

The Basement

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The Basement

by [FuckingShame](#)

Summary

A woman is kidnapped and held captive in a basement. This won't end well, and there'll be a lot of pain before it's over.

(An elaborate, kinky rape fantasy.)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Waking Up

Chapter Summary

Content: enema, womb inflation, stomach inflation, wooden horse, vomiting

I'm halfway through my book when I hear her start squirming: the slack chain connected to her wrists clinks. I put the book down, adjust my cock in my pants, and get up to greet her.

Showtime.

"Hello, Barb," I say, crouching down beside her head.

Barb jerks back with a squeal, then winces and rolls off the metal grate onto cold tiles. She stares up in confusion, still too lost to be as terrified as she should be.

She's ball-gagged and cuffed at the wrists, her cuffs linked by a long slack chain to a pulley on the ceiling. Naked.

She finally notices and tries to cover herself, giving a first muffled scream. My cock jumps, and god, I laugh.

"Don't recognize me?" I ask, standing up. "That's fine. I don't really care. Doesn't make a difference to me if you know who's raping you."

Still covering her tits, Barb scrabbles farther away, dragging the chain. Grinning, I go to the winch at the other end of the chain and start cranking. Barb fights the pull until she's dragged across the basement floor, back to the grate, and hauled all the way up onto her feet with her hands stretched up, tits bare and bouncing. Then she starts screaming for real.

She kicks at me as I step closer. I dodge with a laugh. I let her kick and struggle, the grate biting into her feet, until she's sweaty and tired. Panting around the ball gag, Barb stands on the tiles at the very edge of the grate and stares at me with wild eyes.

She's like a trapped animal, mute and helpless. I fucking love it.

I step in close before she can kick again and grab her by the hips, jamming my crotch against her. She sways and moans in fright. She tries to talk through the gag. I reach up and pop the ball out-- but just the ball, not the ring gag still jammed behind her teeth. Drool runs down her soft lips.

"Recognize me yet?" I ask.

Barb shakes her head. Her eyes are watering. She tries to talk again but only moves her tongue-- so I stick a finger in her mouth and stroke it, then drag more drool down her chin.

Her neck. Her tits. Her nipples. Her ass. I run my hands all over her, groping and pinching. She struggles, but she's strung up tight and I've got her trapped. All it does is rub her tight little body against my jeans.

Fucking perfect, every vain slutty little inch of her. I'm going to fucking ruin her.

Barb sways when I let her go. Her head drops with relief.

"Oh, sweetie," I say, walking around behind her. "I'm gonna enjoy wrecking you."

She twists on the chain to watch me. At the wall, I unloop a hose and attach a special nozzle to the end of it: three inches long, skinny, silicone.

Barb screams and fights when I grab her again, but I've got her from behind and she can't kick me. "It'll hurt more if you fight," I tell her, to which she thrashes harder.

I laugh. "Good. I want to hurt you."

One arm wrapped around her waist to hold her, I reach the other arm around and jam the hose nozzle between her legs. Barb shrieks in pain. It takes a moment to find her cunt and force the nozzle inside. She screams like she's being dry-fucked with a baseball bat, not something as small as my finger.

"Fuck you," I whisper in her ear, as she thrashes. I manage to twist the base of the nozzle. How far? --one twist, two, three-- Barb screams louder, this time for good reason-- four, five. Six. That's enough.

I let Barb go and she dances in pain, but the nozzle stays stuck in her cunt. When she steps on the hose and tries to pull it out, it makes her squeal in pain. I gather the hose's slack before she can try again.

Inside the soft silicone nozzle cover is a metal mechanism: a pear of anguish, its petals spreading into a flower the size of my fist if I were to open it all the way. The nozzle bulges open at its very tip, not the base, spreading wide at the top of her vaginal canal and plugging it shut.

After all, I don't want anything stretching out that tight little cunt before I get my cock in her.

"*Eeese*," Barb moans through the ring gag. "*Eese oh. Oh. Oh.*"

"Yes, bitch. Yes."

I turn the water on hot.

Hot water blasts into her plugged cunt. Barb shrieks and spasms, her feet jerking momentarily off the floor. More, *more*-- I want to fill up her whole fucking womb, right through her cervix. I let the water run until she's so full the water is dribbling out her cunt

despite the plug. Then I turn it off, go over, and disconnect the hose. The nozzle stays jammed inside.

Barb lets out a long wail and starts to cry. She's bawling through the ring gag, shaking all over, legs spread like she's begging me to reach in and unplug her.

I snap on the next enema nozzle with a grin. This time I give the winch a good crank, hauling Barb up until she's balanced on her tiptoes on the grate, no slack left in the chain for her to wiggle. When I grab her, chest to chest, she presses her legs together and curls her knees up, trying to hide-- but so what? She can't hide her asshole.

I fondle her ass for a bit, making her squeal. Her hole is tight and tiny, clenching even harder as I rub it. "I really hope you're a virgin. You were always a slut, but I can hope."

I take a plastic syringe of lube from my pocket, squirt a little and smear it around her hole. Then I jam the tiny tip into her and push the plunger, flooding her asshole with lube. Barb moans. When I toss the empty syringe away, Barb strains to push it out, letting lube run down her thigh. I shove the bisacodyl suppositories in quick and force them deeper with a finger.

"Oh sweetie, no, you're going to want that."

Then the nozzle. Again, it's not thick-- not yet. Once all three inches are buried in her slick little hole, I twist the base. Barb screams with increasing pain as the nozzle flares, this time at the bottom, spreading into a knot right inside her tiny little asshole. Three, four-- that'll do. Don't want to split her open just yet.

She's already sobbing and shaking like she's been fucked raw.

I turn the tap. Barb howls at the first gush of hot water into her rectum. She twists, writhes, toes dancing across the metal grate, but can't escape the water surging into her ass, searing-- not hot enough to really burn, but it must fucking feel like it. I want her to feel every inch of her guts on fire.

"*EEEEESE!*" Barb shrieks. "*EEEEEESE!*"

I pump her *full*. Hot water blasts in deeper and deeper, stretching, bloating, second after tortuous second. I keep an eye on the little meter on the tap: one litre. Two. Three. Her colon, her intestines, all pumped full and burning...

When I stop the tap and disconnect the nozzle, Barb keeps screaming. Her asshole spasms around the plug, but she's too tight to leak. Her flat little belly is bloated out from all the water.

I could cum right now, just watching her scream and writhe in agony. But not yet.

Just to keep the plugs locked in good and deep, I retrieve the wooden horse from the edges of the room: an A-frame on wheels with a narrow top rail. I roll it between Barb's kicking legs-- her eyes fly open in alarm-- lock the wheels, and start jacking up the frame's legs. She wails yet again when it gets to the right height: the flat rail at the top pressed up hard between her

legs, lifting her toes just off the grate. All her weight is holding the plugs wedged inside of her now.

All her weight is on her clit, too, but at least the rail is flat on top. For now. She can always rock backwards and sit harder on the plug in her ass.

There's no third nozzle, just the end of the hose, kinked so it won't spurt. Barb's crying too hard to see me coming. I grab a fistful of her hair and push the hose right through the ring stretching her mouth open. She gags when the hose hits the back of her throat.

"Fuck, Barb, you're sensitive. God. You never gave a good blow job, did you. I'm gonna-- fucking--" No, don't tell her. I want her surprised every time.

With a shove, I force the end of the hose down her throat. Barb chokes around it, but I hold it down there and unkink the hose. Water blasts out again, right down her throat. This time there's no screaming, just Barb's eyes rolling, her throat convulsing around the hose and her feet kicking wildly in the air as I fill her stomach.

Her belly bloats out-- full, stretching. Painful.

Finally I pull the hose from her throat. Barb instantly vomits, water spewing out her open mouth. Again-- another frothy, choking gush down her tits, her swollen stomach. Then she's gurgling, gasping through the ring gag. She hangs there from her wrists, pinned on the wooden horse, just struggling to breathe.

I turn off the hose, and there's just the sound of her and me panting. My cock is hard as a rock. I run my hands over her body, wet and trembling. Barb's eyes roll back when I touch her bloated stomach.

She's moaning now, *uhhh, uhhh, uhhh*, every breath agony. She squirms on the rail. Her feet kick.

I step back and leave her to suffer.

Rather than calming as the hot water cools, Barb gets louder. Her guts are cramping from the bisacodyl. She's stuffed *tight*, end to end, every hole forced full. Her groaning *uhhh, uhhh* turns to low screaming. She thrashes suddenly, trying to buck off the rail. She's sweating. Her legs shake violently.

She begs with her eyes as I watch from my chair. Tears pour down her face, drool from her open mouth.

I look her in the eye and squeeze my cock through my jeans. When her legs flutter with fresh agony, my cock jumps hard.

Half an hour later, I can't take waiting any longer. She's struggled herself to exhaustion and can barely even kick any more; her movements are just involuntary spasms.

"Hey Barb," I call. "Remember university?"

Her head is rolling, slack. She's still moaning like a dumb animal, *uhhhhhh, uhhhhh*, spasming from her swollen insides. But after a second of dumb silence, her head jerks. She looks up at me and she *knows*.

I grin. "Look different now, don't I?"

I lower the horse's legs and push it out from beneath Barb. She dangles from her wrists, legs shaking too hard to stand. When I pop the release on the nozzle in her cunt, water starts leaking even before I've unplugged her. The nozzle comes out with a gush down her thighs.

I touch the other plug and Barb jerks her ass back against me, begging. I laugh. Just to fuck with her, I run my fingers around her stretched little hole, feeling the plug, playing with it until Barb screams in desperation. It makes my cock throb.

I pop the release, jerk the plug and step back.

Water gushes down Barb's legs, through the grate beneath her. She wails with every straining push, shitting the enema out, her asshole straining and squeezing in surges.

Sobbing with relief, she eventually goes slack. I step in and push her stomach in hard. Gurgling, Barb forces out another spurt of water, then another. Her asshole keeps spasming even though it's empty.

"Fuck, sweetheart," I say, as I let her chain go slack. Barb crumples to the wet grate and lies there sobbing. "Look at that tight little ass. Look at you."

She mewls when I briefly spray her clean with the hose, but doesn't move. "Wrecked before I even start with you," I say, walking back over with a toy in my hand. "What a little bitch."

I kneel on the tiles and grab her hair, pull her head toward me. "One more hole," I grin, wrapping the crook of my elbow around her throat.

Holding Barb in the headlock, I shove the double-ended jelly dildo through the ring gag. All it takes is one hard push on her throat to make her puke: "*Huuuurghh!*"

Barb's eyes bulge and watery vomit gushes out around the dildo. Frantic, she writhes in my grip but can't break it. I tighten the headlock and thrust the dildo at her throat again. She convulses against me, inadvertently grinding on my erection as she vomits another gush, her tongue straining out through the O-ring. I can't even get the dildo down her throat but she pukes so easy!

So I make her do it again-- "Hhurgh!"-- and again-- "*Uuuuurghh! Gk, gkkk--*"-- and again until her stomach surrenders the last dribble of puke.

But I love feeling Barb writhe and gag so much that I keep on ramming the dildo into her mouth hard and fast, battering her gag reflex. She heaves and hacks up rivers of thick, slimy drool. It sprays from her nose and splatters down her tits, makes her screaming bubble wetly through the choking flood. No matter how hard she struggles, she can't throw off my weight wrapped around her from behind, plunging her throat relentlessly.

"Guhhhh! Uhh! UHH-- *hhurgh*--"

I let her collapse to the floor. Exhausted, she lies there and bawls for air, drool and slime bubbling from her stretched open mouth.

I wanna put my cock in this bitch. Now.

"Oh, sweetheart," I grin, crouching down to look in her eyes. "You think we're all done? I only just got you ready to play."

Breaking In

Chapter Summary

Content: vomiting, face-fucking, orgasm denial, whipping, vaginal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

I put the tissue to Barb's nose and hold it politely. "Blow," I tell her. She manages to *glare*. "Blow," I say. "You'll want your nose to breathe, honey, trust me."

Miserable and exhausted, she blows. I wipe the snot and drool from her face. I washed off all her makeup while she was unconscious. God, she doesn't even need it. Though I might put some back on her later, just to see her mascara running. Lipstick rings on my cock.

As I collect my next few toys, putting some in my pockets and retrieving the last from near my chair, I hear the chain rattle. Behind me, Barb whines, "Eese," through her gag again. "Eese ah." *Please stop.*

When I take that gag out and hear her begging for real... I have to adjust my cock in my jeans.

Barb has scrambled to the farthest reaches of the chain again. Unbothered, I winch it up until she's pulled to her knees, just barely balanced on the tile at the edge of the metal grate.

Even with one hand occupied, I get a hold of Barb in a headlock again. "Hold fucking still," I grunt, but she's seen the funnel and rubber tube in my hand, the large bottle under my arm.

So it's just more work to get the tube down her throat. More times I have to shove the tube at the back of her throat until she gags violently, opening up enough for me to get the tube down.

The litre of milk goes down her throat faster than all that water did—but fuck, her desperate writhing and the spasming of her throat is just as heavenly. I pull the tube out and she dry heaves. Only a dribble of milky drool runs from her stretched lips.

If she could look betrayed with that ring gag in her mouth, she would. I laugh at her expression. I filled her up and made her puke it out, but then I filled her up again—why?

After I've put the funnel and empty bottle away, I come back with my hands open and spread. Harmless. Smiling.

“C’mere, Barb,” I say soothingly, holding out my hand. I’m not even asking her to crawl across the grate, just sideways on the tile. “C’mon. Come over here.”

Sniffling, trembling, she gingerly knee-walks closer. Here we are: the ‘obey and he’ll be nicer’ phase of her thinking.

Wrong, of course. Very wrong. But convenient.

I put my hand on her head—she flinches—and stroke her curls. The shiniest, most golden ringlets you ever saw. Far better than when she flat irons it all into some generic straight-haired blonde bitch ponytail.

“On your fucking knees,” I murmur. “Right where I like you.”

She flinches again. I curl my thumb into her forced-open mouth to keep her still. Then I cup the back of her head and rub her face against my bulging crotch.

Barb moans hopelessly. But then—*then* she fucking *rubs her cheek on me again*. All on her goddamn own.

I howl with laughter. “Good slut,” I grin, grinding her face against me. “Good girl, good bitch. Yeah, you know what this is. I’m gonna give it to you.”

Watching her face for every *flicker* of reaction, I open my jeans. My cock bulges through my underwear. I fondle it for a second, squeezing, and then pull it right out.

Barb’s eyes bulge.

“Didn’t have one of these last time you saw me, did I?” I rub the foreskin back, show her the wet tip and rub it on her cheek. She flinches away. “Look, Barb. It’s all yours.”

It’s not small. Nine years of waiting for that surgery, was I going to ask them to give me a regular dick? No I fucking wasn’t. I wanted something big enough to split a cunt in two. Eight inches long and thick as my wrist.

All the better to rape you with, my dear.

My fist tangled in Barb’s hair, I jerk her head close. “C’mere,” I say again, lower and harsher. “Come and kiss it, baby.”

Barb is moaning in despair as I rub her lips across my cock. I smear her drooling mouth up and down the length of it, then rub the shiny head across her lower lip. Thrust a little, just to scare her. Just to see the thickness of my cock lined up with her stretched-open pink lips.

The head of my cock barely fits through the ring gag. I pull Barb’s mouth onto it, letting out a groan at the first rub of my cock against the roof of her mouth. Little pushes, in and out, easy, but her hands are already scrabbling at the chain with panic. She shuffles on her knees, tries to pull away—

I pull her head back and slap her across the face. Twice. Three times.

It takes a second for Barb's head, rolled limply to the side, to come back up. Her face is slack with shock; her eyes wander. I wait for her to re-focus before taking another fistful of her hair.

This time Barb just moans miserably and squinches tears from her eyes as I pull her head down onto my cock.

The first tap on the back of her throat makes her gag. Of *course*. Perfect. I do it again, just as quick, relishing the sound. She can't close her mouth, can't really suck, so this is it for me, just the pressure of my cock against her throat, the noise, the drool, but that's *enough*.

(For now.)

Finally, I ram my cock in hard and hold it, fist in her hair, grinding against the clenched wall of her throat—

And she vomits. "*Huuuurgh!*" Milk spews up around my cock and over her chin. Barb gives a gurgling yell, shocked and disgusted.

Not waiting for her to recover, I shove her head down again, jamming my cock in as deep as it goes. Not even halfway before it rams the back of her throat. "*Gkk— kk— hurk!*" More puke gushes up. Barb manages to struggle back for a single breath before I thrust in again, pulling her to the limit of the chain, forcing my cock down and *holding*.

Barb writhes, convulses—and a stream of milky vomit comes out her nostril. The rest bursts out as soon as I withdraw my cock. Half of it goes down the grate, some of it down Barb's tits, some on my jeans. Whatever. It's worth Barb's despairing wail, her choking, the tears streaming from her eyes.

Both fists in her curls, I fuck her mouth in short hard jabs until nothing comes out but drool and snot. When I let her go, she hangs from her wrists and sobs so hard that she's hiccuping. She's slick with milky spew all the way down to her cunt.

When I reach for her head again, she struggles and shakes it... even though I'm just unbuckling the gag. It takes her a few seconds to even realize that the gag is off.

"You can talk," I tell her, not unkindly. "You can say whatever you like. Just one rule: be polite. Don't insult me. Just don't be fucking rude, okay?" I laugh and give her a wink. "Extra points if you beg."

For a moment, all Barb does is hiccup and cry, still gasping for air. Enjoying the sight, I let her. I'm gonna make her cry so much.

As she finally opens her mouth, I warn her, "Use the right fucking name."

"...Jack?" she whispers at last. She's still shaking with the last aftershocks of sobs. "Why're you— please don't. Please stop."

Her voice is tiny, raw from fucking and throwing up.

"Please no," she rasps, as I reach for her hair again. "No, no, no don't, please don't, please don't, *don't fucking touch me!*"

She snaps.

"You fucking *bastard*, don't fucking touch me! I'll kill you, I'll fucking cut your throat, I'll, if you touch me again, don't you dare, you bitch, you fucking *cunt*—"

My gut clenches.

"*What's wrong with you?*" Barb shrieks, struggling to her feet and backing as far away as she can. "What the fuck is *wrong* with you, you sick bastard, I'm going to kill you, fucking bitch, fucking cunt bastard—"

Good. I get to hurt her now.

I turn and walk to the winch on the wall, tucking my cock back into my jeans as I go. Behind me Barb is suddenly regretting, pleading, "No no no no I'm sorry, oh my god *you bitch*, no more, don't, I'm sorry, I'm so..."

I crank the winch hard, winding up the chain until she's howling and suspended entirely by her wrists, feet kicking the air.

My blood's pumping so hard I can hear it. I'm going to *wreck* this bitch. All she had to do was be nice and I'd—I'd still have hurt her, but now, *now* I'm going to start early.

From the wall I push over a table on wheels, wooden and waist-height. Barb tries to kick it away, sobbing outright again. I grab one of her ankles and snap it into the wide metal cuff screwed into the table leg. It's one of many cuffs attached to different places on the table. Her other ankle goes to the other table leg, holding her legs wide apart.

When I lower the chain again, Barb has no choice but to sit on the edge of the table: it's that or fall face-first onto the metal grate with her ankles cuffed to the table mid-leg, at an angle that would snap her shins. I grab Barb's hair from behind and drag her down flat (she's babbling, begging) and snap her manacled wrists to a carabiner at the head of the table, just on the underside. I unhook the chain and toss it away, and there she is: bound down, legs bent at the knee and spread to bare her cunt.

"Please *dooooon't*," Barb bawls, reduced to howling between violent sobs.

"Enough of you." I force the ring gag back between her teeth, provoking a howl of fresh despair. "You had your fucking chance. I warned you. I'd have let you say anything but you had to be *rude*."

I'm not going to fuck her mouth any more, but I leave the ball gag out because I still want to hear her *suffer*.

"I wasn't exactly counting, Barb, but I think you swore at me... let's say ten times. And you called me a *bitch*." I shove two fingers violently into her milk-slippery cunt, ramming them

in and out hard until she shrieks. Withdrawing, taking a deep breath, I wipe my fingers on her thigh. I squeeze her thigh, dig in my nails, and smile. “So let’s say... ten strokes per insult.”

I get the paddle. And the razor.

“Hold still,” I murmur, picking up the razor. Barb moans mindlessly, flinches at the first touch of shaving cream, but otherwise just lies there trembling.

I shave her pussy in careful strokes, making her labia smooth but leaving a bush of golden curls at the top. When I’m done, I hose her off with warm water and dry her with a terry cloth. I’m so *gentle*.

It leaves her pussy pink and soft, with clean lips beneath a neat golden bush. Her little clit hides between the labia, all but invisible.

Braced on the table, I lean down and give her the gentlest lick. Even so, it makes Barb’s hips jerk. I lap at her labia again, quick little strokes, just teasing. I breathe hot. Eventually I point my tongue and flick up between her labia, making real contact for the first time.

Barb squeals.

I go on like that, eating her out nice and gentle, increasing just a bit at a time. I suck on her labia and trace the tip of my tongue over her clit, then dart away. I come in with little kitty licks to her hole, darting deeper and deeper, and then slide my tongue up broad and flat to fasten my mouth on her clit. I take her whole clit in and suck hard, *hard* until she squeals again, and then I go gentle and nurse on it, tongue fluttering. I already know exactly how she likes it, how to suck her clit like a little cock until Barb starts losing control, humping her hips up against me in reaction to an oncoming orgasm despite herself, despite me, despite everything.

With my lips still fastened around her hard little clit, my hand finds the paddle I left on the table.

With Barb on the edge of orgasm, I stand and bring the paddle down. The brutal *crack* of leather against her exposed pussy is almost louder than her shriek.

She’s not done screaming before I hit her again. And again. She can’t close her knees. She yanks uncontrollably at the cuffs, back arching, but all it does is thrust her pussy up for me to swing at a fourth time. She slams back against the table, rattling everything. Her pussy is bright red already. Every tendon in her neck stands out from the force of her screaming.

After ten hard strokes, I pause. I take a deep breath and listen to her noise.

That’s only a tenth of what I promised her. What she deserves. But a hundred hard strokes would cause more damage than I want to wait to heal.

With her cunt tenderized, even gentler strokes will hurt bad enough. I carry on with sharp little slaps of the paddle, aiming right for her clit. Then for her hole, wet and hot and still throbbing with near-orgasm.

That feeling goes away fast, judging by the way Barb is gurgling and choking on snot between shrieks.

Good. Like fuck I'm going to make this bitch cum.

By forty, her whole cunt is raw and red. I switch to beating her inner thighs, swinging a little harder. In the time it takes to give her fifty more, her labia swell up fat and purple around her clit.

I lower the paddle. I run one finger of my left hand up Barb's slit, from her still-dripping hole to up between her throbbing, swollen lips. The slightest touch provokes a fresh squeal from her. Revelling in the sensation, I circle my fingertip around her abused clit.

"You did this to yourself," I say, and give her the last ten strokes on her pussy.

The way her body arches and thrashes is all I can bear. Finally done, I drop the paddle and unzip my jeans, releasing my rock-hard cock. Panting, I climb up onto the table between Barb's spread legs, on top of her.

For a moment, I look down and rub the head of my cock against her swollen, burning hot pussy. It's not just her bruising that looks incredible, it's the sight of my cock lined up against her tiny little hole. It's knowing what I'm about to finally do.

Then I line my cock up and ram it in hard.

It takes a long, violent shove to force my cock in. With an ear-splitting scream, Barb bucks beneath me. She tries to head-but. I grab a fistful of her hair and yank her head away, hold it down. I drop my weight on top of her and start thrusting.

Her pussy stretches with each hard thrust, letting my cock in just a bit deeper. She's locked up like a vise, tight to begin with and tighter now with agony. She's wet but it's not enough. I'm too big and I'm going to fucking *destroy* her.

Driven mad by the hot squeeze around my cock, I slam in fast and hard. I've waited years for this, and it's so *good*, the way she screams at every thrust, the clench of her pussy, knowing that she's raw, swollen, straining, because of *me*, because I'm fucking her, because I'm raping her as hard as I fucking can.

Her pussy's still too tight for me to get all the way in, but it doesn't matter. I've been waiting to cum all day. Yelling at the force of the orgasm surging up from my balls, I ram in madly until it finally *breaks*, pleasure pounding through me while I keep pounding into Barb like I could make her feel it too.

She's not feeling anything but pain, I know. That's fine. The way her cunt clenches as I keep fucking it, slower, dragging out the pleasure, makes my orgasm even better.

Finally my cock is too soft to thrust again. Her pussy squelches around it. Drained, I slide back and off the table.

Barb just lies there now, limp and crying. Her pussy is a sloppy, abused mess, wet and bruised and bleeding a little. God knows she was no virgin, but my cock was made to ruin cunts. I made no effort to get her ready for it. That wasn't the point.

One hole down, two to go.

Another day.

Almost shaking with exhaustion, I zip myself back up. Barb can stay where she is for the night, gagged and exposed and dripping. I'm not done being angry about earlier. On my way to the basement door, all I do for her is stroke her hair.

"See you tomorrow."

Chapter End Notes

The details of bottom surgery to create a cock, and how that cock would function, are definitely not accurate in this fic. But, well, this is a fantasy. Let's call it mild sci-fi. Might be possible in 10-20 years of medical advancement. (Fingers crossed!)

Feeding

Chapter Summary

Content: enema, orgasm denial, face-fucking, vomiting, stomach inflation.

It takes three more days for Barb to stop screaming when I come into the room. On the fourth day, all she does is moan around her gag, low and hopeless. She lies curled up on the floor until I winch the chain tight and force her up to her toes.

Honestly, I thought it would take longer for her to start attempting compliance. It doesn't matter, though. She'll start fighting again when she realizes how much pain I'm going to put her through.

With her legs forced wide open by the spreader bar I've kept her locked in for the last three days—ever since taking her off the table—it's easy to run a hand down to her pussy. Barb's flinch only makes her wobble on her toes. I ignore it. Her pussy is swollen with bruising, now mottled purple like the stripes on her inner thighs. It would be so easy for me to hurt. Too easy, really.

