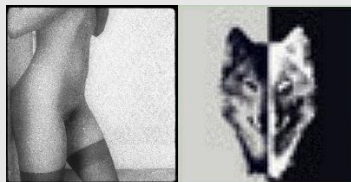




THE TO-DO LIST



Story by Berseh
Illustration by Jerry001
September 2018



A Berseh and Jerry001 collaboration



The To-Do List © 2019

Story by

Berseh

Illustrations by

Jerry 001

Preamble:

Ever since I had seen a series by Jerry, I've thought one day I'd like to collaborate with him. But I was very shy. One day I wrote to him, saying I had a story and would he consider making a few images for me, like maybe 5 or 6?

I sent him a draft and he answered, almost immediately, that he'll do it... In fact, of his own initiative he augmented the number of images to finally create more than twenty.

Working with him is ideal: The exchanges were fluid, very friendly and serious at the same time. Here is a gifted artist in control of his technique, yet who accepts all remarks and is very open to discuss about the little details and suggestions I would propose in our exchanges.

I hope we do more together!

Your

Berseh



Chapter 1

(Berseh)



Birds.. Singing birds.. It feels warm.. Yet.. Why is it that I feel like a breeze.. on my skin..ohh..god, why am I feeling so.. Numb?..Birds? .. How come?.. God my mouth is so ..My tongue so thick.. Oh.. birds?.. No! Am I in the countryside? How ..How did I get here? This thing on my neck.. What is.. Is it?.. **cries**

I remember I woke up earlier. There was already this hard thing around my neck.. But I was thick with .. Drugs? I fell asleep again....I really am wearing a collar.. **shudders** No! I don't want to wake up.. Please make that this was a nightmare...

The footsteps below.. The man.. The chain.. I remember.. he drugged me, then he.. What was it? **opening my eyes, quivering, closing them again**.. Ohh, Rob.. He must have called me. Called my agent, my friends in LA. Sam, the director.. Rob... We were at last going to be together for three days, then he'd have to go back to the set. Not me, I had ten days of no shooting. Days of freedom.. Freedom?

This is my jail.. I-I was walking , then something..Hands.. This thing on my mouth.. It smelled.. Oh...This bed.. This mattress, it stinks like..yikes!

Then I fell into this cottonlike world..

I'm naked.. This is very bad. I can't believe they put this collar on me, like from the middle ages! The chain, the gross metallic square to which I am held.. Oh god, please! Is this the lair of a.. One of these psychopaths they have here? One of the..

Someone's coming! Footsteps climbing stairs. Heavy footsteps.

It's silly and useless but I instinctively curl. I hid my face in my hands.. and wait. It's only one man it seems. The lock on the door -gasp- I don't want to see this! I don't want!



Chapter 2

(Zack)



Man, I love this job! This is going to be so fucking good!

Wish all my commissions were like this one for sure. Beats the usual leg breaking, you know? The house arsoning or roughing up, the car smashing.

Like when I opened the door she was all curled up like a fucking foetus, covering herself as much as she could, pulling on the chain, haw haw!

Scared shitless!

Quickly checked and saw she hadn't eaten anything. I'll flush everything in the toilet downstairs. Checked the bucket but she hadn't peed yet so no need to replace the water.

Then I made my show, oh buddy!!

I walked to her, grabbed her by the hair to get her on her knees and stop pretending she was sleeping.. She must weigh five pounds maximum, haw haw! Hollywood cunts!

Man, it's gonna be a piece o'cake to turn her into any fucking position, see what I mean?

She was trembling like a dog you've thrown in the river, and stupidly trying to cover her titties and twat.. Why are they so fucking stupid? Like, who ripped her clothes off? Think they fucking vanished all alone?



« Ya don't need to hide the goods sweetie » I told her. « I've already checked everything, It's all in place, haw haw! Full check, haw haw!»

« Plizzz pliiiiizz « she whimpered « who are you? Plizz let me go I'll pay »

You know what? Zis accent? Fuckin' French accent? How she says please, like .. I don't know, shit.. Man, these French girls are trained to suck cock: pliiizzz, pliiiiizzz like she's already got her tongue in place to wrap my cock! No wonder you hear all the stuff about french lovers: guess they raise their bitches to slutty work real early!

I just stared at her and let her do the usual « I-have-money-let-me-go-I-won't-tell-anyone » shit, then I gave her the news. Classic style.

« Shut your mouth bitch and listen »

She instantly froze and became attentive.

« This is work. I'm commissioned by some people to snatch you, and guess what? We'll have a wonderful time together cause I've got some precise instructions for ya. »

The cunt was puzzled but hey, I can't blame her: so was I when I received the list that accompanied the five thousand bucks!

« Plizzz » she nonetheless repeated.

I produced a sheet of paper from my pocket:

« This is the To-do list, it's the things I must do to you. Nothing personal but trust me: I intend to get the most of it myself, haw haw! »

Then I left.



Chapter 3

(Berseh)



That man.. He said his name's Zack. He's just so repugnant! He showed up with food and a couple of bottled water. This time he was naked..Gross!

Yet I'm puzzled, I just don't get it. After all the obscene ways he eyed my mons- all the smirk and scorn and insults, all the thick and sick comments on my figure he actually did nothing to me. All he did was forbid me to hide myself from his eyes.. I still can't believe a human being can be so base.

Then another night came down.

As I tried to find sleep I kept thinking about Rob. My lover.. My partner in the movie that is cause for me being in the States.. I'm sure by now he has got some investigators looking for me. He wanted so much to have me for the three days that his wife Lydia would be out on some reporting! We were so happy at the prospect! He's got to be discreet about us because of her being big TV anchor and him being such a global star but..

But I hope he's already very alarmed. I'm sure he's got a security staff, I'm sure people are already looking for me!

Today when the pig came back he immediately slapped me for trying to hide my femininity from his revolting porcine eyes. The blow hurt like hell, it was no cinema slapping! I was shocked, and he was so frightening!



Last night has been a torture. My mind went wild, crashing. The sound of the chain as I turned around on the filthy mattress kept reminding me I was like a chained animal. I couldn't sleep: questions, questions.. What if? How come? Who? Why?

Why, oh.. Why?

He repeated I was forbidden to hide my sex or anything from him, that he was allowed to hurt me into obedience.

Then he slapped me again and made me lift my arms.

I did. I was deeply mortified to see how he ogled my tits. Then he made me open my legs. Sobbing, I complied. This time I was to ashamed to verify where his eyes directed.. I could feel how intensely he was looking at m.. My..I felt so low.

Then he said: Relax!

He had brought me food -pointing it was vegan! Vegan food was part of the com's wishes he said. I understand he calls "com" the detailed instructions for my misery. The so-called to-do list. Ohh, god!..

He just sat in front of me, his legs wide open, casually scratching and holding his balls and watching me eat and spitting all sorts of comments on my figure and what precisely he thought should be done to me.. In the most repulsive terms!

I did my best to make abstraction of his disgusting presence, of the sound of his laughing scorn, of his hand robbing his privates..

This huge man hovering above me, rejoicing in my helplessness, checking the chain, brutally checking the collar, like I was some cattle.. I managed to avoid crossing his eyes. suddenly he stood up. I thought that's it. That's it, he's going to rape me..But he just.. Stared at me?

Then he left.

Oh god, I feel so.. I feel..

I feel so alone.

Chapter 4

(Zack)



You know me: I can be tough, even grumpy sometimes but I'm fair. Know what I mean? I'm fucking honest! A com' is a com' so if I'm paid to force a granny eat a squirrel, she'll fucking eat the fucking squirrel right?

