

# Gabrielle's Mary Janes

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The "Tilted Kilt" is a Scottish-Irish themed sports pub. Though the franchise claims they are a family friendly, wholesome establishment, their main attraction besides their spicy wings is their even spicier waitresses, all of whom are dressed in fun, revealing outfits that would probably make most Scotchmen both offended and horny. The kilt in question refers to the tiny red plaid skirts each server wears, matching their red plaid bra, which is fully exposed by a white knotted crop top that frames the waitresses' (plentiful) bosoms nicely, since the knot is right underneath their cleavage. All girls wear a black leather pouch strapped around the front of their skirts, for collecting bills. Some schoolgirl-type, knee-high white socks and black, Mary-Jane-style, 4-inch heels complete the look that every fine lass that works at the "Tilted Kilt" possesses. All of the girls who work there are gorgeous, '9s' and up only.

So it came as no surprise when Sherri's male-dominated, accounting division chose this place for this semester of the company's team-building lunch. All of the women in the company, most of them older than Sherri, between 45 and 60, scoffed and rolled their eyes at their male coworkers' immaturity, as soon as they took a seat at the long, reserved table.

Though the 32-year-old spunky brunette did not mind. She was always more boyish and carefree in her manners, a quality that made her a favorite amongst male groups. Just like them, her eyes were freely wondering from tight plaid-covered tooshies to naked shapely legs to pressed-up round titties, all 'floating' around her peripheral vision. With all these delightful distractions, eating at this establishment should have been classified as a choking hazard!

The brunette's sinful eyes especially lingered on a gorgeous, black girl with puffy, black curly hair. She was around her height (about 5'8") slim as a snake with some gorgeous, plump C-cups and a round, ass, which was jiggling left and right as she was bringing a tray of pints to another table. Her exposed belly was flat like a drum, even making that oh-so-delightful indent in the belly button area. A belly button which had a cute piercing on it. Her caramel complexion tickled all of Sherri's intimate spots. She hadn't been with a "chocolate girl" in quite a while.

The last one was a cute mother-of-two she had chatted up at her local grocery store, while the woman was pushing a stroller with the two babies inside. Judy Clement...Clemence...something, Sherri could not recall. What she could always recall was the woman's meaty jugs and her gorgeous number size 8, dark-colored feet, the right one of which was currently inside a jar in the woman's basement drawer.

Sherri was stuck gazing at the hot waitress, as she took everyone's orders at her company's table. She had the prettiest smiling eyes, dark brown in color. A soft jawline and juicy lips, framing her beautiful and a bit toothy smile perfectly. Large hoop earrings adored either side of the girl's face. More importantly, Sherri's eyes travelled lower, on the girl's pretty ankles and her shoes. Her black Mary-Janes had this classic rounder tip at the front which made them extra cute and girly. This detail offered some delightful innocence to the girl's appearance, while the tall heel contrasted with promises of naughty, naughty exploits. Sherri was on a different dimension right now, fantasizing what she would do to those socked feet.

"...And what will it be for you, love?" Sherri's daze was snapped as the British black-girl addressed her with a cheeky smile and a cute London accent, with a little notebook and pen in hand. Sherri spotted the silver tongue-stud the girl had pierced. "Uhhh, a Guinness, thanks" Sherri was rarely taken off guard at this social interactions. She always had her wits and coolness ready to fire. Probably because she wasn't "out on the prowl" she wasn't expecting to be flabbergasted like that.

"I like 'em dark too, comin' right at ya" the girl that Sherri saw on her booby-tag was called "Gabrielle" said to her with a wink. "I also like 'em dark" Sherri thought, referring to the complexion of the young girl's areolas and nipples, almost poking out of her flaunted boobies.

The chatter around the 14-person table continued, some laughs, some toasts, but kind of dull, like any corporate mandate social interaction. Sherri wasn't the most social type around this circle, strictly by choice and not by inability to socialize. Like a proper psychopath, she had learned the patterns and mannerisms of a "normal" person, if anything to achieve her own, very selfish goals.

Luck had it that Gabrielle was the table's server for the day. Sherri sat there hearing all the borderline HR-related comments her male coworkers tossed about the hot black waitress. If this wasn't a work environment and there weren't other female coworkers present, these comments would have turned a lot more "blue" in nature.

Sherri snuck a few glances towards the cute Kilt-girl, who surprisingly reciprocated with a smile and the kind of eyes that Sherri had learned meant something. Something more than "I'm just being nice to you because it's my job". These exchanged looks did not stop through the group's meal, Gabrielle fucking Sherri with her eyes. Sherri was doing the same, plus some more, less romantic things. A silent flirt was dancing in the air and only they knew about it.

When the meal was reaching its closure, Gabrielle came over with the group's bill, inside a small plad pouch. On the bottom right corner of the piece of paper, Sherri and everyone else at the table saw the waitress had drawn a little winking smiley face. Sherri turned to find the girl working behind the bar, as the white woman trying catching the waitress' eye.

-Hehe, the waitress is doing the sweet-eyes on you, Stevens!

-Shut up dude, she clearly wrote that for me!

-Yeah, right, like she doesn't have other options except you two, haha!

The male crowd around Sherri's table teased and speculated about which of them this subtle love-letter was for. The rumors caught more fire when the gorgeous girl looked their table's way with a coy smirk. She was too far to know who she looked at exactly, so Sherri didn't thought the girl was "lezzing-out" for her. She kept silently downing her second pint.

Eventually, Gabrielle, or Gabi, as the boys had taken to calling her, came over for the bill. Bending over the table like a real slut, propping her ass up behind her and letting her juicy tits almost “spill over” on the table (a practice all servers at the Titled Kilt had mastered for maximum tips) Gabrielle received the pouch full of the group’s cash. She had come between Sherri and another guy to collect the payment. “Thank you so much guys, hope I’ll see you around soon!” she said, offering manufactured intimacy with her words and winning smile. As she moved up to leave, Sherri could swear she heard the girl softly and swiftly whisper the word “bathroom” next to her ear.

As the talk regarding the mysterious admirer took a hold of the main discussion yet again, Sherri waited a strategic 60 seconds, before excusing herself to the bathroom. She hadn’t misheard. Gabrielle was waiting next to the sink, in her cute “Hootersy” outfit. Waiting for her. Sherri was dressed in a silver coat-dress, with her signature tall-heeled black boots reaching her knees.

The two immediately found themselves making out inside the single bathroom stall of the girl’s workplace. No more “courting” necessary. Two pairs of hands, one white, one darker, groping and feeling the opposite skin-tone up, two beautiful, feminine bodies grinding against each other, wet, passionate sounds of lips smacking against each other and tongues lustfully intertwined. Not one word had been spoken between the two women. There really wasn’t any need.

