

A person wearing a black latex bodysuit and high-heeled boots is seated on a mechanical chair. The chair has various restraints and straps, including one around the person's right knee. The person's face is obscured by a mask with multiple circular lenses. The background is a plain, dark grey wall.

OUT

for good behaviour

DrkFetyshNygths

An 'Unspecified Offender' is released after 30yrs In Isolation. And There're Scores To Settle!

A Taut Thriller From The Ultra Kink Queen

OUT FOR GOOD BEHAVIOUR

DrkFetyshNyghts

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This electronic book published by Fetish World Books

Fetish World Books is an imprint of Fiction4All

www.fiction4all.com

Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age.

CHAPTER ONE

1992 The Nightmare

She would have screamed with the pain, if she could. But that was the thing, she couldn't. Her mouth was packed tight with a material that soaked up her saliva and screams and left her eyes bulging and partially obscured. The tape was wound tightly around her head holding in the gag. So much tape had been used it was more like a hood that had been formed. There were just slits for her eyes, and for her nose so that she could breath - but only just.

And that was a thing - her breathing. Such was that nostril slit in the tape, that she had to self-control herself and her breathing. He hadn't taught her to do that. She'd had to learn whilst she was so petrified, so frightened that she wouldn't get through this nightmare that she was struggling in that the breaths came in sharp, short bursts that left her gasping every time. She'd had to learn on the fly, as it were, and that was telling. It was telling in those other muffled noises that came from her.

If she could have begged for her life, she would have. She wasn't that proud, or so far up herself that she wouldn't be able to beg for her life, if the opportunity arose, because she could and she would. She would have paid, all she had, for the opportunity to put her case across. And yes she would have begged from somewhere deep, beyond her soul. She would have begged humbly, she would have even crawled to this man and begged if that was what he'd wanted, or demanded that she did.

But he didn't want that, and he didn't need it. And that was what made this so much more petrifying for her. There was no communication from him to her. And consequentially there was no contact from her to him.

There was no relationship that was forged or built. There was nothing tangible in him that she could latch onto and plead with had she been physically able to do that. In him there was nothing, just this sadism in everything he did. And that sadism seemed to ooze from every one of his pores - a bit like that smell that came from him. It was like the sadism in him was part of his physiological makeup. It seemed like it had been in him from birth - like he had been born that way and there was nothing that could be done about that.

From the time he'd taken her to this place, there was this hopelessness that had enshrouded her. Like a hopelessness that ate up any sense that there might be a way out of this. It was like hope had been eaten up by the evil that seemed to make up this man. He didn't want to talk, or converse. What he wanted to do, and all he did was to gratify his terribly twisted need to frighten, petrify and then 'hurt' his victims. They'd labelled him 'The Nightmare' for a reason. And that wasn't a name that manifested out of nowhere, rather it was one that had seemed to be the only one that was appropriate.

Survivors had told of this 'smell' that they'd never smelled before, and that was associated with him, and only him. A smell that filled the air as he worked on them - a smell, almost so rancid that they could almost taste as well as feel in their nasal cavities.

They'd told of him hurting them in various ways and then just standing back and looking at them as they tried to cope with levels of agony that were biblical. And they'd figured that this seemed to be his thing - that this seemed to be what he wanted. And this was them working him out, kind of sussing him out. But that didn't offer any kind of relief or escape from what he did. If anything it just expanded the terror into other layers above and below what he already inhabited. And all the time there was that smell that associated this man with everything he did.

Each of the survivors had told, within their own experience of this monster, of a terror that was and increasing one. That first level of terror applied at the time of taking, and then every step thereafter, one of

‘increasing’ levels. Then the pain being introduced slowly, and increasing slowly after the taking and the debilitation. They’d spoken of the sound of dripping water somewhere, like a leaking tap, and that sound echoing, and repeating, as though they’d been in some kind of subterranean space. There was the dampness associated with that smell, and that added to the nightmare. Everything it seemed was designed, or just so happened to add to the nightmare.

And then these survivors’ accounts of what had happened to them had become jumbled and confused. And the experts that had spoken to them, the psychologists and the specialists in their fields, after their experiences, had guessed that as the levels of terror, and then pain had been applied, their ability to accurately recount what had happened to them had become less and less. Each of them in their own way had told of a need in them to just talk to this man. It was as though they’d worked out that if they could just get through to him, to talk to him and get through, then they’d be alright. Or they wouldn’t be totally alright but that they would somehow survive.

The experts though had expressed doubts about this. They’d said in each and every case that this man, whoever he was, whatever he was, had no intentions of communicating with his victims. That he had no wish, or vision of opening up channels that might create a relationship. They’d said that this man’s silence and non-communication were in his toolbox. That he used this silence and this brooding, moody head melt to create more and more terror for these victims. And that was the thing, by all accounts this man could create terror that was on a level that would never exist in someone else’s mind. That indeed what this man did could only exist in a mind that was seriously disturbed. As in someone who was ‘sick’ in the mind.

The common consensus what that he had needed to be caught. That he had to be caught before he actually murdered one of his victims. Other consensus was that if his objective was to murder, then he would have done it by now. There had been twelve known victims although the real count was probably higher with some of the ladies not wanting to, or too frightened to come forward. The real deep experts in this field were on the unwavering opinion that he took ladies out, instilled this petrification and

this fright, and he hurt them both physically and psychologically so that their lives would never be the same again.

One would have to assume that more than one of these victims would have rather their lives had been ended. But no, he didn't do that. He did what he did and then he let them go. He let them crawl back into the real world knowing that his work on each was done. And that nature and life would duly finish them off in due course.

Every time she moved, she was filled with this agony. And that was the thing. It was like an agony that filled every microbe in her. Not a localised pain but a general one. And it was a pain that ate its way through her and round her. It was like a pain that she was drowning in.

She could see, but there was like this filter of agony that had been fitted across those slits in the tape hood she had been taped up with. She could see him moving but his shape was indistinct because of that filter. She could see his silhouette, and that crept her out. But the pain was so intense, so incessant that she didn't care about being merely crept out. In her mind she was saying things.

“Please stop this. We can talk about it.”

“Please, no more, please no more.”

“For gods sakes stop this. I can't stand it anymore.”

“Please god just finish me off now. Please just do it.”

Of course no words were escaping her gagged mouth because he didn't want any words to escape. It was all about his control and everything happening according to his modus operandi. And there wasn't even a single thing in this that he didn't control, or that he hadn't accounted for. He was doing what he did - what fitted in with his narrative because this is was he did.

The pain that filled this woman had been fed into her bloodstream via intravenous drip. Whatever that consisted of, it altered the blood, gave it some kind of acidic properties that created this pain. Wherever her blood circulated the pain existed. The whole of her torso. Her extremities, her toes, fingers. Her joints. Her neck, her teeth. Her throat. And her head. At times the pain in her head, inside her skull and inside her brain was worse than anywhere. But then that could be said about literally every point of pain that she felt. It was like the worse of the agony moved around her body, to different areas and then just stayed resident there for a little while before moving on to some other random area. And that was the thing, she didn't know where the most of that pain would strike next. It could be from the tip of her toes, the depths of her brain, or anywhere in between - she just didn't know.

And that was the thing as well - time, or the time line meant nothing. She couldn't measure time, not in the slightest because what few resources she had left were taken up with her just dealing with the pain.

At first when he had been debilitating her and immobilising her, it had bothered her that she was naked and that she was 'spread' open and exposed the way she had been. That had been a dignity thing. That was always a source of consternation for a woman, the retaining of her dignity. But this woman, along with all twelve other victims, soon learnt that dignity was not everything. That dignity had the tendency to dissolve when the pain was at its worst. There was nothing worse for a woman, then the pain subsided a little bit, to remember that she had let her dignity slip. It wasn't her fault, not really, it was just the way it was, that she blamed herself. All of his victims did that. It was one of the many psychological tortures that he used to inflict self-loathing, guilt and self-blame. This was what he did, as well as manage that god awful pain that he inflicted, and kept up to levels.

It had hurt her to be spread so wide at the hips, to the point where the hips felt as though they would surely dislocate and dislodge. They didn't but there was always that feeling that they could. Or that if she tried to move in a certain way, or put too much additional pressure on her hips that she would dislocate her hips. She'd been more than aware that her smooth, hairless cunt was exposed to this man, and she would soon learn that she

was exposed and vulnerable there for a reason. Or for at least one reason. And that was for him, from time to time, to relieve himself inside of her.

That he raped every single one of his eventual thirteen victims before being caught should have been the shock to end all shocks. But this was not the case. His penetration of these women was simply a casual thing. Almost like a blasé and entitled thing that he did. Certainly gaining consent was not something that would have even entered his mind. In his mind had to be this entitlement that when the woman was with him, suffering for him, then he could do what he wanted. There was not even any question in his mind that like the snatching of her, there was just nothing wrong with him fucking her as well.

It was like something he had to do because of what he was doing to them. Like the act of taking them out, debilitating and then immobilising them and then working on them with various methods of inflicting pain was a sexual turn on for him. And because of that turn on, he needed from time to time to relieve himself sexually. And that sexual relief had to be inside of the woman he was working on at any given time. He had to be deep inside her. He had to be as deep in her as he could be. He had to be able to feel the nudge of his mushroom shaped bell end against the firmness of her cervix.

“Please god stop this. Please god stop this.”

“Finish me off, please finish me off now.”

“Fuck, please no more of this, no more of this.”

Those voices in her own head again. And there was no fanfare or big event any time he penetrated them. It was a simple act of him walking between her legs, slipping inside of her and then jerking until he ejaculated the contents of his testicles inside of her. It wasn't even a good fucking he gave her like the 'man' he was. In a way, it was at this time that he showed himself to be as pathetic as he was. His offload of his own testicle contents would never last very long. Sometimes seconds, maybe as much as a couple of minutes on a good day. In some many ways he was a man who wasn't a man at all.

And there, right there was another detail of his modus operandi. Apart from the internal pain that he inflicted in various ways, he never damaged the vagina. He never damaged the vagina because that was what he slipped his cock into. That needed to be perfect for him to slip his cock into. It would be no good for him if the vagina was permanently spasmed up and tight with pain. It had to be soft and mushy for him to sink into. And so he left that as god intended. He left that be so that he could slide into her as and when the urge took him. And it was that softness, and that flesh cushion enveloped around his cock that made him come. And sometimes that vagina was 'wet'. It depended on what kind of pain he had been subjecting her to. And when it was wet there would be those voices in her mind again.

“Oh no, no don't be wet. Don't be slippery for this pervert.”

“Oh please you're letting women down by being wet like this.”

It was a case of her breaking down, thinking she'd let the side down because she was wet. That was her fault again. That was more cause for her to blame herself and self-loath herself more.

He never had intercourse with her mouth, or with her ass - just her vagina. It was like he had to penetrate the very essence, the very centre of her femininity. The rest of her could be filled with as much pain as he could muster up, but that vagina had to stay intact. But not for her pleasure, only his. He didn't 'make love' to her, he just spent himself inside her. That was the sole thing that he gave back to her. He spent his time taking from her - taking her sanity, taking her mind, and taking her dignity but when it was time to give back, all he gave back was his semen which he flooded her vagina and her cervix with. And once he'd done that it was back to business as usual.

She spasmed in her bondage. That bondage was tight and it was complete. There was no chance for her to move. If she did manage to move a muscle then the bondage strapping simply self-tightened so that she wouldn't be able to move that particular muscle again. And now he was getting ready to up the stakes again. He had trundled a stainless steel

medical trolley so that he could reach it as he worked on her. The thing about the way he worked was that it was slow - it was almost too slow, like deliberately slow. It was like if he could have reverse time, or turned the clock back he would have because of the slowness with which he worked.

When this kind of thing was recounted to the experts they simply recognised that for him to stretch out what he was doing was something that enabled him to get more 'pleasure' out of it. They'd decided that he got pleasure simply because of the sexual angle. He got sexually excited at what he did and so he had to penetrate the vagina of each and every one of the victims. In fact what he did to each victim was so similar, so 'the same' that his mind must have been on some kind of loop. That was it - his mind was on a loop.

His modus operandi was on a simple loop. He didn't know any other way except the way he'd done it. On the face of it, he was this sophisticated sadistic monster. But not really. With each and every woman that came forward, they were getting closer and closer to him. When this one was let go, when she crawled back into her real life a physical and psychological wreck, she would tell them exactly the same story as all the others had.

But there would always be some difference, something deferent that she would be able to tell them. Maybe the same thing but told in a different way that would be a clue for them and bring them closer to him.

"Please no, please no more please no more. Please, please no more."

That voice in her head again. But nothing but muffled, dried up sounds from her mouth.

CHAPTER TWO

1992 continued

When the thirteenth victim crawled back to the real world, she was indeed a wreck. She'd been missing for four weeks. It was like she had vanished off the face of the earth. That had been the same with the previous twelve victims and it was why they had linked this one with them. He'd brought her back to where he'd snatched her from. A deserted taxi rank, and in the small hours of the morning. She'd been clubbing when she was taken. But the night, four weeks later, when he dropped her off was the middle of the week. There were no clubbing crowds, or no queues of taxis waiting to take the drunk and the high ones home. It was like he knew what he was doing.

And it was raining as well.

"He's let me go! He's let me go! I'm free, I can't believe he's let me go. Oh fuck, Thank God, Thank God I'm free!"

Oddly, even though there was no gag now, those words were still just in her mind. For some reason that had to be deep and psychological, and the words didn't come out of her mouth. It was like she had the words because they kept playing in her mind, time and time again but they wouldn't find their way to her mouth and then out between her lips. Even when the cruising police patrol car stopped, the officers asking her if she was ok, she couldn't speak.

"Look Miss, let us take you to hospital, to get you checked over. We're not going to hurt you. We just want to make sure you're ok, that's all."

And that had been a male officer and a female. And inside her mind this was ok. She would go with them because they weren't going to hurt her any more. Even as she slipped into the back of the police vehicle she was feeling her nightmare slipping away. She didn't know that the sick shit who'd taken her and done those things to her was watching from a distance, from the shadows. Neither did the officers. And that had to be like a final victory for him. To have snatched her and then watched her get picked up by police must have given him some sort of sick kick,

“Two zero three, on route to City General Hospital. The Nightmare has stuck again, we're going to need support on arrival. She's not in a good way.”

“Roger that, a team will be waiting for you. Out.”

That was the female officer calling ahead. She knew that The Nightmare had struck again. She been on the pickup of three of the previous victims and she recognised the signs. She'd never seen one so affected though. It was like this one was a shell and would need some seriously deep therapy before she came out of herself. All she could do for now was get this one to a place of safety.

“We need to get this sick cunt off the streets. How the fuck is he evading all of our systems. No fingerprints. Some DNA but he's not in our systems. Literally nothing and he's getting to do 'this' time and time again.”

The patrol car was now feeding into mainstream traffic and heading to the A&E at City General. The male officer drove as he spoke. The female, a pretty blonde kept looking into the back of the car at victim thirteen, just checking on her, making sure she was ok'ish.

“They're coming up blank each and every time. They're dropped in the same place they were taken from, but they don't know where they came from or how long it took to get back to the spot they were taken from. Their minds are fucked with some kind of drug, and from confident women, they've been turned into petrified creatures. It's fucking sad is what it is.”

The officers conversed as though they took for granted that victim thirteen wouldn't be able to hold a decipherable conversation.

“There was a tattoo around his wrist.”

That was all she said and the two officers stopped talking and just looked at each other.

“Would you know the tattoo if you saw it again?”

That was the female officer speaking softly to number thirteen.

“Never forget it. It was just words. ‘Make The Bitch Suffer’. That was it.”

And the officers looked at each other again.

“Look sorry to pressure you on this sweetheart but did the tattoo look ‘professional’ or was it a do-it-yourself job?”

That was the man, he was already thinking ahead to tracking down a likely tattoo shop that could have done such art. It would be next to impossible to track a self-done tattoo, unless the suspect was on the police national database already, and those tattoo details were included. They'd have to check that but with no DNA hit this would be unlikely.

“Curly letters, perfect. He didn't do it himself, it would have been impossible.”

Her words were slow to come, and even she was shocked that she was even speaking again. She had spent so long gagged and silent, and then too petrified to even try to speak that to hear words coming from her own lips again felt good. Some kind of healing process had already begun but it wouldn't be quick.

“Baby you're doing really well. If there's more you can tell us on the way to the hospital, then that would be really, really helpful.”

They were being gentle with her but at the same time recognising that to get as much as they could from her sooner rather than later might be the difference between catching this animal again, or waiting to pick up number fourteen. The officers spoke between themselves next.

“The tattoo hasn’t been mentioned by any of the others. That could be significant.”

“Yeah I know. I think this will be the first breakthrough in all this time.”

“Two zero three, you need to get a senior team member from operation Nightmare, to the hospital, the victim is remembering more than any of the others and those guys need to hear it.”

“Roger that. We’ll get someone there.”

“That smell. I’ve smelled it before. But not at the same time. It’s weird I know.”

Again the words came slowly. The enquiry knew about the smell but not one of the victims had even the slightest clue what it was. So number thirteen was promising.

“Try think sweetheart. This is really important to us. We need to catch this man. We need to catch him before he puts anyone else through what you’ve been through.”

That was the woman officer and she was leaning back with her arm across the back of her seat so that she could talk directly to the woman’s face. But it was too late. Number thirteen’s eyes had glazed over and she’d sunk into what had to be a form of shock. That shock too deep to penetrate. And there was no telling how long it would be before she would be able to give them any more. Or if she would be able to give them any more.

“It’s ok sweetheart. We’re nearly there and you’ll get all the support and help you need.”

14 Days Later - City General Hospital

Number thirteen was sitting up in bed now, and she was more bright eyed. There was still some vacantness there, some trauma that was inside her head, but she was holding her own. It was just that sometimes she visibly slipped back, like she didn't want to go on. It was like a block that came up, but then was gone again.

“That smell. It was like when I went to see my grandfather when he died, at the funeral home.”

The investigation team sat silent, and they looked at each other. After all this time a big breakthrough. The Nightmare had to have worked in the funeral business, or a hospital morgue. That smell had to be the chemicals they used on, and in dead bodies.

“You don't think it could have been formaldehyde do you sweetie? Is that the smell that was there all the time?”

“I don't know, I've never smelled it before. Maybe.”

That was as best as they were going to get at this time. But it was something go on.

“OK! And the tattoo, you sure about the words right? And the fact that it looked professional?”

“I'm sure. I'll never forget the words as long as I live. Make. The. Bitch. Suffer. That was it.”

Members of the investigation team looked at each other again. It was like they knew they had something significant. There was still work to do but the search was narrower now. They just had funeral homes, hospital morgues and tattoo parlours to check out. No mean feat but this was literally the only breakthrough they'd got in the whole time this animal was striking at the City's female population. Who knew if this woman, number

thirteen, or Callie as she was called, would come up with anything else whilst they followed up leads they had? And one lead could lead to another and so on. It was the most they could hope for.

“Get some rest Callie. You’ve been through a lot but you’re on the mend and you’ll get total support going forward. If you do think of anything else, you know how to get hold of me, direct. This is my card.”

The plain clothed male officer spoke sincerely and yet with authority to the thirty two year old woman. She smiled, nodded and then there it was again, that vacantness in the eyes as she sank back into a place that she obviously felt safe, that was also related to shock.

There had been no pattern to this man’s behaviour. For instance it wasn’t in one area of the city that he took women from. It was all over, from all boroughs. There was no pattern either to the type of female he took, either in age or looks. Ages spanned from eighteen through to forty five. And they were from blonde through to brunette and anything in between. There was no similarity in the height or the build. Callie was a stunning blonde with a curvy attractive body and a pretty face, but number twelve had been a dark blonde, very thin type with thin, sharp features. It was like this man selected the range deliberately to confuse and deliberately not to have that tag on him. All that was the same was the fact that he took them and then dropped them off in the same place after he had fucked them up for four weeks. That had been his only modus operandi. And that in itself was not helpful at all.

“We got a hit on the tattoo shop. More by luck than judgement though. They remember a guy, a strange guy with no other tattoos just coming in and asking for this one. The wording is exactly as Callie said it was. We got a negative on the CCTV because it was so long ago that all the systems have overwritten themselves. Now we’re concentrating on funeral homes and hospital morgues and porters. Can’t think why this animal is using formaldehyde because it’s such a distinctive smell.”

The senior investigating officer stopped talking to the room. As though he was thinking as well as trying to work out what he was going to say next.

“Yeah distinctive boss, but none of the others knew what it was and we are only guessing at this point that it is formaldehyde. But it is something to go on. And the tattoo shop is a good hit. We can radiate some kind of search from there. Someone must know who this is Guv, do you reckon we can do like a photofit of this tattoo with the help of Callie, and release it out there on a public appeal? It might ring someone’s bell.”

That was another officer, female in plain clothes.

“Well certainly get the photofit made up. I’ll take a step back and think before we release it. If we do it could help us but it could help him as well. I’m thinking it’s been so long without anything, and now we’ve got all of this, we need to be careful how we use it. Going public may not be the wisest thing we can do at this point. But on the other hand, if we hit a brick wall again, and that’s more than a possibility, then we need to get momentum back. It’s a matter of choosing when to go public, rather than if we do.”

Silence followed this. It was like everyone in the squad room was thinking, wracking their brains as to the best way ahead. This investigation had taken up so many man hours and so much time and progress had been nil. And the powers that be were on the verge of pulling at least some of the plug. So now they couldn’t fuck up at any cost.

“I reckon blitz this guv, go public with it. Put the fear of god into this weirdo by making him think we’re on to him. I mean what do we have to lose? It’s like maybe he’s on the cusp of making mistakes and to see a tattoo like he’s got, probably the only one in the city, on the tv in front of him will spook the shit out of him and into making more mistakes.”

He sounded convinced at least.

“Yea Danny I get that. But it could also force him to go to ground and by the time he surfaces again we’ll all be pensioned off and this squad most definitely won’t exist anymore. We just need to think about it, that’s all. Let’s just see what happens with the enquiries into funeral homes and hospital morgues first. It would be good to have another lead before we go

public. It would be a good thing if we could get a name, and or a face, to go with the tattoo. Then we know we're on the right lines."

That was the lead investigator again. He'd made his mind up to hold off on going public, erring on caution rather than risk losing this little bit they did have. There was a general 'yes guv' that echoed rough the room and that signalled the end of this meeting. He had the last word.

"If anything comes up, anything at all, I want to be the first to know. I don't want to be hearing anything second hand. I'd like to think that this is the first of as many breaks as it takes to nail this pervert."

There was that general 'yes guv' again as the squad dispersed into their various departments and groups to get on with another day's work. Hopefully this day would bear more fruit than any of the others.

2 Week Later

"Guv number 13 has returned a positive pregnancy test. It's the worst possible news I know."

The female officer was almost in tears at having to give them that news.

"It's not good, but Callie will be looked after. She'll be supported and helped through this. On another note, we have a name and a picture, and we are bringing him in today."

There was this collective shocked gasp that was taken in, all in one go in the squad room. After all this time, they had a suspect that they were going to bring in.

"You're fucking joking guv?"

That was a young male officer, asking a stupid question and the lead investigators response told him he'd asked a stupid question.

“Don’t be stupid. Do we look like comedians telling jokes? Use your fucking head before you ask stupid fucking questions.”

And there was this silence. The boss wasn’t usually one for losing his cool, but on this occasion he obliged.

“Sorry guv. I didn’t mean.....”

