

Jack of Diamonds

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"I swear to god, Trevor, if you don't give me my money RIGHT NOW, i'll plant my boot so far up your ass you'll be tasting the sole" she said through her teeth, pulling the man's collar from the other end of the bar, with both hands. "Calm down, Jack...you'll...you'll have it tomorrow!" the lanky man replied, frightened. This woman was not to be messed with. At 6 feet height and physically stronger than half the men in that joint, she was the epitome of the expression "badass chick".

The young woman was wearing her favorite black, spiky, skinny-fitting cropped leather jacket that showed off the lined abs of her rock-hard belly and her slim waist. She always left the jacket open, giving sight to the white bra-top underneath, which pressed against her perky, full C-cups. Her shapely legs and fine booty were outlined by the tight, dark/grey camo pants. Calf-high, black biker boots with many straps were on her feet.

The 25-year-old's head was sporting an undercut on one side of her head, half-shaven almost to the skull, the other half styled in purple-dyed, wavy hair down that flowed femininely down her shoulder, giving a contrast to her masculine buzz cut on the other half. Her lean body was covered in tattoos. Their dark color matched the darker tones of her luscious lips and eyeshadow.

It was a pretty standard look for the woman that mom and dad called Jacqueline. But Jack sounded better to her and her parents were nowhere near her for thousands of miles. She always had an androgynous vibe to her, and it reflected not just on her look, but also on her attitude.

"Don't make me ask again" she said, piercing the man with her eyes. It was 50 bucks, but in this tough world, there was no place for handouts. It would just show weakness, and Jack was anything but a pushover. "Ok! Ok! Tomorrow..." the man nodded with his hands half-raised in the universal "don't hurt me" position. Jack let the man's shirt go, with a push that flung him across to almost hitting the wall behind his bar.

Smoke filled the crowded shithole of the establishment called “Mary Jane”, to the point that its misty atmosphere was one of its permanent features. Rock music blasted from the speakers. The joint was full of all kinds of shady people, who by this hour, were drinking generous amounts of alcohol and laughing their asses off. A strong woody thud was heard now and then, from the patrons slamming their fists down at the tables, either in amusement or anger.

Jack propped herself against the bar by her shoulders, scanning the place. It always paid off to eavesdrop on conversations. Something useful, meaning profitable, might come up. Being a “scam of the earth” (her words), meant a regular 9 to 5 job was pretty much out of the question. The 25-year-old woman always looked to more “alternative” methods of income, most of them outside the realm of the law. A small robbery here, some bouncer-type gigs there, Jack survived with little discomfort.

After her parents died at a young age, she bounced from orphanage to foster home and then back to the orphanage, developing a rough-around-the-edges exterior (to say the least). But she learned to get ahead in the direst of situations. As corny as it sounded, she had been raised by the streets, in the truest sense of the word.

Jacqueline didn't seem in a hurry, though. The opportunity would arise; you don't have to force these things. It was the companies that looked serious and conspiratory that Jack looked for. They always had something to hide. If nothing else, she would keep downing beers and probably find someone to “bang” her brains out with.

Soon enough, she would get what one of the two things she was looking for. First, the cumulative sound of a bunch of arriving motorcycles was heard, over the loud music of the bar. The bar's customers felt unease just at the sound of that. This sound could mean only one thing. Seconds later, the doors of the modern saloon burst open and 6 men entered like they owned the place.

Because they did.

But there was an added reason for that cockiness. The clue was in the patch they all had, sewn on the sleeves of the men's jean or leather jackets. It depicted the shape of an eagle, in front of a red background. This was the mark of the infamous “Fuerza” gang, a biker gang that over the last years had gained almost complete control of the city's underworld. The fact that they were a biker gang was only the front of a pretty successful enterprise. It now had over 30 members, mostly of South-American origins. Many people were afraid to even make eye-contact with a member of that gang. They did not want to risk any trouble.

Jack, though, she was trouble. She didn't give a fuck about those brain-dead monkeys and their bicycle toys. She had her own motorcycle and she didn't need to join a stupid club to show it off. She lit a cigarette and watched them casually, exhaling smoke through her nose as the men passed by her, led by a bald, muscular man with a vertical scar from one side of his right eye to the other. He had a thick mustache and a heart-freezing look. It seemed like just by looking at him and his size, you could tell he was the leader amongst these people. His name was "Pablo the Hound" and no one dared going against him and his gang.

As the gang passed by Jack, a couple of them locked eyes with her, surprised by the fact that she, unlike everyone else, had not averted them away. "What you're looking at, puta?" said a fat guy, with a long, fuzzy beard and long hair. "For an excuse to suck your cock" her sarcasm didn't miss a beat, as she teased him by swirling her tongue left and right. He scoffed, not having a comeback for that, and followed the rest of the gang, that had huddled around a table in the corner of the establishment.

This particular table had been unofficially declared as the "conference" table by many, as it was the most remote out of all the others, thanks to a wooden booth-wall, separating from the other tables. Most jobs, whether robberies, drug deals, or anything else, were arranged on that table. Jack kept a close eye on the gang, taking another puff from her cig.

A couple minutes flew by and Jack spotted a cute chick, around her age, maybe a little younger, like 22. She wore a dress that every man in this room would tear off her in seconds, if there weren't laws against that. Not that legality mattered much in this hellhole. Considering the fact that "Mary Jane" was filled with criminal individuals, this was still a possibility the girl's dress could fly off her slender body. Her green eyes glistened under her brown bangs.

The woman grabbed the sexy chick's arm, as she was passing right by her, abruptly stopping her in her tracks. "What does a pretty girl like you doing in a shithole like this?" Jack asked with a naughty smirk. "I should ask the same thing" the girl flirted right back. Jack was a muscular, but lean chick. Lined instead of buff, but still, the girl's delicate arms were much skinnier than hers. She thought she could probably snap 'em like twigs. There was no question as to who would play "husband" later on.

"Why don't we sit somewhere, you know, get to know each other?" Jack said and without waiting for an answer, took the woman by her hand and sat on the table right next to the one she was eyeing earlier. Despite the booth-wall in-between, you could still eavesdrop if you tried hard enough. The men seemed to be eyeing the two girls, with a not-at-all welcoming look. They certainly didn't like the fact that they sat so close to them. Jack put the small girl, no taller than 5'3", on her lap, and ordered two glasses of beer. As she kept flirting (and progressively groping the girl's thighs and waist), she could hear the faint chatter from the other side of the wood:

"So, let's recap, the briefcase will be delivered at "Shine's" headquarters, around 10 A.M. There's at least 2 pounds' worth of diamonds in this case, so we'll each have a nice cut" the man said to his peers. "Security is small, only two armed guards at the entrance. The guys in the car are just suits" he said. "Reason is they tryna keep in on the low, but my source is solid. Tomorrow we get them".

"Where is your mind wondering to?" the green-eyed cutie asked Jack, as the woman had perked her ears out, her eyes focused on nothing. "Hmm, i'm thinking of all the kinky shit i wanna do to you..." Jack half-lied. Her mind was fixed on the words "2-pounds' worth of diamonds" line, not that she didn't have any ideas about what she wanted to do to the feather-weight hottie.

Jacqueline was always a fan of all kinds of pleasures, a true pansexual. Man, woman or anything in between, a hot piece was a hot piece. Her sex-drive was unmatched, the woman was a real beast in the bed-room, garage floor, dumpster outside of Mary-Jane; you name it.

"How will we know which ones are they?" another goon asked the leader. "The car is a black BMW" the man said. Jack had heard everything she needed to hear. The valuable package would be mysteriously gone by the time the "Fuerza" gang was there to pick it up.

"Let's get out of here" Jack suddenly said, or more accurately, announced to her little sex-kitten. Downing her half-full beer pint in one go, she took her again by the hand and they headed towards the exit of the bar, while the bartender was just bringing them the second round of beers Jack had ordered.

The sexy pair attracted looks like magnets, from all the (predominantly) male regulars. Pablo eyed the woman, as well as her juicy behind, with a look of distain, one he couldn't yet explain. This bitch should better not cause him any trouble.

Jack did not intent on waiting until they arrived at her shitty hole of an apartment. Pinning the submissive lass against the brick wall of the alleyway, near the store, she made out with her passionately, before lowering her hand underneath her dress, setting aside her panties and fingering cutie to a powerful climax. The lass was a loud slut, so Jack held her mouth shut with her hand, something she liked doing, as if she wasn't dominating the petite girl enough.

It was shaping up to be another fun night. And judging by the entail Jacqueline collected earlier, the morning would be equally fun, too.

"Any minute now..." Jack said to herself, while checking through her binoculars towards St. Peter's Boulevard. She was a confident person, but a loner type, so having conversations with herself wasn't out of the ordinary. The girl had been camping for about an hour, sitting on her motorbike on some small junkyard at the side of the boulevard. It was a battered old thing, but she loved her bike. They had been through a lot, together. The boulevard was crowded with three rows of vehicles. Jack was pretty certain that in order to get to jewellery company's headquarters, the car had to pass through that road.

Lots of honks and curses surrounded the background of an otherwise beautiful morning. Finally, she spotted it. A black BMW, sparkling with cleanliness as much as the diamonds it was carrying. "Showtime..." she said, taking a lust puff of her cigarette, before tossing it on the ground, pulling a black ski-mask over her head and setting off on her bike.



5 HOURS LATER

The girl was relaxing on a chair, inside her tiny closet-like apartment, one leg on top of the other, crossing at the ankles, and propped on the counter of her even smaller kitchen. She exhaled smoke from yet another cigarette, although this one tasted so much better than the morning ones. This one tasted of victory. On her tiny wooden table, crammed next to her tiny fridge and oven, was an open briefcase. A shine emanated from inside it, coming from 2.3 pounds of pricey diamonds.