Today's instructions were to whip that cunt's frontside (not her face, mind you) 9 times -not 8, not ten:9.

Was to strike her with a taw. A taw, you know? Like a paddle fucked a whip and they got a child? Haw haw!

That's a good one, haw!

So I brought the table I thought would do the thing and laid it against one of the pillars, the one with a ring on it. No idea what this ring was meant for, but it will sure do the job in a couple days.

Then I walked to her, smiling like I was gonna use the new bike my Mom got me for Christmas.

« Pliiizz let me go », she said with that soft cocksucker singing voice. "Pliiz hav peeetee"! Tsst tsst.. The shit they say!

A good slap threw her on the floor. While she was tryin' a get her brains back I quickly opened the padlock that linked her collar to the chain.

« Don't! » she cried. "Don't hurt m-Ayyee!"



I grabbed her hair, yanked her back, pulled brutally to present her body to the taw, and I slashed her twice on the tits.

Oh fuck the fuck! Man, I'm sure she's a good dancer: She wiggled and squirmed like a magical fucking worm!

Then two on the stomach: she gasped like she couldn't breathe.

Two on her twat, oh yeah that made it: She squealed like a sow!

You gotta believe me, was worth seeing!

That pretty filly on her knees crying, shrieking, her legs wide open.. I maybe a pro but I'm also a mega balled stud you know. Toughest hunk miles around! Got me hard to see that wailing slut twirl in panic. I was getting in condition but hey! I had a job to do. I'm not only an honest chap with a massive prick, I'm also a fucking ethse..easth..Esthete, so I made sure them lashes landed where they should, very decorative!

Man, this is such a fun job.. Have I told you in addition to the 5 grands I also get two thousands a day I keep her with me? I hear it's cheaper than the fancy hotel her producers had put her in! Whipping that celeb'cunt and grabbing that twat like no one not even a prez could! Paid to make that cute filly yell? Gimme a break, nobody beats me at "What's the best job on Earth"!

Tell you, my hand keeping its grip on her hair made that taw land just as it should do.. Wanna punish your old lady? That's the thing you need: A taw! Sure my Dad would have loved to know that thing. To think that without that shitty To-do list I might never have known about that cool tool? Breaks my fucking heart, haw haw!

It's gonna be used on more sluts than that one, see what I mean? Any cow that doesn't jump right away to do what I say, slash!

Ho ho..

Then before I knew it, them nine strikes were down.

She kept trembling, expecting more to come. Oh boy, was my wood hard! Hard hard hard!

Hey, the instructions are clear: Ramming was allowed but only under latex, and I'd packed a few in the attic.

« Okay » I said. « that's it for today. But we still got somethin' nice going. »



Chapter 5

(Berseh)



The whip...

I thought he was butchering me alive. Each stroke of the cursed little tool felt like if a knife was cutting my skin open: It stung and burned and hit me .. Like he was severing my tits, opening my groins, incise my pussy..

He said he'd strike me nine times and I tried to count, only... after the third lash my mind was in chaos. It seemed like it went on and on forever.

I was going to die. I thought that was what the « list » was about: whipping me to death!

The monster.. He's done whatever he wanted with me today. This diabolical thing -the "com"- that has taken control of my life.. The sick list of torments he's paid to make me go through..

The living hell..

Then it was over. I crashed down, my face hard against the dirty wooden floor.



What a mistake that was: I was still kneeling, unaware of the view I was offering in this position. My body was still shaking from the pain and the incredible shock but I sensed the tip of his shoe as soon as he pushed it against my slit. I frantically advanced on my knees, my face on the floor but his foot followed..

And then he grabbed my hair again, lifted me on my feet and pushed me-threw me- on the table he had brought the day before.

He's so much stronger he can pin me turn me suspend me, open me as if I was just a doll.. Nothing I could do..

He.. He violated me with such an energy I thought he was going to break the table. All the time he rammed me he kept pouring the worst insults while I yelled and cried and futilely called for help. It resonated as if I was dispossessed of the insides of my own body. I felt like an automated sexdoll he was ravaging.

Laughing, stating this part of the « fun » was off com' but insisting he made sure none of us would fear infection, calling me names, sneering.

At one moment I puked as I felt his raging manhood inside me, plugeing and devastating me and destroying more and more of what dignity, what sense of myself I had been fighting to protect..

Then he left, saying « we » will have more of this later on.



Chapter 6

(Zack)



Instructions were laid in clear terms: leave her alone, let her build up anguish for one day.

So all I did yesterday was screw her in the morning, then I went into town to get her the fucking vegan shit then fucked her back in the afternoon. Cool day for the cunt!

But today there was work to do.

I wanted better to do it early on so I could go watch the beginning of the season. Man, three matches today!

When I stepped in the attic, she curled and moaned like a beaten up cunt.

I walked to her bucket and moved it close to her.

« Look at me » I said. She didn't move so I slapped her ass « Look at me slut, or you get hit! »

Got her attention alright then, I'm telling you!

I showed her the bucket.

"The com' wants me to watch when you do your morning business so from now on, I'll put this too far for you to get it. I see a drop of piss on the floor you get the whip okay?"

Man, you should a'seen her big blue eyes. The slut could not believe it, I guess not French customs, haw haw Pliiizzz?

I repeated my speech coz', you know: She's a Godamm foreigner maybe words don't get to that tiny French brain.

»you're not serious? » she asked.



Ohh, I loved that: "yournotsseriouss?" Whoever is the perv who pays for all this shit, sure has a big big grudge against that cow! He must be pissed, haw haw. Pissed, get it? Another good one.

« I'm dead serious cunt. And you're starting now. Shit. Pee. Anything, just spurt it out.»

Believe me people: I seen many but I didn't expect that. She blew fire and thorns, like she'd never do it that it was sick that she was well known that Aiffbeeeye would look for me I'd end up in jail and blah and blah blahblahblah. Got off the rails.

I looked at the babbling whore, then I took the control handles.

See, cows are very easy to control:They got buttons just made for that. Just have ta pinch them nipples real hard, see what I mean? Real real hard, and twist them li'l buttons? I did, then I pulled her by the tits toward the bucket. She was gasping, hysterical and whimpering, I even feared the whore fucking passed out.

Oh man was she squealing, pleading crying screaming.. The whole range, hewww!

But I sat her on the fucking bucket!

After a couple seconds she tried to catch her breath.. whispered..plizz sir stop plizz, I-I'll do it.. I'll.. Do it..

She just broke down in tears. SAD, haw haw!



Chapter 7

(Berseh)



I gave in.

Not only because the pain was driving me crazy but..

But..

I was terrified he would damage my nipples to the point I could never ever milk babies. Isn't that crazy? I was captive in the hands of a complete lunatic who tortured me and considered me as .. I don't know what but not as a human being and yet, I was still hoping to come out safely and one day become a mother? Was it a survival instinct? Was it telling myself I'll eventually escape from this hell?

After the last days when he would come into the attic and force himself into me with no qualms about what he was doing, almost as mechanically as if he was brushing his teeth. After the brutal kicks, the impossible ways for me to at least wash myself since he only gave me enough water to drink..

After days of mental torture, the endless demeaning, degrading little things and the verbal abuse. After all this..

Who in the world hates me enough to pay someone to drag me so low? Who wants me to be tortured so bad? Why me? Was it a mistake? Was a ransom asked? Sometimes as his rod ravaged me he would rant about money, about a new truck.



After hours when left alone I was wondering if his list ended with my death?

Giving in meant I would have to...to..How could I describe my devastation? Peeing in front of that monster?

I gave in.