And the young one’s voice tailed off, partly in fright of this man with years and years of experience, and partly in humiliation at the actual stupid question he’d asked.

6 Hours Later

“Is that him? He doesn’t look capable of doing what they say he’s done.”

“Yep that’s him. He didn’t even put up a struggle. No fight, nothing. Didn’t even say anything when we read him his rights. It was like he just knew it was all over and came quietly. Fucking weird if you ask me.”

The governor seemed deflated - almost as though he’d expected more of an event than he’d got. But this was it, the culmination of almost two years of work. And it had all hinged on the tattoo information that Callie had given them. And then the hint of the formaldehyde link. The man had been a hospital morgue porter for thirty years. Unbelievably he had been at City General Hospital all that time. He’d probably seen every single one of his victims taken there after he had released them. That probably had added an extra layer of gratification for himself. Almost like the cherry on top.

This man, The Nightmare may have even assisted in moving those victims from department to department within the hospital. And yet he would have made sure not to have been emitting that formaldehyde aroma, or the rest of the victims would have known about that link and put one and one together. It’d only been Callie who’d smelled that smell before when

she'd been to visit her dead grandfather at the funeral home. That had been the breakthrough, and the tattoo. And now it was all over.

“Think we should go and have a good drink, the whole squad, I think we deserve it, don't you? All drinks are on me.”

That was the governor thanking his team. This had been almost the one that got away and he didn't think that he'd have been able to live with that. Come to think of it, none of them would have been able to live with it. They'd breathed this case since number one had gone missing then reappeared, damaged and in need of help. And it had been like they were all being sucked into this dark black hole that there was no escape from. One victim after another vanishing and then turning up again in dire need of help and repair. But now it was done.

“Good idea guv.”

And that was echoed around the room.

CHAPTER THREE

2021 Inside Life

“The trouble with you is that you didn’t make the most of it whilst you was out there. And now you have to wait fifty years until you get out, by which time you’ll have changed so much you won’t be able to pick up where you left off.”

Literally the only person, or type of person that would have been able to get through to The Nightmare would have been someone on the same level, or above his level. Those had been the words of a multiple sex offender who’d evaded capture for decades but was now doing four full life terms. The Nightmare wouldn’t have gone into the general population of any prison under any circumstances. Whilst he could terrorise and change females on the outside, inside a general population he wouldn’t have lasted a week, let alone decades inside a normal wing. And so he’d gone straight into a protection wing in the most maximum security prison in the country. That wing in that prison specialised in misfits like him, sex offenders and freaks. And for those decades and in that special wing, he was guest of honour in that his reputation had preceded him.

Prisoners who went to this wing didn’t come out. Some of the cells were glass cubes that allowed twenty four seven surveillance. The powers that be in that prison wouldn’t want the likes of The Nightmare to spread their evil shit to lesser sex criminals. And yet, there were ones that would feed off him, and ones that surpassed him in different ways. They would be like sponges who would learn off the likes of Nightmare.

“I’ll be out of here in thirty. And when I do get out, there will be scores I am going to settle.”

He'd needed to learn to communicate. On rare occasions he was taken out of that god awful 'cell' he would exercise with others more or less on his level. It was in his interest to communicate, he knew that. He'd not needed to communicate with the bitches on the outside that he took. But here it was different, he was with his peers, in some cases his equals or his superiors. He needed to live a life in there and so it was like a survival thing that he got on with others. A case of him scratching their backs and them scratching his.

“How can you be so sure you'll be out in thirty and not fifty? How can you be sure that you won't die in here?”

The speaker was older than the nameless Nightmare. There was an evil that emanated from him and that didn't fade away. It was like an evil that was there all the time. And it was for this reason that Nightmare had latched on to him. He hadn't been given full life sentences because he hadn't murdered anyone. And that was strange given that the damage he'd done to each and every one of his victims had to be on a par with killing. But whatever he escaped the full life term,

“I'm sure because I've got scores to settle. I've got bitches to destroy, lives to ruin. And my list is already getting longer and longer. I won't be in here for more than thirty - less if I can help it.”

That other man was leaning against the thick glass of Nightmare's cell. The only way they could speak, was like this.

“We'll see. Like I said you didn't make the most of it and now you're locked up. You'll see. You'll see where you went wrong. Instead of getting the most out of it sexually, you were obsessed with the pain infliction and not developing the sexual element. That's where the real pleasure lies - all in the orgasm as that fright consumes the bitches.”

The speaker spoke as though he was an authority on it - certainly what he said made sense. One would have to believe that because of why he was in. He specialised in teenage girls and their mothers. He'd got eight full life terms because his sprees always ended in him murdering the mother in front of the teenage girl in such a way that the girl simply did his bidding out of

sheer fright. Whatever that bidding may have entailed, the girl would do it for fear of being murdered like her mother. In this man's own words he got the most out of the whores that he took, and then he discarded them. He murdered the mothers, and simply dumped what was left of the girls after prolonged periods of torture and sexual abuse, him knowing that their lives were fucked - completely and utterly fucked.

“I'm sure whilst I'm here, you will give me the benefit of your extensive knowledge, and experience. I will be looking to expand my repertoire for when I'm released in thirty, or less.”

And Nightmare smiled wide. He was the only one of the current crop who'd been given a glass cell. He'd never understand that quite since he knew that there were worse offenders in this place than him. He had never extinguished life. He'd had his fun and then released the bitches. Some had said maybe it would have been more humane of him to kill them once he'd finished with them. But he'd never seen it like that. He'd wanted his mark to have its effect long after he'd kicked them to the curb. And what he did to the daughter's told that very story.

“Stick with me Nightmare. I can make you into a sleeping and waking nightmare on a different level.”

And the thing was that this man had to be believed because that was the way he spoke. He wasn't bluffing or bigging himself up. He didn't need to do that. Even the rapists and other nonces were afraid of him in this place. The only one who wasn't scared shitless of him was Nightmare and he kind of respected that.

“Like I said I'm looking to expand into other areas when I get out. And you are a perfect fit to learn from. I followed your case with interest. I was even in the court when you were sentenced. Part of me died that day. I thought, 'he's not going to be on the street any more, spreading the gospel to the bitches'. And yeah part of me died that day. So to learn from you would be an honour.” This was The Nightmare making his way through his incarcerated life his way. Making friends with those he needed to, to get by. And laying his own path ahead. And he was being serious when he said that he wanted to learn from this man.

2022 Release The Nightmare

In one month's time that conversation would be thirty years ago to the day. And now Nightmare was sitting in front of a final parole board.

“Tell me sir, what makes you think you are ready to be released into the community? I mean, your record in the prison system has been exemplary. You haven't put a foot wrong. But going back out into the world is a big step for someone who's spent longer in custody than out of it. Especially after the heinous crimes you've committed.”

The woman who spoke can't have been more than thirty years old, what did she know about this shit? The other woman was probably about forty five. And the man had to be in his sixties. It was like they'd outnumbered the men with women deliberately knowing what Nightmare was inside for and so it would all go against him. There were male and female guards on all sides of the room, which was normal for a parole hearing of this sort. Explosions of violence were not uncommon if hearings went wrong in the eyes of the prisoner. The only thing that could stop that was 'numbers' of guards.

“Well Miss, I believe the time I've spent inside has been spent well. I've found God, and I've got a degree. Although I have been in isolation in here, I have kept in touch through news and media, as best as I could, with the outside world, to prepare myself. I believe I have repented and been remorseful for the terrible things I did back then. I was in a bad place back then. But I'm not in that bad place now. I think, if released I can do good in the community. I believe I can be an asset to the community going forward.”

If Oscars were on offer then Nightmare would have scooped the board. For someone who hadn't been very good on communication when he was out, now he'd perfected the art. The woman smiled. She was the first on Nightmare's list. She'd made it difficult in previous hearings for his parole

case. And in the times he'd sat opposite her, he'd had these visions and these clip reels that'd played and replayed inside his mind that detailed what he would do to her right at this precise time if the opportunity arose. She was pretty enough for him to want to fuck her up completely. She had nice enough tits for him to want to hurt them so that she'd wish that she didn't have them anymore. And she had long and shapely enough legs for him to want to make it so she couldn't walk unaided ever again. Yes she would be his first, when he got out. That would be something for him to focus on, something for him to plan for.

“So, you don't consider yourself ‘Nightmare’ anymore?”

And it was like she was mocking him and trying to bait him.

“No Miss. That was my past life, when I was in that bad place I never want to go there again.”

And his tone, his perfect tone, his pleasant tone didn't miss a beat and this woman sitting in front of him seemed to be searching his eyes for any sign of a lie. There wouldn't be one. The Nightmare had perfected his technique. He'd taken lessons off other low life's as to how to get past a parole board and he hadn't just perfected it, he had rewritten the book on it. He knew what she was doing - trying to trip him up. He knew that she'd known what his crimes were, and what he'd done to other women. He'd known that he probably made her flesh creep having to consider him for release. But to him she was just another woman, another female. Another ‘bitch’ ‘slut’ ‘whore’. And as he sat keeping that eye contact with her, he knew that she was probably feeling as uncomfortable as fuck. But not as uncomfortable as she would feel by the time he had her where he wanted her. She'd been number one on his list since the parole process had started.

“I want to believe you of course. But you know, a lot of people don't think that an offender of your ‘type’ can show true remorse, or couldn't reform in any way. They say that your type are so somehow damaged that there is no way ever that you can reform. And I have to say that I am not totally convinced either. But to an extent my hands are tied in that you seem to tick all the boxes required for release on licence.”

Nightmare just sat and smiled in that pleasant way. ‘Fucking slut, what would you know about reform? You plumb mouthed cunt. I’m gonna show you what reform is all about. And I’m gonna take my time with you, making extra special for you’. These thoughts in his head were loud and yet, that polite, almost contrite smile was what was convincing this woman and the other two, who just took notes, that he was ready. It was her though, that lead bitch asking the questions. She had her doubts about him, he knew that, so she would have to pay. And she was right to have those doubts of course. But he liked it that her hands were tied, because soon, very soon it would be more than her hands that were tied.

Nightmare licked his lips slowly.

“So does this mean I get parole Miss?”

Again that polite smile, and that gentle tone.

“You’ll be hearing from us in due course.”

And with that the three of them got up and left the room and left Nightmare sitting alone at the desk without that all important answer to his question, which annoyed him all the more.

Already his mind was on the outside. The touch on his shoulder from a guard signalled that it was time that he was taken back to that glass cage that had been his home for so long. Even he’d known that his time in that cage had affected him. A man, no matter what ‘type’ of man had to be affected when forced to live in certain way. And yes it had affected Nightmare, of course it had.

In the early days and years he’d coped with it by shutting it out. By pretending he wasn’t in a glass cell at all. As though he was simply sitting in a room without bars and without a locked door. But the closer he’d got to the possibility of parole, first of all the beginning of the process and then each stage in turn, the more that glass cage had got to him. It had this effect on his mind that saw it damaged in a specific way. The thought of himself locked away like that, like some kind of animal - what right did these cunts have to do that to him? This was how it affected him. And so instead of

reform, this hatred formed inside his mind for the people and the institution that held him like some kind of animal. And it was this thirty something parole board leader, this woman who would bear the brunt of this, in due course.

It was like something that had bubbled up inside him. Those early years of coping with it and just getting on with it was the same for anyone incarcerated for a long time. But it was 'time' that was the killer. It was time that changed that 'getting on with it' into something else. For some it dumbed them down more, took their minds away. But for others, for special people like Nightmare, it served to fester the mind more. It served to make them think more, about what was being done to them. About what they would do to 'them' if given half the chance.

And for Nightmare, it gave him the chance to begin the process of preparing for the outside. Because he knew there would be an 'outside' for him again. It gave him the chance to think in detail about what he would do to certain 'lucky' members of the female population when he got out. And this was what the 'experts' didn't realise when they locked up offenders like him in glass cages, or cells. They didn't really account for the time that he would fester and think of some kind of revenge for what they'd put him through.

That parole bitch had been right. Some offenders couldn't be reformed. They couldn't be cured of the sickness that brought them here in the first place. The only thing that thirty years could do and would do was make Nightmare a worse Nightmare than he had been when he'd been cornered and captured all those years ago.

"How did it go Nightmare? Are they going to unleash you onto the general public again?"

The speaker was 'him' again. The one that had spoken to him all that time ago.

"I'm out of here. I told you, thirty and I'd be out. I'm going out to settle those scores."

And Nightmare had this huge smile on his face. The other guy didn't smile though. And yet he was happy that an offender of Nightmare's stature would be allowed out to do his thing all over again. And he was somehow encouraged that with what he had taught Nightmare, it would be better this time. He was confident that he had taught this man to 'enjoy' it more. And that the pain was fine, but it wasn't the only thing that women and girls were good for. That they were there for the sexual pleasure as well - sexual pleasure and whatever that entailed. That he could hurt them as much as he wanted but that he should use them to the fullest of their potential as 'pigs' 'sluts' 'whores' 'bitches.

"Hmmm, enjoy then Nightmare and don't you ever forget about us left in here. We won't forget about you, that's for sure. But we'll sleep better in our beds knowing that you're out there spreading the words and deeds on our behalf."

He stopped talking and looked through the thick glass at Nightmare. Nightmare was in a world of his own. The final parole hearing had got to him a bit. He'd never thought it would but at the same time it convinced him that the bitch slut, who'd questioned him, had to be his number one victim. And then he had daughters, and granddaughters of the original police team members that had taken him down all those years ago. Their ages about now would be perfect, and that would be the perfect payback for them. He liked things to be perfect so that he could give his best. And his best had been that pain, psychological and physical. Going forward it would be that and the added and enhanced sexualisation of his victims. He'd never thought about that before - sexualisation of a petrified woman being an extension of the mire that she suffered. He'd only ever used the women he took as a convenient container for his cum. But there was so much more to it than that. He knew that now.

And besides, he'd liked his one and only friend's modus operandi of choosing mother and daughter pairing on which to heap misery. Except for Nightmare he would take it to a new level - he knew that there were more levels in him. He'd had enough time locked up, caged, to think of new levels he could attain. He would unleash something that had never been unleashed before, and when that happened he would be able to enjoy it in

that extended way that his friend the multiple rapist and murderer had described to him. Oh yes he had learned a lot from him. And now in his mind he was adding to that. He needed to add to it, for his own gratification. These days he was thinking deeper about what he would do, and how he would obtain that gratification. And that made him smile.

CHAPTER FOUR

At first he stood outside the prison gates just breathing in fresh air. Thirty years to the day and this was the first time he'd been able to stand untethered and without prison guards either side of him, pressing in to him to restrict his movements. There was an electronic tag round his ankle, but he'd get that hacked at the first opportunity.

He'd play the parole game by making his weekly appointments for a month or so. And in that time he would do all the research he needed to do on that bitch from the parole board. Then the tag would be hacked and he'd drop out of sight. Yeah there would be an alert, and he'd be a wanted man again, but he'd learnt evasion methods and survival techniques when inside. They'd never locate him again, he was sure of that. Back in the day he had been able to operate in plain sight as it were, because they hadn't known who they were looking for, up until number thirteen. But he wouldn't have that luxury again so he'd needed to mitigate for when he was taking women and girls again. And with what he'd planned there was no way that they would be able to find him ever again. He'd be free to wreak carnage.

Since he'd been locked up technology and the internet had exploded and he'd spent some of his time learning all of that. It was a whole new world out there and he was in it now. He'd never been so invigorated since he'd taken number thirteen all those years ago. Now it all felt different to him. There was this edge to the world now that hadn't been there in 1992. There was this clean cut edge to it that he couldn't describe or explain to himself. He didn't need to though. For him it. Just felt good.

All he knew was that he was enjoying what he was feeling. And that he had a new outlook. But he would after thirty years. He could feel that throb in his cock - it was hungry. After thirty years of self-masturbation he needed to feel a live pussy clinging to his cock as the woman it belonged to pleaded for her life. Or as she simply "gave in" to whatever he wanted to

do to her. Or whatever he wanted her to do for him. This time round he was planning to enjoy himself to the maximum. He'd taken what his friend inside had said to him, to heart, and he needed to put that right this time round.

He needed to enjoy the sexuality. He'd missed slipping his cock into submissive pussy when he was inside and it had grown into some kind of new hunger for him. More desperate need and greed. Yes he could learn to enjoy the sexuality of his sadism and he could learn to take more sexual pleasure from the women he was going to take out. And in doing all of that he could extend their terror and deepen their fear of him and what he would do to them.

Life was good as a taxi rolled up for him.

“Is the Three Bears pub still by the City General Hospital?”

“Nah mate, long gone. It's a block of flats now.”

“Ok, any pub in that area will do.”

And the cab slipped into traffic heading towards the city. There was a smile across the Nightmare's face.

He only had one pint and that made him feel light headed. It had been so long since he'd drank any form of alcohol. Such had been his intent to be a model prisoner he'd stayed away from the illegally brewed stuff when inside.

“So weekly meetings for six months. Then we'll review. How does that sound?”

The probation officer was fresh out of university. A spotty boy with some growing up to do. He obviously had the qualifications though.

“Of course. That sounds perfect.”

There was no point in winding him up. He wanted him onside until he chose to drop out of sight.

“Just take some time, get used to being free then I’ll see if I can get you some kind of work. They say if you can’t find work in the city, there are no jobs available.”

That was the probation officer’s way of lightening the mood. It wasn’t clear, not really at this point, if he knew who exactly he was talking to. He didn’t seem overawed or nervous. But inside Nightmare shrugged. Fuck it, he’ll be done with him soon enough.

“A job would be amazing after all this time.”

And there he was, playing the game. There he was toeing the line as it were.

“I think things are going to work out for you Mr.....”

And he looked down at his paperwork for a name which was slightly rude. He should have known who he was speaking to. Nightmare knew that none of the authorities had his real name. They’d not even had his real name from the hospital he’d worked at. They’d soon found out that he’d faked his name for years. And other than that all he’d been known as was Nightmare. And inside he smiled as realisation dawned on the young probation officer.

“Relax kid. You’re not my type.”

If that was meant to be a joke it was in poor taste to say the least.

“No no, it’s ok. We’ve got our plan. So I’ll see you in a week. These are the keys to the flat we’ve supplied for you and your release has been low key to protect your identity. You shouldn’t have any problems since very little of your case was ever made public.”

He was speaking as he was speed-reading the file - something he should have done thoroughly before the meeting. And now he was slightly

sweating that he was in the presence of some kind of perverted ‘greatness’.

“It’ll be fine. You’ll be fine. I’ll be fine. Everything will be fine.”

Nightmare leaned over and took the keys from the young guy making sure his fingers ran over those of the probation officer. That visibly spooked him but Nightmare was just playing with him. When he’d said he wasn’t his type he’d meant it.

“So, so, next week same time then. And if there’s anything in the meantime, this is my card. Please just call me. It’s in all our interests that you’re settled and happy.”

For some reason he averted eye contact with Nightmare and that made the newly released offender smile inside again. Oh yes, it was crucial that he was ‘happy’. But he was going to make sure he was happy in his way. None of these pen pushing cunts could make him truly happy. Only he could do that himself.

“Yep. I wanna make everyone happy as well. So, be sure you’ll be the first person I’ll call if I’m not happy.”

And he’d dropped his tone slightly - just ever so slightly so that it would resonate in a very subtle threatening way to the young man. He may have been fresh out of university, but he wasn’t stupid and this didn’t go over his head. But by this time Nightmare was standing and he was ready to leave.

“I’ll be seeing you in a week then.”

And he was gone, leaving the probation officer more or less a petrified mess.

“Fuck...”

That was all he said as the sound of Nightmare’s footsteps could be heard outside receding down some stone steps and out onto the street outside.

“That was The Nightmare. Shit!”

To say that this young probation officer had been underprepared for this meeting would have been an understatement. It seemed that those in authority never learned. Nightmare would run rings round this boy and he wouldn't even know it.

He looked around the flat. Very nice! More so since it was free. He didn't know who was paying for it and didn't give a flying fuck. He would only be here until he dropped off the radar anyway. A nice two bed in the city centre - it must have cost an absolute fortune and he smiled. They were keen to keep him happy weren't they?

He looked out over the city, his city, from the fourth floor. This building even had an elevator which was a novelty to what he'd been used to in life. In a way it was shame he was going to disappoint so many people who were keen that he didn't fall back into his old ways. But he didn't dwell on it. Why would he? He'd been given a couple of grand on his release which would tide him over for a while, until he got his bearings and then he'd access the cash he'd had stashed all these years. He wouldn't be short of money.

He had to be careful though because although his release had been low key, the police services would have been told and he was more than sure that they would be watching him. If not on full surveillance then from a distance. He'd made up his mind that he'd enjoy the city, take it in before he went AWOL. It wasn't long before his mind had wandered though, to that bitch of a parole officer, and when that happened, his thick, circumcised cock twitched to life.

4 Weeks Later

He was off the radar now but he could keep up with the news of the search for him via the various streaming services.

“Nightmare was released under licence but has since dropped off all radars. In short we don’t know where he is. He’d made four of his weekly appointments with his probation officer but then vanished. We will find him, but the general public have to be aware, and have to be cautious. and women and girls between the ages of eighteen and forty five need to be especially aware. Try to go everywhere in pairs if you can and don’t walk anywhere after dark.”

A red faced official was trying to smooth it over but no matter what he was saying, he was just digging the hole deeper. There was no doubt that he wouldn’t be able to climb out of that hole and what in fact he was doing was scaring the public all over again, before Nightmare had even struck. Probably not a good move.

“The ‘general’ public are safe. For fucks sakes I’m not an animal! And my feelings can be hurt you know.”

Nightmare was talking out loud to himself. And he was faking this hurt tone to his voice. But at the same time he was smiling manically.

“It’s the ‘specific public’ that are not safe. Starting with little miss snotty knickers.”

He was referring to the parole board woman - the one that had given him a hard time. He knew all about her now. Where she lived. Who she lived with. What her daily routine was. He’d located her and put her under his own surveillance as he planned where and when the snatch would take place. His face was all over the city, so he’d disguised himself as a ‘she’. Full wig, makeup and dress with moderate heels. He’d not needed to resort to such tactics back in the day. But as he’d accepted, he needed to adapt. Besides going ‘female’ was kind of hot for him. He didn’t know why and didn’t dwell on it. This was necessary for him, so that he could move around the city and so that he could do what he eventually did.

The first test had been when he’d needed to pass two patrolling officers on the street. He’d seen in the media that street patrols had increased in light of his vanishing. He’d spent time on how he looked, he’d kind of perfected the look before putting it to the test. That was Nightmare, a

perfectionist, of sorts. The two officers hadn't looked at him twice, despite him looking directly at them. That must have been the red lipstick that threw them. Or the whole getup. He couldn't resist a little laugh to himself. He was missing, he'd gone AWOL and yet he could move round the city at will. For him this was good and it was exciting.

“Fucking dirty slut.”

He almost hissed as he watched the parole board woman exit a taxi and then head into her building. He watched her from across the street and his cock was twitching already. He looked at a wristwatch. In a few hours she would be 'with him' and that was something that he couldn't get out of his mind. He wanted to get back into it now. He'd not inflicted pain for thirty years and that was pent up inside him. He'd not felt a sloppy wet cunt clinging to his cock in the same amount of time. And now he was appreciating the sexuality more so he was looking forward to that as well. He needed to start the ball rolling all over again. And he only had to think back, to when he was in full flow before his capture, to realise how much he had missed that. And the desire was there again now.