Humming, I go about the new routine. She whimpers all the while. After filling her asshole with a syringe of lube, I slide in the long silicone douche nozzle and crank it wide. By now Barb knows better than to try to pull on the hose. But I can't resist tugging the nozzle back until she squeals, until her tight, tender asshole starts bulging wide around the spread pear of anguish inside. She clenches and fights to keep it *in*, lodged thick and aching but not tearing her sphincter open. Chuckling, I let her.

"Here it comes, baby," I say, to hear her groan before I turn on the water.

The hose thrashes with the force of the water slamming through it a bare second before it blasts into Barb's ass. She screams as loud as ever at the surge of hot water, reaming her guts out and burning like fire.

"Peease!" she shrieks—back to talking already. She always could, given that I switched the ring gag out for something smaller: a bit gag with a flat tongue depressor tab to mangle speech just a bit. Not surprising that she's afraid to talk now, though, given what she got last time she didn't watch her fucking mouth. "Pease sop!"

At last, I stop the water, spread the plug a fraction wider, and disconnect the hose, leaving her trembling with pain and breaking out in a sweat already. Her asshole spasms wildly around the pear.

"Not until your ass is full," I chide. "You know the drill."

What she doesn't know is that her ass is a little less full than yesterday, which was less than the day before. Day by day the torture of a four litre enema will be lessened to three, then two, and it'll become bearable. But she won't know why. Only that it doesn't hurt like it used to. Only that it's bearable.

Only that having her ass plugged shut and flooded fit to burst will start to feel *good*, as her body learns the associations I'm going to teach it.

Eager, I kneel down between Barb's spread, trembling legs. Just like I have for the last three days, I nose up between her swollen labia, licking into her cunt. She moans. Her imbalanced little tip-toe dance of pain is easily stopped by grabbing her ass and shoving her cunt into my face.

"No," Barb begs. "No, please. No. No."

I lick up to her clit, also bruised from the beating. It's hot between my lips and swells fast, growing hard and slippery. I suck without mercy.

It's unbearable, judging by the way Barb struggles, her bar-bound feet kicking uselessly up off the floor. It's as much pain as pleasure, blinding and confusing, like the enema bloating her guts.

But I'll make her like it. I'll suck her clit until it's red and rock hard and *never let her cum*, until she's horny twenty-four hours a day, until her body confuses the clenching of her empty pussy with the spasming of her plug-stuffed ass. Pretty soon I'll be able to fill her ass up with enough bisacodyl to make her scream for hours and it'll still leave her dripping wet and desperate. And all she'll know is that she *wants* to be raped.

Barb's moans change pitch, becoming choked and breathless. Her legs stiffen, trembling now with tension. Before she goes over the edge, I release her clit with a loud, wet pop.

God, it looks good, purple-red and shiny. Despite herself, Barb whines and clenches her pussy, making her clit jump. A long string of drool slides from her clit down her cunt lips. I'm so tempted to dive right back in.

But... no. It'll be better if I wait for later.

While waiting for Barb to fall back from the peak of orgasm, I bite her inner thighs and toy with the plug in her ass, enjoying the way she jolts. Finally, I fish out a little tube from my pocket and squirt a dollop of thick white cream onto my thumb. Ever so gently I massage the cream into her clit, smoothing it around in slow circles that tease again at orgasm... but only tease.

I glance up to see Barb starting down at me. She's sweaty and red-faced, caught between desperation and suffering and confusion. Just to taunt her a little more, I waggle the unlabelled tube at her and wink.

"You want that enema out now?" I ask, standing.

“Yesh!”

“Really? You want to empty out your shitter now?”

Her face crumples with misery. “*Yesh.*”

Yesterday she held it for almost an hour, writhing from the cramps, before she broke and begged to be unplugged. Her surrender was enough for me, then. I jerked off all over her face while she gushed out water and cried.

“Nah,” I decide, and run a hand over her ass. “I’m gonna feed you first.”

She gives a sob of frustration and thrashes uselessly against the chain. It does nothing but send a spike of pain through her bloated bowels, judging by her grimace. After that she goes down on her knees meekly when I slacken the chain.

Kneeling on the tile at the edge of the grate, Barb sniffles as I take her bit gag out. Her lips are already slick and puffy from the metal. She cringes but passively lets me rub my cock on them.

“I see you’ve learned some manners,” I say. “Good girl. Not that it’ll help, but good. Open up.”

“Please...”

“Open up and take it down your fucking throat.”

She can’t. Her gag reflex is as sensitive as ever; she chokes and tries to pull away at the first tap of my cock on her palate. I snarl a hand in her hair and pull her back in.

“You’re gonna learn how to suck it,” I pant. “C’mon, Barb, do it right.”

Her lips stretch hot and tight around my girth, nearly too thick for her to fit in. Every choke and spasm of her mouth is heavenly. She snuffles through her nose and tries pathetically to suck, little noises of misery muffled by my cock.

It’s a pathetic blowjob. The tears are nice, so I let her half-ass it for a while. But I’ll be here all day if I let Barb carry on like this.

“You really are useless,” I say, not without affection. “I said... put it down... your fucking *throat.*”

I thrust hard and shoved her head down without warning, ramming my cock a full inch down her unprepared throat. She convulses and vomits immediately, forcing it back out with a spray of nearly-water puke. “*Hurrrrgh!*” Braced for her struggle, I hold her head down on my dick, making her gurgle for air through a full mouth.

“Down— *down* —”

I finally let Barb free and she falls back coughing and choking. Her first good breath comes out as a wailing sob.

“Fuck’s sake, Barb, hold your breath. You don’t get to breathe. Just let me fuck your face until I’m done.”

Red-faced, she screams, “Stop!”

“You want that plug out of your ass?”

“*Please —*”

“You want it out?”

She coughs and crumples, hanging limply from her wrists. “Yes,” she whimpers.

“Then let me fuck your face and feed you. Or I’ll leave it in all day.”

One of the best things about Barb is that she’s pretty when she cries. It doesn’t help her breathe, though. Her nose gets plugged up by snot, at least until I make her gag so hard with my cock blocking her esophagus that the puke comes out her nostrils. By then she can’t even sob properly any more. I’ve facefucked her through crying, through struggling, and into broken exhaustion. She just bawls on the exhale, dribbling from her fucked-slack mouth, every time I let her up for air.

She’ll learn. Eventually.

For now, her throat’s still too tight to physically take my whole cock. Getting just the head of it down her squeezing, spasming throat is enough. Hell, battering that resistance and knowing that I’m *breaking* her is enough.

I slam her head back and forth on my cock, drool slopping everywhere, her gurgling and gagging like music to my ears, until I can’t take any more. I hold her head down on my cock through my whole orgasm. The tight pressure magnifies every pulse and draws the pleasure out.

(The increasing desperation of Barb’s exhausted twitching draws it out, too. Every second I spend in her throat is a second she can’t breathe, which makes me cum harder, which makes me want to stay...)

At last I let her go. My cock slides out in a last dribble of watery vomit. Watching Barb hang there and wheeze, I stroke my cock and shudder. I’m still half hard, oversensitive and tingling.

If I wanted to, I could go again. I don’t enjoy a lot about the fact that I was born with a clit, but this is one of the benefits: next to no refractory period. Sure, it’s a dick *now*, but my body remembers. I think it’s a fair trade-off: no actual sperm in my balls to feed Barb, but the ability to fuck her over and over again.

I did say I'd feed her, though. I won't be able to make deals and play games with Barb if she starts thinking that I won't abide by my own rules.

Barb's actual food—not my cock, although that's fun to make her swallow—is liquid meal replacement. Protein, nutrients, everything she needs, and it's easy to store and prepare. Keeps her hydrated and her bowels clean, too. After four days on it, she's already shitting next to nothing, not that I'll stop giving her enemas.

She sees me fetching the funnel and tube, along with a bottle of meal replacement, and clams up, teeth clenched as she struggles to control her hiccuping sobs. New torment, new resistance. I'm so glad.

I tap the rubber tube against her face. "Open up."

She turns her face away. "Please don't. I'll just drink it. Please just let me..."

"Sweetie, one way or another, this is going down your throat. It's extra training. You ought to thank me for helping you get rid of your gag reflex."

Barb visibly surrenders, going limp again. She grimaces as I feed the rubber tube past her reluctant lips with a smile.

After the reaming I gave her throat, the narrow tube goes down with barely a choke. It'll be at least a few hours before her battered gag reflex works again. The sight of the tube snaking into her mouth, sliding down her nearly unresisting esophagus inch by inch, makes my sensitive cock throb all over again with a whole other kind of arousal.

"Look at that," I murmur, stroking her hair with my free hand. "You're already learning."

She shudders and leaks fresh tears, unable to speak.

I pour two bottles of nutrient shake down her throat. Halfway through the second one, she starts shifting, threatening to pull away. It's a lot of liquid, enough to stretch her stomach uncomfortably. Between the meal and the enema still plugged up in her bowels, Barb must be stretched to the limit. There's a swell to her stomach and her thighs are shaking with pain.

I make her drink it all, though. Why pass up any chance to torture Barb just a little bit more?

Pulling the rubber hose out is like a magic trick, like drawing a slick and shining tentacle from her throat. My cock jumps again.

"Take it out," she gasps, the moment she can. "Take it out. Let me get it out. Please. I can't take it. Please, it hurts so bad. I can't."

Her agony is so pretty. But I did promise. And there'll be chances to set her up for failure and punish her later.

I raise the chains again, forcing Barb to stand so that I can watch better. Her asshole strains around the plug, stretched and red where she's tried in vain to push it out despite the pain it causes. For all that straining, she only managed to dribble just a thread down one thigh.

I release the plug mechanism, letting the pear of anguish shrink back down and pop out of her hole. The amount of water that gushes out of her is astonishing. So is the way her asshole pushes and clenches, wet and raw and red. Ready for me to wreck it.

When Barb is empty, I step in and hold her still so I can run my fingers over her asshole. The tender furled tissue throbs. I stab a finger in. It goes easily, because she was so slick, but then Barb squeals and clenches in resistance and on the inside she is hot and *tight*. Still so tight. Nowhere near broken yet.

I push my finger in as deep as I can, glorying in the slick, hot channel of her ass, in the way it works around me as Barb tries to force me out. My cock pulses, now fully hard again.

I let go of Barb. There's something to be said for denying myself as well as her.

It'll make things that much *better* when I finally do rape her in the ass.

Going Deep

Chapter Summary

Content: impalement, deep anal, urethral sounding, orgasm denial

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I thought we’d try something new today.”

Dangling from her chain with the plug up her ass, Barb jerks back to awareness. Her dull desperation from the enema bloating her guts turns to fresh panic. Two weeks ago, this was intolerable to her. Now it’s a miserable routine. Anything new is terrifying.

She’s no idea how many tortures I’ve imagined for her. God, I’m going to break her in a new way every day.

While Barb suffers through the last few minutes of her enema, I get my new equipment ready. It’s an eight-foot wooden post that slots into the cement floor, with a short bar that sticks out just above crotch height. The bar is set with multiple holes for me to screw in toys. The simplest things work so well.

Tingling with excitement, I attach today’s new toy to the bar. Barb’s eyes bulge when she sees it.

“No! No!”

“C’mon, it’s not that big,” I tease.

“It won’t fit,” she whimpers. “Please, no, don’t, please.”

I love when she begs. She’ll probably do even better as this thing slides up her ass.

Smiling through Barb’s pleas, I deflate her anal plug and let her release the enema into the grate in the floor. She’s distracted by raw animal relief from her suffering. She grunts and strains to expel everything, trembling all over. The swell of her tight little stomach flattens out.

I winch her chain up high, dragging Barb clean off her feet. She squeals and kicks, though the spreader bar at her ankles prevents much movement. It’s easy to grab her by the tits and pull her dangling body so that the pulley slides along its tracks on the ceiling. Over to the waiting post.

Even suspended as high as she is, Barb's cunt still rubs across the tip of the toy. It's twelve inches long. It'd be hard to avoid it.

"Please noo," she begs.

I slap her titties a couple times, leaving red marks. "You're a fucking baby. Look at it. Look how skinny that is. You think that'll hurt?"

I grab her nipples and pull until she squeals, this time in real pain. "You think it'll hurt, Barb? I can make it hurt."

"Please! No, I'm sorry, please don't, I'm sorry."

I twist her nipple and hold it like that, making Barb shudder in agony. Her eyes well up with tears. "I'll give you a big dick someday," I promise. "Soon."

I snap a carabiner near the top of the pole around Barb's chain, preventing her from rolling the pulley away from the post. Then I release her ankles from the spreader bar, because I want to watch her dance as I impale her.

"Hey baby," I say, smiling and pinching her other nipple—not hurting, not yet. "You want lube for that thing? Or you want to take it up your ass dry?"

Barb's face crumples. Me, I'm happy to go either way. She's still slippery enough from her enema that it wouldn't *damage* anything. Just hurt like a bitch. I want to see if she...

"Yes," she whispers.

"Dry?"

"Lube!"

I crowd up close to Barb—too close to knee in the crotch, if she'd wanted to—and reach around behind her to finger her asshole. A finger hooked inside her slippery hole makes her cringe. "Where?"

"In my ass! Please!"

Her eyes hate me. Still, she's scared.

Smiling, I fetch a plastic syringe of lube—bigger than the usual one. I slide it as deep into her asshole as I can and empty it out. Barb shudders at the gush of cold fluid in her bowels but holds it in.

The dildo is long and narrow, made of flexible silicone. It bends enough for me to lower the tip and force it—Barb is clenched up now, trying to prevent entry—into her ass. She grunts as the dildo slides in and straightens, pushing two inches deep immediately.

"You've taken bigger shits than that," I chide, slapping her breast. "Hardly feels like anything. Right? Hey, Barb. You ever take a cock up the ass?"

Her eyes dart. She doesn't know what I want: a virgin or a whore? It's true that I'd like to be the first to fuck Barb up the ass, but I won't mind if I'm not. Either way, I'll be the first to rape her.

Eventually, she nods a little.

"You always were a slut," I say, and twist both her nipples viciously. She screams. "I kind of liked that about you. Adventurous. Bet I can teach you something new, though."

Releasing her, I stroll back over to the chain winch on the wall. "You know what this kind of dildo is for?" I ask. "*Depth*, Barb. You might have taken dick before, but you've never taken one this long."

Already, her feet are pushing at the post and her arms are flexing, trying to lift herself off the dildo. Before she gets far enough, I drop the chain a few inches.

Barb shrieks in shock. Her bare feet lose traction on the wooden pole and kick in the air. Her legs spasm as the dildo slides deeper into her rectum. Panicking, eyes wide, Barb gasps and struggles for a moment before starting to push at the pole again, trying to climb free.

She knows that she has nowhere to go even if she gets off. She's panicking. She can't *not* try.

"You know how long the average human rectum is?" I ask rhetorically, as I watch her fight. "About five inches. Not that deep, really."

I turn the winch a few clicks. Slowly, now. Little by little, writhing like a worm on a hook, Barb drops farther onto the dildo.

A spasm of pain crosses her face. She shudders and flexes her stomach, trying to lift her hips.

"About that deep," I say, and lower the chain a little more.

Slowly, inescapably, Barb slides down onto the dildo, her face contorting with confusion and distress. I know exactly what's happening: inside her lube-filled hole, the head of the dildo is pressing against the top of her rectum, a curve that blocks its entry. Then the pressure grows, the narrow dildo bends, and it slides inevitably around the bend in her guts, into her sigmoid colon.

"*Gahhh!* Uh! Fuck!"

Barb's expression contorts as her bowels are invaded like never before. It *hurts* when the dildo straightens her colon a little bit, when she clenches down in an attempt to force it out. It sends tremors up her spine as the dildo's ridges stroke nerves in the sensitive, untouched depths of her slippery analcunt.

"Stop!" she screams, shuddering hard. She curls her hips, flexes her arms, tries to lift off the toy. For all that she's trim and fit, her hot little body toned from vain hours at the gym, she's also impaled seven inches deep and has no leverage. She manages to lift high enough to get the head of the dildo out of her colon. Then, after a few seconds, her trembling arms give out

and she falls back down, giving a shriek of pain as the dildo punches mercilessly back around the bend.

“Fuck, baby,” I gasp, grabbing my erection through the front of my jeans. “Do it again. Go on and fuck yourself as hard as you want.”

She stares with wild eyes, caught between desperation to escape and the realization that struggling is exactly what I want. She’s trapped.

But she can’t *not* try.

I lower the winch little by little, and Barb continues to fight. When she dangles, I drop her down, impaling her a little more. Sometimes she gets a good grip on the post with her bare feet and manages to climb up a good few inches, but inevitably she falls, violently re-impaling herself. Sometimes she just dances, legs kicking in useless pain and frustration. Every jerk and twist of her hips only fucks her back and forth on the dildo.

Two inches deeper, her expression contorts with fresh horror. I squeeze my cock as Barb groans and shudders through penetration of the next bend in her colon. Her distress is revulsion as much as pain.

“Five more inches,” I tell her, just to hear her wail of despair.

Finally, she’s all the way down, impaled to the hilt on the dildo. Its flexible length is twisted deep in her sigmoid colon, straining every bend of her guts in a way that nothing else ever has. She’s low enough now to finally touch the bar sticking out from the post. Low enough for her ass to take a little weight, but not much. Her toes still shake and dance above the floor, no matter how she strains.

Nearly hyperventilating, Barb gets her feet on the post and lifts. She collapses and slides back down the inch, going cross-eyed at the sensation.

At last I lock the winch and approach again, falling to my knees in front of her impaled form. I quickly take the cuffs at the base of the post and secure her feet back, giving just a few inches to kick but not enough to hit me. Then I have all the time I want to take in the sight of Barb shuddering and suffering.

I had secured the dildo to the front-most hole on the crossbar. She’s impaled up the ass with her hips forcibly arched forward, her pubis jutting out into the air. The slight backwards splay of her legs makes her labia part. Her clit stands out front and centre, red and rock hard.

Despite everything, Barb is desperately wet. I imagine she’s *always* wet these days, given how I’ve tortured and teased her but never let her orgasm once. The gradual re-training of her anus—the only internal genital stimulation she gets, right now—must be playing a role too.

Groaning, I bury my face in her pussy and lick. I find her throbbing clit and suck as hard as I can, making Barb’s thighs spasm against the ankle restraints. Whether she wants to kick me, close her thighs, or wrap her legs around my head, she can’t. She can only squeal, and tremble, and buck her hips uselessly up and down on the dildo.

“Look at this, you fucking slut,” I rasp in adoration. “Look at you now. Stuffed deep up the ass and ready to cum your fucking brains out. Just gushing for something in your cunt.”

I curl my tongue and lick her clean. It’s not enough to get her off, no matter how she humps. I don’t think she can help it. I doubt she knows whether she’s trying to get off the dildo or grind her clit on my face. They’re one and the same.

Before her pussy can leak again, I pull out the unlabelled tube of cream from my pocket. I smear it all over her clit and inner lips, rubbing carefully now so that I don’t push her over the edge. Barb does nothing but wheeze and moan, her thighs straining at the continued tease.

I think it’s working. It must be working. I remember what it was like.

“Don’t worry, darling,” I say, and stand. “I’ll fill you up with something nice.”

Not my cock. Not yet. Any contact on her clit and she’d pop off like a rocket, no matter how much it hurt to be stretched out by my dick.

Instead, I fetch more lube, and some metal clips. And another toy.

Small, this one. Very small. Barely five millimeters wide, though it’s twelve inches in length again. But it’ll hurt infinitely worse than the foot-long dildo up her ass.

I don’t bother to ask if Barb has had anything in her urethra before. She was never that kind of girl. Pain and pushing limits were my thing, not hers.

Barb yells when I catch her inner labia with the metal clips, one on each side. A quick bit of string around each thigh holds the clips back, spreading her labia wide and exposing her hole. Both her holes. The opening of her urethra is *tiny*.

God, I love stretching her so much. I’m going to spend weeks wrecking her holes and enjoying every second.

The pain of the clips probably helps push her orgasm back. Still, I avoid brushing Barb’s hard clit as I insert the tip of the lube syringe into her urethra and squirt it in—quick, before she can move. Her shocked jerk comes too late.

I look up and wink. From her perspective, she can’t see exactly what I’m doing down here. Probably can’t quite figure out what the sensations are, either.

Barb’s pretty pink hole clenches as she squirms. Her clit bobs up and down.

I set the tip of the bendy silicone sound to her urethra and push.

Barb jerks in pain again, but the dildo up her ass keeps her mostly pinned in place. Before she can coordinate an attempt to lift up, I force the sound an inch deeper, getting it securely inside. Barb goes *wild*, screaming at the sudden splitting pain. A sudden stretch of such sensitive tissue must be *agony*. But she can’t get away, can’t push it out, and can’t stop me from feeding the sound deeper into her well-lubricated urethra.

The silicone won't rupture anything. It'll just go in. The lube lets it slide, but doesn't stop the pain.

"What are you doing?" Barb shrieks, twisting and humping. Her legs thrash uselessly. "Stop! **STOP!**"

I force the sound deeper. The little silicone bumps pop into her urethra one by one, marking every quarter inch. Barb's ear-splitting scream climbs an octave.

Two inches in, I just hold the sound in place and let Barb fight it out. She thrashes herself to exhaustion, and fucks her colon painfully in the process. She's babbling madly, begging and bargaining, but I can't make out her words through the tongue gag. It's just agonized, desperate noise.

When she finally goes limp, she's sweaty and trembling all over. She sinks back down onto the last inch of the dildo, mouth open in a groan of pain, and stares down at me in wild-eyed terror.

"It's going inside you, Barb," I say. "One way or another. All the way in to your bladder. I'm gonna plug up your front just as much as your ass, and you're gonna take it."

I kiss her clit real slow, mocking with my eyes as I suck it deep. It has softened somewhat from the pain. "Scream all you want," I tell her. "It gets me off. You know that. But I'm gonna fuck every hole in your body, and there's nothing you can do."

I smear some lube on the sound and force it another bit deeper, agonizingly slow. Defeated, Barb lows in helpless animal pain.

Now that she's too tired to fight much, I open my jeans and free my cock. I stroke it with one hand and handle the sound with the other. Soon it's in her bladder, since her urethra is not that long. But she's gonna get all twelve inches. One bump at a time, I push in the silicone length.

Sometimes Barb gathers the energy to lift and jerk. When she comes down, I just push the sound back in and go deeper.

Six inches in. It's coiling up in her bladder.

Eight inches. Ten. Barb's eyes are rolling. Her mouth hangs open, emitting hoarse screams, exhausted and agonized. She's being violated in ways she never imagined.

I stroke my cock faster, feeling orgasm build beneath my own bladder. She's stuffed full of pain and I'm filling up with ecstasy. But I have to hold off until...

At last, it's all the way in. The fingerloop at the end of the sound stops its passage. Just because I can, I fuck the sound in and out a bit, tormenting her urethra with the textured bumps. Sensation makes her flex. Barb's cunt clenches. Her clit jumps. The dildo fucks her colon with every involuntary twitch.

Overwhelmed, I cum like a freight train. My whole body locks up so hard that it hurts. Yelling shamelessly, I fuck my fist through the shocks of orgasm, stripping out every wave of

joy.

As hard as I'm cumming, Barb *isn't*. As good as I feel, she's in pain.

Panting and grunting with residual pleasure, I bury my face in Barb's cunt again. I nuzzle and lap at her clit. It's another cruel tease. Just because I'm satisfied enough to want it.

Pulling the sound out causes Barb almost as much pain as forcing it in. She whines the whole way through. When the last bump pops out, she pisses a little, her bladder dribbling urine from the force that she was pushing on the sound.

"Filthy slut," I say, not without affection. I'm too post-coital to make her hurt for that. Anyway, I keep her hydrated enough that her piss is mostly water.

"Pleeeease," Barb sobs, sagging from her suspended wrists. "Please, no more..."

"You take it so pretty," I tell her, standing up to cup her tits and kiss her nipples. She's smooth and soft and luscious. "I'm never gonna stop as long as you look so good when you cry."

As slow as I please, I winch Barb back up off the dildo. At last it slides from the final bend of her colon, leaving her with a final wheeze. All that pain, and it didn't stretch her out wider than a finger. Her poor abused rectum is still nearly as tight as the day I got her.

I'm gonna fuck it soon, though. Soon.

Tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to everyone who requested naughty things. *blows kiss*

Dripping

Chapter Summary

Content: vaginal, anal, strangulation, forced orgasm

Barb's clit stands erect, rock hard and red even before the day's begun. The sensitive nub of it pokes out between her labia above her glistening snatch. She's asleep on the floor, still, lying on her back with her legs still locked into a wide spreader bar, revealing the soft, slick pussy that I waxed last night. Ten long hours after the hot wax and pain, the pinkness and swelling of it can only be from arousal.

I press my shoe against her mound, grinding down on her hard clit. "Morning, babe."

Barb's eyes shoot open. Squealing, she scrabbles back across the tiled floor with her knees pressed to shield her poor, aching clit. She doesn't protest, though, just cowers. As if that'll save her.

In spite of her pleading eyes, I chuckle and winch her up by the chain.

With the pull on her chained wrists, I make her stand on the metal grate in the middle of the room. She winces and minces on the grate that bites into her bare feet.

I'm fixated by the trickle of wetness that runs down her thigh. Her cunt is literally dripping.

I run my finger up Barb's inner thigh, all the way up the trail to her pussy. Her bare labia are swollen, flushed, and soaking wet from how much she's leaked in her sleep. I stroke two fingers delicately through her engorged folds and they flutter around me. Her hips jerk uncontrollably.

Wracked by abject humiliation, Barb squeezes her eyes and shakes with a suppressed sob.

"Gonna make you cum, sweetheart," I whisper like a lover.

Gonna rape it right out of you.

I suck the pussy juice off my fingers and fetch the enema hose.