“My shift ends in 30 minutes” the black hottie whispered with labored breathing, both from how hot and bothered she currently was, as well as being winded from her long kissing session. “There’s a silver Sedan at the parking lot” Sherri informed as the girl was seductively sucking on Sherri’s thumb, her eyes promising the white woman heaven. She loved the feeling of the girl’s silver little ball-stud tracing not only her tongue, but also her thumb. The spunky girl had probably used this little sex-aid in multiple occasions, whether going down on a stiff cock or a moist pussy. A bit of texture and temperature variety was always fun.

“Keep the outfit on” Sherri said/ordered the black girl with a dominant tone, giving Gabi one last glance from head to toe and lingering her gaze an extra second on the woman’s breath-taking, heeled feet, before pushing the stall door open and leaving.

When Sherri returned, her coworkers were getting ready to depart. She rushed through the necessary farewells before heading straight for her car and waiting on the driver seat. This boring, necessary-evil of a social gathering might be a blessing, after all.

Sherri checked her watch about 10 times, giddy with anticipation for her unsuspecting chocolate toy to arrive. Finally, after 38 minutes, she saw Gabrielle strut towards her direction, with a light brown coat down to her calves, covering her rather revealing working clothes. “Hi you” Gabrielle said in an adorable, slightly awkward gesture, biting her bottom lip as she got in the passenger seat of Sherri’s Sedan. “Hi to you, too” Sherri smirked, putting her boot on the gas pedal.

The 10-minute drive home was rather silent, the two women stealing voyeuristic glances of each other. The silence was causing Gabi’s lustful anticipation to bubble over, as she at one point slid her delicate fingers down the inside of her coat, “massaging” between her thighs. “No touching” Sherri said strictly, though still in a playful tone, keeping her hands on the wheel. “Aww, I like when you boss me around” Gabrielle played along, being naturally submissive in bed. She obeyed and removed her hands from her panties.

The car entered Sherri’s garage, and the two women got out. After a week of taking all kinds of shit, both from customers and from her boss, Gabrielle needed to let off some steam. What better way to do that than to fuck her brains out with a sexy brunette she just met?

Sherri led the girl by hand to the hall of her house. “Give me a minute, I need to get something” she said to the black girl and made her sit on a “welcome couch” in the hall of her comfy house. Sherri then went to her bedroom and opened a drawer, getting out a syringe, no longer than 3 inches, filled with a strong, quick acting sedative. She pocketed it and returned to her guest.

“Shall we pick up where we left of?” Gabi rose from her seat, dying to kiss Sherri again. She was about to burst with so much pent up sexual energy. “Soon” Sherri said, adding to the girl’s teasing, then grabbed her by the hand, leading her down towards her basement. “Where are we going? Do you have a sex dungeon or something?” Gabi said, not scared, on the contrary, rather intrigued. “Sort of” Sherri replied with a knowing smirk. “Hehe, I knew you were a kinky girl” Gabi said, as the two reached a locked door. “After you” Sherri unlocked it and gestured to the coat-dressed girl to enter.

“Finally, can’t wait to...” Gabrielle’s enthusiastic remark was cut short and her smile was wiped clean off her face as soon as she took in the basement’s environment, stumbling a few feet past the entrance. She was expecting something like sex swings, leather spank benches or St. Andrew’s Crosses. Instead, she was laying eyes on a space that looked more like a makeshift slaughterhouse than a sexy dungeon. Blood was all over the grey brick walls and the cement floor, and there were no sexy furniture whatsoever, apart from a handful of metal shelves, tool-trays, drawers and a wooden workbench on one side of the room.

Before Gabrielle could utter any reasonable question about her current location, she felt Sherri roughly smother her face, the stronger Caucasian woman wrapping her arms around her little kilted toy, before plunging the thin needle of her syringe on the side of the black girl’s neck. “MMMNNNGGHh!!!....” Gabrielle’s scream was muffled well by Sherri’s hand, and a couple of seconds later, the girl’s big, pretty eyes rolled up and inside her head, before closing, the sexy thing falling limp onto Sherri’s arms.

“Right, let’s see what kind of fun to have with you...” Sherri said to herself, pondering delightful combinations of extraordinary torture.



Gabrielle was lying on the cold cement floor. Her light-brown coat had been tossed away, allowing view of her magnificent body and her cheeky Tilted Kilt outfit, no element of which she had removed, as Sherri had ordered. In addition, the cleavage-knot of the woman's white top had been undone, the two white ends of fabric left loose to dangle on either side of her flat, exposed belly.

Sherri's favorite restraining material, a 2-mm thick, white PVC coated, electrical wire, had already been utilized into a chest harness and arm-binder combo. The strong wire dug itself on the underside of the girl's breasts, which were still covered (if you can say they were covered before) by her tiny red plaid bra. The ten wraps of cord, an OCD-driven requirement for the diligent Sherri, actually pushed Gabi's 'moneymakers' further up than the 22-year-old's youthful, tight muscle fibers and her seductive clothing already were, moving around her tits to wrap on either side of the girl's shoulders and then tied off behind her back.

As for Gabrielle's slim arms, they were painfully tied together behind the girl's back with the same white strict cord, squeezing her forearms and arms and forming a cruel box-tie, which brought great strain even to the generally flexible lass.

Sherri was currently wrapping a "tenner" of cord around the girl's left ankle, making sure no slack was anywhere near it, before pulling the loose end up until the leg folded in half at Gabi's knee. Sherri then passed the loose cord over and around the girl's left thigh until it pinched her soft, black skin, finally securing the single frogtie of Gabi's leg with a knot between her ankle and thigh, which she tightened with her patented method of plier-turning the loose ends, choking the blood circulation on Gabi's leg. It would awfully pinch and tickle when the girl would wake up.

But that wasn't enough for the creatively evil brunette. Wanting the slutty waitress to involuntary flash her rose-colored panties at her, Sherri took another short length of cord and linked the front of the woman's upper thigh to the backside of her chest harness, between the girl's shoulder-blades. This tie forced Gabi's frog-tied leg to stay lifted up at a 90 degree angle with her standing leg and spread graphically to the side. Her tiny skirt was pulled up by this move, exposing the girl's underwear.

With most of her toy's bondage in place, Sherri started crafting the rest of the setup she had in mind for poor Gabi. On the metal hook of her electronic pulley was attached another line of PVC cord, fashioned into a noose. Making sure to place the pulley over one of the four floor-rings she had available, Sherri squatted over her unconscious server and gave her a couple of impatient slaps on the face. "Hhh...hhuh..." the girl groaned as she was rudely awakened, her gorgeous eyelids fluttering open to the sight of the white smiling woman towering over her. "Up-up!" Sherri wasted no time, ordering the black, one-legged bitch whilst grabbing her by two different handfuls of her dark afro-hair and lifting her by them.

