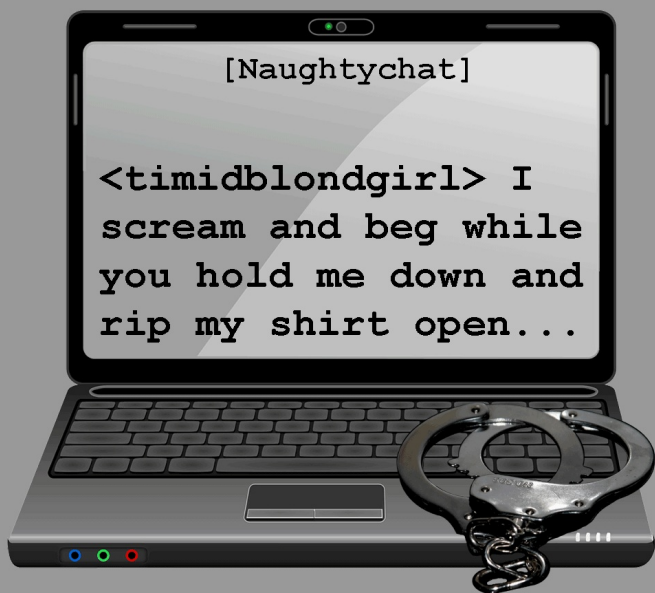


# A Fantasy Too Far



by the Perv Otaku

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## CHAPTER 1

\* timidblondegirl screams again, her body shaking as your huge cock pounds into her over and over without mercy. She struggles helplessly against the alley wall, unable to free herself from your grip.

<RuffBrute> That's right bitch, take it!

\* RuffBrute pulls out of you, then grabs your neck and slams your face down against a garbage can. He rams his tool back into your cunt and resumes fucking you roughly.

She moaned, reading the words on the laptop computer screen while her hands were busy thrusting a dildo into her shaved pussy and rubbing her clit. She managed to pull a hand away to type out her next response.

\* timidblondegirl gasps as your hand closes around her throat, and feels her face bruise as it hits the can. She groans as you enter her again, filling her sex deeply, your balls slapping against her as you take her from behind.

\* RuffBrute pounds into you faster, using you harder.

\* timidblondegirl sobs, tears

streaming down her face, ruining her makeup, as you continue to use her body as your fuck toy. She reaches out with her arms, desperate for anything she could use as a weapon.

<RuffBrute> Oh no you don't!

\* RuffBrute grabs your arms and pins them behind your back, then slides his dick out of your pussy and starts pushing it into your asshole.

"Oh yes baby, that's right," she said quietly. She pulled the dildo from her pussy and set it aside, then reached for another, slightly smaller dildo, and moaned again as she eased it into her asshole.

<timidblondegirl> No, please no, oh god, not there!

\* RuffBrute pushes hard, all the way up your back door in one go.

\* timidblondegirl screams again, her voice echoing down the lonely alley into the night. Her ass is stretched painfully as you enter inside, burying your cock up to the hilt in her rear.

\* RuffBrute fucks your ass over and over, and finally grunts as he spews his hot cum into you.

She rubbed her clit furiously and pushed the dildo deep up her asshole until she moaned low and long with an orgasm of her own. After a few more moments to catch her breath, she resumed typing.

\* timidblondegirl whines, still unable to move, as she feels your spunk pouring into her ass. She is barely able to still put up a struggle, not that it was doing her any good.

\* RuffBrute pops out of your ass and throws you to the ground.

\* timidblondegirl lies there crying, beaten and battered, her pussy sore and your cum oozing from her ruined asshole.

<RuffBrute> That's right, slut. That's what you get.

\* RuffBrute leaves you there on the ground and walks away into the night.

<timidblondegirl> Mmmm, that was wonderful. Thanks.

<RuffBrute> Yeah it was. Thank you too.

<timidblondegirl> See you around. Bye.

She closed out her IRC client, removed the dildo from her ass, and collapsed back onto her bed, sighing with contentment. Lots of people did cybersex roleplaying on internet chat to satisfy their kinks and

fetishes, and hers was being a victim. She played submissive or reluctant sometimes, but most enjoyed scenes where she was outright forced or raped.

When she wasn't playing on IRC, she watched porn videos online with scenes of actresses being "raped" or put into bondage and whipped, abused, fucked, and used hard with fearsome toys. When it wasn't videos, it was erotica stories on various websites she knew, stories with women being raped, blackmailed or kidnapped into being a sex slave, or led by a series of circumstances into more and more depraved sex acts until the character couldn't even recognize herself anymore and had ruined her life with nothing left but nasty, kinky sex at the whim of any man that wanted her.

The more humiliation, degradation, pain, abuse, and violence a female character suffered through, the more she got off on it. She liked to pretend that she really believed that she, and women in general, only existed on this Earth to be taken, used, and abused by men as fuck toys and didn't deserve anything else. In reality she had a fairly successful career, a nice little house at the edge of a suburban town, and was well respected among her friends and co-workers. She didn't let her kinks interfere with her normal outside life, but had long ago decided to allow herself to indulge in her fantasies freely within the closed doors of her home. She even belonged to several rape fantasy web forums.