It was a job well done. There was no way these bozzos could offer any resistance. The corporate ones are always such pussies. She waited for them on a narrower, less crowded road. When she stopped at the red light, she walked up to passenger window, opened the door and pointed her gun straight at their faces. She roughed one of them a bit, giving him a bloody nose for taking too long to hand the briefcase over, but these things tend to happen. In the end, the Fuerza dudes were left waiting 8 blocks further down, for an ambush that would never take place.

The moon shines at the night sky. After a good, long nap, Jack treated herself to some Chinese take-out, figuring her economic problems were solved for a good while, now. With the right buyer, they could set her good for years to come.

Suddenly, a terribly loud thud on her door breaks the tranquility. "What the fuck?" she mumbles. The thud repeats, the rusty hinges of the door pushing their limit. Jack rushes to grab her gun from the bed, but at the third thud, the door flies off inside the room!

Five men step inside, each with a gun in his hand. They all look Latinos, some still wear their Fuerza jackets. A thin, short man, with short and dark, greasy hair is walking first, pointing a gun straight at Jack. He looks like a real sleazy bastard. His name is Rodriguez. He is Pablo's right hand man for most things. Unlike most Fuerza members, Rodriguez prefers a slicker look, if you call a cheap suit and faux-leather shoes classy.

"Drop it...you fukin bitsh" he speaks in broken English. Jack looks at them, pissed. She didn't expect them to drop on her like that. She was planning to keep a low profile for a while until the dust settled, but the gang quickly realized who was behind this, when they overheard their would-be victims talk about a tall, lean woman who had robbed them. Once Pablo got a "whiff" of that, it was only a matter of time before he made a stop by Mary Jane and "quiz" the employees on the identity of that woman.

"You are coming with us" he says, as a fuming Jack drops her gun. She can't possibly take out all five of them. "You...motherfucker..." she sighs as she raises her palms on head level, and slowly puts them up. The creepy man approaches her, holding a piece of duct tape on his hands. The situation couldn't seem bleaker for our anti-heroine. "Gimme your hands like a good little chika" he says with a twisted, eerie smile.

As he moves a little closer, Jack suddenly tightens her fist and punches him straight in the face! Blood flies from his mouth, along with three teeth. Seeing that, the surrounding men all launch at the attacking woman.

Jack gives everyone some good bruises, but they are way too many, and her tiny apartment doesn't give her much space to flee. After a fight that in any other case would end in a second, the thugs finally overpower the struggling girl. With her arms securely locked behind her back by multiple people's grasps, Jack has already received a few stifling hits to her sides, stomach and face. Her bottom lip is bloody, her one eye already starting to swell.

Rodriguez is feeling for the rest of his teeth, visibly pissed off. He liked his teeth, he liked having them all. "You're gunna regret this, puta!" he yells in anger. With each of Jack's arms being held by two thugs, the girl is trying to catch her breath from the assault. The man takes his time winding up, before burying his fist into the girl's stomach. She let out a painful groan, but the man was not satisfied. He retrieves his arm, and strikes again, cowardly, with Jacqueline unable to defend herself.

It is surely unfair, but the small man doesn't care. He gives her a couple of more hits, before taking out his pistol. "Fuck you, midget!" Jack curses at him, trying to catch her breath, as he brings the metal bottom of the gun's handle down on her head and knocking her out cold.

Jack was carried off on a tall man's shoulders, her arms and legs swaying limply with each of the giant man's step. A grandma entering the apartment building could only watch with a shocked expression, as the men barely glance at her. "Wha...what's going on?" she reluctantly asked with a quivering lip.

"She fell..." one of the guys responded in a cold tone, not slowing his pace.



Jack's head was still spinning, as she slowly came to her senses. She quickly scanned the room around her. There were only a couple of ceiling lamps, with no cover, just the bulbs lighting up the space. The ceiling was wooden and full of cob-webs in the corners, the floor made of dirty, even muddy, square tiles. A dusty plasma T.V was hitched on the wall, with some videogames and a tiny fridge in the corner. Lots of couches lined the walls, with holes and chunks of foam missing in all of them.

It was as if a fraternity lived in this place, 10 years ago. The atmosphere felt...musty, damp like a living room with the smell of a basement. Jacqueline appeared to be alone in the room.

The blood on her lips had dried, and the side of her swollen left eye has a deep, purple color, almost matching her hair. She was still in her clothes, the same she had yesterday at the bar, although that seemed to be the only silver lining. Well, the pricks had already taken the opportunity to cut her white bra/top in half, so now her breasts were readily visible, poking between her small leather jacket and her dangling torn top halves.

The girl's knees felt sore from prolonged strain, so she tried to stand up.

She found it impossible. A pressure around her neck kept it still. It was hard, thick metal, a metal collar. "Ffffuck..." Jack blurted out, still dizzy from the beat up. The stiff collar was attached to a vertical pipe that had been securely bolted to the wooden floor, its height spanning from the floor to the girl's neck.

Jack's wrists were handcuffed behind her, and so were her ankles, with short shackles around her chunky biker boots. She was not completely immobilized, but was definitely not moving away from there by herself.

All of a sudden, the door slammed open, and 7 or 8 guys burst into the room, with raspy laughs and beer-cans in hand. Most of them she recognized from the earlier visit they paid her, though there were some more of their friends, too. Jack immediately spotted the oily-haired, short prick, approaching her along with his buddies.

"Rihe and hine, khika (*Rise and Shine, chika*)" he said with even more incomprehensible English, due to the fewer teeth. "Ready fo dinna?" he said elbowing his pals and chuckling.

Since Jack had seen them enter the room, her adrenaline had kicked in again, and she was snorting air like a rodeo bull just itching to be let into the arena. Kneeling as she was, she looked up at all of them, even 'Shorty', but her look remained defiant. A couple of them approached her, with Rodriguez standing right in front of her.

"Wouldn't it be fair if i pulled this puta's teeth out?" He commented, holding a pair of pliers in his hands. "A tooth for a tooth, they hay (*say*), maybe i take five teeh (*teeth*) of yourh for each you took" he toyed with her. If there were not strict orders from "above" to not harm the girl in this way, Rodriguez would have no problem, putting those pliers to good use.

Instead, the short, suited guy unzipped his pants, and pulled out his unimpressive, 4-inch hard pecker. "You call that a dick? hahaha" Jack mocked her captor's manhood, even during these dire times. But Rodriguez' mates started joining him in "brandishing" their erections and soon, Jack's face was surrounded by an increasing number of dicks.

"If any dick comes near me, i'll bite it off" she threatened with complete honesty. "I don't hink yat'll be a problem, puta" Rodriguez said, trying to hide his rage at the girl's last comment. He was then handed something from one of the goons. It was a steel gag, a ring one, with a black leather strap. He brought it forth and pressed it against the girl's mouth, but she bucked and twisted her face away like an angry beast, cursing him out all the while. Frustrated, he sucker-punched the bound, defenseless girl across the face without much thought, the many rings on his fingers working like brass knuckles. The few dizzying seconds gave him the chance to slip the metal ring past the dazed Jack's teeth and fasten the belt on the tightest, most uncomfortable setting, on the last notch.

"Gaaaaaaah, U'll 'ukun kuul 'oouuu!!!" (*I'll fucking kill you!*) Jack's angry curses were rendered much less threatening with her mouth and jaw stretched open. If she had a minimal control of the situation, before, it was all gone now. Rodriguez waited no more, grabbing the sides of the girl's restrained head, before shoving his erect penis through her dark-shaded lips. Jack tasted the man's unwashed filth immediately; it was so bitter and sour at the same time. Despite the stripped suits and fancy sunglasses and jewelry, he must have forgotten to shower for at least a week.

Jack tried to turn away somehow, but there was no way to avoid the assault. She tried to move her tongue away from the man's cock, but there wasn't much room there anyway. She actually felt his dick swell further, inside the warm and moist home she had involuntarily offered. The men around watched, stroking their own tools, waiting for their turn.

After a few introductory thrusts, Rodriguez became increasingly rougher, shoving all of his 4 inches down the girl's throat, to the point where his tacky, leather-wannabe shoes, were resting between the girl's open thighs. "Si, puta, fight it" he said, holding his cock down there, his hairy pelvis in contact with the girl's lips. Jacqueline could suck a dick like a pro, but the involuntary (and utterly gross) nature of this blowjob made her gag repeatedly. It was certainly not due to the length of the man's boner. Her fiery eyes kept looking up at her abuser with a prideful stance, exhibiting pure hatred.

The sound of the girl's chains rattling against the iron pipe was heard again and again, as Jack pulled her wrists forward with all her strength, always finding a stop way before she could pose any threat.

First instinctively, the girl attempted pulling both hands forward, then, when she felt the chain would not give by just her muscular strength; she tried grasping at the man, with both arms going around one side of the pole to give her a lengthier reach. It still was unfruitful.

All the while, she was eyeing Rodriguez with the same look that exuded meaning like "wait until i get off this and I'll wring your neck like a chicken" despite her eyes getting red from the strain. In an assertive "response" to her cock-muffled yapping, the 5'2" man elected to block the bitch's air supply by sticking his mediocre rod down her gaping mouth and keeping it there. "Don' tok wih yo mouh' full, puta" he looked down at his watery-eyed, helpless plaything.

With her oxygen tank nearing zero, Jacqueline's struggling intensified, as did the sound of metal urgently rubbing against metal. Jack was strong, but her steel shackles, cuffs and the pole she was hitched on were stronger.

As skillfully as she could deep-throat a juicy cock, the man just wanted to see the white bitch choke on his 4-incher, and was achieving that now, having to shove his entire (underwhelming) manhood down the girl's throat in order to block her windpipe.