"OwwOwww... STOP!" the girl yelped at the sudden painful hair-pulling her hair, having little choice but to prop her lone, pretty heel under her bound body, or else Sherri would drag her over like a caveman with his buttered catch of the day.

"Don't worry, I got you love" Sherri called back to how Gabrielle had called her in the pub, being rather handsy whilst keeping her victim balanced on one foot. Before Gabrielle could fully take in her new predicament, Sherri had placed the waiting cord-noose around her neck. She then pressed a button on the dangling remote controller of the pulley, which rose by about 4-5 inches until Gabrielle could definitely feel the cord menacingly wrap around her neck and forcing her body rather taut.

"Gkk...let me...GO you fucking weirdo! I did notghk... sign up for suchghkk... shit!" Gabrielle protested, her anger and indignant tone undermined by the fact that every third word she uttered was choked out by her cord noose. Her twisting, hard to balance, bound body did not help her appear intimidating one bit.

"Why? I thought you wanted me to boss you around" Sherri said with a naughty smile, knowing full well that's not what the black stranger meant. "No...let me goghh...this isgkk... not cool!" Gabrielle struggled in her bondage, the single Mary-Jane that was making floor contact tapping around with frequent adjustments to keep the girl from asphyxiating. "Your foot is really fidgety, must be all the excitement of our little impromptu fun, right?" Sherri said, noticing the girl's distress. "Let me help you with that" she added "kindly" and squatted next to Gabi, tying off another piece of cord-rope around the girl's right ankle and attaching the other end to the metal ring on the floor, leaving little slack between the woman's foot and the ring.

Gabrielle could now only shuffle her foot in a 2-inch wide radius around her hitching spot. She wasn't going anywhere.



“Untie me ghkkk...RIGHT NOW! \*cough\* \*cough\*! Or I’mhhh...calling the cops! I’m not FUCKING arghhkk.. around” Gabrielle failed to seem imposing once more, letting her increasing fear show through her loudness. Sherri always loved it when her toys tried acting tough. They were always so adorable!

“But then our fun would be over and I could never live with myself if I did that” Sherri replied calm and fully in control to the girl’s threats. “But you want what you want...ok... call the cops” Sherri said to the clearly incapacitated woman. “Are youk...fucking CRAZY???” Gabrielle’s patience had been exhausted. She was left looking at Sherri with disbelief, “Look, you got the wrongghhkk kind of gal. I’m not intoghk.. whatever your weird role-play thing...is” she tried a different, more reasoning route, all while constantly struggling to position her heel underneath her precarious, hanging body.

“Ohh, that’s totally fine...” Sherri said, moving behind Gabrielle with a 5-centimeter-wide metal ring-gag, hidden behind her back and out of her toy’s sight. “In fact, I prefer it this way” she added, right before wedging the metal ring between the unsuspecting damsel’s teeth.

“NGHGhkkkaaaaaa!” Gabi whined as her logical, articulate and frankly annoying speech was taken away from her in an instant, Sherri buckling the leather straps on the tightest notch behind the girl’s caramel nape. “I like chatting with my toys, but it does get tiring after a while” Sherri explained, getting incoherent moans and angry sideways looks in return. Gabi was getting more furious, the more helpless she was being rendered. There was usually a tipping point for everyone, where that fury turned into terrified pleading, but Gabrielle was not there yet.

“Let’s see what do we have here” Sherri left the squirming, angry gal to get some of her frustration out through her jaw-spreading gag, and squatted over the girl’s leather pouch. “Oh nice, got some fine tips today!” she turned to face Gabi, holding the 36 dollars the girl had made in tips.

“HUKKghkk ‘OUUU!” (*FUCK YOU!*) the black beauty tried her best to insult Sherri. “I’ll take that thank you very much” Sherri thanked, pocketing the girl’s hard-earned cash. Gabrielle wouldn’t need the money where she was heading: Inside a 55-gallon barrel. On an important note, the hottie would be in liquid form.



“Ok, let’s get started” Sherri re-approached her toy, who stupidly tried to pull away, with both her ankle and neck tethered in place. The first cracks of her tough-chick walls were already showing, Sherri deduced by the girl’s furrowing brows. “NNghOOooo...HKay Ahaay!” (*NOoo, stay away!*) the girl chokingly uttered, not foiling Sherri’s plans in the slightest.

With a pair of big, hardware store scissors, Sherri started cutting the girl’s black panties off her sex. Each snip caused a delightful jerk and squeal from the scared woman, which got Sherri’s juices flowing. “Hmm I think I’ll get rid of you skirt, despite how cute I think it is” Sherri informed, snapping along the sides of Gabi’s thigh until her “Scottish-themed” skirt fell to the floor next to her. The girl’s matching red/plaid bra joined them soon after on the cement floor.

Sherri’s eyes gazed at her trapped plaything’s wonderful cunt. She paid special attention to the little dark-brown pubic bush the girl was “maintaining”. It was trimmed, but not too much, appearing rather “naturel”.

“Oh my, someone’s into gardening, haha!” she said, placing her fingers down the girl’s force-spread thighs and running them through Gabrielle’s curvy little “field”. “NNggaaaaa!” the girl whined in humiliation, trying to close her frogged leg, unable to avoid Sherri’s bodily exploration. “Wait! I have just the thing, you’re gonna love this” Sherri’s mind started spewing ideas. Ideas that would get anyone committed to a mental institution, or at least some kind of federal watch list.

Gabrielle was not demeaning herself any longer by gag-talking, watching worryingly as the Caucasian lesbian moved over to one of her many drawers and took out a thick piece of steel reinforcement bar. It was clearly sawed off by a much longer bar, and one end had been smoothed over into a rounder shape, making the object appear very much phallic. The “cockhead’s” surface was pretty ragged and sharp, not processed beyond jagged cutting. The bar was 12 inches long and 2 inches thick. At one point of its length, the ribbed steel bar had a makeshift dent-line made around it, about one centimeter deep.

“This is gonna make you feel better, since all the other stuff I’m gonna do to you won’t be as....hmmm...fulfilling” Sherri pondered that last double entendre, before shoving the huge, homecrafted steel cock through the woman’s pried, round lips. Gabrielle immediately begun gagging and choking at the phallus filling her noosed throat.

