked over to her, then stood over her, looking down. She looked away, looked left, looked right, anywhere but straight ahead, where his cock was.

Then he gripped the rope around her neck and yanked her up to her knees. He reached down for the gag and tore it free.

"Suck. Whore! Suck."

He pulled her face into his crotch and mashed it against him, rubbing her face up and down against his soft cock and smelling balls. He pulled her head back a little, holding onto her hair now, and pushed his cockhead against her lips.

She opened them hesitantly and he shoved his thick meat into her mouth. She didn't dare disobey. It was obvious, not only that he was crazy, but that he hated women for some reason. Her only chance of surviving was to obey him completely.

She sucked on his cock, amazed at how thick it was even when soft. It pushed deeper into her mouth, twisting and bending inside her until she had almost the whole thing squeezed in there. It tasted disgusting, and worse, she could feel it throbbing, pulsing with awakening life.

It began to harden, and he pulled back, sliding it out of her mouth, all except the head. It was semi-flaccid now, and he pumped the thing through her

lips, holding her head in both of his huge hands, fucking his cock into her as it got thicker and thicker.

Her lips were wide, straining around the massive organ as it slid through. Her mouth could barely contain more than the head, and she gurgled and choked repeatedly as he pushed it too deep. Her jaw ached as her lips and teeth were forced even wider by his hairy cock.

It slid back and forth steadily, then jammed suddenly forward, punching against the back of her mouth. She gagged as it forced its way into her throat and began to slide down her gullet. She squirmed desperately, her stomach heaving as his cock went deeper and deeper.

She felt her throat aching, burning, bloated out around his monster cock as it bored down through her neck, the foot long slab of meat going right through her neck and down into her chest. Her chest ached, and she thrashed wildly, like a fish on the end of a barbed hook, but could not pull free.

His fat cock blocked her throat like a cork in a bottle neck, and she could neither breathe, nor make a sound of complaint. He gurgled in happiness as he jammed it down all the way, mashing her nose into his pubic bone, letting his balls press against her chin as he sighed contentedly.

He held her head easily, then began to slide his fat meat back up her throat. Her mind shrieked in pain and discomfort, in a desperate need for air, and she begged him to pull it out faster, as if she could communicate with him telepathically.

But with his cockhead all the way up to the top of her throat he halted, then shoved it back down again. She screamed in her mind, howled in misery and fear as his cock plunged to the bottom of her throat tube. Her vision was getting sparkly and faint, and her mind growing dazed from lack of air.

Her chest burned, and her skin turned white, and she was on the verge of fainting.

He pulled his cock back up her throat and yanked it free, and she coughed and choked as she sucked in desperate air. He rubbed his spit-wet cock against her face as he chuckled in amusement, but all she cared about was sweet, sweet air.

He abruptly twisted her around and shoved hard on her back. She fell forward, and only just managed to turn her head up, to fall mostly onto her shoulders. The side of her head still hit the stone floor, though, and her ear screamed in pain as her head rang like a bell.

He dropped to his knees behind her, and his finger thrust into her pussy opening, driving deep. It was almost as thick as a normal cock, and almost as long, and he stabbed it in and out of her aching body.

Then he pressed it against her anus. She was still concentrating on breathing, and almost ignored the pain at first as he shoved his finger up her back hole. He jammed it in to the knuckle, then twisted it around inside her, prodding at her guts.

He pulled it out, and she felt his cock against her round wrinkled hole. She shuddered in terror and fear and disgust. She had never ever allowed a man

to use her there, thinking it was sick and disgusting. Now all she could hope was that he would be unable to force his thick cock into her, or that he would kill her quickly.

Her anal opening burned as he applied more and more pressure, and she felt it straining to encompass the massive round cockhead. The pain grew and grew, and she sobbed and moaned and cried out as he put more weight behind it. Then it was in her, and he was growling and cursing as he fought to shove it deeper. He gripped her hips with both hands as he put his weight behind his cock, grinding and twisting it, shoving forward, then back, then forward.

She sobbed in misery, her tears spilling out onto the cold stone as he forced inch after inch into her staining rectum. She was certain he was tearing her apart back there, that she would die, die by being sodomised, and knew a misery at the degradation of such a death.

His cock ripped back, then jammed forward, and his hand abruptly left her anus and slapped down hard instead. She yelped in pain, and his cock lurched deeper.

"Haw!" he laughed.

He slapped her again, and again shoved forward on his cock.

He worked his cock up her until only a couple of inches remained, but then, no amount of pushing and pulling, of straining and cursing and slapping seemed to cause enough room for the last two inches to slide through her tortured anal opening.

She was simply too small to hold that much cock back there.

He cursed her and slapped her head and face and bottom, then began fucking harder and faster, uncaring of her pain, pounding his blood-engorged prick back and forth with cruel force, tearing it around in her rectal tunnel as she moaned and cried out in pain.

"Fucking you! Fucking you!" he gasped. "Fucking you!"