I did what this scum ordered. He said I had to do it. He said it wasn't so much his thing but this horrible list.. He'd beat me and keep me captive as long as..

Oh, Rob! Rob, I so hope you got every police looking for me! Sam the director; the producers, private investigators.. If only Em knew!

For god's sake.. Help! This is so sick!

« Sir." I hesitated, trying to look at him through my tears... "Can't you pretend I did it? Can't you just say I did it?«

He smiled, and his eyes were full of hatred. He pinched my right nipple softly first then so hard -oh god! - so hard I whined desperately..

« Sir! Sir, I'll do it.. just.. Wait!.. » My nipple between his two fingers felt like flattened, burning, raw, dead!

I have never felt so alone.

Like, the last human being. About to lose what was left of my privacy. Dignity. Femininity.

It was time to reach the lowest point in my life.

There was this awkward moment when we stayed silent as I tried to execute myself.. I tried to release my loins.. But it didn't come! Nothing came out. It's not like pushing on a button and click it's done!

« Are you gonna do it or what? I ain't got all day, cunt! They've got the first match running soon! »His voice was impatient, threatening. Rageing, as if it was all my fault.

« Please sir.. Please wait.. It's-It's not ..easy.. I'm..trying! » I went on, more crying than speaking. Trying not to fully understand the ignominy of it. Not to hear my own question: "What will be left of me?"

Then.. Oh such a shame.. Such an awful thing to have to do in front of a stranger spurting his contempt at you..

The he heard the sound.. I heard the sound..

And my humiliation was at its most.

«Ahhh, » he beamed « good girl! « see? Now you know how to do it. Look I'm cool, you'll have to do it in front of me only once a day. I'll let you do the rest alone..Hey, it's not like I need to see a cunt shit and pee all week. Once a day is enough as far as I'm concerned! Got other things to do with my days once I've fucked you enough.

Good girl. Now, let me wipe your crack! »



Chapter 8

(Zack)



Andrey - Motherfucker always chasing hotel maids!- mocks me cause I read slowly. At least I read!

Yes, I read and the to-do list said: give her a day's rest.

One day of rest...

You gotta be kidding right?

With all that pretty ass upstairs that I get two thousand bucks a day to keep locked naked? A man is a man I always say and you know what? Saves the fifty bucks I pay big tits Sandy (from the « Hotchicks » club in town) to clean up my balls on Saturdays, haw haw!

And it pays for my new truck. That List bizness got me thinking about getting the revved up version you know? The 2500, not the 1500. V8, turbo...Shit man, life's good!

So yesterday I just went up, put her on her knees face down and chop chop! I guess I'm starting to like her classy lil'twat!

Then I had her do her official shit (actually she only peed).

Then back downstairs for football on TV and beer!



Oh yeah: In the evening I brought her more of that vegan pukefood.. Yikes. Food for queers if you wanna know.

Oh, and again: I tried her little otherhole but she was screaming so much I got back to pussy entry coz, you know.. No final payment if she's damaged. Tough!

I'd have thought these movie sluts have had all their holes well plucked no? Like, ain't it how they get them contracts to play hot students or secretaries? Proves the media lies!

I mean I read the things with Harvey.. They're really mean to this guy, I mean he put a lot o'money in good movies. What it basically says is he invites them cows in his hotel, fucks them and lo! Then they become big stars.

They're just ungrateful whores if you see what I mean.

Yeah, okay, let's get back to it..

Today was a big todo list!

So I rushed in, unlocked her leash, punched her belly to make her bend down. Strong enough to keep her busy while I cuffed her. Man, she was terrified, I like that when whores shake like the deers we catch in our car lights.. Except no one's gonna eat that heifer haw haw!

« Your lucky day cunt! You get to walk a little then enjoy some fun entertainment!

« Pliizz plizz doo not huuurt me » whined the stupid filly, talking like we're in fucking Paris.



Chapter 9

(Berseh)



He's dragging me, he's dragging me out! Ohh.. Where?

His little finger inserted in the ring of my collar..(My collar?) That's all it takes to pull me like a sacrificed lamb, like a cheap doll, like a puppet.

For the first time after so many days he's taking me - rather, tugging me- out of the attic.

What a surprise to see the rest of the house apparently clean and modern. Not at all what I would have thought. Like this scum has a decent life, maybe decent friends.

What about me, in all this?

It's been a litany of abuses, profanities, brutality... rape and torture.

I cried all of last night. I'm- I'm losing the sense of myself.

I now expect anything.. Anything. I'm convinced all this is done to degrade me and destroy my self esteem. Demolish me. If only I knew what it's all about! How much is asked to free me? Are they only talking to the right persons? My agent? The director, Sam? The production? Rob?

But then.. my tormentor doesn't even hide his face, like he doesn't fear I can describe him to the police? D-d-does that mean? Does that mean..Oh god please no..



I've promised him money. A new car, a house even. I swore immunity but...He acts like I'm a retard, a beast, a low specimen.

And why wouldn't he, after all of the debasing use of me, all the dejecting shows I've had to make for his benefit?

This jerk has come over anytime, pulled me here and there, penetrated me brutally any way he wanted. It never lasts long but every time has added a layer of filth and degradation, of self despise, of abomination on my soul. It's pushing me away from who I am. Pushing me away from the people I love.. I've become a commodity: He does this, does that..Invades me, molests me, hits me..

All this for the mad satisfaction of a rich pervert? Or is it to force people to pay a ransom?

And now, this!

Zack - the pig- drags me, angry that I can't go faster. The rough metal collar hurts my skin..This collar that has kept me captive in misery. I feel like a piece of cattle.

"Wait, please.. I can't go faster!"

I'm afraid I'll fall down the stairs: I haven't walked for how many days- four? Five? All the time kept on my knees or on my fours ! I have no balance and - and my hands are cuffed in the back: how can I keep any balance?

The terror paralyzes my legs, it's even difficult to stand up.. I'm not me anymore.. Not me.. Not me.

And his endless insults, the basest terms he finds to defile me! My nakedness, my stain, sullied body nude in this clean house.. How can I explain.. It's even worse, it's like the dirt, the abnormalcy isn't my situation of his criminal behaviour. no.. In this well painted corridors, on this stainless floor..

I am the filth, herded like a dog.



Chapter 10

(Zack)



Can you believe that shit?

Just as we got in the living room, the news on tv displayed a fucking picture of the cunt I had in my own hand!

What a fucking codis.. Concid.. Coincidence!

« Look at that whore talking about you » I said. « Ain't you happy people care so much you're in the news?»

'f course I knew my little twat was kind of a celeb: The commissioner had given me plenty of info on her so I could snatch the right slut. Hey, I even pinned a poster of her on the wall but still...

Still, to see her on the telly with all the search alert? Man, I'm not sure I liked that so much.

Not sure at all.

What should I be thinking? .. One more mistake and that damn fucking judge will send me back to fuckhole.. No. Not sure that tv's good.

I could see how she ogled that anchor bitch! There was som'thin' like hope! Like she was drinking her words like they were the Bible you know?

Drinking was on the agenda for sure but not words, no that's not what she gonna be served, haw haw!



There was one listed stuff to do!

So I put her on her knees and sat my legs open so she had a full view of my baby bottle haw haw! Man, she was in shock and didn't blink when I ruffled her nose with my dick. It's that tv thing that freaked her I could tell.

« Don't move bitch, just prepare your mouth for the job while I put a film on. We don't want to watch the news all day do we? Your friend the com' insists we put this particular movie in the DVD.. Now let me see.. »

She didn't say a word. Just kept still on her knees. Staring at my huge wood. Shaking. No need to be a fucking rocket scientist to guess what she'd have to do right?