Inside he'd been given drugs to subdue his sexual desire. And he'd been given therapy to further subdue his inclinations, although they had never been eradicated completely. And now he was out. He'd been given pills, to take with him which he'd binned straight away. It was like he thought 'who do these cunts think they are, treating me as though I'm sick or something? Fuck them all.' And that desire had begun to come back to full strength within days of him dumping the medication. Within a week, he was full Nightmare again. When he was inside he knew it would come back and that was another thing he had to hang on to for all those years.

Number One Of A New Era

“I must say, it's a pleasure to meet you again. Especially under these circumstances.”

Nightmare was looking down at ‘little miss parole board’, and she was looking back at him all bug eyed. She’d woken up slowly not knowing where the fuck she was or what had happened to her. It had been like she was waking up into her own nightmare.

“Good to know I ticked all the right boxes you stuck up cunt.”

And it was like he was seething between gritted teeth. Somewhere in the background there was the sound of dripping water. This was his stomping ground where he was in total control and as one with his surroundings. They’d never found his ‘work space’ all those years ago. Not one of the survivors knew where they had been taken. Not one of them had the slightest clue where they’d been held. Each and every one of them had just needed to focus on surviving, not collecting evidence about him or where they were. And consequentially when he had been caught, he’d not divulged anything so his lair was intact and ready to go this time round. And it was there he had access to a vast amount of cash as well.

He had everything he needed to do what he wanted to do.

“I think, first of all I’m gonna dump a load in you. And then maybe another load just for the hell of it.”

He’d never spoken to a victim before. But he liked it. It was another outlet for him to take advantage of. It was another tool that he could use to scare her shitless. And the thing was that he wanted to scare this one especially shitless. He hadn’t gagged this one yet so if she could have pleaded with him she would have. All she could manage was meaningless sounds that she had formed into words in her mind but that came out of her pretty mouth like senseless drivel.

“Please, please, please don’t do this.”

To her, to be raped was the worst of all nightmares and she was being faced with this now. And the fact that he spoke about ‘rape’ so casually and so entitled made it more chilling. But she didn’t know really what a nightmare was, or what it could be at its worst.

Because of the way he had her secured to the rig, he could just walk his thick cock into her. A little pressing and rolling of her clitoris to get her wet and he could and did slip right inside her all the way to her cervix. As he did that, he looked at her, he looked right into her eyes and saw the candle go out. Probably she was thinking, like all the others back in the day had thought, that this would be the end of it for her. Either he would let her go, or he would kill her. But she knew his case well - she'd lived with it for the whole of the parole process. She knew he didn't murder his victims. And she knew also what those victims ended up like.

And she had often thought how terrible it would be to end up like those women. But then part of her, a nasty part of her had thought, maybe it was the women's own fault that they had been taken by him. That maybe they had asked for it. Or that they might have been sex workers and deserved it. She'd never quite got her head round how these women had ended up in a position where a deranged pervert like Nightmare had taken them, and done those things to them. For some reason she could never get passed the possibility that they had brought it on themselves. And now, here she was, and she had most certainly brought it on herself, although she could never have known that until this happened to her. Then it was a case of her putting one and one together in her mind. He had targeted her during the parole process. How utterly stupid could she have been?

He came up inside her once and then again, in quick succession. And this time he did it like he was making love to her, rather than the cold way he used to back in the day. He needed to get inside her head before he began to inflict the pain. Moving inside her like he was making love to her was something that would destroy her from the inside. And then he left her dripping his seed as he pulled up a chair to have a longer chat with her. He would do that as he began the process of building pain in her mind and in her body.

“The trouble with bitch cunts like you.....”

And he paused looking down at her. There was desolation in her eyes already and he hadn't started yet. But he liked that.

“.... is you don't know how lucky you were in the life you had. And here's me, about to destroy it all.”

CHAPTER FIVE

He'd completely immobilised her so she couldn't resist in any way shape or form. This is what Nightmare did. This was his life, and the little inconvenience of spending thirty years in maximum security wouldn't have taken away his skills, or his desire to do what he did. Not even the drugs they'd bombarded him with did that. So all Emily the parole board woman could do was spill tears as he did what he did.

One could try and imagine what was going through her mind, what was going through her head as he found a vein near the inside of her elbow with a cannula. He'd tapped her exposed, helpless arm like an addict might do just to find that vein and then he'd sunk the cannula in, and then taped it. He worked with a precision that belied the brutality he was about to inflict. And for a little while he'd sat back and watched her curling and uncurling her fingers. He'd liked that back in the day - making the victim so unable to move, except for those fingers. It was the way the finger curled then uncurled that did it for him. Those simple movements could be deciphered in many ways. For him they looked desperate and desolate in one. Perfect slender fingers able to move like that and at the same time communicate a state of mind that she would have never experienced before.

“That’s right you slut cunt, pump those fingers for me, get the blood flowing.”

Then he plugged in a rubber line that was attached to an upside down plastic bag hanging from a medical stand at its side. Emily was beyond a state of petrification. She was beyond anything that remotely resembled fright. Maybe now she was beginning to think of those other woman and what he had done to them. She was frightened to a point of tipping into madness trying to think what was in that upside down bag, and what it would do to her. At this point she didn't want to be there, but she would want to be there less as time went on.

“You’re gonna like this. I promise you won’t be able to get through what else I do to you, when I get started, if you don’t have this.”

He was appreciating what an additional tool he had in his voice and the words that he could use. He was appreciating how he could frighten this woman half to death without doing barely anything to her except speaking. Emily’s eyes rolled as whatever it was in the bag entered her blood stream. Yes she was being numbed out a bit, she was feeling high, kind of. But over that was an undiluted feeling of unease and anxiety. She’d been petrified anyway - the moment he’d taken her and she’d sunk into oblivion, she’d felt like her life was going to change and not for the better. But this was different. That stuff in her blood stream now was giving her jitters of undiluted anxiety. She mouthed the words up to him,

“Please, please let me go, please.”

That injected anxiety and jittery feeling affected the way she spoke. Everything about her predicament affected the way she spoke.

“I haven’t even started with you yet, you cunt. Now I don’t want to gag you, so don’t make me want to change my mind on that, too soon.”

He altered the dial and the feed of the solution - a slightly quicker feed. And that increased that unease in her - that was reflected in the way her eyes rolled and darted around. But then there was something else. Then there were the little jerks of her, in her bondage. As that solution, that drug had circulated, it had begun to inflict pain inside her. The joints of her fingers, her knees, her toes. Little stabs of acute sharp pain that made her suck in air. But that was all they were, at first, were these little stabs of pain that made her suck in that air and then made her cry out. And in her mind she couldn’t work it out. She couldn’t grasp how she seemed to be in this pain that was total and yet that kept increasing at the same time. It was like she must have been over egging it in her head.

They were random points of pain, and not in any pattern either of where they struck or the level of pain. Generally the agony increased with each stab. And that was what she couldn’t get used to, or couldn’t explain to herself.

“Ahhhhhh please, please don’t do this to me. Please it hurts, please.”

Emily, in her normal world wouldn’t have wanted to beg like this, but she was frightened for her life and she was using a tone to her voice that she wouldn’t have recognised because she would have never used it before. There might have even been thoughts going through her fucked up mind that the voice can’t have been her’s at all. But deep down she’d know it was her.

“What did I tell you slut? Now I’m gonna gag you. I think I’ll prefer the muffled noises of you gagged, than this pathetic pleading shit you’re coming out with now.”

As he spoke he produced the panties he’d removed from Emily, and then he brought them down between her legs that’d been secure wide open. And he wiped his own drizzling semen into them before pushing them into her mouth.

“Nice and wide slut. Taste my cum, and shut the fuck up.”

And he pushed those panties all the way in and taped them, in his trademark style. This poor woman must have been wondering, and fearing what next. It was like time was standing still for her as she was plunged deeper into this nightmare. Every sensation that the drug was inflicting her with was being amplified now. There were less and less gaps in the stabs of pain. Those random, acute stabs of pain simply got longer and longer. And they were blending into each other making it one acute stab of pain that afflicted more than one area of her.

“Mmmmmpppphhhhhhhh.”

Her sounds were muffled and yet in that muffle one could get that they were increasingly desperate sounds. This man wasn’t beating her, or marking her in any way. The pain he was inflicting and controlling was invisible. And yet those sounds that came from her told of that agony that she couldn’t quite comprehend that she was feeling. This was a pain that was afflicting all of her. And now it had spread to her internal organs. Her

kidneys, liver. Her cervix, her uterus, her bladder and bowels. That pain now reaching levels that would feel to her, life threatening.

“I’m going to fuck you again in a little while. If you’re a good girl, I’ll switch off the pain whilst I do it.”

He was playing with her. He was playing head games with her but he’d also learned how to play with her sexuality. Emily was in the kind of place, in her mind, that meant that she was taking in every single word this man said. It was like she was on high alert. As though she needed to be on high alert. This was the inner survival instinct that was inside everyone. If she could latch onto and understand every word, then there might be something that would get her through this.

And there it was - if she was a good girl then Nightmare might turn off the pain whilst he fucked her! It was soon to be the lesser of two evils that he fucked her. She’d do anything to have this pain turned off, even if just for a short while. She was clinging on to this. And this was the head fuck that he was playing with her. He’d learnt a lot from his friend when he was inside.

The thought that Emily would soon be begging to be fucked, or some other sexual degradation, just so that pain could be switched off was powerful inside Nightmare’s mind. He liked that a lot. To think that a bitch, or a slut cunt like this one would beg to be fucked rather than feel that pain made his mushroom shaped cock head throb, and leak with desire. She’d been a snotty cunt looking down on the likes of him as she did her job with offenders. So to have her beg him to slip his cock up inside her was something that he knew now he sourly missed back in the day. His overriding thoughts were that he should have widened his repertoire much much earlier. So now he had a lot to make up for.

Emily gasped as one second the pain was there, driving her mad and the next it wasn’t. And then the sensation of that thick cock being slipped inside her again. What he was doing to her was brutal, and it was life changing in so many ways. And yet he could make this a slow firm, almost sensuous

fucking. And when he did that, she would get the sensuality in comparison with the pain she was experiencing and that would fuck with her head more.

“I’ll make it nice for you. I promise I’ll make it nice for you.”

Those were the words that were forming in her mind but that would not make it past the semen drenched gag in her mouth. She thought those words and she meant them. She would make it nice for him if he kept that pain switched off - as though she’d be in any kind of position to barter what he did with her. He did that switching off of the pain via the dial on the tube. Just altering the mix a little bit. Just altering it to push that pain to the background.

“You’re a dirty little slut aren’t you. I think you’re going to like this way too much.”

He was moving inside her now - fucking her with the full length of his cock.

“Yes, yes I’m a dirty little slut. A dirty, dirty little slut.”

In her mind she was agreeing with him and she would have if she could get those words out. She could feel the thickness of the cock inside her and she could feel the self-lubrication that should have been making her cringe. A woman like her would never get wet with an animal like this. But anything was better than the pain that he could turn on and off at will. In her mind maybe she was hitting on what all those other women back in the day had failed to hit on.

That if they had cooperated with this man then maybe he wouldn’t have been so hard on them and maybe they wouldn’t have ended up in the psychological state they had. But that wasn’t right either, and she already wasn’t thinking straight. She was going through exactly the same stages that all of those other women had. She was just convincing herself because he had given her this one little bit of pain relief that somehow she was his favourite or something. The delusion had already set in.

“Mmmmmmmpppphhhhhhh gggghhhhhhhhhhhh.”

He'd emptied another load into Emily's reproductive tract, and then immediately turned on the pain again. It had been like an acute, terrible shock to her system. Her bondage was so tight, so unforgiving that all she could do was visibly tense up in that bondage as the pain hit again. And it was at this point that Nightmare got in real close to her - to hear those sounds that Emily was making behind the gag. A fresh drizzle of thick spent semen was pouring from her to the floor under the rig, and that seemed to be being pushed from her by her sexual muscles as they spasmed in agony. And this was the return of the brutality.

The scene, the wider scene was of this helpless, naked woman being worked on, being tortured by this deranged and yet calm, calculating sadist. There had been the relative calm painless time when his cock had been inside of her, and now this. Those sounds coming from behind the gag - desperate desolate sounds that defied any kind of real description, and any real connection to the female human being that was making them. And for Emily, she'd wished, like she had really wished that the cock was back inside her. As horrific and unthinkable as that could be in the real, normal world, for now it was something that she wanted and needed. She 'needed' that cock to be back inside of her.

And this was it, for the time being for Emily. He'd turned on the pain again and this time made the mix more potent again. In other words he'd turned up the pain again to make its level acute. It was such that Emily had to do something with her breathing. She could only now breath through her nostrils. But she had to manage that with the never ending pain. There were no sharp stabs of random pain being inflicted via that intravenous drug. It was now simply a nonstop maddening agony that seemed to fill all of her. And she was with it enough to be trying to work out where the pain was coming from. Sure it felt like it was all over her and inside her, but surely it wasn't like that really? Surely it had to be coming from just one part of her?

"You're going to be delicious. I can tell you know. I'm going to take you further than any of those other sluts from back in the day."

Nightmare spoke softly belying what he was doing to her. But in those words there was menace. A sadist talking softly to his victim had to be the most terrifying thing, surely? It showed that he was level headed. That he

knew what he was doing. That he was not doing what he was doing out of some kind of seething anger, or madness. And for some reason that made this nightmare even more so. It created this contrast between his level headedness and his brutality. And for some reason that emphasised what she was going through.

And somewhere in there she would have been realising that she was only on the beginning of this journey that this man was taking her on. And as she realised that the tears were dripping from both of her eyes and soaking into the tape that had been wound round her head and eyes. And all he did was stand back. He'd stood up and then back so that he could get that wider view of her in that rig and he'd rubbed himself. His cock was rigid and he knew that he would have to fuck her again soon. Maybe he would reposition her and fuck her ass this time. But rather than turn the pain off, turn it up a little bit more. This was his preferred method of pain infliction, by contaminating the blood. It was effortless and it was pure.

It was the purest form of pain that could be applied. All of the victim in pain at the same time. Not one single cell in her body pain free. Even her brain throbbing with that agony - the same agony that was in her reproductive system. The same pain that was in her anal tract. The same pain that seemed to be trying it's best to dissolve her internal organs.

And what he did was watch her. He soaked up the sounds that she was making and the sounds that she couldn't get out properly because of being gagged with her own semen drenched panties. One had to wonder what was going through her mind now? Did she wish she was back at work, doing her best for prisoners who could be reformed? Did she wish that she had never agreed to take Nightmare's case? Did she wish that she had never set eyes on him? After all, had she not set eyes on him she wouldn't be in this position now. And that was her own doing.

She had insisted that this was a case that she could handle - that she could deal with. It had been a case that had been high profile, and had even the hardened experts worried. But Emily had been a rising star. She'd graduated with honours and had always wanted to give back. She'd always wanted to work with difficult people - people who felt they didn't fit in. People who just didn't fit into any normal classification. If anyone could

have handled the Nightmare, then Emily was the one. She'd been coached, she'd had extra training, and then the parole board had assigned her. What she hadn't accounted for was that Nightmare would detest a well-educated, snotty bitch like her. Or that she would be targeted by this man, once he was free.

But in all honesty it was unlikely that any of this was what she was really thinking about. She would be in some kind of debilitated survival mode and all she would be thinking about, all she would be able to be thinking about was the pain she was in. That pain so bad that she had little bouts of blacking out just so that she could escape it for micro seconds at a time.

But once Nightmare spotted that blacking out then he would adjust the drug cocktail so include something to stop it. There was no way that Emily would escape the effects of the pain, that this man inflicted on her. No way at all.

"I'm gonna leave you to ponder for a little while. I'm gonna go out, do some research on the slut who'll be in the next rig to you very soon. I've always wanted to work on more than one at a time - just to see what 'music' I can extract from you."

He was referring to the sounds of distress that Emily made as that pain ground away at her. But even then there was alert in Emily's eyes. He was getting another woman, here? She was trying to work out what that meant. Was it good was it bad? But just then the pain was racked up some.

"I'll be back to introduce my cock to your ass soon. The question is, pain on, pain increased, or pain off?"

He knew she would process that, and hope to god that it would be pain off, like the last time he was inside of her. But Nightmare already knew what it would be. Pain on. Already he was happy that he had changed his methods from what they had been back in the day. Already he was feeling 'different' to what he had been back in the day. And that made him smile.

CHAPTER SIX

PREDATOR

At a nondescript city bus stop a solitary woman waited, as though for a bus. She was svelte in a long coat that was secured around her middle. Her long legs were sheathed in sheer nylon and her feet were arched into high stiletto heels. She was dark glasses and a slash of red lipstick. It looked like she was waiting for a bus but she wasn't. She was focussed on the apartment block across the road. Every so often she would raise her head to look up and what she was focussing on then was the third floor.

In a third floor apartment was the chief super Lina Briggs. She hadn't been chief super back in the day but she had been on the original Nightmare enquiry and she had been with the squad that had tracked him down, cornered him like the animal he was, and then led him out to the waiting 'meat wagon'. She'd always remembered whispering to him as he climbed into that meat wagon,

"You're gonna spend the rest of your life being someone's bitch. You fucking animal."

She'd always known she shouldn't have done that. But feeling back then had been so strong that this man had to be taken off the streets, that it was like anything went. If anything the whole squad had been disappointed that Nightmare had given up without a fight. It had to have been the case that more than one of them would have loved for him to put up a fight so that they could've beaten the shit out of him a little bit. It had been almost like an anti-climax. So what Lina had whispered to him had been like a little bit of personal gratification.

She'd not even known if he'd heard her. But he had. He'd felt her breath on his face as she whispered those words into his ear. And he'd never forgotten them. And whether she'd noticed it or not, he'd turned his head to look at her as he'd climbed into the back of the van. He'd never forget her face.

“So what do you think mum. That maniac is out again. I can't believe they let him out. What is going on?”

Lina's daughter, Leanna had been nothing but a baby thirty years ago. But she'd grown up as the daughter of a police officer who'd helped take down the Nightmare. It was kind of a legacy that she lived with,

“I know hey. That's the trouble in this country, they don't know how to throw away the key. They've always gotta give these perverts another chance. They've always gotta believe that they can be 'cured'. Fucking idiots, the lot of them.”

Both Lina and Leanna were glued to the kitchen TV. The case had never left Lina. For months after Nightmare was caught and locked up, she barely slept. She'd been offered counselling but declined on account that it would have been looked on as a weakness. And that in a male dominated workplace like the police, wouldn't have done for her. She'd eventually settled down to her work and rose through the ranks. She'd eventually come good, and that'd made her happy along with the walking out of her husband who'd not been able to hack her rising to prominence in the police.

“Good fucking riddance.”

She'd hissed at Leanna's father as he'd packed a bag and walked out. Neither she nor Leanna had seen him again. But then neither of them looked back either.

“The Nightmare has struck again. Just four weeks after being released on licence, he's taken the parole board leader Emily Nate.”

“Oh fuck can you hear this mum?”

Leanna held her hand to her mouth. It was a stupid question since they were both watching. Lina didn't answer her, she just stayed glued to the report coming out of the tv.

“Why the fuck have they released this? This will cause panic?”

Leanna asked a valid question.

“My guess is, it's because they fucked up before. It's like they've gone public this time in the hope that he won't take as many women. It's like we're going to do the opposite of what we did back then.”

Even as she was speaking her cell phone was going off with incoming calls and incoming messages.

“Hi, yes, I'm watching it now. You have to make sure you put the best team on it. We can't leave anything to chance. That poor woman he's got probably doesn't even know what she's in for right now.”

Lina hung up the call and looked at Leanna.

“I'm going to be busy for a while by the looks of it. But look Leanna, you need to take care of yourself. Watch your back. The first woman he took was the parole board leader. She would have given him a hard time during the process. And he would have targeted her before he even got out. But now we have to assume that he's on revenge mission. Anyone who's had dealings with him in this thirty years is a viable target. I'm a viable target Leanna. And by definition so are you.”

And she stopped talking right there to let what she was saying sink in.

“You don't think that really do you mum? I mean surely he'll go to ground now he's got one. I mean you guys know who he is now. He can't hide like he hid before, surely?”

Leanna spoke a lot of sense. She was close to her mother and had moved back in when her dad had upped and left.

“That’s true. He’s had to change his whole modus operandi. But does that make him more desperate and dangerous? We never found his ‘lair’ you know? I’d put money on him using that exact same place again which is a worry. He kept thirteen victims, that we know about, for weeks at a time. We had absolutely no clue where he took them. We tracked him down the old fashioned way, good old police work but we never found the scene of his crimes. Technically it should be easier now, but is it? We have technology, the internet, social media - but so does he. This is a fucking nightmare, pun intended.”

Lina spoke like she was cracking a funny but her face was serious. It was like a cloud had come down across her.

“It’ll be fine mum. You’ll get him again. And hopefully this time he won’t get out.”

Lina was a super attractive thirty one year old. She was streetwise - she would be, having a high ranking police officer for a mother. She was tall like her mother, leggy like her mother and well blessed with epic breasts, like her mother. In short she had it all and she was level headed. She was a mature woman making her own way in the world. She was single and that was a deliberate decision on her part at this time of her life. Career first and then a family, with or without a partner. She’d settled on having a family but not necessarily marriage. She was a modern woman. A stunning woman.

“I wouldn’t put a bet on him not getting out again. He didn’t, or hasn’t murdered anyone. If he had, that would get him a full life sentence given what he does to his victims. There was never any intention in him to kill. So never say never to him getting out again. Besides, we’ve got to catch the cunt first. And at what cost?”

Lina almost seethed between gritted teeth as she spoke.

“Mother you KNOW I hate the ‘C’ word. You KNOW that!”

“I know I know darling. What can I say? More sleepless nights incoming!”

It was at times like this that Lina would be wishing she was back on the front line instead of being in her ivory tower. She knew that she would be back on this case, just not at street level. Although as Chief Super she would be kept up to speed. They stopped talking to listen to the rest of that news bulletin again

“There must be someone out there who knows this man and where he is. He knows the city which is evident by the way he evades us so I repeat, someone must know this man. It’s imperative that he is found, and that we get Emily back as soon as possible so that the damage is limited. And so that we prevent any more women falling victim to him.”

Lina was already thinking that they were too late on limiting the damage to Emily. From back in the day, talking to victims it was obvious that he debilitated them and began torturing them very soon after they were taken. It had been a few days before Emily was even reported as missing. The outlook for Emily wasn’t a good one. And this was a sadist revisiting his ‘hobbies’ several decades later. Had he softened with time, or had he gone deeper into the darker areas of sadism? These were questions that were already milling round Lina’s head. She’d already decided that she would make herself more available to this investigation.

“I’m going in now. What are your plans for the day darling.”

Lina touched Leanna’s hand.

“I’ve got a few appointments later. I’m just gonna chill for a couple of hours and then get ready and do what I do.”

Leanna was smiling bright as she turned to the kitchen window and looked down on the street below.

“It’s a nice day. Dry, sunny. Just how I like it.”

She clocked the woman at the bus stop but didn’t think anything of her. She glanced over her but then didn’t give her a second thought.

“Just be careful, and be AWARE that this sicko is on the loose again, that’s all you have to do.”

“I will mum. You go, catch the bad guys. And I’ll see you back here later.”

Leanna turned away from the window and looked right at her mother and smiled. It was easy to tell that they were close. There was that like unconditional love between them that couldn’t be bought or manufactured. It was just something that oozed from the both of them.

“It’s a date. Enjoy your day!”