As powerful as he was, he still couldn't pump his cock inside her with any real speed. She was so tight around his cock he had to hold her down tightly to keep from dragging her back each time he withdrew, and had to hold her again to keep his cock from shoving her across the floor when he thrust forward.

Lauren had never felt such pain. She was being torn apart from the inside. Her guts felt twisted and bruised as he forced his cock up her anus. She was impaled on the enormous man meat, her rectum torn apart by its force and fury.

His prick churned her guts into a writhing froth of steaming pain, and he laughed as she sobbed and screamed and begged him to stop. He held her flanks and forced his cock down her tight burning hole with glee, his lips drawn back in a snarl of lust and satisfaction.

Then he grunted and moaned, and came inside her, pumping his semen into her, feeding it into her roiling belly as he sighed in happiness. He smacked his lips, his hands squeezing and kneading her buttocks as he remained behind her, his cock softening slowly inside her.

His right hand slid down her side and cupped her breast, squeezing and groping it as he muttered something under his breath. His cock softened completely, but was still a thick mass in her belly. He pulled it out a little ways, then halted.

She felt something...some...sense of...heat, of warmth inside her. It was a liquid, a warm...liquid...

And she realized somewhere in her dazed mind, that he was pissing, that he was urinating inside her asshole. She was too shocked, too stunned to even know what to do, not that there was anything she could do.

He pulled his cock out finally, but her sphincter stayed open, the muscles beaten down so hard they could barely remember how to work. Trickle of urine and come leaked out of her as he backed away. Then she fell on her side, mind blasted nearly to catatonia.

He flipped her onto her back and untied her hands, then took the rope around her neck off the bolt and used it to pull her to her feet. Her hands began to throb and burn with returning circulation, and she sobbed miserably as he led the way down a tunnel, carrying a lantern ahead of him. For several hours they walked deeper into the mountain, always going downwards.

They emerged in a mine tunnel, one with tracks along the floor and wooden beams bracing the roof and walls. There was a table and chair set against one wall, and a lantern on the table. He lit it, and hung the other on a hook on the wall.

He untied the rope from her neck, and for the first time since he'd grabbed her she was free of any bonds. Yet she had no where to go. Only darkness lay beyond the lanterns, and she would never find her way through it, even if he couldn't just catch her and drag her back.

She had to get him to somehow take her back up to the surface. Her belly ached, and she was sure he'd torn something apart in there. He was feeble minded, retarded, perhaps, tormented in some way by inner demons. She would have to be careful, but surely she could outwit him.

"Wh-what's your name?" she asked in a hesitant, halting voice.

He glared at her.

"I-I'm Lauren," she gulped, fighting down terror.

"Slut!" he roared.

She drew back in fear.

He went over to a mass of rubble, wood and metal and fished around in the pile, then emerged with a mass of chain and metal. He dumped it loudly on the table, then started unwinding it.

"Please," she gulped. "I-I won't tell anyone if you let me go. I promise. I-I'll just go away, go home. You don't have to..."

"Quiet!" he snarled.

"But...but I..."

He swung on her and slammed his heavy fist into her belly. She flew backwards and folded in half, collapsing to the stone. She coughed and choked as she tried to catch her breath, the air knocked out of her as it had been before.

He continued untangling the chains, then, just as she was getting her breath back, he reached down and dragged her to her feet by the hair. He flung her back against a wooden beam in the centre of the tunnel, and the force of the impact almost knocked her breath out again.

He pressed the chain against her throat, then wound it behind the beam, pulling it tight. She gripped it with her hands, trying to keep it loose enough to breathe.

He wound it around a protruding hook on the other side of the beam, then reached around and gripped her right wrist. He pulled it up and back behind the beam, and she felt the chain wrapped around it several times. He pulled her other hand up and back then, and again she felt the chain wrapping around it tightly.

He hooked the chain to another hook set up high on the back of the beam, then let the thing fall straight down. He brought the chain around the beam and wound it twice around her belly, cinching it in super tight, then criss crossed her chest, also pulling it in painfully tight, and winding the chain around behind the beam.

Finally he pulled both her ankles back around to the sides of the beam and chained them tightly in place. She was practically melded to the beam, unable to move an inch. He stood up then, apparently satisfied.

"Please," she gulped. "P-Please let me go."

Instead he took one of the lanterns and left. She stood there for hours before her strength gave out and she collapsed against the chains.

Her mouth was dry to begin with, but after hours and hours she knew a terrible, desperate longing for water. She would die happily if only she could get a glass of water, she thought. She began to hallucinate, her mind raw and dazed by the brutality and pain inflicted on her.

She didn't know how long passed before he returned, but she was almost whimpering with relief when the light came into the tunnel again and she had to squint her eyes against it. He was as big, ugly, and dirty as he had been before, but she no longer cared. He had a dog with him, too, a huge, ugly hound dog of some mixture of species.

"Water!" she croaked. "Please! Please get me some water!"

He ignored her, dropping some cans and what looked like a dead rabbit on the floor of the tunnel. The dog came over and sniffed at her crotch and legs, then moved over to the far side of the tunnel, raised its leg, and urinated against the wall.