She ran her hands up her naked body and gave her breasts one last tender squeeze before getting up. She had a petite body, but had been gifted with a

marvelous pair of D-cup titties. She slid out of bed, retrieved her panties from the floor, and pulled them up her smooth legs, covering up her shaved pussy. She gathered her sweatpants and sports bra together, and a few minutes later stepped outside the house, locking the door behind her. She went for a jog every night before bed. Not only did it help preserve her figure, but also to her clear her head and get to sleep better. She set out on her usual route away from her neighbors' houses and into the countryside. The trees and fields made for better scenery, and the stars were clearer away from the streetlights. She seldom saw a single car, though she had reflective tape on her clothing for safety's sake anyway.

She had reached her turn-around point and was only a few minutes into the way back when it happened, very quickly and without warning. All she saw from the corner of her eye was a moving shadow, and then something grabbed her and threw her down into the grass. She instinctively put her arms up and landed hard on her elbows. It was on her within moments, and a hand around her neck pulled her up onto her knees. She let out a fearful whine, and tried to twist around to see her attacker. She caught a glimpse of the dark ski mask the man was using to hide his face. He reached his other hand around her, grabbed a handful of breast, and squeezed roughly.

She screamed. Survival instincts took over as panic filled her. She struggled, grunting as she fought with all her might. The arms around her managed to hold on. The hand moved from the front of her neck to the

back and pushed her down, hard, bending her over at the waist and forcing her face into the ground. She screamed again, as loud as she could. He held her down as he slipped her sweatpants and panties over her ass and down to her knees. She heard his zipper opening, felt the head of his cock against her pussy as he guided it into place. Words came back to her. "No, no, stop! Help me! Somebody!" she shouted. The only response she got was a slap to the side of her head and an erect penis pushing into her unprepared vagina.

She screamed again as his flesh painfully invaded hers. Sobbing grunts fell from her mouth as the cock fucked into her, determined to push deeper and succeeding. She whined as his body met hers, his cock now totally inside. It started getting easier as her wetness did its duty, though unwanted and tardy, but the man remained rough, pounding hard into her. "Stop, please, stop," she begged. "Heeelp!" she screamed again. Help didn't come, and he didn't stop.

He grabbed a handful of her shoulder-length hair and wrenched her head back as he slammed even harder into her cunt from behind. She yelped, and moaned, "Noooooo..." Then, finally, he pulled out. It was over. He grabbed her body, flipped her onto her back, and pinned her down. It wasn't over. She groaned and then screamed again as he reinserted his cock into her pussy and restarted the brutal fucking. He pushed her bra off of her tits and resumed treating them roughly as well. She struggled against him, hoping that the new position would grant her some



better leverage, but was still unable to wrest his body away from hers.

He leaned down, put his mouth to her ear, and in a soft and sinister tone of voice, said, "All the women enjoy my cock. Especially timid blonde girls."

The gasp caught in her throat. What? No. Impossible. What? She wasn't even really blonde. Never had been. Her hair was quite dark in actuality.

She realized that she had frozen up while her mind was reeling, but her assault had continued unabated. She needed to keep screaming and fighting back. Had to stay in character, after all. No. What? Scratch that second thing. The first part, just the first part. She struggled harder, and screamed at the top of her lungs, "Help meeee! Pleeeeeease!" Her only reward was a hard slap across her face and a cock still pounding into her pussy. She moaned, groaned, and continued putting a token effort into trying to push the man off of her, desperation driving her even in futility to put the last of her strength towards defiance.

She felt a familiar pressure growing inside her, her reward for a scene well-played. No. That was wrong. This wasn't a scene and she didn't want that reward. She wasn't supposed to want that reward. She whimpered as it bubbled its way to the surface, unable to stop it. Her body shook and she screamed, but this time it was the orgasm causing it. The long climax passed and she fell still. The man was grunting now, louder and louder, then several final grunts as she felt his cum spraying against the deep walls of her pussy. She panted for air, the exertion finally having caught

up with her. The man pulled free, and pushed his sated cock back into his pants. She lost track of him immediately, as she was in no shape to get up and follow him or even look which direction he headed off in. She rolled onto her side and curled into the fetal position. She wanted to cry. She also wanted to masturbate. She couldn't bring herself do to either.

What the hell had just happened? She felt thoroughly violated. Physically, of course, but also her privacy had been invaded. That was no random attack. She'd been targeted, almost certainly he'd been stalking her, learning her routine and planning this out. He clearly had known who she was and about her fetishes, and he'd wanted her to know that he knew. But how? The information available in IRC isn't so easily traced back to a single person, you have to have serious skills to pull that off. Nor is IRC just local, she'd roleplayed there with people from all over the world. Had someone come all this way just for her? And why signal that to her? To make her feel scared and vulnerable that he'd tracked her down? To inform her that he was using her to play out her own fetish? That he thought she'd been inviting this? Did he think that by saying that name, it meant it wasn't real?