A syringe of lube makes her rectum just a slick as her pussy, and the enema nozzle pierces in. When I twist the base, the pear of anguish blooms open inside. I stretch her wider than before: four turns, then five. Six.

Despite herself, Barb lets out a high whine of desperation when the bulbous nozzle doesn't stop expanding.

Seven turns. *Eight*—

“*Stop!*”

That’ll do. A five-inch circumference knot lodged just inside her ass stretches Barb almost to capacity. Certainly to the point of suffering, of whimpering from the sudden shooting pain. The swell of the pear makes her hole bulge out, now stretched from a furled pink flower to a tight, shiny ring.

My cock throbs. I’m going to *wreck* her.

But I only open the water tap a little. The enema trickles in, filling her rectum slowly, slowly. A twinge, an early cramp—and I stop the tap. There’s barely half a litre in her bowels. Though it might fill her rectum, it’s not the gut-reaming I usually give. I want her ass drained completely.

Ignoring Barb’s confusion, I go crouch between her legs and pull out the tube of medicated cream. Gentle still, I squeeze a dollop on the head of her clit and rub it in with a single fingertip. My touch is light, barely even a tease, skating around her hard nub and between her wet lips. Still Barb shudders, hips trembling with the urge to grind.

I’m impressed that she restrains herself. Disappointed, too, that I don’t have to slap her on the clit.

I release the nozzle plug and let Barb empty. Humming, just as gentle, I fill her rectum with more lube and finger her a little, enjoying that hot slick channel. I kiss the back of her neck, running my other hand over her breasts and tweaking her nipples.

Barb stands stiff against me, clearly unnerved. I can hear her breath hitch.

“Good girl.” I suck her earlobe just the right way to make her spine arch. “I think you deserve something nice.”

Before I let her down from the pulley, I slip a bag over her head. Panicked by the dark cloth, Barb blurts, “Wait, please—”

“Shh sh.” I put my hand to her mouth through the bag. “You were being so good.”

I cinch the bag’s rope drawstring snugly around her throat. No tighter. Barb shivers.

I free her ankles from the spreader bar. Then I lower the winch and unhook her wrist cuffs from the chain. She can’t see me holding the key to her cuffs. With Barb blind and disoriented, it’s easy to spin her around and swiftly re-cuff her hands behind her back before she even processes that she was unlocked for a moment.

When she gets it, she groans. A spasm of suppressed action—missed opportunity—passes through her.

She doesn’t fight.

Shivery and uncertain, Barb lets me lead her by the rope around her neck. I'm prepared for an outburst at any moment, but really, I hope she doesn't.

Through the bag, she senses:

A jingle of keys. A door unlocking. A squeaking hinge.

Steps forward. The floor still concrete beneath her bare feet.

(Other sounds? The outside world? Anybody? No.)

Then another key, another door.

Soft carpet. It makes her flinch.

The new door shuts.

I had hoped she wouldn't fight, but I can't believe she didn't. The dumb bitch. She still thinks that if she cooperates, I won't torment her anymore.

"Here we are," I say, patting her ass. She jolts a step away. "Come here, darling."

In a very small voice, she asks, "Where are we?"

I tug the rope, pulling it slightly tighter around her throat. "Somewhere nice. Isn't this nice?"

"...Yes," she lies. Then: "Please. Jack. Please, wait—listen—"

Rolling my eyes, I yank the rope. Barb utters *urk!* as she's snapped forward by the throat. I grab her waist and toss her onto the bed, and land on top of her struggling limbs with all my weight, as heavy and careless as I please.

"Here," I say, over Barb's wheezing, arranging myself to hold her down with my weight. My knee grinds into her crotch too hard to pleasure. I suck her neck, my teeth too sharp, and pinch her nipple. "This is nicer. Isn't it."

Barb rolls her head away from my mouth. She whimpers, "Yes."

It *is* the nicer of my two basement rooms, not that she knows it. Meant for play rather than torture. There's a hook on the ceiling, a few restraints on the walls, a shelf full of toys, and no windows. There's also carpet and a bed— soft mattress, no blankets to rumple— which is luxury far beyond what she's had.

"Jack, *please*."

"Mm." I grind on top of Barb, basking in the familiarity of her body beneath mine. She's as hot as she always was, tight and toned to sexual perfection. A little sharper in the hip bones, maybe, after living off liquid nutrition for over two weeks. Certainly more desperate than she ever was before.

The terrified tremor in her voice is new. Better than perfect.

“*Jack.*”

“Barb. Honey.” I cup her breasts and suck her nipples, rolling each hard bud and sucking ‘til it pops free of my lips.

“What do you *want?*”

“Gonna make you cum,” I promise, low and rough.

Beneath the bag, she gives a stifled choke. Her tits shudder with a silent sob.

My cock throbs hard inside my jeans. Buzzing, I kneel up to unzip. Barb lies there even when I step off the bed, stand up to undress. I toss everything aside, watching Barb hungrily: the heave of her chest, the fretful curl of her toes, the way her legs shake even as she lies there without closing them. Not daring to move.

I slide a finger into her pussy and stroke up between her lips to her clit. Barb’s hips snap like I yanked her with a hook.

“Good girl.”

I flip her over without much fuss, though Barb grunts. She squirms up the bed, stopped only by my grip on the bag’s drawstring rope. With the rope wrapped around one fist, I rein her in like a horse, keeping her hips at the edge of the high mattress.

“Good bitch.” I slide my finger into her pussy again, then crowd up against her bent ass.

“*Jack. Don’t.*”

I bite her shoulder in warning. Almost purring, I rub the head of my cock against her swollen pussy. It drools. “You’re so wet. You always were a perfect slut.”

“Nooo.”

Her labia squish around the head of my monster cock. It’s still as thick as her wrist, fatter than any cock she ever let near her tight little snatch before. Hard as hot steel, too, with how long I’ve been waiting.

Pinned against the bed, Barb has nowhere to go when I pierce her pussy with my cock. She screams rawly at the stretch, the pain. The despair. I lean back to look, to admire the sight of her impaled on my dick with just the head in, wedged tight in that dripping hole.

I press forward, real slow, stretching out every inch of that tight little cunt. Barb’s scream ratchets higher as I force it on in.

Unable to bear the pain, Barb tries frantically to squirm away across the bed. I shove her down between the shoulders and jerk my hips to punish her with a stabbing inch. She shrieks.

“You want it rough?” I demand, jerking the rope. “You want me to make it hurt?”

“No!” she cries. “No, I don’t, Jack, please don’t—”

“Then hold *still*.” I thrust again. “Show me you’re a good bitch.”

Behind her back, her fingers scrabble together, unable to reach the rope that she clearly wants to take. Then she subsides, turning her face to muffle a sob in the mattress.

“That’s it,” I say, withdrawing to push in slow again. This time my cock is slick, dripping with her juice. “Like that. Take it just like that.”

It can’t hurt any less to be impaled in gradual, rocking thrusts. Her pussy still stretches, split wide around my girth. In fact, I’d think it would hurt worse to have the fucking drawn out, the penetration repeated and the end result slowed. I personally never enjoyed getting stretched like that. But if that’s what Barb wants, I’m happy to make her suffering last.

I hit the end of Barb’s vaginal canal before I run out of cock. Even though she’s as aroused as she’s ever been, it’s only six inches deep. Her hips hitch up at the jolt of pain when I hit her cervix. I jerk the rope in response.

“Take it all,” I purr, maliciously pleased. I pin her down with my weight before driving in hard, ramming my cock in as deep as it goes and punching her guts in.

Barb wails in pain until I pull on the rope and choke her voice to a gurgling gasp. Then all she has left is to writhe and kick. She’s too trapped to do anything but jolt on my cock, tiny jerks of her cunt clenching tight as a vise.

“Just like that,” I growl, rolling my hips in and out. “What a good little cunt. What a perfect — slutty— tight little bitch.”

“*Eease*,” she croaks.

“You want to breathe?”

“—es!”

“You will when I say. Don’t fight me, Barb. Don’t fight. You hear?”

She wheezes when I loosen the cinch. Her first full breath gets jolts out again by my cock driving deep. It hurts like a stab, by the noise that she makes. But she takes it.

As a reward, I ease off my weight. I nuzzle her throat, moving my hands to cup her breasts underneath. And I fuck a little slower, my thrusts not so deep.

“Fuck. You’re so good.”

Beneath me, Barb sobs. But she can’t deny that it’s no longer so bad. It still hurts, obviously; my cock is too big for her tight little slit. But I’ve stretched her out as much as I can, and now it’s just friction, rhythmic and slow. And her pussy is dripping. And hungry. And hot.

Her body wants so badly to cum. If I kept on like this, she'd get there, just with just the slap of my balls on the underside of her clit. Just with a cock rubbing her deep, painful but *there*.

"So good, babe," I murmur, lulling her down. "You were always so good. So pretty. So hot."

"Jack, please."

"Yeah. Honey. *Oh.*" I straighten up, reaching my free hand down to trace around my cock. I rub through her swollen folds, graze her clit. "You gonna cum for me, Barb?"

She clenches up. "Yeah," she says at last, like it's wrenched from down deep. "Jack. I'm."

I speed up a bit, like I can't restrain myself. She whimpers and squirms.

"It hurts," she sobs, "but. Jack. It's good. I'm gonna... You're..."

My heart leaps. It's a lie, a *pretense*, but she's giving it up. Pretending I've won her over. Meanwhile I'm pretending I give a fuck what she *wants*, but I've made her say the words. Act like she wants it, like rape could really turn to sex. Like she *wants* me to keep on forcing an orgasm out of her traitor clit.

"Ask me, baby," I rasp, fucking her faster. Quick strokes, shallow, balls slapping her clit. "You want me to make you cum? Barb, sweetie, please. You wanna cum?"

"Yes," she grits, fists clenched tight. "Please. Jack. Oh. It's good. It's—" She sobs—"it's so —"

In the rhythm of my thrusting, before she can peak, I draw all the way out of her pussy and ram my cock deep into her ass.

She's still lubed from the enema. I slam right through her sphincter, splitting her wide open five inches deep. Barb screams like it was a red-hot poker up the ass, every limb kicking hard.

"STOP! IT HURTS!"

Exultant at last, I fuck as hard and fast as possible. Barb keeps on screaming, thrashing like a crazed animal. I bear down hard and haul on rope around her throat to maintain control while she bucks and writhes. Even strangling, she fights, unable to *not*, driven out of her mind by the agony of a monster cock hammering into her unprepared ass. The tendons in her neck bulge against the edge of the bag.

"STOP! STOP!"

"So— fucking—" Unable to concentrate, I just wind the rope tighter around my fist, choking up on it until I'm pulling hard right against her neck. Barb gurgles wetly, her scream strangled off.

I keep on pounding, deeper and deeper into her tight clenching ass. She gets an inch to gasp when she bounces back between thrusts, and then I slam her forward again, fucking and

choking at the same time. All her noise is incoherent, broken, and hot as *hell*.

“You still wanna cum, babe?” I taunt, grinding it in. Every thrust squelches, both her ass and her cunt leaking. Her asshole is *heaven*, both because it’s tight and it’s torture. Stretched out flat beneath me now, choked to airless silence, Barb strains every muscle so hard she spasms.

I let the rope looser. When Barb gets her breath, her tormented noise comes back. She’s bawling now. But with her wrists behind her back and a rope around her throat, all she can do is take it up the ass and scream as her rectum is pounded open.

God, her ass. Her tight little ass that she never let me fuck. No sodomy for this snotty little bitch, no. She did let somebody have it, though. I bet she wish she’d taken a few more cocks before now— enough to stretch her out a bit before she got my cock rammed up her shitter—

My balls draw up hard, the orgasm sudden and unexpected. Yelling even louder than Barb’s frantic noise, I cum deep in her ass. Her rectum squeezes around my cock, milking every shuddery wave of ecstasy.

“*Stop*,” she gurgles, nearly unintelligible. I feel her guts strain around me, trying to expel the brutal, rock-hard girth.

Gasping, I let her push me out. My cock slides slowly out of Barb’s ass, inch by inch squeezing out of that cruelly stretched hole. At last the head pops out with a final stretch. Barb groans. Her asshole clutches spastically, twitching open and shut in obvious pain, the tissue slick and raw and red, drooling lube.

My cock is still hard. Despite the orgasm, I’m far too aroused to stop. It’s gut deep, bone deep, the arousal of years, the burning desire to hurt more and more and more. To take her apart piece by piece, hole by hole, until she’s trembling and gaping and wrecked. For good.

“Let’s go again,” I say. I grab Barb’s knee and flip her over.

She gives a splitting wail of despair, which subsides into exhausted sobbing almost immediately. I crawl onto the bed on top of her. She tries to kick, tries to knee me off, but I’m between her legs and bearing down, ignoring her heels on my back.

I get her nipple between my teeth and bite. Suck. My left hand, still, holds the rope around her neck, preventing her from sitting up or headbutting.

Right-handed, I guide my still-hard cock to Barb’s pussy. With a grunt and a shove, I thrust in once again. She arches and howls. Her miserable squirming does nothing to prevent me from driving in deep and steadily, rhythmically, to rape her cunt again.

“Always so good,” I murmur, between sucking hickeys on her throat. “Such a good little bitch. Hot. Wet. *Tight*.”

“Stop!” she sobs, jolted by the thrust.

“Yes,” I hiss. “Just like that.”

“You’re hurting mee,” she bawls. Her thighs tremble around my waist, trying to clench and push me off. I thrust harder against them.

“Yeah, tell me to stop. Beg me to stop, honey, tell me it hurts.”

“*Don’t*,” she begs, through audible snot. “No more. Please. Stop. *Stop*. Stop it, stop it, stopppp...”

I don’t even think she heard me egging her on. There’s nothing for her but the pain and my cock, pistonning in and out, fucking her out of her mind.

“Nah,” I whisper, right in her ear. “I promised I’d make you cum for me, babe.”

Because I’ve been torturing Barb’s clit for weeks, now, denying relief again and again. And rubbing in the cream every chance that I get. She gets hard in her sleep and leaks like a tap. No matter how hard she just got fucked up the ass, her pussy still needs what it needs. And I can feel it quivering and clenching for more.

I press down hard, as deep in as I can. My groin grinds against her throbbing clit, hard friction between us. Barb stutters and chokes through short circuit, brief and electric.

Despite my cock stabbing against her cervix, her clit is on fire. Spurred, I keep grinding, rolling my hips. My cock rubs in and out of her channel just a little, constant friction, while I keep up the unrelenting pressure on her clit. I can feel pleasure pop and spark through Barb by the way her breath jolts.

“No,” she chokes out, stirred to new panic. “Oh my god. No. Stop it. *Don’t*—”

Her hips jerk up hard, thrusting against me. I laugh and keep going, urging her on. Stoking her higher. It’s like I’ve got a leash on her clit just the same as the rope around her neck. Willing or not, she can be dragged around by both.

Her pussy spasms hard in a way I remember: the oncoming clutch of an orgasm from deep down. Not surface level, not quick, but hard and huge and long-awaited. Feeling it too—the twisting in her core—Barb writhes to get away. It’s not even hard to hold her shoulders down and make her stay, still impaled.

Underneath the bag, she utters desperate noise. She’s choking back words, trying to maintain control. I fuck, and I fuck, and her legs kick the air. Sensation shoots through her, hard and bright, too intense to even be good.

“—STOP,” Barb bursts out, ragged and high. Her whole body trembles, clutched at the core. “*Don’t—please—please, n—*”

Grinding into her cervix and clit, I fuck her over the edge of orgasm. It’s as rough and as hard as I can possibly be.

Barb lets out a scream, convulsing immediately when the pleasure breaks through. She writhes like a snake, struggling to break free, get away, make it stop. It’s not even about not

orgasming during rape, she's just cumming so hard that it *hurts*, every inch, every second, unbearable electricity—

—and I keep going hard, fucking her brains out. Now that she's cumming, she can't stop, popping off another wave of ecstasy every time I hit her swollen clit. Her hips jerk and twitch in spastic shock, and her pussy gushes spurts of juice.

Through the noise of Barb screaming and begging for it to stop, I hold her down and fuck her like a jackhammer. I'm just as hard as her throbbing clit, and just as desperate to cum again—and again, and again, and again. I broke her, she's begging, it's *perfection*.

Desperate for depth, I hook her under the knees and shove her legs up so I can pound her cunt from above. Barb shrills even louder. Her G-spot, probably—not that I care—not with her pussy dripping and tight, squeezing my cock, her screaming in pain—*fuck*—

I hold her crammed onto my cock like a fuckdoll as I empty myself into her—not just metaphorically but *literally*, squirting just like Barb except that it shoots through my cock. Gush after gush of squirt. Filling her up with cum.

Now that I've stopped thrusting, Barb lies limply and weeps, unmoving except for the quake of her legs. And the clench of her pussy, still throbbing with aftershocks.

Like mine is, behind my balls. Everything in me is wrung out from pleasure and blissfully slack.

I've orgasmed so hard that I came with my cock and my cunt at the same time before. But only once. And not without something inside me, stretching the hole that I rarely get fucked.

When the aftershocks have passed, I withdraw slowly. The sight of Barb's tiny slit stretched painfully around my cock never gets old. When the head of my cock pops out, my cum drips everywhere. She's a drooling, swollen mess.

There's so much squirt, she might even have pissed herself in the throes of overstimulated torment, losing control as she spasmed and strained. Or maybe I fucked it out of her: hammered her G-spot and her bladder until she couldn't hold back.

If she knows, Barb certainly isn't saying. She just sobs without words, high and hysterical. I toss her legs to the side and she curls up, legs clamped shut on her brutalized holes.

My cock still stands at half mast and I'm still fucking *hungry* for it.

I'll be ready to go again in fifteen minutes. After years of waiting for this, I want to stuff that ass full of cock a lot more before I'm satisfied.

Throat Training

Chapter Summary

Content: enema, stomach inflation, piss-holding, wooden horse, deepthroating, vomiting, orgasm denial.

After I got through with her ass, Barb's asshole was ruined for the next week. By the last time I raped her in the other room—a long, leisurely fuck that took forever to culminate in my fifth orgasm—her hole was so brutalized that I had to tie her down to control her agonized struggling for escape. She screamed herself voiceless for the next three days, too.

Of course I could have fucked her ass in the following days if I wanted to. I'd rather give her a chance to heal and tighten up again. Ruining her is more fun if it takes a long time.

So I've stuck to using her throat for the last little while. Her enemas have been small and even gentle, with lots of lubrication and warm medicated water to soothe her sore, swollen rectum. And after giving her those couple of forced orgasms, I'm back to ignoring her pussy. I'd still like to see just how much I can torture and deny her with anal-only stimulation.

What I've realized in the past week is that Barb's oral skills suck. As much as I enjoy making her puke on my cock—and god, I *do*—I also want to be able to fuck her throat.

I notice, as I ease the slippery enema nozzle into Barb's quivering anus, that there's a slight bulge to her lower stomach. When I rub a hand over it, I find her bladder firm and full. The pressure makes her squirm. She didn't get a chance to piss before I came in today.

Perfect timing for my next idea. She'll need all the encouragement I can give her.

"Tell me when to stop," I say, and kiss Barb's ear before stepping away to the tap on the wall.

Predictably, she yelps, "Stop!" almost before the water has started flowing into her rectum.

I click my tongue and leave the water running. "Nice try. If you're going to try to cheat, though, we won't play that game. I'll give you a big one today, I think."

Barb looks devastated. "No! Please, I—I'm sorry, please don't. I'll wait!"

"Too late. Cheaters get filled up deep."

The slow-flowing enema fills her gradually, giving her more time than usual to feel the water bloating her rectum. Groaning, Barb sucks her abdomen in and squeezes—an action that I know is her using internal pressure to open the passage to her colon and force the fluid deeper into her intestines, relieving the pressure in her rectum. I'm delighted to see her succumb to

the inevitable rather than fighting it. Another bit of resistance eroded away. But even if she capitulates, she'll still suffer.

"Please stop," she croaks, just in case begging works.

I sigh and grope my cock through my jeans as it firms. Barb's mouth trembles with misery.

She whimpers and dances on her toes as the enema fills her, as if any movement could let her escape from the plug directly up her ass. Several days ago she did step on the hose and pull the nozzle out, which was possible because I hadn't inflated the plug as much as usual in order not to stretch her healing anus. I whipped her ass and thighs until the stripes were purple. Since then she's been submissive once again to the lesser torment of an enema.

"*Please,*" Barb begs, when there are two litres inside her. Even a slow fill is making her guts cramp. Her abdomen clenches as her bowels attempt to move, stopped only by Barb fighting her own instinct to push painfully against the plug. "Please stop. Pleeease..."

I give her another half litre because her squirming on her chain is so erotic. By then her guts are so inflated that her belly bulges. I shut off the tap, and Barb holds desperately onto her wrist chain for support with her legs crossed and shaking from the struggle to hold her bowels.

I disconnect the hose and spread the pear of anguish a notch wider. Squealing, Barb jerks away.

She can't run anywhere, of course. Even less so when I crank the winch up, lifting Barb off her feet. She cries out in pain and writhes in midair like a worm on a hook, toes straining for purchase on the floor—several inches away, which might as well be miles beyond her reach.

"You want down?"

"Yes! Yes, put me down, please put me down. I'll suck you off, I'll try, I'll..."

I laugh and roll the wooden A-frame between her legs. "Oh, good girl. We *are* going to work on your sucking today. Here, sit down—sit..."

With the wheels locked, I go back to the winch and lower her, tense with expectant delight. Barb's thighs had been squeezing the A-frame's rail for support. Then she comes down and the relief on her face transforms into agony and an ear-splitting shriek. She tightens her thighs again, trying to lift off the rail: not a flat wooden beam, but a sharp-angled sheet of copper laid on top of the wooden rail. Although it's nowhere near sharp enough to cut, it certainly feels like it's splitting her between the legs.

Barb screams and her toes kick uselessly in the air. By flexing her arms she manages to lift her tender cunt off the sharp rail, relieving the agony. Then I lower the chain another few inches and she loses that leverage. Her chain goes slack, putting her full weight back onto the metal rail. Even when Barb pulls up hard, she can only get a little relief before her arms give out and she's forced to sit again, howling.

The Spanish tortured people on such a device, calling it a wooden horse or donkey. It's a magnificently simple torment: just wood and gravity, and the added humiliation of having one's legs spread and genitals tortured. Barb has experienced the flat-edged crotch rail before, which was blunt pressure enough to be painful. But my metal horse is a more savage beast.

She rides beautifully, wailing and writhing on the cruel apex. With some squirming, she manages to position the base of her anal plug on top of the rail and sit back on it, pressing the plug deep into her inflated bowels in exchange for relieving weight from her clit. Still she trembles and cries in pain.

“—it hurts, it hurts, please stop, please let me down, it hurts too much, please—”

Quickly, I set up the other piece of equipment: a wooden post secured to the front of the A-frame in front of Barb. She protests even harder as the bolts are tightened, though I doubt she realizes what the glass tank on top of the post is for. She just knows the torment is about to get worse.

“*Please, Jack, don't, it hurts, I can't take it, I CAN'T! STOP—!!*”

Seeing me coming with a leather collar in my hands, Barb frantically lifts herself up, getting her pussy two inches off the horse and her neck that much farther from my reach. It's not enough to stop me from cinching the collar around her neck and using it to pull her down hard onto the sharp metal rail.

“AUUUGHHHH!”

My cock throbs so hard that it hurts. This is going to be so good that I don't even care I can't fuck her during it.

“Look, Barb,” I say, smacking her in the face with the toy I brought over, “it's your favourite. The anal probe.”

The one I impaled her on. Twelve inches long but quite slender, made of flexible silicone with gentle bumps all the way down its length to mark every inch. It's also meant to be a deep enema wand and has a screw-in base and a hole down the centre. I'll use it a little differently today.

“No, please no...”

“Not in your ass,” I smile, and screw the dildo into the connector on the post. The obscenely long toy waggles at Barb from face-level.

She clenches her teeth, hissing for breath between them.

Smiling at her willfulness, I reach down and mash her clit against the metal rail. At the spike of pure agony, Barb shrieks uncontrollably. With a sudden pull on her collar, I yank her forward onto the dildo. It hits the back of her throat, her scream transforms into a retch, and I snap a carabiner onto the collar.

Gagging, Barb yanks back from the dildo only to find... she can't. A short rope connects her collar to an eyebolt on the post, holding her in place on the dildo. It's slender enough that her mouth is nowhere near full—I'm even being merciful about this!—but the end of the dildo constantly tickles her throat like a fingertip.

A sob shakes her body, then a gag that makes her jolt on the rail and leak more tears. "Sop," she slurs, begging with overflowing eyes. Her fingers curl and her thighs clench in desperate fretting for escape.

"You can make it stop," I say. "Look here."

Barb goes almost cross-eyed to look at where I tap my finger: a brass button on the post just above the mounted dildo.

"All you have to do is learn to fucking deepthroat, you useless bitch. Get that dildo all the way into your throat and touch the button."

Whatever Barb's response was turns into another gag. Saliva dribbles from her lips.

"Oh!" I say, as if I'd forgotten. "Well..."

And I retrieve three bottles of her liquid meal replacement. Before Barb's disbelieving eyes, I pour them all into the glass tank on top of the post. The tank fills to just over the 2 litre mark.

I press the button in illustration. Barb chokes at the spurt of liquid from the tip of the dildo.

"Touch the button and drink it all. By then you should have learned how to take a fucking cock."

I shrug, my smile malicious. "If not... we can do this again tomorrow."

I fetch my armchair and pull it over into a better position. When I've sprawled down and opened my jeans, taking my cock in hand for a leisurely stroke, I find Barb staring at me with pleading eyes. She tries to gurgle something around the dildo, pulling urgently at the chain overhead.

"Well?" I demand. "You can ride the horse all day if you want to. Ride it until you pass out, I don't care. If you love having your pussy tortured so much, honey, you should have said. I can make it hurt worse."

"Nuh..." she groans, her eyes squeezing shut. Then the weight of her torturous task breaks her final resistance—makes her shudder with a sob—and she leans into the dildo.