All these whores know what being on them knees mean okay? A French mouth surely more than our own national cunts!

I looked at the DVD..

« Dang! This movie.. Shit! Man, it's in fucking French with subtitles? » I railed. "I don't fucking believe it! Can't you European sissies speak in plain English like the rest of the world?"

Rrhaaa.. I could feel her and me were on the same page, all troubled by that tv alert.

Well, a job's a job and mine said: play that movie while she sucks you and make sure she can hear the soundtrack.

I revved up the volume and shoved me in.



Chapter 11

(Berseh)



The abomination of a day.

Emotions.. A whirlwind of torturing emotions, but at least there has been an element of hope.

Confusion.

When he sat on the couch pulling me down on my knees between his legs, facing his rising organ I knew what I was going to have to do.. I did not intend to resist. What would have been the point? He'd slap me until I do it, then punish me afterward. If that was all he needed..

At least I know now that my disparation makes the news. What an irony that it was on MTC News where the star anchor happens to be Lydia.. Rob's wife! Maybe her innocence will make miracles.

My cretin tormentor finally got the remote control to accomplish his demands. He grumbled about that painful to-do list that forced him to watch a movie in French.

I began to tremble with apprehension. It was hard not to beg and display my submission. I feared more torture. More shows of hatred.

Holding the remote in one hand, he pulled my head forward to engulf his manhood in my mouth. I had decided to go blank and let my muscles do the job when sounds came suddenly out of the tv. The mysterious commissioner was the sickest pervert: I recognized the voices coming from the DVD.



male voice « J'aime passionément ton corps ».. te tenir, te voir nue.. »

I stopped breathing. A deadly coat of ice covered me.. I knew by heart what were the next lines of the movie.. And as my life tore apart in fear:

berseh voice « Roland..Ce n'est qu'un corps pour toi.. Mais moi? Moi, qui suis-je? »

I almost fainted. I cried and choked pityfully through the brutal pounding of my throat.

My voice! It was my voice.. It was a scene from « Un Printemps volé » the movie that made me consider quitting the modeling. I was only supporting actress in this film but that love scene which had been so difficult for me to play earned me so much positive critics that producers and directors began calling.

That was then.

All of a sudden it was like I had left my body and if I was hovering over the scene, like the soul of the dead overlooking the world one last time:

On the screen was my naked body lovingly cuddled in the arms of the handsome LG while ten feet away was my head grotesquely forced by this disgusting pig.

On one side whispered my voice subdued and loving while on the other side pathetic, forced shameful gargles came out of my throat.

Deep within I knew I had reached bottom.

They were on the right path to destroy me. I cried and cried, obscenely whining and sobbing my despair and distress around his cock as his contentment began to resonate in loud moanings.



Chapter 12

(Zack)



People, that job she gave me the other day? Priceless.

No, I mean she really beats Sandy at cocksucking.

And you know what? Well, those French movies are not so bad. Who needs to listen to the shit they say as long as my little filly slave here was all naked and playing cute and wiggling that damning butt to the effeminate actor? Voila, haw haw!

Awww.. What was I a-saying... Yes, like I told ya: I knew this little slut was a born cocksucker: « pliiizz pliiizz » haw haw, agile little tongue: this cunt's mouth is simply the best dick sheath believe me..

Okay, today is big day for me.. Yeah..

Andrey wouldn't believe all the reading I had to do. No, really..

Today today today..

Today is ribash.. Sherabi..Shirb.. Sushi bondage day!

I got myself these books the commissioner wanted me to have. Home delivery. This big money client even had the page numbered in the list for the truss shit he wants done to her.

Got me thinking though..



All this work.. With cumbag here making the news on tv and all..told myself I should ask for a raise ,
Yeah, I'm gonna ask for three thousands a day now.. No, Four! Four thousands.. Risks are higher ain't they?
Now back to the Shabri.. Bishri.. Wahtever! Those Japs are real sick you know that? Can't simply tie a bitch
and punish her? Ohh no. Not enough for the Mikado. You've got to torture your brain just to round up the
knots around the whore...

Anyway.

When I got into the attic all loaded with my books, my beers and tons of big rough rope I was very
concentrated, see? The cunt pleaded and recoiled and this and that: two slaps to keep her quiet.

I needed peace not to fuss the job.

Massively educative junk!

I laid all my gear, opened the books at the right page on the position required by the list and I went to work
like the true pro you all know I am.

Man, did I learn a fricking lot today! A-list ropeworker I am now!

Tying tremendously amazing knots without any other pressure than the cunt's weight. Finding the balance
to swing that bitch properly. Pull ropes that make the fucktoy twirl and squirm -and never! Never!.. stop
her blood running, how is that?

These shitty kamikaze know a thing or two about trussing up a cow, got to give them that.

I admit I messed up a couple of times and that I had to release this then redo that, then back again.

Real hard brain job believe me, plus that hoe didn't help with her wailing and imploring and crying a full
lake.

Took me about two hours to get it done, including fucking that slit all tied up... What? Of course I banged
the whore. Imagine: legs folded, spread apart, cunt in full view..Wow wow wow now I know how them
pilots feel when they land on the bloody fucking aircraft carrier, haw haw!

But I must say it in all modesty: I ended up wrapping that filly like I been living in kimono city all my life!

By the time that whore was suspended just how the com' wanted I could claim I done a real samurai kink!
Kudos to the Zack!



Chapter 13

(Berseh)



He left me suspended for hours.

Objectified as could be. And for whose benefit? Not for a creative lover or a demanding master for whom I would have endured the position.

No. For a moron.

After he achieved to tie me up in an extravagantly revealing way he suspended me to the roof, deaf to my supplications. He kept mumbling to himself. Things about money and a judge. Totally unconcerned by the pain and discomfort I suffered.

This was nothing like the Kinbaku experience I had in Kyoto then later in Tokyo with the sensei. There, it had been very ritualised, very respectful even if I had been material to them. Suspended in the silent room with about a dozen people contemplating my oscillating form in tight ropes had felt like astral tripping. The sessions had left me incredibly troubled.. Erotically transformed and magnified.

What this pig did to me was the exact opposite. My halfwit torturer could certainly not be labelled a rigger. He was rude, brutal, gross, vulgar. He violated me, slapped me and pinched me, defiled me all the time it lasted.. And it lasted so long!

At first I promised to be very cooperative, to which he erupted his sleazy stupid, hoarse laugh and answered I'd cooperate anyway. He got excited and immediately took advantage of what he had just done.



Now, after so many hours when he drank, bugged me, used me, ate in front of me, shoved himself here and there he finally got bored.

His mad list apparently wanted me to stay exposed and held for so many hours. Himself got tired of the punishing session so he began to play with his phone once he had enough playing with my body.

At times the large attic resounded only of the frantic, irritating jingles from the videogame in his phone. Or from my sobbing.

He never untied me. I was not allowed to speak but a couple of times I found myself unable to refrain from moaning. From pleading: It was so terrifying and anguishing to be suspended like this, all twisted. So vulnerable! Then he'd smack me.

Each time he had to move to go to the loo, fetch himself a snack or get more beer, he'd smack me.

Each time he'd smack me would make me dangle.

I tried unsuccessfully to get whatever support I could from the foot he had let free.

« Please don't leave me like that.. Why don't you let m edown? You've helped yourself with me in every possible way.. Please, please couldn't you just.."

« Shut up bitch » he would answer and kick me, and I would dangle more.

Then after a while I would helplessly moan again. More and more feebly. He would look in my direction, hit the part of my body that was closest to his foot, and I was dangling again.