She trembled as she pushed herself to her feet and got her clothing back to where it was all supposed to be on her body, then started the long and slow walk home. She should call the police, they would take a sample of the cream pie inside her cunt and get a DNA analysis. That would only help if her attacker was already in the system. If she was serious about trying

to find him, she would have to tell them that he'd known her IRC nickname. Then she would have to explain what she did on IRC. They would tell her it wasn't her fault, that what she did online did not invite a real rape. No victim shaming here. Then after she left they would laugh at her and shove her case file into the bottom of the pile. No police, then. She arrived home and fell into bed and a fitful sleep.

She didn't go jogging for several days afterwards, and she kept all the lights in her house on throughout the night. Then she decided she couldn't let this stop her from taking care of herself, and tried going out before dark, and on a route among the houses through the neighborhood. It just wasn't the same though, and without her routine she couldn't get to sleep as easily, or maybe that was because when she closed her eyes at night she could still see that man upon her, and feel him forcing himself into her. No, she didn't get much sleep anymore.

She did find ample resources for rape victims on the internet. For instance, she was assured by multiple sources that having an orgasm during a rape did not mean she had enjoyed it. Apparently some rapists are just so amazing at fucking they are able to force an orgasm from their victims. That must have been it, right? It couldn't have been that the mention of her online fetish persona had caused her to stop fighting back as hard as she could have. It couldn't have been that once the brutal attack was in progress, her body couldn't distinguish reality from fetish fun as what she really craved, deep down. Of course, she had always

viewed forced orgasm BDSM videos as quite exciting, and with that masked man holding her down, she'd had her strongest orgasm in recent memory.

A week after her rape, she lay in bed, desperate for slumber, so incredibly tired but still unable to banish the images of the incident. She relived it in her mind, for what seemed like the hundredth time, and was surprised to hear herself moaning. She was even more surprised to discover she was moaning because she was rubbing her clit with her fingers. She'd refrained from her IRC and her porn since that night as well, she'd been avoiding pulling them up on the computer for fear of it triggering another flashback to that night, and she hadn't gone this long without that release for ages.

She suddenly realized that because she'd come through it physically intact, the rape was now little different from any of those online activities. Merely that instead of suffering vicariously through an actress or pretend words on the screen, she was suffering via her own memory. Just like the porn and cyber roleplaying, a memory couldn't hurt her anymore, she needn't be afraid of it. She no longer had to just imagine what getting raped felt like, either. It felt terrible, exactly like it was supposed to. She came, her long orgasmic cry echoing in her empty house, and then she started drifting off into her first restful sleep since it had happened. It was clear now. She needed—

Oh God.

She needed more.

## CHAPTER 2

The next night she returned to her usual jogging time and path. She passed by the place it had happened, both on the way out, and the way back. Nothing happened. Of course nothing happened, it was silly to think that it would. The following night she stopped there and waited for several minutes. Still nothing. The night after that she actually called out, "I'm here!" at the spot, and instantly felt ashamed. What the hell was she doing? She knew better. Her kind of fantasies were things decent men don't do in real life without planned consent and a safe word. The one time was once too many. Yet she was unable to continue on towards home until she had fingered herself to an orgasm.

She moved on from it all as best she could, and finally started being able to function again without the mix of trauma and desire constantly in her head. She was still too skittish to go back to her porn or her roleplay chats, but her nightly jogs continued without incident. At least, they did for about another week or so. Then, one night as she approached her house, she saw that all the outside lights were dark. They had been on when she'd left. She always turned them on as she set out. She felt her heart beating quickly in her chest, and her pussy making her panties damp. This was a trap. It was an obvious trap. She needed to be smart. She needed to go to her neighbor's house and have them call the police.

She walked up to the door. No, it was wrong, this

was her own door. She should run, right now. She pulled out her key and slid it into the keyhole. Instantly the arms closed around her, one around her arms and breasts, the other holding a rag to her face. She became light-headed. It must have been chloroform or ether or something. In a semi-conscious daze, she was vaguely aware of being dragged, then lifted up and dumped into something. A car trunk.

He pulled her hands behind her back and bound them with what felt like a zip tie. Another went tight around her ankles. She was starting to regain her faculties and struggled against her bonds, of course to no avail. He stuffed something into her mouth, another rag, and secured it there with a strip of tape across her mouth. Of all gag techniques, the one most effective at muffling screams. Finally a blindfold went on, and she heard the trunk lid close. After a few more minutes, the car's engine started and drove away.

She kicked around the inside of the trunk aimlessly with her tied legs, but couldn't find the escape latch, if this car even had one. This wasn't what she wanted. Another rough pounding out on the roadside, then home to bed safe and sound, that was the extent of what her lust had driven her to hope for. Or perhaps a home invasion while she slept, waking up to the intruder taking her by force in her own bed, at the very most. Who knew what he had planned for her now. Online, escaping from a scene that had gone too far was as simple as logging out, but she was way beyond that now. She tried to keep track of the distance, the turns, but couldn't in the end. Finally the car stopped

and shut off. She guessed at the time, she was now in the next town over, at most.