Barb is fucking worthless at sucking cock. Even though she knows she has to open up, her throat clenches shut in fear and rejection. The silicone tip prodding her tight throat makes her gag. She dry retches repeatedly around it, trying to fight through her own resistance. The noise is loud and stupid, pure humiliating reflex. All the while she squirms and shakes on the metal horse biting her tender pussy.

The tip pops into Barb's throat. After all her efforts to provoke her own gag reflex, this finally trips it: she vomits immediately. A little burst of thin watery puke spurts down the length of the dildo. Barb yanks back with a wail of misery and a fresh flood of tears.

"Try again, baby," I urge, slowly stroking my dick root to tip.

She does. She has no choice.

This time she pushes hard in frustration, forcing the dildo in abruptly. The force of her heave makes her body jolt, but she pushes through it, keeping the dildo in. She gets three inches down on it— still five inches away from the button— when she vomits again, her gag reflex triggered by the stimulating bumps on the dildo's shaft popping down one after another.

Barb pulls her head off the dildo with a wet choke, inadvertently rocking back on the metal horse and cutting into her soft anus beside the buttplug. Agony and miserable frustration set off a riot of thrashing and fighting, a maddened resistance against her torture. Saliva and vomit spit from Barb's mouth as she screams incoherent rage around the dildo and shakes the chain overhead, rattling the winch, rising off the horse.

Her arms give out and she comes down again, sitting harder than ever on the brutal edge. It makes her wail even louder.

My toes curl at the sight of Barb's pain. I have to stop myself from jerking off faster, ending it too soon. "Suck the dick, you useless slut!"

Blubbing uncontrollably, Barb forces her head down on the dildo. Between her crying and gagging, she does little except drool and choke spastically for a while, doing nothing to get her any closer to escape from squirming misery on the horse.

At last, she gets a few inches down on the dildo and vomits again. This time she's finally able to push through the retching and force the dildo deeper down her throat even as the puke spurts up around it. Puke spatters from her open lips as Barb pushes her head farther and farther down, eyes watering from the strain, body spasming every time another bump on the dildo's shaft pops down her throat.

Her nose touches the brass button. The mechanical valve opens, releasing the flow of meal replacement through the long dildo and straight down her stuffed throat.

Barb can barely hold the position for two seconds before she has to pull back, coughing violently. Drool sprays everywhere— probably most of the liquid she just drank, too. Her face is red and tear-stained.

"There you go," I sigh, stroking myself. "Just like that. God, you're so hot when you puke. Just completely unable to control yourself. Pure reflex. Choking and suffocating just because I want you to."

Eyes clenched, Barb whimpers something around the dildo. Drool runs down her tits.

"If you keep puking it up, though, I'll add more to the tank and we'll keep going. Learn how to swallow it or you'll be up there all day."

Hiccupping, Barb forces her head down on the dildo again. She gives a loud *huurgh* as it squeezes in, her eyes popping with the force of the heave, but she manages to keep it down and go deeper. And deeper.

It takes her another three tries to get all the way down to the base. The bumps along the length of the probe are the problem, since they stimulate her throat like a penetrating cockhead with every inch. By the time she finally presses the button, she's slick with drool and snot all down her chin, her tits, her stomach.

Her stomach that stretches fuller and fuller with every second the dildo pumps liquid down her throat.

She drinks until her gag reflex overpowers her, forcing her to disgorge the length of the dildo. Thick drool drips down onto her pussy lips and swollen clit, cruelly split by the sharp metal rail.

Little by little, Barb drains the tank. She gets down a litre before she starts to groan with new pain. Between her filling stomach and the enema still inside, her belly is visibly bulging. And her bladder is a rock hard curve on her lower stomach.

She pauses for breath, wheezing around the shaft of the dildo. Her thighs tremble with the effort of clenching on the horse, the inevitable pain.

"Good bitch. Take it again."

"Nuh..."

"Getting full, huh? Filled right the fuck up, every single hole."

"Peassss..."

"Take it, Barb. Gonna fill you 'til you burst. Fill you and plug you up and make you hold it. You want to sit on that horse all day? Choke it down again."

Slowly, leaking tears, Barb slides farther down the dildo. Inch after inch disappears into her throat, now abused enough that it takes the violation with only a little choking. Eight inches — ten — it's deep in her chest now, pushing through her esophagus —

The last bump pops down her throat and her nose clicks the button. Suffocating and choking around the length, Barb struggles to hold herself down despite every screaming instinct and the increasing pain of her stomach being inflated. Her body twitches spastically.

I jerk my cock faster, groaning. God, that's going to be my cock embedded down her throat, getting squeezed and sucked as I block her air. I'm going to be able to skullfuck her completely.

Barb comes off the dildo with a loud retch and a dribble of unswallowed liquid. She tries to go back down, gags hard, and slumps. Her swollen belly clenches with an involuntary heave. Exhausted, she starts crying again.

“Suck the cock, Barb. You were just getting good at it.”

“I canth,” she sobs, squirming on the horse. “Pease, sop. I canth. I’m gonna puke.”

“Fucking puke, then! Puke it all up around that big mean dildo, just put it down your fucking *throat*.”

Sobbing, she clenches her thighs together hard, riding higher for a moment before her legs give out. “Pease...”

“If you piss, I will collect it all and pour it down that dildo and make your drink it,” I snarl. “You want off that horse? You wanna be done so you can let it out? Put the cock down your throat and finish up.”

Eyes squeezed shut, she leans forward cringing onto the dildo. It prods the back of her clenched throat. She pushes, trying to force it down, still sobbing—and vomits. It’s a miserable little heave, a dribble of release from the nausea of her overstuffed stomach. It makes her cry harder.

I gasp and rub my cock faster. “Stuff it down your skull, you useless slut, or I’ll do it for you!”

She gives a gurgling wail around the dildo and tries again, choking down its bumpy length.

“That’s right, take it, take it all, fuck your face on it—just like that—”

Barb hits the button. The moment the liquid hits her bloated stomach, it comes back up in a milky dribble through her nostrils. She retches around the dildo still embedded in her throat but holds herself down, forcibly inflated further even as she vomits again. Snot and liquid leaks down her face. Her swollen cunt bounces on the sharp metal rail as she struggles for balance. Her eyes roll back in her skull.

The appalling noise of Barb retching repeatedly around the dildo is what does it for me. No dignity, no control, just gurgling animal noise and her body heaving involuntarily on the horse as she gets stuffed to the brim, filled air-tight, her stomach and bowels and bladder ready to burst but unable to release until I’m done making her suffer.

I cum hard, fixated on the last two inches of dildo sliding in and out of her mouth as Barb jerks back and forth in a struggle to choke down the last of the tank’s liquid. She’s drooling uncontrollably, leaking snot and tears, heaving constantly around the dildo.

Finally the desperate need for air makes her slide back off the dildo, disgorging it like a slick tentacle. From the slack slump of her body, the way she hangs limply on the horse’s sharp edge, she’s too worn out to do anything but quiver in pain and exhaustion.

“Almost done,” I say, tucking my cock away and getting up. There’s about half a litre left in the tank.

I put my hand tenderly on the back of Barb’s head and slowly push her head down.

She has just enough strength left to resist but not enough to stop me from forcing her onto the dildo. Inch after inch bumps down her clutching throat. Her eyes pop and her tongue strains out with the force of her gag reflex attempting to reject the intrusion. Her legs kick frantically.

I force her skull down to the button and hold it there.

The last half litre of liquid pumps into her stomach with agonizing slowness. Barb makes noise like she’s dying, gurgling snot and retching: *“Hurgh-- hurrggh! Hng-!”* Puke spatters out around the obstruction in her throat.

The tank is empty. I let her go.

Barb hangs limply and cries as I unhook her from the dildo, remove the post, and lower the A-frame.

With the metal rail moved away, the lurid red puffiness of her pussy becomes evident. Her labia are swollen to twice their size—and dripping wet, as ever, though that has nothing to do with the abuse and pain.

Hanging from her wrists, Barb squeezes her thighs together and squirms. Her whole body is clenched tight from the pain of being bloated so full. “I have to pee,” she sobs. “Please let me pee, please let me down, please, please.”

“Hold it,” I tell her, unscrewing the tube of cream. “Don’t you dare.” I squeeze some onto my fingers and reach around her, between her legs. My fingers slide over the mess of her pussy, hot and swollen and slippery.

Barb wails in desperation, in agony. She jerks against me, quivering from the strain of every passing second.

“Hold it,” I order, stroking the cream onto her clit. Even in this situation it hardens at my touch. “Hold it in. If you leak a fucking drop, I’ll pump you even fuller and plug up every hole in your body and leave you to hang. Don’t you dare.”

“*PLEASE—*”

“*Hold it in, you useless slut.*” I slide my fingers into her cunt and finger it mercilessly. “I’ll stuff your ass with a dildo the size of my arm and whip your pussy until you pass out. I’ll hook you up to a machine to fuck your throat while I’m not even here and leave you choking and puking on that all day. You want that? Huh? Keep holding it. Hold it until I’m done with you.”

Driven out of her mind with need, Barb twitches and spasms, her thighs clamped around my fingers in her cunt. Her clit grinds into my palm. Her bladder stands out as a rock hard bulge

against my wrist. She grunts incoherently all the while, teeth clenched so hard her jaw strains.

I pull my hand away before she pisses or orgasms, or both. “There, bitch. Now.”

From the pornographic groan Barb makes as she lets her bladder go, the way her toes curl and tremble, she might be cumming from the ecstasy of release. I pull her anal plug out and she gets even louder, forcing the enema out of her bloated guts in desperate pushes. Even so, her stomach remains distended and full.

When it’s over, I slip my hand between her legs again and stroke her abused pussy. Barb squirms in both agony and pleasure, inadvertently grinding on my hand. I slide my fingers over her slippery labia and clit, which is still hard and throbbing with denied need.

“There, babe. That’s how you deepthroat. Good girl. Now we’ll try this again tomorrow and see how you do then.”

Analizing

Chapter Summary

Content: anal, impalement, fucking machine, forced anal-only orgasm, overstimulation

Chapter Notes

Hot-off-the-presses update because I'm horny for reviews 😊😊😊

Also, I tried something new with the scream-dialogue. Let me know if it's silly.

It takes four days of riding the horse before Barb can deepthroat all twelve inches of the anal probe on command. Yesterday she swallowed the probe down with desperate urgency and drank all three litres of liquid in the tank in less than half an hour—literally as fast as her stomach could stand to be inflated.

I hadn't nearly finished jacking off, so I left her writhing on the horse for another hour, her belly engorged and her pussy split by the sharp rail. I finally finished and let her down when she started to swoon and vomit, unable to take the blinding agony any longer.

The narrow, flexible probe is nothing like my cock. But she still deserves a reward.

"Look at that," I murmur, stroking Barb's tiny pink asshole. I've got her bent over the table today, her ankles manacled wide apart to the table legs. "All tight and pretty again. You'd never know how hard I split this hole open, huh?"

"*Guhh.*" She moans through the ring gag. I don't need her input now, just her noise.

"How's it feel, sweetheart? Here it comes. I know this one's your favourite."

I've got the long anal probe attached to the enema hose. Teasing, I smear lube around her hole and slip the probe in slowly, smooth and slick and gentle. Barb groans and arcs her lower back at the sensation of bumps squeezing past her anus and sliding into her rectum.

"Tell you what, Barb. This one's a treat. I won't stretch you out with the pear of anguish. But that means you have to hold it in." I pinch her labia hard, making her squeal. "You leak and I'll fill you so full it comes up your throat."

She gurgles something—agreement, I hope, since I have plans to be nice today. When I turn the tap, her asshole squeezes tight around the anal probe.

As the enema steadily fills her, I rock the probe back and forth, ignoring Barb's panicked protests. Still pouring water into her, the dildo reaches the bend in her colon. I push it deeper, twisting around the bend. Barb clenches and groans loudly.

"Good slut. Yeah, that's nice. That's so nice, fucking your guts, filling you up like this. Feel how deep it's going."

The lubed shaft glides in and out, its bumps stimulating her desperately clenched anus. Its head rubs her inner walls and the still-flowing water floods her intestines, stretching her out. Barb pushes up on her toes, whimpering.

"Eeeeea..." *Please.*

"Aw. Getting desperate? Getting nice and full? You're not even close. Take it all."

I twist my wrist and push the probe hard, popping around both bends of her sigmoid colon at once. She yells and her back arches hard. Merciless, I work the dildo back and forth just an inch, toying with the twist of her guts.

"Hold it in," I whisper in Barb's ear, leaning over her and still moving the probe. Her eyes are rolling. The sensation from her ass must be overwhelming. "Don't you dare let go."

"*Uuuuuhh—*"

"Let's make sure it gets all the way up there."

I force the dildo all the way in, as far as it goes: twelve inches deep in her guts. Barb's slick pink rosette stretches and squeezes around the final larger bulb at the base, retaining it despite the deep ache. The tip must be lodged somewhere in the descending colon, distending the curves of her guts around its shaft.

"Four liters," I say, and turn the tap off. It's only two: a nice small enema, nothing painful. Warm and tingly and pleasant inside, confusing her poor abused ass. I lean over and give a sucking kiss to Barb's earlobe that makes her shudder. "God, you take it like you're made for it. Stuffed so full. How's that feel?"

Her quivering pussy is so wet that my fingers slide right in. "Wet as a bitch," I whisper. "You fucking slut. You like it up the ass."

I ignore her shaking her head. Grinning, I kneel down between her spread legs, beneath the still-connected enema hose. The hose's weight gives a constant slight pull on the anal probe, forcing Barb to keep clenched tight.

In passing, I bite Barb's ass cheek, then her tender inner thighs. Fresh fear of my teeth makes her dread my tongue sliding up to her cunt. But there I only kiss, licking and sucking her wet folds. Barb pushes up on her toes in pleasure, fretful and needy.

“Hold it,” I growl. She whimpers when my tongue thrusts into her slick pussy.

I eat her out for a while, teasing her hole with penetration it can’t grip, then finally get to her clit. It stands erect between her labia, throbbing visibly as her pussy clenches. I lick the back of the shaft and it jumps at the slightest touch. I *breathe* and it makes her squirm.

Just to be cruel, I take her clit between my lips and nurse oh so gently for several minutes, a slight teasing suckle that drives her into frenzied need. Her swollen clit gets even harder and starts to pulse against my tongue with every rhythmic clench of her hungry cunt. Like a tiny cock attempting to fuck my mouth for pleasure I’m refusing to give.

Soon Barb is moaning constantly—attempting to talk behind the gag, I think. Her thighs quiver with the effort of restraint. And all the while her ass clenching has been moving the probe back and forth slightly: barely a quarter of an inch, but enough to rub the bumpy shaft along her anal walls. She’s been fucking her ass silly while I tease her clit.

I stand and stroke Barb’s pretty gold curls back from her flushed face. There’s a puddle of drool beneath her O-ringed mouth.

“Stupid slut,” I say, not without affection. I push the base of the anal probe in deeper just to watch her eyes roll and her spine arch. “Don’t let go until I tell you.”

Inch by inch, I pull the probe out, pausing occasionally to fuck her a little. Slowly it emerges, an improbable length, all of it once crammed up her guts. It’s almost out.

“Ready?”

Instead, I ram the whole thing back inside, twelve inches corkscrewing back up her ass. Barb screams.

Just as fast, I yank the dildo out, clearing her guts so fast it hurts. Her whole body slams against the table.

But, to my shock, she doesn’t leak. Desperation made her clench so hard that she retained the enema. It must have made the surprise violation hurt even worse.

“Fuck,” I whisper, gripping my cock. “Okay, now.”

Snivelling and shaking, Barb releases. I spray her clean when it’s over.

“So good, sweetheart,” I whisper in her ear. “That was so hot. You learned how to suck cock and you’re finally being good for me. You get something nice.”

“Ohhhh...”

“Yeah. Yeah, let’s see that pretty ass.”

I lube my shaft, so the first thing she feels is this: the hot, fat head of my cock rubbing her asshole. It makes her let out a despairing noise.

"Yeah. Yeah, gimme that hole. Nice and tight all over again."

"*Eeeeaa—*"

"Relax," I whisper, rubbing the shaft of my cock up her crack to slick the whole thing—and so she can feel its length. "You like it up the ass."

Against the tiny pucker my cockhead is almost a doorknob, thick and red and shiny. Pressure makes her asshole part slightly, too glistening slick to resist. And slowly I force her open, my cockhead sinking in.

"Ohh, fuck." My groan joins Barb's grating scream of protest. She strains every muscle against the manacles holding her to the table but gets nowhere. It's still so much hotter that she's trying to escape, to stop me from shoving my cock up her hot little ass. "Fuck, keep screaming, that's right."

I hold her hair in one fist so I can watch her face as I slowly push deeper, splitting her anus open. Tears spill from her eyes. She's tight as a vise, stretched almost to the point of tearing but still managing to get even tighter when she squeezes and tries to force me out. Every attempt makes her gurgle in pain.

"Get it all in you," I mutter, rocking my hips. I edge deeper, stretching her guts, and she wails. "Fuck you up. Make you take it all."

Halfway in, my cock meets real resistance. I grin, regathering her hair to hold it tighter. "You feel that?" I nudge my hips and Barb cries out, trying to jerk away. "There's that bend. The end of your rectum. All the way stuffed with my big thick cock."

The first time I raped her ass, I wasn't so concerned with depth—only with fucking her as brutally as possible. Six inches of a cock like mine is still agony. But now I have the patience to stretch her open and force it all in.

I nudge my cock in her again, tormenting the curve. Unable to escape, Barb screams and squirms around but only manages to arouse me further. Her anus throbs around my shaft.

"Let's straighten out those guts."

My cock strains within her hole, thicker and harder than the long anal probe. I pull Barb's head back by the hair, using the twist of her neck to prevent her from edging forward as I push my hips hard against her. The forcible pressure makes her cry. The thick rigid girth shoves unbearably deep in her tender walls. She clenches. She wails—

The bend of her guts slowly gives way, allowing my cock to thrust in. She shrieks and heat crashes over me as I bury myself to the balls. I groan with incredible pleasure as agony makes Barb's ass spasm, milking my cock.

The sight of her asshole distended pink and slick around the thick base of my cock nearly makes me cum. I groan and hold still, fighting down the surge even as she continues to scream, every jerk of her body making her twitch on my cock.

I slap her ass hard. “You whiny little bitch. A little bit of pain and you bawl like a baby.” I start thrusting slowly, working my cock through that gloriously tight channel. “All I had to do was put a dildo up your ass and you were ready to cum your brains out. Where’s that pleasure now, huh?”

As I withdraw, I stroke some more lube onto my shaft. It goes in easier, especially when Barb bears back— trying to push me out or ease her own pain, I don’t know. She quivers and sobs as I sink back in.

Little by little, I fuck her open. She gets slicker and slicker as I add more lube until her winking red rosebud, no matter how sore, slides easily over my veiny cock. Deep thrusts make Barb whimper no matter what, especially when I impale her right to the colon, but her crying dries up to miserable whines.

It hurts— it can’t not— but there’s something in her body that wants it this way. Something I’ve been training to react on command. Her guts are slippery and stretched and full, with friction stimulating her sensitive tissues, and no matter how it aches to be impaled she wants to cum.

“That’s my slut,” I say, reaching one hand down and stroking her cunt. I barely brush her folds, not wanting to give her too much, but it still makes her jolt. A firm pinch of her clit between finger and thumb makes her whole body quiver, her eyes nearly rolling back in her head.

Now that she’s finally stretched, I fuck Barb for my own pleasure, my fingers just resting over her cunt. I’ve been dreaming about her ass for so long, and now I get to split it open. I watch my cock piston in and out of her ass, then sigh and close my eyes and feel her heat. I lean forward to prop one elbow on the table and fuck her like a dog humping a convenient piece of meat.

This ass. This throat. These tits. Her pain and her fear and her helpless despair.

Over and over, I force my cock past the bend in her colon. I can feel it resist and then give way. Imagining the obscene distension of her guts for my massive cock makes me groan. God, it’s worth it to have waited so long.

Almost ignored, Barb squirms beneath me. Her whimpers are background noise. The only friction she gets is the absent, accidental, when the jostling of her hips rubs her clit on my hand. She’s becoming more frantic by the minute.

Finally, I reach orgasm and make no effort to hold back, ramming in as deep as possible. Electricity travels from my toes up to my balls, a white ecstatic rush. As I peak and tremble down, Barb’s guts flex around my throbbing cock, wringing out my pleasure.

As I slowly withdraw, Barb’s hips twitch up against me, quick and desperate. Trying to rub out a last few strokes to her clit— maybe involuntary, maybe not. Her face is flushed deep scarlet with humiliation and arousal.

Suddenly vicious, I slap her ass. She shrieks. “Did you like that, Barb? You wanna cum with my cock in your ass?”

“Uh-uhh!” She shakes her head hard.

“Yeah you were. Trying to cum on my cock. Look how hard your clit is. I didn’t tell you to cum, did I?”

“Uh-uhhh!” She garbles something I can understand without trying: *I didn’t want to, I didn’t like it.*

I lean over Barb and breathe hotly in her ear, nibbling along the shell. “You’re a slut and you like getting fucked up the ass, and I’m going to rape you ‘til you break.” Shuddering, she squeezes her eyes shut as if she could hide. “But you’ve been so good about choking on dick that I’ll make sure you have a good time.”

Despite Barb’s misery, her pussy and asshole are still clenching fitfully, both dripping slick down her thighs.

I pull over the ceiling chain and connect it to Barb’s wrist manacles, then fasten a long spreader bar to her ankles before unstrapping her from the table. After pulling her upright by the chain, I roll the table away and return with a different device: a heavy metal box with a pole sticking straight up from its top. It fits between her legs, its weight holding her feet immobile once the spreader bar is locked to the box.

“Ohhh,” Barb groans, shaking her head in fresh terror. She knows what this is. “Ohh, *ohhh...*”

“Shh, baby. It won’t even be as big as my dick. I’m going to be the only one stretching your ass out.”

I rub my chosen dildo over her luscious lips, wet with drool around the O-ring gag. Her tongue cringes back from its entry. Thanks to her training, even when I press the head of the dildo against her throat and rotate it to pick up saliva she only gags a little.

Chuckling, I connect the dildo to the machine’s upright pole. The dildo is shaped like an exaggerated cock, with a thick flared head and veins bulging obscenely down its eight inch length. It’s not as thick as mine, true—but not small by any means. The tip of it hovers under Barb’s asshole, threatening.

“I’ll even lube you up nice for it, how’s that?”

She gets the good lube for this: silicone based, expensive and ultra slippery. Quality enough to last for hours. I fill a large syringe with it—almost half a cup—and empty it into Barb’s rectum.

The slippery gush makes her groan, disgusted.

“Feels nice, huh?” I tease. “Here it comes.”

A press of a button on the metal box makes the pole slowly rise. The dildo comes into contact with Barb's asshole and she jerks up onto her tiptoes. Delighted, I tap the button and raise the pole up bit by bit, holding the dildo securely in line with her asshole no matter how she squirms.

The dildo's fat head crowds against her pucker, forcing it open. When the cockhead's thick flare pops in, Barb squeals sharply. Then there's no escaping the rest of the cock rising to impale her, sliding inexorably up her slippery passage. Three inches, four—five—then six, seven, pushing past the bend of her colon yet again. Her guts must be loosening already, straightening out, adjusting to being invaded by dick.

The heavy balls push hard on Barb's stretched hole before I release the button. Barb dances on her tiptoes and whimpers, looking at me with desperate eyes. Every inch is buried deep inside her.

I laugh. "That's a lot of dick, isn't it, bitch?"

I set the fucking machine to stop at this height. Even if she comes down from her tiptoes—and she'll have to, as her muscles weaken and give out—she'll get the dildo thrusting up all the way, lifting her onto her toes. Impaling her to the hilt over and over.

With the turn of a dial, the fucking machine starts moving very slowly. The pole pistons up and down, the veiny cock gliding in and out of Barb's glistening hole. Raw sensation makes her shudder *hard*, her eyes rolling back.

I grab her tits and kiss her neck, fondling her as the machine slowly fucks her ass. Against me, Barb writhes in useless resistance, unable to escape her impalement even when the dildo is at its lowest—still lodged four inches deep. With her mouth gagged open, she can't hold back the heavy panting, the shuddering gasp each time her bowels are invaded.

The light in her eyes is desperate. Overwhelmed.

And touched by some hint of panic that the dildo's bulging veins and crown are somehow stroking her sensitive anal walls in a way that makes her nerves sing and her needy, empty cunt quiver.

"One last present," I smile, giving Barb's nipples a final tweak. I reach between her legs and click a tab on the dildo's base.

The dildo begins vibrating, a low rumble powerful enough to purr down the metal pole. "Unhhh," Barb groans, her back arching hard.

I cycle through the settings quickly, leaving it on a vibration pattern of long, slow pulses in time with the fucking machine's steady piston. The cock vibrates as it fills Barb's ass and stops as it slides out, creating a peak of frantic stimulation when she's stuffed balls deep. Judging by the way Barb yells and strains to pull up even an inch, it's unbearable.

"Uhh, uh, uuuh! Ugh!"

"You don't get to cum unless I make you," I tell Barb softly, cold as ice. I twist her nipple and watch her try to reply, to beg, gurgling nonsense through the ring gag. Her eyes plead. Every thrust of the dildo makes her arch and pull her own nipple painfully, beyond self control when the machine drives deep into her bowels.

"But enjoy this as much as you can," I finish, letting her go. "I think I'll leave you here. You've got all day. I know how much that slutty ass likes getting sodomized by a big fat cock."

I turn to leave, and she begins to scream like she's losing her mind.

Barb's frenzied shrieks echo off the walls as I leave the room.

On the other side of the heavy metal door, there's barely a sound— just a muffled echo like a ghost.

Down the hall, there's nothing at all to suggest a woman is being sexually tormented twenty feet away.

Upstairs, in the house, I reach into my pocket and click on the audio monitor. Barb's berzerk screaming comes through loud and clear. If I didn't know better, I'd think she was being tortured to death.