It lasted, so long..



Chapter 14

(Zack)



Cunt and me we got in the best of terms, after that.

That japanese kick made it I'd say. Now when I get into the attic I just have to tell her what to do. She does it. Whatever.

What-fucking-ever man!

No whining, no protesting, no "Pliiiizzz pliiizzz" (I kind of regret that actually): She licks she spreads she does any-fucking-thing.

Today we've got this fancy scene to start going.

People? This client is really fucked. Oh by the way I wrote the asshole I wanted more. I said 4 grands a day cause the missy is on tv. You know what? I got the raise!

Well, not all of it but half: 3 thousand fucking dollars to ram the cunt and keep her posted up there, fed on goo and vegan.

Let's call it Vegoo.

Vegoo, ain't it cracking? Vegoo, like you know: vegan AND goo, got it? Haw haw, best shit I ever heard!



I told pussy to turn her back then I slid the sleeves of the nurse uniform up her arms and buttoned up what I'm supposed to button.

Meaning one button.

You hear me, one... Man, 3 grands for that...Tsst! Best job on the planet I have no doubt.

That's when she suddenly wailed and got all crying like you're slicing the sow and hystor.. hister.. Crazy!..

« Shut up cunt » I said. But she shook and trembled and squealed and looked at me like I was a real monster or som'thin' and there was no stopping else than knock her out, which I couldn't do on account of today's gig. These rich whores are so weird!

You know, I'm asking meself like, wouldn't she be a mental? Is that some new therpis..Thepres.. therapist? They're doing that to her to get her healed and no psycho? Some psy medicine for rich cunts?

Anyway..

I mean, I've rammed her holes, beat her, tied her up and whipped the shit and, yes that too..plenty and well, never got this.. this panic!

Oh, and I put the cute white little cap on her head. Wouldn't you know that the cow got even more agitated? I had to put the cuffs on real quick and she kept shrieking trembling.

Hey bitch » I barked to cool her down. « It's only a uniform, we're not going to a fucking hospital. It's playtime! »

Man, I just said that: "Playtime".. She's been here nakkid all along right? For days right?

But to see her in that cute white thing? With her tits popping out?.. You've got to forgive me but I really had to relieve the John.

That didn't calm her either... Fucking foreigner! Arrogant shitheads.

Fortunately I got the good medicine for her. Yeah.

I had my grip in her as I dragged the "nurse" downstairs.



Chapter 15

(Berseh)



Please, just finish all this. Please let me lose my mind. Make me dumb enough not to care anymore.

But it's impossible.

When I realized he was forcing me into this mockery of a nurse uniform I thought I was losing my mind. It terrified me. The monster who had paid for all this was getting nearer!

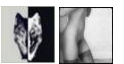
He knew so much.. So much of me!

Just like he had done the other day Zack dragged me to his living room, his finger hooked into the ring of the collar that had been around my neck for what seemed now ages. Once in the place now littered with more crushed beer cans, tissues, porn magazines and other junk he forced me on my knees.

This time though he made me face the tv where some game of American football was playing. I waited, trembling.

Trembling because only the production and the crew were supposed to know. The shooting has been going on under severe protection and discretion protocols.

I got the role that made me meet and start an affair with Rob because this big production needed a French-speaking actress to play the part of a nurse. In the movie she takes care of Rob who plays a famously ruthless tech millionaire who just had an accident in a driverless car of his own company that leaves him totally amnesiac.



We fall in love but as he recovers he begins to remember the other big love of his life, who is played by Amy, the lead actress. I'm only supporting actress in this. Amy obviously owns the most important role but Sam the director and the prods have made my role bigger: they love the chemistry between Rob and me (if only they knew why this chemistry is so potent!). Very few people know the script, so that means..

« Listen to me cow » barked the pig with the tone I've learned to obey. Immediate danger brought me back in the room. I watched him getting out of his boxer shorts: « I'm going to enjoy the match but you won't see any of it, and you know why? Answer!"

I cried.

"Because you're going to lick my fucking crack during a whole quarter! »

I looked up with disbelief then in horror as he sneered.

« I guess by the end of it I'll be really clean down there! » Then he emitted his disgusting laughter »

« No! No... Anything else..I won't .. I can't! Plea..MMPPHH »

He slapped me so strong I was dazed. Then he twisted my nipple so hard - he knows by now I can't resist that- I yelled and screamed and squealed, trying desperately to get my wrists out of the cuff so I could protect my tortured button, like I was going mad!

I desperately pleaded "I'm begging you .. don't.. Don't make me do that.. It's..No..You can't decent!..Hmmpff.." He grabbed my hair and buried my face between his buttocks.. Ohh god..

At the end of it I found myself performing the degrading order.. I believe it is unnecessary to describe the depth of defilement this led me to.. The staggering crevice that dumped me down, down into my personal inferno... The nightmare of what I had to do. How it felt .How long it lasted while the tv blared out the crowds chanting, the comments and Zack's swearing..

Each time I tried to pull back to escape the ghastly trap, he pushed me back in. Finally he walked away.

Just stepped away to help himself with a beer, leaving his toy crushed.

I could never lift my eyes up again.



Chapter 16

(Zack)



Look at that hoe! I told ya these pampered hollywood pussies are whores. I mean, she did it didn't she? Licked the whole fucking quarter play!

Did it so well, I lost a lot of the action on tv. Even closed my eyes just when they did that touchdown! Can you believe I close my eyes on a fucking touchdown? Thank god there's all those replays, damn bitch!

But I'm not ungrateful no. Not me! I gave her a fair reward: I just turned the other side, haw haw!

I can say she was relieved to get this new job and leave that cracky one coz' she started suckin' right away.

Guys, that was someting.. I think I'll have her do it agai...

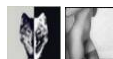
Wait. What's on..?

That Cloosling bitch again, wha-what's.. ? Can't they fucking keep stay on football! Shit! Shit shit the fucking shit they're doing it again.. Ramping up the news about cumbag!

« Hey cunt? Leave my dick a minute and look: seems like they're still worried.. Looking for you? Ummm.. Okay, get back to your good tongue work now. »

Man, I can say I don't like the look of that.. All this attention? Why is this stupid channel so insistant? I mean, that shitty anchor.. Can't she leave us alone? Don't they have other actresses that could take her part? No no.. lemme think.. Not safe not safe so much now..First time I get such a high profile shit going.. Oh yeah, that's good .. Suck harder slut..

Man I got to do somethin' about all that noise, all that attention..Fucking media! Gotta have a talk with the com'..ohh..This has got to stop.. No not you cunt, get on with it! That's a good whore .. Yeah.. Do it do it bitch, just like you did the others.. Hmm..Ohh fuck oh man ohhh... Yeah!



Chapter 17

(Berseh)



And then it happened.

Like nearly every morning since I had been taken out of my life I was recoiling on the filthy mattress, adding my tears to the unsavory blend of .. « things » that stained it, thinking with desperation of how far the ability to walk free was. How good it would be to cover myself. How strengthening it would be not to have to subject myself every morning to the debasing use of the bucket under the ape's eyes and his scornful comments, when I heard his loud, heavy footsteps.

What new horror would I be forced to endure? How low this time? How base would I be forced to become?

I tried to protect my face when he opened the door. I was already trembling but his hand swiveled my arm away as he pulled on the chain.

So much for resisting.

I paid no attention to the diatribe erupted from his repulsive mouth and let him cuff my wrists behind me. Then as one of his hands rudely grasped my tit, his other hand..

