

Regina's Louboutins

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Friday night. A time to go out. To have fun. To mingle. The sounds of smooth jazz were complimented by adult chattering, glasses clicking and the occasional cocktail shaker. Or to be more straightforward, flirting and drinking.

A woman with long dark hair, in her mid-30s, was sitting alone at the bar, perched like a rare peacock on the tall stool. Her beautiful legs were seductively crossed one over the other, rather revealed by her sexy black dress, which perfectly hugged her shapely curves and showed off her ample bosom. The dress' arm-hugging sleeves ended at the elbows. A golden belt was wrapped high around the woman's waist, drawing the eye to how small her waistline was, but also to compliment the exclusively golden jewellery the woman was wearing; Bracelets on both wrists, an ankle bracelet and a pair of earrings.

Last but certainly not least, her beautiful feet were "dressed" in a luxurious pair of black Louboutins with a seductive, blood-red sole and 4.5-inch heels. Regina always had a thing for the most lavish of shoes, especially tall, sexy heels. Similarly to the woman's body, her feet were also flaunted, as the footwear's open front allowed a clear view of the woman's beautiful bridges and ankles. The shoes' black, well-polished leather glistened, almost as much as the woman's jewellery, under the bar's soft, moody lighting.

Regina Harris carefully brushed her wavy hair-locks with a manicured hand, before taking another sip from her Gin and Tonic. She occasionally turned her gaze to scan through the crowded establishment.

She was out looking for a night of carnal fun. Though in her experience, things could escalate from just one night of fun into more...profitable endeavors. After all, it wouldn't be Regina's first (or last) relationship with monetary benefits. If using sex as a weapon was a sign of female empowerment, then Regina was the most radical feminist in the room.

While the girl had been alone for the past 30 minutes in that bar, she didn't panic in the slightest. Eventually, she would get approached. Her looks guaranteed that.



Regina was mindlessly biting the thin plastic stirrer stick from her drink, clearly bored. The eyeliner and mascara around her pretty blue eyes were immaculately applied, just like the rest of her make-up. She didn't overdo the application; these pitfalls were a telltale sign of a cheap whore. These needlessly "enhanced" blue eyes were currently stuck on the mesmerizing soft, blue light that lined all the bottle-full shelves behind the nicely groomed, bald barista, who was currently shaking a cocktail.

"I won't ask if you come here often, but I will buy you a drink" Regina was a little surprised to hear a feminine voice coming from her right. She was more used to hearing these kinds of lines from men, preferably rich ones, but what the woman saw when she turned, was easy on the eyes.

It was a beautiful woman, around her age, with the same dark hair, though hers was parted and only about shoulder length. Her dark eyes were glimmering with confidence and lust, staring right at Regina's blue pair.

"Sherri" the woman offered her arm to the stranger sitting at the bar, having already taken a seat at the nearby stool. She was wearing a neon green strapless tube top that exposed her navel and a pair of sexy black leather leggings, with some black ankle boots. More party-sexy than trophy-sexy.

Regina introduced herself. "A beer and whatever she's having" Sherri said at the barman. It was clear she had danced this dance many times before. Regina looked at her very intrigued. She had no problem "playing for the other team", especially if the allure was as spunky and attractive as what she was currently laying eyes on. While Sherri did not possess Regina's ring-waist and Instagram-model measurements, she had a tasty, slim figure, and curves in the appropriate places.

Regina was not the only one taking a closer look at her sudden "prospect". Sherri scanned Regina from top to bottom, with no shame in her gaze. The woman looked 'promising', checking all the boxes of a fun 'project'. An odd word choice, though arguably not as alarming as the word 'victim', which Sherri also liked.

In any case, Sherri's flirt was undeniably hot, practically oozing sex. It was evident from her appearance that the woman loved to flaunt not only her body, but also her wealth, largely accumulated via her most recent divorce settlement. Seating up close to her, Sherri's eyes were drawn to the woman's big, juicy breasts. They were fake, but so were movies and TV shows and that didn't make them any less fun.

But the woman's 'presented' cleavage was not actually what had caused Sherri to approach the woman. That honor fell to Regina's mesmerizing feet and their equally appealing 'gift-wrapping', the girl's black Louboutins. Sherri had admired them from afar, as they rested beneath the woman's stool-seat like two unsuspecting, pristine little fairies.

Well, Sherri was a fairy-hunter. And she was out hunting.