"Water!" she moaned. "Please... please..."

The man turned and glared at her, then stepped closer and slammed his fist into her belly. She let out a loud whoof of expelled air, then choked and gurgled for several minutes as she tried to catch her breath.

Meanwhile he went over to the table and fumbled with some things there. She had almost managed to get her breathing under control again when he returned to her. He undid the chains pinning her legs back, and she groaned in relief as her legs were free to move for the first time in hours.

They were so stiff they could not support her weight, and they ached fiercely with every movement. The monster gripped her ankles and lifted them up, yanking her legs out from under her and jamming her knees back up against her chest.

Lauren cried out in pain as her legs were pressed up and back, then sobbed miserably as he spread her legs wider, shoving her knees back past her chest on either side, raising her bottom upwards. He let go of one of her ankles, and the leg fell and dangled awkwardly as he kept the other pinned back. He jerked his pants down and drew out his massive cock, then rubbed it up and down against her sex.

It became hard in only seconds, and he forced the bloated head into her sheath, then gripped her dangling leg, lifted it up and jammed it back behind her as he drove his cock up into her belly.

Lauren felt like she was being crushed, like her back was being bent so hard it would snap. Her upper body was still pinned tightly against the beam, but her legs were jammed back so hard that her knees were actually pressed against the sides of the beam, and her bottom and sex were raised up towards the roof.

The monster buried his foot long cock inside her, making her guts cramp and ache, then drew it back and thrust in again. She cried out as the head punched against her cervix, but he only chortled in glee. He pulled back again, drawing his long, long cock back down her tormented pussy tunnel, then thrust into her with savage strength, impaling her on his hard staff, driving it into her so hard and fast and deep that she screamed in pain.

Tears trickled down her cheeks as she sobbed in pain and misery. The giant cock pumped back and forth in her belly with remorseless speed, so that her sobbing was interrupted by a steady grunting each time it was driven into her.

It pounded into her again and again and again, minute after minute after minute, until she thought she would surely go insane if it didn't stop. She had never been with a man who could fuck for so long, so hard. And still he fucked her, his teeth clenched, his eyes boring into her skull, his fingers tight against the backs of her knees as he rodded into her.

"Whore!" he said finally, the word hissing between his teeth. "Whore! Whore! Whore!"

Then he groaned and buried his steely pole in her belly as he pressed his body against hers. He let out a deep sigh of relief, then stepped back, drawing his softening prick from her belly and letting her legs fall to the floor.

She hung there dazed, moaning weakly, then finally recovered enough to speak.

"Wa....water," she moaned. "Please...pleeeeeease..."

His open hand cracked into the side of her face, stunning her, and throwing her head back so hard she thought her neck had broken. She whimpered as she tasted blood in her mouth, but his back was too her, and he went over to skin the rabbit he'd caught.

The dog sniffed at her pussy again, then licked it a few times before going under the table and laying down. The man finished skinning the rabbit, hung it on a hook, then blew out the light and went to sleep..

Some time later he woke, and the tunnel lightened. He yawned loudly, then pulled a canteen from under the bed, opened it and took a long drink.

"Waater," Lauren croaked. "Wa...w...waater..."

The monster put the canteen down, stood up, and came over to her. He reached behind her and unlocked the chain, pulling it away from her until she was hanging just by her wrists. Then he removed the chain from those too and she fell to her knees, then onto her belly on the tunnel floor.

He walked back to the table and sat down on a rickety chair, then opened the canteen and shook it. She heard the water swishing inside and whimpered in longing. She tried to lick her lips, but her mouth was so dry her tongue felt like sandpaper.

She tried to get up, but couldn't. She was too weak, and her mind too dazed from dehydration. She clawed at the stone and dragged herself across it, whimpering as her soft breasts were ground under her.

"Water," he said, shaking the canteen again.

She pulled herself slowly across the ground, whimpering and moaning, panting for breath as she moved. Her legs moved awkwardly, helping push her along, and her hands pulled at the stone floor until she was nearly at his feet.

He reached down and gripped her hair, lifting her upper body off the ground by it. The pain was like needles in her skull, but Lauren only whimpered feebly as he set her on her shaky knees. He shook the canteen again and she reached for it, her hands shaking.

He laughed and pulled the canteen away, holding it above his head.

"Waaateer," she whimpered.

"Whore," he sneered. Slut!"

She gazed at the canteen longingly, and he shook it again, then pulled it lower and opened the top. He poured some on the cave floor near her and she cried out in denial, falling forward and pawing at it, then licking at the floor in desperate thirst.

Again he reached down and gripped her thick, tangled mass of hair, dragging her up onto her knees by sheer force. He let go, and she swayed weakly, dazedly, as he poured a small bit of water into the palm of one hand.

He held it out before her and she licked her lips again, then reached for it, gripping his wrist and pressing her mouth into his hand. She sucked down the water in an instant, licking all over his hand as she tried to get more. Her mouth was so dry that her tongue actually dried his hand.