His other hand did not as before unlock the chain from my collar: Instead it opened the iron ring that had weighed on me. The open padlock released me of the awful ring of iron that had made me an inferior being , some kind of domestic animal.

For the first time in so many days my neck was cleared from the weight of ..

Before I could even realise what was going on, the repulsive psycho grabbed my ass and lifted me across his shoulder.



In an instant he stood up, carrying me like a sack of grain, like a carpet, like anything but a woman and in the same movement, turned around toward the door.

He climbed down the stairs so fast that the movement cut my breathing by pressing so hard on my stomach that was folded across his powerful muscles.

He kept the same pace and suddenly... suddenly!

Suddenly we were outside!

Outside, in the open air!

For the first time since I had been locked in my filth to become his sex toy I could see more than the walls of my torture chambers!

There was grass, earth, gravel. From my upside down point of view I could even see flowers. The shaking from his hasty steps produced a shock in my panicked thinking:

What was he doing? What did it mean? What was this new diabolical torment going to be?

Then a much somber thought crossed my chaotic mind.

« What-What do you do? Where.. Where are you taking me? Please stop that! Please don't! No! No, I don't want! Please don't»

But all I could hear was his endless grumbling. Turning my head I had a glimpse of the outside of that house where I..

I could feel the fresh air of the morning on my skin. It should have been a blessing but the most horrible images invaded my mind: What? Why? Where?

Was it some new torture? Had at last a ransom been paid ? Then even that perspective carried its dark issue.

Was he.. going to kill me?

Then I lost my nerves and began kicking desperately: No! no, I don't want to die! Let me go! Let me go letmegoletmegoletmego....My voice carried my panic in the highest shrieking tones. I desperately tried to fall out of his arms, oh no! No ..

« I'll pay ! I'll pay! » I screamed uncontrollably « I'll pay what you want, I'll do what you want!, please noooo.. Let me live!"

Undisturbed by my frantic agitation, he stopped next to a truck.



Chapter 18

(Zack)



I had to fucking do it, know what I mean? I got a job to run: If the client says do it, then I do it, no question about that. It was time to part with the slut.

Thing is, I was told to do it on quite a short notice. Fucking foreigners!

Can't tell ya how frantic she was: agitated, screaming like the sow you're about to butcher. Man, she even banged her dirty feet against my truck! Fucking beautiful truck I've just bought thanks to keeping the cow home, and she kicks on it?

I had to punch her in the stomach to stop that, damn cunt. Sure enough that cut her breath, she stopped moving, gasping for some fucking air and all.

I crammed her on the floor of the passenger seat, kicked her legs to shove them in and shut the door. Oh buddy, that was shit! Then I rushed behind the wheel to hit the road.

Well, it's not really a road: Bunch of paths and dirt roads and I got us into that narrow track I go to when I hunt them deers ya know? Stopped at the end of it.

« The end of the road » I mocked the curled, sobbing bitch.



Yeah man: The end of the road coz yeah that's a dead end too, haw haw! You say that to any bloke you've just took in your car? Shit their ass out.

When I pulled the handbreak she started again the pliiiiizz pliiiiizzpliiiiizz! Like she had tons of them.

Cryin' big drama queen, like she's a fucking angel, pulling on her manacled wrists! You know? They never get to understand...

Okay. Who fucking cares? That was before..

I got out, walked around the truck, pulled open the door her side and grabbed her by the hair. She started kicking me again, yelling and panting and sobbing..

I don't get it, really: What makes 'em think it will change anything?

I've got a job to do, and I'll do it: follow the shitty list to the last line!

But before that man, I thought: How about I get a last taste of the whore?

I banged that foreign ass against that truck, and I was screaming into her ear:

"Say good bye to that truck bitch!"



Chapter 19

(Berseh)



I suppose I walk at the pace of a centenarian. My feet hurt. My leg muscles hurt. I have no force really...and I'm cold.

What horrible trick is behind all this? What kind of perverse torture have they schemed?

Why did he leave me.. Unchained?

Could it be true?

After the pig had his brutal way with me against his truck, he let me fall to the ground...

That was it.

He had been behaving like.. Oh god I was so afraid but also so exhausted, so defiled that I didn't care anymore.

I felt - and feel- so sullied.

"Do it and end my misery" I cried.. I didn't wanna die as a diminished human being. I needed that last stand... But, did I really say that or is it part of my hallucinations?

To my surprise he had pulled me up. I was staggering, barely standing on my legs. He pointed a finger to a narrow path in the woods, just by the side of the truck.

He said I was to walk about a mile « Just follow that! One mile! »



I looked at him, I must have been like a zombie. He shook me and repeated his order, turned me around and slapped my butt so hard it pushed me forward. I heard the door of his truck slam, and his engine start.

I froze, expecting the bullet.

Then I heard the distinctive sound of an engine going rear, followed by the cracking of the clutch then the acceleration. I turned around.

I couldn't believe what I saw: The monster had been maneuvering a U-turn in the narrow road and from there accelerated to vanish in the woods

He was gone.

There was no silence as the truck drove away. No silence because my heart was banging loudly. Because I realised I was plaintively whining.

Because it finally looked like.. I was alone?

Like an automat or a ghost I entered the forest.

I felt so feeble I walked very slowly.. The birds up above were singing.. The same birds I guess that I could hear from my jail.

What was this new torment? Was he going to run back at me? Was the torture a mental vicious trick to let me build hope and crush me even harder? My hands kept coming back at my neck: The heavy collar was gone. It was gone!

Or..

Are they .. Is his client somewhere in the woods.. About to hunt me like they do in horror films? Hunt me like a deer?

I would.. I would have no energy left to hide or run.. What if he has dogs?

My mind was rolling and rolling as I treaded along very slowly. Little by little, nude in the wild forest the sense of my filthy, stained, sullied body began to feel unbearable. I felt I was insulting the trees, the bushes, every plant by trudging along, by displaying my dishonored flesh, covered as it was with the remnants of my disgrace drooling down.

But I kept lurching, one small step after another, not daring to look around. Too afraid to meet my executioner.

There was nothing to see other than greens, barks, trunks, pulsating woods.. And my pitiful progression. The birds.. My feet on the grassy path. Sometimes a branch would crack. I closed my eyes, stumbling.. Silently calling my Mom.. My godfather.. My god.

I was cold. I was thirsty. I dared not touch myself.. My disgusting body, his goo drying. My bruises. The acute pain in my heart. Was he going to run back? Was the other going to shoot? Had something been done?

I have no idea how close I was to losing my mind..



Chapter 20

(Berseh)



At first it was only a flash of metal, a glitter.

As I slowly, painstakingly progressed it became brighter: There was a clearing in the woods ahead of me, and something was shining.

A car.

That car.. That car! Oh my god..

And I understood.

And my heart burst out of its cage!

Because I knew this car.. I knew this car.. I knew what this meant: I was free! Rob had paid a ransom! He had paid how much ever had been asked. Zack was not going to rush after me, the com's was not going to shoot me in the woods, I was, at last..

Free.

I tried to accelerate my pace but only keeping my balance already felt like a gigantic feat. Slowly though the joy filled my veins, hardened my muscles. It was as if an invisible string was pulling me slowly but steadily to that clearing. To the car. To safety!



I pathetically tried to call for help but no sound came out of my lungs. Tears that I never tried to wipe out blurred my eyesight, until I was close enough to realise Rob had sent his wife, Lydia.. I supposed it had been one of the conditions of negotiations..

Were policemen, SWAT agents hidden around, ready to catch my abductors?

Was there any media ready to record the moment?