The two women quickly hit it off, exchanging flirty retorts with great generosity. Regina was feeling intoxicated and not only by the second and third Gin and Tonic that Sherri was treating her to. She was already fantasizing about tossing that neon-green tube top on the floor of her bedroom. Or living room. Or entrance hall.

"Should we...head somewhere more private?" Sherri threw in the classic line. "Yes...yes we should" Regina smiled at her, visibly buzzed. "I think I should drive though, since you had a few" Sherri replied. "Gin n' Tonics are my weakness, along with pretty girls" Regina gave the woman a silly, drunk compliment. Her 4th glass of alcohol was empty, beside her.

With the bar's music faintly audible behind them, the two women made their way towards Sherri's silver Sedan. It was around 2 A.M. no one else was around the empty, lightless parking lot. "Where did you park, Alaska?" Regina mumbled another dumb joke, while Sherri was holding her by the waist, to both feel her skin and steady her drunken steps. She was holding her last empty beer bottle in hand, swinging it back and forth from its neck. When Regina asked her why she'd taken it, the sassy brunette simply replied "I'm a collector" with a wink.

As they approached Sherri's car, Regina had already decided that she wouldn't make it to the girl's place before making out with her. She wanted that sassy brunette right then and there!

The silver Sedan's lights flashed momentarily, as Sherri unlocked it remotely with her key, letting Regina lead the way, while darting her eyes around for any random witnesses. Before the young woman could open the passenger door, she felt a strong impact on the back of her head and she immediately hit the asphalt, unconscious. Sherri's beer bottle had been smashed over her head, now dangling cracked from the smirking woman's hand.

The woman did not waste any time, grabbing the knocked out girl by her arms and dragging her towards the trunk, Regina's 4.5" heels making many tiny bounces as they were dragged across the uneven, rough asphalt.

"Ooof" Sherri sighed, plopping her dead-weight date inside her car's trunk. "You didn't seem that heavy, must be all that extra silicone" the woman groaned with a strained breath, without any active listeners. A few drops of blood could be seen dripping from Regina's hair, at the spot where the hard glass had met her softer skull. Sherri didn't do anything about it. The girl had much bigger problems coming her way than a head-bump.

Moving swiftly, Sherri grabbed a pair of metal handcuffs, already stashed in her trunk. After bringing Regina's limp arms behind her back, she cuffed them securely. Organized as she very much was, the woman also had a bunch of dirty wrinkled rags and a detergent bottle next to them. The bottle did not contain detergent though, but chloroform.

Darting around to confirm her solitude, Sherri pulled the woman's ineffective jaw down and shoved one of the rags inside her mouth, stuffing it whole. She then took a second rag and dampened it vigorously with chloroform, before tying it tightly around the woman's face and mouth, gagging her. In her experience, the fumes from the wet rag right underneath her victim's nose would more than sedate her for the ride home.

In the past, she had tried placing the gag over the nose, but that had resulted in a prolonged “sleep” that even her ammonia sticks took 30 minutes to interrupt. Sherri didn’t want to have to wait for the bitch to wake up.

With the woman safely stored, Sherri closed the trunk. The parking lot was as peaceful as it had been when the two ladies stepped out. Sherri got in her car and drove off, trying to fend off her rising “anticipation” and keep both her hands on the wheel, at least until she got home...



The singles bar was about a 45-minute drive from Sherri's home. It might have sounded like too much of a hustle, but Sherri appreciated the peace of mind this added safety measure offered. The ride back home was chill, Sherri putting some of her pop CDs in car's CD-player.

"These poser bars and their music" she shook her head, tapping her wheel to the catchy song. She preferred night-clubs for "fishing". The music was more fun and energetic there. But these types of bars offered many opportunities. In that social setting, Sherri was more likely to find a hot gullible thing, looking for a night of passion with a stranger. Just like the one currently trashed up in her trunk.

No household in Sherri's suburban, quiet neighborhood was awake, when her silver Sedan backed into her garage. Before the electrical garage doors were fully down, Sherri had already killed the engine, lifted the trunk's lid and was pulling the unconscious, handcuffed girl out.

Regina's heels slammed onto each one of the 12 steps leading down to Sherri's soundproof basement. By far the woman's favorite place in the world. Sherri placed Regina on the cold basement floor, which was ominously covered with blood-red boot prints. The brick walls also had a few splashes of blood staining them.