She heard a garage door closing, and the trunk opening. She took that as her cue to resume struggling and screaming, if only in defiance since it didn't get her anywhere. One by one she felt him secure and lock wide cuffs around each wrist and ankle. He cut the zip ties away, but the cuffs were clipped together, so she didn't gain any movement. Then a collar wrapped around her neck, also locking into place, thankfully not uncomfortably tight. Scissors went to work, cutting off her jogging clothes and her underwear. Naked and bound, she felt more vulnerable now than she had during the rape. This was bad. And exciting. No, stop thinking like that. This was very bad.

He lifted her out of the trunk and carried her, presumably into his house, and then down a flight of stairs. He eased her down to the floor. She heard the rattle of a chain being secured to her collar. He separated her cuffs, restoring free movement to her limbs. Then at last, the blindfold and the gag were removed. She blinked as her eyes adjusted to the light. She was in an unfinished basement. The floor was bare concrete, the ceiling was exposed, some framework for walls were in place but with no drywall covering it. There were extra coverings on the bare concrete walls in places, probably concealing window wells. There were only a few bare bulbs on the ceiling joists for light, but some work lights were in place around her to keep that area well lit. She was sitting

on a bare twin-size mattress on the floor and was chained to a toilet. At least that was something not being denied her.

He was there too, standing over her, without his mask now. He looked downright average, on the younger side and clean shaven, the quiet unassuming guy next door type, completely unthreatening. But she knew what he'd done, what he was capable of. Some of it, anyway. She was about to find out how much more there was. She looked up at him, fear in her blue eyes, and said, "Please, let me go. I want to go home."

He slapped her hard enough to knock her down to the mattress. "This is your home now, bitch!" He quickly disrobed, tossing his clothing aside towards the stairs. Now fully naked, with his hard cock swinging free and ready, he got down on the mattress with her. She knew what was coming. No sense in making it easy for him, though.

"No, no don't, please no!" she begged as he pushed her down on her back, pinning her arms and pushing his cock inside her pussy once more. "Noooooooo!" she wailed as he forcefully fucked her. She struggled in his grip while his hard member invaded her wet snatch over and over, deep and hard. Suddenly he flipped her over, pulled her ass up, and pushed her head back down into the mattress. She gasped as he forced her asshole open with his thumb. "Oh no no no not there, please not there!" she begged, and then screamed when she felt his cock pushing into her rear passage. His balls slapped against her cunt as he sodomized her repeatedly while she whimpered and moaned.



When he pulled out of her, he pulled her by the hair up to a kneeling position, and then stood up in front of her. He grabbed a nipple and pinched hard, making her cry out again. Immediately he stuffed his cock into her open mouth. On reflex she started sucking her own ass juice off the invading member, but then she remembered that a blow job during a rape is fraught with hazard. She bit down, not hard enough to cause injury, but enough that it was clearly intentional.

"Bitch!" he shouted, pulling her off of him by her hair. Another slap to the face sent her back down to the mattress. "Time for you to learn some obedience." He fastened her wrist cuffs to a ring on a rope and pulled her up via an overhead pulley. Then he fastened her ankle cuffs to either end of a spreader bar, forcing her crotch to be fully exposed. He adjusted the rope until she was just a little too high to be standing comfortably and secured it there.

He produced a leather flogger and started lashing her with it. It didn't hurt as much as an actual whip or a belt might, but it was still plenty effective. He circled around her, using it on her back, her thighs, and her ass, before gravitating more towards hitting her tits and pussy lips. "This is what happens to naughty little cunts!" he scolded as he beat her. She knew that some girls, the so-called pain sluts, got off on this type of thing, some even allegedly had difficulty reaching orgasm without some physical beating. For her, it just plain hurt. She flinched and yelped at every strike. And yet, she could feel her pussy getting damp. It was supposed to be unpleasant,

it was punishment, after all. Each blow to her body was another assertion of his power over her. Is that how the pain sluts do it? Does the pleasure come from the pain itself or from the meaning behind it? Maybe even that distinction goes away after a while.

Finally he was satisfied and put the flogger away. He climbed up the stairs, not even letting her down. Even worse, the lights went out, plunging her into darkness. "Hey. Hey!" she called out, but didn't expect a reply. All she could do was fidget, standing there hung by her wrists, with only the sounds of her breathing and heartbeat as company.

This wasn't what she'd expected when she let him attack her again. She didn't want to be held as a slave in his basement, did she? Sure, it was a fetish theme she enjoyed, but what was the boundary between that and actual desire? A sexual fantasy is normally something you wish would happen someday. What do you call one you don't want? This wasn't a game like the roadside rape had been. No. Wrong. That hadn't been a game either. That was a real rape. She had thought she didn't want that to really happen either, but now she retroactively considered it the biggest sexual thrill of her life.