With his lust peaking and his point made, Rodriguez started rapidly pumping his cock in and out of the suffocating girl's mouth, vulnerable to his whims. Jacqueline's wet, sloshy throat noises came out against the feisty girl's will, as the man's erection sloshed in and out of her facehole, until all the gagging sounds were abruptly cut with the man wrapping both hands around the back of Jack's head and almost mounting her head as he hard-pressed his erection to disappear down her throat, emptying his load inside it at the same time.

"Gl...!gl...!gl...!" the sound of the thick "testicle-cream" travelling down the girl's throat was the only sound the bloodshot eyed woman could utter, fully choking on cock and cum. Her chains rattled and her body jerked frantically as she tried to pull away with her entire body, literally dying.

Rodriguez held her face down on his cock for just a while longer to be extra mean, until finally releasing his grip and letting the girl's head fling backwards (at least as much as the collar allowed). A loud, oxygen-thirsty gasp immediately came from the helpless woman's rounded mouth. A string of semen was visible from her throat linking to Rodriguez' deflating shaft. The rest was already in Jacqueline's stomach.

Desperately catching her breath, a head-slumped Jack was not paying attention to "shorty" waxing on in his rich, toothless vocabulary. "You hink you touf huh? i fakin break you puta" he said, giving her a

“farewell” kick in her exposed belly as he walked away. Jacqueline coughed from the breath-stifling strike through her widely gaping lips, with the taste of the man’s jizz still on her tongue.

Since the vice-captain had his turn, many more dicks quickly swarmed around the restrained girl like bees to honey. Normally, the girl was not opposed to a fun night of multiple sexual partners, but not under these circumstances, not with these bastards.

This, this was simply degrading.

Her (presumably) profane ring-gagged moans of angry desperation were quickly silenced, plugged shut by vengeful, needy cocks. All the other “waiting” cocks found comfort in being rubbed all over the girl’s pretty face, coiling her purple hair around them or rubbing against her shaved skull, leaving very few patches of the girl’s head that were not being cock-prodded.

That was all nice and well, but there was more of the girl’s body to be discovered and ‘appreciated’. Every bandit brandished their own blade and Jack saw the gang start destroying her garments like rabid dogs. Her black leather jacket was torn to pieces, roughly pulled off of her cuffed body, and her camo pants, boots and her plain, black panties all soon followed the shredded pile. With her nudity exposed further and further with each slash of a blade, Jacqueline realized her hell was only beginning.



The Fuerza place was technically a hideout, with lots of incriminating evidence stashed casually there, but the truth was, no one had the courage or grit to step foot there and the cops were paid out handsomely to never 'disturb' these 'sacred' grounds.

The three story building was owned exclusively by Mister Pablo and the Fuerza gang. The ground floor was the "Mary Jane", the bar the Jacqueline hanged out at. On the same floor was an indoor garage for all the member's bikes. The first and second floors were kind of lounging places, living rooms with tables for card playing, lots of couches for relaxing and T.Vs with videogames. The third floor was exclusive to the gang's leader, Mister Pablo and his wife (or other mistresses). Their personal quarters.

It was now early dawn and every one else was sleeping peacefully or partying downstairs. Jacqueline's head was uncomfortably slumped forward, held there by her ruthless, pole-bolted collar that half-choked her. The once rebellious, tough girl now had her completely naked body fully sunken on its steel bonds, in an exhausted, half-conscious state. She didn't get much sleep the past night.

The residents threw in an impromptu party, with lots of booze, drugs and fun with the dumb whore that had so foolishly tried to take them on. The girl must have swallowed about a dozen cum-loads, all against her will. Other loads were still visible on various parts of her stunning, fit body, having dried mostly on her face and round breasts.

From the top of her thighs, exhibiting visible sole-marks, to her ribs, belly and even breasts, the girl had "collected" multiple bruises, from her abusers finding other outlets besides sex to express their "aggression". Her beautiful face didn't escape their violence, having received its fair share of punches. Her top lip, still stretched by the ring-gag that was never removed, had been cut at one point in the night, with some dried blood on it. Whatever portion of the girl's black mascara had been left was running down her cheeks. As for her black lip-stick, it had been 'deposited' in chunks on various cocks throughout the night.

The girl's vile sexual escapades went on all night. Her throat was pummeled with no regard. Some guys demanded the bitch licked their sweaty balls; something Jack wasn't very keen on doing. They just pinched her nipples and clawed at her exposed tits until she finally gave up from the pain and stuck her tongue out on them, going at it like two meaty, hairy popsicles. Jacqueline could not have been hating herself more for caving into these demands.

Her face got well acquainted with many Latino cocks, which besides penetrating her hot, readily-available mouth-hole, were rubbed all over her shapely body. Jack now reeked of dirty dicks. The

gangsters liked slapping their boners against her face, enraging her to the point of desperate, ring-gagged screams.

At many points during the night, it appeared like the lean BUT muscly bitch might actually break out of her metal bondage, with all that furious struggling. But alas, she didn't. The scrapes all across the pipe's length though, caused by the constant rubbing and pulling of the chains against it, were very visible, indicative of the girl's muscle strength and her fighting spirit.

Above all, Jacqueline felt utterly degraded and helpless. She could take out most of these assholes in a fight. The fact they were using her like some innocent little missy, and talking down to her while doing so, never stopped enraging her.

Even when the party started dying down, the girl's horrible, abused state did not seem to pull at anyone's heart-strings. All around her, people would be napping, drinking, card-playing and generally doing their thing, paying little to attention to the pole-tethered cunt in the side of the living room, except maybe when their balls felt full.

Throughout the night, Jack wondered whether she was the first person to find herself in this position. Maybe that's why people never seem to cross the Fuerza.

It was around 11 on that same morning, when the door swung open, and a man Jack recognized entered. A bald man, around 45 with a thick mustache. He was dressed more casually than his stature implied, in a simple, white wife-beater shirt and plain construction-type pants, but he exuded an air of dominance and leadership. All the men respectfully nodded their heads upon seeing him, almost like a discreet salute to a sergeant. At that moment, Jack was fully passed out, catching some well needed minutes of sleep, despite the uncomfortable nature of her position.

The man walked up to her and gave a rude wake-up call by lightly slapping her across the face. Still, he had a heavy hand. With the girl flinching awake with a gagged groan, he nodded to one of his men to remove the ring-gag from her teeth. Her voice was too hoarse from all the throat abuse to do much speaking.

"Either you must be very tough or very stupid to go against me" he spoke in a deep, confident voice. "Why don't you...spare me the evil speech, Lex Luthor" Jack came back firing on all cylinders, after regaining some jaw movement in the middle of her sentence. She then threw a good, bloody loogie Pablo's way, staining his pant-leg.

"You got a lot of nerve, spitting at me, when you are covered in cum..." the man did not lose his cool, replied offputtingly calm in his deep voice. He spent an extra second eyeing the woman, just to see if she would avert eye contact. She did not. He then out, of the blue, proceeded to drive his leg onto her left sides, giving them a good, hard kick.

Pablo was a great soccer player during his youth. Jack coughed repeatedly from the strong strike. "Just kill me you lemon-headed piece of shit..." she blurted out with difficulty, still recovering from the blow that might have shattered one or two ribs.

"I don't like it when someone takes my things" the man spoke as if his captive had never spoken. "These diamonds were mine..." a small pause filled the room.

"...MINE!!!" he screamed at the top of his lungs, in a psychopathic shift of demeanor.

"And you went like a sneaky little weasel and took them from me..." he returned to his smoother voice, driving one more kick, this time right between the girl's spread legs, hitting her right on her spread sex. Another grunt came from the cuffed street-girl. "No...no death for you" he simply stated, now calm and soft-spoken again.

"Our fates have crossed paths, Miss Jacqueline" he turned to face his captive again. "It's only natural we become more...intimate" he added, as he pressed with the front of his shoe's sole down onto the woman's vulnerable pubic mount. This elicited a swallowed groan from his strong captive, who tried to appear unfazed.

Pablo then turned towards one of his gang-members, the one holding the girl's ring-gag, and silently signaled with his head towards the girl. As his minion was re-gagging the fighting Jacqueline, the man had already turned his back on her, hearing her curses-turned midway into unintelligible moaning echo in the room.



During the following days, Jack rarely left her designated spot, collared and cuffed on the grounded pipe with no semblance of clothing on her attractive, 6-feet-long body. The young outlaw was 'stationed' on the second floor's living room, making her a "publicly available" asset of the gang. Indeed, her use was very public in nature. It didn't matter how much the lean woman barked and pulled at her steel restraints, like a tiger in a cage. The house's outlaw inhabitants rarely missed an opportunity to bust a nut with her, or at the very least rough her up and taunt her.

The more the bratty bitch talked back, the more she was slapped around. Rarely did her face not feature some type of swell, bruise or bloodied wound from the men's senseless violence. None of the bastards really held back, twisting the woman's nipples, or stepping on her naked body with their soles. If she was getting too mouthy, she received a black eye or a bloody lip for her 'troubles'. Not that it deterred the rough-around-the-edges girl from giving them shit whilst fighting them at every turn.

"Stick your tongue out, cunt!" a tattoo-covered, Fuerza member with a shaven head ordered Jacqueline, in yet another evening 'gathering' of banditos in the common area. He was wearing a white wife-beater top and holding a lit cigarette in his hand. Jack did not do him the favor (as usual) so the man drove a fierce slap across her face, immediately reddening her left cheek. With her neck locked in steel, a ring-gagged Jack could not avoid any incoming violence, only turning her head ever so slightly and taking the full force of the hit

"Huuuk 'UUU!" (FUCK YOU!) she cursed the cowardly bastard out, still rebellious. "This bitch likes it rough, haha!" the men gathered around her chuckled, as two other guys grabbed each of her nipples and crushing them between their fingers, yanked them hard, away from the girl's bare chest and towards the dirty floor. "AAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaa!" Jack screamed from the terrible pain, though her pride still outdid her pain, and she did not give them the satisfaction of sticking her tongue out. The girl ineffectively 'sawed' her wrist-chain back and forth across her pole, in yet another instinctive attempt to break her bonds.