A few feet from where Regina's limp body laid was a metal rack, with about a dozen pairs of women's shoes, displayed on the shelves. The footwear was all kinds of colors and styles, a couple of platforms, one pair of white, knee-high leather boots, a pair of sandals, some Mary Janes. Most of them stilettos or pumps but one thing was common. They were all high-heeled and gorgeous, oozing femininity and sex-appeal. To add a very morbid touch to their beauty every single shoe was stained with plenty of dried, dark red blood.

Right above where Sherri had "unloaded" her living cargo, slightly above the standing woman's height, was dangling a metal hook, attached to a strong wire.

"Jez, i need to tidy up here" Sherri reminded herself, as she pulled a wheeled, tool tray close to her and her "prize". Plenty of tools were lined up on the tray's table, and added materials

were stashed inside the handy cart underneath the table. Most of them seemed irrelevant to each other, but that was only to an innocent eye.

Sherri grabbed a box-cutter from the metal tray and begun tearing at the lifeless, chloroform-high woman's expensive clothing. Her 600\$ Saint Laurent dress was soon turned to shreds, a few feet next to her. Her Louis Vuitton golden belt followed before being joined by Regina's black, Victoria's Secret underwear; a sexy, smooth bra with intricate lace on the top and a pair of dark, semi-transparent thong panties, with transparent embroidered flowers on the front. Her golden jewellery was also removed. Only item left on her was the black Louboutin pumps on her feet.

"Hm, these ought to make a nice buck" Sherri pondered with all that gold in her hands. The shady gold exchange shop a few blocks down her road, was doing good business with Sherri every once in a while. Sherri would tell the old man there the jewellery were either her aunt's or her nana's.

The sight of Regina's lifeless, heeled feet snapped Sherri's attention back to the "task at hand". Someone would assume that the attractive woman's full-frontal nudity and alluring body would be the most eye-catching attraction. But Sherri seemed to be more focused on the only part of her victim that was still dressed.

Tossing the jewellery aside, Sherri brought multiple coils of 2mm-thin, electrical wire, coated in white PVC. She liked the thinner ones, since they dug deeper into the skin and could be manipulated easier than the thick wire.

Sherri undid her captive's handcuffs and gag and pulled the rag out through the girl's red, juicy lips. No response from Regina. "Poor thing" Sherri affectionately caressed the knocked out woman's cheek. "You have no idea what will happen soon" Sherri cooed her. "How lucky of you" she shook her head and got to work, turning the limp woman over on her belly and start wrapping coil after coil of electrical wire around the woman's wrists. She did exactly 10 wraps, each time pulling the wire as hard as she could to maintain a relentless tension. Sherri was not particularly a neat-freak, evident by the messiness of her little "play-room". But she did have a few habits that were pretty obsessive, like the "10 wraps rule".

But the PVC-coated wire was never good for knots. Sherri took a hold of her trusty pair of pliers and after crushing the two ends of the cord under the pliers, she twisted it around and around

and around, relentlessly tightening the cord's vice around Regina's wrists, which immediately turned purple from the pressure. This would definitely become a blood circulation issue.

For a finisher, the woman folded over the two ends of the wire onto themselves, using the pliers. It was a good think she didn't have to undo them, because it would be a real pain in the ass.

With the unconscious Regina not objecting to her bondage, Sherri repeated this process of cord-binding on her toy's upper arms, doing so while comfortably straddling the girl's soft, perky ass. Her meaty asscheeks made for the perfect pillow, Sherri thought. When she was done wrapping, the wire was biting hard into the skin just above the girl's elbows, bringing these joints painfully close.

Then, with each subsequent turn of Sherri's pliers, the cord tightened its grip around the woman's arms, Regina's elbows gradually inching closer and closer towards each other, until finally they touched.

Sherri really liked that aspect of her toys' bondage and never stopped plier-twisting until the victim's elbows were in full contact. She had even popped the shoulders off their sockets on a couple of previous occasions. Unfortunately, her current 'subject' was too flexible for that little 'party trick' to work.

Sherri loved the sound the bones made when they were dislocated. Hearing that snap always gave her these awesome kinds of tingles. She also couldn't deny that she enjoyed watching the added agony on their captives' faces. It was all around fun!