This new predicament was thrilling too, but she had a life, a job, responsibilities. She didn't really want to give that up, did she? No matter how horny the thought of it made her. The fantasy of it, like the stories with similar situations, was she projecting it too much on her new surroundings? In the end, did she want both, to keep the normal things in her life,

and to have it all taken from her as a captive sex slave? That shouldn't even be a valid option. How does it make sense to want both? It wasn't up to her anyway. She was here, at his mercy. And dammit, not having that choice, regardless of whether she could make up her mind, that was turning her on too.

The lights came back on, and he descended the staircase. Whether genuine or just playing her assigned role, she said the expected thing, "Let me go, please. I swear I won't tell anyone." That earned her another hard slap to the face.

"Shut up, bitch," he sneered. Without another word he assembled a rig of poles and rope designed to keep a vibrating dildo stuffed up her pussy and another vibrator pressing against her clit. Once satisfied they were secure, he turned them on, then pulled up a chair and sat down to watch, stroking his cock along to the show.

The first orgasm came quickly. She wanted to withhold the satisfaction from him, but like it or not she was too turned on to last. Her body trembled as a low groan escaped her lips. "That's right, you slut, you know you want it," he taunted. The buzz of the two vibrators continued, and quickly built her back up to a second orgasm. The third took longer, but shook through her nonetheless, evoking a louder moan. After she came a fourth and fifth time, her pussy started to feel sore. The excess and nonstop stimulation was now painful, right up to the point where another orgasm ripped through her. After that she lost count. She couldn't stop herself from

whimpering through the pain, and it built into a shriek when she came.

"Please, please, enough, make it stop," she pleaded. It was another two orgasms before he did, though. After removing the vibrators, he removed the spreader bar and unhooked her wrists. She couldn't stand, and as her legs gave out beneath her he directed her fall onto the mattress. She looked up at him from down there, and saw him take aim with his cock. A stream of urine came forth, spraying her with his warm golden shower. It made her feel dirty, in the fun way. A dirty little piss slut.

When the pee ran out, he started jacking off. It didn't take long before he sprayed an enormous load that he'd been building up. The jism fell upon her body, across her tits, one spurt even landing on her face. She gave a short involuntary moan, unable to restrain herself. She hurt all over, was covered in his fluids, and loved every minute of it. "That's a good girl," he said, and left, shutting off the lights again behind him.

When he next appeared, he tossed a large dog bowl on the floor and dumped a can of dog food into it. He pointed at it and commanded, "Eat."

"You're kidding, right?" she asked. She wasn't even trying to be defiant this time, she had genuinely been caught off guard. He grabbed her by the hair and shoved her face into the bowl.

"I said, eat, you cunt!" he shouted. He held her head down, and just to clear some space to breathe, she had no choice but to open her mouth and eat. As a point

of fact, she was rather hungry. The dog food was high quality stuff, with chunks of genuine meat, almost like a thick stew. It still smelled and tasted horrible, though. When she finished off the dog food, he dragged her back to the mattress, held her down, and fucked her pussy. He had to slap her back down several times as she struggled against him. Finally he shot his cum deep inside, pulled out of her, and left.

It went on like that, he left her waiting in the darkness, then would suddenly appear, rape her, beat her, or both, and then he would vanish back up the stairs. She fought back every time, and every time it didn't get her anything but more abuse. She wondered how long she could endure it before her will was broken. That was usually the most erotic part of the story, the key moment, the climax, if you will: the point when the girl loses hope, gives up, surrenders, can no longer endure, when she decides that it is easier to let her captor have their way with her body than to be beaten down and forced again, better to obey than to take the punishment. After that, it's a much shorter mental leap to considering the desires of her captor before her own, to regard pleasing him as her main goal in life, sometimes even to lose sight of her own individuality as her journey to being a true fuck slave reaches its end. In a captive scenario, it's generally a long process of gradually wearing her down over weeks, even months of sustained abuse and trauma. The stories don't make you wait quite that long, though.

Her hand unconsciously drifted to her pussy, and

she discovered it was sopping wet. Suddenly she realized what a stupid question it had been. If she was looking forward to being broken, wanting it to happen, then wasn't she in fact already there? From the moment he'd brought her into this basement she'd been playing along, acting out her role. It was what she expected of herself, the situation demanded that she behave accordingly. That's what made it erotic. But if this was her story, wasn't it within her power to skip ahead? Or would that be too unrealistic and spoil the mood, to give in after only... how long had she been here, anyway?

With no clock and no working windows, it was hard to say. She presumed she'd been dozing off continuously in the darkness as well. Wait, her meals, he had force fed her that dog food three times now. That meant it had probably been a day, give or take, which meant it was Saturday night or Sunday morning. That's right, it was Friday night when he took her. She had forgotten that until now. Could that possibly have been a coincidence? Given the weekend, it would be two days after she went missing before anybody even suspected something was wrong. Or else... could it be? If he'd intended the rape as a roleplay that he merely didn't let her in on until halfway through, was this the same thing? Just a weekend of kidnapping victim adventure before he sent her back to her normal life? Or was she fooling herself, constructing a false hope, and had nothing ahead of her but being chained up in this sparse basement?