"I'll give you rough..." the pissed-off gangster said, squatting right in front of the kneeling girl and putting his lit cigarette out on the young girl's pussy. Jack let a wrenching scream, caused by her burned inner labia, the viciously tried moving her knees towards the man's crotch, finding a hard stop after a few inches, thanks to her ankle chain.

When things were more...subdued, the Fuerza captive was left to 'rot' in her pole, not paid much attention by the people passing by, besides the regular teases and demeaning treatment. She was not handed much water or food, the sadistic bastards starving her out in an attempt to break her bratty

attitude quicker. Jack was not doing them the favor. She had starved plenty growing up. A few days without food did not seem that big a deal.

The banditos would often tease the steel-noosed girl by offering her 'meals' from their palms. "Hungry, puta?" a grinning, long-bearded fuck leaned over Jack, with some mashed potatoes on his palm. If she was really that hungry she could eat it off his hands.

Jack 'politely' declined the degrading offer, by spitting on the man's presented palm and calling him a "smelly Yeti-boy". He didn't like that, smearing the mash all over her head and face and leaving her to starve some more.

The vindictive pricks rarely took care of their poor captive, letting her gather dust, dirt and all sorts of bodily fluids, unless Pablo said otherwise, or she stank so much it permeated the room. Jack always slept in her cruelly uncomfortable setup, waking up multiple times each night by the immense soreness on her metal-collared neck and her unchanging bondage. Never mind bedding, she wasn't even granted the luxury of the floor, forced to somehow sleep kneeling and hitched to her pole.

Toiletries were also a non-issue. After the second day, someone found a dog bowl and placed it underneath her crotch, the not-so-bright group learning a lesson after the first time she pissed herself on their floor. Jack felt humiliated, having to go into this thing, the sound of her piss splashing on the thin metal made a loud sound every time, alerting everyone in the room to what was taking place. Whatchagonna do? Taking a stand is tough.

During the daytime, the energy in the Fuerza hideout was much calmer.

It was one of those times. A group of 5 was playing poker on a round table of the second floor. Jack busted their balls non-stop, despite being completely naked and restrained in front of them. "Let me play you for my freedom, if i lose i'll lick your asshole clean" she tried to bargain, with some restless energy. When they ignored her, the bored-out-of-her-mind girl started causing a fuss, shouting and fake-singing her heart out:

"LALALA LALA LAAAAAA, LALA LALAL LAALA" her purposely irritating voice echoed in the room. The men nearby were starting to fume, after the 5th time they told her to shut up. She wasn't just going to lie down and become their obedient fuck-sleeve. She was gonna take them down with her.

"Shut...the fuck... up!" one of the men, a guy around 50 with longer wavy hair, had enough and walked up to her. He then kicked her in the chest, hard, knocking the wind out of her. As she gasped for air, he took out one of his shoes, and removed one of his socks, determined to put a stop to this annoying

bullshit. Jack could smell the rancid thing from where she was kneeling. The sock must have been white at some point, but now it was a mixture of grey and yellow from all the constant use and minimum washing.

"LALA LAL LAfmmmgggFFFF" the man shoved his sock into the girl's mouth, who tried to piss him off as much as possible, starting to sing again loudly until the sock was stuffed in her mouth. "MMGGFHH!" She tried spitting it out, but he held his hand over her mouth. "Get me some of the electrical tape" he said to his friend, who threw him the roll of black tape. He then wrapped it a good three or four times around Jack's face, silencing the rowdy bitch. She could only eye him with a fiery look of hatred, as he told her "there, wash something like a useful woman" then went back to his poker table.

Jack didn't eat anything that day, apart from involuntarily gnawing a bit on the man's filthy sock, which stayed sealed in her mouth until the next day. It tasted horrible. Jack would have probably puked if her stomach wasn't completely empty, save from a few cum-loads. With most gangsters partying on the bar downstairs, she tried to get some sleep, with the sounds of metal music coming from the bar a faint background.

One day, Jack was removed from her post. Her handcuffs were removed and so were her shackles. "Where are we going?" the woman asked, not fearful as much as spunky. With two gun barrels facing her, she could not yet try anything silly. "Boss wants to see you" one of the two bandits said, both visibly uneasy from being in close proximity to the bitch that had busted a few jaws of their gang-members, before being largely overpowered. It was funny how much fear Jacqueline instilled in the two skinny Latinos, even unarmed, beaten up, naked and exhausted. "Well how could I refuse the invitation?" Jack said sarcastically, her right eye fully black from pummeling. Her toned arms and six-pack hadn't gone anywhere, though. The two men kept a safe five feet distance from her.

Her handcuffs were then placed again with her arms in front of her this time. The ankle-shackles remained unused, for now. She looked like a mess, a purple ring around her neck from all the struggling, along with two more ring bruises around her wrists and ankles.

After she was handed a soapy sponge to clean herself (which she only did after the crooks threatened to 'pop' her in the knees), she was "escorted" butt-naked by the two biker goons up the stairs, and up again, to the third floor. They reached a brown door that looked much more expensive than the cardboard she'd seen thus far. The two men pushed her through the door; she wasn't expecting that, causing her to trip and fall on the wooden floor, uttering a flinching "fuck!" Luckily she had her arms cuffed in front of her to protect her. She then heard the door closing behind her.

Pablo the Hound was eyeing her, sitting on the end of a double bed, with just his boxers on. There were some closets in the room, two nightstands (one of them with an old rotary phone on it) but not much else. "Come over here" the man said to Jack in a dominant tone. "I think i'm gonna pass chief, I've had my share of cock today" the girl replied with courageous sass.

"Haha, I like you..." the mustached man smiled (a rare occurrence) as he stood up and grabbed her by one arm, pulling her close. Jack genuinely tried to pull back, but the man was seriously strong. She tried throwing him a surprise kick, maybe stun him so she could make a break for it, but she saw him grab her foot with his other hand.

With one leg in the air, Jack was quickly pinned with her back on the hard-wood floor, Pablo losing his patience. Change of plans, the bed was not necessary. With one hand he kept the middle of the chain, connecting Jack's wrists pinned to the floor and above the girl's head, while with the other he removed his boxers. Jack lowered her gaze and saw it was massive! 8 inches and thick like a small soda can. She didn't say anything at that moment, but Jack found it hard to remember more impressive cocks than that, and she had already rode hundreds in her day.

"Get off me you bastard!" Jacqueline struggled against her rapist, trying to dislodge her arms towards his face to punch him, claw at him, or choke him, anything! But a couple of more slaps on her face made her reconsider. This man wasn't fucking around, she could tell in the sting her cheeks were enduring. The man was about her height, and not really buff, but man, were his hands heavy and his grip unbreakable! As strong as Jack was, she could not as much as lift her hands further than the pinned chain allowed.

Pablo's body was very soon above Jack's, his hips between her thighs. With little regard for the bitch's protests, Pablo shoved his 'python' inside the squirming girl's tight cunt.

"Oh...oh...oh...ah...ah...ow...ow...OW!" Jack moaned with each rough thrust she received, in equal amounts of pleasure and pain from the pelvis-splitting penis. As he held onto his captive's wrist chains to keep her immobilized, the 'stallion' lifted one of the girl's legs with his other hand, pushing it downward from the back-side of her knee until it almost touched Jack's breasts. That stretching position just made the deep fucking she was receiving even more intense. Jack could not think of escaping now, only surviving!

It was such a rare and shameful experience for Jack. Pablo was manhandling her like a teenage schoolgirl, and a small part inside her loved it, even though her pride wouldn't allow that admission. Pablo now spread her legs wide, getting up closer. "Oooooooh" Jack felt the angle of her penetration change along with the feeling in her pussy. Her moan was interrupted when Pablo put his hand around her neck, giving at a steady, firm squeeze.

"Aaaaagggggg" Jack was being fucked like a true whore, the repeating "splat" sound of her pussy being rammed filled the room. When she was purple in the face, Pablo eased his grip for a bit. "Oh myyy gooooo" Jack let out a deep groan, completely involuntarily. There wasn't a clear reason, whether she was enjoying it, hating it, pleasure, pain. It was just a something beyond her. Maybe it was the exhaustion from all the nights before, that left her empty to fight it, or maybe her pussy felt too good to ignore. Who knows?

Pablo flipped the girl like a ragdoll on to a doggy style position. She just scrambled to maintain her hold on the floor, on anything, as he kept on. His dick, god, it felt sooooo full, Jack thought she would explode at any second. The man dug his fingers (and short fingernails) into her juicy bottom, one hand groping each cheek like a hungry leopard securing its prey. The woman made a painful grimace, as Pablo used her ass as more leverage to shove himself deeper. "A...Ah...Aaah....Ahhhh!" the woman seemed like gone, just trying to live through this, her face now buried between her forearms, supporting her.

As Pablo increased the speed of his thrusts, he bent over the girl and wrapped his strong arms around the girl's bare chest. Jack felt her torso being pulled upwards, so that she her back was at a 45 degree angle. The eye-popping dick was never removed from his cunt during that shift. With their bodies now in full contact, the girl's naked back one with his chest, Pablo wrapped his arm around the girl's throat from behind, locking in a chokehold whilst fucking her. This could have maybe been an opportunity for a surprise eye-gouging attack or something, but Jack was too deep into this sexual rabbit hole. In this moment, she was just his little whore. Whilst squeezing her neck, the man increased the pace of his fucking, until finally he came hard inside the bitch's pussy, letting out a suppressed grunt, before removing her 'fire-hose' from the woman and letting her drop on the floor carelessly. Jack did not move, trying to recover with a blank stare. She felt broken.