I know it can sound ridiculous but I tried to cover my tits and my pussy with my hands as I lurched closer and closer..Deeply aware of the stains Zack had left on me. The marks of my degradation.

Deeply aware how sullied I must have looked.

Strange thoughts ran across my mind, while my eyes stayed hooked on Lydia's silhouette.. Like, I hoped Rob had not told her about us because .. because.. Lydia was taking a lot of risks waiting for me, alone in the woods...I had met her only once so she had no other reason than to help, on a purely humanitarian level.

The rough feel of the path on my soles, the stuffed sound of my pace, the birds singing: All this peopled my consciousness like a backstage effect: I was tottering to freedom, wobbling to life again!

To see Rob's wife again now, looking like the symbol of liberty nonetheless added to my confusion. Left me strangely troubled. I felt so grateful, I was so relieved I would have kissed her feet yet I also kind of felt bad. Guilty.. I ached, I was sore, I felt like I had been meshed in filth but my heart warmed up as I looked at the standing figure looking left and right, obviously not reassured. She took those risks while being - unknowingly- doubly betrayed. Risking her life and her safety for me, the woman her husband was cheating her with!

After what seemed like a long walk through the corridor of trees I emerged in the clearing.

There seemed to be only the two of us.



Chapter 21

(Lydia)



That's enough. THAT's enough hear me sow?

You miserable whore..just don't get closer.

I don't want your stinking body too close to me. Already looking at you makes me want to puke. At last I can see the real strumpet.. The real thing, not the mediatised fashion angel.. Not the begging cunt ready to take anything up her ass so Zack wouldn't hurt you!

You're a walking bag of goo, you know that Mrs. Lickmyass?

Yikes! I can't see what males find here.. Dumb men!

What is it? You're surprised? I know Rob's dick needs to dive into so many harlot holes: I accept that. But when I see that one of the young spoiled heifers - that's you stupid slit!- wants to take him away from me then it's a different game, oh yes it is.

And I'm a tough challenge you idiot. You thought swinging your ass and throwing innocent eyes at my weak idolized hubby would do the job? That I'd pack and go? Bye bye Lydia it's been nice knowing you?

Pathetic tramp.

Well I had a different idea about this. I'm not your basic housewife no I'm not!

I had this Zack's number. He knows nothing about me but I knew he'd do it.

Money makes it going.



Ohh look at you.. Think this hurt and deceived expression is going to break my heart? How do you think I kept my prime time in MTC News? Talent? Connections? Ridiculous: Intrigues, pressure, accepting the CEO's unwanted advances: The whole thing.

Turning a blind eye to Rob's little adventures, making a brave face when rumors come up, and you know why? Because I have real values, something a liberal European whore can't even understand: I believe in the sacred vows of wedding.

You cheap slut.. I really had to control myself..Convince myself not to have Zack "terminate" you as he said, because I've decided to use you as an example. But at least..

And don't you give me that horrified look! Haven't I been compassionate? Any other wife would never have insisted on feeding you vegan food. Real criminals would not have ordered Zack to wear latex when he shagged your filthy holes. No! I alone decided to preserve your rundown twat from infections!.. And other parts I suppose...

My my my, don't you look defeated! Oh I like how you are now.. The pictures he sent me every day were so great! I'd go to the ladies at work, lock myself in and contemplate..And rejoice, yes: Those images were the best moments of my days!

But it had to end, because the movie needs you in two days from now.

It's time to touch ground you fancy girl.

Any other woman would have let this guy do what he wanted and that means never let you out alive on account you might give us to the cops: If you're alive it's thanks to me, so you owe me. You owe me big, understand you dicktoy? You semen absorber, you.. You..But enough.

Now you're going to listen to me bitch, and listen good. I know you've got two more scenes with my Rob. It's important for him and because he's producing and invested so much money in it but you are going to play cold with my man, you get it? Never let him know what happened.

Unless of course you want me to spread some of Zack's images through the networks... You know how once they're out there will be no way for you to come out of it clean. Your naive innocent girl act will be ruined when people start seeing pics of you peeing in that bucket or licking this guy's ass, like the dirty worthless starlet you are.

Ohh, sweet little European actress? A whore yeah! A shameless trollop who doesn't even respect the sanctity of marriage.

Now I'm going to drop you in a small town near here.. A bus stop... I don't give a fuck how you make it back. When they ask why you were gone you'll tell you had to stay away from Hollywood, that you didn't like it or that you met a guru or that you turned dyckie or.. Anything! Anything to make sure your career here is over.

Then you'll be invited in my show.. I'll make sure everybody gets that you're a hollow , talentless, career hunting prostitute, and you will do everything to act the part!

I've got a dress -a bag really- for you, and sandals. Oh, and I got your phone. Battery's loaded so you can call a cab or something and fifty bucks and then you can go to hell.

Now put that dress on and hop in ! You seat on the back, where I put the big towel. Yeah, that one:

I don't want your sticky goo-stained slit to spoil the fine upholstery of our family car!



Chapter 22

(Berseh)



Cruelty.. Meanness.. Stupidity.. greed..

A selfish wife who almost got me killed and certainly stained for years..

For such inconsequency?

So she could keep her dumb self-absorbed movie star of a husband (and his bank account)?

As I sat in the back seat, vaguely listening to the junk she threw at me I was as shattered by her violence as I was by her idiocy. All this? All that I had to go through. All this sadism, this abuse, this horror so she would remain the top female anchor, Mrs Rob's wife, reigning over superficiality?

Such pettiness, such narrow minded greed had been at the root of the monstrous debasement, the crushing sequences of humiliation and dehumanisation that have deeply wounded me..

Really?

Because I slept with her husband, a man who is nothing more than a work partner? Because of a little sex that for me was only the resultant of the normal emotional tension arising between actors who have to play lovers?

Well, you hideous woman will see that an angel can hold a sword of fire.

I wrapped myself in the shapeless 20 dollars black dress she had bought for me: At last... Feeling clothes on my body, after so many days of being a sex toy for the pig.. Being a human again!



As soon as I could I turned on my phone, that she had so obligingly placed on the dress. I discreetly put it on..recording.

While it began taking in all her babble I also saved the gps data.

Then I let my mind drift away from her conceited filth, quite typical of other tv anchors I've had to endure. I let her dispense with more insanity. Things she said then:

« It's time lawless sluts like you understand that a spouse primes! I doubt any man will want to marry a whore but if one is tricked enough to put a ring on you, I'll make sure he receives a souvenir pic! Anyone of the dirty things I made you do via Zack. Ohh, what a whore you are! So many shameful stuff you did that no woman, at least not me even in the face of death would have agreed on!

We emerged from the woods and joined the asphalt. From a sign I could see we were still in California.

"Your life depends on me.." she kept rattling. "Yours, and that of all the other sluts who would take away from me what I worked so hard for! You lousy bitches.. »

On and on she went.

There was never enough holiness on her side and vice on mine. We may have shared the small interior of the same car.. We may have shared the same planet, the same stellar system but it felt like I was worlds apart from her much vaunted factitious society, from her self-serving priorities, her meaningless concerns.

She rambled and rambled , at times vociferous, other times scornful, blaming me for being someone else than her.. Telling me all kind of craps. Did that psycho confuse her tv platform for the pulpit of a Temple?

she told me of what was right and how wrong showing my body was wrong.

The little whore angel was going to show her.

I discreetly moved to the side the towel on which I was seated and carefully rubbed my pussy against the « upholstery of the family car ».

I even pulled off a pubic hair and pushed it inside the interval between the seat and its back. Zack's and my DNA would become cute little testimonies of how the three of us had been related.