Chuckling, I turn down the dial and head into my office to work. I wonder how long it'll take her to scream herself hoarse.

I listen to Barb suffer for the next two hours, turning the volume up and down to check in.

At first she screams like a banshee, non-stop, just shrieking and shrieking as loudly as she can. It goes beyond pain or pleasure— beyond any physical reaction. She's locked up, alone, having a complete emotional breakdown over the fact that she's hanging from the ceiling getting fucked deep up the ass by a machine that won't stop, won't slow, and won't make her cum no matter how much her pussy drips.

After a while she loses the strength to scream so hard. She goes quiet for some time, then starts to cry again later, presumably when the sensations go straight through exhaustion and build up to an intolerable level again. Her noises get wetter, then devolve into cries like an overwrought infant, unable to do anything but scream-cry with misery. I picture her hanging slack from the chain, her head lolling backward, snot and drool running down her face as she bawls. Eight inches of vibrating dildo slowly, inexorably pistonning up and down her slick, quivering rectum.

Hiccups overcome her, making her choke audibly on her own snot and drool. For a minute I have to turn the audio up and squeeze my cock through my jeans as Barb coughs through her

ring gag and tries to calm herself despite every hiccup squeezing her body painfully tight on the dildo.

A while later, she starts to scream again. Urgent. Panicked that I've forgotten her, left her locked up to get fucked up the ass *forever*. This time it only takes a few minutes for her to give up and sob: "Uhh... uhh... uhhh..."

Then she goes quiet again, nothing but grunts and groans that she can't stop herself from making when the dildo shoves deep. Like an animal getting bred. For hours.

The noise keeps my cock half hard the whole time: distracting but enjoyable. Copy editing isn't so hard that I can't do it with half a brain, the other half of me absently rubbing my fingers over the seam of my jeans and the half-hard cock underneath. Heat pools in my gut and tightens up, a roiling slow burn.

At some point, Barb's noise changes again.

It takes me a while to notice it. Then I look up at the audio monitor and frown. I turn the volume up.

Her grunts have gotten deeper, more forceful. There's something intent about them. More action in her voice than I've heard in—I glance at the clock—almost an hour. What changed?

That's long enough. I've been able to look at the clock and watch time pass; to Barb, with nothing to focus on but the cock reaming her ass, the time must have felt like ages.

Let's go see.

The basement door's hinges squeak, but not so loud when I push it open slowly. Inside the room is hot and sweaty, claustrophobic, and full of Barb's rhythmic grunting in time with the fucking machine.

"Uh..... Uh..... Uh..... Uh..... Uh....."

She hangs there straddling the machine with her eyes shut, face screwed up. She's red and flushed all the way down to her tits, and sweat drips between her tits and down her narrow back, which is arched erotically. And her whole body surges along with every slow thrust of the dildo eight inches deep into her gut.

The glistening dildo reaches its peak, punching a deep, "**Unh**," out of Barb's O-ringed mouth. Her face contorts, her body clutches—reaching, desperate—

And then the dildo stops vibrating and withdraws.

Everything recedes for an aching second before it begins another inevitable thrust and pushes Barb to that straining point again—"Unh"—and lets her down again.

My cock goes from half-hard to iron bar. Fascinated, I circle silently around Barb to get a better view of the fucking.

Her spine strains into every stroke of the dildo. Her thighs tense to the point of rigidity, then relax into quivering jelly. And her asshole itself is clenching—her whole core is clenching—all her exhausted muscles being forced into rhythmic contraction by the fucking machine’s unrelenting stimulation. As if the dildo up her ass was an electrical probe snap-stimulating her with pure energy.

I tied Barb up on the fucking machine intending to torture her with orgasm denial. To fuck her until the pleasure was sheer agony but never let her cum. But after all the denial and anal conditioning and two solid hours of getting her guts sodomized, it looks like Barb is just about to explode into anal-only orgasm.

“***Unh..... Unh..... Unh..... Unh.....***”

My cock is so desperately hard that my first impulse is to switch off the machine, yank the dildo out and fuck her ass wildly until I explode. But that would ruin everything.

It passes enough that I can *breathe*, leaving my toes tingling from light-headed arousal. I want to torment her, true; I want to stretch every hole and beat her and fuck her until she passes out. But the core of that desire is making her *scream*. Lose control. Go mindless. Break. And forcing her to orgasm from her body being rewired by endless rape will do just as well.

As much as I want to drive Barb over the edge, I can’t speed up the machine. It would break the rhythm of her visceral contractions. If I touch her nipples or her clit, will it throw her off? If I just wait, will she eventually get there? Or—

Barb jerks, suddenly becoming aware of my presence when I step up behind her and reach for the dildo’s base. But I had hoped right: the vibrator wasn’t turned all the way up.

The tab on the dildo’s base clicks over two slots, driving its vibrations up to max. Its motor roars along with Barb’s electrified scream. “OooAGHHH!”

It fucks her in the same rhythm, vibrations on and off, but now powerful enough to blast her overstimulated nerves. The next deep thrust makes Barb clench so hard she contorts, toes and fingers curling, tendons popping. “**UHH!**”

It recedes and slowly impales her again. Her body clutches tight, nothing more than a puppet around her contracting anal canal and the dildo snaking its depths. “**UHH!**”

“Oh fuck,” I groan, fumbling my zipper open and squeezing my raging hard-on. It flexes violently in my fist. “Oh fuck, cum on that cock. Cum on that fucking cock, you anal whore.”

“**UHH!**” Barb’s eyes are popping wide and white-rimmed, her tongue straining out through the O-ring. “**UHH!**” Between screams she wheezes for breath. Her reactions might have been deliberate at first in an effort to cum, but now they’re entirely involuntary. She’s lost control.

“**UHHH!**”—she gasps—“**UHHH! ...UHHH! ...UHHH!...**”

An intense wave is climbing her body. Her eyes roll back. Her whole body clenches so hard she starts to tremor, her muscles clamping down harder and harder on the dildo without releasing in between. Her asshole is visibly clenching like a fist, faster and faster and faster as the dildo sinks deep in—

Orgasm breaks over Barb like a seizure. It picks her up and squeezes her brutally, a whole body convulsion, then lets her go, then does it again.

Desperate for her noise, I practically rip the O-ring gag out of her mouth to let the animal grunting and screaming come out unimpeded. "**GAAHHH! AHHH!!**" Even without the gag she's beyond articulate words, just shrieking noise with her eyes rolling back as her body throbs again through another wave of anal orgasm.

The machine keeps fucking her and the orgasm keeps going. Barb convulses like a slow-motion earthquake, forced through wave after wave of unbearable climax by the eight-inch vibrator still thrusting up her ass. "**GUHHH!**" she howls, arching hard as the balls-deep dildo lifts her onto her toes. "**Gghh... Oou uhhh hhhng... GUHH! Uuuuhhhhh hk... GUHHH! UHHHH!**"

I let Barb cum and cum until there's drool running down her face and her eyes are rolling back like she's on the verge of passing out. Her body still thrashes through powerful contractions, the massive internal climax continuing beyond the limits of any ordinary orgasm. But waiting any longer is more than I can bear.

Panting hard, I press the fucking machine's buttons until the pole descends. The dildo finally pulls all the way out, its fat veiny length and thick head popping out of Barb's abused asshole. Without its constant stimulation her hole clutches open and shut, involuntarily seeking re-invasion. It's absolutely crimson, fucked brutally raw, still slick with lube and thick, drooling mucus.

I line my cock up and drive deep into that hot, spasming hole. Her rectum spreads and surrenders, soft as butter between forceful contractions, taking my dick like it was made for this. It feels so good it *hurts*, making my legs shake as I grab Barb by the hips and force her deep down onto my aching cock.

Her whole rectum squeezes and throbs like a fist, like nothing I've ever felt a human body do before. Groaning loudly, I fuck her in the rhythm of those contractions, the speed of the dildo.

Renewed stimulation from an even thicker cock makes Barb howl long and low, "**Gawwwwddd,**" her spine a painful reflexive arch that pulls hard away even as it shoves her ass back on my dick.

"Fuck, Barb, your fucking ass..." I drag her hard and deep onto my cock, trying to drive myself all the way through her, all the way in 'til she bursts. It makes her contract and cum again, popping off like a rocket, her hole convulsing so intensely that it practically rapes itself on my cock, sucking and squeezing and milking me hard between strokes. "Fucking— slutty— greedy— whore—"

My rhythm breaks down and I lose control, fucking her hard and fast. It drives Barb into an overstimulated frenzy. The waves of orgasm break up and she screams and spasms in uncontrolled response. Chained at the wrists and ankles, she jerks in my grip, her teeth rattling and her toes jolted off the floor as I brutally slam her hips back and forth. Her force-broken noise just makes my cock throb and I fuck her faster, chasing the buildup of ecstasy in her tight-clenched hole.

My first orgasm hits hard, so intense my knees buckle out. I hang onto Barb's hips and lean forward on her, making her chained wrists take my weight as my knees go weak. Groaning in raptured relief, I hump heavily through it, letting her asshole wring out my cock.

Chin hooked over her shoulder for support, I keep going, thrusting short and shallow through ebbing waves of release. Her ass slaps and jiggles. Every thrust of my cock makes a loud, sloppy smack against her lubed ass and the slick-dripping mess of untouched cunt between her thighs.

"*Stop*," Barb gurgles, regaining some articulation as her mind-breaking orgasm finally fades. She can still barely breathe, her voice torn raw. "*Fuh— uck— hnbg—*"

I'm already climbing toward another orgasm, my clit-cock throbbing with unabated need. Her ass is as tight and hot as ever. As I fuck her a little slower now, I can feel deep contractions rolling at random through her rectum, squeeze-pulling me in though it obviously hurts.

"Please," she chokes, between jolting breaths, "*stuh— huh— ngk— stop—*"

"*Fuuuck*," I groan, hips snapping in hard as her ass milks another orgasm out. It's practically still the same climax, a hard peak in line with preceding waves. Ecstasy turns my nerves into white-hot wires, makes the pleasure so intense it actually hurts.

Crying out from overstimulation, I force myself to keep fucking Barb's ass, stroking my cock through the agony of her hot velvet grip. It's too much, too raw, too fucking *tight*— and then I'm down the other side and it's mind-melting bliss.

I wrap my arms around her, grab her tits and hold tight, keep on rocking my hips while my cock jerks powerfully inside her ass. Barb and I are making practically the same gurgling noises, but her suffering is worse and it makes my orgasm drag on.

I could stay here forever, my cock buried in her ass, massaged by her guts, half-hard and twitching and brainless with pleasure. After such a build-up and two orgasms in a row, the comedown feels like it'll go on forever. I'll be cumming all day after a fuck like this.

Barb's ass is still throbbing. Still clenching down deep. Her bowels have been so thoroughly fucked that they don't know how to stop begging for more.

The rest of her is slack, utterly wrung. She hangs from her wrists with her legs barely engaged, on the edge of passing out, weeping raggedly at the pounding ache of her cock-pummeled guts.

Slow, lazy, I run a hand down her stomach. Down to the sopping folds of her cunt, and her clit standing out hard and thick and erect.

“Good whore,” I rumble, right in her ear. “I knew that you’d love getting raped up the ass.”

Humiliation breaks Barb down into sobbing so hard that she chokes on her snot. Every inch of her *hates* what I’ve forced her to do.

“And now that I know you can cum from just anal, I’ve got *so many plans* for what I’ll stuff you with next.”

Pumping

Chapter Summary

Content: rimming, face-fucking, clit pumping, pussy pumping, big clit, forced orgasm, overstimulation

“Ohh, fuck yeah. Get that pretty little tongue all the way in there.”

Barb gurgles her misery against my taint, sound escaping her open mouth as she reluctantly squirms her erect tongue into my asshole. I lower my hips a little more, forcing her slobbery lips right to my pucker. The forced french kiss makes her whole body jerk in revulsion—to no avail, with her tied down so tightly to the table, except that her tits jiggle.

“Keep it in there,” I warn, checking her bondage one last time. “Let me feel it on the inside. Or I’ll just have to skullfuck your throat instead.”

Her tongue stabs more frantically into my hole. I groan in pleasure.

It’s not like she can even complain about the taste: I’m entirely clean. Much as I enjoy playing around with deep anal, I’ve no real interest in actual shit. The enema I took to clean myself out was arousing all on its own: deep, hot, gut-swollen fullness, just this side of unbearable. Had me quivering and ready to get eaten out good.

Barb still doesn’t want to get her tongue in my ass. Her revolted reluctance is as hot as her mouth.

Today I’ve got her tied down flat on her back, her head hanging over edge of the table so I can straddle her face. Her knees are pulled as close to her shoulders as they go and her arms are extended to each side over the backs of her knees, holding her own legs down. It’s close to a Viennese oyster position: keeps her legs out of the way and her hips tilted up, completely exposing her cunt and anus. I’ve been tying her into harsher and harsher positions over the last few weeks, stretching out her limbs until eventually I’ll be able to contort her into any position I like. For now, it just puts the pain back into every rape of her increasingly cock-trained asshole.

“Look at that cunt,” I murmur, tracing fingertips over her slippery pussy. It clenches—a twitch, a snuffle against my hole—desperate for touch. “Today’s your lucky day, slut.”

I frame her already-swollen clit with two fingers and dip my fingertips into her hole, and rub back and forth until the slick from her cunt is all over her clit. It hardens even more, the tip plump and berry-like even with barely any stimulation.

But then, she's had stimulation. I've been rubbing that cream in for almost two months. The results are beyond anything I imagined. Just the sight of Barb's drooling cunt and glistening clit makes me shudder and rub my asshole harder onto her mouth.

"You're just dying for me to suck you, huh. You wanna cum again. How long has it been, baby? Two weeks? Almost three? All this time just stuffing my big fat cock in your ass until you cry and ignoring your pussy. You love it but it's not enough to make you cum."

There are toys laid out on the table around her hips: a hand suction pump and a set of vacuum cylinder. The smallest cylinder—the size of my index finger—is too narrow for Barb's clit. So is the next size up if I want her to have any room to swell.

The third cylinder, an inch in diameter, slips easily over her juicy clit. Even pressed all the way down into the soft flesh of her pussy, ensuring that I've captured the lower shaft of her clit hidden beneath her labia, the cylinder is more than halfway empty.

The first squeeze of the pump seals it in place, sucked down tightly onto the base of Barb's clit. Her hips jerk in surprise.

Against my hole, she gasps, "What're you doing?"

I twist her nipple and she squeals. "Keep your *fucking* tongue in my asshole or I'll whip your pussy instead. You want that? Huh?"

"*Nghuh,*" Barb gurgles, her mouth working frantically on my hole.

I squeeze the hand pump again. Barb's clit jumps hard, sucked a full quarter-inch deeper into the cylinder.

Barb makes a sharp frightened noise, involuntary around the slobbery push of her tongue in my ass. I know from experience that the suction on her clit is already uncomfortable. Tightness and pressure that won't quite transform into proper sucking because it just *pulls*.

I pump again. And again. I want to see her clit *grow*.

Like magic, it does. In a few seconds it pulses another quarter-inch taller. The vacuum pressure is pulling her clit out of its hood, leaving the tip to stand out red and slender. The base is thick with all the tender tissues around the clit being sucked deeper into the slippery cylinder, extending its length and width all the same.

Pump. "*Ngh...*" Pump. "*Nghhhh...*"

It rises taller and taller, but more slowly now that most the shaft has been sucked in. Every millimeter of extra length is a painful stretch.

Every time I squeeze the hand pump, Barb makes a slightly louder, more desperate groan in her throat. Her fingers scrabble and her limbs jolt, involuntary struggles against her bondage that only make the pump cylinder bob up and down, increasing the tug on her erect clit. Bouncing like a little cock.

The tip of her clit is over halfway up the cylinder, swelling darker and darker scarlet from the pressure. Another pump, another fractional increase, and her whole clit is two solid inches long from root to straining tip. “*Unnghhhh...*”

Panting with arousal, I rub my hole against Barb’s face. My cock drools its first precum on her chest, tracing slick lines in the valley between her tits when I rock my hips back and forth. Every cruel, deliberate squeeze of the pump makes Barb’s pussy clench frantically in pain, attempting what little movement it can to pull her clit away.

Pump. Pump. Her thighs quiver violently.

Pump, pump, pump, pump—and Barb breaks, screaming, “*Gawd! Stop!*”

I clamp my thighs hard around her head. She’s still trying to shriek, slathering her lips and tongue across my asshole. I reach a hand back and take a fistful of her blonde curls, lifting her head higher. Her mouth, her nose, her chin— everything is a hot, slobbery mess squirming against my hole and balls.

“Scream into me, baby,” I gasp. “Let me feel you screaming.”

I give the pump another slow squeeze and her shriek ratchets up half an octave.

When I finally release Barb’s hair and relax my thighs, she gasps for breath. “*Stop!* Jack, please, god, stop! It’s too much! It hurts too much, please, don’t, it feels like it’s going to burst. *Please!*”

I laugh in delight and trace a finger around the base of Barb’s trapped clit, feeling it twitch frantically against the vacuum. “Poor bitch,” I coo. “It’s not going to damage you. Ooh, you should see it. So fucking *pretty* like this.”

I can’t resist giving the pump another squeeze. Barb screams. Over two inches long, her clit can’t stretch any further; instead it swells another millimeter thicker, the shaft filling the cylinder a little bit more. The head of her clit is swollen to its extreme limit, hard and taut and shiny.

“I don’t feel your tongue in my ass,” I say to Barb. “Looks like I’ll have to pump you up some more and fuck your throat after all.”

“*Noooo—*”

An excuse: I was going to keep pumping her anyway. But it tickles me to make her think it’s her fault.

I give the hand pump a last few quick squeezes to get her clit as deep in the cylinder as it can go, then disconnect the plastic tubing. Barb’s squealing and thrashing makes the disconnected cylinder bounce.

Amused, I tug it gently— like a little cock— pulling her clit by the root. The slide of skin over lubed cock is what makes a handjob pleasurable; this kind of pull is just *strange*. It’s a tug at the deep roots of her clit, the long wings of her crura, the swollen vestibules of erectile

tissue around her hungry, needy pussy— all of them being stimulated without actually touching any part of the clitoris that can feel pleasure. And her clit shaft is still in agony from the intense suction. It's maddening, and makes Barb sob "*Don't!*" and struggle hard against the ropes.

A dribble of slick oozes from her clenching pussy. I smear it all over her labia, getting everything slippery and making Barb groan anew at the stimulation still not where she needs it— on her clit or inside.

The biggest vacuum cylinder fits over her entire vulva, hole included.

With a few hard squeezes of the pump, the vacuum pulls her labia and skin up against the cylinder's edge, sealing it tightly in place. Barb jerks her hips but it's too late. I keep squeezing, forcing the air from the much larger cylinder.

"Stop! Jack... don't... *please...*"

Her pussy begins to flush pink, slick and pretty. The increased pressure makes her still-pumped clit throb in visible distress.

"Lick my ass like a good slut and I'll consider how hard I'm going to shove my cock down your throat," I tell Barb gently, because it's always fun to force her to cooperate in her own torture.

Whimpering on the edge of actual tears, Barb crumples. And does. Even as she groans and sobs at every pump of her swelling pussy, she touches the tip of her reluctant tongue back to my asshole and worms it in. Her sobbing with defeated misery is just as hot as the hot slick squirm of tongue teasing my anus. Pleasurable shudders run up my spine.

"That's it, babe," I groan. "Get your tongue all the way in there and suck my hole around it."

I ride Barb's face for a long while, gradually pumping her pussy more and more as I do. She gasps and grunts between my legs.

Her tongue writhes in my anus, stroking inside and out. The touch is so hot and slippery and mobile— not a finger, a dildo, or a cock, but a living tentacle— completely unlike anything else I could toy my asshole with. Her lips suck and slobber. Even her gasping breath is erotic.

And her cunt, god. It swells up so gorgeously in the cylinder's tight confines. In the first minute it gets plump, the swelling of her constant arousal increased by suction. By two minutes the pink is red, blood flushed to every possible capillary, the tissues more engorged by vacuum than they ever could be on their own. Barb's labia have swollen up tight around the cylinder's ring, so big they close over her hole. The juice from her leaking pussy makes her folds slide slickly together as they pump up bigger— rounder— fatter by millimeters at a time.

At times I have to stop and wait, allowing her tissues to adjust to the pressure. It's a good time to coo at Barb, playing with her nipples and watching her thighs shaking from strain.

Then I give the pump another five of six squeezes rapidly to spur her on and get her tongue working frantically in my asshole again. As if any amount of anal service will make me stop tormenting her... but it feels fucking fantastic when she tries.

Her pussy pumps up bigger. Bigger. Her delicate inner labia are so swollen that they've started jutting out from between her outer lips, thick and stiff enough to stand on their own. Within its own cylinder, her clit stands another millimeter taller every time her pussy swells.

Between the tongue writhing in my ass and the sight of Barb's pussy plumping up, my legs turn to jelly. My whole core throbs with fire. It's different than usual arousal: deep, wet, spreading heat that makes me hungry from my cunthole more than my cock. My cock wants, but my cunt *needs*.

"Please," Barb begs, when I force my legs straighter and lift up, taking a moment to gasp and shake. I'm leaning over her bound body on my elbows, trying to make my knees cooperate. "Please s-stop. I can't take it anymore. It h-h-*hurts*."

"Beg harder, bitch," I mutter and stumble away to grab a stool. I lift her head by the hair and slide the stool beneath her head to support it.

Before I sit again, I twist Barb's hair and make her look up at me, tears in her eyes, the whole lower half of her face wet with her slobber and my slick. "Eat my pussy like your fucking life depends on it."

In all the time I've had Barb captive, I've never let her touch my cunthole. I rarely even touch it myself. The testosterone made me dry and transferred most of my erotic fixation from my cunthole to my clit, later my cock. But now I'm wet and desperate like I haven't been in years, and Barb—for her sake, she'd better still remember how to eat me until I scream.

Behind my cock and balls, there's nothing left of my original parts but the hole, tight and small. It's been so long that the first thrust of Barb's tongue into my cunthole is a stretch. I moan in mingled pain and ecstasy, the sharpness of it cutting through my core. Immediately I need *more*.

Her tongue pushes deep and wriggles back and forth. Her nose rubs against my sensitive anus, making me shudder in double pleasure. I'm already so close that internal stimulation is all it takes to trigger the first inner spasms of a building peak.

Barb eats me out so hard she grunts from the effort, her tongue thrusting in and out as fast as it can. She thrusts with her chin, desperate to add any possible force or depth to her straining tongue. I imagine it inside me and wish I was *skewered*, impaled, writhing on something massively thick.

"Deeper!" I order, grinding down on Barb's face. I work the pump feverishly, barely processing the act beyond its connection to *make Barb scream*.

She shrieks into my cunthole, the noise gurgling and wet. It makes my back arch in ecstatic glee. I hammer the pump and her pussy swells hugely. Her flailing tongue translates its pain into rapture in the clenching confines of my hole.

“Don’t stop,” I gasp, eyes fluttering. It’s all I can do to keep my knees holding some weight; most of it bears down on Barb’s face like I’m trying to impale myself on her tongue up to my cervix. “Don’t stop, don’t you fucking stop, don’t stop, I’m gonna cum, don’t—”

I squeeze the pussy pump rapidly, without stopping— anything to spur her on harder. Her cunt swells like a balloon, crimson and obscene. Absolutely agonizing by the way Barb’s tongue contorts.

“Don’t stop, don’t you dare, don’t—I’ll kill you, I’ll— don’t—I’m gonna—I’m almost—”

Then I lose speech, unable to form words as the hugeness of orgasm rolls up on me. I ride the last twenty seconds in choking silence, eyes half rolled, desperately reaching for peak, driven only by Barb’s writhing tongue and my hand grasping at the pump, squeezing, forcing her on — squeezing—

It breaks and I cum, squeezing even harder with my cunthole on her tongue. My knees give out and I grind out my orgasm on her face, her nose in my asshole— cumming so hard that my cock squirts all over her tits.

“Oooooh *god* ,” I howl, shaking through wave after wave of powerful contractions. They wrack my whole body, making me buck my hips hard with every one.

“—*stop!*” Barb gurgles beneath me, on the edge of suffocating. Her hips thrust as hard as mine, desperate to dislodge the cylinder sucking her cunt into a swollen, excruciating red flower. “Suh, stop... *hngggg— gawwwwdd...*”

Shuddering, I slowly rub out the remainder of my orgasm on Barb’s face. Her guttural groans caress my holes.

Her pussy has swollen up to massive proportions— far beyond what I thought I could achieve today. My cruel pursuit of orgasm has *ruined* her. Her bulging, fleshy labia fill a solid four inches of the cylinder, and her pumped clit juts out even higher than that. It’s *obscene*, every throbbing fold of it, engorged in a completely animal way.

“Can’t wait to show you how it looks,” I groan, and shiver as a final pulse of orgasm rolls through. “What I did to that pretty little cunt.”

But I have to wait for a while yet. The vacuum needs time to work.

I disconnect the pump tube and set it aside. Long strings of sticky cum trail from Barb’s scarlet face when I step back from above her.

“Promised you a throat fucking,” I say, though I’m satiated enough that it barely holds any threat. I stroke her cheek appreciatively. “It’ll be a nice one. Just something for you to suck on while we wait to take off that big nasty pump.”

“Take it off now,” Barb whimpers, a gob of spit running down her cheek. “Take it— *please*. Please Jack, I’m begging you, it hurts so bad. It hurts—”

“Yeah,” I purr, pulling the stool out from under her head and taking a seat. “It hurts real bad?”

“Yes,” she sobs, twisting against her bonds as if she can’t bear it any longer. There’s nowhere to go from an oyster position; she’s folded up too far. It just makes her cylinder-pumped pussy wriggle. “It hurts. It’s too much, I can’t. What are you doing? What—”

I hold her by the hair to stop her from lifting her head and looking at herself. “Ah ah ah. Just tell me how your pussy hurts, Barb. Your poor tortured little cunt. Tell me how it makes you wanna cry.”