Either way, she didn't want to wait anymore. No more faking it to sustain the fantasy, it was time to live the reality. Just one last bit of roleplaying for continuity's sake. The next time he came for her, she didn't fight back. She let him push her to the mattress, get atop her, and slide his hard meat into her waiting pussy. "That's right, slut, just take it. Take it good," he encouraged in response to her not resisting. She whimpered quietly and turned her head away to avoid looking at him while he fucked her. She tried to think of something else, a peaceful meadow, cute animals, something to take her mind off it. That was a typical coping mechanism in this situation. Though in her case, it wasn't to dissociate herself from the unwanted sex, it was to prevent her from enjoying it too much and giving herself away with loud moans and screams of passion. She could barely contain it when the orgasm hit her, her body shook as she held in the typical verbal accompaniment.

"There's a good little bitch," he said. He stood up, pulling her to her knees along the way. He pulled her face to his cock and shoved it down her throat. He skull fucked her deep and hard, slamming her face all the way against his crotch over and over. It really wasn't a pleasant thing. She reflexively tried to pull away, was unable to, and then remembered she shouldn't be trying anyway. She relaxed her throat as much as she could and let it happen. She tried to enjoy being used hard and painfully, but it still didn't feel good at all. Throats weren't built for this, at least, not without a good deal of practice. Finally his balls

emptied into her mouth, filling it with the splendid taste of his cum. He eased his rod from her mouth, and said, "Swallow." She did.

At her next meal time, rather than shun her bowl, she approached it slowly, feigning reluctance, signifying the last vestige of defiance dying away, the packing away of her free will to where it couldn't hurt her anymore. She reached the bowl and ate eagerly. She felt him get down behind her and enter her ass, buttfucking her while she fed. When she finished, he pulled out and said, "Now clean this off." This time she devoured his cock, slurping her anal juice off of it. He dipped back into her rear passage several more times, back and forth between her ass and her mouth. Then he laid her on her back on the mattress and sat over her face, putting his asshole right to her mouth. "For your dessert, eat me," he ordered. "Oh God! Shit, yes!" he shouted out as he found out she was very good at licking ass.

From that point on, she didn't hide her enjoyment when he fucked her. She played the role openly of acceptance that her place was being his to use. When he ordered her into position for flogging again, she obeyed. This time he arranged the vibrators first, and flogged her while they worked their magic on her clit and inside her pussy. The combination drove her wild and her screams were many and varied. When he took her down he fucked her in all three holes and finished off by cumming in her pussy. She didn't have to playact the pleasure, that was completely genuine. She'd never before felt so splendidly used. After her



sixth meal of dog food, she settled into the mattress, tired out from a day of vigorous and exhilarating sex slave fucking.

She awoke to the first rays of dawn coming in through her bedroom window. What? Her hand went to her neck to check, but she could already feel it, her collar was gone. So were her cuffs. She was simultaneously relieved and disappointed, something she hadn't known was possible. The conflicting emotions roiled inside her. The tears started slowly, then she was suddenly bawling, sobbing, grateful to be free and yet missing her chain already.

## CHAPTER 3

She pulled herself together in time to go to work like nothing ever happened. Just a normal Monday morning. She supposed that all things considered, she wasn't really cut out to be a basement slave for the rest of her life after all, but living out the fantasy of it would have been better if it had lasted longer. Though just like fairy tales and romantic comedies ending at the wedding, stories and roleplays of breaking the will of a kidnapped slave always stop after the exciting parts. The monotonous routine of the day-to-day slave life afterwards is almost never depicted, hardly ever mentioned, but it would have taken a little longer for those doldrums to have set in.

He did leave her with one thing. Her cell phone had a text message containing a photo of her lying naked on her bed, the collar and cuffs still in place. Obviously he'd drugged her food so he could bring her home uninterrupted and have free run of the place, including screwing the outside light bulbs back fully into their sockets. Whatever he knew about her before, he very well could know a lot more now, or her cell number at the very least. She had his as well, though it was probably just a burner phone. She couldn't bring herself to use it, either. The next move was his, as the previous ones had been.

She didn't have to wait long, though. On Friday evening she received another text message from him:

You are a recent divorcee. You cheated on your husband, a lot, but because your lawyer was so much better than his, he got royally fucked over in the settlement. The only reason he even got to keep the house is you didn't want it. You're meeting him allegedly in public tomorrow at 10am to pick up the rest of your stuff that you left behind.