With the naked woman's arms "out of the way", Sherri stretched her body and arms in order to retrieve the woman's elaborate panties, since she was too bored to "dismount" off Regina's ass. She grabbed a good tuft of the woman's dark hair, tilting her head from kissing her dirty basement floor, to looking straight ahead. As she wadded the underwear into a ball, she noticed the delicate fabric was still a bit moist on the crotch area. "Someone was expecting a different treat" she mumbled, before shoving them inside the girl's ineffective mouth, pushing the fabric until every bit of cotton and lace was behind the unconscious Regina's teeth.

She momentarily let Regina's head fall back onto the floor, in order to grab some duct tape from her cart of "goodies". She found the tape's end and separated a small strip with that satisfying tape-ripping sound. She then pulled again Regina's hair back up towards her and placed the end of the tape on the woman's cheek. Still attached to its roll, Sherri pulled the tape so that it tightly wrapped between Regina's alluring lips twice around, sealing the woman's own panties inside her mouth.

The application of a proper duct tape gag was an art form in and of itself to Sherri. Following a premeditated pattern, she began tightly winding the tape roll around the girl's mouth, making 8 good wraps for a total of her favorite 10. The remaining eight rotations were all made over the lips, so that the center of the tape lined up with the upper lip on one rotation and the bottom lip on the next.

At each wrap of the tape around the nape of her neck, Sherri would lift Regina's long, pretty hair at each rotation, so that it wasn't pressed under the tape. Sherri didn't like sticky taped hair. They made her victim look less pretty.

Sherri had also found that tearing the tape from the role and applying it like that, often caused a wrinkly, ugly surface. Pulling the tape along with its roll ensured a smooth look, while also allowing for a tighter wrap.

With her toy rather adequately gagged, Sherri got up from her meaty cushion and grabbed a metal butt plug from her tray. The pointy, oval-shaped thing was equipped with a ring-handle on its base. The shiny plug itself was girthy, at least for an "inexperienced" sphincter. Thankfully for Regina, she had her fair share of back-door activity during her gold-digging "campaigns". The benefits largely outgrew the "cost".

What Regina had never experienced, however, was the Jalapeno hot sauce that Sherri was currently dabbing all over the anal plug's surface. This was the kind of spicy stuff that came with a warning on the bottle, the nozzle only allowing the sauce to fall drop by drop.

Sherri was very careful to not get any on her hands. Knowing herself, she would sooner or later doze off and touch her face with "saucey" hands. Something very unpleasant. She had learned that the hard way, when she once had to leave her struggling, suspended, bound and gagged plaything to go upstairs and wash her face for about 20 minutes.

After coating the shiny steel in the green sauce, Sherri kicked the unconscious woman's nude legs with her cute black boots, until they were spread. She then knelt between Regina's thighs and graphically parted one asscheek "aside" with her free hand. Regina's asshole must have winked at her, because the next moment the woman began inserting the sauce-smeared butt-plug in Regina's asshole. Twisting and turning the probe left and right, making steady progress in the woman's sphincter.

The motion always reminded Sherri of jiggling her keys to unlock her front door. Or the back one.

Finally, the widest part of plug, 2 inches thick, was "swallowed" by the sleeping beauty's rectum. Sherri took some more wire-cord and turned the arm-tied woman over, crafting a mean crotch rope for her. "Now your waist will be reaaaal tiny" Sherri chuckled as she wrapped the doubled wire around Regina's waist, then feeding the two ends through the loop, guided the wire between the vulnerable brunette's labia, the cord cruelly digging into her sex. Sherri flipped Regina over again on her belly, to pass the cord through the small ring/handle of the plug.

To ensure a torturous tension, she snagged the two loose cord's ends with the pliers, knelt with most of her weight on the woman's waist (a lousy chiropractor move) to offer resistance, then pulled the cord with all her strength, leaving no possible slack anywhere, not in the woman's waist nor her crotch. She then wound the taut wire around itself multiple times fastening it over the woman's tailbone, then plier-crushing it some more to secure it.

“Ooof” Sherri sighed, beating a drop of sweat. This was hard work, but very rewarding. Last part that needed binding, was Regina’s slender legs. Sherri wrapped the same white electrical wire ten times around the woman’s ankles, then just above her knees, always “screwing” the plastic bonds just a bit tighter. Not even an escape artist was getting out of these bonds. And Regina definitely wasn’t one.