He pulled back, then poured a little more into his palm, and again let her suck it out and lick it down. She was desperate, and pathetic, and a whimpering nearly mindless animal as she sucked and slurped and licked at his hand, whimpering and moaning as she drank down the tiny bit of liquid.

It wasn't enough, of course, not nearly enough. She gazed yearningly at the canteen, and the water sloshing in it, but the monster wouldn't let her touch

it. Instead he tilted the canteen over above his head and poured water onto his face. Some got in his mouth, while the rest splashed over his face and ran down his chest.

Lauren tried to get at it but he held her back easily. He put the canteen down on the table and stood up, then gripped her hair again and pulled back sharply, until she whimpered in pain, and her mouth hung wide. He pressed his cock into her mouth and let out a slow dribble of urine.

She gulped down the liquid instantly, not the least interested in its taste or source. The dribble became a flood and it poured into her mouth, filling it faster than she could swallow.

He let go of her hair, but she made no effort to pull away. Instead she brought her face forward and closed her lips over his cock, stopping the urine from spilling through them as she gulped it down. The hot liquid poured down her throat and into her empty belly, reminding her that it was, in fact, empty, and drawing hunger pangs into the mixture of pain and thirst that filled her shattered mind.

She drank every last drop, then licked at his cock to get the last bit of moisture. He snickered as she clung to his cock, feeling himself harden again. His cock grew thicker and thicker, forcing her lips wider apart, until her jaw was pulled so wide it hurt.

She gurgled and moaned, but most of the sound was muffled by his massively thick cock. He put both hands on her head, completely enfolding it, then slowly pulled her forwards. Her hands slapped feebly against his belly, but there was no strength in them.

The thick, spongy cockhead drove through her mouth and right into her throat. She gagged, but there was almost nothing in her belly to heave up except a puddle of urine. His cock bloated out her throat so wide she thought her larynx would be crushed, and slid steadily downwards, going right down her gullet.

She continued slapping at his belly, but no sounds emerged as his cock blocked her throat. She felt the thick head going halfway down her throat, then deeper. She felt it at the base of her throat, and still he fed more cock through her taut lips.

His cockhead went past her neck, going down into her chest cavity as he forced the entire twelve inches through her lips. He groaned happily as her throat squeezed and chewed at his cock, ignoring the girl's slapping and wriggling as he held her easily in place.

She felt herself fading away. Her chest felt hot and tight, and her skull was filled with pressure as she tried but failed to breath. Sparkly lights appeared before her eyes and her already weak movements became weaker.

He pulled his cock slowly back up her throat, tearing and scraping against the flesh inside her throat as he drew the cockhead back out and into her mouth.

Lauren choked and coughed and gulped in air as he drew his cock out, panting and gagging as she sucked in sweat breaths of air. He pressed his cock against her mouth again and she whimpered, trying to close it. He tore at her

hair and she cried out in pain, the sound muffled as he shoved his cock into her open mouth.

He pulled back hard on her hair to get her mouth to open wide enough for his thick organ. Then he held her in place as he cruelly forced his cock right down her throat again, burying it in her quivering, trembling body. He pumped slowly up and down inside her throat, raping it much as he had her other orifices.

Twice more he pulled free so she could breath, then buried his meat in her gullet again. Finally he spewed a load of semen into her mouth and she slurped it down gratefully.

He ignored her then as he fiddled with something on the table. she lay on the ground coughing and gripping her aching, bruised throat. Her breaths were ragged and loud. But no pain could keep down the desperation that the need for water created in her. The urine had not been nearly enough, for it was acidic and served mostly to pucker her mouth up.

"Water," she begged, her voice raspy as she crawled to him. "Please! Please!"

She gripped his ankle and pressed her face against it, no trace of pride surviving the horrible abuse he had heaped upon her, and the terrible need for water.

He glared at her, then sighed in annoyance and lifted up the canteen. He opened the canteen, got up, and walked across to where the dog was laying. There was a little tin pan there and he poured water into it. The dog sniffled, then began to lap at the water as he moved back towards the table.

Lauren's world narrowed to the small tin, it looked like something that had once held a single serving pie. She crawled slowly and weakly across towards it, panting and gasping as she whimpered in desperate need. The dog turned towards her briefly, then continued to lap at the water.

She crawled in beside him and reached for it with trembling hands.

"No touch!" the monster snarled. "Bitch want water, drink like dog!!"

Her mind was just capable of understanding, though not without difficulty. She obeyed instantly, not caring how she got the water just so she got some. She lowered her face to the small tin container and the dog withdrew, leaving it to her.

She slurped thirstily, putting her lips to it and gulping it all down in seconds, then licking at the empty container.

The monster came over and poured more into the tin dish and she whimpered gratefully, slurping and gulping at it until it was empty again.

"More? More water," she begged.

"Go lay down," he snapped. "Enough for you. You drink all dog's water."

"Please," she whined. "Please. More water?"

He glared at her and then rushed over and slammed his foot up into her belly as she knelt there on all fours. The force of the blow flung her up and

back, making the dog dodge away as she came to rest on her back, groaning in pain.