Still with his dick dripping semen, he approached a land-line phone on the side of the bed. "Yeah...come take her away". He simply said before hanging up.



It was around the end of the fourth day, around 4 A.M. Jack reaaaaally needed some water. She had learned to ignore her growling stomach, but water was a different issue. They hadn't given her any today, but there was no one on the second floor to 'cater' to her, 'Mary Jane' on the ground floor being full of life once more.

The girl wasn't gagged now, but she didn't have the strength to make much noise anyway. Her head was too heavy and she was coughing all day. She presumed she had gotten a cold from all those days of being naked. Slowly, she could hear the noise of the "party" move closer, and closer to her.

Suddenly, the room's door burst open and in walked about 15 banditos. Some of them held tequila bottles, other beers, others whisky. What mattered was they were all drunk and ready to take the party onto the second floor. "Fiesta, fiesta, fiesta!" they chanted like hooligans. Whether she liked it or not, Jack woke right up.

"Wonna party with us, puta?" a chorus of loud men teased the helpless damsel, their question followed by more cheers from his mates. Jack did not respond, keeping her head slacked forwards, too tired and in no mood to 'socialize' with any of these bozzos.

"The thief cunt just needs some cheering up!" another one yelled, followed too by enthusiastic chuckles. "Get the bitch drunk!" another yelled, as the man in front of all brought his half-empty tequila bottle up to the knelt woman's lips. Jack simply shook her head away from the bottle's lips, dismissively, but also drained of much energy.

"Hey, hey, don't say no when a man offers you a free drink, huh?" another bandito was heard, his comment spurring more cackle, whilst another had already retrieved the slave-toy's steel ring-gag and was fastening it (along with a couple of more pairs of hands used to pry open the stubborn Jack's jaw) in place and buckling it tightly behind the bitch's head. "GGnnnnuuuaahhKK!" Jack barked but her teeth were soon biting down hard on nothing but steel, her mouth unable to close. Multiple folks came to hold the rowdy cunt's face upwards, keeping Jack from turning away.

"Bottoms up!" the man cheered, shoving the glass bottle through the - now welcoming - opening of the girl's face-hole, as far as it went until the glass bottleneck clinked against the inner diameter of the ring, literally dumping booze into the hopeless girl, who could only choke and writhe in her bonds as she was force-fed half a bottle of tequila. Some of it spilled out down her luscious breasts, following down the nice curvature of her slim waist and wide hips, but most of it ended involuntarily down the woman's hatch.

“Gaaaaaaaaa...aaaaaa...” Jack heavily caught her breath as soon as she was let go, but quickly more alcohol followed, the men enjoying the fun little game they created. Soon, the poor girl got forcefully intoxicated with any kind of alcohol the men had available, getting ‘wasted’ pretty quickly, her body and liver drenched with tequila, rum, whiskey, beer and more. The sleazier gangsters were licking it all off her glistening wet body, much to the gagged woman’s indignant fury.

It didn’t take long for the drunken crowd to start feeling frisky, and soon, a small queue had formed in front of the intoxicated damsel, each guy getting his dick wet through her nice, warm oral cavity and her soft lips. Jack gurgled them all with no choice, used a mean-mugging cum-dumpster. As much Jack tried to bite all of them, she always found the stern obstacle of her metal jaw-spreader.

“How about we finish the dyke’s haircut?” one guy came up, holding an electric hair clipper. Jack’s fellatio gang-bang was momentarily put on hold for this splendid idea. The bitch already had 1/3rd of her head shaven. Might as well complete what she started.

With many, many hands holding onto her scalp, Jack cried out as she felt the buzzing clippers moving along the top of her head, taking away her long, precious locks of purple hair with them. The woman bucked and groaned in her gag, trying in vain to shake her abusers off her, but they overwhelming outnumbered her (plus her bondage). She was sheered like a sheep, until all her purple hair strands lied in front of her on the floor, in full disarray.

All the men cheered once the bitch was left bald, then continued the face-fucking ‘festival’ with renewed glee, periodically ‘watering’ their fighting sex-toy with more alcohol.

At one point in the midst of the partying chaos, with Jack going in and out in a haze of dicks and debilitating violence, she made out a familiar face looking down at her with a twisted smirk. He was a fat bearded guy, but Jack was in no shape to be able to pinpoint who it was.

"Here's the excuse you've been looking for, puta..." he said very satisfied with his comeback, before shoving his mediocre sized cock into her inviting mouth. "Oeuuck'r..ggll..." (*Motherfucker...*) Jack cursed him out with the few consonants she could use, before her reply was smothered by a mouthful of cock.

She didn't have any witty remarks for him, now. Her moist, warm mouth, tight throat and flapping tongue serviced his cock, like all the others before it. The fat guy grabbed Jack’s freshly shaved head with both hands as he face-fucked her, using the poor woman’s head as leverage to drive his prick deeper down her throat. The girl could do nothing but try to take in oxygen during the precious

milliseconds his cock momentarily withdrew. His fat, sweaty belly was actually brushing against her forehead with every obnoxious thrust. Jack simply had to find a way to endure all this.

As Jack choked on yet another cock with suffocating tears streaming down, she prayed to any listening god of death (not the boring Christian one) to get out of these bonds someday. She was already picturing cutting the fat bastard's dick off and feeding it to him, just like he was doing to her now.

By she wasn't free, just yet. As the man came violently inside her mouth, his dick was still plugging her airway so that his thick splurge actually flew from her nostrils! He left satisfied, leaving Jacqueline panting and making cum-bubbles with her nose.

Jack could hold her drink with the 'best of them', since she started drinking around her teenage years. But after being forced to down over three liters of liquor, Jack was blacking in and out of consciousness, utterly smashed. She often passed out from the brutal nature of her mouth-raping, only to wake up in the middle of her forced blowjob.

"Aaaand she's out again" a guy said, watching Jack's eyes flatter shut and her head slump over the edge of her pole/collar, with his cock still fully buried in her whorish throat. He kept sliding his erection (a bit more gingerly now) in and out of the unconscious, bald woman's rounded lips, which remained unresponsive, idly wrapped around his dick. After a few amusing seconds, he got bored and gave the fainted slave a few good slaps on her face to wake her up.

"Mmgg..**gurgle**" Jack came to with a meekly flinch, letting out a weak, feral moan/gurgle caused by the man's manhood's still prodding her moist little cock-sheath. Her drunken eyes looked up through her very heavy eyelids at the man with utter vulnerability.

Very unlike Jacqueline's MO.

After an hour of countless inebriated blowjobs, the hairless woman was barely able to keep her head physically straight. But the joyful crowd had only warmed up to her, itching to use her other holes, too. Jack's head was spinning, fully fucked up. Never mind punching her captors, the woman could not swat at a fly at her state.

Jack quickly found herself free from the post-collar and her ankle-cuffs. Her wrists remained cuffed behind her back, as a cowardly safety measure. Feeling at least ten different pairs of hands on her, groping her on every body part imaginable, the girl was tossed onto an old, mold-ridden couch at the main area of the living room. Her body was a free-for-all, a buffet for anyone to enjoy. In her weakly state, she tried pushing them away, but with every punch or shove attempt, a storm of manly hands would gang up on her, either hitting her back or holding her in place rougher. Manhandled was a gentle term for what was taking place. More like the beginning of a public lynching.

A random guy picked the naked, bruised, battered and recently hairless girl up and propped her on his lap as he took a seat on the couch, putting the incapacitated woman in a haphazard, reverse cowgirl sort of position. Instinctively defending herself even with the scales tipped so far against her, Jack went to elbow this motherfucker out cold, but before she managed to do that, she felt a sharp razor against her neck. "Easy there, puta" he said, putting the knife against her throat. It hurt her pride so much. Any other day, she would tie his lanky ass in a knot, but now she was forced to fuck him??? He must have been 3 inches shorter than her, a really skinny guy, horse-toothed guy. But a knife beats a fist almost every time. Especially a drunken, handcuffed one.

With the woman's lean, hard body laid over his, the man hastily pulled down his trousers and slipped his already-erect cock inside Jack's pretty pussy raw and unlubed.

With a lost, only half-conscious look in her pretty eyes, Jack moaned rhythmically with the man's pounding through her ring-gagged, involuntarily drooling through it all over herself and her rapist, who bobbed her like a ragdoll, up and down his boner. His mates cheered him, as he gave it his all to this whore that thought she could mess with the Fuerza, digging his paws onto her breasts and wrapping his hand dominantly around her neck. Other bystanders continued capping a feel and sticking their filthy fingers inside the free-for-all that was the girl's spread mouth.

All the while, the knife had drawn a little bit of blood, caused by the clumsiness of her captor, who was more focused on the nice, tight feel of her cunt.

But the crowd soon wanted something different, and another, this time jacked dude grabbed the rudderless nude woman off and literally pushed her on the floor. The weakened Jack fell head first, with her arms trapped behind her being nowhere to break her fall. While the others chanted vile, disgusting shit in their native language, the man mounted the kneeling, mostly motionless woman and after stroking his spit onto his cock, started penetrating the girl from behind, holding her by the hips.

It was a blur of noise and violence, a wild ruckus. Jack's face was pressed down on the filthy floor, which was often held down under people's shoes. "Ass! Ass! Ass! Ass!" the crowd demanded, and the buffy dude obliged, pulling out of Jack's sore cunt and squeezing it inside her little rose-bud. Jack's yelps were by this point largely drowned by the cheering and yelling.

With more people wanting in on the action, it was decided that more holes were necessary, and so, Jack's handcuffs were tossed off. Propping the free (but useless to pose a fight) woman on her knees on the floor, the gang-rape continued. The ragdollified girl now had a cock in each hand, jerking them off while also riding one (in a cowgirl position) and sucking two more, usually interchangeably, sometimes both shoving themselves in her mouth, threatening to tear the corners of her lips!