“Come on, suck it well, otherwise I’ll need to use some motor oil I got in the storage closet” Sherri informed while care-freely facefucking the poor girl with a hammer-fist grip of the metal bar. Gabrielle strained to swallow this 8-inch steel monster, about half of it stuck outside her ring-gag. “No we can’t have that, you have to finish your meal. Children in Africa are starving... or something” Sherri said, slamming the flat base of the cock to make it go further down the girl’s larynx. Gabrielle was twitching in full panic now, red-faced, with her air-hole fully plugged. The bar’s unfinished edge was scratching her delicate throat.

“Jez, you really suck at pleasing men” Sherri fake-mocked the black-skinned cocksucker, as she pulled the thing out of Gabi’s mouth. “Ghuuaa!!!...aaa...aaa...” a string of mucus-y saliva from the back of Gabi’s throat linked her tongue and the tip of the perpetually hard phallus, the red-faced girl panting to catch her already strained breath.

“Don’t be such a whiny little bitch” Sherri commented and keeping her other hand wrapped around the black girl’s waist to keep her close, inserted the giant, wet metal prick in Gabrielle’s sex with little romance or warning. Gagged cries left the girl who closed her eyes tightly to cope with the pain, her desperate wiggling only causing her pretty D-caps to jiggle up and down. It only aroused Sherri more.

Sherri used all her strength to push the unyielding phallus inside the woman’s cunt, until feeling the tip find obstacle at the girl’s cervix. “PHEEEHHHH, NNNNUUUUU, IK HUUUUUKHHH!” *(PLEASE NO IT HURTS!)* Gabrielle broke down in pitiful whimpering. Despite her innards dreadfully bruised and violated by this ungiving, humongous shaft. A good portion of this shiny cock was still poking out of the girl’s fuck-hole.

With her bound toy in obvious distress, Sherri grabbed the coiled length of cord she had on her shoulder and after wrapping it tightly around Gabrielle’s slim waist, fed the cord through the girl’s legs and tied it around that little notch on her DIY dildo, thus creating a relentless crotch-rope (or crotch-cord). Once she passed the loose ends through the girl’s plump asscheeks she pulled with all her strength, further driving the metal phallus violently against the little bottleneck hole that linked the girl’s pussy to her uterus. The girl’s cervix was damaged by the unnatural treatment it was experiencing.

“AAAAAahaaaaahhaaaa.!!!” tears were streaming down Gabrielle’s eyes, the poor girl wailing in indescribable pain, defenseless in front of Sherri who was actually putting on a sweat to make the 12-incher disappear as much as possible inside the girl.

Finally, with repeated yanking, Sherri felt something give in, as the girl’s cervix partially collapsed with the force of this metal battering ram. Drops of blood somehow managed to squeeze their way through the girl’s stretched hole and with gravity’s help, drip from her damaged cunt. 10 inches of the possible 12 were now nesting firmly inside the poor girl’s delicate pussy. Unfortunately for her, Gabrielle was not exactly a size queen. Though finding anyone able to accommodate Sherri’s toy was doubtful.

“There” Sherri tied the ends of the cord on the cord-line going across the girl’s round ass, making sure to keep all the tension intact. In the end, she was extremely satisfied with her work. Gabrielle’s pelvis was very visible bloated by the rude “guest”, the flat end of her steel ‘lover’ poking through her sex. Thoroughly cord-tied on her crotch, the steel bar was not coming off any time soon.

As with any cunt that felt like giving her trouble (pardon the pun), Gabrielle’s recent ordeal had brought her feistiness down multiple pegs. Never mind her stretched, damaged pussy, this thing was pushing against her intestines.

“Hhheeaahhh! Ge’ ik ouhg of ‘e...lk Hurrkhhh” (*Please! get it out of me, it hurts*) the suffering girl wiggled her frog-tied, tethered leg, too tormented for any bad-assery. Her cute, pierced tongue was flapping through the round opening of the ring-gag like a dying fish, caught in its hook, Sherri noticed. “Hehe, just like her beaten dead pussy” the woman made the connection. Though the first thing that Sherri always paid attention to were her victims’ exquisite feet and sexy footwear, this tongue was “winking” at her more and more, like Gabi had done during their first flirtatious exchanges.

“Let’s see what we’ve got here” Sherri seductively approached her tormented little deer from behind. It was crying and weakly struggling, caught in its bear/noose-trap. “I really like these black heels of yours, they’ll make an excellent addition to my collection” Sherri said as she

started disrobing seductively, like a true femme-fatale, in front of her unwilling guest. Her coat, her leather pants, her panties and bra, everything fell on the cement floor, revealing the white woman's sexy, curvy body and leaving only her black, heeled knee-high boots on. Gabrielle would have hoped to marvel at Sherri's stimulating nudity under drastically different circumstances. The woman was stunning, with a slim-waist that made that sweet-sweet inward curve between Sherri's big, feminine breasts and her wide hips. The woman's sex was fully shaven. It would be divine to eat, though Sherri had other ways of pleasuring herself.

The bisexual girl could not enjoy this sight at all; too busy wailing, with her pussy completely dry, save from all the blood running down the patterned industrial ribs of the rebar that were pressing against her cunt-walls. While generally a fan of "fulfilling men", this iron monster-cock was ruining her. Gabi would have to take vaginal penetration a long rain check, if she managed to escape this peril.

Sherri's boot heels clicked as the woman walked gracefully behind her tethered black toy and reaching for her frog-tied leg undid the little leather strap of Gabrielle's elevated shoe and gently removed it from the girl's 8.5-sized foot. She then grabbed her trusty scissors and, pulling at the toe-parts of the girl's cute knee-high, white sock, started shredding the foot-part of the sock, since the other was pinned by multiple coils of cord on the girl's calf. When she was done, Gabi's foot was utterly exposed to her, the rests of her white sock being a sort of shredded cotton calf-band.

"So pretty, so delicate..." Sherri was breathing heavily, placing both hands on the now bare foot of the girl's frog-tied leg, which was tethered facing upwards underneath the girl's naked asscheek. She run her hands all across the beautiful "undressed" foot, on every arch from the bridge to the heel and all the lighter-colored sole. She stuck her fingers between Gabi's cute, toes, her foot-fondling eliciting terrified, pained moans from the crying girl. Sherri noticed that her object of desire was situated at perfect crotch-height.

"I knew I had to get you as soon as I saw you" Sherri whispered through heavy-breathing, whilst kissing the crying girl's neck again and again, all while pressing her naked, white body against the back-side of Gabrielle's caramel one; feeling her milky-white tits against the girl's

milk-chocolate back, her pubic mount against her juicy ass and with her hands wrapped around the woman's naked tits. She couldn't resist giving the girl's nipple a firm pinch, as if the girl wasn't hurting enough on her sex. As Sherri kept kissing all the tender area of the girl's slender neck, from her clavicle to just underneath her ear, Gabrielle unintelligibly begged for mercy with a mixture of deformed words and sobbing which was periodically cut by the noose around her pretty necks. Drool was constantly leaving either side of her lip corners, her tethered, crossed hands tensing uselessly against her back. They were more likely to accidentally grope Sherri plump C-cups than to find any escaping tool.