He reached down and gripped her ankle, then lifted it as he straightened. He dragged her limp body across the stony floor, then bouncing across the rails and over to the beam he'd chained her to before. He wrapped a length of chain around her throat, then padlocked it there, and locked the other end of the chain to the beam.

He went back to the table, and the dog laid down in a corner. Lauren lay on her side, whimpering and moaning, clutching her belly.

The man started a little fire at the other end of the tunnel. The top of the tunnel filled with smoke, but it didn't bother her down at the bottom, or the dog, or, it seemed, the monster. He squatted naked by the fire and put a pan over it, then poured a can of something into the pan.

Just as she was thinking about how desperately hungry she was he came over to her and unlocked the chain, then gripping her arm, dragged her across the floor to where the fire was. He positioned her on her knees next to it, and she saw that the pan was full of beans.

She licked her lips hungrily.

"Cook food," he growled.

She didn't need any further instructions. She stared at the beans rapturously as they cooked. The monster went back to the table and she could barely restrain herself from pulling the pan out of the fire and eating the beans immediately.

If she wasn't still dehydrated she would have drooled at the sight and smell of the beans. She kept them in the fire as long as she could bear, not really knowing how long they should be cooked under a fire.

Then, risking a glance behind her, and seeing his back was turned, she pulled the pan out. She poured some beans into her hand and then shoved them into her mouth, gulping them down quickly. She poured more beans into her hand, stuffing those into her mouth too.

She didn't eat, so much as swallowed, and though he'd poured an entire can of beans into the pan, there was soon nothing left, and she was licking and slurping at her hand and cheeks.

"Stupid whore!" he yelled.

She scabbled backwards on her feet and behind as he glared angrily.

"My beans!" he shouted. "Not for you!"

"I-I was hungry," she wailed.

He kicked her in the face and her head snapped backwards, her body following until she crashed back onto the floor on her back, legs splayed. She groaned dazedly, then gasped as his foot slammed into her crotch hard, mashing and crushing the soft, sensitive meat.

She bounced spastically, rolling onto her belly, gurgling and sobbing and moaning as he slammed his foot into her bottom, then her side. He looked around wildly and picked up a hard long length of wood. It was thin and

flexible. He lashed it down on her shoulders and she screamed as the pain ripped through her.

He slashed it down again, and again, and again, cursing wildly as he whipped her as fast as he could. Welts sprang up on the sobbing woman's back and buttocks and thighs as she screamed and begged for mercy. He flung the stick away and grabbed her tangled hair, lifting her upwards onto her knees. His hands shifted, going around her throat, and he lifted her up into the air, slamming her body back against the side of the tunnel again and again, shaking her like a dog with a rat as his fingers tightened around her throat.

She wriggled feebly, choking and whimpering. Her legs kicked a few times, then her eyes closed and her arms dropped to her sides. Her feet twitched, then went still as she lost consciousness. He glared at her closed eyes, then flung her down, and stalked away.

Lauren woke slowly, blinking her eyes because she could see nothing. Her body ached, especially her throat, and she brought her hands up to it, rubbing it and whimpering. She coughed and tried to swallow, but her mouth was too dry.

She put her hands out and felt the wall behind her, then listened intently for any sign of the monster. She heard his even breathing off in a corner somewhere. She blinked her eyes again, trying to see anything, but there was no light at all. Her right eye didn't work very well, and she gasped in pain when her hand pressed against it.

She groaned as she sat up, rubbing her scraped breasts and belly, and wincing as her back and buttocks ached painfully. She got to her knees to take her weight off her aching buttocks, and squatted unsteadily, her hands on the floor below her, balancing herself.

She dropped forward onto hands and knees, wincing with every movement. The side of her face was badly bruised from where he'd hit her, and her right eye was swollen shut.

She crawled slowly across the rough ground, her hands searching ahead of her, feeling for anything that would tell her where she was within the tunnel. Her hands encountered the table, and she halted, then pulled herself upwards and felt across the top.

Her fingers encountered the canteen, and she licked her lips in anticipation, pulling it down and opening the cap. She brought it to her mouth and drank deeply, then spit out. It wasn't water, but something else.

She sipped it and her frazzled mind recalled the long ago taste of whisky. Whatever it was, it was liquid, so she continued to drink, though slowly, because it burned her sore throat going down. It made her stomach hot, as well.

She ran her hands along the table again, searching for the other canteen, the one with water. She didn't find it, so she kept sipping from the canteen of whisky until it was empty.

By then she was even more unsteady than she had been when she got up. She still couldn't see, but her mind was more fuzzy. She crawled towards where she thought the wall was, but her hand hit something, something soft.

It was, she realized the mattress the monster man slept on. She could hear him snoring not far away. She pressed down on the mattress. It felt good on her hands compared to the cold, rough floor, so she crawled a little ways further.

She shook her fuzzy head, then settled down on her side on the bottom corner of the mattress.

The light woke her up. She blinked her one good eye as the monster sat up and yawned. He saw her laying at the foot of the mattress, but wasn't angry. Instead he gripped her arm and dragged her up towards him, then pulled her body in against his as he lay back.