Jack had experienced more than her fair share of chaotic nights of erotic hedonism, but they were much tamer, with fewer dicks. More importantly, they were 100% consensual. Any other time, she would happily rip out the dicks in her hands, but her cards were not strong in this matchup. Her brawny arms did not have the strength to help her. So, she kept multi-tasking, satisfying her ruthless captors.

After this novelty also wore off, the gang changed things up. Still on the cold, dirty floor, Jack was put on all fours facing the couch. New dicks -the people attached to them were just interchangeable at this point- penetrated her, the guy going straight for her 'warmed-up' asshole. He was too big, and Jack protested a lot in her faint state, but with enough spit and pushing, the man got his thick member past her sphincter and got to wrecking her.

It wasn't the first time Jack was having anal for sure, but she was always horny and wet when it happened, so her asshole was calm and inviting. This was certainly not such a case. "Ouuuuuuuh, FUUUUUUUCK" she let out in desperation,

Another guy slithered his way underneath the girl and joined in the fun, fucking her pussy. A third guy sat on the couch, and ordered her to suck him, the girl's drunken 'whining' being dealt with quickly with a cock in her mouth.

The lean, athletic girl was now getting triple-penetrated. The gang was having a blast, periodically throwing alcohol at the girl's body and face, screaming over the girl and her 'lovers' in a circle. Jack could feel multiple blades either scrapping her naked flesh or being very close to, on the nape of her neck, on her hips, her back, everywhere!

The party was truly amped up. Jack could barely keep from passing out. She was so full with dicks, her neck already ached from the collar and now also from the intense blowjobs she was handing out left and right, her bones ached from this night-time intoxicated workout she had to endure all of a sudden. It didn't help that she had a cold.

"Bring her closer" the guy sitting on the couch had an idea. As Jack's face reached the edge of the couch's seat, the man wrapped one of his legs around the girl's neck, effectively locking her head between his hairy thigh and his hairy calf in a 'guillotine choke', still with his dick filling her mouth. This caused his cock to be buried balls deep down her throat. "Gmmff.....!!!...!!!" was the only sound Jack managed to make before her air was cut out then, she could make none.

Jacqueline's face quickly turned red, with her throat literally cock-blocked. The two cocks behind and below her kept going at her crotch-holes with the same aggressive pace. With her eyes turning bloodshot from suffocation, she tried pulling back from the dick that was effectively killing her, pushing with her hands against the man's legged death-grip. But she had no strength and no leverage whatsoever, and the man going raw-dog on her ass actually pushed her in the opposite direction from where she wanted to go.

After a few more seconds, the completely red-faced girl started coughing, as a result of her body's natural reaction to being choked to death. As with anything trying to come up or down her windpipe, the coughing sounds were suppressed by the cock bruising the back of her throat, never really registering to her abusers. Danger alarms were firing on all cylinders now; her body had basically seized all efforts of supporting her weight and maintaining a pleasing doggy-style position. What mattered now was survival. It didn't show either way, as she was already being used like a ragdoll.

The suffocating girl tried again to reach her assailant, flailing her fists towards his groin and belly. Two more guys, one from either side, subdued her sudden rebellious outburst, grabbing and pinning each hand behind her back. "Hey, hey! We tell you when you can breathe, puta" Jack heard from somewhere above her. It looked like the taming of a ferocious wild beast. Or the killing, there was little distinction. Jacqueline could not move at any direction, with her hands pinned, her backside with no way out and her neck tightly trapped.

Truly unlike herself, Jack looked broken.

With the man's stinky penis lodged down her larynx, darkness begun surrounding her and her eyelids got heavy. Her frantic twists and jerks begun to calm down, as her strength gradually left her.

Before she completely closed them, maybe for good, the man let go of his wrestling hold, and his dick gifted the girl some air.

The night continued in similar fashion, until the sun started creeping in.

In the end of it all, Jack was a horrible mess, to say the least. She had retched countless from all the gag-reflex training, but any upcoming throw up was blocked by the stiff cock that had caused it to surface. Multiple cum stains decorated her naked body. The only shower she got for her troubles was a golden one, as the alcohol and beers needed a way out at some point during the party.



One day, while Jack was recovering from another face-fucking 'session', cuffed and collared on her usual post, a group of three men spotted her, as they walked down the stairs from the above floor. They were all sweaty from working out, with towels hanging from their shoulders and sports-drinks on their hands. They approached the restrained toy for a bit of teasing. The classics, some verbal and physical abuse to let off the remaining steam of their workout.

"Gonna catch the game, you coming?" one of them asked his friend, while the third one was "stimulating" the girl's pussy with the tip of his sneaker shoe. "Get that thing off me off of me, you fuckface!" Jack tried to shift her crotch away from the man's shoe, though he easily kept up, the metal pole inhibiting the girl's movement.

"Naaa, i'll go punch the bag some" he replied. The third guy, continuing to degrade the girl with his shoe, blurted out half-joking: "Why don't you punch her instead?" The two other guys locked eyes, with meaning. "Yo, i got an idea; help me get the punching bag here" the Latino boxer told his friends.

In virtually no time, Jack found herself bound onto an actual punching bag, which was hooked from a different corner of the same living room. The woman was suspended in the air along with the boxing equipment. Her wrists had been rope-tied above her head, on the ring where the bag's cord was attached on the ceiling. They were forced taut by the gravity pulling the rest of the woman's naked body down. Besides hanging by her wrists, Jack's legs had been pulled back and around the back side of the punching bag, secured about a foot from the bag's bottom, with more rope that fastened her ankles together and forced her thighs to be spread.

A thick, blue ball-gag had been strapped around her face, preventing her from uttering any annoying threats or curses. Jack jerked her bag-strapped body in frustration, causing the bag to sway lightly back and forth. It was a pleasant sight, especially when her saliva started dripping from the corners of her lips, down her nude body.

"Come on, test her out!" the two guys egged their friend on, as he was lacing his boxing gloves. Jack tried to brace for the impact, tightening her stomach, but the blow was still as devastating as you'd expected. "MMMMmmmmmmmmM!" she bit the ball-gag hard with a droning groan, as her lower abdomen was pummeled by the strong man's gloved fist. Trying to process the pain of this completely unguarded belly-punch was too difficult.

The man continued with some warming up hits on her sides and tits, careful not to overdo it and break her ribs from the start. His friends laughed every time Jack's pretty C-cups bounced as they got punched. With her arms and legs nowhere near to block the incoming beating, Jack could only struggle against her rope-bonds, but she was firmly tethered to the boxing bag. There was no way to avoid the man's violent urge.

The beating moved on from her ribs and tits exposed breasts, to her displayed cunt, which the group deemed was 'asking for it', the way Jack's legs were spread. "This is much more fun than regular sparring" the burly guy let out with a dumb smile.

From that day, Jack found herself regularly in the 'role' of the Fuerza's living punching bag. Every two or three days, some cruel asshole went grab the chance to 'train' with the much more 'responsive', much more fun gear. It was easy to hitch the woman from her pole-spot to the punching bag a few steps away from her original spot. The actual punching bag was never used by itself.

Bruises would come one after the other, from the thighs to her abs, sides and breasts, she was beaten up much to her captor's glee. Her abdomen, ribs, thighs and breasts always had multiple bruises, the gangsters rarely waiting for them to fully heal before 'sparring' with Jack some more.

No amount of physical bracing, either by tightening her six-packed abs, holding a deep breathe, or biting hard into that thick ball-gag, could mitigate the incoming barrage of pain. The girl was as hopeless as an actual punching bag.

Her face was left mostly intact, mainly due to the fact that it was positioned too high for the boxer to reach comfortably, rather than any charitable reason. She had broken a few ribs here and there, but no one seemed to mind. On these moments, she was reduced to a drooling, wailing object, designed only to endure physical pain. Her probably saving grace was the fact that Pablo, leader of Fuerza prohibited his men from killing the back-stabbing white bitch. So if there was anyone that could have beaten the woman to death (and there were a couple of giant dudes) they held back just enough to leave the alluring punching bag twitching. Jack sometimes fainted, but then the next punch would usually bring her right back to a world of pain.

"GGgguuuhh!" the shirtless man groaned as he connected his wrapped knuckles with the woman's left-side ribs with full force. Upon impact, Jack couldn't make much of a sound, since the punches usually force the air violently out of her lungs. She just scrunched her eyes shut to endure the horrible pain, the force of the hit causing her dangling, naked body to sway backwards, along with the punching bag she was attached to. "FKKK YHHH!" she cursed out through her thick, blue ballgag, after catching her breath for a couple of seconds. The man's reply was another blow, this time on her right titty-meat, which wobbled and immediately bruised, followed swiftly by another one right on her sternum and a final sole-kick right against her hairless pubic mount, definitely damaging her ovaries.

The bald girl writhed on the bag, shaking her head left and right in an attempt to cope. If only these pricks had the balls to fight her on equal grounds, she'd beat their asses raw. Mobsters were never ones for playing fairly.

Along with the new gimmick the Fuerza found for their kidnapped slave, Jack's meetups with their leader also became more frequent. Pablo the Hound was using her whenever he felt like violating something, always in the comfort of his -not so fancy- boudoir. He'd fuck her hard, usually with fewer restraints than his 'weasely' crew.

His 30-year-old trophy-wife of four years, Lucia was a tiny, cunning Latina with long, wavy dark hair and huge hazel eyes. She was also a cunt in the truest sense of the word, rarely missing an opportunity to toy with the abducted street-girl.

Lucia was especially sadistic towards Jack, who could break the 1.54cm tall woman's delicate spine like a twig, if only she wasn't bound and her life wouldn't violently end right after that murder. The petite, but thick-booty-ed Lucia especially liked sitting on the poor white girl's face. Jacqueline was usually lying spread-eagle on the double bed and was made to orally pleasure Lucia's cunt as the brown woman slapped, smacked and pinched the girl's breasts and nipples, which were conveniently positioned in front of her, the way she was straddling Jack's face.