Hell, she had a tough time getting out of these shitty, pink fluffy handcuffs, the kind that a 57 year old, ex-sugar daddy of hers liked using.

Sherri grabbed a small bottle of smelling salts, and brought it under the knocked out woman’s nose. It worked like a charm, rudely awakening the sleepy Regina. “Wakey, wakey...eggs and bacey!” Regina’s eyes rose to a squatted over, smiling Sherri. “Sorry, I don’t actually have breakfast...” Sherri mock-frowned.

“MMMMMph!” the woman let out a pained, angry moan. Her body was aching tremendously, wherever the electrical wire was binding her. Her shoulders were killing her, her arms were already feeling numb from the squeezed blood circulation there and her legs seemed to be joining them soon. Her cunt was suffering from the worst wedgie imaginable and her waist was tightly squeezed with more cord. Her head was aching from Sherri breaking a bottle over it. Most urgent of all unpleasant feelings though seemed to be a growing burning sensation inside her filled anus.

“Don’t give me that, your limbs won’t have time to form any blood clots, anyway” Sherri offered the worst comfort possible. “MMMMnnnggg??” the panty-gagged woman shook her head, demanding an answer to all this insanity. “Why are you here? Well i’m glad you asked” Sherri replied with a cheerful tone, grabbing the floored, wrapped up, naked woman by her long dark hair with both hands. She then roughly dragged her captive across the floor by her hair, towards the metal shoe rack. Regina’s tender hips were scratched by being dragged along the floor.



“See?” Sherri painfully turned Regina’s head upwards to face the rack. “This is my collection!” she gestured. “What do you think? Beautiful, huh?” she asked the tape-gagged girl. “I ASKED YOU A QUESTION!” Sherri got pissed, shaking the helpless woman’s head back and forth, fully controlling it by her neck and hair. “MMMMMMMMMMGGhhh!” Regina simply cried out, terrified. Her drunken buzz had surely disappeared, giving its place to a potent adrenaline rush, a fight or flight mechanism. Though in her state, she could neither fight nor flight.

“Plmmmggg!” the girl implored Sherri, pointing with her head and eyes toward her behind. Whatever this deeply seeded pain was in her rectum, it was becoming unbearable. It felt like her insides were catching on fire; and the flames were only getting stronger.

“Oh, nonono, this is my gift to you. You know, since you’re so... hot” Sherri giggled at her silly pun, wiggling the hot sauce bottle in front of Regina’s pitiful eyes. “Besides, I went through all this trouble of tying you, It would be stupid to undo everything” she rejected the woman’s begging.

“MNNNdddhgg...mmnnggd...gnnn!” Regina returned to her muffled curses, attempting to form whole sentences, despite the snug duct-tape fully obstructing any compelling speech. Her blue eyes were not looking longingly towards the woman like they did when the two were crossing the parking lot. They were now full of hatred. Instead of munching on Sherri’s pussy like she was expecting, she was doing so on her own thong.

“Focus, dear” Sherri shook her grip on the woman’s hair left and right, as if pulling a child’s ear to scold them. She wanted her attention back to her precious shoe collection. “As I was saying...” Sherri continued from her recent interruption, “This is my prized shoe collection. A pair for every visitor that has passed through here”.

Regina could barely pay attention, whimpering through her tape-gag from both fear and pain. Her shoulders, wrists, knees and ankles were killing her from the cord’s tension. Her poor cunt was already very sore, and the inner walls of her rectum felt like they were being scorched by lava. Her bonds did not allow for much physical strain, but the woman was sweating nonetheless, due to the extreme pain.

“Just imagine... your heels will be up on that rack very soon. It’s an honor, really” Sherri informed the bound and gagged woman.

“And over here...” Sherri pulled again from two good handfuls of black hair, sliding the poor Regina this time towards a corner of the basement. The woman’s tender skin was painfully grated, after being dragged for 10 more feet across the rough floor.

“...Is my second collection” Sherri let her bound toy lay on her side, as she opened a wooden closet. What Regina saw in her sideways viewpoint, made her blood freeze. Inside the shelves of the closet were about a dozen clear-glass, rectangular pickle jars, rather large ones. But inside each jar, instead of pickles, through the clear preservative liquid, which had the faintest blue hue, Regina could clearly see a human foot, severed at the ankle!

Not coincidentally, the number of jars coincided with the number of shoe pairs on Sherri’s rack.