Sherri was getting really worked up in this one-sided make out. Gabrielle did not see, but felt, her naked left foot being manipulated by Sherri so that her sole was spread, the thicker, rougher patch of skin being as taut as it could go. Despite the cord keeping her frog-tied leg from lowering, Sherri pressed the darn thing to lower as much as the bondage allowed, and then half-mounted the vulnerable girl's sole with her naked, shaved crotch. "Oh yeah....oh yeah..." Sherri was going for a little ride, as she needily grinded her sex against the black, bound girl's sole, soaking its surface with her built-up sexual moisture.

While doing so, Sherri kept her little fuck-doll against her with her left arm wrapped around her chest and her hand squeezing the girl's nipple with constant grueling pressure, while the right arm had moved the other way around; Sherri's middle and ring fingers fish-hooked inside the bitch's ring-gagged mouth and pulling her head backwards. Gabi yelped in utter humiliation, while her foot was being fucked from behind by her captor. Sherri was using her as she liked, shifting her hips along her sole like it was the best Sybian machine ever. Manhandling her. Well, woman-handling. In any case, this bitch would get Sherri off, whether she wanted to or not.

"NNggghh!!!...YYYESSS!" finally after a good rub-on, Sherri got her rocks off on the waitress' slippery sole. "Ooff, that was fun..." she said, whilst "hopping" off the sobbing girl's sex-stained foot. Gabrielle could not be feeling more degraded and used and the pitiful look she was giving Sherri encapsulated that. "What? Don't complain! You got fucking Colossus deep-rimming you" Sherri made a reference to the Marvel character. "I'm gonna freshen up and then we pick things up" she blew her poor, noosed, pelvis-torn victim a kiss as she turned to walk upstairs.



Sherri returned after 15 minutes with no more or less clothing than before to find her toy just where she had hung her from. Her beautiful, toned leg was trembling from the strain of carrying the girl's full weight for the past hour. But Gabrielle had no other option, since relaxing her taut leg would cause the cord-noose to squeeze her windpipe.

"Are you cramping, yet?" Sherri asked the girl, not really with concern, but more curiosity. "They usually start cramping after the first hour" she explained as she circled the girl like a shark around its wounded kill. She seductively grazed her hand against the woman's tight belly.

"PHhheeehhe, I wuung kell ayyooaagg!" (*Please, I won't tell anyone!*) Gabrielle made another pathetic attempt at convincing her captor to release her. Her wet puppy eyes and inability to articulate only made Sherri's pussy twitch with renewed arousal. "Oh, you won't tell?" Sherri played the pleading bitch like a fiddle, having become fluent in the "gaggish" language. "Ok, then, when I'm done playing with you, you can go home" she said with fabricated sincerity. The wording of her sentence didn't really put Gabi at ease, though.

"I am a bit insulted with the way you chose to present yourself though" Sherri moved on, putting her open palm on the girl's crotch-roped pussy. "Tsk tsk, that is some lazy grooming, were you planning to get in my pants with that bush?" she mocked the girl's pubic hair, clutching a fist over them and giving them a brief side-to-side yank. "Nggaaaaauhh\*couch\*" Gabrielle yelped, more in helpless indignity than in pain.

"We need to get rid of that..." Sherri decided and moved over to her hardware tool shelf. Gabrielle could only watch with terrible worry, until the naked, boot-wearing woman returned holding a blow-torch! "Naanngghhk!...Plhhgkk!...Nuughkk....!" Gabrielle's panic caused her to repeatedly choke on her high noose, as her body instinctively pulled and twitched in its narrow confines. "Hush now, I've done this before, the hairs just go up in smoke instantly!" Sherri replied to the shaking girl, as she turned her lighter on and placed the little flame right underneath the hissing end of the torch.

***PHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh***

The blow-torch lit up, spitting out a steady stream of fire. Gabrielle was now losing her one-legged balance from her panic, hanging for moments before finding her footing again. She had started crying again, which only validated Sherri's course of action. With the cord pulling her frogtied leg towards her back, she could not close her spread thighs. Sherri was now standing right in front of the girl, who could not back away not a millimeter more, with one tethering spot on her neck and one on her ankle. Simply grazing the flamethrowing device past Gabrielle's

grassy little patch of land was enough for Gabrielle's dark-brown curls to catch on fire, though Sherri passed the blowtorch by 2-3 more times.

Gabrielle was now screaming at the top of her lungs, being even noisier than the loud hissing of the blow-torch, as her pussy was being burnt right before her very eyes. Her cute pubic hair evaporated in seconds, the ugly smell of carbon hitting her nostrils as the smoke from them rose up. Sherri was now keeping the blow-torch blue flame only about 2 inches away from the girl's roped pussy, which had bright flame sparks all over its mount. "Should we give him Colossus some heat, make him feel more human?" Sherri joked as she followed her own advice and angled the blow-torch a bit lower towards the 2 inches of metal that were sticking out.

Gabrielle was just shaking her head left and right like a banshee, not even having a breath to scream from the agony. First her labia, then gradually her entrance and soon further inside, she could feel the heat from the thermally conductive steel quickly transfer over to her pussy's walls. Soon, the girl could feel this progressing, strong heat from her G-spot all the way down her mangled cervix. Sherri had a big dumb smile on her face, searing up the slut's baby-maker from the inside.

Sherri kept the blow-torch on the tip of the steel bar's for a few minutes, looking to really crisp the writhing girl's cunt. She watched in delight as the steel turned blue, then finally got red hot. While the part inside Gabi was not red hot, it was well beyond anything her sensitive vaginal walls could endure, giving the woman vicious burns all over her sex. Gabrielle could only shake her bound body, letting out periodic screams of utter agony, then catching her breath until the next scream. Sherri was having a blast.

The white woman kept heating the steel bar until the plastic coating of the cord tied around it started melting. Not wanting it to snap and relieve the bitch of her cock's deep-digging, Sherri blew the flame out. She hadn't realized it, but Gabrielle had passed out at some point in the last 10-20 seconds, her right leg doing nothing to support her weight. "Damn it" Sherri said, not suddenly worrying about the girl's well-being, but about her fun ending prematurely if the British bitch hung herself mid-roasting.