Jack's painful moans were conveniently smothered by Lucia's meaty, wet pussy. The mafia-leader's amore would purposely skip showering, whenever she was about to visit her whole-foot taller plaything. She liked how the strong girl looked tough, antagonize her, curse her out and generally offer lots of sass, but when her long wooden cane started talking, Jack would usually shut and get to cunt-lapping. As much as a hard-ass Jack was, even a wild Pitbull can bark so much after repeating beatings before it gives up. Countless were the red line marks that the tiny woman had 'painted' onto Jacqueline's breasts, belly and round, firm ass-cheeks. Lucia loved to hurt the bratty Caucasian cunt.

There were also times where the gang-lord couple would play together with their little not-so-submissive, hairless toy.

"That's it puta, take his hog like a good whore" Lucia said as she held Jack by the neck, her other hand massaging the woman's cunt. Jack was currently being ass-raped by Pablo from behind, her shapely, visible beaten and cane-marked body lifted as it was sandwiched between the soft, curvaceous and small body of Lucia and the much larger, muscly and hard body of 'the Hound'. The young woman was letting rhythmic pained moans. Her mouth was packed with a couple of Lucia's lace panties, which the crime-baroness had generously soaked prior with her own piss.

Jacqueline's arms were tied with duct tape at the elbows, bringing them painfully together, and her wrists behind her back, her fused arms giving Pablo a nice handle as he guided his 8-incher in and out of her rectum.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMFF!" the girl moaned, both from the stretching pain in her sphincter, as well as the infuriating teasing that Lucia was happily giving her.

“After my hubby busts a nut inside your colon, I’m gonna put the dog collar on you and we’ll go for a walk around the house” Lucia said, running her petite hand all over Jack’s scalp and the girl’s only millimeter-long hair. She wasn’t lying, as evident by the black leather collar and the matching leash, ‘waiting’ for Jack on a wooden rocking chair, on the other side of the room.

Knowing the sadistic bitch, she would keep her shameful promise. Jack could not despise the brown cunt more strongly.



As the weeks turned to months, Jack's fighting spirit slowly withered away. The young woman could take so much abuse, before her snarky remarks and insulting banter between her and her captors turned to wordless obedience. The girl simply did not want any more trouble. She just wanted to be left alone, not that the scummy bandits would grant her that wish.

In general, the Fuerza members had their share of pussy; the occasional kidnapped damsel, "staying over" until ransom arrived, or some more consensual partners, more low-life, trashy chicks that were drawn to the mediocre power their gangster status gave them.

But their most recent toy was particularly fun, especially if you took into account the extra hatred, coming from the fact that this bitch had the audacity to steal from them, to take their spot. If there ever was a cunt to be put in her place, this was Miss Diamond Thief. Every sexual encounter featuring Jacqueline was a hate-fuck.

"Look at that, Bitch is finally learning" the short, suited Rodriguez snarled in his south-American accent, through his new set of golden front teeth (both top and bottom). He was looking down at the pole-tethered woman with snarky arrogance. In reality, he was trying to hide his surprised excitement, as the once unbreakable, powerful and imposing woman that had once caved his face in, was now lapping out of the man's greasy palm, no gag or anything prohibiting her from chomping his fingers off!

Jack was starving beyond belief and the hunger (along with everything else in her horrid mistreatment) had definitely taken its toll on her rebellious psyche. Jack was in no shape to give sass or even negotiate, anymore. Her bruised, beaten body exhibited some weight loss, besides all the other visible wear.

Through these three months, she was only 'watered' and fed once a day, the latter stemming from two or three day-old leftovers, which were never enough so they were usually topped off with some canned wet dog food.

But forcing the young woman to eat dog food was rarely inhumane enough for them. The gang opted to simply undo their slave's pole-tethered collar each time, but leaving the rest of her restraints on, forcing the hobbled and handcuffed damsel to lean her head over the plastic dog bowl that contained her unappetizing food.

"Not so touf now, eh?" the small man said, as the girl was cleaning the last grains of his dirty fingers. The woman finally lifted her gaze up, eyeing the obnoxious man with a look of pure, albeit buried, malice. She didn't say anything though.

What could she say, after she had stooped so low?

The second-floor gangbangs had become a popular pastime among the house residents. By this point, every single one of the Fuerza's 30+ fellowship had felt the tight, warm walls of Jack's liberally accessible holes, one way or another.

Most of them started referring to her as "juguete duro" translating to "tough toy", which soon morphed into simply "juguete", meaning toy, since the woman's characteristic mental strength deteriorated through time.

But Jacqueline also responded to 'puta', 'slut', 'whore', 'cunt' and many other derogatory terms. The gang's 'parties', of which she was the main attraction, ramped up both in crowd attendance and intensity.

During the peak of debauched partying, the gangbangers would sometimes play a game of "Russian roulette" with their head-shaven slave. It was similar to what you'd expect by the name; only the gun was not fired, but rather, inserted, either in the girl's pussy, asshole or mouth. The barrel was loaded with 3 out of 6 bullets, so Jack had to be careful not to set the gun off, while sucking it or humping it during her enforced 'lovmaking' with the gun, otherwise she had a 50% chance of triggering a truly deadly "cumshot". The girl got acquainted with the taste and feel of gunpowder-smelling steel.

As her morale sunk, Jack subconsciously started falling into her new role, as the Fuerza "juguete". She tried to perform adequately her sexual duties, mainly so that the men would beat her less, and maybe finish sooner, so they would leave her be for just a while longer. It was getting exhaustingly difficult to withstand so much abuse. As much as she was trying, after three months in captivity, she was becoming less responsive and thus, less fun to play with.

The gang got around that by introducing heavy drugs during their play-parties. Most commonly, they would dose their Caucasian slave with speedball, a mixture of cocaine and heroin. It appeared to have the desired effect, 'loosening' the 'grumpy' slave-girl's inhibitions (thanks to the relaxing heroin) while also making her more energetic and lively (thanks to the cocaine).

Soon enough, Jack's inner thighs, the sides of her neck and the insides of her elbows were covered with needle prick marks. During parties, the mean assholes would often wrap multiple rounds of tape around the bald girl's mouth, then slam her head against the floor, in front of many lines of speedball, so that the girl had no choice but to eventually sniff the hard drug by inhaling through her nostrils.

What started as a 'mood-booster' during the gang's all-nighters, soon became an inside joke between the Fuerza bandits, who found it amusing to dose Jack with speedball and have fun with her. If there ever was a place where drugs came abundant, it would be a crime syndicate's hideout.

Jacqueline was no stranger to addictive substances. Hell, she smoked a pack-and-a-half a day, and she could never foresee quitting that, or booze, for that matter. "Not gonna live that long anyway" was her motto to these inquiries, whether real or of her own mind. But hard drugs like these, messed with the already fragile girl's condition. They were the warm hug that eased some of the terrible pain.

And thus, the drug cocktail became an integral part of Jack's 'diet', including semen, piss, and whatever leftovers were available at the mafia hideout. Her enforced drug addiction encouraged her dependency on these mindless buffoons.

Jack could not go more than a couple of days without a prick of the needle, and her captors often teased her with empty promises. Never mind ring-gagging her to protect their pricks; the bitch would voluntarily suck off anyone who offered some of the 'good stuff'.

They had turned her into their private junkie slut.



As time flew by, Jack could recognize every single biker of the gang by face, if not also by cock measurements and appearance. Some of them were meaner than others, but everyone treated her like a simple, utilitarian cum-dumpster, coupled with a punching bag. Something to vent anger and lust towards.

Rodriguez always took extra joy in toying with her and abusing her. He never failed to spark life into those tired, brown eyes. His new, gold teeth sparkled above her every-time. He rarely failed to remind her that when Pablo eventually grew tired her, the two were going to play "dentist" together.

Her beautiful, slim but rock-hard, six-pack-baring body was always covered with bruises from kicks. It was hard to tell where the girl's many tattoos ended and where her dark bruises started. In addition, the girl's once, gorgeous fair skin had started collecting countless little circle-scars from the men putting their cigarettes out on her.

They also enjoyed tilting the white bitch's head backwards, then using her ring-spread mouth as an ashtray, tipping their edges of their cigarettes over the woman's round face-hole and flick the ash through her dark-purple-shaded lips. It was so fun watching the bound cunt spew incoherent moans at them, with a mouthful of ash.

The moisture of her oral cavity and tongue caused the ash to stick in her mouth's surface and making it pretty impossible to dislodge. If she was ring-gagged, she could not spit it out either, so the girl was left with a bad taste and a charcoal tongue way after she'd been 'used'. Most of the time, they then discarded their extinguished buds inside the girls ring-gagged yapper, using it pretty much like a trashcan. Jack's pitiful cries of shame only caused laughter from them.

A head-shaved, tattooed gangster in a wife-beater approached the pole-hitched girl. She still appeared to be going through her latest heroin hit, lightly twirling her bald head in a circle around her firm collar, pretty out of it. Her beautiful eyes were droopy and unfocused, under the influence. She wasn't gagged, there was no need.

Unlike a similar previous meet-up of Jack and this man, he wasn't holding a cigarette, but a small, lit cigar between his fingers. "Sup, putita? No sparring for you today?" he referred to the last time he had come across the white bitch, which was a few days ago, being beaten to a pulp by a couple of guys, dangling helplessly from the punching bag.

Jack lifted her head, feeling like it weighed 100 pounds, to vaguely meet the man's stare. She didn't say anything, lost in her trip.

"Get yo' tongue out, chika" the man ordered. The girl's reaction was vastly different to the man's similar 'inquiry' three months ago. The wrist-cuffed, ankle-bound, naked girl did not appear to need a

reason beyond the man's word to open her mouth wide and fully stick her dexterous tongue out, waiting for more instructions.