Her face crumples when she realizes her words are provoking sadistic pleasure, not empathy.

“Stop,” she whimpers, tearing up.

I click my tongue. “If you’re not going to beg, you have to suck cock. Try to do a better job of this. I’d have left you alone if you’d just put some effort into eating my ass.”

Hands buried in her golden curls, I tilt Barb’s head backward. My cock slaps her on the cheek, still partially hard but softened from the indirect release of vaginal orgasm.

“Suck it or I’ll beat your titties. And then I’ll still fuck your throat, but I’ll make you regret it.”

Moaning miserably, Barb opens her mouth. I slide my cockhead past her trembling lips. Her mouth is already gushing saliva, drooling and ready to be invaded.

“It’s not even all the way hard, Barb. Nice and flexible for you. Let’s see you get it down that throat. Show me you remember all that training we did.”

Perched on the stool, holding her head back and her throat in a straight line on level with my cock, I’m in a perfect position to fuck her mouth. I shift my hips and gently thrust. Barb clucks as my cock butts the wet, hot hollow at the back of her mouth.

I use her like that for a while, enjoying her involuntary noises. Clucking and slurping back the drool that overflows her mouth. Trying to breathe and not to gag. She retches a little bit from time to time, forcing me to tighten my grip on her hair to hold her in place—but it seems her gag reflex has been weakened by all that abuse with the anal probe.

“Good little whore,” I murmur, and roll my hips to massage her tonsils. My cockhead fits her soft palate perfectly, like it always belongs socketed into that hot, spasming passage. “Swallow on it, baby. Let’s see you flex that throat.”

Barb sobs for breath and closes her lips to do it. The back of her mouth contracts around my cockhead, squeezing the tip. Promising the pressure of her tight little throat.

She gags even harder at the stimulation. Or maybe the anticipation, the stomach-turning tactile memories of getting her gag reflex raped until she puked up her guts.

“Not even halfway in.” I stroke the rest of my shaft, smearing her saliva down the length of it. She can fit four inches of cock in her mouth if it goes all the way to the back, pressing in hard.

My cock twitches against her tongue, filling a little harder. Barb makes a panicked noise and gulps for air.

“Better get it down your throat quick, honey. Before it gets even bigger. C’mon, let’s go. Open up. Open up and take it down.”

“Plss—”

“Open open open—all the fucking way—”

Barb gets a last desperate gasp before my cockhead crowds her palate again. This time I’m unrelenting, driving my half-hard cock against that clenching, stubborn wall. She gurgles pain around my shaft, saliva bubbling out.

“Let it in. Open up. Down your throat—*down* your fucking throat, Barb, open up, let it in—let me rape your fucking throat—”

She finally gags uncontrollably hard and my cock pops into that open hole. It triggers an immediate heave, a spasm in Barb, but I’ve got her head held tight. My cock stays down, wedged past her epiglottis and into her throat.

I get three good thrusts before my cock pops back out, followed by a violent retch and a flood of drool. Barb convulses on the table, straining the ropes.

“Stop!” she rasps, spitting out drool. “Please, I can’t...”

It’s meaningless noise, much as it makes my dick throb. I’m already guiding my cock back into her mouth and stifling the next words.

It takes a minute of sloppy, gagging thrusts before her throat opens up and I force it back down. I thrust—it goes deeper, comes out—she wheezes for air and I thrust in again. Her throat bulges open like it was made to be plunged.

She’s better than she used to be, that’s for sure. Her gag reflex is still there, but her throat opens up. Trained by the toys. Stretched by my cock. Closer and closer to becoming a third fuckhole. A tight gagging tube that I can fuck as deep as her bottomless rectum, that makes as much lube as her cum-hungry cunt—except that raping Barb’s throat comes with the additional torture of making her strangle and spasm on my cock.

Back and forth I move her head—in and out and in and out. Half hard and flexible, my cock squeezes past her epiglottis time and again, popping her throat like a noisy, wet toy.

In and out and in and out. And in. And out.

Unable to move, to pull back, to scream, Barb retches around it and gasps when she can—when she’s not hacking up rivers of thick, streaming throatlube. It runs down her face and

into her eyes, and it makes her blow bubbles when it gets in her nose. I can't even really tell if it's saliva or puke; it's just hot and slick and glorious as it drips down my balls.

"Good girl," I gasp, letting my cock out again. Barb heaves out a splash of thick drool and barely seems to hear. "Oh, baby, look at you choke. Look at you gagging with my cock down your throat."

"*Hurnghhh.*" Drool and tears slide off her red, puffy face. "Nuh more... Please... nuh..."

"Should've kept your tongue in my ass," I say gently, entirely kind. "I keep my promises, Barb."

"*Please!*" She struggles as I force her head back onto my cock. "I'll do it better! I'll ghhhh—hurkghh—pleashh—"

I withdraw my cock and its dripping strings of throatlube. Barb looks up at me with tears dribbling from her swollen eyes.

"I'll do it better again," she begs. "I'll put my tongue in s-so deep. Let me lick your ass instead, Jack, please, don't fuck my throat any more. I can't breathe."

"I like it when you can't breathe."

Her mouth quivers. "*Please* let me eat your ass, Jack, pleeeease. I need to... I n-need..."

My cock throbs so hard it hurts, jumping and smearing against Barb's face. I rub it one last time over her terrified mouth with a guttural groan.

"Kiss it like you love it, babe," I say, standing up and pushing the stool to support her head again. "Put that tongue all the way in and fuck my hole like you're trying to lick the cum right out of my prostate. And say thank you that I cleaned myself out with a nice long enema before I came down here today."

"Thank you," Barb whimpers, her lips rubbing my anus. Then she extends her tongue and worms it inside, hot and squirming and criminally slick, and I sit down on her face and ride it hard.

*

When I finally let Barb stop, my legs don't work. Neither does her tongue. Desperate to avoid getting throatfucked again, she ate my ass until she physically couldn't any more, every muscle worked to failure. By the end I was just rubbing on Barb's face, from her nose to her chin and her slack, grunting mouth in between.

Standing over her head and leaning hard on the table for support, my knees trembling, I'd swear I could still feel Barb's tongue writhing in my rectum. Saliva drips down my thighs from my soft, slack hole. Throbbing warmth radiates through my whole lower body. Everything tingles like her tongue had reached all the way to my *stomach*, thrusting and stroking every inch of my insides all the way to nirvana.

My cock is hard as steel, foreskin peeled back and the head purple-red. I've leaked slick all down the shaft and across Barb's sweaty tits.

"I'll have to make you do that more often," I mumble, reaching back to finger my wet, throbbing asshole. "God, I love your tongue. Your tongue and your throat."

Barb lolls her head back on the stool, unable to so much as lift her head.

"Pleash," she wheezes, barely there. "Take it off. Take it... off... my pussy... pleash..."

Her pussy, in the vacuum cylinder, is swollen and purple and ripe as a plum. My cock throbs even harder at the torturous sight.

To the music of Barb's weak little gasps and moans, I push the pressure release valve and ease the cylinder loose. It comes free slowly with a luscious *schlick*, lubricated by humidity and Barb's ever-drooling pussy slick.

Her swollen, crimson cunlips wobble like jelly, swollen up so full that they stand out two inches even without the vacuum's pull. Those delicate little folds are now fleshy and fat, bloated to roundness, so plump that they shine.

Barb's fourchette pouts like a lip, its normally tiny elastic curve pumped to gross excess. Its pout hints at the inside of Barb's vaginal canal, sucked so hard that her inner walls swelled outward. And swelled *up*—so much so that her pussy is shut, vacuum pumped to occlusion. It looks deliciously, agonizingly tight. Her engorged inner labia curve out around the hole, promising two extra inches of velvety squishing channel.

Her clit is still trapped in its cylindrical prison. Electric with glee, I press the release valve and pull off the tube. Barb groans long and loud at the pull on her clit, her eyes rolling back.

Barb's clit emerges hard as a rock, its fat shaft barely able to squeeze out of the tube's tight confines. Its raging erection strains the clitoral hood, the bulging purple glans outthrust and exposed. Every heartbeat makes it throb, an erection of agony and desperate need.

Breathless, I part Barb's squishing cunlips to expose her whole clit, swollen from the base to the quivering tip.

After long pumping, it's now twice its size: a full three inches long and thicker than my thumb. Hard as a rod. Unimaginably bigger than it was when she first arrived.

"Look at that," I groan, dizzy with lust. "Look at your pussy, all swollen and red. So fucking hot. Can you feel how big, Barb? Oh, babe, how's it feel?"

"Please," she whimpers, incoherent and limp. Her head is still lolling back on the stool.

"Look," I command, and grab her hair to forcibly lift her head. Barb nearly goes cross-eyed trying to focus.

She contorts in horror at the sight of the engorged purple mess of her cunt. Her throat visibly gags. "What did you do?" she whimpers, staring at it. "What the fuck did you do to me?"

“What a pretty fucking clit,” I whisper, stroking her cunt lips down. My fingers squish between their puffy folds. Barb jerks and her clitoris jumps. “Big fat fucking clit. Almost a cock.”

“What did you *do*?” she wails, jerking again. The ropes hold her tight, spread and exposed. “What the fuck— what the *fuck*? What the fuck did you do?”

“Testosterone,” I purr, caressing her folds. Her clitoris pulses when I circle its base. “In a cream. Rubbed it on you every day. Made you almost cum every time, too.”

Barb moans in strangled horror. I carry on circling her rock hard clit, slow and deliberate and ruthless with glee.

“Bet you wondered what it was. Bet you felt it working, even if you didn’t know why. You must have thought you were just a slut, getting off on my cock. Getting hard and wet every time you got raped. Well, you are, but that’s not the only reason. The testosterone helped. It’s a hell of a drug.”

A trickle of wetness leaks from her cunt.

“Two *months*,” I say with relish. “Those are some fucking *results*, Barb. If I didn’t have my cock now, I’d be jealous. I never got results like these, not even in four years. But you—you took the T like you were *made* for it. And you got wet, too, instead of drying up. I knew it was a possibility, but this... it’s beyond what I’d hoped for. It’s fucking perfection.”

I rub my thumb up the underside of her clit to the hypersensitive head. Barb spasms *hard*. “God! Fuck!”

“Did you ever touch yourself, Barb? When you were locked up alone? Notice your clit getting big?”

She’s trembling violently. Her hips jerk with every stroke of my thumb. Her throat is working like she wants to puke. “No,” she mouths. “No... no...”

“But you felt it, though. How wet you were all the time. How fucking horny. That’s the best thing about testosterone, isn’t it? How it makes you want to *fuck*.”

I rub the underside of her clit and watch Barb twitch, her face fighting not to moan. “It changed how you feel, didn’t it? Instinctively. Made this feel like a cock. Makes you want to thrust your hips and fuck and fuck and fuck.”

I lean in and pull Barb’s head up real close, almost near enough to kiss. “Bet you wish you could fuck me.”

“I hate you,” she forces out, shaking with strain. Her face is going red, contorted with hatred and uncontrollable sensation.

“Good,” I whisper, stroking her clit and feeling her jolt with each one— thrust, thrust, thrust, hips jerking uncontrollably like I’ve got her on a string. “But you still wish you could

fuck me like I fucked you, don't you Barb. Like I raped your throat and cunt and ass until you came all over my cock again and again and again.”

“No,” she grits out, face screwed up— trying to deny the orgasm I can feel rising up—

I take my thumb from her clit and let go of her hair. Barb howls at the loss of sensation— in relief and in need— in impotent rage at me and herself.

Yeah, she wishes she could rape me back. Fuck me to death and feel me go limp. It's in the molten hate in her eyes.

“And it's permanent,” I finish, trailing my fingers over her whole pumped-up cunt. “Not the swelling: that'll go away in a while. Until I pump you up again. But your clit? Your big, fat, hard girlcock clit? It's going to be big like this forever. And I bet it still has a ways to grow before the T finishes working on it, too.”

Her teeth shine in a snarl of uncontrollable, naked hatred and despair. “No!” she howls. “No! No!”

“And you love it.”

“NO!”

“And you've gotten so much better at sucking cock, too. Eating me out so deep and so good. You even take it up the ass better. Got you stretched out and unbent for me. You deserve a reward. Hm? You want a reward?”

Barb screams in despair like she hasn't in weeks. The sight of the physical changes to her body— the visible evidence of being transformed into a toy for me to rape and destroy— has touched like a white-hot wire to some nerve in her soul. She drops her head back on the stool and howls as the tears start to come.

“Let me goooo,” she begs. “Let me go home... Please, god, let me go. Don't do this any more...”

“But I just got your clit all pretty and big,” I say gently, caressing her swollen folds. “I want to play with it now.”

As she wails and writhes against the ropes, I go to a cabinet in the corner and fetch something I've never used on Barb before: a hitachi vibrator. The strongest vibrator I have, and one that'll never lose power since it's plugged right into the wall. There's no other purpose for it but to make somebody cum.

I plug it in and stroke the wand's thick silicone head over Barb's swollen folds. Glossy fluid oozes all over.

“Why are you doing this to me?” she whimpers, tears streaking down her face.

I lean in over her real close, my lips brushing her ear. “Because it gets my cock hard when you cry.”

I jam the vibrator right up against the base of her massive clit, nestled deep into her pumped up purple lips, and switch the power on high.

Barb screams like it's pure electricity searing straight through her nerves. Her spine snaps up into a rigid arch, bent as high as it can go in the ropes. The tendons in her throat strain and bulge with the force of her scream.

After only fifteen seconds of powerful vibration directly to her swollen clit, Barb erupts into violent orgasm. Her pussy contracts hard and her whole body snaps. Her eyes roll back and her screaming goes raw. Her hips spasm uncontrollably, up and down and up and down, but I keep the vibrator shoved down hard and don't let her escape.

The scream rises an octave from ecstasy to agony. Impossibly, Barb's thrashing becomes even more violent in an attempt to get away.

I pin her hips with a hand on her belly— just above her pubis, pulling back the folds of her pussy to lift her clit even higher— and hold the wand in place.

“Stoooop! Stooop! Stooooop! STOOOOP!”

The vibrator roars against her most sensitive tissues, screaming sensation right through her clit. The thick silicone head touches the underside of Barb's entire clit shaft from base to head, and even the buried wings of her crura beneath. Its touch is unavoidable and tortuously intense.

With a deranged howl, Barb convulses and orgasms again. All her muscles seize up tight. Beneath the vibrating wand there's a sudden gush of fluid from her cunt, sluicing over my fingers. Shocked and delighted, I shove three fingers into her cunt between those fat, swollen folds and fingerbang her g-spot as hard as I can. Her hole contracts painfully and squirts out another blast.

“GAAAHHH! AGGGHHHHH! AHHHHH! STOOOOP!”

She twists so hard against the ropes that she looks inhuman, possessed, but she's tied down too tightly to get away, to even close her legs. Her eyes bulge in a red face and she screams without end, unable to endure what I'm forcing her to feel.

She hasn't stopped cumming. I don't think she can. There's no difference between ecstasy and agony, no end to the waves of sensation— just white-hot overstimulation like a live wire through her clit.

“AHHHHH! STOOOOP! JAAAACK! PLEEEEASSSSE!”

Barb's soaking cunt clenches down again, crushing my fingers. Her body starts to go rigid, her eyes begin to roll back, and her voice strangles off as the tension builds unavoidably high and her body locks up too hard to breathe.

“Guhhhh— uhh— **AHHHHHHHH! AGGGHHHHHH! AHHHHH! AHHHHHHH!**”

She orgasms for the third time like it's torture, her body convulsing with pain. There's nothing left, no humanity, just raw screaming nerves. Barb's head thrashes back and forth, all the movement she has, and spit sprays from her mouth as she shrieks. Her cunt squirts and squeezes so hard that it forces my fingers out in a flood of cum. The contractions of orgasm make her asshole push open too. Cum squirts in massive gushes through her pumped pussy lips and over her flowering red anus, forming puddles on the floor.

I take the vibrator wand off her clit and step back to watch. Without stimulation, Barb's screams drop to a groan, but her pussy continues squeezing and her hips jerk uncontrollably for another full minute.

In the aftermath, Barb's head hangs back over the edge of the table and her body is boneless in the ropes, except when another pulse of aftershock squeezes through. She drips sweat, drool and cum. With her legs folded back, her cunt is totally exposed. It's a drooling, pulsing crimson mess. The splayed-back angle of her hips makes her clit stand to attention at the crown of it all— still, even after three excruciating orgasms, a thick throbbing erection so hard it must hurt.

My cock is just throbbing just as hard. Unable to wait any longer, I step forward and ram my shaft balls deep into her ripe, swollen cunt.

It slams the breath out of Barb and a shout out of me. Her pussy *squelches*, its distended red lips leaking juice around my cock. It's unbelievably hot and drippy and tight.

Moaning, I palm her swollen pussy and squeeze— labia, clitoris and all. Barb squeals in pleasure and pain. I have to withdraw and push my cock between her bloated folds. They're pumped up so big that my cock can fit entirely between them. Squeezing her juicy folds tight around my shaft in a luscious grip, like a tit-fuck but more obscene, I thrust slowly through that engorged fleshy tunnel. On the upper end my cock thrusts out against Barb's clit, its head rubbing up the underside of her shaft all the way up and back down.

Barb spasms and groans. I can feel her clit twitch madly against my cock. I thrust and rub them together again, two massive red shafts throbbing hot and erect.

"Perfect horny dripping *slut*." I thrust through her cunlips and Barb's hips jerk up to me.
"Look at the raging cock on you."

"*Stop*. Jack. I can't any more... *stop*..."

"But babe," I say, and withdraw from her folds with a sucking squelch, "I want to see you cum on my cock now."

I force my cock into her channel again— admire the sight of my cockhead framed between swollen, shiny red lips— and slide in deep.

"I think we can get at least another three out of you."

And I press the vibrator wand to the base of her straining clit again. Barb has a second to feel it and shriek "*No!*" before I switch the power on high.

Vibrations run up and down my cock as I thrust below the wand, adding a mind-blowing tingle to the tight heat of her cunt. Barb immediately loses her mind, driven from pleasure to torment by her oversensitized clit. She screams like a banshee.

“AUUGH— JAAACK— JACK— GUHHH— PLEASE, NUUUGHHHH—”

After three orgasms, it takes her longer to cum this time. The overstimulation is too severe. But with my cock pistonning harshly in and out, hammering her g-spot with every stroke, she eventually clamps down on it and cums again. Her muscles seize and tremble like my cock is an electrocuting rod.

“STOOOOP! STOP! GOD, PLEASE, **NO MOOOORE!**”

Weak in the knees, I thrust even faster. Her pussy squeezes and pulses like it’s trying to stroke me off from within. Her agonized bawling is heaven.

My balls are tightening up, the pressure growing sweet. But this is an ecstasy I never want to end, and I’ve already cum twice. It takes several long, glorious minutes to get close to a peak.

Before I can finish, it’s too much for Barb. Her eyes roll back and the convulsions take control.

She cumms a fifth time in violent spasms. This time her orgasm drags me over with her, roaring and slamming my release into her guts. Her cunt gushes with fluid, leaking cum out around my cock as I fuck through the pulsing sweetness of orgasm. The delight of my moans is the prettiest counterpoint to her obviously agonized wail.

I leave my cock in even after I’m done, letting Barb’s cunt continue to squeeze and milk my shaft. With the vibrator gone again, she bawls through her strung-out orgasm like a cow, completely unable to articulate words. Her pussy clenches and releases in slow, powerful, involuntary waves. If she wasn’t still making noise I’d think she had passed out completely, her body left spasming through unconscious release.

When my cock finally slides out, thick and wet and deliciously soft, her pussy gapes open— just a little, but *still*. She’s been so fucked and used that her hole no longer closes. Wetness drips to the floor. Her swollen red labia form a perfect, brutalized frame.

I slide two fingers into her gape— a succulent, soaking wet softness— and then up through her folds. Her horribly overstimulated clit twitches hard the moment my fingers brush it, sliding around its thick base. It’s finally starting to soften, unable to maintain its forced erection after so much abuse.

“I said three more,” I remind Barb, and switch the vibrator back on.

Escaping

Chapter Summary

Content: flogging, nipple piercing, vaginal, anal, [one unspecified torture because I think the surprise reveal is worth it; just hit the "Notes" link to see the end-chapter notes]

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

In the morning, Barb isn't lying on the floor, not asleep or curled in a ball at the limit of her chain as usual. She's on her knees facing the door, hunched over, tired from waiting... but waiting nonetheless. You'd think that would be all she has to do when she's locked up down here—wait for me to come back—but she never has before.

I pause in the doorway, cocking my head. "Good morning, Barb."

Her eyes are as red-rimmed as her pussy, her expression haunted when she looks dully up at me.

"Jack," she says hollowly. Her lower lip trembles. "Jack? I'll be good. Just don't hurt me anymore."

And *that* is—

Well.

Well. I wasn't expecting her to break like this any time soon, but... there are games I can play with her cooperation.

"Oh, sweetie," I croon, coming over to her. I push my fingers into her beautiful gold curls and cradle her head against my thigh. Barb leans bonelessly into it, her whole body limp like a puppet willing to be manhandled. "Did you have a hard time yesterday? I was so rough on you, wasn't I."

She whimpers and nods beneath my hand. Her shoulders shudder with a sob. "Please, Jack. No more. I'll be good for you, I promise."

"Oh, Barb. Pretty girl. You want a little break today?"

"Mm-hm..."

"Maybe I can be nice. You want a few nice orgasms?"

She sobs. “*Please*. Yes. Don’t hurt my clit anymore.”

Her clit. Of course. Her big, hard, testosterone-swelled girl cock. It’s one thing for me to rape her throat and ass until her gag reflex breaks and her intestines straighten out; it’s another for me to turn her body into a desperate, obscene fucktoy in a way that *anyone* can see.

The memory of her pumped, engorged cunt makes my cock twitch hard. Today her pussy is much deflated, delicate and small again, but still flushed and visibly wet. Still fun to play with until she quivers and drips. Maybe I’ll suck on her clit until it’s fully erect again—maybe even suck her off so I can feel her shaft throbbing in my mouth. Or maybe make love to her, every exquisite touch so ironic it hurts.

Yeah. Yeah, I think I want to see Barb cry while she cumms on my cock. It’ll be all the prettier if she’s forcing herself to cooperate in her own orgasmic rape.

I wonder just how far I’ll be able to push her.

“Poor baby,” I murmur, stroking her hair. “My sweet little thing. I’m so mean when I make you cry for my big hard dick. Today I’ll be nice. As long as you’re good for me.”

“Yes...”

“You’re ready for your enema?”

She sobs against my knee. “Yes. Yes... I will...”

And to my astonished delight, Barb crawls over to the nearby table and bends herself over it, ass up and presented. Her knees tremble but she keeps her legs spread. She presses her face to the tabletop and sobs a little beneath her hair.

“Good *girl*,” I whisper, stroking her soft asscheek. I rub my thumb over her anus, down between her labia, and back up to spread her slickness all around.

Her sensitive rosebud clenches as first, then slowly can’t help but relax into the soothing massage. I rub with deliberation, my thumb sliding up and down: around her asshole over and over, tantalizingly slick, then down over her pussy and the underside of the shaft of her clit, and back up again to tease her anus. Tying the two sensations together, clit and asshole. Stoking up her need.

Barb shivers throughout, almost silent, still letting it happen. I watch every twitch, knowing that she can’t possibly be as detached as she hopes. And finally—without Barb meaning to—her asshole pushes open against my thumb, a sudden reflexive exposure of more pink furled tissue desperate to be touched. Hungry for more stimulation within.

God, anal-training is so good.

Barb chokes like she was hit, her whole body jolting. Laughing delightedly, I go fetch the enema hose.

Unable to resist teasing a bit more, I slide a finger into Barb's pussy and then into her ass. Her sensitized asshole spreads like butter, all soft and quivery from the massage. Inside her rectum is slicker than I expected and my finger sinks deep into her hot, slippery depths. Barb gives a high-pitched, "Oh!"

It takes me a moment to realize: the constant enemas have made her colon start producing more and more mucus. Her asshole is practically dripping with slick.

Anal-training is *so fucking good*.

Without bothering to lube it, I slip the enema nozzle into her. Barb pushes back to open her pretty pink hole and takes the knot with a whimper. I twist the base and slowly spread the pear of anguish inside her— though there's nothing anguished about this sweet stretch to her hungry, conditioned hole. Barb's lower back arches involuntarily from an an erotic shiver.

I lean over and suckle Barb's ear. She cringes away. "You're going to hold still while I fill you up?"

She whimpers, "Yes."

And she does. I turn the tap on low and let the enema flow in gradually, and though Barb squirms at the cool water slowly bloating her rectum, she doesn't break away. She could easily pull the hose out, but she lets it fill her up. It fills her tighter and tighter— makes her shudder and wince— then pushes out of her rectum, into her intestine, stretching and cramping and invading her depths, cool enough that she can feel the water creep through her guts, and still she quivers on the table and *takes it*.

I stop the tap at two liters and groan at the sight. Barb remains bent over the table with her legs spread, the enema hose still buried deep in her ass, her untouched pussy underneath it glistening and red. And even though she's shaking— with strain or arousal or misery, I can't tell— she does nothing but hold the position, take the enema, unbound except for her cuffs and the slack chain that connects to the ceiling.

"Too much?" I ask, going over to stroke her ass again. I circle around her stretched asshole, then down to tease the underside of her clit with the *tiniest* scrape of my fingernail.

"No," Barb says wobblingly, "it's fine. It doesn't hurt, thank you, it... it's nice..." Her voice goes hoarse with mortification. "*God*. Jack— please don't make me cum, I don't want— I can't hold it if you make me cum right now."

"I won't make you cum," I say, but continue steadily teasing her clit. I also reach over and push on the enema nozzle in the same rhythm, gently fucking her ass with the thick knot. Pressing in the contents of her bloated bowels just a *little*.

Barb groans in despair but lies there and takes it, knees quivering.