“Don’t you dare sleep on me!” she started slapping the noosed, slump-over cunt annoyed, whilst hoisting her a tad upwards with an arm around the waist. “Annngg!” Gabrielle woke up in mid-shock, her body continuing its screaming where it had left off. “It’s alright, it’s alright!” Sherri grabbed the ring-gagged girl’s face in her hands, sounding almost comforting as she pressed her forehead to Gabi’s. Gabrielle whimpered pathetically once more, though with no more tears to produce. Her mon pubis was now as ruined as her pussy’s interior, a charcoaled cooked mess of first and second degree burns, and a deforested, smoking pubic mount. The metal dildo inside her was around 100 °C, irreversibly scalding the poor girl’s sex.

“Hey! I can feel the heat from the dildo through your tummy!” Sherri exclaimed amazed, putting her hand on the waitress’ lower abdomen. “Isn’t that amazing?” she asked her victim, who did not seem to share her enthusiasm.

“Hmm, you could look more chipper” Sherri, pondered looking at the girl’s heavy eyelids and blood-shot eyes, her torment too much for consciousness. “I know what will wake you up” Sherri left her toy for a moment, returning with a small black box and two electrode cables that ended in two crocodile clips. The box was Sherri’s modified old car battery, which instead of 12 Volts now operated at 50 V, a potentially lethal and definitely dangerous amount.

Gabrielle was at this point, too exhausted to put up a fight, resorting only to weakly moaning and minimal nervous shifting. Her pussy was scorched and torn and with her leg starting to cramp from the strain, the red-faced black girl was holding on for dear life.

“Come on, haha, give it to me” Sherri referred to the woman’s tongue, which she was trying to clamp with the electrode clip, shoving it through the girl’s wide ring-gag. Despite holding the girl’s head still by a handful of her puffy hair, Gabi was ‘strangely’ not cooperating, turning her face away and sneaking her pierced tongue in the back of her mouth. Eventually the girl’s flopping ‘fishy’ took the bait and was “hooked” between the fierce teeth of the clamp.

Gabi had gotten some energy back already, cursing obscenities at Sherri who was dead-focused on clipping the second electrode securely onto the girl’s tongue, next to the first croc-clip. “There, all set” the white naked woman said, as one black and one red cable were now running through Gabrielle’s pried-open mouth and down to floor, where they were connected to the car battery, sitting beside Sherri.

Gabi's English-accented gibberish now sounded even funnier to Sherri, with the girl's cable-hooked tongue making things even more difficult for her. Despite her attempts to seem defiant, the girl could not hide her heavy breathing of dreadful anticipation, as her tongue was sticking through her ring-gag.

"Aaaaand showtime!" Sherri cheered as she squatted over the black box and looking up at her toy to not miss any lovely reaction, pressed the ON button on the modified battery. 50 mA of electrical current, an intensity belonging in the "extremely painful shock" category by official standards, moved in a flash from the battery to the waitress' tongue. Gabrielle did not utter any sound, the debilitating pain freezing her lungs to ineffectiveness, but she did jerk delightfully before Sherri's eyes, her whole body tensing and forced to "dance" with electricity as her eyes rolled to the back of her head.

Sherri turned the battery off after 5 seconds. Gabrielle sunk into her noose as soon as the current "let go" of her tongue, and stood back up on one foot after a couple of hanging seconds. "This is so fun! I haven't used the battery since...that May girl" Sherri reminisced about a ginger-haired white girl she was playing "electrician" with a few months back. She then turned the battery back on, watching as Gabrielle's whole bound body writhed once more. This time, she let the bitch cook for ten seconds, enjoying the show of the girl's torture. Gabrielle felt as if someone was stabbing her tongue repeatedly every millisecond. All the moisture in her tongue dried up from the frying it got.

Half-way through the "cooking" Gabi's supporting knee buckled from the paralyzing shock and the girl was both hanging and electrocuted for the last 5 seconds. "Tsk, ts, such a letdown" Sherri teased, right after closing the circuit. "How can I feel bad about stealing your tips when your lazy ass rests on my noose at every chance?" she added, while the tortured girl struggled to catch her breath and find her balance. Every move or shift of her body caused Gabi's ruined, penetrated crotch to hurt terribly, a torment which was only the background of her current ordeal.

"Are you having fun? Is this what you had in mind when you stepped into my car? A sadistic white bitch cooking your pussy and tongue?" Sherri poked more fun at her restrained science

experiment. Gabrielle was expecting her pussy and tongue to be heavily involved in this impromptu date, but not like this.

A loud cry was the only thing that left Gabrielle's battery-hooked yapper. The sound was not cute or even sentimental, rather fucking ugly and feral. Snot was dripping from the beauty's nose. Her head was killing her with the force of 10 migraines, and she'd only been zapped for 15 seconds. Her white crop top, with the small logo of the Tilted Kilt and her name tag on one side, was fully drenched in sweat from the young woman's torturous strain, as were her right knee-high sock and her bottom-cut left sock. The slim bitch must have lost more than 4 pounds just from suffering alone, though she'd rather go back to her usual diet.

"Ok, ready for one more round?" Sherri said as the black bitch weakly shifted in her bonds, pitifully moaning. Gabi was now hyperventilating from acute stress, a bad timing considering her noose-choked windpipe. "Aaaaand go!" Sherri pretended to flick the switch on, just to see Gabi's flinching reaction. "Hehe, got you!" she said, turning the current on a moment later. "Not gonna be sweet-tonguing anyone for hefty tips anymore" Sherri couldn't resist the pun, not caring whether Gabrielle heard her, too busy being electrocuted.



Sherri played “don’t put your tongue in the wall socket” with her new friend for a good while, until she got bored because Gabrielle wasn’t as responsive as during the earlier parts of their game. The naked, boot-wearing woman’s cunt was itching for another climax. But first, she had to harvest her ‘collectible’ items. She saw it like cutting the flower out of a beautiful plant to put in your jar. Gabrielle was the plant in this metaphor. And she had some gorgeous flowers.

With her (poetically fitting) gardening scissors at hand, Sherri got up close to her toy, her naked breasts pushing against Gabi’s. “Don’t worry, honey, we’re almost done, I just have to take some things from you. You know, like souvenirs” she spoke sweetly to the suffering British girl, who had no strength, nor spirit to reply.

Sherri gently fondled the woman’s vulnerable breasts, feeling Gabrielle up. The girl’s nipples looked like two perfect little cherries on the cake that was the girl’s areolae, which had these cute little bumps around the nipple.

“Nguuuuhhh?” Gabrielle inquired worryingly, glancing between her boobies and Sherri. Her tongue was fully numb and still aching from the previous “game”, sticking through her ring-gag. “These are beautiful, Gabi. They’re definitely gonna enrich my collection” Sherri complimented her captive with a sincere, warm tone.

Without much fussing, Sherri used one hand to firm up the girl’s nipple, rolling it between her thumb and index, before pulling it sharply outwards like it was a line of fabric. At the same time she placed the two large blades against the girl’s C-cup titty and swiftly snipped the nipple clean off!