He rolled her on her back as he lay on his side next to her, then rolled half atop her, his hand sliding roughly up and down her body, squeezing and kneading her breasts, and cupping and rubbing her pussy mound. His tongue slurped over her nipples, then he bit down as he sucked on them.

Lauren had only closed her eyes an hour ago, and was more than slightly drunk. She did nothing to resist or protest as his mouth suckled at her nipples and he pawed at her body. Anything that didn't hurt was fine with her.

He rolled more firmly atop her, and she grunted as his weight came down on her. He gripped her hair and jerked her face up as his own came down. His lips crushed hers, and his tongue shot into her mouth, stroking over hers.

She felt him fumbling down at her groin, and felt his cock harden as he rubbed it against her thighs and belly. Then she felt her pussy lips shoved apart as his boner forced its way inside her. She let out a long moan of acceptance, spreading her legs more to ease his entry.

His tongue continued to flit around in her mouth, and from some dim recess of her muddled, drunken mind she remembered having done this sort of thing before. She kissed back, after a fashion, and tried to bring her arms around him.

She groaned as his cock filled her pussy tunnel, her guts feeling hard with the long length of throbbing meat.

He pulled his lips from hers and roughly jerked her head aside as he bit down on the nape of her neck. He began to hump against her, his cock lurching back and forth inside her tight pussy.

She couldn't get her arms around him, and was too weak to keep them up, so let them fall back on the mattress beside her head. She lay there almost unmoving as he ground his pelvis into her in a lazy fuck, pumping his massive tool back and forth inside her.

His mouth moved on her breasts again, sucking fiercely on one nipple, then the other. His tongue stroked over them as he sucked, and his teeth chewed on the surrounding flesh.

After a while her nipples started to feel sore and tender, but the sensation hardly penetrated her haze covered mind. His cock chuffed back and forth inside her in a nearly continuous pumping motion, his hairy cock sawing upwards, his pubic bone grinding over her clitoris.

The giant cock stabbed down into her repeatedly, making her grunt and gasp and pant and moan in response. It didn't hurt, exactly, but it did feel...strange.

As he often did, the monster just kept pumping and pumping, his cock sliding steadily inside her. This time, though, she felt a strange tingling sensation between her legs, down where his cock was sliding through her pussy lips.

It felt...nice...and she remembered...sort of...that this...this kind of thing...often felt...good.

The pleasant sensation seemed to grow and spread, and she sighed happily and drew her knees back. His big cock was driving deep inside her, right to the very end of her cunt pit, but she came to realize that the deeper he stroked, the longer the pleasure as he ground down against her clitty.

And there was something about - about his cock...going - way -way up inside her that was - exciting somehow.

She blinked her one eye in the dim light, not knowing why his weight on her felt so natural, so - right, but not really caring either, just so his thing kept stroking in and out.

A hot, burning sensation poured through her body, centered on that wonderful tingling, buzzing between her legs. He was fucking harder now, but that only made his cock saw back and forth faster, and she groaned in pleasure as heat flared inside her.

She wasn't sure what was happening. For that matter, she wasn't sure what her name was, or where she was, or what was happening or.

"OOhhhhhgggghh," she groaned, rolling her head slowly as he squeezed her breasts and bit on her nipples.

Her sex was burning and sparkling with a strange kind of need and desire, and she whimpered in bliss as a long, rolling tide of pleasure rolled up her body and swamped her dazed brain.

She grunted as he picked up the pace, pistoning his cock inside her now, his hips slamming into her thighs and buttocks. His cockhead punched her in the pit of her belly as he rode her upwards into a strange, sparkling, light filled explosion of orgiastic wonder.

She cried out in surprise, then shocked pleasure as a crackling ball of fire spat upwards from her spasming pussy hole and blasted through her belly and chest. She whipped her head from side to side and humped up frantically, not knowing why, not caring about anything but the pleasure, the only pleasure she had felt in -in she couldn't remember.

She rode it with delirious happiness, grunting and gurgling as that wonderful pounding cock drove her through a roller coaster ride of ecstatic delight. She came, and came again, whimpering and groaning, shaking and trembling beneath him as her pussy turned into a volcano and erupted with massive power.

Her legs bounced and jerked and flailed spastically as she mewled in mindless pleasure. Her body strained and twisted beneath him, and she felt like her insides were trying to push out through the pores of her skin.

Then she went limp. His cock continued to pump into her for a few minutes, then he halted and let his full weight drop on her before rolling off and yawning. He lay there for a minute, then with a final grope of her breast he sat up and walked away. Lauren fell back asleep.

When she woke many hours later she was alone, and felt sick. Her head throbbed. She lay there for what seemed like an hour, dreaming about water and food. Finally she worked up the energy to start looking for some. She patted all around the mattress, rolling from side to side, and finally found a bottle of something or other.

She unscrewed the cap and put it to her mouth. She sipped gingerly. It wasn't water, but it didn't taste bad. It was some kind of bitter tasting liquor. She took several swallows then lay down again, groaning.