"Huh, look what good influence our company had on you" the man didn't hold his chuckle, watching the girl whore herself out without missing a beat. Jack just looked up at him, straining to hold up her eyelids, but not retrieving her tongue back in any way.

As the man slowly drew the scorching tip of his cigar closer and closer to the woman's protruding tongue, Jack did not rattle her bonds nor alter her posture! She simply watched with eyes that were both drowsy from the drugs, but also realizing her impending predicament with a spurt of fear, widening as the cigar approached her tongue further and further.

As the guy softly pressed the fiery tip of his cigar against the tender, moist flesh, it sizzled with smoke, extinguished. The saliva coating Jack's tongue was what saved her from a horrible burn.

"Good girl" the man patronizingly rubbed the top of the girl's shaven head, before giving it a sporty smack on the back. The natural, brown hairs on Jack's skull had grown almost a centimeter long. Bitch was probably due for another shave.

"Hold this for me, will you?" he said as he went to leave, placing the cigar in the woman's mouth horizontally like a bit. Similarly unfathomable a few months back, Jack obeyed with no resistance, taking the man's cigar in her lips and keeping it there, as he departed the room.

The girl wasn't sure where rock bottom was, but she had probably found it.



After six whole months enslaved in the Fuerza hideout, the abducted girl had become a mundane commodity. The outlaw occupants got used to their human punching bag/ sex slave. Their urges towards it could not really get any more violent, since the Hound's words were clear. This chick was not allowed to die. If someone screwed the pooch on that, he'd meet an end even worse than Jack's.

As the result of the 'white juguete's' novelty wearing a bit off, no one was in the slightest mood to "preserve" the girl, watering, feeding and cleaning her mess. When the neglect towards their female captive became life-threatening, Pablo had enough and ordered for the sad, junkie slut to be "stored away".

On the first floor, there was a tiny storage closet, barely used for ages. It contained the odd broomsticks and old tool-cases that were never useful (at least to these filthy animals) along with some cardboard boxes that no one cared what they contained. The single light-bulb hanging from the ceiling had burned out ages ago. The place would do for what was needed.

Darkness surrounds the tiny room. All that can be seen is the slightest 'slice' of light, coming in from the living room, desperately crawling underneath the door. The place reeks of all kinds of bodily fluids, wet wood, rust and mold.

Suddenly, the peace is disturbed as the old door swings open with a rusty creak. A male shadow walks in, already in the middle of unzipping his pants. As he stands right in front of her, the bound silhouette jerks lightly, betraying a consciousness which was under question until now, with her extreme stillness. It's the faintest of struggles, there's no power for anything more substantial. More a reaction to this new kind of stench, coming from the floppy penis waiting a couple of inches from her face.

Holding his pecker with one hand, and the girl's hairless head with the other – not aggressively, nor caringly either – the man inserts his softie inside the girl's (ungagged) mouth. The bound girl does not pull back nor oppose him, taking his flaccid penis in her lips, wrapping them around it tenderly, before feeling the warm influx of urine filling her mouth.

The dark figure holds her chin slightly up, so that everything drains down, but still, a small stream gets away, dripping from the corner of her lips down her naked, full breasts and her only item of clothing, a snugly strapped and buckled straitjacket.

Jacqueline's wrists were dangerously wounded with all the pulling and rubbing against the handcuffs. An infection looked not far away. No one cared properly washing or treating her, so they got around that by fitting her with an old straitjacket. It was white once upon a time, but now it has a grey color, which is further 'painted' by whiter, thick splurts and other, looser yellow ones. The men didn't miss an opportunity to cut around the chest portion, leaving the girl's juicy breasts exposed.

"Glu..glu...glu..." As Jack obediently swallows as much of the man's urine as she reasonably can, a dog's collar encircles her neck, its leash tied with many knots onto a steel shelf case behind her. But it's not the collar that keeps her upright, ready to receive any kind of "deposit". This is just for easier "handling". The pipe that she was once locked is still pressing against her back, but what's holding her 'propped up' is a crafty crotch rope, tied painfully snug against her exposed sex. The rope has been tethered onto a ring, which in turn has been welded on the top of the pipe. Jack cannot lower her pelvis below a certain level without putting the entire strain of her weight on her poor pussy. Even kneeling with taut thighs, the harsh rope digs uncomfortably between her tender labia.

Jack's tired, sparkless eyes look up at the general direction of her 'user', towering over her kneeling form. Even in the dim light of the closet-room, they emanate a docile, submissive aura.

As soon as the last droplets of piss are swallowed by the girl, a voice is heard from behind the shadowy figure. "Are you done, yet? I had like 6 beers!" the voice says urgently.

"Shut up..." the man briefly turns his head behind his back, waving him off. The way Jack is getting the last bits of piss-moisture from the head of his penis, with her pretty lips sliding along the entire surface of his cockhead and his foreskin, the man's 'little fella' is starting to get excited, getting bigger.

Might as well bust a nut while he's in there.



BAD END

It is another loud night at the 'Mary Jane'. Drunkards, whores and outlaws (sometimes people belong in more than one of these groups) are having a jolly ol' time. Like any night, there is no music in the Mary Jane; these duties always appeared fulfilled by the general ruckus that rarely died down.

The Fuerza is in town, so their purlieu is more of a riot than usual. Trevor, the lanky barman, is still on duty, but unlike the 'civilian' patrons of the establishment, the biker bandits are helping themselves to anything they like, going behind the bar as they please.

"Watch it mate" a rude, jean-vested gangster blows past Trevor, as he moves towards the short fridge. He opens it and takes a cold one. But the sight right next to the fridge makes him stick around.

Stashed in a snug, empty space underneath the bar, facing the same direction as the bar's fridge is Jack, in a dreadful, humiliated state. The poor, head-shaved girl has many coils of duct tape tightly wrapped around her head and over her eyes and her wide steel ring-gag (which is slowly developing signs of rust) is tightly strapped behind her teeth. From the ceiling of her narrow, rectangular confinement, a short roped noose encircles her neck with three rounds of rope and relative tautness between her neck and the metal hook it's hitched on. The girl's elbows and wrists have been ruthless duct-taped behind her back. More tight, skin-pinching tape appears to squeeze each of the girl's upper thighs and her ankles, forcing her legs to fold in half in a cruel frog-tie. The blinded girl is forced to support her weight on her scratched knees, unable to relax her posture or else she'll choke to death on her noose. The poor woman appears rather resigned to her awful fate, softly shifting her bare-skinned body and making slight readjustments to her knees-only footing, every-time she relaxes and feels the noose bite into her throat.

Every once in a while, the Latino gangsters bring their juguete out of storage to have some fun downstairs in the bar. While the other non-mafia-affiliated customers of the Mary Jane do not really get a glimpse the poor girl's form, her presence behind the bar is easily put together, by the increased attention often centered around that concealed spot of the bar. If nothing else, seeing a person humping something behind the bar should be a dead giveaway, even if what's happening from the waist down is unseen.

But none of them want anything to do with what's happening behind that bar, and for good reason. Trying to make waves or call the cops about this topic would result in very bad things for them. They do feel bad for the poor thing, but what can you do? Best to ignore it and chug your pint in peace.

Steadying the woman's face by placing his hand on top of her bald head, the man hooks the tip of his glass beer bottle inside the girl's spread mouth and uses her metal gag to open his beverage with a twist of his wrist, using her as a bottle opener, as if the woman wasn't being objectified enough.

"Thanks, chika" he says as he departs, only for another mate of his to slip by him in the narrow bar. He has more than bottle-opening in mind.

As this particular 'gentleman' lowers only the front of his pants in a pretty public setting, Jack has no way to tell if the incoming sexual assault. Her gagged moans, the rare ones managing to escape the asphyxiating hold of the noose, are mostly drowned out by the place's lively noise. Despite her weakened pleas, it doesn't appear that the woman is any closer to being rescued, than she is when stashed on the first floor's closet.

In her blinded, bound, naked state, Jacqueline only feels a fleshy, stiff rod suddenly filling her mouth (and soon, her throat) and leisurely start sliding in and out. She obediently endures it, with the acceptance of a broken human being, one that has learned that resistance is truly futile. Wet, sloshy, gurgling sounds come out involuntarily from the woman's abused lips as the man happily milks his cock on her face, with his beer still in hand, nonetheless.

Seconds after the man shoots his load inside the woman's 'accepting' face-hole, his three buddies rush cheerfully towards him, from the opposite side of the bar. "Salud broooooo!" they yell, bringing a round of shots. "One for 'juguete' too" one guy hands the man an extra shot. "Salud, puta!" the man cheers, literally dumping the orange contents of the shot inside the round metal hole that locks her jaw open. Jack immediately starts coughing from yet another unforeseen liquid tossed in her mouth, but the man grabs her noosed, hairless head with one hand and tilts it back, pinching the cunt's nose shut with the other.

Cough* *gurgle* *cough

Jack downs her shot like a good slut, unable to do otherwise. "Good putita!" the man teases, taking the empty shot glass and squatting closer to Jack, roughly inserts it in her pussy. "NGuuhhhh!" Jack's pained yelp is partially choked out by her noose, as she weakly struggles to avoid this new violation. She has had quite a few doses of speedball this afternoon, so he struggling wouldn't mean much to even a scared 6-year-old girl. The man pushes until the small glass disappears inside the girl's cunt. "Hold it until I get you your next shot, haha!" he laughs as he leaves.

The dude passes by Trevor, who has been cleaning a pint-glass, glancing from the other end of the bar towards his 'modified' station with a half-troubled expression.

As much as he knew Jack, there was no way he's sticking his neck out for her. It's a cruel, cruel world out there.

Oh well, at least he won't have to pay her back those 50 bucks.