“AAAAAghk....Aaaaaahaaaaaagkh...\*cough\*” Gabrielle’s scream was interrupted by her instinctive pull choking her out. Her right areola was now a smooth surface with a big, bloody dot in the center. “Eaaaasy there, just gotta take the other one” Sherri spoke as if calming down a riled up pet at the vet, repeating the previous rub/pull/snip method to the girl’s left nipple, all while holding the right nipple in her hand. More pained cries and more choked struggling followed, Gabi not on board with having her nipples taken from her. She could not avoid Sherri’s close embrace one inch, though.

“Look! Don’t they look great?” Sherri showed the girl her open palm, on which rested two dislocated, dark-brown meaty bumps, each with a bloody wound on one side. Sherri moved over to deposit her latest tokens in her nipple-jar, literally what the name insinuated. It was a 300ml,

clear-glass jar, half-full with lots and lots of nipples. Gabi's pair stood out amongst the rest, only because of their lively color, which would soon fade.

"I usually just go for the foot at this point, but there's no way I'm leaving that sexy tongue go to waste" Sherri explained, holding a steel clamp, attached to a small chain, each word she uttered widening her captive's pretty eyes further. The black girl had put two and two together, regarding what "go for" meant. More hoarse, desperate, ugly, choked, moan-pleading followed, which only got Sherri wetter as she carelessly shoved her clamp-holding hand inside the girl's gaping mouth and attached the vice-like metal clamp on the girl's already pretty sore tongue. A 5-inch chain now dangled from the girl's gagged mouth, swaying nervously with the tongue's terrified flailing. "We need to do this safe so that I don't accidentally cut myself" Sherri sounded surprisingly cautious, only because the hazard involved her and not her moaning guest.

Leaving the tongue-clamped Gabi to enjoy her tongue for just a minute longer, Sherri walked over to her metal drawer and shuffled through it until she found a 5-pound metal weight, those cylindrical ones used in old-timey manual scales. It had a hook on top, which came handy for the woman to attach it to the ring at the end of Gabi's tongue chain.

"Hahaha... you look like a proper whore waiting for her load" Sherri commented, watching the weight immediately pull the girl's pink tongue through the ring-gag and down towards the center of the earth, stretching it to its limit over the girl's chin. Gabrielle could only pant and scream every 2-3 exhales, her eyes visually screaming just as much.

"Don't...jerk..." Sherri said, grabbing another tuft of Gabi's afro and carefully moving the blades on either side of her prisoner's hopeless, stretched tongue and against the metal of the ring-gag, so she could get as much tongue for her buck as possible. Gabi could not retrieve her poor tongue inside, despite how much she tried to. The suggestive piece of wet flesh only mildly jerked in place, its front firmly caught in the metal clamp's grasp.

**HHHHHHrrrraP**

Sherri severed most of the girl's tongue, making sure to include the girl's stud-piercing in her "cut". The snip took much longer than the nipple ones, the sharp blades going through 2 whole centimeters of slippery flesh. The initial pump of blood from the severed muscle hit the white woman's shapely breasts, painting them with red squirts.

The weight dropped to the floor with a metallic thud, a severed pierced tongue and a chain following its trajectory immediately after. Gabrielle's mouth was immediately full of blood, the girl in a full frenzy, squealing in terror and pain and wiggling her castrated tongue inside her

mouth, as blood was filling it and running down her chin. Sherri unclamped the dismembered tongue, about 1.5 inches worth and with its silver stud still pierced through it, and picked the severed piece of flesh up.

“Want a taste?” Sherri smiled devilishly at Gabrielle, while rubbing the girl’s disembodied tongue against her naked pussy-lips. It actually felt great, not much different than if there was a person attached to it. Either that or Sherri was getting off on the fun concept.

“Let’s see how deep you can go” Sherri kept mocking her bleeding slave, inserting the butchered piece of flesh inside her pussy, until it disappeared. “See? Now you can lick my pussy wherever I go” Sherri laughed, keeping the girl’s tongue inside her with her Kegels. She decided to store it there until she was done with the black whore.



With her tongue sliced off, Gabrielle did not need Sherri's mean ring-gag to sound like a distressed, squealing animal. "Let me help you with that" Sherri "kindly" unbuckled the girl's ring-gag, removing it from the girl's cheeks, the leather straps having left a faint mark. "Aaaangghhuhhgg!" Gabrielle tried to speak, still riding high from the adrenaline that comes with having your tongue chopped off. Her beautiful juicy lips were painted redder than before with her own blood. "Hahahaha! You sound like a fucking goat" Sherri could not contain her laughter at the miserable girl's irreversibly mangled speech.

To contain the tongue-less bitch's blood loss, Sherri wadded her shredded, plad miniskirt into a tight ball and stuffed it through Gabi's bloody lips. It also soundproofed the black cunt's whiny sobbing a bit, which Sherri appreciated. You can enjoy a wailing beauty's screams for so long, before they become annoying and headache-inducing.

Sherri took a step back to take stock of her toy's state. Gabrielle believed she was in agony far earlier in the evening, before her pussy had been blow-torched or several of her body parts cut off. Now, her cramping leg could barely hold her from asphyxiating and she was on the verge of dying from either the internal bleeding of her ruined, steel-fucked pussy (the bulge on her burned pubic mount still very visible) or the external of her chopped tongue, currently nesting inside the warmth and coziness of Sherri's moist cunt. The girl's wadded skirt, which the girl was currently 'gnawing' at, was only a grim reminder of how the girl had ended up in this horrible place. Her cutesy white socks and Alice-in-Wonderland type heels now appeared much less pinup-y, when taking into account her cruelly bound body in this damsel slaughterhouse.

There was no way around it. Gabrielle looked horrible, having lost some of the color on her otherwise attractive face. Sherri deemed she'd be alright. The girl was not attempting to spit out her bloody skirt from her mouth, puffing up her once rosy cheeks. She was too exhausted and too broken to offer resistance. She appeared kind of resigned to her demise. They all were before shit got real again.

The fair-skinned psychopath left her innocent toy alone to put on her favorite dark leather, industrial apron. She had made it sexier a few months ago by cutting out the back part, thus allowing full view of her tight, peachy asscheeks. The front of the apron reached her booted

knees, covering her (already bloodstained) tits, her belly and thighs. She then grabbed a brown-handled hacksaw from her collection on one wall, about 14 inches long.

Sherri's half-dead ragdoll breathed slowly and heavily through her nose, with no energy left in her. Gabrielle let frequent gurgled but muffled sounds, from drowning in her own blood as well as asphyxiating from the unyielding cord noose that had bruised her neck long before. Her balled-up sexy skirt, puffing her pretty cheeks behind the gag, was already soaked with her blood, though red as it was already, it didn't show.