When the man she thought of as Monster returned she was drunk again, and feeling considerably better than she had on waking. She heard him coming and screwed the cap back onto the bottle, then put it back where she'd gotten it.

He carried a lantern with him, and set it on the table, then lit the other lantern beside the mattress.

"Make food," he glared.

She blinked drunkenly.

"You hear me, whore?"

"Food?" she blinked.

"Make food!"

"H-how?"

"Stupid whore!"

She grunted and sat back against the wall. He cursed and stripped off his pants and filthy shirt, then dropped to his knees on the mattress. He straddled her and gripped her hair, pulling her face into his crotch. He rubbed his cock back and forth over her face until it hardened, then pressed it against her mouth and drove it in.

He put his hands around her head and thrust his cock down her throat, then fucked it in and out as she wriggled and jerked beneath him. She pressed against his belly several times, then let her hands drop to her sides as he continued to pump his cock up and down in her throat.

He pulled out and she coughed and choked and gulped in air. He backed off, then gripped her legs and jerked her away from the wall, flipping her onto her belly. He pulled her legs apart and leaned into her, his hand going down on the small of her back as he pressed his cock against her wrinkled anal opening.

Her anus stung as it strained wide around his cock, and she moaned in pain, her fingers digging into the mattress. He stabbed his cock against her hole several times, forcing it inside, then driving it down deeper and deeper as she writhed beneath him.

He shoved six inches inside her, then gripped her thighs in both hands and ripped them wide, making her cry out in pain as the tendons strained and stretched. He shoved his cock deeper, putting his weight behind it as he felt her insides squeezing down around the throbbing pole of flesh.

She gasped and her eye widened as the cock went in to the hilt and his balls mashed down against her thighs

Lauren groaned, skewered by the thick man-meat up her back hole. She felt it spiking up into her belly and twisting around inside her. Her breath came in small puffs and pants, and she buried her face in the mattress as cramps rolled through her.

He dropped his entire weight on her, grinding his pelvis into her soft buttocks, tearing his cock around in her warm belly, stirring her guts like pudding as she moaned and whined and gasped in shocked pain. Then he tore his cock back - and thrust it in.

"UHng!" she gasped.

He tore his cock back, and rammed it down her rectum again.

"UHhgh!"

Again he pulled his cock back, fighting the suction of her hot, tight, sucking anus, pulling ten full inches out of her straining hole, then rammed them all back up into her belly, making her scream as the slab of meat drove up into her.

He spread his knees wide and leaned into her, then began to pound his cock into her with savage fury, reaming out her anus as she whimpered and groaned and sobbed in pain. His cock spiked into the pit of her belly as his hips spanked down bruisingly hard against her buttocks, and each hard thrust was one more blast of heat against an already dazed, drunken mind.

After what seemed like forever, just as her anus had become numbed to the furious sodomy, he ripped his cock free, jerked her hips upwards, and thrust into her pussy, burying his log inside her sex.

She shuddered and moaned as he gripped her flanks and rode her. Her head bounced up and down and her bruised, scraped breasts wobbled back and forth under her as his hips pummelled her buttocks and his cock skewered her pussy sheath.

His prick rammed up her like a pile-driver, sliding through her hot, tight, creamy soft pipe, sawing back and forth through her aching, swollen pussy lips, punching into her cervix with brutal strength.

His hips pounded against her bottom, flinging her forward, then his powerful arms yanked back on her hips, bringing her up short and jerking her back so her buttocks met the next thrust with a loud slap of flesh on flesh. On and on and on he fucked, until the woozy, drunken woman began to feel that strange tingling in her loins, and her belly began to throb with heat.

Soon the heat became a bubbling stewpot, and she puffed and groaned in pleasure as each new thrust made the juices boil hotter. The orgasm came quickly, and ripped through her mind like a hurricane. She cried out in bliss, throwing her head back and sobbing in pleasure.

And still he rode her, rode her through a second orgasm, then a third, and finally a fourth. He spewed his steaming semen up her pussy, then slapped his hand on her bottom and shoved her down on the mattress as he turned away.

He made his own food, grumbling as he did, cooking the rabbit over the fire. He dragged her over before the fire, though, and made her watch.

She didn't know how much time had passed since she'd had the beans, but her stomach was grumbling painfully again. She licked her lips hungrily as she sniffed the meat, looking up at him beseechingly.

He ignored her, concentrating on the rabbit. He pulled it out several times to test it, then grunted and sat back, holding the thing by the ends of the stick he'd impaled it with. He began chewing on the flesh, not bothering to cut pieces.

After a while he ripped off a leg and tossed it to her. She caught it and brought it to her mouth, biting deeply, chewing and slurping on it until there wasn't a bit of flesh left. He grunted and tossed her another leg, and she sat back on her haunches and devoured that too.

He opened a can of peas and put them on a pan over the fire. He mostly burned them but they both scooped out handfuls and ate it all down. Afterwards he let her drink from the same bottle of vodka he used.

After that he got one of the lanterns, and a couple of picks and shovels, then motioned her to follow him. She scurried along in his wake as he moved up and down tunnels, squeezing through partially blocked areas, and then halted before a blank rock wall.