Along with that was an address that resolved to an old industrial park. It was a perfect revenge scenario. The ex-wife character was just asking to be a victim of some horrific attack. It was the first time she had to be an active participant, to go somewhere, do something out of the ordinary. There was still no safe word set, no controls on her part. To keep safe, all she had to do was stay home. As her fingers slipped inside her panties and into her wet pussy, she wondered what he had planned. At this point, safe was out of the question. Having zero control over the situation was the scariest part, but was also the biggest turn-on. Lack of control was the core of the fantasy, after all. Is it truly being taken by force if you arranged it and can stop it at any time? Besides, even if she had a safe word, nothing so far would have warranted its use, so did not having one even matter? She needed to go, she needed to find out, she needed to suffer like this bitch ex-wife deserved.

She showed up at the appointed time, wearing an old

dress that was something she wouldn't mind losing. It was the perfect site, half the units in the park were empty, and being the weekend there was noone else around. She knew she was in the right place, on the ground was the mattress she'd spent the previous weekend on. She got out of her car, walked away from it towards the mattress, and shifted into stupid bimbo cunt mode. "Hello? Honey? Where are you? I thought we were meeting at a mall or something. I swear to God if you sent me out here on a wild goose chase you'll be hearing from my lawyer!"

Four men wearing ski masks appeared from around the corner of the building. They looked like thugs. She felt her heart pound in her chest. A gang scene? That was a surprise, but a good one. Two of them even had darker skin, making for an interracial bonus. "Oh, you're in the right place, baby," said the man in the lead. "Your husband is real unhappy about how things went. He asked us to work your cheating ass over and make certain no man will ever want you again, no matter how much reconstructive surgery you have. But he told us to have some fun of our own with you first, one last hurrah for that pretty face of yours."

It was a bluff. It had to be, right? These guys were in on it somehow. What kind of psychopath would he have to be to drop her home safe the last time only to do this now? Then again, nothing about this had been sane since he started stalking her jogging run. One way or another though, her response was the same: she turned and ran for her car. She couldn't go very fast in her "fuck-me" high heels though, and they caught up

to her easily. She screamed as one grabbed her in a bear hug, picked her up and carried her, then threw her down on the mattress.

The other three pounced on her and held her down while they ripped her clothes off and got their hard cocks out and ready to go. "Help! Help me! Nooooo!" she screamed while the first of them climbed on top of her, forced his hard member into her pussy, and pounded away fast and hard. She struggled but had no hope of getting the big bruiser off of her. He grunted as he unleashed his load of cum deep inside, then pulled out to make way for the next rapist. The next cock pushed in quickly and resumed where the first had left off. Here was the primary advantage to a gang bang or gang rape, plenty of guys to keep the action going while the others recovered, with all present hurling insults and slurs at her while she was used. Another burst of jism inside her and another fresh rod to replace the spent one. She'd never had to endure getting fucked for so long in one continuous go, and it was wonderful. She kept screaming for help, fortunately none came. Finally the fourth and final cock pushed into her triple-cream-filled pussy, ramming her hard. "Nooo, nooo, please," she whined as it filled her over and over and finally added its spunk to the mix inside her.

One of the other brutes was ready to go again, this time after he pushed into her pussy he grabbed hold of her and flipped over, positioning her on top of him. She immediately felt another attacker getting into position behind her, stuffing his cock into her asshole.

She screamed out at the rough double penetration. "Hey man, get on in here," said one of them. In response to the invitation, the third grabbed a handful of her hair and maneuvered his meat right into her mouth, which she conveniently didn't close in time. He pushed all the way in, burying her nose in his hair and making her gag just a little, and then proceeded to skull fuck her.

A triple penetration, all three fuck holes filled, the so-called "air tight" position. She'd been wanting to try this for ages. She felt so totally, gloriously used. With her mouth full of cock, grunts of protest and moans of slutty pleasure were indistinguishable. Her body shook violently with a powerful orgasm, and as far as they knew it was merely more futile struggling against them. When assailant number four's cock was restored to a hard state, he tapped out the guy fucking her ass and took his place. He, in turn, displaced the one ramming her throat. She pretended to be disgusted and tried to pull back, but he held her face securely in his crotch while she savored the taste of her ass on his fuckstick.

They continued rotating positions, going from ass to mouth many more times. Getting pounded from three directions made her cum another two times. Finally the guy underneath her moaned loudly as he shot his cum into her cunt. He pushed her off, back onto her back. "Please, please, no more. Let me go," she begged, hoping to egg them on into staying longer. She wasn't disappointed. After sharing her ass and mouth, the other three wanted back in her pussy again.

As the hard cock pushed in, she whined in pain. She was starting to get a little sore down there. It felt wonderful.

Once she had a second load of cum in her pussy from the last of the four men, it was practically gushing out of her. She didn't have to feign exhaustion as she lay there on the mattress, she genuinely could not move without more effort than she cared to muster. The one who seemed to be in charge got down once again and straddled her body, but rather than wielding his dick against her, he pulled a knife. He waved the other guys over to hold her arms down. "Well, baby, you really are a great fuck. I can see why you were so popular with all those other guys. It's a real shame what I gotta do to you now, because you sure are one tasty piece of ass," he said, pulling the knife back.