And Lina picked up her fitted jacket and swung it on herself. Then she picked up her bag and car keys. And she was gone.

The woman at the bus stop watched as Lina left the underground carpark in her unmarked police car. Except it wasn’t a woman who was watching her, it was Nightmare in disguise. He’d perfected his alter ego by this point. And this always made him smile. Lina had even cast her eyes to the bus stop as she passed it. She would have clocked the woman with the red lips and the long coat and heels. But she wouldn’t have had a second thought about it either.

Nightmare watched the car pull up to the first set of lights, then the second set further up. Then he watched the car swing right. Lina was heading to HQ and wouldn’t be back for hours. Then he turned to the apartment building again. He crossed the road and went down the ramp into the car park. He checked that his vehicle was there and he had his keys in his bag.

Nightmare was a man of ‘means’. Quite how he was able to arrange what he arranged, seemingly alone, was a mystery. His sadism, his ability to inflict pain was not at question. It was just how he was able to do the daily stuff, arrange for a vehicle to be in the car park of a private apartment block for instance. How could he do that without creating suspicion? How could

he just take someone out, like he did to thirteen victims thirty years ago without there being no mistakes and no trace left? There had been the view that he had to be a man that didn't work alone. That he simply must've had help because it would be impossible for him to have done it all alone.

He found the apartment, number 312. The twelfth apartment on the third floor. He didn't ring the bell straight away, he waited. The corridor was empty, and there were no sounds from anywhere. He looked up and down and then he pressed the bell.

“Building Management Ma'am.”

He stood back as he heard the locks being swiped open and the chains being unhooked. And it was as the door was swung open by Leanna, that he stepped forward quickly, the high heels clicking the tiled floor. Leanna stood no chance - the taser device delivered its several thousand volts in one hit and she was on the floor, twitching in her own piss before she knew what was going on.

When she came round Leanna was shaking. She could feel herself shaking. In the first instance she didn't know what the fuck was going on and that unsettled her. But she was aware of a weight on top of her. It was him. It came back to her slowly, her opening the door and then woman coming for her. Then there was nothing and now she had this person on top of her. She cried out as she realised that he was inside of her. He'd tied her to her own bed, legs splayed and secured, arms up and splayed to the top corners of the bed, and he was raping her. The more Leanna came to the more frightened she became.

She could feel him moving inside her. He was fucking her in that deep sensuous way that he did. The way he did that told of his ability to make his victim feel wretched and sick at what he was doing. She tried to move under him but couldn't. She was confused as fuck. This person was like a woman but had a cock that was inside of her. It struck her only slowly, very slowly that this was Nightmare.

“I’m gonna enjoy you. Offspring of the one and only Chief Superintendent Lina Briggs. You’re gonna be delicious.”

And there he was again, using words to spread his fear. For Leanna, there would have been that chill down the core of her spine that this man knew who she was, and that this wasn’t an opportunist crime. Those chills down the spine only got more cold as she realised that she was being penetrated by the Nightmare himself. She was in new territory here. She’d never had to deal with anything like this and she was out of her depth.

She couldn’t change the fact that he’d raped her - WAS raping her. And although she tried to move under him, she didn’t have the strength to fight him. And for that reason there would have been this self-loathing in her. She wanted him not to be inside her, moving the way he did, but she didn’t and couldn’t control that narrative so she had to lie and let him finish up. The thing was that she knew when he’d finished because she could feel him white washing her cervix with his cum.

“Look, this needn’t have to go any further. You can leave here now and I won’t say a word about this to anyone.”

Nightmare had got up off her and was looking down at her. It was bizarre. He was still in this female get-up and it had taken Leanna a little while to adjust to that in her mind.

“Really? I can just go, and you won’t dob me in? Wow, how lucky am I? And you expect me to believe you, you slut?”

There was a bit of seething anger that came from him. The audacity of this woman treating him as though he was some sort of retard. The thing was that even as she’d been speaking Leanna knew she maybe shouldn’t have been.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to.....”

And her words tailed off.

“Didn’t mean to what? Try to treat me like an idiot? Yes you did and I’ll remember that when I’m working on you later.”

And again he was using his words and his spoken voice to create that terror in his victim.

“Please, look please I didn’t mean to treat you that way. I’m just scared, frightened. You’ll understand that surely?”

Leanna was using her intelligence and her nous to try to open a dialog with this man. At some point during her thirty one years she would have had a conversation with her mother, maybe even about this very man, and how it was good to try to talk to them, bring them down from whatever sadistic high they were on. And that way there was a possibility of it all ending a bit better for all concerned.

“What I understand is that you’re the unfortunate daughter of the chief super. I’ve got nothing personal against you, but I am going to introduce you to pain like you’ve never known. And when I almost done with you, I’m gonna bring your mamma to my place, and show her how you’re suffering, because of her. And then.....”

He stopped talking. But for Leanna there was this terror that seemed to be sliding itself into her psyche that wouldn’t let go of her. She wished he wouldn’t say any more. If only she could get to her cell phone. If only she could somehow warn her mother what was happening. But that possibility was one that was far far away. This man did what he did with premeditated skill and executed with an almost special forces accuracy.

Somehow she had to get her mind around the fact that she was a victim of the Nightmare. She had to deal with that in her mind. And she had to work out that the only way she could get through it was to go along with it. That all she could do was hope that there was some kind of chance for her later in whatever fucked up process this was.

The petrification was consuming her now and she could feel semen being pushed from her vagina. Somehow this man wasn’t working in the same way that he had the first time. He took single women, worked them

and then let them go before he took another. But now he already had Emily the parole board woman, and assumedly he was holding on to her somewhere. Now he had Leanne herself and he was talking about taking her mother as well. He was upping his game and the terror level. This was not a good thing. And all there was inside her was this feeling of 'dread'.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Dread And Fear

“Look, you don’t have to do this.”

Leanne was shaking with fear. He’d told her to get dressed, that she was going to walk out of the apartment and to the basement car park where his vehicle was waiting. And he’d told her that if she made a sound, or if she made one single attempt to raise the alarm, that he’d kill her on the spot. And then he’d kill her mother. And there was nothing in Leanna’s psyche that suggested that he wasn’t capable of doing what he said.

That was the problem, all logic had escaped from her now. She should exactly do that, raise the alarm. This would be the last thing that this fucking freak would want and maybe he wouldn’t know what to do if she did. He functioned on his ability to install fear, and raw fright. But he’d already scared her half to death. She already had his semen swimming around inside her, and so just the mention of being murdered and her mother being murdered was enough to remove any willpower or fight there might have been inside her. She didn’t even ask herself if she was going to risk it, because she wouldn’t.

“You’re right I don’t. But I am because I want to watch you trying to scream as I hurt you. I say I want to watch you ‘try’ to scream because the fact is, you won’t be able to scream. You’ll be too scared to scream. And it’s that fear I want to see. It’s pointless you trying to talk me out of anything. I’m a sadistic cunt which you know already. And sadism is the only reason I’m doing it. I need to hurt you. I mean deeply hurt you - your mind, your body. I want to see the hope slither out of you and away. And then I want to see your mother’s horror before I.....”

And he stopped again.

“Before you what, for fucks sake?”

That had been twice he'd stopped short of expanding on what he intended for Leanna's mother.

“Never mind about that now. You'll find out soon enough. For now, let's get out of here.”

He seemed calm and cool. The way he spoke was the way it was going to be. But for Leanna she could barely function because she was so scared - so frightened. But it was like Nightmare made allowances for that. And in fact it was like he was enjoying standing back, watching this woman struggle to function in even the most basic of ways. For some reason in her mind Leanna was knowing that this was the worst thing she could do was to leave the apartment with this man.

That it wouldn't be a good thing not in any way shape or form, but at the same time she didn't have an alternative to just going along with this man. She didn't have a better plan and so she was doing it. That was something that she had never experienced before, being so scared, so frightened at the same time as doing something she knew was wrong on all levels. She sniffed and she could feel his eyes on her, lapping up her terror. Her day had started off as one of the best she could remember in a long time, but now it had got really dark. And this was as dark as it ever got for her.

“This will keep you subdued, quiet and unable to memorise where I'm taking you. It'll muddle up your mind for the journey. But you'll not be any wiser if you're lucky enough to be released at any point in the future.”

He spoke as he slipped the hyperaemic needle into Leanna's hip. She hadn't even felt it and only knew what he was talking about when he pulled it out and up to show her.

“Please, please let me go, please....”

Her words trailed off as the drug made its way around her central nervous system. The effect was almost instant in that she felt light headed and in that she could feel her ability to think, or function to any level being taken off her. Nightmare opened the rear doors of the blacked out van and helped her in. Inside there was a dirty, grubby mattress for her to lie on.

“Be a good girl, and I’ll give you an orgasm later.”

She could hear the words. She could even process those words but there was nothing worse that she could think of, than being given an orgasm by this animal. But she was kind of alright with it in that she was discounting the chance that she would ever orgasm for him. That it just would not happen. She kind of accepted that this was part of his thing, that he said god awful things just to deepen the despair and hurt. Little did she know that she would be begging for an orgasm in due course. That the only way she would be able to escape the pain, or have that pain switched off would be to beg for an orgasm. It would be one of those things that she would have to learn to live with as her time with this man went forward.

“Lie there and don’t make a sound.”

He helped yank her up into the van by her arm but she was limp. As soon as she reached the mattress she just collapsed and laid down on it and didn’t move again. She became aware of the vehicle starting and then it moving. Somehow that sense of movement was emphasised in her lying down position. And then of the van going up on the ramp out of the carpark and into the daylight. Her head was spinning although she wasn’t passing out. It was just increasingly difficult for her to remain focussed on anything. The last thing she remembered was the van turning right out of the carpark, but even that would become muddled the more that drug took over her systems.

She became confused with time next. The timeline and how long she was in that van. She kept feeling the motion of the vehicle but the ability for her to attach that to a timeline was nil. For some reason she knew deep down that she wasn’t going to be able to help the police when this man eventually let her go - IF he let her go. The thing for Leanna was that she hadn’t been taken down into the depths of hell, yet, and when she was

eventually there, there would be no certainty in her that she would be released at all.

This was just the preparation. This was just the beginning of the journey that she would be taken on. She was still thinking that somehow this would all work out and she would be released and then she would carry on with her life as normal. That was because she hadn't been shown any of hell yet. Not the kind of hell that this man inhabited. Not the kind of hell that those others experienced back in the day, or what Emily was going through even as that van got nearer and nearer to the lair.

And in that lair Emily was screaming. At least she was screaming in her mind. Truth be told, she didn't know if those screams were coming out of her mouth or not. She wasn't gagged now, so Nightmare cannot have been worried about any noises that she made. And that was not a good sign. If he wasn't worried about how much noise she made, then it had to be that she wouldn't have been heard by anyone, or rescued. And that meant that she couldn't be helped by anyone.

“Oh, fuck, please, please for god's sakes please.”

She was pretty sure the words came out of her mouth. She could feel every word slipping from between her lips. But then when she screamed again she wasn't sure if she was actually screaming. Her head was playing tricks on her. Her head was fucking with her more than this man was.

“EEEEEEE AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHGGGGHHHHHH.”

He'd simply replaced one upside down bag with another one, a full one that was attached to the line to her arm. And then he'd adjusted the flow. The pain was instant and it was more intense than the last level. She'd not thought it possible for her to be in more pain than what she'd been in last. She'd been wrong though. Whatever he was feeding through her bloodstream had made her more alert and it had accentuated the pain more. It had made it more acute, more scream inducing.

She was in that bondage, she was in that bondage rig that held her so tight and so vulnerable that all she could do was curl her fingers and scream. All she could do, from time to time was focus on her surroundings. But those surroundings were so dark, so dismal that she could barely make anything out. If anything it just made her feel like she had to, or needed to get out of there. There was this feeling inside her that if she could just get out of that place that the pain would stop. Of course that wasn't the case.

“You can fuck me. All of me. Just stop this pain please just stop this pain. I'll make it nice for you, I promise.”

Those words dribbled out of her mouth but she was talking to herself. She was on her own. The Nightmare had left her to go and get someone else. At least that was the impression she got. Normally she would see this as a sign of hope that if someone else was coming, that there could be a way out of this for her. But any such hope had long since faded and died. All she had now was the hope that she would be fucked by this man again and that he would be good enough to switch off the pain as he emptied himself inside her again.

And then she was alerted somehow to a sound. A sound from somewhere outside that place that she was in. Footsteps. Irregular footsteps. More than one set of footsteps. She was doing the calculations in the depths of her mind somehow and she was working out that there was more than one person. And then voices, or at least one voice.

“Welcome to hell slut. And right here is another slut for you to meet.”

Nightmare had come back into focus gradually. At first the pain had blurred out her vision so much that Emily could only see moving shapes, not people at all. But the closer they came the more into focus they got. He was helping a woman, another woman. But, what the fuck, he was dressed and made up as a woman as well. That was fucked up in her mind. But Emily's eyes were immediately drawn to the other figure, that of a woman, a tall, busty woman who looked barely able to stand. She was stumbling. Her knees were giving way with every step she took.

“This slut has already felt pain, look at her. She’s in another place now. You’ll be there soon as well. I want the two of you singing with the agonies I’ll give you.”

Leanna didn’t know what time of day it was, let alone anything else. She was aware of being a little cold. And aware of being in the presence of this other woman who was somehow fixed and vulnerable on some kind of framework rig. And she was seeing another of those rigs side by side with the one that was occupied. For some reason she didn’t want to be on the empty one. She had this dire feeling of distress that if she was secured to that rig then, it would not be a good thing for her. She was peering at the other woman, and she was seeing a woman in the depths of distress. That had to be the parole board woman, it had to be. But she was going to be no help to her at all. That poor woman had suffered - she could tell from her haunted, drawn face. Somewhere in the background there was the sound of dripping water.

“I’ll leave you two to get acquainted. Very soon you’re going have something in common.”

Nightmare was going to get out of the female persona and back into his own self. And now that Leanna was coming around a bit, that is, now that the drug had passed its peak she was more able to focus.

“Are you Emily?”

It was all Leanna said. And even getting those three words out she was realising how weak she was. Her legs still kept giving away under her but she’d made her way to Emily’s rig. Emily didn’t answer her verbally, she just kind of ‘nodded’ with her eyes.

“We need to get out of here Emily. This guy’s way of working has changed from what it used to be. We don’t know what he’s going to do next.”

Leanna had to keep taking breaks, breathing breaks between words. Between the effects of the taser, the drug that she'd been infected with, and the shock inside her system, she was more debilitated than she realised. But then Emily had this look of horror on her face. She could only 'talk' with her eyes. If she tried to talk with her mouth, then the pain was too much. It hurt her to scream but she had to scream just so that she had that outlet. But to talk would be too much. So she was blinking real quick. And from that Leanna was getting that she was saying 'no, no' to getting out of here. But not just that - that to even think of escaping would not be a very bad thing.

“Shhhh shhhhhh shhhhhh.”

She was trying to shush Leanne up. Trying to get her not to talk about such a thing as escaping. But then she screamed again because of the pain she was in.

“EEEEHHHHHHHHGGGGHHHHH OWWWWWWW.”

Leanna just looked at this poor woman. She couldn't get over how pretty she was and yet how much pain she seemed to be in. It just didn't seem right to her. For this woman to be in this agony that was no fault of her own.

“Look, take it easy Emily. I get it, we need to be quiet, but we also need to get out of here.”

And again Emily's eyes were darting and blinking. Darting and blinking. She was in pain yes, but she was also terrified that Nightmare would hear them and think that it was her trying to hatch plans of escape. If anything, Emily was scaring the shit out of Leanna more than she had been scared already. If this poor woman was this frightened, was this scared witless, then what could have made her like this?

It didn't take much for her to work that out. From the position of her on that rig, to the semen leaking from her, and from the line that was inside her and that upside down bag, gravity feeding that pain inducing drug into her - she could see that Emily was in this world of hurt all on her own and if Leanna knew anything, it was that she didn't want to be in that same place. Not now not ever. But then the taser hit her again.

And as she lost control of her bladder, she was aware of being lifted, and then secured to the bondage and torture rig that would be her's for the foreseeable future. First her legs spread wide, but she was face down, not like Emily. Then there was pressure to the small of her back, just above the tail bone so that it created that concave arch in her back so that her ass and pussy were thrust back. Her knees were spread wider and fixed. And then her arms in front of her and wide, and fixed with just that ability to curl her fingers up and then open time and time again.

“I’ve got something special for you planned. The offspring of a police officer who taunted me back in the day.”

He was speaking as he was cutting her clothes off. It was just a loose sleeveless dress. And then her panties, and her bra. After she’d been raped back at the apartment she’d been told to dress and she’d tried to do that as normally as possible. But now her heavy, full breasts were hanging loose and swinging under her.

“Please, please sir, please just let us go, please, please.”

Leanna had never begged before. She’d been a child and then a woman who’d grown up pretty privileged, and so she’d never had to beg. She’d certainly never had to plead for her life. And it felt like this was what she was doing now even though she was holding on to the greyed out notion that this man had never killed before. He wasn’t a murderer. It was the most basic of hopes. But it was hope.

“Uhhhhhh god, you don’t need to do that, please don’t do this.”

Leanna’s words were clear now, less slurred from the drug she’d been injected with.

“Yeah, it’s just that I want to do it. I want to hook those nipples, and stretch them down, whilst the rest of you hurts like hell.”

Leanna would have rather been in the company of the old Nightmare when he didn’t speak to his victims. That had been when he didn’t explain or describe what he was going to do, he just did it. Now the picture he was

painting was not a good one and was not one that helped her to just let go, and go along with what this sadistic bastard was doing.

He was piercing each of Leanna's nipples with a piercing gun. He'd rolled each nipple to erection which Leanna was aware of, and disgusted by as she felt her nipples betray her to erect. She felt the first nipple being pierced with a loud 'click' and a sharp pain. And that gun served also to feed the thick ring through, and solder it closed so that it wouldn't be removed easily at any time in the future. This was another sign that this man future proofed his victims for their lives going forward. Kind of like something to remember him by.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Despair And Pain

By the time Nightmare had pierced and ringed the second nipple, Leanna was crying more. He was altering the look of her body and that was something that was huge inside her mind. That he had no right to do this to her. He was modifying her with these piercings and heavy steel rings. And that was something that she couldn't accept. Not in what was left of her mind anyway. It was just something that she couldn't come to terms with as she stared at the floor beneath her. It was the way she'd been bonded and rigged. The way she'd been made more vulnerable and exposed for this man. The bondage, that rig alone serving to play with her mind in a way that she was not used to. Come to think of it, everything was fucking with her mind.

“There, perfect. Now let's get those teats hooked up, and stretched down. Then, well then you'll be almost ready for my fun to begin.”

She just wished he would shut the fuck up because what she was hearing was not helping her in any way. Nothing was helping her.

“Look, look you can fuck me any way you want to. I promise I'll make it good for you. Please?”

Leanne would never have imagined those words coming out of her mouth. Even as they were coming out of her mouth she felt sick to the stomach for saying them. But she was desperate to save a situation that was un-saveable.

“Oh, I'm going to do that anyway. I'm going to fuck you again and again. But you know what I'm looking forward to the most? When you beg

to suck my cock because it's the only way the pain will stop, when your lips and tongue are wrapped around my cock, pleasuring me. And, when I make it harder for you to pleasure me with that pain, so you'll try anything to ease it, and to stop it."

That was it with him, he had to go one step further so that the despair he was inflicting could be ramped up more.

"I don't need to tell you that I'm a sadist. This is what I do. If I just wanted a vanilla fuck, or suck, that's what I'd go out and get. What I want is you in so much pain that you'll beg to be sexually abused. That's what gets me excited. That's what does it for me. To inflict so much agony that you will degrade yourself in any way, just for it to stop. It will happen you know. And when it does happen, you'll know how much I am enjoying it."

He spoke as he took up some hooks attached to some kind of wire rope, and then to motors fixed to the stone floor. He slipped one hook each into the hanging, swinging nipple rings and then he adjusted himself so that he could fine tune the motor. And then there was this high pitched noise of the electric motors, two of them, one for each nipple, starting up. And then the first scream from Leanna as her nipples were stretched and then dragged towards the floor under her.

"UUHHHHHHHHH FUCKKKKKK PLEASE NO NOT THIS, NOT THIS PLEASE....."

The screaming sounds were between the words that she tried to get out in a dignified manner. But that was just it, for a woman that was used to dignity and respect in her life, there was no dignity now. She was being tortured by a sadistic maniac who didn't want her to have any form of dignity or self-respect. And she had to get used to that as much as she had had to get used to her nipples being treated like they'd never been treated before.

"Yeah it hurts. But it'll help you keep the fuck still. That's what I want for you - to have to keep still to stop you from ripping your nipples off. Nothing worse for me than to see your tits totally fucked up. I wanna keep them intact, so that I can have more fun with them, not less. You'd be

surprised how much pain can be applied, how much stretching can be achieved without actually ripping them off. That's what I want, is to go to the limit. And then of course there's the rest of those glorious, epic tits to deal with. It's not all about the nipples now is it?"

More words that were formulated so that they would sink into Leanna's psyche and stay there for the duration. The electric motors seemed to be programmed, or self-regulated until the nipple stems reached a certain tautness, or certain resistance level and then they turned themselves off, keeping those little wire ropes just 'so'. Nightmare got up and went behind Leanne, as if he was taking that particular view in. As though he was drinking in that scene. And as he did that he rubbed himself crudely, as though masturbating himself.

"Mind if I dump another load in you now, before I finish getting you ready?"

He asked casually like he knew that such a request would literally stain this woman's already filtered view of him as a human being.

"Fuck you, you sick cunt. When they find you, you won't get out again. You fucking animal."

Leanna had heard the words coming out of her own mouth but again hadn't been able to believe them. It was like some kind of last resistance in her. Like some kind of last rebellion in her that she had to get out.

"Aww now THAT is what I like to hear. A bit of fight back. Frightening a slut half to death so she just collapses is all well and good. But to actually break the spirit of one, like I am going to break your spirit is something that's new for me. And I like it. Already you're living up to my expectations."

And he was smiling, sideways as he looked at the rear view of Leanna, kind of sizing her up.

"Fuck you!"

And was all she said in response even though she couldn't see him because he was behind her.

“No slut, it's actually ‘fuck you’.”

And what he did then was reach between her wide open, secured legs and locate her clitoris which he pressed, pinched and rolled between his thumb and forefinger.

“Gonna get you nice and wet. Let you feel as your body gives you up. A lot of women think this can't happen to them. I'll bet you even think that an animal like me couldn't ever make you wet, or orgasm, but you know, it will happen. And you'll thank me for it because what you'll suffer between now and then will be so bad, so terrible that you'll want it to stop at any cost. And one of those costs will be to give your orgasms up to me. You'll be so desperate to orgasm for me that, well.... You just will.”

And as he was speaking he was rolling that fleshy hooded clitoral bundle at the top of Leanna's sexual slit. He was manipulating it, and he was popping the bare nerves out from under the hood and the moisture, the juices, the lubrication just seem to appear and flow and it was when Leanna felt her juices flow that she began to cry properly. There was none of that rebellion in her then. None of that hissing words of dissent to Nightmare. There was just the sound of her gently sobbing as her body betrayed her. And already there was that stillness in her, that willingness to remain as still as she possibly could so that her nipples were not ripped off.