“This is Sonja...” Sherri grabbed a jar to show Regina, containing a pretty, chopped off, right foot. The red nail polish, though appearing slightly darker by the preservative liquid’s blue hue, still looked pristine on the foot’s toe-nails. “Oh, wait... that’s not Sonja, that’s Bridgette” Sherri mixed up her trophies. She realized her mistake, upon seeing the driver’s license cello-taped on each jar. Such was the case with every jar. The license on the jar she was holding read:

Worthington Bridgette

Date of Birth: 12/04/1988

The silence photo showed a pretty, Caucasian blonde with short bangs and a small mole on her left cheek, smiling happily.

“My bad... yeah... Bridgette was a fun one, too” memories flooded Sherri’s mind. “It was such a pain to convince her to leave in my car. So i ended up knocking her out in hers, then went through aaaaaaaaall the fuss of bringing my car around to move her, haha” Sherri chuckled. Regina was stunned with terror, her eyes stuck on her captor’s. Even though she couldn’t move much, she looked now looked like a deer in front of the headlights.

“THIS... is Sonja...” Sherri grabbed the correct jar this time. This was the correct one, with the taped ID depicting another Caucasian hottie, this one with long, wavy brown hair and a light

smirk on her full lips. It was so eery how the woman was referring to these body parts, these slumps of dead meat, as if they were the actual people. Just like Bridgette's, Sonja's foot also had a different shade of red polish on its toes, the day of her "disappearance", hence Sherri's mishap.

"She was a hoot; I remember she was making me laugh so hard that night", Sherri reminisced, looking down at the new jar she was now holding. "On top of that, the sounds that she made later that night when I slit her throat were also pretty funny..." Sherri said, putting the jar back in its place. The floored Regina had swallowed her moans, looking up with sheer shock at the sick, demented woman she had just spent the evening with.

"I don't want to bore you with every single entry, just wanted to show off a bit, hehe. Believe me; i don't want this to drag for too long, any more than you do. I have a Zumba class tomorrow morning" Sherri informed her captive.

"Ok, let's bring you back" Sherri hair-dragged the defenseless woman back to her initial position under the hook, before letting her head drop onto the floor. Sherri's eyes fell on Regina's artificially protruding side-boobs, as her large chest was pressing against the cold, blood-stained floor. "Hmm" a tasty idea caused Sherri to flip the wire-bound woman on her back. She then grabbed a pair of wire-cutters from her tray and straddled the woman's belly. "Gggnnn!" Regina groaned, as Sherri's weight as well as her own was essentially placed on her fused arms behind her back.

"What a nice first row seat!" Sherri was having the time of her life, putting each hand on one of Regina's tits and wiggling them teasingly. The woman's perky nipples were "staring" back at her. They were clearly asking for it!

"Mmmgggn...MMMMMMMM...MMMMMMffff!" Regina hopelessly tried moving away from the wire-cutter that approached her right nipple, shaking her head vigorously left and right. Sherri caught the small piece of skin between the cutter's blades, savoring her victim's fear. It was intoxicating. She squeezed the cutter's handle slightly, first making the woman feel it, then drawing blood. "MMGGGHH, PLLLLMGG!" Regina was screaming her lungs out, feeling where this was headed. Then... *snap* ...her nipple was separated from her areola, rolling down the woman's chest to the floor!

“Oh shit, I didn’t expect that! I’ll be more careful with the next one” Sherri placed her hand in pretend-shock over her lips. Droplets of blood were dripping from Regina’s wound at the center of her breast.

The woman’s sarcasm was proven moments later, when Regina’s left nipple followed the fate of the right one. “These would be handy earplugs, right?” Sherri toyed with the crying woman, placing the two chopped pieces of flesh in her ears. “Or maybe...” ideas were popping left and right now. She took the bloody nipples off her ears and popped them inside Regina’s nostrils. The woman was suffocating with no air-hole left available, Sherri holding both makeshift nostril plugs from being snorted out with her thumb and index.

After a few, panicky seconds, she removed her hand, so that Regina could dislodge her own nipples from her nose. The humiliated woman looked up at Sherri with surrendering eyes. The woman appeared already broken, with little energy to fight back anymore or deal with the multi-faceted pain that was draining her willpower even faster.