What? No. Shit, he was really going to do it. Shit. Shit. Shit. Real, genuine panic filled her as she realized there was no way out for her. She tried to thrash but was pinned down too effectively. She saw the knife descending towards her face in a slashing motion. She closed her eyes and shrieked. She felt the blade moving across her face, and then again back the other direction, and a third time. She felt the blade slashing across her breasts next. She continued screaming, her voice cracked with sobs. Behind her own cries of pain, she heard... laughter? All four of them. Not cruel laughter either, something was funny. She suddenly realized her face didn't hurt.

She opened her eyes. She watched as he stabbed the

knife into her breast. It squished down beneath the blade, which itself bent sideways. A rubber stage prop knife. She was absolutely unharmed. "You shoulda seen your face," said the faux slasher, and burst into laughter again. He stood up and tossed the knife down onto the mattress beside her. She lost sight of them as they walked away, with her gaze fixated almost blankly at the sky.

Her heart was still thumping rapidly in her chest. Her body was on adrenaline overload with nowhere to go. Her entire body started shaking uncontrollably. She ran her hands across her body, trying to calm herself. Her fingers brushed against her clit and she gasped, then let out a long sigh. She breathed deeply as she rubbed her clit and her body finally settled down.

"Goddamn, you really are an insatiable slut. After all that you still need more?" One of the rapists had returned and was sitting on the mattress next to her. That voice, he hadn't spoken during the rape, but she recognized it, intimately. He pulled off his ski mask.

"You," she said.

"Me."

"The other three?" she asked.

"I had my mask on already when they got here, so as far as they knew, I was just one of the other hoodlums that I hired to rape my 'ex-wife' and scare the shit out of you, but absolutely not to hurt you beyond incidental bruises," he explained. A nervous silence fell between them, but he finally broke it again. "You brought your computer in for repairs a few months



back. I'm the guy who did the work on it." So that was it. She has forgotten about that until now. It had ended up being some kind of hardware failure, they had to replace something in the internal bits to get her system running properly again. She was far from an expert with that stuff.

"We always do a little snooping around the hard drives when we fire up the boxes for a systems test. Not for personal stuff, but we like to copy off music and games that we find. And the porn. There's almost always porn to take. And then on yours, well, obviously I found your chat logs. Then your browser history was very interesting, and I also found your favorite stories lists on those erotica sites. It all made for very... informative reading. I got your address right off the work order."

Another awkward silence. She wasn't sure what to make of it all, what to say to him. "You know I... never so much as hit a woman, before you. I wouldn't... other than you," he said, sounding downright timid now. He wanted her to know he was a nice guy, really, that he wasn't actually a monster in real life. No. There was something else in his voice, in his eyes. He wanted reassurance from her that he wasn't a monster, that he could walk away from the violence he'd done to her and be a nice guy again. She had nothing to say, not even a smile to set his mind at ease.

He had followed her example down the dark path, a civilized man playing at being the savage, but could he have done that at all without some darkness already

deep inside to draw from? And once unleashed, could it ever be totally shut away again? Sure, he could return to being the civilized man, but some part of it might always nag at him, yearning for a masochistic slut that wanted the abuse he knew he could give. No, she had no help for him there. She couldn't even help herself. There was no reconciling what either of them had been doing with each other to any form of normalcy. Maybe they were both just fucked-up people. Or maybe she was reading too much into it. His expression changed to one of grim acceptance, and he looked away from her.

"I have some cams set up around here. Had them in my basement last weekend, too. I'll send a copy of all the video footage to you," he offered.

"No, you can't!" she exclaimed, sitting up quickly and clutching at him to make him turn back towards her. "If you send those videos to my family and coworkers I'll never be able to show my face again! Please, I'll do anything!"

His face cycled from confusion to realization, and then twisted into a cruel smile. Yes, he understood, and he was going to play along. Returning to the brutal tone of voice that she was much more familiar with, he said, "In that case, you'll do everything I say from now on. Total obedience, unless you want everybody you know to see what a cock-loving whore you are. I now *own* you."

She nodded, and quietly said, "Yes, Master." It felt so good to actually say those words. Her body felt electrified, her pussy was tingling almost to the point

of cumming. She wasn't about to abandon her life and live the rest of it chained in his basement, but more weekends of that, most certainly. Maybe longer every now and then, if she used vacation days to take off of work.

She wondered what else he would be able to come up with, too. There would be no more false peril scenes where she couldn't tell if she was in danger or not. At this point, she trusted too much that he would never inflict any lasting harm upon her. That part was over. Other possibilities were wide open, though. There were other kinks yet to explore, restricted only by the very few boundaries and limits she had remaining. Maybe not even those.

She stared into his eyes. He had taken everything from her, and in so doing, given her everything. She abruptly leaned in and kissed him, a fierce, hungry, passionate kiss, and he kissed her back with the same strong, rough intensity. How long would this last, how far could they go? Who knew. But for right then, she felt like the happiest and most satisfied rape victim alive.

## THE END

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