And then he was inside her again. He'd walked between her spread legs and just slipped inside her in one go. Leanna felt the thickness of that cock, and the length of it as it pressed up against her cervix. All she did was sob until snot and tears dropped to the floor under her, and between her stretched nipples. And that continued as he began to fuck her at will. He could fuck her at will because she could not move away from him, or avoid those full length strokes because of the bondage she was in and because of her nipples being anchored to those motors that were in turn anchored to the floor. She was in an utterly hopeless situation.

The rigs that these two woman were on were identical, and yet they were rigged differently. Emily had been rigged so that it was impossible to move. So had Leanna, but in a way that there was minimal play - the tiniest possibility that she could 'flinch' or move in that bondage. And it would be that tiniest possibility that would prove what would happen if she didn't keep still. There was just this intense and awful agony that seemed to explode from the stems of both nipples in unison.

“EEEEEEARRGGHHHHHHH NOOOOOOOOOOOO.”

The scream was terrible. It was a soul searching scream as she just flinched the wrong muscles and felt as though both nipples would be detached. They wouldn't be of course but that added pain and fear did persuade her to keep the fuck still. It had to have been the way Nightmare penetrated her again. He'd already raped her once and now he was doing it again as casually and calmly as you like, as though he was entitled to do that. But that was just it, he was entitled because this was his domain. And as he fucked her firmly, slowly, as he 'made love' to her he whispered and hissed at her again.

“Once I've finished, slut, I'll get your labia and your clit pierced and stretched. THEN we can begin.”

Yeah he casually dropped the words that Leanna would not have wanted to hear. It was as though what he was saying was that her ordeal had yet to start and that just wasn't true - it had started. It had started back at the apartment when she'd opened the door to be faced with Nightmare in his, or her alter ego.

And those words didn't stop her sobbing. But this time she wanted her mother. She wanted her mum. A thirty one year old woman so out of her comfort zone, so distressed and traumatised that she wanted her mummy.

“Mum, mum, mum please mum, help me.”

She had to have known that they were futile words that this sadist would hold on to.

“Oh don’t you worry, mum is gonna join you real soon. You didn’t think I was such an animal I wouldn’t want your mum to see you and your hour of need, did you? I want her to see what has become of her little girl before I deal with her. You know, she was real cruel to me, back in the day when they caught me. She whispered some shit words to me as they took me away. And my intention is to remind her of those words, when she’s as low as she can be.”

And he was still moving his cock inside of Leanna. He was still using the full length of his cock and his huge mushroom shaped bell end against her cervix as he painted another picture for this poor woman to process. Leanna had been partially broken already. Painting a prolonged picture that involved her mother, of this hell she was in now was something that was beginning the breaking process and it was like it was on an unstoppable roll.

Leanna was like her mother, she was a strong independent woman who didn’t need a man in her life until she chose that was what she wanted. And yet now, she needed her mother like she would never remember having needed her before. But at the same time she didn’t want her to be brought here, not like this. She didn’t want her mother to see her like this. She just didn’t and so the sobbing continued and it increased.

Nightmare emptied a full load inside Leanna and then watched as the pressurised semen flooded and then drizzled out of her to the floor under her. He wiped his dripping cock head on the inside of Leanna’s upper thigh as a final indignation.

“Just think, you’ll be begging for that before long. And if I can promise you one thing, it is that you will beg me for my cock and for an orgasm.”

He just couldn’t leave it go. He was a sadist that had to heap misery on top of already applied misery. But this time there was no response, no push back from Leanna. She just continued to sob gently as Nightmare proceeded to prepare the piercing gun again. And he chose to do that in front of Leanna so that she could see what was happening and from that

could work out what was going to happen next. That sobbing of her's changed to a desolate, terrible whimpering that should not have been associated with a human being at all, let alone a beautiful, attractive, stunning human being like Leanna had been.

'Had been'. That was true. This wasn't the same female human being that her mother had left earlier on this same day. This was one that had been taken to the edge of some kind of abyss and one that was teetering on the edge of that abyss. She knew what was going to happen between her legs, to her sexual flesh, to the core of her femininity, her clitoris and yet she just whimpered about it. It was like she'd absorbed the terror of it and now she was accepting of it.

Nightmare was watching and taking mental notes. It was part of the gratification that he sought from a victim. He needed to listen to and record every noise that she made, and file it away in this system in his mind that he had developed over the years. That was the thing about him - he remembered every single one of his victims. What they looked like, what their names were before he renamed them all 'slut'. And what sounds they made as he was torturing them.

He remembered every single one of them photographically in his mind. And every one of them sonically, in what noises they made as they reached and surpassed various stages of despair and decimation. And by far he was getting the most so far out of Leanna. But he knew it wouldn't peak, not yet. He knew that it would only peak when 'mamma' was here. But he had work to do before that happened. He was like a child in a sweet shop and he had certain levels of gratification that he had to attain, during every phase of the process. That gratification that he had to attain was a continuous rolling one that any sadist had to improve on, all the time.

"Don't, please don't, not down there, please don't."

That last little bit of resistance or begging before the inevitable happened. Nightmare holding the piercing gun and ready to grip one labia between his thumb and forefinger. Leanna was trembling bodily as her sexual fluids and semen dripped from her. It was more like she was trembling in this mortified astonishment that she was being further altered

by this man who'd taken possession of her. That was what she felt that this man had taken possession of her and that he had no right to. And just when she was getting used to the idea that she'd been taken possession of, she had another bout of pain and alteration to go through. And even now he had left that old mantra behind of keeping a slut's vagina intact. Now his mindset was completely different to what it was back in the day.

“CLICK”

That was labia one pierced and ringed. She held her breath, but remembered to stay as still as she could.

“CLICK”

That was labia number two pierced and ringed. And she held her breath again. But then she could then feel his thumb and forefingers locating her clitoral bundle and she could feel him squeezing it, rolling it and making her sexuality juice up more. Just because Leanna had accepted that she had no dignity didn't mean that she didn't feel the degradation, and the sheer undiluted humiliation.

“CLICK”

And that was the centre of her clitoris pierced and ringed. But that last one hurt her - it hurt the core of her and she moved and stretched her nipples as a result. She was still getting over that hurt as she felt her clitoris and labias being hooked up to wire rope, and to a third little electric motor. Then adjusted and then stretched in the same direction as her nipples, down towards the floor. And this was when her bondage was complete. The was when it was all done. But she didn't feel like it was done. She felt like she was hovering there in mid-air ready for something even worse to happen. And she didn't have long to wait for that.

“I need to fuck you again slut. You'll understand what I mean. You turn me on something fucking chronic and I just need to fuck you again before the torture begins.”

But to do that, he had to slide his cock past the stretched ringed labia and clitoris. And that would be agony as his thick cock forced the tight wires to part. And it was agony. Her being fucked like this, but at the same time trying to keep her movements to the bare minimum in case her nipples, her labia and her clitoris were ripped off. And that thought was a torture in itself.

She held her breath as he slipped inside her again and she could feel the unnatural, bonded movement of her sex lips and her clitoris as that thick cock entered her again. The stinging, stretching pain was like she could never have imagined. And he was holding her hips - just using the flare of her hips to gain purchase as he drove that cock in and out of her at will. Leanna just whimpered.

CHAPTER NINE

Chief Super Lina Briggs

Lina's car rolled into her reserved spot and she sat there deep in thought for a second. She knew once she got out of the car and went into HQ that she wouldn't get a second to herself. It would be all hands on deck, she knew that. She tried to gather her thoughts before going in. She couldn't believe she was having to revisit the Nightmare case. Who in their right mind would let this sick fuck out into the population again? He'd had to be kept in isolation when in prison for fucks sake! If he couldn't mix in that population for obvious reasons, what reasoning did they apply to letting him out into the general population now? Maybe that Emily bird was the one to ask these questions to, since right about this time he would be getting intimately involved with her. These were things that were going through Lina's mind. And then she shuddered when she thought about what that poor woman must have been actually going through. And that she must have been frightened out of her wits. At this point Lina had literally no clue what Leanna was going through.

What she also didn't know of course was that it wasn't just Emily that was a victim. At this precise point in time, Nightmare was cumming his first load inside her own daughter Leanna. If she'd known that, it would have been like her own world was ending there and then. She was frustrated enough that she had to deal with this excuse for a man again. And this time it was well and truly on her watch. She made up her mind,

“You won't get out again you cunt. I promise you when I find you, you'll be locked away for good, and the keys thrown away.”

She said that out loud to herself as she gathered her stuff and got out of the car. She swiped herself into the building and went up to the serious crime squad room because she knew that this would be where the team was convening.

“So have we got anything? Anything at all to go on?”

She spoke as she made her way to the front of the squad room.

“Nothing, other than it’s the parole board woman that’s been taken. Her disappearance is completely out of character. She doesn’t go anywhere without someone knowing. And she didn’t show for work yesterday, or today. And with Nightmare dropping off radar, this is too much of a coincidence. Have to say Ma’am we’re really worried about her. So are her loved ones.”

Lina sighed a deep sigh.

“So at this point we don’t know for sure that he’s got her? I mean shit does happen and she could turn up, right?”

Lina didn’t really believe the words that were coming out of her mouth but she had to cover all scenarios, just in case and it didn’t harm to think a little bit positively as well as negatively.

“That’s true Ma’am but, if she doesn’t turn up, and if she has been taken by him, then the next time we see her, is when he’s had his fun and he releases her. This is how he worked all those years ago. We don’t have anything to say he’s working differently this time round.”

Lina sighed again as the experienced male officer told her exactly what it was. He’d been a young officer with her on the Nightmare enquiry from 1992 and they’d both seen first-hand what he was capable of. For the life of her she didn’t know where or why these perverts got the kicks they got. She got it that it was different strokes for different folks, but this sadistic bastard was on another level.

“So we have to find him then. We have to find his lair. If we find that, we find Emily. I want her found and returned to her family, in as much tact as we can. And I want this cunt locked up for the rest of his natural life.”

And Lina stopped speaking to take time to make eye contact with every one of the squad. There was this mumbling of agreement at what she'd said. But also there was this heavy vibe going down. It was like each and every one of them knew that this was not going to be a good investigation, and that possibly it would not end well. It was like they were afraid of what they were going to find. Nightmare's case from back in the day had gone down in the annals of graphic history. None of them would admit that this man was a legend but each of them knew that he was. It was just they all wished that they didn't have to do this all over again.

“Ok, get the case files out - go over them with a fine tooth comb. See if there's anything that was missed the first time round that might point to where this cunt's workspace is. I want it found. I don't care how we do it. We need to do it by the book, but at the same time, we need to do it no matter what, so read between the lines of that if you must. I can't stress enough, this time we need to catch him with a victim. We need to catch him in the act. And we need Emily home with her family.”

Lina's tone had been turned down. She was an experienced, hardened police officer, but the first Nightmare case had got to her, and she was getting flashbacks of that all the time. She had been getting those flashback since the case was live. It had never left her. She was young then and that case was 'huge'. Now it seemed that the case was just as big, and here she was, this time leading it.

“Right, let's get to it. And I want to be kept in the loop at all times. I want to know everything, as it happens. In other words I don't want to be the last to know jack shit, ok?”

And again she was searching the eyes of every one of her team to make sure they understood what she was saying. Again there was that mumble of agreement, with the odd 'Yes ma'am' thrown in for good measure. And with that she left to go up to the upper floors of HQ where her office was.

That was the thing. Lina had joined the force because she'd wanted to do proper police work. And she'd done it well. But now that she'd made it through the ranks to that ivory tower, she very rarely got out onto the streets and in lots of ways she was out of touch. Now for her it was all about the numbers. It was about managing an ever decreasing budget and it was all about driving crime numbers down with the least possible resources.

And right now she knew that this second Nightmare case was going to drain resources even more, and at the end of the day, it was just one crime, or one set of crimes that wouldn't alter the numbers in her favour very much. And that was if she even solved it. If the truth were known she could do without this shit now. But she knew that this pervert had to be caught. But for now she'd got her head buried into her spreadsheets. She'd set the team off working and she would await feedback from that.

About two hours later Lina had lost all track of time as usually was the case. But her phone ringing brought her back down to earth. It was the squad room downstairs.

“Yes? Is there some news?”

Lina got the first words in.

“Not really Ma'am. But something odd.....”

“Well don't keep me in suspense, spit it out for fucks sakes.”

“Do you know where Leanna is? It's just that a contact of her's was expecting to hear from her first thing this morning and hasn't. They tried her cell phone but that went straight to voice, several times....”

Lina sat upright, and forward. Whoever she was talking to had her full attention.

“I left her a few hours ago, chilling out in the apartment and she said she had some appointments later.... Why the fuck didn't you put them through

to me? Are you calling me because you think that....”

And she stopped talking as though she didn't want to think the unthinkable.

“It was a really quick call then a hang up Ma'am....”

“It's odd, you're right. She told me that she didn't have anything on this morning. That she was going to chill and then have her meetings later. Let me see if I can reach her, but I have to say, I'm getting worried about this now.”

“Yes Ma'am. Let us know if there's anything that we should be concerned about. Or need to follow up. I'm sure she's ok.”

But Lina didn't respond, she just hung up and sat back in her chair, thumbing her lips. She picked up her cell phone and quick dialled Leanna. Straight to voice mail.

“Leanna when you pick this up, give me a call. Nothing to worry about, just give me a call.”

And she hung up and sat back again. Then started the almost painful wait for that call back. But it didn't come. And all the time Lina was thinking. She was trying to work out what the issue was. Leanna was never out of touch. Both of them were always a call away from each other. That call to the squad room was odd. Why didn't they call her? Something wasn't adding up. They'd obviously called HQ to get her attention and the more she thought about it the more uneasy she was feeling. And that feeling didn't get any better. She tried Leanna's cell phone again, and again it went straight to voice but she hung up this time without leaving a message.

Lina was an experienced officer and so panic was not in her repertoire. So she didn't panic but she was having trouble containing herself. She called down to the squad room.

“Look, I'm going back home to see what's going on with Leanna. I'm getting a bad feeling about this.”

“Do you want someone to come with you Ma’am, you know, just in case.”

The female officer on the other end had read the concern going from the chief super.

“That may be a good idea. I’m hoping this is nothing, but with everything else kicking off, I’m not getting good vibes about this.”

“Ok Ma’am. A car will be waiting outside main entrance in five minutes.”

And the call was hung up mutually.

50 Minutes Later

Lina stood in the middle of the hallway. Something had happened because a small table had been knocked over, and the landline telephone strewn over the floor. She went into the lounge and there was more signs of a disturbance. She saw a silk blouse that Leanna had been wearing in the morning, but was now ripped and torn, and left on the floor. Now Lina didn’t like what she was seeing, or what she was thinking. She used her radio to call in.

“Get scenes of crime over here pronto. Like I mean NOW! Something has happened here and there’s no sign of Leanna.”

“I’ll have someone there in ten minutes Ma’am. Out.”

And it was less than ten minutes when the SOCO vehicle turned up. There’d been a quick visual inspection and then the detailed stuff.

“Signs of urine on the floor in the hall Ma’am. And in the lounge, there’s semen on the floor. It’s mixed with female fluids. Sorry Ma’am.”

The scenes of crime officer was apologising because he knew what it looked like had happened here and he knew what it would look like to the chief super.

“You think penetration right? Rape? It’s ok, you can say it. I already know it.”

“It looks like it Ma’am but we’ll get what we can from what we have and we’ll have more idea. The urine could be a product of shock, or trauma. But you’ll know that already.”

But already Lina’s mind was wandering into the darker reaches of her mind. The thought that Nightmare had been in her home, and had probably been inside her daughter was almost too much for her to bare.

“Yeah just get what you can. But we already know this sick fuck doesn’t leave anything. All we can hope for is for a positive from the semen sample and, if it is him, we already have that on the DNA database. That won’t help us find him though will it? Or Leanna.”

And it was like she was sinking deeper and deeper into that mire already. She didn’t need SOCO to tell her that this was the work of Nightmare any more than she’d need them to tell her that the call to HQ was something to do with him either. He wanted her to know that he had Leanna and he wanted her to be in this debilitated state. He was playing games. The kind of games that he’d never played before. And this was kind of notice that the ante had been upped.

“We’ll get back Ma’am and get these tests done so that we know what we’re dealing with.”

Lina just nodded and held up a hand confirming what the SOCO had said. They left, leaving her with her driver, another younger male officer who didn’t really know what to say.

“Do you want me to take you back to HQ Ma’am?”

He kind of disturbed her thought patterns. She was grateful because her mind was wandering back to the old case and then to the darker places this one could lead her to.

“I guess so, there’s nothing that can be done here. Leanna won’t be coming back here, not until he’d finished with her anyway. We need to find her, and Emily. And we need to find that sick fuck so that he can be put away for good.”

There was no doubt that her voice was cracking. This was the worst thing that could be happening to her. Not as bad as what was happening to Leanne no doubt. But she knew that. They left the apartment, locking up at the same time.

“Ma’am, the semen has come back positive. It’s him. Nightmare was in your property and he’s more than likely got Leanne. We’re stepping this up, as of now”

The plain clothed female officer was down in her delivery of the news that Lina already knew.

“Right, at least we know what we’re dealing with now. We can start with a clean slate. Whatever happens I want those two women back with their loved ones and I want that fucked up excuse for a human being back in a cage where he belongs.”

It was almost as though she’d detached herself from Leanna as her daughter and was simply treating her as part of this case. In reality, inside she was falling apart. She had read the details, all of them, of what he’d done to those thirteen women back in the day. The information that thirteenth woman had given them, that had enabled them to catch him, had shocked her to the core, and had stayed with her all this time. It would never leave her. And to think that Leanna was going through something like that now was almost too much for her to cope with. In fact she was blocking out or trying to, what she must have been going through.

The worrying thing was that Nightmare had changed the way he was doing things. With sadists, and with sexual offenders in particular, this usually meant they were stepping it up - getting worse as they tried time and time again to top their last big buzz.

“Cancel all holiday leave, and pull officers off other jobs. This is priority now. I don’t want to hear of a third woman going missing. All signs are that he’s going big this time round. We need to find him.”

Lina had snapped out of it to an extent. She’d needed to. She’d needed to just take that step back and get back in the moment rather than get caught up in that vicious circle that included summoning up images in her mind of the worst case scenarios.

“I’ll do that straight away Ma’am. Is there anything else?”

The female officer was pretty, and had a few years’ service behind her so she wasn’t totally a rookie.

‘You could try praying. This is a nightmare, and we could do with the big man’s help.’

And just for a second Lina’s mind was sinking back into the dark. she looked up as if she was looking at God. She wasn’t religious particularly and never had been. So her remark had been out of character for her. But as she’d said it, she’d locked eye contact the other woman and there was this understanding that was there.

“I will Ma’am.”

And the officer turned and left Lina where she was standing. She was in a world of her own. Probably it was not a good thing for her to be on her own. And yet she would have felt that she needed to be alone. She could have gone over the top and tried to control every facet of the investigation, but this would not have been good for her, or for the investigation. She had good teams downstairs. Teams that she had worked with for years, and new officers keen to make their way through the ranks. So she needed to step back from that. But she knew that in doing so, she wouldn’t be able to

concentrate on anything else and she would be in this no-mans-land place that she would simply exist in waiting for every little update or feedback from the investigation team.

CHAPTER TEN

Leanna....

Leanna, even though her mind was beginning to fail her, was trying her best to cope with the agony she was in. Nightmare had finished bonding her, tightly. He'd finished adjusting her limbs and her accessibility and, he micro adjusted the little wire ropes that were stretching her nipples, her clitoris and her labia and then, before he fucked her again, for good measure, he just stood back and looked at the work of art he had manufactured in Leanna. He tilted his head and looked at her in the abstract, and then he zoomed in on her stretched extremities. But more than that, he hushed himself up so that he could hear if she was making any verbal noise, and she was.

“Mmmmm mmmmm mmmmm mmmmm mmmmm.”

Little whimpers of despair. Little sobbing sounds that emanated from between her lips that told of the purest form of despair that she was in. And little trembles that she wished she could stop but knew that she couldn't. Nightmare seemed to put everything on some kind of 'hold' so that he could take that in. The real torture hadn't started yet and yet there was this trembling woman at his mercy. A woman he could do anything he wanted to. A woman who he didn't and wouldn't seek consent from because he didn't need her consent. He had taken her and she was his for the duration - whatever the duration was.

On the other rig next to Leanna was Emily. Her nightmare continued. The pain and the agony still flowed through her veins and her temples visibly throbbed with the spasms of pain that she was enduring. Nightmare zoomed back out again and took in both women at his mercy. And then he

rubbed himself. He was a sadist yes, there could be no denial of that. But there was also the fact that he was a prolific cummer. There was the fact that he was highly sexed and needed to orgasm often. He needed to empty his balls regularly. And the thing was that the more he hurt a female, or a pair of females in this case, the more he needed that sexual release. It was like one fed the other. That hurt, the whimpering and then the throbbing of his thick engorged cock. And then that need for release.

“I’m going to fuck you again, before I start the other stuff.”

He announced quite casually and that was the chilling thing. Leanna would be hearing his words whilst going through a trauma like she had never before, and this man was casually announcing that there was ‘other stuff’ to follow. The fact that he was going to slide his cock into her again was something that was bad enough. That was something that she had to get what was left of her mind around, that he was going to slip himself inside her again whether or not she wanted it. Whether or not he was breaking the law in doing so. And whether or not she would be tipped over the edge whilst doing so.

“You gonna make it nice for me right? I don’t wanna hear your whimpering shit whilst I’m offloading. Make noise like a slut would make for me, and I may give you a reward later. You hear me right?”

And there they were. The words of hope that he liked to give. The words that gave hope to a woman that there would be a reward and that if there was a hope like that then maybe there would be hope that this ordeal would end for her. Like the words of hope he had given to Emily before turning off the pain that had been flowing through her when he fucked her.

“Yes, yes, yes I promise I’ll m-make it n-nice for you.”

Leanna could barely get the words out. She stuttered and she paused between words like to talk in itself was an ordeal. But she got those words out because she had to. She needed this man to know that she would do anything he wanted for whatever reward he may give her.

“Good girl.”

And Nightmare was talking as he was nudging his thick, huge bell ended cock between the little rope wired that had been used to stretch her labia. That meant that the ropes were forced further apart - that the tautness of the rope was forced to give and in doing create this huge stinging pain. Leanne screamed out loud and then shut up. It was as though she had just remembered that she needed not to make a noise. That she needed to get this right for him. In her mind she was trying to formulate not words, but noise that a 'slut' would make as she was being impaled on a huge cock. And in that, for seconds at a time she was at a loss. But she managed to get herself together enough to make those first moans, those first groans of 'pleasure' as Nightmare slipped his cock into her in one firm shove. She held her breath as that cock flesh travelled into her and she then she let that breath go as she felt the nudge against her cervix.

“Mmmmm yesssss that’s soo soo good, so good.”

He hadn't told her to use words but she used them anyway as she could feel those wires being forced apart and being rolled by the piston motion of Nightmare's cock. And with that motion there was the stinging pain as the ringed labia was pulled and forced apart. She had to ignore the pain and make like she enjoying what he was doing to her. And she had to do that just so that she might get a reward for making it nice for him. This was what Leanna had been reduced to. This was what she had to try to hold what little of her mind was left, together for.

“Good girl.. good slut.”

And he was whispering, almost hissing his words and that created a vibe all of its own. He was fucking her with the full length of his cock and that had to have been agony for her to absorb. But she did it. She did it because there might be a reward for her later on. That reward might be followed by her being released. And she had to hang onto that. She had to hang on to every little hope that she could, for as long as she could and she was moaning now. Moaning like a good whore would for her client. This was how she was thinking of it. This was what she had to think of so that she could take her mind off the stinging pain that she was in between her legs.