With the appetizer out of the way, it was time for the main dish of the night. Paying little attention to her moaning, wailing victim, Sherri attached Regina's sadistically tied ankles to an added white cord, and hitched the other end to the pulley's hook, leaving about a foot's worth of cord length between Regina's ankles and the hook. She then walked over to a wall switch, and pressed the button that pointed up. With a sudden buzz, the pulley's motor sprang to life, slowly pulling a now much more passive Regina up towards the ceiling. Sherri removed her thumb from the button when most of the tormented woman's body was suspended upside down in the air. Only Regina's tape-wrapped head and her butchered chest were still in contact with the floor.

"Mmmmm...mmmmmm...mmmm" the 30-something year old sex-bomb could only let out soft, gagged moans with each exhale, a result of her horrible, horrible state. A couple of hours ago, she was a rare gem of sex-appeal, confidence and wealth. Now, she had been rendered to nothing more than a collection of suffering nerve endings. Her beautiful, dark long hair, lying all tussled on the floor, was sticky with the woman's cold sweat and a few drops of the blood from her head wound. Her face had gone pale, her elbows and hands now a deep purple color. She could barely twitch her fingers, having lost all control over her arms and hands, gone completely numb. Similarly, her ankles and knees were also a very unhealthy purple color, her feet dangling uselessly underneath the metal hook.

At this stage, Regina was trying her best to avoid fainting from the pain.

"Ooooh you look so cute hanging like that" Sherri couldn't resist snapping a few photos of the dangling woman on her phone, like a fisherwoman proud of her big catch. She had plenty of photographic memoirs from all her "play-dates", which was also the reason she never handed her phone out to anyone.

Sherri then turned around to head for a closet on the other side of the basement. A couple of steps in, her eyes fell on the woman's golden jewellery, on the floor where she'd tossed them. Sherri stopped, turning back her gaze at her suffering, dangling "fish". Regina's pretty, slender neck appeared...empty. It should have a necklace...of sorts.

Sherri grabbed a foot-long line of zip tie and returned to Regina. The woman's blue eyes looked up at her from floor level, clearly missing that spark they had back at the bar, looking empty and tired. "There..." Sherri formed a loop with the zip tie and placed it over the woman's head,

before pulling the end just enough so that the plastic was making its presence felt all around the woman's neck. "Gmm...gghmm" the woman let some labored, choked moans. "...now you're ready" Sherri offered the woman a warm smile. It seemed uncanny given the circumstances, since it contrasted with the woman's treatment of Regina thus far.

Leaving the suspended girl to work a bit harder for her oxygen, Sherri opened the closet and pulled out plenty of clothing items, all of them fit for industrial use. She started wearing them over her night-out outfit.

First, a grey, long-sleeved jumper, made of thick nylon fabric, was worn over her tube-top. Then, the head hole of a mustard-colored, butcher's apron, was passed through her head and tied behind her waist. The color on the leather apron was worn out and heavily stained with many different splashes of blood. A forensic analysis of that apron would return many different DNA samples. She replaced her cute ankle boots with a pair of calf-high, green safety boots, their shoe-print matching the blood stain on the basement's floor. Finally, Sherri wore some protective black gloves over her hands.

"Mmmgh...mmmmgh... mmmmmgh" Regina kept audibly suffering alone, albeit with an added breathing difficulty and a pink face. She was not even paying attention to her captor's definitely not-agreed-upon plans, anymore. The pain in her arms and legs was debilitating, same as the one nesting deep within her asshole. The capsaicin in the hot sauce was still reacting with the woman's insides, causing continuous waves of pain. Despite the butt-plug not being that large for someone periodically partaking in anal sex, Regina was feeling like being repeatedly ass-pounded by a horned up bull. At this point, she was starting to wish she could faint, but the all the adrenaline from this life-threatening predicament was keeping her awake.

What the bound woman saw next jolted her back to a lively state. Sherri was approaching her, all-gearred up and ready to get messy, holding an 11-inch long, electric chain saw with both

hands. The machine promptly roared with a high-pitched vroom, from a testing press of the handle trigger. “NNNNngg, MMMMMMMGGHH! PPM MMMghuh.....ghuh...! Regina started struggling, which only meant she jiggled her naked, cord-wrapped body in place, her screaming pleads cut short by the garroting zip tie.

Her panicky twisting and her muffled crying increased with every step Sherri made towards her. *Vroooooom...vrooooooooooom* Sherri warmed up her trusty chain saw a bit more, now standing right by her hanging little piggy.