Then I sat back on the towel. I didn't have to say anything to feed her soliloquy: She went on and on explaining how she managed all this, how Zack reported after each element of the list had been achieved and how she gave clear instructions for the following ordeal.

Thanks to the smooth drive of this special brand of car I knew the sound of the recording would be clear. After all I often used the recording capacity of my phone when rehearsing my « dialogues of the day », so I knew what to expect quality like.

The wind from the drive started to brush my hair. I began to breathe better. Above me, the sky was blue, A few light clouds seemed to smile and waive at my release.



Chapter 23

(Berseh)





She dropped me on the outskirts of Steffensville, a small town where I was supposed to catch a bus..

What a cretin!

As she left in her spacious convertible I took a snap of the plate number.

Then I set to do a couple of things:

First,

I opened the private encrypted channel my lover and godfather Em* had installed on my phone so I could call him whenever for help.

I wrote to him I was now safe, and detailed what happened as much as I could. I actually didn't have the strength to describe the indignities I went through but I know he'll get the idea once he sees Zack's regular reports to that imbecile Lydia.

I opened everything, every file so my man could pump all the data from the GPS and listen to Lydia's monologue. I sent him the photo of the car.

Em is into intelligence. I never exactly found out what kind or who for but I knew it would take him a couple of minutes to get Lydia's phone number, and another 30 minutes max to pump all the data from her phone.

The way that stupid ass had brandished her phone to my face, I supposed she didn't even take the trouble to use a specific phone to lay down her to-do list to Zack and follow all the harrowing torments I suffered. I was convinced she kept them stored in her little device.

Em would quickly get in touch with his FBI contacts who would transmit the info to their kidnapping section. From there I guess we wouldn't have to wait too long to get news of the Perfect Housewife and her Perfect asshole Zack.

Second,

I called Mario (my agent) and gave him a few instructions:

He was to send me a limo or a vanity van with an assortment of simple dresses and shoes. A hairstylist and a makeup artist were needed to give me the look of the beautiful kidnapped girl, with artfully disheveled hair, well drawn tears and light bruises so I could face the frenzied media and be at my best while still looking the part.

Mario was going to call the main newsrooms like he was a passerby who'd just spotted me stumbling helplessly.

Third

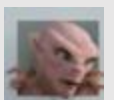
I told the hotel what kind of Chinese green tea I expected to have ready in my suite.

Once all this was done I looked around. I just had to wait. I had to breathe. Everything looked beautiful in this town. Meaningful. Payback was going to fall over very soon. Then it would be over.

I started to hum a little French song I always loved that talks about free, live water "L'eau vive", Live water, from Guy Béart. And I'm not his daughter.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=90n1BZXxbwA>

* Em, my lover and godfather is an OC of MyTurnCoat





Epilog





BREAKING NEWS

..We interrupt the course of your favourite « Meet The Champions » show to report on the latest development about the dreadful abduction of the French- sorry, Monegasque- actress and partner of Rob Cloosling. Jon?

Jon? Do you hear?"

« Thank you Hanna. I'm here in front of the Cloosling's mansion where in an amazing turn of events the police have just arrested our former colleague Lydia Cloosling. Our bewilderment can only be matched by that of world famous movie star husband Rob Cloosling, seen here in the background presumably calling his lawyer.

The police have refused to comment but our microphone was able to capture Mrs. Cloosling's shocked words of innocence as the detectives were busting her for being the alleged commissioner of the European actress's kidnapping and horrendous captivity. This is a voice that every one of our dear MTC viewers will no doubt recognize. Careful, the sound isn't perfect:

« ..ible! You're making a big mistake! I know the judge, he'll have you fired! I'm totally innocent! I have nothing to do with that dumb slu.. »

She was then taken away in the police car, apparently quite agitated. That's it for now Hanna."

« Well thank you Jon. This unexpected instalment has certainly shaken our team here. It goes without saying that- Mrs. Cloosling being effectively found guilty has nothing to do with our company and.. it's time we show our faithful telespectators the document filmed earlier this morning in North California where our colleague Maha and crew were able to catch the enlightening moment when Justice hit.

Maha? Maha, we're with you."

"Thank you Hanna. We are here in the confines of the Charcoalfellow forest. Alerted by an anonymous call we were fortunate enough to reach the very well concealed house where the French -sorry, Monegasque- actress has been supposedly violated, chained, kept naked, tortured, collared, her breas.. »

« Ok ok Maha, please let's get on with the document you filmed this morning: »

«Arrhmm, yes sorry Hanna. Arhmm.. erm.. In the latest development of one of the biggest display of how twisted and fierce competition can be in supposedly glamorous Hollywood, we at MTC have been able to follow the police to the lair of the individual presumed to have tortured, abused and otherwise profanated the young French- sorry, Monegasque- actress who plays an important role in a big production led by Rob Cloosling. The police, apparently confident of their case, have surrounded the house where the actress was supposedly whipped, bound tight, violated, forced to-"

"Okay okay Maha please the facts. Just the facts."

"Sorry Hanna, erm.. The suspect Mister Zacchary Snowflake, is apparently best known in the underground circles as Zack the Moderator. He is a low-level thug who until now was not known for crimes this level. The man seems to have been totally surprised by the sudden arrival of the FBI team assisted by Steffensville deputy sheriffs..

As the detectives, following a short resistance took him away from his well-hidden house we were able to record the alleged torturer's vehement protestation before he was shoved into the police car:

« -bip bip-! That's not gonna bip happen! I know the bip Judge Laspe, I'll make a bip deal with him! bip! No way I'm gonna bip pay for that bip bip bip who couldn't cover our bip bip business. What a bip idiot! Couldn't she be a little bip more careful? These bip bip from bip television bip are all bip! »



THE END



About

Berseh:

Berseh is an artist from Monaco who has been in deviantArt for three years. Berseh as we know her, exists in this form only in cyberspace, although from time to time anonymous photos of the wearer of her spirit appear, who herself is active in the model industry and acting.



Berseh wanted to participate actively in the 3D-EroticArt community and from the very beginning has commented intensively on the works of others in a constructive way. The commenting was too little for her so she started to write erotic stories (The Tales of Deviantshire was the first story of Berseh, illustrated by Goorzz). Was it the way she gave feedback? It has inspired many artists to use her original character in their stories and to illustrate Berseh's own stories.

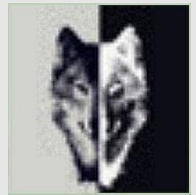
"The To-Do List" is the most recent of the stories and collaborations that have emerged.

If you are more interested in Berseh, visit her at:

<https://www.deviantart.com/berseh>

Jerry001:

Jerry isn't his real name and English isn't his first language. The rest is up to you to figure out 🤔



He came to 3D through work on an open source Flight Simulator for which he textured the airplanes and tweaked the physical flight models. At some point he wanted to create his own airplanes and ventured into 3D. Nowadays DAZStudio and Cinema4D are his main 3D programs.

All his CGI art work is on DeviantArt, just search for Jerry001. If you look at his Gallery you can see that he renders many different topics – from cars to pin-ups to kinky stuff. If he likes it, he renders it.

In 2015, he worked with an author who publishes online-books. He was asked to create a fantasy 3D character who interacts with the real hero of the story. A quite interesting work and his first commission. More followed. In 2018 he started his first collaboration project which developed to a very special and wonderful friendship. In the same year, Berseh asked him to illustrate one of her stories, the one you just finished reading. This collaboration has been an incredible experience.

If you like his art, please comment on his images or shoot him a note. Feedback is his best motivator.

<https://www.deviantart.com/jerry001>