“Mmmmm that’s soo so nice. So so good. Mmmmm yesssss.”

Inside though she was screaming. The pain was intense yes, but she was moaning like a slut for this man. This man could get her to do anything he wanted because he was holding all the cards. He owned her for this time. And she didn't control any of the narrative. She hadn't controlled any of the narrative since she had opened the door to the apartment and been faced with Nightmare's female alter ego. And that seemed a long time ago now. She wanted him to fuck her and she wanted him to cum so that he could get on with whatever else he was going to do with her. And so that she could get that reward maybe. And so that the reward may lead on to something else, like her release.

When he offloaded the contents of his heavy, semen laden testicles, he grunted and he held her hips tighter and pulled her onto him. For her that was more pain. It was more agony that she had to block out so that she could moan and groan like a good slut.

“Mmmmm yes yes yessssss yessssss.”

And she did it. She did it because she had managed to push back the pain for the priority of giving this animal what he wanted and what he demanded. And then he pulled out of her, leaving her dripping.

“I'm going to put this line into your ankle. Just a little 'prick' and it'll be in.”

He liked to explain what he was doing just so that he could scare shit out of his victim more. Just so that he could make them think that this nightmare would never end. Which of course it wouldn't. Even the victims, the ones still alive, he let go all those years ago were living with what he'd done to them. Even they woke up every single night having relived the terror and the pain that he' put them through. The fact was that he didn't want them to get over him. He'd wanted to make sure that they lived every second of the rest of their lives with what he'd put them through in the back of their minds.

Leanna didn't respond to what he'd said. What could she say? It was just more information that she had to process. 'Put a line in' was a medical term and she worked that out. But she wasn't working out what it meant. She was having to think of too much at the same time and for that reason her mind wasn't functioning correctly. It wasn't functioning correctly for a number of reasons. But now it was under load and everything felt like it was pressing down onto her.

When she could muster up the mindset to cope with the pain she was trying to force the semen swimming up inside her, out. She didn't want that stuff inside her for any longer than necessary. She needed it to be out of her. So she was trying to 'push' that semen out of her with her sexual musculature. And when she did that the pain hit her - the pierced, stretched nipples and labia - her clitoris, which she noticed has this distant 'throb' that seemed to come from the centre of those eight thousand nerve endings. Some of those nerve endings having been pierced by the ring.

"I'll make you wet soon. Give you some pleasure. You've been a good girl. You deserve it. Then later, I'll leave you so that I can reel your mother in."

And there he was dropping in another bombshell.

"Please, please not mum. Please not mum."

And now she was crying again. From time to time it hit her, the enormity of being one of Nightmare's captives, and victims. That her mother had been part of that investigation back in the day had been like huge part of her life growing up. And now that she was in the capture of this man, that exact same man was something that she could barely get her head round. It was just that every so often it hit her - it dawned on her what she was caught up in.

And now that the man, the animal himself was quite casually reminding her that this was all about her mother this time round. That it was her mother's fault that she was in this predicament and that indeed, her mother would be reeled in by this man and suffer god only knows what, was like a shock to her central nervous system. And it was a shock that once applied

stayed there, grinding itself deeper and deeper into that central nervous system.

“I want your mum to know that I never forgot her. For all the years I was locked away in the glass cage, I never once forgot her. I want her to know that it was always my intention for us to be back together. I want her to know that there is nothing for her, going forward except pain. And that pain starts when she sees you, her one and only offspring, and what has happened to you, and what will happen to you.”

He was speaking slowly, casually. He was speaking as though he was having an everyday normal conversation. But the effect of his words on Leanna was anything but ‘normal’ and she cried more. She didn’t like what he was saying even though she didn’t really understand what he was saying. For her, her mother had been a police officer for all of her working life, she’d been a rookie, more or less, back in the day when the Nightmare was first on the loose.

Over Lina’s years she would have seen things that would have shocked her almost to a standstill - but she was used to it. No, she didn’t want her mother to see her like ‘this’, but that was natural. She was thinking that her mum would see her, in this bondage, in this rig, having been multiple raped, and with her sexual bits pierced and stretched but she would get over that, surely?

And this was where tricks were played on her mind again. This was where tricks twisted Leanna’s mind. She was firmly of the mind that this sick fuck Nightmare didn’t, or wouldn’t shock easily. To him, what he had done so far was child’s play. So for him to be working in order to shock a hardened police officer, and a mum, what on this earth could he be planning to do? What more could he be planning to put Leanna through?

“Ahhhhhh.....”

Leanna gasped as she felt the needle going into her ankle. She could feel Nightmare taping it down.

“What’s that for? Please tell me what it’s for?”

For Leanna she kind of got the sexual violence and the sexualisation of her kidnapping and ordeal. She got it that he got his sexual kicks from hurting her, penetrating her and depositing his semen inside of her. He kind of represented a niche clique of the male of the species in this so she did get it. She wished she didn't have to get it, but she did.

But what the actual fuck could that line be for into a vein in her ankle? She'd been aware of the stainless steel trolley being taken past her to the feet end of her. And now the hypodermic needle was in her ankle and that was being attached to a line with one of those upside down medical bags full of 'stuff'.

"It's for a whole lot of hurt. It's to introduce you properly to 'pain'. That's what it's for."

Again he spoke casually as though what he said was literally nothing. Maybe a faraway thought in Leanna's head was to ask him if he'd ever had a period, or given birth to a baby. Then HE would know what fucking pain was all about. She'd never had a baby of course but the sentiment was there.

"Please. Please, you don't have to do this. You can have anything you want, I'll make it nice."

And it was usually around this time that the victim said something like this. That he didn't have to do it and that they would make it nice for him. He'd struggle to remember one that hadn't said it to him even when he was not speaking to them. Those early days, that first bout of atrocities he committed he had been speech free, but they had pleaded with him for them to be able to make it nice for him. He'd liked that. He'd liked that power he seemed to have over them. But now he'd moved on. He still liked the way these two put themselves on the rack for him though. Yeah he liked it.

But then as he began the feed of the drug cocktail through the tube and into Leanna's bloodstream, he was thinking towards Leanna's mother. His cock was twitching again and now he was thinking of that magnificent woman the Chief Super Lina Briggs. Back in the day she'd been all but a rookie. And now she was this impressive, statuesque beauty quite unlike

any woman he had worked his magic on before. This was a woman who was at the top of her professional game and that in itself was something that thrilled Nightmare. To be in a position to bring such a woman down. The fact that this was a fiery, take-no-shit woman at the top of the police ladder was of further special interest to him. He was going to enjoy hearing her crying and begging because he was sure that she would cry and beg, and that was before he hurt her physically.

“Uhhhhh fuckkkkkk that hurts. Please that’s hurting so much.”

Leanna was referring to the burning sensations that seemed to be riding up and down the length of her long, shapely legs. It was the drug, going through her veins that was hurting but it made it feel like her legs were on fire from the insides.

“Yes, yes it does hurt doesn’t it? But it’s not at its peak yet. It’s barely begun it’s work yet.”

And he seemed gleeful to be able to relay this bit of information to Leanna.

“Please. Please fuck me again and I’ll make it nice, please.”

It could have been asked was she forgetting the pain she’d had when he’d slipped his cock between those wire ropes a short time before? No of course she hadn’t but this pain through her legs and rising was getting worse with every pulse beat of her heart. And she now had his added words to that, that the pain had barely had a chance to build yet. But she could feel it. Up her lower legs, to her knee joints and then up them to her thighs. Up her thighs to her groin. And it was with that groin pain that she let out an almost inhuman scream.

“Eeeeeeeeoowwwwww.”

Emily next to her was in her own kind of hell, but she was alerted to Leanna’s screams of distress. Nightmare made a slight adjustment to the feed of both women and then he went and sat down in his deep comfortable,

strategically placed chair so that he could lap up the sights and sounds of both women.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

There was like this ‘symphony’ of agony going on. That symphony from both women as the relentless and effortless torture continued and increased in its intensity.

“Aaaaaauuuughhhhhhhh pppllllleeeeeaaaaaasssse.”

“Ughhhhhhhhhh nooooooooooooo please nooooooooo.”

And it doesn’t matter how it is written because no words can truly convey the noises that Leanna and Emily were making. Time wasn’t meaning anything now. It was either standing still or it was crawling along. Either way all it was for these women was pain. It was something to achieve so much agony that the victim didn’t have a second thought about dignity any more. Young women, around the same age in so much pain that they didn’t spare a thought about their own dignity. Imagine that!

“Ooooooh oooooh oohhhhhhhh nooooooooooooo.”

Emily had been suffering longer than Leanna and one might have thought that she would have been able to sink into that surreal space, even black out so that the pain wasn’t so prominent any more. But that wasn’t how it went down. That wasn’t how the torture was designed by Nightmare. His torture was a pain that was always there and it was a torture that prevented blacking out, or passing out. It ensured both Emily and Leanna stayed conscious and completely knowing of what they were going through. It didn’t allow for either woman to escape in even the smallest way, what they were going through. And that pain was everywhere. It was internal, external and it was psychological.

“You girls are doing so well. Actually you’re doing so well I’m going to have to turn it up a bit, before I leave you. And I feel like I should ask, if you both won’t mind if I fuck you again, before I go. You, copper’s girl,

you can have an orgasm, and maybe you parole whore, who knows? I don't know. Maybe neither of you deserve an orgasm with no pain. Or maybe you do need an orgasm with pain. I can do either you know."

There was this tone about Nightmare - it was almost playful in its delivery but always with that threat of untold agony that he was so good at delivering and inflicting. There would be nothing worse than a woman being forced to orgasm by her rapist. In the normal world that would be almost an atrocity in itself. A woman having been repeatedly penetrated against her will and without consent, then manipulated and forced to orgasm. Let that sink in! There was no doubt that this man could do it. He didn't blow his own trumpet for the sakes of blowing his own trumpet. What he said he could deliver, he could deliver. And he could do that time and time again.

"Please, please pain off please. Make it nice for you, please pain off."

Emily begged between deep intakes of breath. Her words and sentences were incomplete because it was like she was trying to avoid having to absorb too much pain by saying less words and then punctuating those words with pauses.

"Mmmm you know what it's like to have the pain off don't you slut? But you've gotta both understand that I'm a sadist. I want to hurt you. I want to see you suffering the worse pain that I can give you, and still take my gratification from you. And I want that gratification when you are suffering. Pain off is just me being kind to you, oh, and me degrading you more with what you are willing to do, just to have that pain switched off."

For a man who'd said literally nothing the first time around back in the day, he certainly liked the sound of his own voice now. There was this joy in him being able to use his voice, his words to inflict more damage in the psyche of his two victims. His words leaving both Emily and Leanna decimated and without much hope at all.

"Please, please show us some mercy at least?"

Leanna's words came easier, but they were still punctuated by little gasps and little holdings of her breath when spasms of pain seemed to travel right through her from the tip of her toes to the top of her head.

“You didn't hear me? I'm a sadist and you my dear are the offspring of a police officer who played her part in capturing me and caging me for thirty years. Tell me, how much 'mercy' do you think you deserve, and should give you?”

Good question. When he put it like that there wasn't much in the form of an answer she could give.

“I can give you a good time. If you turn it off for us. We can both multiple orgasm for you.....”

Leanna's words were pretty ill conceived and futile. She knew that even as they came irregularly out of her mouth. But there was some sign that she was thinking about her words in that she was speaking for the both of them now - her and Emily. It showed that she was basically a good human being not just thinking about herself. Nightmare tilted his head in that manic way that he did and looked at Leanna.

“But I can have all that with the pain turned up to maximum. When I said I can give you orgasm with or without pain, I meant it you know?”

It was like he was puzzled that she would say something so stupid. Puzzled that she didn't know what he could do with or without their assistance. So he approached both rigs and adjusted the feed to the lines and there was a single scream that came from both of them in unison. There was this sound in that single scream of the rigs being rattled as each of the women tightened up to deal with the pain they were feeling. And when he heard that he stood back and watched. He watched the whole scene. He took it all in at the same time as taking his cock out.

That cock like a thick snake ready to penetrate again. Ready to explode up inside one or both of these helpless women.

“Orgasm first for you. You’ll feel it as much as you feel the pain. Then when it’s all over I’ll fuck you again. It’ll make my rape of you more terrible if you’ve got a spent orgasm behind you.”

He was talking to Leanna. Somewhere in her fucked up psyche she would have been of the mind that there was no way she would orgasm for this sick fuck. Why should she? If she was given nothing in return, why the fuck should she service his sick urges? But it didn’t work like that. She didn’t run the narrative and so those questions were replaced by dread that she would have to, be forced to, orgasm for this man. In a normal situation she would be mortified at what she was faced with now. But now that the pain had been increased to levels that would otherwise induce blackouts, she was having to deal with it, and she would. Her dignity and pride didn’t matter.

He was holding a large headed, vibrator thing and he wanted Leanna to see it.

“This is gonna make you cum your little heart out.”

And he had a smile on his face.

“Are you ready for it?”

And turned it on and even through the ‘noise’ of the pain she was in she could hear the humming sound. And then he was between her legs, holding that vibrating head against the wire rope that was secured to the ring through her clitoris. This was an inhumane way to treat a young woman. He would be knowing that but that he was treating Leanna like this would have been an added turn on to him. He played the vibrating, ultrasonic head up and down the wire and there was this immediate response in Leanna. Maybe there was this final stage rebellion of what she was being put through. Or final stage realisation of the degradation he was inflicting on her. There was the pain yes, and that maybe should have distracted the degradation but it wasn’t, not in the minute.

“Please don’t do this, please....”

She was speaking the words but not really delivering them with any conviction. Every so often, every second or so she was closing her eyes because at that precise point the pain was simply too much for her to bare. This would have been when she would have passed out possibly but the drug that was flowing through her systems didn't allow for that to happen. And now, now she had this sexual pleasure being delivered into the core of her femininity and sexuality. That rebellion and resolve fading back as she began to drool. Little bubbled saliva collecting at the corners of her mouth as she tried to deal with the pain and the pleasure.

“You can feel it, can't you slut? Pleasure and pain? Mummy is going to be so proud of you I just know she is.”

And there he was again, the sadist with the words ready to hurt her even more. Leanne wouldn't have thought about her mum for a while, she'd had enough pain for her to be distracted from thoughts of her mother. But now this monster was bringing it all back to her. So she had the pain, she had thoughts of her mum, and she had this sexual pleasure being sent into the core of her clitoris. And that created feelings of guilt. She didn't deserve this pleasure, not whilst she was being reminded of her mother. It was like a psychological torture on top of the physical agonies she was in.

This wasn't a good period for Leanna. It had to be the lowest yet. Since she had been taken out by this man she'd have to have been running on fumes alone. And now she had this realisation that this was real and not a bad dream, it had been easy for Nightmare to bring her down to the lowest point. There was that sexual energy being fed into through her clitoral piercing and that should have taken the low away from her to an extent, but it didn't.

The sexual pleasure was intense, and it was immediate. But when it was blended and mixed in with all the pain, and the psychological stuff it produced guilt en-mass. And that was what brought her down to her lowest point. She cried but she wouldn't really know why she was crying. And as Nightmare turned up the ultra-sonic vibrations that were being fed into her clitoris she began to make those noises that she had been told to make before - like a slut enjoying the sexual abuse she was being given. Except now she was actually enjoying it like the slut that he had turned her into for

this time. She did find herself wanting to be given that orgasm. And that want, that need was just something that produced more guilt.

To say that these were her lowest moments was probably something that was an understatement. And when that orgasm came, it hit her like a freight train. Nightmare had expertly built that orgasm behind the clitoral nerves by edging her time and time again. And then when the time was right he turned up the vibe just a little bit. Enough to spill her into that orgasm. She squirted under pressure past the wire and the rings that had pierced her and Nightmare smiled at that as he played the vibe up and down the clitoral wire rope. He took her to what seemed like an endless orgasm, and then an endless orgasm peak as she squirted her fluids out like some trapped animal in self-defence mode.

This was what would get to her. This was what she would remember as he took her down the other side. That peak of absolute pleasure and the noises she was making as a result of that pleasure. Her view that she didn't deserve that pleasure, even though it was blended with the absolute pain, right now. She just didn't deserve it and neither did this man deserve her orgasms. But she didn't give him her orgasm, he had taken it, and then he took her out of it. And she was going down into pure pain. The pleasure subsiding and fading away to leave just that agony. And her having to get used to that pain again, all over again. And then Nightmare slipping into her again. That thick cock parting those wires that stretched her most private intimate flesh. He would fuck Leanna and then he would fuck Emily again, and then he would be ready for the next phase.

Some Time Later

The thick, spent semen was dripping from both helpless, defenceless women.

“I'm going to leave you to suffer alone now. I have an appointment with Chief Superintendent Lina Briggs. I mean, she doesn't know we have an

appointment, yet. But she will. She's been a bit distracted, but once we meet up, she'll be better able to handle what I have in store for her."

Nightmare was smiling. He'd taken Leanna down to her lowest point and now he was twisting the metaphorical knife a little more.

"Please don't take her here please don't."

Leanna was desperate as she tried to handle the pain and the knowledge that this was this despicable man's intention, to meet with and then to bring her mother to her.

"Oh stop it, you slut. By the time she'd gets to see you, she'll have other things to worry about. You won't be the biggest thing in her mind you know. You just won't be."

This was a man who could be cruel with as much ease with words as he could with deeds. And he was being extremely cruel now, with speaking his intention to leave both Leanna and Emily alone suffering whilst he was doing god knows what with Leanna's mother.

"It's going to be very civilised you know? At least at first."

All the time Nightmare was looking for reaction to his words. All the time he was looking for signs that he was inflicting more hurt in Leanna. This exchange was nothing to do with Emily. As far as he was concerned, for now, she wasn't there. It was all about Leanna now and it was her that his eyes drilled into.

"But once it stops being civilised I am going to hurt your mother. Do you understand that. I am going to hurt her more than you are hurting right now. I am going to hurt her in ways that you cannot even imagine. Even in ways that she cannot imagine. And then, when I get her back here I am going to hurt her some more. But that pain will be different. That pain will come when she sees her little one - when she sees you."

And he stopped just to study Leanna again. It wasn't even clear if Leanna could feel those eyes piercing into her. She had to have been feeling

something. She had to have had the sense, even through her own agonies right at this time that this sick fuck was watching her and enjoying the torture he was inflicting on her. She may have even been able to see him rubbing himself, pleasuring himself at her expense. But all she did was cry. That was all she could do of her own free will was cry. She couldn't do anything else. She couldn't control what was happening to her and she couldn't regain the narrative. It had been so long, it seemed since she'd been able to control anything. It had been so long since she wasn't in this pain that was a constant.

“Oh stop crying. You don't really have anything to cry about at the moment. You will, later but not now.”

Nightmare was being just that, a nightmare. He was dumbing down the pain that Leanna was in. He was shoving that to the side so that he could give her more of that verbal assault that he was so keen on delivering.

“Please, please why the fuck would you do this to us? What did we ever do to you?”

That was Emily who had foolishly intruded in something that was nothing to do with her and Nightmare glared at her. This time he didn't say anything to her, he simply approached her rig and her upside down bag and tube and he altered the feed to her. And there was this horrendous, god awful scream that seemed to entirely fill the dead air in that place.

“You've obviously got too much time on your hands. So you can deal with that.”

He almost spat at Emily as he spoke. But what was left of the exchange in there was carried out as Emily simply screamed. And they were the kind of screams that she hadn't let out before. That she hadn't needed to let out before. They were the kind of screams that would wake the dead. They gave away what Emily was suffering straight away. They would leave no-one in any doubt about the fact that they were in the kind of pain that could induce death by heart failure, or worse.

“Now. I’m gonna go and talk to your mum. We’re gonna come to an arrangement where I hurt her, and where I hurt you both.”

Nightmare was back to his old self. He was a sadist and he didn’t pretend anything else. Leanna wanted to beg him some more and she would have had she not just seen, and heard what he’d done to Emily. She didn’t know what kind of pain Emily was feeling right at this time but she did know that it cannot have been good. She didn’t want to feel what Emily was feeling because what she herself was going through was bad enough. Then he was gone. Leaving them both. But Leanna wouldn’t be able to talk to her. Emily was too badly affected by the agony she was in to have a conversation. So Leanna would have to exist in this din of Emily screaming and screaming and then screaming some more.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Lina, Police Officer, Mother

The squad room was quiet even though it was full. Now that it was common knowledge that the chief super's own daughter had been taken by Nightmare, there was this vibe that wasn't a good one.

“This will get worse before it gets better.”

One of the older experienced male officers whispered to a young female as they waited for the end of the day debrief.

“Don't say that for fucks sakes. It's bad enough now. What she must be going through I cannot imagine.”

She was referring of course to Lina, and she was right but the other officer countered her.

“She's a professional - she'll deal with it.”

It was a typical thing that a man would say about a woman and to another woman.

“Yeah but still.....”

But she didn't get anything else out. A door opened and the chief super walked in. She looked like death warmed up and that was no exaggeration. It didn't matter how professional and how good at her job she was, this case was now infiltrating her personal and family life. Her one and only daughter was missing. Actually she wasn't missing, she had been taken by a sick sadistic fuck of a man that should never have been released into the general

population. And what he'd done was take two innocent women that had been connected with his case in some way over the last thirty years. One from thirty years ago, and one from his parole process.

“This man taking my daughter was something that he planned. And it's something that was intentional. He's trying to get to me. He's trying to make me suffer, like Emily's family and friends are now suffering.”

She sounded dour and down but this was expected.

“What was it you said, ‘she's a professional, she'll deal with it’?”

That was the young female officer to the older one.

“Doesn't look like she'd dealing with it that well if I'm honest.”

This was a woman talking in a way that told that she understood other women. It wouldn't take a rocket scientist to see that Lina was affected by what was happening. It had now been many hours since Leanna had gone. It was ten o'clock at night and Lina needed to get some sleep. But she needed to get through this debrief first.

“I'm assuming that we have no leads at the moment, or I would have known about it by now, right?”

Lina was trying her best to maintain her professional polish but wasn't being so successful at that. At first, when Leanna had gone missing, she'd been able to function on adrenalin, but the longer the day had gone on, the more the hours had passed the more it had become obvious that she wouldn't be able to do that. The worry the fear and the images of what Leanna could have been going through was running through her mind and that had worn her down a bit. The older officer who's been speaking to the female spoke up.

“We're scratching our heads Ma'am...”

“It's no good you scratching your fucking heads. I want this man found, and I want Leanna and Emily found. And I want it done now!”

This was new ground for these officers to see Lina in anything other than a highly controlled, professional state. The professional side of her was vanishing. She was a mother now. She was a mother first and foremost and she couldn't help it. She couldn't help the way she felt. Criminals were one thing, but family was another.

“Everything we do, every lead we think we have we, we just end up banging into a brick wall. It's like the first time. We only get somewhere when he releases his victims. And then we're back to square one because they are not able to give us too much because of what he's done to them.”

The younger female officer elbowed the older one. But he was right. There was no point in sugar coating the realities and even Lina in her despairing state would know this.

“So are we saying we just have to sit tight and wait until this cunt just happens to decide to let my little girl go?”

That was a good question from a woman who was in some kind of mire.

“No Ma'am we keep looking and we keep making sure that no stone is left unturned. That's what we do.”

The young female officer had stood up so that Lina could see who was speaking. She'd given the older one a daggers look warning him not to say anything else. Lina looked at her and nodded thanking her for her words and then she spoke again.