Using a black sharpie, Sherri traced a dashed line onto the girl's girly white sock, going around the slim leg just above Gabi's right ankle. Gabrielle watched her killer work, offering little reaction, her morale as destroyed as her body.

Sherri, wearing only her black leather apron and her matching, 5-inch-heeled boots, knelt with folded legs next to the black girl's floor-tethered foot. "Hehe, your tongue tickles inside me!" Sherri felt her unique sex-toy shift inside her cooch as she moved. "Bet you couldn't satisfy me like that" the kneeling woman said, stroking the soft thigh of the woman's standing leg. She then pressed the detached tongue, which was ready to slide out of her pussy, back inside herself. "Let's do this!" she said as wholesomely as someone starting a campfire.

With absolutely no obstacles in her way, Sherri placed the sharp blades of the hacksaw against the drawn line of the girl's cotton-covered ankle, holding the foot's bridge with her free hand. Gabrielle could not even yelp to plead for her life, only breathing at a quicker pace from the inevitable, carnal fear. She wasn't jerking nor struggling to avoid Sherri. She had learned well within that past two hours that this was useless. More importantly, she was utterly exhausted. Only other physical difference was her half-closed, reddened eyes, opening with one last sheer of adrenaline.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMNNNNNGG!" another feral, muffled squeal left Gabrielle's disfigured maw, as the Caucasian woman's first push of the tool not only tore the fabric of the feminine sock, but also dug about 1 centimeter into soft flesh, drawing blood.



“MMMnnnnngghhhhhhhuuuuhhhhhhhhh!” Gabi’s moans were now more droning and long than energetic and sharp at this stage. The mutilated girl did show some life by twitching her cord-tied body during the “process”, but it was mostly instinctive agony than actual fighting. Sherri largely ignored her, pulling and pushing the blade with purpose, working it towards the girl’s tibia. Blood colored Gabi’s white sock as it spurt from the increasingly widening wound.

The blade reached the bone and the wet sloshing of the blade separating calf muscle turned to dryer and louder grinding as it found a harder obstacle. No worries, Sherri had tested these saws on numerous other “piggies”. These relatively thinner bones were no match for industrial-grade steel. Sherri started moving her sawing hand faster and faster, to get the job over with. Once the blade cleared the bone, it took only two more swings to fully detached Gabrielle’s dainty black Mary-Jane heel from the rest of her leg.

Well, the noose was already hitched at the girl’s height with no slack, so after Gabrielle lost about 8 inches (half attributed to her sexy heeled shoe, the other half to her actual foot) of height, her tied body was up in the air, the butchered surface of Gabi’s right ankle being a couple of inches off the cement floor. With her other leg uselessly frog-tied on her side, Gabrielle flailed her free, but cord-shortened leg, blood flying from the gaping slash at every direction at which the hanging girl kicked the air. Her other folded leg also flailed in its restraint movement, in complete disharmony with the other one. The woman’s body had taken over from her mind, shooting its last shot at surviving. As if it would succeed.

Sherri stood up to marvel at her lovely date’s last moments, not bothering with the severed foot, which was still wearing its bloodied sock and heel, resting sideways on the floor. Gabrielle’s body rotated slowly by her noose, as it did its best, given the stacked-against odds, to prolong its sad, miserable existence.

“Gkh...gkh.....gkh.....” Even those choking gurgles were too soft to be heard through the padding that was the girl’s skirt-gag. The noose wasn’t allowing much air to travel through the girl’s throat anyway.

Sherri watched in quiet awe, her fingers already having slithered their way to the side opening of her apron and between her legs. The sloshing of the girl's (still kind of warm) tongue inside her sex, helped along by the woman's own finger-probing and the exquisite sight of the pretty waitress that had brought her beer about 3 hours ago, now degradingly dying on her noose. It all culminated into a marvelous, orgasmic build up.

Gabrielle's eyes were pointing towards Sherri's ceiling, rolling inside the girl's almost brain-dead head. The bitch was on her last twitches, having – surprisingly! – lost her battle with Sherri's noose. Edging herself to prolong her enjoyment and time her climax just right, Sherri approached – still fingering her pussy – the hanging black girl and putting her aproned naked body against the suspended girl's, she squeezed Gabrielle's bare asscheek with an open palm, digging her nails on the girl's bouncy flesh in the process. "Look at me!" Sherri yelled through her teeth, approaching fireworks, while Gabi was approaching the underworld.

The girl's nervous system was on autopilot, not responding to much external stimuli anymore. Gabrielle kept eyeing her own eyelids, weakly twitching in the air. Sherri lowered her head towards the woman's cleavage and bit the dying girl's left titty-meat. "MMnnngg!" Sherri groaned delightfully with her teeth sunken on tasty brown meat, fingering herself rapidly. The fact that Gabrielle was not kicking or letting out the slightest squeak in response to Sherri's blood-drawing titty-bite indicated that she was far gone.

And so, with her teeth gripping the expired woman's nipple-less boob, Sherri groaned as she climaxed for the second time in the evening. Gabrielle's well-brushed eyelids were no longer fluttering, but stood still, along with her rolled eyes and her alluring lips equally immobile, not gnawing on her skirt anymore. It only remained stashed there with no pressure, half of it sticking outside of her blood-stained lips.

As Sherri let go of the woman's ass and breast, Gabi's body swayed lightly from the noose, with no other movement "input". She was dead.

"Thank you, love. You were magnificent" Sherri momentarily rose on her tippy-toes to give the expired damsel a sweet kiss on her cheek. Doing so, she supported herself on Gabrielle's shoulders, putting even more weight on the dead girl's neck, though the British girl expressed no objection to that.

“I think I’ll start calling people “love”. It’s so endearing!” Sherri spoke, to no one but herself now, as she left her breathless toy to “rest” in the air and moved over to the other side of the basement, to put some more protective clothes on. Hydrochloric acid is not a joke when it comes to human flesh. It eats it up in seconds. So safety measures are mandatory.

“Oh, almost forgot!” the still cum-drunk Sherri uttered, retrieving Gabrielle’s pierced tongue from inside her sex-hole. It was still soft and squishy; it was also coated with Sherri’s orgasming discharge. “What am I gonna do with it?” she mumbled, bringing the amputated body part to eye level, holding it with her fingers from the top and bottom part of the metal accessory going through it.

“It’s just gonna mess with the uniformity of my collection” the half-naked woman mumbled to herself, before hurling the soft, slimy piece of flesh into a near garbage bin; insulting the hanging woman even in death by discarding her chopped body part.