Her pussy is a dripping mess by the time I finally ease the nozzle out. Barb has to sag down onto her knees and mincingly crawl back to the grate in the floor before she can give into desperation and let the enema out.

“All better?” I tease. “God, babe, you took that so well. I should make you take more. I should fill up your womb— maybe your bladder too. Put a hose down your throat... You look so good all stuffed full and ready to burst.” I already know what I want and it’s not that, but the wretched expression on her face is glorious.

“Please,” Barb blurts, jerking toward me on her hands and knees. “Please, Jack— something else. Let me eat your ass again, I’ll do it so good. Let me— fuck me instead. Anything nice. Please not that.”

“Aw. You don’t like it when I fill you up and plug you shut?”

Miserable, she shakes her head. “Let me eat your ass. Like yesterday. I’ll go for hours, I swear, I’ll— I’ll make you cum with my tongue in your ass, I’ll eat you out, I’ll... just please...”

“And deepthroat my cock too?”

She flinches. “I’ll— try. I will. Put your cock down my throat. I’m trying, I swear, I want to do it good. I’ll take the dildo if you want, I’ll— I’ll fuck my own throat and show you, I’m trying.”

God, she’s almost creative enough to torture herself. The image of Barb gagging on the anal probe and trying to force it down her own throat is— *fuck*. While she’s sitting on my cock. Clenching and jerking on top of me every time she gags.

“All right,” I agree, maybe a little roughly, fumbling in my pocket for the key to her cuffs. “Yeah. We’ll see how you do. I’ll even take you into the other room, how’s that? Let you eat me out on a nice soft bed.”

“Please,” she begs, staggering to her feet and holding out her wrists. “Anything. I’ll...”

The cuffs click. And then the world *explodes* as she drives her knee into my balls with the force of a truck.

Something cracks into my skull. I stumble. She grabs a fistful of my hair and slams my head against the concrete floor.

Pain whites out everything for a second or two.

I come back to reality on the floor with my ears ringing hard. Light strobes in my vision. There’s a clattering— a bang—

The heavy metal door of the room slams shut.

Barb is outside.

“Fuck!” I grate out, lurching onto my hands and knees toward the door. Agony lances up from my groin. “Fucking—”

It takes me a second to re-orient my thoughts against the pain and the panic. Rationality asserts itself: no need to get frantic. I *did* actually plan for this.

Although I feel fucking stupid for letting it happen so easily.

And *angry*.

Through the door, I hear Barb's muffled shriek of, "Help! Help me, somebody HELP!" Screaming her lungs out, she pounds up the stairs to the basement door.

"Bitch," I whisper, getting painfully to my feet. A groin-shot hurts no matter what gear you've got; my balls being fake makes no difference. It'll be simpler if I move quick on this, though, and make Barb kiss it better later. (*Make her choke on my cock until she fucking passes out!*)

I limp over to a cabinet on the wall and unlock its lower door with a key from my ring. Inside is some of the dangerous stuff: not just clamps and floggers and dildos big enough to split a cunt apart, but torture tools I actually want to keep out of reach, in case Barb ever somehow gets off her chain at night. In this one, it's electricity.

Up the stairs, Barb is banging madly on the basement door. Distantly, I can hear a huge thud: her body slamming against it, probably.

I can imagine how frantically she's wrenching at the handle, trying to force it to turn. Trying to twist despite the lock. Jamming her fingernails into any crevice or crack.

The key is securely on its ring in my pocket. And the basement door is both steel and soundproof.

I pull out the stun gun, slip its strap around my wrist, close the cabinet, and limp back to where I had fallen on the floor. Despite the panic still trying to urge me to run out the door and snatch Barb up as quickly as possible, I arrange myself curled up on the concrete, the stun gun hidden under my body.

I take a deep breath, close my eyes, and wait.

Barb has to come back in here. Sooner or later she'll realize there's no escape without a key.

It takes almost a minute. I can hear her breathing raggedly as she creeps back down the hall... back to the room, which she must have thought she had escaped for good. She's trying to be quiet but can't control her gasping, gulping, terrified breath.

She stands frozen in the doorway. I lie motionless on the concrete facing away from the door, entirely slack as if unconscious.

No doubt she's never tried to knock someone unconscious with a blow to the head. Neither have I, but I know it's nowhere near as easy as Hollywood makes it seem. A concussion and death are far more likely outcomes—but at the same time, the human skull is harder than you'd think. Mine hurts like *hell*, but I'm still with it.

Barb's bare feet make tiny soft noises on the concrete. She's holding her breath.

Her fingers creep over my hip, my jeans, searching for a pocket. Keys.

As soon as she's within reach, I grab back over my shoulder to snatch a fistful of her hair and yank Barb's head down hard. Rolling over, I jam the stun gun into Barb's stomach and trigger it.

"AUUGHHHHHH!"

She convulses immediately, her whole body snapping like a whip at the shock. Cursing, I roll and wrestle her down to the floor, keeping the stun gun in contact the whole time. Barb spasms violently, still screaming.

"AHHHHH— AHHHHH— AUGGHHHHH!"

"Fuck you," I snarl, finally getting on top of her and pinning her to the floor, and I hold the stun gun in place another few seconds longer to watch Barb continue to scream and convulse, back arched and neck straining as she contorts in agony.

"UHGGHHH! AAAHHHH! Ugh— hh— kkk—"

When I remove the stun gun, Barb collapses bonelessly to the concrete. Without 20,000 volts blasting her body into rigid spasms, her muscles no longer have the strength to twitch. Her head lolls to the side. Drool runs from her slack mouth.

There's complete and utter terror in her white-rimmed eyes.

I sit back on top of her and wipe my mouth with the back of my wrist: it stings where she must have struck me in the struggle. For a long moment, the sadistic pleasure of watching her body dance in electrified spasms leaves me buzzing and satisfied.

But it's not enough. Nowhere near enough.

"That was clever, Barb," I say coldly. "But really, *really* fucking stupid."

*

With Barb rendered completely limp, it's no effort at all to get her back into bondage. I manacle her wrists and winch the chain up high until she dangles. All Barb can do is wheeze and drool in terror.

My hands are shaking with rage. I'm going to *hurt* this bitch— torture her until she breaks, until she's brainless— fuck every hole until they're stretched out and useless, then rape them open wider, impale her on a baseball bat, choke her on my cock, leave her drooling cum and piss—

I'm going to have to be careful not to kill her before she lives to properly regret this.

A leather flogger will be safe enough. I snatch up one that gives sharp-edged, stinging blows and whirl around to swing at Barb.

The first blow lands directly on her tits. She gives a gurgling scream. "Nughh..." I strike again. "Aack— *Nuhhhh*— AH! AH! AHH!"

Her tits bounce with every brutal crack of the flogger. The leather tails leave sharp pink trails across her skin, growing red already. I swing as hard as I can, taking out my rage on her tits, getting madder and madder at every strangled cry of pain.

"Should have beaten you properly from the start," I grind out, swinging back and forth unrelentingly. Barb still can't properly move but keeps jolting and squealing. "Make you afraid— give you something to cry about—"

"FUCK YOU!" she screams, red-faced and furious. There's no hiding her hate now, no pretending to be afraid and submissive. "FUCK— AUGH! Fuck you! Fuck—"

I aim for her nipples and she screams horribly.

The flogger never stops moving, landing hard and brutally fast. Red marks swell up across her big soft tits. Seeing where I've missed a spot, I aim for the sensitive white undersides of her breasts and flog them scarlet. Through her attempts to curse me, Barb's screams are ear-piercing now.

"FUCK— STOP! Stop, it— AUGH! STOP! LEAVE ME ALONE! *AHHH!*"

"I'll make you sorry," I snarl. I snap the flogger across her stomach. The leather cuts harsh red lines into her skin.

Wailing, Barb jerks in agony, her muscles still too weak to work properly. When the force of the flogging makes her rotate on the chain, I rain down blows across her back, her ass, her thighs. Her legs twitch frantically in the air. She tries to kick out at the flogger.

Enraged, I focus attention on her ass. She screams endlessly, dancing on the chain, and I follow her twisting body to beat her tight little slut ass. I aim for the undersides of her buttocks, her inner thighs, the nightmarishly sensitive crack of her ass and pussy between her kicking legs. I'm going to beat her cunt into a pulp— show her what real pussy torture is—

"STOP! AHH! FUCK— GOD— AHHH! AAAGHHHH!"

A brutal blow directly to her pussy makes her whole body convulse. "***AHHHHHH!***"

She twists her ankles together and clamps her legs shut, curled up around her blistering pussy. I flog her furiously all over but she manages to maintain the hold, writhing on the chain like a worm on a hook.

That's fine. I'll strap her legs open later. Stretch them out with a spreader bar so far she does the splits and make her watch how I torture that big fat clit. She'll *beg* for something as nice

as orgasm torture by the time I'm done.

Red welts overlap until her whole ass is violently scarlet. Barb is screaming without coherence, every attempt at a sentence shattered by the next blow, leaving her gargling fragments of curses and pleas. Tears and snot stream down her face.

The welts on her big soft tits are bruising up purple, almost plum across her nipples and areolas. Her ass quivers like crimson jelly. My shoulder aches.

I switch the flogger into my other hand and aim for her creamy, mostly unmarked thighs.

“STOP— GOD, FUCK, NO, JACK, NO NO NO NO NO— STOP— STOP— **STOP**—”

At last, there's almost not a single white inch of flesh left on her. Barb's whole body is covered in stinging pink and searing red lashes. Her tits and ass have it the worst: solid flaming crimson, bruised dark purple where the lashes overlapped. Matched globes of throbbing agony. Perfect targets to punish on a bitch.

Even when I've stopped swinging she keeps howling, unable to stop screaming out every breath as her nerves continue to burn. Her toes kick spastically in midair, straining for purchase to relieve the agony of suspension from her wrists.

It takes a long time for Barb's involuntary jerking to simmer down to violent, uncontrollable shakes. Panting, I watch her blubber, feeling my arms ache and my cock throb with sadistic need.

“You like that?” I ask roughly. “Is this what you wanted, Barb? No more mean nasty orgasms? Me being honest about what I'm doing to you?”

Moving like she's drunk on pain but somehow striving for control, Barb lolls her head up to look me in the eye. Her mouth is slack and quivering. Her eyes are full of unmasked hatred.

“Fuck you,” she slurs.

I slash the flogger over her brutalized, horribly sensitive tits. She shrieks so loudly my ears ring.

Leaving Barb dangling from the ceiling like a side of meat, I stalk upstairs.

*

The bottle I need is in the fridge. I grab it with a shaking hand and head back down.

I've never done this before, hadn't planned on it, but I've heard of it—and she's earned it. Time for something that'll leave her screaming long after I've finished pounding her guts in.

*

In the basement, Barb is quiet, panting harshly and shaking all over as she watches me. Trying to recover some measure of dignity, take whatever I'm planning with bravery. It won't last long.

I put the bottle on a table behind her, where she can't see it. I roll the A-frame into place in front of her—sideways, not in a position to make her ride the horse, despite her anticipatory flinch—and lower Barb enough to strap her ankles wide apart to its legs. Her struggles are still weak, useless.

“Open your fucking mouth,” I order, approaching with a ring gag.

Barb grinds her teeth and glowers.

It takes several minutes of flogging her tits and stomach until she finally breaks down bawling again, allowing me to wrestle the ring gag into her mouth. She manages to bite me before I force it in.

As soon as it's buckled, I slap her brutally across the face. “I’m going to enjoy hurting you so much,” I tell her, half furious and half astonished at how I’m beginning to enjoy this—the opportunity to be so *violent*. “And you just keep making it worse, you stupid bitch. You never did know how to shut up and take it without complaining.”

Snot dribbles from Barb’s nose. Her hair is a wreck. Even with her mouth stretched wide by the gag, she snarls.

“Yeah, let’s do something else to those tits,” I say. “Keep going, Barb, see what I come up with. I’ve got so many more ways to make you scream.”

From another locked cabinet, I retrieve a metal box. Inside is a glittering arrangement of needles and cannulas, studs and rings. I was always going to pierce her—how could I resist? There’s something so sweet about making a girl quiver and cry with such tiny, intense pain. Better yet if she’ll bargain to avoid the terror. But there’s no getting out of it this time.

I select a pair of heavy steel rings and an 8-gauge needle. It comes out of its sterile packaging heavy and wickedly sharp. My cock twitches.

“Let’s give you something to really hate me for,” I say, coming back around to show Barb her fate.

Her eyes bulge at the needle’s thickness: a full three millimeters. It’s big for any piercing... horrifically huge for someone who’s never had so much as an earring.

“Ohhh!” she protests through the ring gag. “Oh, oh, oh—EEEE!” She squeals sharply when I clamp her right nipple in the forceps. Panicking, she jiggles urgently, trying to pull her

bruised tit away.

“Make me fuck this up and I’ll just do it again,” I threaten, and twist her nipple with the forceps.

“Ohhh,” Barb moans, tears prickling in her eyes. “Ohh, eeeeaa, *ohhhhhh...*”

“Oh, it’s too fucking late for ‘please no,’ slut. You’re in for a lot worse than this.”

Her abused nipple is purple and sore between the forceps, a hundred times more sensitive than normal after being flogged. Avidly soaking in Barb’s terror, I set the tip of the needle to her nipple and prick it: a sharp sting, a taste of the coming pain.

She squeals violently, her tits jiggling as she barely resists the urge to yank away. Her hands scrabble wildly at their chains, desperate for freedom. “Oh! Oh! OHHH!”

My cock is rock-hard. “Scream for me,” I say, and slowly sink the needle through her swollen nipple, and she *does*.

The wretched screaming doesn’t stop as I replace the needle with the thick steel piercing. It hangs heavily from her red, rigidly erect nipple— heavier still when I snap in the captive bead. She squeals like the ring is a direct line of agony right through a nerve.

“This one too,” I tell her, just to hear the outburst of frantic begging noises as I prepare the second needle and clamp her left nipple.

Her would-be bravery is gone. Her hate. Her self-control. Nothing left but terror and agony now.

I force the second piercing through even slower, dragging out the torture. Barb’s eyes bulge and her scream comes out bubbly from the snot and drool choking up her open mouth. It dribbles from her lip and makes a slippery trail in the valley between her whip-marked breasts.

A dab of sterile sealant on each piercing takes care of the tiny bit of blood. Then, there they are: two thick, heavy metal rings jutting through her erect nipples, now permanently marked and horribly hyper-sensitized. A weight and a stimulation that won’t go away.

Barb sags forward, hanging from the chain and bawling with her eyes shut. Her tits heave with the force of her sobbing. Every tiny shift of the rings must be agony.

Painfully aroused and still *furious*, I slap her across the face. “Now you get what’s coming to you.”

I lower the chain from the ceiling, letting down Barb’s wrists. She has no way to escape when I yank her forward by the chain, bending her over the wooden bar of the A-frame. I unsnap her manacles from the chain and secure them to the front legs of the frame. It leaves her bent in half with her arms and legs spread far apart, her breasts hanging freely in front.

Barb pulls and twists against the manacles. Every twitch makes her tits jiggle and the heavy nipple rings swing. She groans in anguish.

Her legs are spread widely enough to expose her pussy and even her anus, between her burning purple-red asscheeks. On impulse, I grab the flogger from the table and deliver a brutal blow to her pussy.

“AHHHH!”

Crack! “AHHHHH!” Crack! “AUGHHHHH!” Crack! “AUUGGHHHHH!”

I swing again. And again. The flogger’s sharp leather thongs slash across her pussy and asshole. Barb yanks frantically at her bonds, only managing to shake her ass and tits. Her cuntlip quickly burn red.

Abruptly out of patience, I toss the flogger aside and whip out my straining cock. I ram it into her searing pussy in one savage thrust.

For once, Barb isn’t dripping wet to start with. She grunts in pain as my thick cock stretches out her raw, unready cunt. I grab her hips and pound her as hard as possible, ramming into her cervix with every throat. My hips slap her brutalized ass like a second beating. Her tits swing, agitating the nipple rings. Barb’s noises are guttural, anguished, impossible to hold back through the open-mouthed gag.

Her body still can’t help getting wet as I fuck her. Within minutes her cunt is slippery and hot.

Infuriated, I pound her harder. The wooden horse scrapes on the concrete. The force of every violent thrust drives louder and harsher noises from Barb. She sounds like an animal—a bitch—bent over with her ass in the air and tied up for me to rape as hard as I want. Her holes exposed to be fucked and filled and used until I’m done.

“This is how it always should have been,” I growl, fucking her faster. “Tied down and spread open. No movement, no freedom. No fucking words. I’m never taking that fucking gag out again, you hear? Keeping your mouth open so I can stuff anything in it and fuck your throat whenever I want.”

Barb’s grunting stutters. “Uhhhhh...”

“And you think I’m gonna let you cum? Think again. Pumped your pussy up... got your clit all big and hard... I gave you orgasms. I made you cum your fucking brains out. Trained your ass up, got you wet... gave you anal so good and nice... *Fuck*. How many times did I make you cum on my cock, huh Barb? You can kiss that goodbye. We’ll see how sad you are about a fucking *orgasm* when I’ve been torturing your clit for months.”

“Oh, oh, oh, ohhhh...”

“Yeah, we’ll see how you like that. No pleasure, just pain, every day, all day. I don’t have to make you cum. I like your pain just as much. Keep you screaming and crying on my cock all

the time.”

I slap her abused ass. She squeals and struggles. The welts are hot and swollen under my hand.

“Just like that,” I pant, pounding in. Her cunt squeezes from the pain, just like her fists are curling and her thighs are straining, trying to close. My cock swells thicker and harder, ready to bust. “Just like that, baby. Gonna tear you apart. Fuck you ‘til you can’t scream any more and leave you tied up and spread open. Scream for me, baby—*scream, bitch*—”

Smacking her welted ass so that she shrieks uncontrollably, I pound her until I cum. My cock jerks powerfully, pulsing through orgasm in the tight clutch of her cunt. I don’t bother to fuck her through it, instead jerking out and letting my cock twitch as orgasm quickly fades.

I don’t want to wear myself out. I’ll go again in just a second.

Released from my grip, Barb goes quiet except for her panting. Her head hangs down and doesn’t move.

Not so bad, she’s probably thinking. I just fucked her and now I’m done. Fucking’s far from the worst thing I’ve ever done. It’s not even creative. It can never hurt as much as the first time I broke in her tight little cunt or ass. The nipple piercings hurt, but it’s just pain. It’ll fade.

I grab the bottle from the table behind me and twist it open. Thick red chili paste oozes from the tip.

It’s pure ground chili peppers, seeds and all, thicker and hotter than a mixed sauce. A pungent acrid burn fills the air.

I push the whole nozzle of the bottle into Barb’s sloppy cunt as deep as it goes. Her pussy stretches under pressure from the thick neck of the bottle. She squeaks in surprise.

I squeeze the bottle hard and fill her up deep.

Her whole body goes rigid, lower back arching in surprise. For a moment. Then it hits her—the initial sting of pain, the jerk of shock—“Uhh,” she utters, one ankle rattling its manacle. “Uh—uhh! Uh! Uh! Uh!”

The burn ignites like a bonfire, pepper sauce oozing into every crevice of her cunt, all the way up to her cervix. I pull the bottle out and thick red paste smears out across her hypersensitive whip-marked labia.

“Aghhhh!”

“That’s right,” I growl, and force a plug into her pussy. I crank open the pear of anguish wide at the deep end of her vaginal canal, stretching her cunt tight—heightening the stinging heat of peppers biting into her delicate membranes, if her shriek of “Ahh-AHHH!” is any clue—and plugging the douche of burning paste deep inside.

It's been ten seconds and Barb's struggles have become frantic. Growing more violent by the second as the searing pain increases. "Oh!" she squeals—*no*. "Oh! Oh! Oh! *Ohhhh!* AHH!" The manacles rattle and her welted ass jiggles as she fights desperately for escape. "AHHHH!"

"Scream for me now, bitch!" I snarl, and ram my cock deep into her unprepared asshole.

"*AHHHHHHH!*"

Her ass is *tight* and she screams like it's her first rape all over again. Then her hole opens up and my cock sinks in all the way to the balls, punching through her sigmoid colon. Then, screaming, she clenches shut on it again, squeezing tight. The massive invasion makes her shriek even louder.

Barb is pushing desperately, I realize, trying to force the massive plug and the hot peppers out of her cunt. It makes her anus strain open too before she clenches up again in agony. It makes her ass squeeze and milk my cock in rhythmic waves, tight and hot and clenching.

"AGHHHHH! AHHHHHH! AHHHHH!"

She fights like she's losing her mind with pain. She yanks and throws her head around, eyes white-rimmed with agony, making her tits bounce and the heavy rings swing from her poor nipples. Her hips jerk up and down frantically, driving her ass against my cock, but she can't stop trying to expel the chili paste.

"OHHHH! AUUUGHHHHHHH! AUUUGHHHHH!"

Pain. Unrelenting, unbearable pain. That's what I want her to drown in right now.

Filled up with sadistic glee and the satisfaction of revenge, I fuck Barb's unprepared ass like a freight train. My cock pounds in hard, ten thick solid inches shoved up her shit-pipe, splitting open her rectum and colon as deep as I can. Her guts wrap my cock like a sheath.

My hips slam her beaten ass with every stroke. The flesh is searing hot as lurid purple bruises rise beneath the raw welts. The base of the vaginal plug gets rammed hard into her cunt over and over. The bulb of the pear of anguish grinds into her pepper-swollen cervix.

"AHHHHHHH! AGHHHHH! AGHHHHHHH! AH— AH— AHH— AH—!"

I grab a fistful of Barb's hair and yank her head back. Her tongue strains out through the O-ring, curling as she screams; drool streams down her chin. Her eyes bulge and roll.

She doesn't stop screaming for a second for as long as I fuck her. She *can't*—not with the twin agonies of her capsaicin-stuffed cunt burning like fire and her ass being fucked like a fleshlight. Every thick slide of my cock into her guts punches out another shriek of pain.

I cum a second time and keep on fucking her. It feels so fucking *good* to spill in her guts, her contracting anus milking wave after wave of orgasm from me. And I'm so hungry to make Barb suffer—to make her keep screaming as the torture goes on—that my cock stays as hard

as ever, all the way through the hot wave of orgasm and into a third round of punishing thrusts.

It takes even longer to cum a third time, the edge of arousal worn down to simmering spite. I hold her by the hips and slam her ass on my cock over and over like a fuck-toy, grudge-fucking her with rhythmic brutality. Barb howls gutturally and chokes on her own snot and drool.

By the third time I cum, her asshole is slick and scarlet from abuse. I jam my cock deep and orgasm in the tight squeeze of her guts, groaning loudly.

Barb continues to writhe beneath me with my cock impaled in her ass, exhausted but unable to stop jerking and straining for escape. Her noise is a harsh whining, sobbing wail. I withdraw slowly enough that I can feel the head of my cock squeeze back through the tight bend of her sigmoid colon.

When my softening cock slips out of her ass, her brutalized anus gapes open and closed. The delicate pucker is swollen outward, a thick puffy ring that quivers and winks uncontrollably. A trickle of mucus drips from the scarlet ring.

“Uhhhhhhh,” Barb cries, hanging limp over the bar of the A-frame. “Uhhh, uhhh, uhhhhhhh...”

Around the base of the vaginal plug, her cunt lips are plump and red—mostly from friction and the unavoidable arousal of having her pussy pounded, but also from a trace of pepper sauce that managed to leak from her cunt. I slide a finger around the plug, then up to her ass.

My finger goes easily into her gaping asshole. Inside it’s *hot*, swollen from the abuse, her pulse pounding through the thin tissues. A curl of my finger makes Barb mewl in anguish. The merest touch must be hell. Her raw, brutalized membranes couldn’t possibly be more sensitized.

Through the O-ring, Barb coughs on her snot and gurgles something—an attempt at speech. I pull my finger out slowly, the tip hooked to pull and stretch her anal ring as I go. She squeals and sobs.

“No,” I say, “I don’t think you’re sorry yet.”

I force the neck of the bottle of chili paste deep into her puffy asshole and squeeze as hard as I can, flooding her rectum with thick, burning paste. A second squeeze nearly empties the bottle: enough liquified peppers to fill her rectum and spurt up to her colon, bloating her guts with an enema of red-hot capsaicin.

“AUUUUUGGGHHHHHHH!!!”

Barb screams like a red-hot poker was rammed up her ass. Almost immediately, I replace the bottle with a plug slammed in deep and hard. The base expands like a fist within her hole, cranked open wide to seal her gaping ass shut. Her puffy hole bulges as she strains to expel it,

but even the pure agony of hot peppers can't force Barb to stretch her anus open that far. All she can do is spasm and scream.

"AGHHHHH! AGHHHHHH! UHHHHH! AUUUUUGHHHHHHHH!"

Standing back, I squirt the last dribbles of pepper sauce over her anus and pussy. It dribbles down the folds of her cunt. With the bottle's tip I rub the ground chili peppers into her clit: around its thick base, across the hyper-sensitive underside of the shaft, and beneath the fold of her foreskin over the soft head. Thick red fluid drips from the tip of her clit.

"AH AH AH AH AHHHH! AUUUUUGHHHHHHHH!!!"

"Have a good day, Barb," I say, turning to the door and pulling out the keys to jingle from my thumb. "Enjoy your fucking clit and how sensitive it is now. I'm gonna go plan how to make you *really* pay."

Chapter End Notes

Happy birthday month to meeeee! Y'all have been so sweet about commenting on the last chapter! :)

CW: Hot pepper torture

Washing

Chapter Summary

Content: Hot peppers, enema, water play, orgasm denial

Chapter Notes

I wasn't planning to write this part but a couple of commenters made a very persuasive argument for washing/water play! So here's a short bit until the next full chapter.

In the morning, Barb is a quivering, sweat-soaked, mewling mess. Her face is flushed red from screaming all night, so tormented by the burning hot peppers bloating her guts that she never slept. I know because I listened over the audio monitor.

Her cunt and asshole, stretched tight around the thick knotted plugs, are swollen and burning scarlet. Every hole leaks snot, tears, drool, or mucus.