“I feel that this man wants to hurt me and that's why he's got Leanna. I'm holding on to that in the hope that it's me he wants to physically and emotionally hurt. Maybe he'd just got her and is holding her somewhere just to make me more affected than I am already. I have to hold on to something.”

Lina looked more vulnerable than anything. Every single one of the officers in that squad room knew that what she was hoping for was so far from the reality that it would be futile to tell her anything else. There was a mumble of agreement with Lina.

“Just increase patrols. Pay special attention to the areas where he let the women go back in the day. Maybe he has a stomping ground that we haven’t yet managed to pencil out on a map. Maybe he’s not doing things the same this time round. But unless we’re on it we won’t know. If anything happens during the night, if anything turns up, anything at all, I want to know about it.”

Lina looked to an extent haunted by events and this had increased in her during the day. Again there was this mumble of agreement from the entire squad. Some of them would be going home to their families and some of them would be working through the night. That was how it went down - overtime for all who wanted it. And as much as they could do and as much as they could handle.

“Ma’am do you want someone to take you home? Maybe someone outside the property overnight? I mean, he’s come there before, who’s to say he won’t do it again?”

That was the older officer again. This time he was talking sense.

“It’s very unlikely thought isn’t it. He got what he came for. He didn’t do that in an opportunist way. He got in and out without being seen. And now he wants to torture me with what he’s done. It’s what the sick fuck does isn’t it? He tortures women, and fucks them up. No, I don’t want anyone to take me home or anyone outside. I’ll be fine. And if he did turn up, rest assured he’ll get what he’s got coming to him, before I call you lot.”

And there was another murmur around the room. Officers looking at each other, some agreeing with what Lina had said and some shrugging it off. And some downright just not in agreement with her going home alone at all.

50 Minutes Later

Lina rolled her car into the underground carpark at her apartment block. She didn't really want to go in. The place would seem empty without Leanna. And it would be like another torment for her to have to endure. In fact she so didn't want to go in that she sat for what seemed like a long time in the car before she made a move. And then her moves were slow, reluctant. It was like a plod to the elevator and even slower plod to the front door of the apartment.

“Fuck!”

She whispered to herself not even wanting to put the key into the door and open it. But she did. She pushed the door open and flicked on the light. And for a minute she stood there. This was where Leanne had been confronted with Nightmare first of all. That made her shudder to think about it. She walked through to the kitchen. She didn't put a light on in there because she had no intention of making herself anything to eat, she couldn't face it. She put her bag down on the island top and then went through to the lounge. She thought 'fuck it, I'm gonna just go to bed'. So she didn't put a light on in there either.

“Chief Superintendent Lina Briggs. It's been a long, long time since you whispered sweet nothings to me.”

Lina froze to the spot. All of her training, all of her years' experience in all kinds of police work and cases and now she was frozen. There was this feeling of utter shock that seemed to travel down the core of her spine and then back up again. The voice came from the darkness behind her. Something inside her mind expected a hand to come round and clamp her mouth so that she couldn't make a sound. But there was none of that.

Then the light clicked on and she turned around. Nightmare was sitting comfortably, cross legged in the deep soft sofa. He wasn't in his female alter ego mode. That wasn't something that he wanted to share with her at this point. He liked the thought that they were racking their brains trying to work out how he was moving around the city.

“Look, there's officers outside and downstairs. Just give it up now and we can work this out.”

Her experience was kicking in with the resurgence of her adrenalin.

“No there’s not and no we can’t - work it out that is.”

He had helped himself to a glass of wine and was sitting comfortably as though he didn’t have a care in the world. He certainly didn’t look or act like a sadist who did what he did.

“Where is she? Tell me where my girl is, and I promise you I won’t cut both off your balls off, just one of them.”

The shock had morphed into anger.

“I always knew you were going to be feisty. I knew it back in the day. And here you are, all feisty and angry. I like that, especially I like it knowing that I am going to break you.”

And again he spoke quietly and without much emotion or urgency to his voice.

“Save your little speeches for the women you petrify into submission. I’m not one of them you sick cunt. Now tell me where Leanna and Emily are, and make it easy for yourself. You’ve made a big mistake coming here. Your first and only mistake. It ends here.”

Lina had somehow felt that she was on the ascendancy.

“Well hum, no, it doesn’t end here. It starts here. It doesn’t end until I say it ends. Do you know how sweet your little girl sounds when she’s begging for her life? No of course you don’t. Do you know how sweet she sounds when she’d in so much pain, all she wishes is that she was dead? No of course you don’t. But I know. I know all about it. And I know all about what the inside off her cunt feels like when it squeezes around my cock.”

Nightmare again spoke casually. The conversation he was having to have with Lina was not phasing him in the slightest. He had barely got his words out though, when Lina was launching herself at him. During her career she had never put a foot wrong, and she had never lost it with any suspects or

witnesses. But this was different. This was family and this was a monster deliberately taunting her. Deliberately torturing her.

Lina for a tall, wholesome woman was quick on her feet. But no sooner had she got to him than she was thrown back. She'd not had time to clock the fully primed cattle prod at Nightmare's side. And when he had poked it into her ribs she had flown back and ended up on her ass in the deep pile carpet. For seconds she was paralysed but she was aware of losing control of her bladder. She could feel as her piss soaked through her underwear and her pantyhose. And as she felt that she felt herself dribble and drool from her mouth. She tried to get up, but couldn't.

“Don't try to get up. The next one will be enough to stop your heart.”

This man was as casual as you like - disturbingly so. But she did as she was told - she stayed down.

“You fuck.....”

The electric shock had been so powerful that it had the immediate effect of debilitating Lina. And she knew that she'd been incapacitated so she didn't try to do too much. Even her speech had been affected.

“When you're strength comes back, use it to undress yourself. I want to see if the saying 'like mother like daughter' is true. I'm going to rape you, multiple times before I take you away from here. Before I reunite you with your little girl in fact. What you need to understand is that you have to behave. I know that will be hard for a slut of your standing. But you have to try. Anything happens to me and no-one will know where to find your little one, or that other slut. In other words you need me, intact, as it were.”

And he stopped talking so that Lina could process the words. Sensations were returning to her limbs now, and her head was clearing of the fog the high voltage shock had created.

“You try to rape me, you'll get more than you bargained for you cunt.”

And her voice came through as nasty, and fully meaning what she said. But Nightmare was quick to stab the prod in again and Lina let out this little squeal as her saliva was catapulted from her mouth.

“You can learn the hard way, or the easy way. That is entirely up to you. I’m a sadist so ask me for my preference and it will always be the hard way, that I would choose. But I’m not a complete monster, I’m giving you a choice. And to be fair, I’m not going to ‘rape’ you in the technical sense, because now, because of that little outburst, you are going to ‘ask’ for it. And you are going to ask for it, nicely.”

And again he stopped to let Lina process his words as the rest of her bladder contents ejected themselves from her under pressure of spasming electrically shocked muscles.

“I won’t ask you fuck, you cunt.”

She was pressing her luck, she knew that. But she was beginning to feel the walls close in around her, and she was beginning to feel desperate. It was bad enough that this man had her daughter and now it looked and felt like he could do what he wanted with her as well. And what he had said about Leanna screaming as she was tortured, and him raping her, it was all just getting a bit deep for her. As a police officer she would have been feeling that if she didn’t do something now then she wouldn’t have another chance to do anything.

But what he had said about him being the only one who knew where the two women were and that they would never be found had hit home now more than ever. He was right of course and he held those cards and knew that immediately he was safe from capture. And safe the knowledge that this slut police woman would do as she was told now that he had explained to her what would happen if she misbehaved.

Lina firmly felt that if she had the opportunity, with her training and her street knowledge she could take this man out with a single kick or punch. But she also knew that in this case, that if she hit him once with a successful blow then it was unlikely she would stop. And if she didn’t stop then she might kill him. And then she would never find Leanna and Emily. So she

had to think. She had to try to work out what to do. This sadist held all the cards - every single one of them. And at the present time she was like a defenceless puppet.

“Take your clothes off slut - show me what I’ve got to work with. Your daughter is an exceptional example of ‘meat’. You’re more mature but I like that. I like it in context with making a mother and daughter suffer, together.”

He smiled. It was the first time since Lina had come back that he’d really smiled. He’d had a point that he needed to get across and so smiles had been in short supply. But now he was feeling that he’d done what he needed to do, in the serious sense. Now it was time for ‘fun’.

“Please, look please it doesn’t have to be like this...”

Lina let her words tail off and he smiled again.

“You bitches always, ALWAYS come out with that line. I like it but it’s wearing a bit thin now. What’s going to happen is not up for debate. It’s going to happen. Just do what you’re told and that way, I won’t get bored, kill you here and now and then go kill your little girl. Am I making myself clear?”

The smile wasn’t there now and Lina knew when she was beaten. That second shock had taken it out of her a bit and so her movements were slow, but she started to undress knowing that this animal was going to rape her. And one could only try to imagine what that felt like to her. And she was ‘this’ close to the man who knew where her little girl was and yet she couldn’t do anything about it. She could have the full backup of the whole squad with her now and it wouldn’t make any difference at all. They would be no closer to finding Leanna and Emily. She was fucked and she knew it. And she had to get her head around that. And she was going to have to accept what this man was about to do to her.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Lina was naked now. And she was on her all fours with her back dipped so that the huge thick nipples tipping her heavy, voluminous breasts were, dragging in the carpet.

“Well, I’m waiting. You know what you have so say to me and I want you to say it now. And I want to get that you are sincere in what you are saying. If I get the sense you are forcing it, or that you don’t mean it, then.....”

And Nightmare let his words tail off as though he didn’t need to finish them.

“And get those knees spread wide, push your pussy back and out. Show me what a slut you are.”

His words were firm, and yet almost softly spoken. He didn’t need to seethe and spit between gritted teeth to Lina. He’d won the psychological battle already. And now he just wanted her to do what he told her to do.

For Lina, it was the degradation that he was inflicting on her. With every microbe in her body she didn’t want to do what he wanted her to do. Everything was against her doing what she was told and yet she had to think of Leanna and Emily. This was something Lina had to get her head and her body around because there might well be no further chances. Nightmare had threatened to kill and that was a new thing for her - it was new information. The big thing back in the day was that he hadn’t killed. But it wasn’t known if he had threatened to do that or not. This could be a complete new modus operandi for him and so Lina had to hold it together.

“Please Sir, please will you fuck my slut-hole the way it deserves to be fucked. I want to please you, and pleasure you in any way and every way I can. Please fuck my slut hole Sir.”

They weren't Lina's words - that is they weren't the words of a mature proud woman. She'd been coached on what to say. She'd been told exactly what to say, down to the 'sir' word and it forced a lump to form in her throat and almost gag her. Nightmare stood over this woman smiling. Lina had to push to the back of her mind that even from down on her all fours the way she was, she could take this man out if she wanted to. She knew he couldn't fight. She knew that all he did was petrify women into submission and that in reality he was a coward and a bully.

Maybe even he made them assume that he would kill them if they didn't do his bidding, but at the same time had no intention at all of killing them. She knew all she'd need to do is quickly sweep his feet from under him and then a single punch to his throat when he didn't know what the fuck was going on and it would be all over. But then what? Then she still wouldn't know where Leanna and Emily were. Maybe he'd crumble and tell them everything. But why would he? He hadn't the first time round all those years ago, so why would he now?

No, she had to hold it together but the degradation was flowing through her like some kind of toxicity.

"Very good. I knew you'd do a good job of it. That slut daughter of yours does a good job as well. You know, she's keen to please me as well."

His words were almost taunting. One says almost because he always maintained this air of menace about him. There was always this quality to his words that would tell anyone they were aimed at that he was meaning what he said.

"Please, please 'sir' please can you just do what you have to do to me, so that I can go see my girl, and Emily? Please?"

Lina was still on her hands and knees, back dipped and ass and pussy thrust out. She felt as though she was on display and that was because she was on display. She felt sexualised and that was because she had been sexualised by this animal. She knew her full lipped, smooth, hairless sexuality was on display for him. And she knew that her heavy, mature breasts, breasts that she had always been proud of, looked obscene and

disgusting hanging below her, dragging in the carpet as though she was some sort of subjugated animal. She knew that she looked like what this man, this sadist wanted her to look like.

“I’m going to take you from behind. Both holes. Just relax and it won’t hurt so much. I like to penetrate soon after debilitation, it takes the dignity from you but it does something else as well. It instils that self-loathing in you, knowing that ‘I’ have been inside you. And with you, I will have double penetrated you. And you’ll have plenty of time to let that sink in as I get you ready to come with me.”

If the truth was known, Lina wished this man would stop fucking talking and just get on with it. The compulsion to take his legs from under him was very high. The temptation just to use one leg and sweep him down so that she could finish him off was so high that she couldn’t push it to the back of her mind. ‘Stop it Lina, think of Leanna and Emily. Just take deep breaths. Let this animal get on with it. Then when you know where the lair is, and that the women are safe, then make your move.’

She was giving herself good advice inside her own mind.

“Mmmmm yes please sir. I’ll make it real good for you, real real good.”

Lina spoke seductively almost smokily and she did that deliberately. Oddly she meant what she was saying to this animal. She would make it nice for him, she would make it real good for him. And when she got the opportunity she would take him he fuck out. For now she had to swallow bile because of what she was saying and what she was going to have to do for the pleasure of this man. Nightmare kicked her knees wider apart before he got down between her legs.

“What do you want first, slut, ass or pussy?”

Lina had caught a glimpse of this man’s cock, looking back, as he got down and she had needed to swallow a gulp at its size.

‘Pussy sir. You can use my juices to lubricate my slut hungry ass then. Is that ok sir?’

She was almost making herself sick with how she was acting this out. But she had to do a good job and not let him for one second, think that she was being insincere. She nearly choked every time she used the sir word, let alone that she was inviting this man to slide himself inside her.

“Pussy it is. And when I’m done, with both slut holes, I want you to suck me clean. Think you can do that for me, slut?”

This was a chief superintendent that this man was abusing and degrading and it was this that gave him that extra energy. He liked it that she was a woman of authority who was now calling him sir, and practically begging for him to be inside her.

“Yes sir, I can suck you nice and clean. I can suck you clean and lick your balls clean as well.”

Lina knew roughly how this man’s mind worked. She knew that he was a sick son of a bitch. She knew what he wanted to hear, and she knew what she had to say and do so that it was nice for him. She knew that she had to be the broken woman. She knew that she had to be what he wanted her to be so that he got his rocks off. But this was making her all the more determined that when she took him out, she was going to do a good job of it.

“Ohhhh that’s so big sir.”

She wiggled her ass as he dipped his enormous bell end between her labia. He’d manipulated her clitoral bundle before offering up his cock, so she was wet. That was something else that had made her want to be sick - to think that he was capable of making her wet. That he was able to encourage nature to take its course.

“It is. And you’re going to take it all, twice.”

And as she spoke her breath was taken away as he slipped that thick, huge headed cock all the way in to her. And in that first stroke she could feel him ramming and then pressing his cock head against her cervix. It was about now that she could have cried, and did. They were silent tears as she

buried her face to the carpeted floor. She could feel his hands on her hips, pulling her back onto him as he upped the tempo of the fucking. She just cried silently thankful that there was no-one here to see her being treated and impaled in this way.

Nightmare orgasmed within a few minutes. That should have been a good thing that it wasn't a long fucking and that he wasn't inside her reproductive tract any longer than he had to be. Or any longer than she could bare. But for some reason there was this 'insult' in the way he was so quick. As though he might resent being up inside her and that he just wanted to get it over with. There were all these negative thoughts inside her head, just because this man wasn't long inside of her pussy. It was almost like he was rejecting her and for some reason that bit hard into her psyche.

“Uhhhhh god, fuck god, oh sir, that hurts so much.”

She had to remain in the moment. She had to act her heart out. But he had smeared a blend of her juices and his spent semen over the raised ring of her asshole and then had shoved his cock inside her in one go. That had hurt but it had taken her breath away as well. She felt herself spasm and then she felt that spasm loosen and melt away. And then she could feel her ass chewing and sucking on the cock of the most wanted man in the city.

Lina was having to take the psychological hit of what was happening to her. And for a woman to have to take that hit was the hardest of all. It wasn't so much the physical aspect of being penetrated in this way multiple times, it was the psychological hit that would go through her psyche in waves, and that would stay with her forever.

And so to take that hit, she had to believe that her time would come to take him out. She had to simply believe that the time would come when he was in front of her, when Leanna and Emily were safe, when she could take him out with that one punch. But at the same time she would have to hope to god there would be someone to pull her off him because as he was moving his cock in and out of her back passage, she was sure that if there wasn't someone there, that she would kill him.

And when he gripped her hips harder she knew he was about to orgasm again and so she squeezed her ass onto, and around his cock. She was breathing heavily, wantonly, and she was squeezing and encouraging him to cum up inside her. She was making herself sick but she was having to do this. She was having to make it nice and more to the point, make it real for him. Within minutes he was cumming a second load inside her. And just for a few seconds, as he was grunting and dribbling over her back, she was coming to terms with the fact that this sexual criminal had been inside her, all of her in the most invasive and violent of ways. And she sobbed quietly at that.

And when she took her face out of the carpet, he was out of her standing in front of her, that huge cock hanging, dripping and ready to be cleaned with her mouth. Again, this was the chief super that had been broken here. This was a woman at the top of her game being shown what real humility was all about.

“Time suck me clean bitch. And yes, you can lick my balls clean as well.”

He was smiling as he looked down on her. It was the face of a man who knew what he was doing to this woman. A man who knew women inside out, which was a rarity. Men didn't usually really 'know' women. But this was a man who'd made women his 'hobby' over decades. He'd made sure to learn his trade and learn all about the 'creatures' he worked on. He did literally know them inside out.

“Cuts deep doesn't it, slut? To know that I've done this to you, and you can't do a damn thing about it. Don't think I don't know about those thoughts of yours. The ones where you take me out. But you can't, can you, or your precious little girl, and that other slut will never be seen again. At least not alive.”

There he was, using the power of his words. There wasn't anyone who could weaponize words like he could. He'd spent thirty years, when locked up, thinking about his new modus operandi when he got out, and this was part of it. The spoken word was the most potent weapon he now possessed. And he had the nail hit firmly on the head, and Lina knew it.

“Crawl to me, mouth open, and suck bitch slut.”

He held his huge, thick cock at an angle that would be towards Lina's open mouth. And when she crawled to him, huge tits swaying side to side, under her with her movements, he dipped his cock into her mouth and she sucked it nosily in. There was no dignified way that she could do it. Besides her own dignity had made a run for it long ago. So she slowly noisily sucked him clean. That cock was dwindling in size now, becoming more snake like. And as she sucked, she was knowing that that cock she was sucking had been up inside her own ass, and that made her gag a little but she stuck with it. She could taste him and herself and that taste would stay with her for some time. And then she got down and flicked up the tip of her tongue under his big balls and she licked those clean as well.

Those waves of repulsion in what she was doing, and the temptation to take this man out here and now were strong but she had to keep them in check. She had to get through this however hard it was. In her mind she was thinking that he had done his worst to her now. He had been into every one of her orifices now and so the worst had to be over surely. This was the torture he would apply to her and it would stay with her forever. And his grande finale had to be that he would take her to Leanna. And she had to hope that her one and only wasn't so far gone, so badly affected that she would never be able to start her life again. And she had to further hope that they would all get out of this alive, and with a hope of at least some recovery.

Lina's mind was working all the time. It was like she had to play two roles. One for this sadist who'd been explicit in his instructions to her, and then one, the policewoman always looking for the out that any undercover officer would have to look for and find eventually. But he'd seen right through that. And what she couldn't have guessed was that she was getting it all wrong. She had assumed that this raping of her femininity, and this degradation she was suffering was all she would have to endure, apart from collecting what was left of Leanna and Emily. There was no surprise, not really, that Nightmare could see right through her. He'd been able to see right through her before they even met.

Later

“These are packed with high explosive. You make a wrong move and you’re history. You get me, right?”

Nightmare spoke as he packed Lina’s cunt and ass with two fat sausage shaped dildos.

“It’s the centre core that holds the explosive. The outside will inflate to fill you, and lock them inside you. And you’ll have to hold the button but, make sure you don’t let it go. Because if you do, ‘BOOM’.”

Yes Lina had thought being raped and degraded would see her through to the end of her ordeal. She should have known that it wouldn’t be the case. She should have known this sick cunt would have something else up his sleeve. Sick fuck!

The temptation was to hold her breath as he fed those dildo things inside her femininity. He was rigging her up into a human bomb. It was like he was shutting any doors closed to hope that she would get an out of this. Further to that, he was simply demonstrating that he had barely begun with her yet.

“Fucks sakes you don’t have to do this you know. I want my girl back. I’m not going to endanger her, or myself. This is a bit over the top, surely?”

Her voice was shaky. She was nervous of being packed with high explosives. Of course she was.

“Oh shut up you cunt. You don’t think I really fell for all that shit do you. Oh you’ve been good. But once a copper always a copper. I’ve seen right through you. Now, once you’re rigged up and primed we’re going to see your one and only, and that other slut. What happens then, depends on my mood, and the vibe I’m getting.”

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

High Explosive

Lina's heart must have sunk when she felt those things, these explosive things filling her ass and her cunt. Even as a hardened police officer of many years, this was shocking her to the core. She'd squealed as Nightmare had primed each device by twisting the ends. There had been like the sound of compressed air and the two dildos expanded inside her. They didn't just expand in thickness but also in length and girth. She'd had to stay still so that her anal and vaginal tracts were filled and locked. Then there had been that pressure against her cervix and against the bend in her colon that she had to contend with. This was all added pressure, on top of everything else.

“Let's get this on you. It's nice and tight and will make sure those bombs don't drop out of you. Can't have them dropping out now can we, slut?”

Nightmare was holding up what looked like a panty-girdle. Lina knew what it was. And she knew that he knew what he was doing because he had one of these for her to put on. It would be tight to her, and make everything secure. And for once she thought something positive. If she was secure like this, with these devices up inside her, then he couldn't rape her again. And for some reason that was a comfort to her. But that was like shutting the stable door after the horse had bolted being as he had already double raped her. He'd already raped her in the most obscene and cruel ways. Now her mind was turned more to that fact that she was packed with high explosive and it was like he was reading her mind.

“You don't have to worry, just yet. They won't be ready to blow until I tap in the code to this. Wireless technology is an eyeopener. If only I'd had this back in the day.”

But he'd been right. She had been shitting herself that something would go wrong. It would have been a time when she wouldn't mind it all going wrong and she could go out in a blaze of glory so to speak. But this animal, this pervert didn't do things wrong. He did them methodically and accurately. Lina pulled on the girdle and felt it squeeze her in, shape her, and pull in tight to her crotch and ass. The thing was that Lina was in excellent shape. She'd never need to wear one of these undergarments, so she had that as a positive thought as well, as insignificant as it was.

“Good slut. Now to prime, and set. And there we go, you're all good to go. A live human bomb. Don't forget slut, if you let go of the button when I give this to you, it's BOOM time! No more mummy, and you'll go not knowing how things work out for your one and only.”

He smiled. His cruel words were relentless in their ability to cause torture to a mind.

“Now let's get you dressed. We are going out after all. I think something smart, sexy. High heels, fitted dress, and nylons. Something to show off those slut tits of yours and those slut legs.”