“Some prime cuts coming right up!” Sherri yelled and carefully placed the running blades on the woman’s feet, ignoring Regina’s screams. The saw made quick work of the delicate meat and bone of Regina’s ankles, blood splattering onto Sherri’s “working” outfit and running down the woman’s reversed legs. The woman had no breath to scream during this unlicensed amputation.

In a matter of seconds, Regina’s right, heeled foot came clean off, just above the wire ties. It fell to the ground with a small thud that, mostly caused by the pretty black shoe that was still on it. The saw kept its unstoppable course, eating through the second ankle with little resistance. Once the second foot joined the first on the floor, there was nothing holding Regina’s suspended body from slamming ungracefully against the floor.

Miss Harris writhed on the floor, blood running from where the saw run through her ankles. Sherri grabbed the woman’s right foot from the floor. She always kept only one, the right one. Regina lost both simply because it was easier, the way she was tied. The left foot would simply be discarded.

Sherri caressed that perfect, shiny smooth dark leather on the side of the shoe and then tenderly removed the footwear from the foot. The woman’s foot looked gorgeous. Beautiful outlines, shape and a perfect french pedicure on the toes. Size 8.5. Regina could only watch her amputated body part, in the woman’s hands.

“Mmm, great specimen, damn I have an eye for this shit!” Sherri congratulated herself, standing over her bleeding victim. Looking down at Regina’s suffering eyes and deeply pained expression, Sherri licked the bottom of the severed foot, tracing the curvature of the instep, feeling the toe prints on the woman’s sole with her tongue. Sherri was not in a hurry, savoring the taste of Regina’s toes, living none complaining. She paid little attention to the woman’s medical

emergency. First aid was not arriving any time soon. She kept sucking Regina's toes succulently, passionately, like five yummy popsicles. Like five horny lil' cocks? Sherri did not like the male-bodied analogies. Only females (and their feet) caught her fancy.

To finish Regina off, Sherri placed her heavy, green boot on side of the poor woman's head, grabbed the loose end of the zip tie around her neck and with a tight, double grip provided by her gloves, pulled with all her strength, keeping the woman's head pinned on the floor with her boot. Not dignifying a goodbye or any words of farewell.

A quick, sharp zipping sound later, the woman's face turned a lovely shade of purple, her windpipe utterly crushed by plastic. Leaving Regina to twitch on the floor like a fish out of water, Sherri grabbed her pair of Louboutins, slightly blood-stained on their heels, and placed them on an empty spot on her shoe rack. She admired them for a moment, before turning to grab Regina's right foot, now laying a few feet away from its usual position, Regina's right ankle. She left the asphyxiating, twisting and turning woman she had met a few hours ago, and headed up the basement stairs, to get a new jar.

When she returned, a couple of minutes later, Regina laid dead on the floor, her once seductive blue eyes now looking blankly ahead, her purple face lying sideways on the cold floor, her voiceless lips wrapped with duct tape. Dying with her own panties stuffed inside her mouth.

"Oh well, time to clean up", Regina said, holding a jar with a beautiful, french-pedicured foot floating inside. Miss Harris' driver's license was cello-taped on the back side of the jar, taken from the woman's purse. Sherri gently placed the newest addition to her collection inside the proper closet.

Up against the basement wall was a 55-gallon drum of industrial acid. Regina's expired body was dragged by her blood-covered calves next to the drum. Sherri removed the lid to reveal a boiling hot, greenish liquid, filling the barrel about 3/4s.

“Ooof, I need to work out more” Sherri promised herself, lifting the girl enough so that she could push her head-first into the highly corrosive acid. In a week’s time, after the body had fully disintegrated, she would pour the contents down the local storm drain.

“Fuck, I forgot about that” Sherri stopped herself before she had pushed the entire corpse into the acid, keeping Regina’s body balancing on the drum’s edge by her hips, her top half already dissolving, while her bottom hanged outside the drum. The sight of the butt-plug’s handle, slightly peeking between Regina’s juicy asscheeks, reminded Sherri that she had not retrieved her personal property.

Keeping the lifeless body from toppling over into the drum with one hand, she grabbed a blade-knife from her apron’s handy front pockets and cut the electrical wire buried between the two asscheeks. She sharply pulled the shiny, sauce-covered plug out with a quick, violent pop, before pushing the rest of Regina’s body inside the acid-filled drum.