He gave her a small pick and pointed at a small pile of rocks.

"Hit rocks," he said. "Break rocks."

She blinked at him in confusion. He shoved her down beside the pile, then took the little pick from her hand and started hammering at a football sized rock until it broke into little pieces. He sifted through the little pieces and found a tiny, snowflake sized bit of gold.

He grunted in satisfaction, shoving it into a pocket, then gave her the pick and motioned at the other rocks. "Break rocks," he said.

Lauren was exhausted, traumatized and drunk, and her mind was more than a little dazed by the events that had befallen her, but she got the idea and started tapping away at the rocks.

He got to his feet and picked up the bigger pick, then started hammering it against the wall.

Lauren had to hit the rocks very hard, and repeatedly, in order to break them. It was exhausting work, especially in her condition, and especially since her arms weren't particularly strong. When he caught her working too slowly, or resting, though, the monster snarled and cursed at her until she got working again.

When she was too tired for that to be effective he set upon her, slapping, kicking, and punching her as she screamed and sobbed and tried to curl into a ball.

He jerked her back to her knees by the hair and jammed the pick into her hands. Terror leant her strength and she began hammering at the rocks again, as he went back to the wall.

Every now and then he paused to sift through the broken rocks with his fingers, and twice he plucked out little pieces of gold.

Lauren's arms were about to fall off when he finally called a halt. He grunted as he sifted through the rocks, picking out another small piece of gold, then got to his feet, picked up the lantern, and began walking away.

Lauren groaned as she stumbled to her feet and followed. Her ribs ached from where he'd punched and kicked her, as did her thighs and her arms. She tasted blood in her mouth from a punch there, and both her arms were throbbing and burning from overwork.

They made their way back to the tunnel they'd started in, and he yawned and sat down at the table, pulling bits of gold from his pocket.

"Make food," he snapped at her.

She looked around, and he slapped her face, making her stumble backwards. He dragged her by the hair over to a box which held cans of beans, peas, corn, and other things, then went back to the table.

There was a can opener beside the box, and she opened a couple of cans of beans and poured them into a pan. The fire had gone out, though, and she fearfully approached him. He whirled around, glaring.

"No fire," she whimpered.

He cursed under his breath, then got to his feet and moved over to the firepit. He tossed several small bits of paper and wood into it, then squatted and lit them with a lighter. He set larger and larger pieces of wood on top until a good sized fire was going, then went back to the table.

When the beans were down he squatted beside her, and they both scooped out handfuls and stuffed them in their mouths. Lauren burned her fingers several times, but she was so hungry she kept scooping beans out, afraid he would eat them all and she wouldn't get any.

After dinner he sat back on the chair and raped her mouth. As before he forced his cock into her throat, sliding it back and forth inside her gullet as she fought down nausea. He pulled out and turned her around, putting her on all fours, then mounted her.

He didn't ride her nearly as long as he had before, but it was still long enough that she was starting to feel the tingly sensation between her legs again by the time he grunted and pumped his juice into her. He slowly pulled himself free. She crawled dazedly away, slumped against the mattress and moaned tiredly. After a while the monster joined her, turned off the light, and went to sleep.

Weeks passed in the same way. He would rape her every morning, she would cook, then they would go off to the rock breaking. After the rock breaking she would make dinner, then he would rape her again, sometimes in the pussy, sometimes in the anus.

Every week or so, when Monster figured she smelled too badly, he would take her to where an underground stream cut through the earth. Then he would tie a rope to her neck and throw her into the swift flowing water. She never had any soap to wash herself with, but then he wasn't all that discriminating.

One day, though, the rotten rope attached to her neck snapped, and she disappeared down the underground river, sputtering and coughing, and almost drowning as she raced through the inky black tunnels. Her body was battered against the walls and roof, and just as she was about to lose her breath the world flashed white and she was hurled down.

The underground river came out of the ground and fell into a small lake on the other side of the mountain from where she was taken, and she coughed and spat water as she popped to the surface. She was blinded by the bright sunlight, and if it weren't for three men who had been camping alongside the lake she probably would have drowned.

They saw her spat out of the rock and quickly dragged her to shore. She spent some time in a hospital, but aside from bruises, and some exhaustion and exposure, she was basically fit- physically, at least.

Something in her mind had been broken, however, and all her will and pride had been sapped. She could no longer work as a teacher because she was too meek, too docile to control even the youngest students. In her private life, any man who wanted her had her, for she never said no, and never offered any resistance.

She sank as low as to be a street prostitute working for a pimp, turning a dozen tricks a night. Her beauty caused her to be sold to a high class brothel, where she was looked after by the madam. She only turned a couple of tricks a day, and the men were always nice to her, and never hit her.

It was a far cry from the life she'd led as a teacher, but far and away better than her life with the monster could have been. It wasn't, she thought, with a kind of mental shrug, a bad job, after all was said and done. She got nice clothes to wear, good food to eat, and regular sex. That was more than a lot of women got. Especially whores.

The end