And he walked her to her bedroom and ensured she looked right, in his eyes, for her trip out. She should have been seeing this as an opportunity to escape. He was taking her out into the big wide world after all. He was taking her out of the dark world that he inhabited and into her world. But there was nothing good about it. She was packed with explosive. Over the course of hours he had taken every opportunity away from Lina and now she was powerless and defenceless against him. She took the device he handed to her and immediately her palm was sweaty. She knew if she let go, that would be the end of her and she would never see Leanna again.

“Your slut daughter travelled in the back, like the piece of meat she is. But you mamma can get in front with me. Because I know you are not stupid enough to blow us up.”

And he was smiling. He could have been being kind. But this troubled Lina. If he was willing for her to travel in the blacked out van in front with him, then it was likely to be a one way trip. It was like she'd worked out that he wouldn't be letting her go once she'd worked out the route to where his lair was.

That had been the crux of the case back in the day and the absolute failure of the squad to solve it this time round. But now she would know and this unsettled her a great deal. This time round it was different, and not just because she was victim of this man this time. It was just the whole thing was feeling different.

There was the click of her metal tipped high heels, and the awkwardness of how she had to move with those 'things' packed inside her. And she was holding the device with the button as tightly as she could. She slid up into the front passenger seat of the van. And there was this contrast of this dingy black, blacked out van and her polished, highly dressed and made up appearance that he had insisted on.

As she tried to make herself comfortable there was the sound of nylon rasping nylon as her thighs rubbed together. All the time there was this thought in her mind that if she made the wrong move, even when holding down the button, would detonate her and this animal to kingdom come. That wasn't such a bad thought for her to have. If only it hadn't been for the fact that she wouldn't see Leanna again. And that was what she couldn't face. Not seeing her again. The trip through the city to the burbs was without conversation. And that played on her mind even more than the one way trip she was sure she was on. And even when the van entered into a huge industrial estate, Lina knew now where his lair was. Back in that day they had been nowhere near this place. They had been nowhere near locating where this man did his worse to his female victims. But now she had got her bearings just right. She would easily be able to direct her team to this place, if she got the opportunity.

Squad Room Police HQ

“The Chief isn’t contactable. Her phone is dead, not even reverting to voicemail. And the apartment is in darkness. Wherever she is, she’s not got her radio either. This isn’t a good turn of events. We have to assume she would know that her not being contactable wouldn’t be a good thing at this point in time. So much so that she wouldn’t do it. So we are fast approaching the time when we have to think the worse - that being that he’s got her. So now he’s got three women. He never did that before, it was always one at a time and he would release one before taking another. Now we have to assume he’s working to some kind of finale. And we’re still none the wiser as to where this very sick chap is, or what he intends.”

That was the older officer - the one that had been on the original investigation thirty years ago with Lina. In her absence, he was in charge. His words were met by stunned silence in the room. This time there was no murmur of agreement. Or no ‘yes sir’. Just a stunned silence that also created this thick atmosphere and vibe that could be cut with a knife.

The Lair

“That’s right, lick her to orgasm. Lick your one and only to orgasm and I’ll turn off her pain so that she can get the full benefit.”

If Lina thought that she’d reached the bottom of the barrel with this man before getting to his lair, then she was wrong. When he’d proudly shown her Leanna and Emily she was shocked to the core all over again.

“Darling.... Darling.....”

That had been all she could manage. She’d not been able to take her eyes off Leanna, in that rig, all bound up and her nipples and sexual flesh stretched down like that. She’d not been able to get over what she knew either - that her daughter had been subjected to intense pain over a span of

time, and that she had too, been raped. She'd known it because at first there was no response from her. She wasn't asleep, she was just vacant. As though what she'd endured was so painful, so bad that there was nothing that she could do to snap herself out of the bubble that she was in. And all Lina had been able to do was look at her. Occasionally, she'd flicked her eyes to Emily, rigged differently but in no less pain.

“You can't be serious? She's my daughter for fucks sake! Why would you want me to do that? Please stop hurting her, please, just for a little while. Please?”

Lina was as upset as she had ever been. Nothing in life would have upset her like this in the past. She wanted to go hug her daughter. She'd told Nightmare that and he'd told her,

“You can hug her with your tongue. I want you to see her have the best orgasm of her life, on the tip of your tongue - before I execute her.”

His words always shocked. His words always were meant to shock, but not like this. Lina was doing the maths in her head. She was working out that none of them were getting out of this. That he was going to kill them all. This was a huge change to his modus operandi. Thirty years in prison had done nothing to temper his sadism and now he was determined to take it to the ultimate level. Now as a sadist he was taking that final and ultimate sadistic trip. The one that ends in him killing in sadistic and adventurous ways.

“Look, please, please keep me but let these go. They haven't done anything to you. With me I get it, I whispered those things to you when we caught you all those years ago and it's bugged you ever since. I get that. So keep me, make me suffer and let them go, please?”

Lina sounded destroyed and desperate all in one. Nightmare, living up to his name once and for all, smiled.

“Oh, you think I'm going to kill you all? Fuck no woman. You're not going to die, but you're not going to be released either. You're going to watch her die, and then you're going to live a life, of sorts, with me. The

other slut can go as well. She won't be able to tell your squad a thing by the time I've finished with her. But for you, I want you to especially suffer in the knowledge that your little one is gone and that I will further your pain every single day for as long as you prove entertaining to me."

And this was more information for Lina to process. She had to process it slowly so that she got it right. This sick cunt intended to murder her sweetheart daughter in front of her and let her live. That couldn't be right. He knew she was a trained police officer. He knew that she was trained to be able to psychologically handle all situations. And he had to have worked out that once she had witnessed him killing Leanna that she would look for an opportunity, any opportunity to take him out. It could be the same day, it could be tomorrow, next week, next month, next year. He would surely work out that keeping her alive was a risk to him. Something didn't stack up.

He'd taken the bomb switch off Lina and told her,

"Go crawl between her legs and lick her pierced clitoris until she cums. I want one of her last memories to be of her mother, looking at her, licking her to orgasm. That's what I want. And I want you to remember her, in the throes of sexual ecstasy that you have licked her to. Yes, I'm a sadist, what do you want me to do about it? Now crawl and lick slut."

Lina looked at him and then back at Leanna, then she got slowly to her knees, and down to her all fours. She was still smartly dressed and made up. Leanna was trussed up like some kind of dirty pig, so there was that contrast. She was naked and she was needy. She was needy because he'd turned off the pain now and manipulated her clitoris a little, ready for mamma's tongue.

"Mum, mum, don't do it mum, don't do it. Tell him to go fuck himself."

And Lina was alerted. Leanna was aware that she was there and she was aware of what she had to do. Lina though had to try to continue to play the long game. If she refused and antagonised him now, he could kill all of them in seconds. If she played it along, however wrong it was for her to

sexual pleasure her own daughter, then there could still be that opportunity to take this sickest of all mother fuckers out.

“I have to baby. I can’t not do it. If I don’t he’ll kill us all.”

Nightmare was adjusting the rig that Leanna was on. He was lowering her and altering her rake so make it easier for Lina to be able to sexually pleasure Leanna with her tongue.

“Get down lower slut mamma. Get your face right down to the floor, ass high, and lick her like you mean it.”

Leanna was breathing heavily now. The first time in hours and hours that she was without pain. And she’d associated the lack of pain with sexual pleasure for some reason. She didn’t know why she was constantly wet through as this man tortured her, but she knew she was. Even though she was thirty one years old, such had her mind and body been altered by this man and this experience that she couldn’t work out that nature was taking its course with her body and that was why she was wet.

“Just try forget it’s me doing this darling. I’m so so sorry I couldn’t protect you. I’m so sorry.”

Lina was distraught as she began the process of exciting Leanna’s clitoral nerves to an unwanted, forced orgasm.

“Oh so touching. Just lick her so that she makes those noises you slut. It’s not quite time for goodbyes yet. That’s for later. For now I want the dirty raw sexual vibe between mamma and her little one.”

And there was this sexually charged tone to Nightmare’s voice. Like he was witnessing one of his greatest ever fantasy scenarios and this was the first time he’d ever seen it live. Up to this point a situation, a scenario like this had only ever existed in his head. But now there was the fact that it was real. The visuals now were combining and mixing with the smell of fear, the smell of raw sex and the smell, the aroma of femininity - this was his ultimate.

Lina began by flicking her thick wet tongue over her daughter's pierced clitoris. She was getting the full brutality of what this man had done to her sweet Leanna. Leanna was trembling in the rig that she was secured to and that was because she was recovering, as much as she was allowed by this sadistic fuck, from the intense pain she had existed in. What Lina was doing was licking her daughter's sexuality through the healing process. And in doing that she was making her needy. She was turning her on.

“Mum, mum that's nice. It really is mum. Thank you mum.”

And the interaction between a mature mother and her grown up daughter was really to behold. It wasn't 'right' but it was something that was beautiful as well. A young woman having been in so much pain but now gripped by pleasure. Lina heard her and she licked deeper. She changed the emphasis to the slit of Leanna. She slid her tongue up and down the pierced, stretched labia and then she just about slipped her tongue inside Leanna's sexuality. And she was licking up and then flicking her tongue over the clitoris again. She was butterflying that tongue flesh over the clitoris to the point where Leanna began to moan.

“Eat her slut. I want to see you eat your offspring. Eat her out. Turn her into that slut I know she is.”

And his voice was almost hissing in a way that defied description. He was at the upper end of his own sexual desire and his cock, out now was rock hard. And it was dripping with his own pre-cum. There was this awfulness to what was happening here. It was the kind of scene, the kind of vibe that would stop anyone in their tracks because of the brutality. But the real horror, the real shock would only make itself known as any onlooker processed that this was a sadist controlling a mother and daughter like this. Then there would be audible gasps of utter disgust and shock at what this man was doing.

For Lina this was her chance to give her daughter pleasure before this sick twisted excuse for a man killed her. The fact that it was sexual pleasure had lost it's 'wrongness' for Lina.

This was the last thing that she would be able to do for Leanna so she was going to give her the most mind blowing orgasm she can have ever experienced and that came across in the noises that she was making with her mouth and with Leanna's sexual flesh. She was eating her out. She was tasting Leanna. And at the same time she was building an orgasm so that at least for the seconds it was in existence, for that peak time then Leanna would be able to forget the horror that she had found herself in.

It was the least that Lina could do for her one and only. It was something that she needed to do however wrong it was in the normal world. However obscene and morally wrong it was - she had to do it because he was making her, but she had to do it because it was probably the last thing that she could ever do for Leanna.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

End Game

“Mum, mum I’m going to cum mum. Please eat me deeper mum. Please eat me deeper. Drink me in mum, drink me in.”

And Leanna sounded like if ever she was horrified by what this man was making her mother do to her, she was over it now. She was breathing hard but shallow. Every so often she held her breath because Lina was giving her these little spasms of pleasure that threatened to tip her into an orgasm that would be an explosion of sexual euphoria. But then Lina didn’t do that so Leanna could breathe again. Lina’s face was a mess of Leanna’s juices as she’d worn her daughter’s sexuality as a mask in the attempt to eat her out deeper and deeper.

Nightmare for this obscene finale had slipped inside of Emily’s ass for the first time and was fucking her slowly, with full pain on, as he watched mother and daughter. Emily had grunted and then screamed as the monster’s cock had clicked past her sphincter and then travelled deeper into her anal tract. She had squealed and screamed as her anal muscles had gone into spasm. And yet she had all that other pain, inside, to contend with as well and this was further breaking her.

“Cum for me darling. Cum for mum. There’s a good girl, cum for me.”

Lina had entered into the realms of needing to make this the best thing ever for Leanna knowing that she was packed with explosives and knowing that it was probably almost the end for Leanna and for Emily. She didn’t believe that Nightmare was going to let her go. She just didn’t believe it.

Somewhere in the depths of her mind she was knowing that this man deciding to keep her alive was the biggest mistake of his life because once Leanna had been murdered there was nothing stopping her taking Nightmare out. Up to this point it had all been about saving the fuck out of Leanna and Emily. If they were dead it was all bets off. But she was licking and sucking on Leanna's cunt, she was almost sucking her daughter inside out as Nightmare shot a load into the depths of Emily's anal tract. Both Leanna's and Emily's cries of pure undiluted pleasure came at the same time. And when Lina sensed Leanna spilling into orgasm she upped the rate of her tongue flicks and the sucking of that intimate flesh. Leanna held her breath and then she let it go in a sigh, and a gasp of relief as she was flooded with that pleasure.

“Mum, mum, mum, fuck mum, mum. Mum, fuck mum.”

And they were joined in this weird coming together that should never have been but that had been forced by this utter sadist and deviant. Probably at this precise point they were the closest, emotionally than they had ever been.

Emily screamed her orgasm, one that was tinged and stained with full pain, as well, but then she went silent, as though in mid orgasm her heart failed. She was dead, and Nightmare finished ejaculating inside her then slipped out. This was the first time one of his victims had died, in his custody. But he was unmoved, and emotionless as his eyes were fixed solely on mum and daughter now. Both Leanna and Lina were unaware that Emily was deceased at this point.

“Well well, that was a sight for sore eyes. You've made a sadist very happy, I have to say! But you are going to make me even happier I can assure you. Shame about this one though - her heart gave out and she's gone.”

And again he was dropping shocking words. Both Lina and Leanna turned their heads toward Emily quickly. That was like instinctive shock taking over. Emily was lifeless, her eyes were open but she was limp on the rig.

“Fuck. What have you done? This is murder now, you know that don’t you?”

Lina, in that shock, had gone all police officer on him, but he was unphased.

“I do know that. It’s not my fault her heart gave out. I would have had a little more fun before dropping her off where I found her.”

And he was completely emotionless as he spoke.

“Crawl here bitch, come suck her ass off my cock. And then we’ll decide between us, what happens next. You know like a true democracy.”

The way he spoke, the disrespectful way he was talking about a young woman who was now dead. It just deepened the hell that this man has created and that he existed in. It just made the world a darker place as Lina now crawled to him so that she could take the hugeness of his cock into her mouth again. That would have been the second time she’d cleaned his cock with her mouth. But she was so in shock now that Emily was dead, she couldn’t do anything except what this man told her to do.

Leanna fresh from coming down from the orgasm her mother had given her began to sob gently. She was realising now that Emily was deceased. And she was realising that things were not looking good for her or her mother. Death was the thing that this man had avoided, as far as the investigation team were aware. of course, they only knew about the thirteen victims. They’d never known if there were more they didn’t know about. And no bodies had ever been attributed to Nightmare. But now that lair had the stench of death and things could only take a downward turn from there.

“Good girl, good mamma. You want to please me don’t you hey? Fear is gripping you now, I know that. The closer we come to the end for your little girl here, the more it will grip you. But you know, you can’t let the upcoming death of your slut offspring define your future. You have to look after yourself now. She will be gone and there will be nothing you can do for her. So you have to look after yourself. You have to survive yourself.”

And there was this coldness to the way he spoke. That coldness, in light of what had happened to Emily had to have been a deliberate thing. It was like a layering of the sadism. There had been the death of Emily and now in the aftermath of that there was the, furthered words from him about the impending execution of Leanna and the aftermath of that for Lina. And for Lina she couldn't go there, not even in her mind. She couldn't see past the point of death for her daughter - she just couldn't.

“You have to be the sickest fuck I've ever met. How can you say these things. How can you do these things.”

Lina was at his feet now. And she was looking up at him. He was smiling down at her.

“How many times do I have to tell you, I'm a fucking sadist. And it makes me feel good to know that I am the sickest fuck you've ever met. There's worse out there though, trust me. I spent thirty years in prison with them. The ironic thing is that had I not spent that time with those real sickos, then it's highly unlikely I would have ventured into killing. Still, it's a shame about this one here - I was going to let her go, I really was. And then she pegged out on me. But the sweet pill for me was that I was inside her when she went. That was a result for me I have to say. Actually inside her when she pegged out. Yummy.”

And it was like this man didn't really know what damage his words did. Like he didn't know how sick his words really were. Or that he was so sick that he was simply desensitised to it. Like all sadists - they search for a bigger kick, a bigger kink each time. They need to feed the need. And to do that they have to go bigger each and every time. They have to surpass what sick lust they gratified last time. And they would have to do that again and again and again. And so, it was the same with their words. Their words, Nightmare's words were nothing to him because he was used to bigger and better each time. It was his victim's that suffered the words. It was them that the words cut deep into.

He dipped his cock head into Lina's waiting mouth.

“Make sure it’s nice, wet and warm for me bitch. I want you to clean me, but I want you to make me hard as well, ready to fuck your lil one again, for the last time before I, you know....”

He could just announce something that was truly terrible and make it sound like it was normal. Lina locked her eyes to his, and she was doing what he wanted her to do, but she was also thinking. She was also wondering if the right thing would be for her to take him out now. He was going to kill Leanna anyway. Maybe if she took both her and Leanna out at the same time, then it was on her terms not his. It would kind of fuck his plans up. And she was thinking that this man was a sadist yes, but he was also obsessive compulsive in how he did things. He planned to the last millisecond how things would go. And he had an attention to detail that was scary. And he would literally hate anything fucking up his plans.

To have his finale all blown up in his own face, then it would throw him off completely. Lina was thinking that she should throw him off like this. That she had to throw him off. That she had to end this terror. But she sucked his cock like a good girl anyway. She sucked him, cleaned him and pleased him and then worked her tongue and her lips to get him hard and needy again. But what she wasn’t going to do was watch him rape Leanna before he then executed her. And what she definitely wasn’t going to do was watch her little girl die and then go on and be this sick bastard’s puppet going forward.

A Short Time Later

Lina had debilitated Nightmare with a single blow to his throat, and then watched him let go of the bomb trigger device. She’d closed her eyes, waited for the BOOM. But that didn’t happen. Or was time playing tricks on her mind? It could have been a delay thing so she counted to ten in her head, but that boom still didn’t come. Then she opened her eyes. There was blood coming from the corners of Nightmare’s mouth. Her punch had made the inside of his throat bleed. But he was smiling.

“You lied didn’t you, you piece of shit? These things in me aint bombs at all are they?”

Lina had regained and retained her professional air even though she could still taste this man inside of her mouth. Nightmare made to get up off the floor where he’d landed but a quick stilettoed kick to his face pretty much knocked him out although not quite. Nothing was said for quite a while and then he came to again.

“Took you long enough you cunt. I thought you was supposed to be one of the city’s finest. Turns out you’re just another thick slut, good for one thing only, sucking and fucking cock.”

Now his words were designed to taunt and not shock so much in the sadistic sense. Lina had made her way to Leanna who had been slowly recovering. The last sensations she had got was the orgasm her mother had given her and not the pain that this man had sent through her whole being via the line into her ankle. Lina carefully pulled out the line, and the cannula. And then she set about looking at the rig, how it was made up, and how she could release Leanna safely.

“I wouldn’t do that. I really wouldn’t.”

That was Nightmare trying to make out that the rig, or Leanna herself was somehow booby trapped.

“Oh do shut the fuck up you, or do you want another kick in the head to shut you up once and for all? You’ve lost all your leverage you cunt. Sham bombs from a sham sadist.”

And the first thing she did was work on releasing Leanna’s wrists and arms. And when she’d done that, she stood back and openly laughed at Nightmare. She’d made a mistake. There was a dull thud, like a muffled ‘boom’ and Leanna was severed in half at the waist. Death although not instant was quick. Her eyes had locked with her mother’s as the life was extinguished.

The look of pure anguish and despair on Lina's face was palpable. The colour dried from her and there was this silent 'scream' etched across her face. It was difficult to determine at what point that despair turned to pure anger at the man in front of her. But now she had another problem. Was what she was packed with hoax at all.

"I told you not to do it. I told you. You can't say I didn't tell you."

One could have expected her to have reacted immediately, and unleashed her training on him. And that would have certainly resulted in his death. She had to decide - was she prepared to die as well? She had to assume that what she could feel inside her, filling up both her vaginal and anal passages, were real bombs, just not rigged to go off as Nightmare had insinuated. She had to exist in these minutes by not looking at what was left of Leanna. She couldn't look at her until she'd made her decision. And it was like minutes for her to make that decision. In reality it was probably only seconds.

By the time she was on him again he was whimpering like a little girl. She'd only had to make one other choice. Kill him in one, or risk not killing him when or if she blew up. She needed to be close to him if she blew so the blast would kill him, or seriously maim him. But she wanted to hurt him, really hurt him before he died. And that was what she did. He gave the sadist the kind of pain he would recognise and good pain. She disabled him with blows the head and then she cut his balls out of their sack, and watched him die slowly of pain and blood loss. Then she stood and looked around at the carnage.

One Hour Later

The experienced male detective, Bill stood in the middle of the carnage looking around. Lina had managed to find her way out of the lair and find a phone. Within minutes the place was flooded with police, and bomb disposal personnel. Lina had been Xray'd, and sniffer dogged on the spot. No explosives were present in her body so it had been a hoax all the time,

just so that she did what he said. She'd have to live with the decision not to take out Nightmare sooner. But would that have saved Leanna? She'd been packed with the only actual explosive, so Lina would have assumed that she was a hoax the same as her. Maybe it was designed not be a good ending.

Leanna was still in situ, but she was covered now. Lina felt empty. It was like there was nothing there anymore. Like there was no point to her living now. Nightmare was lying dead, he was covered also.

“Look, you're going to need to take some time. Take as much time as you need guv, I've got this. I'll wind this up here and start writing it up.”

He meant well but even he knew that he was talking to a woman who wasn't really taking it in. Lina had just lost her daughter. And she'd failed to bring Nightmare to justice. And as well as that she had lost the other women he'd taken. She had to have felt she failed. She had stopped this man's sick pursuits - that was the only plus point but she wouldn't get that for some time.

“I appreciate it Bill, but you know, what am I going to take time off for? The apartment will be lifeless without Leanna - she was my life. Everything is gone now. I just need to clean this up and make sure I do right by Leanna and Emily.”

Lina was still moving awkwardly because she was still packed with those devices that were not bombs at all. But then she held her breath and her eyes opened wide. They had come to life inside her and were vibrating. This had to be that sick fuck's finale, that if anything happened to him then after a set amount of time, those vibrators, locked inside her would buzz to life, and force pleasure to ride through her.

“Look, I wanna go home, clean up and come back to work.”

She was biting her lip as she tried to absorb those ultrasound vibrations as best as she could.

“Are you ok boss?”

“Uh, uh yeah I. Just need to get these things out of me, you know, clean up and get on with it.”

“No worries I’ll get someone to run you home.”

“No, no, I’ll get a cab. I need some fresh air on my face.”

A Little Time Later

Lina was on her own bed. She should have been grieving the loss of Leanna but instead she was having to lie there and absorb a string of multiple orgasms that were savage in their intensity. Time after time those orgasms rolled through her. In her mind she was ok, she’d let these ride out and then she would remove the devices that had filled her anus and vagina. THEN she would get on with it. but would it be that simple?

Down on the street, across the road there was a woman at the bus stop. A tall woman dressed as though in couture. She wore dark glasses and a fitted dress. Her legs were sheathed in dark brown sheer nylon and her feet were arched into severe stilettos. She was a looker. But she was also a puzzlement. She was looking up and down the street, but she was also looking up at the third floor. She slipped a perfectly manicured hand into her bag and took out a credit card sized device. This device was covered with buttons which she played her thumb across. Then she picked a button and pressed. There was a millisecond delay and the windows of that third floor apartment blew out in flames. Lina had been coming down from her intense orgasm when the things inside her blew. But who the fuck was this woman at the bus stop?

THE END