At my entrance she begins to grunt like a terrorized pig. In her position bent over the wooden horse, she humps her hips frantically, trying to draw my attention to her tortured holes. Insane in desperation for relief.

"How's your precious pussy now, Barb?"

"*Uu-uuugh,*" she wails, shaking with fresh tears— not even an attempt at a word, just agony. Saliva drips through the open O-ring gag. "Uhhhh! Uhhhhh, uhhhhh, *uhhhhhh...*"

"This shit lasts all night, huh. Still feels like your guts are on fire. You think I'm about to take it out? What if I left it all day, too?"

She screams fully, thrashing hard on the horse. "OHHHHHH! Ohhh, ohhh, ohhhhh!"

"You think you fucking deserve it?" I take hold of the base of her anal plug and pull on it, viciously dragging the thick knot against her stretched sphincter. Her raw, pepper-swollen anus bulges around its width.

"EEEEEE!" She bucks wildly, eyes white-rimmed in total agony. She wants the plug out, wants her ass opened, but can't bear the brutal stretch of removal. All she can do is thrash, screaming and splattering drool through the ring gag. Her tits bounce back and forth, their heavy piercings swinging.

I could leave the pepper paste in. But the human body's nervous system has its limits, and after long enough of the same stimulation, pain receptors will stop sending signals. Sooner or later the burning will stop. I'd rather let her think I gave her mercy than that she out-waited my torture.

Because I'm not quite ready to ruin her asshole with such a stretch—not when I still want it tight and fuckable for a long while yet—I shrink the plug's pear of anguish. It pulls free of her tortured anus in a slick sucking flood of mucus and pepper sauce.

Instantly, Barb groans and pushes hard, forcing out a gush of red slime. Her asshole flowers open, raw and swollen and screamingly sensitive. After spending the whole night stretched wide around a plug, her anus is both desperate to contract and so over-worked by useless straining that the muscles almost no longer work. The quivering ring gapes slightly, unable to totally close.

The capsaicin-loaded slime oozes down over her pussy lips. I let it.

In spite of the renewed burn, Barb continues pushing out the torturous enema, sobbing hard between pushes.

“Uhhhhh,” she groans, straining like a cow in labor. Her eyes roll back. “Uhhhhh!”

My mouth quirked in sadistic amusement, I pull on the plug in her cunt as well. With force, I manage to drag it out a full inch—forcing the massively spread knot at the top of the long shaft, wedged up against her cervix, through the tight passage of her upper vaginal canal. Like she really *is* giving birth.

“AHHHHH!” Barb shrieks like a banshee. I keep pulling on the plug, holding the knot in position of crowning within her tight cunt. “AHHHHH! EEE! EEEE!”

At last I screw the pear of anguish down to a manageable size. Bawling, Barb pushes hard and forces it out, birthing the pepper-stained plug from her hypersensitive cunt. Another wave of burning fluid gushes over her labia and clit.

There's no way she'll ever get it all out. Capsaicin oil coats every inch of her rectum, her colon, her vaginal canal, maybe even as far up as her womb.

“Is that better?” I ask Barb, sickly sweet. “Does your poor asshole feel better now?”

Sobbing and choking on shot, she shakes her head. “Eeeease,” she moans.

I lean over her from behind, grabbing a fistful of hair and jerking her head up to whisper in her ear. “I'm nowhere fucking near done torturing you, bitch.”

Behind her, I go over to the tap on the wall, unspool the long hose, and fit an enema nozzle to it. Not the usual long, slim taper: this one is a narrow shaft that ends in a thick silicone knob the size of a tennis ball, with perforations all around it like a showerhead.

With the tap set to burning hot, I shove the knob against Barb's tormented anus—rub it through the oily slime and watch her hypersensitive hole begin to stretch painfully, unable to

resist penetration in its slack, tortured state— then force it inside.

She screams. “Ahh-AHHH! UHHHHH!”

I wait until she’s done screaming about the sudden anal violation before I click the nozzle open and unleash a flood of hot water up her guts.

“AAAHHHHHHHH!”

Hot water rushes into her bowels, searing the sensitized tissues worse than a fresh enema of pepper sauce. The force of it makes her kick and thrash wildly, hips bucking up and down. Cruelly, I fuck her with the tennis ball-sized knob, thrusting back and forth in her tender rectum. It punches up to the bend of her guts like a small fist.

Steaming water gushes out of her asshole around the nozzle as Barb shrieks and strains to expel the toy but only manages to push out some of the enema. “AHH! AHH! AAAHHHHHHH!”

I shove the ball as deep as it goes and flick the nozzle to a higher setting. Water blasts even harder into her guts. It doesn’t just fill her but pounds against the walls of her bowels as it jets out in every direction.

I fill her and fuck her and let her push the enema out until the water runs clear. I finally turn it off and withdraw the thick ball—a final agonizing stretch of her sphincter—and watch with satisfaction as Barb pushes out the enema, weeping.

“Uhh, uhhh, uhhh... uhhhhh...”

As exhausted as her muscles are, it takes her several minutes to empty herself out completely. Between heaves she hangs there sobbing, her thighs shaking with effort, until another spasm of bowel movement grips her and forces her to push again and expel another gush of steaming water. Hot fluid streams over her pussy.

I slide my fingers between her labia, which makes Barb jolt and squeal. Chemical sensitization makes these delicate tissues *burn*. Her clit is sorest of all, a thousand nerve endings in the big soft nub all screaming for cool relief. Even the warmth of my fingertips is like a red-hot brand.

“Ahh! Uhhhhh... uhhh...”

Merciless, I force the nozzle into her cunt. Barb bawls as her pussy slowly gives way to it, stretching her open and sinking in deep. Thick red mucus oozes out around it.

“Eeeeease...”

“Cry harder.”

I turn the nozzle on high and she shrieks. “EEEEEE!”

I fuck her with the ball, short hard strokes up against her cervix. She thrashes like the enema wand is a red-hot fist punch-fucking her cunt, and I wish it was.

Within a minute her pussy is as clean as it'll get. But I switch the nozzle to low and keep it inside her, watching Barb writhe on the rod stuck up her cunt. She tries to push it out, grunting and straining, and her asshole pushes open all swollen and red. Just *begging* for a cock rammed up there hard and deep—not that I can, with her guts still full of capsaicin oil.

Vengeful, I change the angle of the nozzle—tilted up steeply now, the tip angled down—and ram it in hard. “*Ugk!*” I thrust harder, faster, and she cries out long and loud.

Yeah, that’s her g-spot right there.

With the water still chugging in slow and hot, bloating her womb and massaging her walls, I fuck her hard and deep. The thick knob slams her tight entrance with every stroke, not quite yanking out but stretching her hole all the same.

“Gonna fist you like this,” I mutter, keeping up the merciless tempo. “Force my whole hand into that tight little hole and fuck you til you *break*. Punch the piss out of you—stretch you wide open and wreck your hot little cunt with my fist—you want that, Barb?”

“Oh!” she screams, red-faced. “Oh, *oh!*”

“Wait til you’re screaming on my fist,” I snarl. “See how you like my cock then.”

As the pressure builds, Barb gets louder. Every time the silicone head thumps her g-spot, she grunts “*Uh!*” like it was punched from her. Her hips still jerk desperately but now she’s humping in time with my thrusts, unable to keep from jolting when her g-spot is struck. The hot water must burn as it pours out over her hypersensitive clit but her g-spot is deep and powerful and I’m pounding it like a machine, lighting up every nerve in her pelvis with unrelenting force.

“Uh uh uh uh *uh uh uh*—”

“You gonna cum, slut? Is that it, are you about to fucking cum all over this thing?”

“*Uuuuuuuuu*—”

I yank the nozzle out. The thick round head pops hard through her hole, a sudden splitting stretch that makes Barb shriek in agony. She throws her head back, eyes white-rimmed, and I can *see* the orgasm drop out of reach in a wash of white-hot pain.

A last wave of water gushes from her squeezing, straining pussy and then she’s left bent over and empty, her swollen red pussy clenching desperately around nothing. Her knees quiver uncontrollably, pounded to jelly along with her g-spot. The force of her denied orgasm is so strong I can practically see it, rendering her useless, twisting up her guts so tightly that none of her other muscles work. All the desperate pleasure sits dammed up in her cunt and *screams*.

Broken with frustration and despair, Barb howls like an animal. Tears stream down her face.

“You really thought I’d let you cum?” I demand. I toss the enema hose aside and shut the tap.

With a few quick motions I have my cock out, springing free hard and slick. I grab a fistful of Barb’s hair and yank her head up.

“This is only the beginning,” I promise, shoving my cock into the O-ring gag and ramming it hard against her throat. Barb gags violently as I begin to fuck her face brutal and fast. “I’m gonna torture you until you can’t even remember what an orgasm feels like. We’ll see how you beg them.”

Paying For It

Chapter Summary

Content: tit suspension, whipping/caning, orgasm denial, clit torture, nipple torture, urethral play, bladder control, pussy pumping, clit piercing, hanging/breathplay, anal.

Chapter Notes

A note on Jack's anatomy: I realized that if he's able to urinate through his penis, he should also be able to cum through it. A few earlier scenes have been revised a bit. Jack only ejaculates if he squirts, however, which usually takes internal stimulation.

/anatomical details that nobody probably cares about for this fic lmao

Note 2: This chapter contains noose suspension/hanging, in case that is a sensitive thing people may wish to avoid. And although I hope it shouldn't have to be said, the breathplay here is DEEPLY UNSAFE. As is ALL THE SEXUAL STUFF in this fic.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Day One

"I should have done this weeks ago," I tell Barb, thumbing the heavy steel ring pierced through her right nipple. Her nipple instantly hardens in pain. The fresh piercings no longer bleed but they're still swollen and desperately tender.

Despite her clenched jaw, a groan escapes Barb. She screws her eyes shut and clamps down on it, scowling.

I run my hands down her body, all stretched out from her tiptoes to her wrists suspended from the ceiling. Sweat beads on her skin from the pain of her plugged-up enema: four full liters this morning, scalding hot, enough to bloat her guts full to bursting. Her thighs quiver with strain. This bitch doesn't get nice enemas any more.

Ruthless, I press on her bloated belly. Barb gives a strangled noise of pain and shudders.
"Ghhh..."

I push harder.

“Ukk!”

Unable to hold still at the bolt of pain, she thrashes away. Movement only makes her pain worse, leaves her whimpering, swinging from the chain and trying to get her toes back on the ground without squeezing the muscles of her distended belly.

“Stupid bitch.”

Contemptuous, I hit the release on the chain and drop Barb to the floor. She gives a muffled scream and writhes on the floor, caught between trying to crawl off the biting metal grate and holding still to spare her stomach’s agonizing bloat. When I finally pull the plug from her anus, she collapses flat on the floor and pushes out the enema in pained gushes. Water gushes all over her quivering legs and only part of it goes down the grate. It’s pathetic.

I pick up a singletail whip and slash at her prone body. “Stupid— fucking— *bitch* .”

Screaming with alarm, Barb rolls off the grate and tries to scramble away. I spray her down with the hose, aiming some at her face so that she chokes and sputters.

“You’d think you’d know better,” I say as I hoist her back up to her feet by the chain. “Think you’d have learned. Every stupid thing you do, every time you don’t cooperate, it just makes it *worse* for you.” I slap her across the face. “You really want to keep pissing me off?”

Barb grinds her jaw, bares her teeth and doesn’t reply. It’s answer enough.

I slap her again and fetch the rope.

The black hemp stands out starkly against her skin as I begin to wrap it around her left breast. When Barb squirms, I viciously pinch and twist her nipple.

“You want it worse?”

Eyes screwed shut, she holds still.

Even so, she can’t help squeaking and squirming as I bind her breasts. They’re big, pretty tits, all natural, soft and heavy and perky. The rope cuts hard into the base of each breast, forming both into big taut globes.

Within a minute her tits are flushed pink, beginning to swell. They strain against the confining rope. Her nipples stand erect and the thick steel rings hang freely.

I finish the last knot and Barb whimpers. Her chest heaves. Every breath makes her nipple rings swing.

I slide a finger under one ring and flip it up, then down— back and forth, tormenting the fresh piercing. Barb shudders hard.

“You hate me, Barb?”

Lips barely parting, she spits, “Fuck you.”

I'm fucking glad she keeps giving me reasons to torture her.

Smiling savagely, I knot the long ends of the rope together. Barb's surprise when I lower the suspension chain from the ceiling lasts just as long as it takes me to snap the rope loop onto the chain's carabiner. Then her manacled wrists come off the chain.

"*Fuck you*—" she starts, struggling with one freed wrist.

I punch her in the stomach and twist her arm. A moment later she's hunched over, gasping, and both wrists are locked together again behind her back.

"Stupid," I spit, walking back over to the winch.

Barb snarls. Then the chain clicks up an inch higher, tugging the bondage around her breasts, and the fury is replaced by horror in the instant she realizes what's going to happen.

The ropes bite hard into her skin as the chain goes taut. Pulled up by her breasts with her back arched to lift them as high as possible, Barb teeters on her toes, panic on her face.

"No— *don't*—"

Her straining toes leave the floor.

"*AUUUGGHH!*"

She shrieks in total agony. There's no rope around her ribs, no chest harness to spread out the weight. Her whole body dangles from her big swollen tits.

"*AHHHHHH!* Stop it! *Stoooop!* Let me down!"

The pressure drives her tits purple almost instantly. Blood forced to the extremity makes them obscenely hard. They bulge from the ropes. Her eyes bulge from her head.

"*God! Fuuuck!* Stop, stop it, it hurts, *stoooopppp!* I can't, I *can't*, Jack— *fuck*— *Aaaahhh!*"

Pain rips through her tits, whiting out all thought or self control. She kicks frantically, desperate to find a floor her straining toes can't reach. She swings on the rope, screaming, back arched, her long gorgeous legs twisting in the most erotic dance I've ever seen.

My cock is so painfully hard that I can feel tension wound up like steel strings down my thighs. I unzip and it springs out, ragingly erect, foreskin already pushed back from the swollen head.

"*Please!*" Barb shrieks, tears streaming from her eyes. "Let me down! Let me down! *Gaaahhh!*"

I sit back in my armchair, ten inches of rigid cock thrusting straight up, and begin slowly, sadistically stroking off to the sight of Barb screaming and writhing in midair agony.

"*God! Fuck! Ahhhhh! Ahhhhhh! AAAAUUGH!*"

Her breasts have swollen up so much that the erection of her nipples is almost gone. The areolas are swollen into tight shiny domes and her nipples barely peak from them, no more than agonizingly purple tips impaled by heavy steel rings. They look gorgeously pumped, as if injected full of oil to the point of plump, bursting roundness.

I've seen tits that look awful in bondage like this: distorted by the ropes, or too saggy to swell up, or too small to create attractive bound globes. Barb's are perfect. And her pain is intoxicating.

"Pleeeease," she bawls. The erotic arch of her whole body is on display as the rope slowly twists. "*Pleeeaaasssse... no more... I caaan't... god, I can't, please, fuck, no mooore...*"

She finally has enough self control not to thrash, not to make the movement worse. Her head hangs straight back, eyes wide open to white rims. Tears stream from the corners. Her legs strain quiveringly to the floor, toes cutting desperate little circles through the air, the instinct to kick barely leashed. If I didn't know she was in agony I could think she was straining on the brink of a mind-shattering orgasm.

"*Pleeeaaasssse... stop... pleeeasse...*"

I lash out with the singletail whip, snapping a red line of fire across her already welted thighs and ass.

"GYAAAAA!"

Barb kicks and jolts on the rope, setting off a fresh wave of agony, and I jerk my cock faster to every new scream.

Day Four:

There's a lot to be said for the power of a single piece of wood and a little creativity.

A narrow rail makes a wooden horse, which can reduce Barb to a mindless, bawling mess unable to focus on anything but the radiating agony of her swollen pussy. A cane can make her scream and dance until she passes out. An upright post offers so many options for suspension or impalement.

My newest, simplest toy is a heavy beam of dark, smooth oak, hanging horizontally at waist height from the ceiling by a thick chain bolted through either end. Not much on its own—not until I chain Barb to it.

"*Uuuuuugh. Uhhh, uhhhh— ahhhh! Aahhhh!*"

Her ankles are tied to the beam with rope, which is knotted securely around her ankles and loosely around the beam. As I lower her body down, her ankles have nowhere to go but apart, sliding along the length of the beam... slowly but surely forcing her legs to split wide apart. The stretch is torture.

“AAAGH!!”

Spit sprays from the ring gag. Barb’s face is crimson. Her thighs are nearly in line with the beam. I can see her arms straining to lift, her legs trying to push up, come together—anything to reduce the stretch—but she’s already laboured herself past the point of exhaustion. Gravity does its work with brutal force.

Squeezing my cock through my jeans, I pause and give her muscles a minute to rest. As intoxicating as her screams are, I want her flexible, not disabled.

She falls to bawling, tears and drool dripping from her chin. “Uhhhh, uhhhh, uuuughhh... Uhhhh...”

I drop her another few inches.

“AHHHHHH!!!”

Finally, her pelvis hangs just past horizontal, her cunt magnificently exposed at the apex of her splayed legs. Barb’s eyes roll and her screams continue as gravity tries to pull her core down even farther.

Humming with satisfaction, I tie more rope around her legs to secure Barb to the beam at her knees and upper thighs. It relieves some of the weight from her manacled wrists, though not a lot.

Her toes point to the walls in quivering strain. The heavy oak beam is a ruthless spreader bar, holding her long gorgeous legs open in perfect splits. Drool running slickly down her stomach finally makes it to the soft pink lips of her cunt, between her parted labia and over the pearl of her big red clit.

As I secure the last knot and step back to admire, it occurs to me that Barb would look even better hanging from a noose around her neck rather than manacles on her wrists: grunting, gasping, red-faced from the strain of breathing with even part of her body weight on the rope. Desperate and terrified.

I groan and squeeze my cock hard. It throbs powerfully against my jeans.

“Eeeeeee,” she whines through the gag, fresh tears sliding down her face. “Eeeese...”

I reach out and stroke her exposed pussy, sliding my fingers between folds slick with drool and her own wetness. I trace a finger around her hole, between her labia, around her clit. A disinterested tease.

“If I fucked you like this, I might rub your clit too much,” I say idly. “Can’t hardly avoid it. So big and hard, grinding on me like a slut.”

A hard sob rips through her.

“Now I want to.” My mouth quirks. “Well. We can still make sure you don’t cum.”

A standard alligator clip would be too small for her swollen clit even when soft. I fish out an oversized clip from the cabinet.

Barb screams horribly when its jaws clamp around the thick shaft of her clit, biting like real teeth.

I shove the ball gag into the O-ring before proceeding, because although I love her screams, I don’t need them right in my ear. Barb’s gurgling wail when I slowly force my cock up into her cunt is still perfectly audible.

Standing upright and grinding into her cunt makes for a slow fuck. The position doesn’t allow deep thrusts or anything energetic. But it does make sure that I rub Barb’s clit *constantly*. Her clit swells, the alligator clip bites horribly into hypersensitive flesh, she screams behind the ball gag, and her pussy clenches with every spike of pain.

Holding onto the beam behind Barb’s ass, I grind into her in deep waves and lose myself in the rhythm. Pleasure builds up deep and hot and trembling-tight. It takes a long time for me to cum, and when I do, my release is a long toe-curling peak that takes forever to ebb.

Shaking so hard that I have to support myself on the beam, I moan and grind out the last of my orgasm into Barb’s sopping pussy. No matter how her clit is tortured, her pussy can’t help but drip from being so thoroughly fucked. Fluid dribbles from my own tight cunthole. Everything is wet and flushed and throbbing.

Her clit especially. When I finally withdraw her clit is crimson and swollen between the alligator clip’s sharp jaws.

“Ready?” I ask, knowing what’s about to happen next.

I pinch the clip open and release her clit.

“**GYYAAGHHH!!!**”

Pain floods in like a white-hot poker when the clip is removed, lighting up every nerve in Barb’s cunt. Her back arches and her eyes roll back.

When it passes, she hangs there on the beam, sobbing and distraught. Her cunt drips onto the floor.

“You know, that’s not even the thing I wanted to do to you today,” I say thoughtfully. “I just got so worked up I had to fuck you.”

Sobbing and choking around the ball gag, Barb shakes her head back and forth. She looks like she’s hanging on by a thread.

She bawls even harder when I retrieve the catheter and bag set-up. I doubt she knows anything about the gear beyond the fact that I'm doubtless going to force something somewhere into her body, but that's enough.

The wide stretch of her legs holds her labia wide open. Below the prominent thrust of her clit, abused and erect despite itself, is the tiny hole of her urethra.

God, I'm going to ruin her in so many ways.

A smear of lube over her urethra makes her clench and squeal, afraid and in denial. It does nothing to stop me from setting the catheter in place at that tiny pink hole.

Slowly, inexorably, I force the catheter into her urethra, and—

“Ahh— ahh— *AHHHH!*”

Pain runs her spine up into a delicious arch. The catheter slides farther and farther in, eight millimeters of rubber tube stretching out her tiny urethra deeper and deeper. Two inches—three inches—

That must be into her bladder. I pinch open the clip holding the tube closed, and sure enough a dribble of urine runs through into the bag. I clamp it again.

“So many ways to stretch you out,” I murmur, and kiss her swollen red clit. I slip a syringe of water into the catheter's inflation port and slowly depress it.

“Uhh!” Barb jerks and clenches. Inside her, water inflates the balloon at the end of the catheter, inside her bladder. Almost like pissing in reverse.

(Now there's an idea... Later.)

I can tell from her wild eyes that she doesn't know how to handle the sensations—neither the sharp throbbing of her urethra, painfully stretched around the thick catheter, nor the inflation of her bladder.

When it's full the balloon isn't all that large. But it's more than enough to prevent the catheter from sliding out. I give a tug on the hose to test. And to hear Barb squeal.

I stand and run my hands up her body, over welted thighs and bruised tits, up to her nipples standing sore and perky from the stimulation of their heavy piercings. “I'm going to rape every hole you have. Fill every single one. Make you hold it and make you force it out. Make you cry the whole way through.”

Her eyes well up with tears. God, she couldn't make my cock harder if she *tried*.

Then I lift the catheter bag and, with a couple of alligator clips and some twine, hang it from her nipple rings. The clips bite onto the steel rings rather than her nipples, but Barb still moans at the slight weight of the empty bag hanging from her tender nipples.

I leave the tube clamped though. It remains lodged in her urethra, locked in and blocked.

“Here, whore. Drink up before I go.”

I pop out the ball gag and force a feeding tube down her throat. Gagging helplessly but unable to struggle with any leverage from her split-wide legs or her wrists bound overhead, Barb glugs down two bottles of liquid meal replacement.

By the time I finish, her stomach must be screaming, stuffed with over a litre of liquid. Her back arches slightly backward from the bondage, making her belly curve out bloated and heavy.

“Enjoy that, Barb. I’ve got better things to do than you. I’ll see you... I don’t know, whenever I feel like it.”

Behind me, suspended from the ceiling and split wide on the oak beam, she gurgles a plea. I can practically feel the first trickle of liquid down into her guts.

Day Five:

“Uhh... uhhh... uhh-huh-uhhh.... *uhhhhh...*”

Barb is sobbing through the ring gag when I come back the next day. Judging by the trail of dried drool and snot on her face, down her chin and chest, she has been for a while.

Her eyes nearly pop when she sees me. “UUUHHHH!” Agony. Absolute desperation.

Yesterday I left her stomach bloated, stretched forcibly full of liquid. Ever since then, Barb’s body has done the work of torture for me: pushing that liquid through her intestines, digesting what it can and filtering the rest out. Filling her bladder one drip at a time, slowly and inevitably, past the point of need and into agony.

Her bladder is a huge distended bulge, bigger than I’ve ever seen. Fuller than any human could endure by choice. I grope its rock-hard swell and Barb screams as if she’s dying. Her eyes roll back and her whole body convulses with the instinctive push to piss.

The catheter locked in her urethra holds it in.

“Ggggahhhhhh!”

Still bound into splits on the beam, Barb jerks and writhes in the grip of her uncontrollable, animal need to piss. It’s like a reverse crucifixion— arms up, legs spread—and her dance of agony is utterly obscene. Instinct makes her roll her hips, fucking the air with her red swollen clit, somewhere between trying to shake the catheter free and begging me to pull it out.

I pinch her clit. She continues to writhe even though it jerks her clit hard against my fingers. Her eyes roll farther back. “Gghuhhhh, eeeeeeee...”

“Oh, babe,” I breathe, desperately aroused. “You want it out?”

“EEEEEE!”

I roll her clit between my fingers, squeezing the thick throbbing shaft beneath the hood. Is it just the testosterone doing this to her? No. Her urethra passes right between the massive internal bulbs of her clitoris. Even the catheter just sitting in there would be stimulation to those nerves— pain, pleasure, makes no difference. But her bladder has also been filling all night, swelling and stretching, pressing on every nerve within.

I release her clit and slip two fingers into her cunt. Her hole is *tight*. The stretch makes Barb scream again. Between her bulging bladder and the throbbing erection of her internal clit, Barb’s cunt is swollen nearly shut.

“Fuck,” I hiss, and grab a fistful of Barb’s hair to roughly kiss her ring-gagged mouth. I shove my tongue through the O-ring and ravage her mouth as she wails, her tongue writhing against mine. A string of drool clings between us. “I’m gonna fuck you so good.”

The alligator clip is still sitting on the table nearby. I snap it onto the shaft of Barb’s clit. She’s still screaming as I unzip, hold the empty catheter tube aside, and force my cock into her dripping snatch.

The contrast between her slick, dripping entrance and her swollen-tight hole is mind-blowing. Her cunt clutches my cock as if she’s never taken it before, like I’m forcing her onto my massive shaft for the first time. My cockhead slowly parts her hard, engorged walls. Barb gurgles out a scream and arches backward, trying to escape but unable to pull her hips back as I hold onto the beam and slowly, slowly drive in.

“Ooohhhh! Ohhhh! OHHH, EEEE!”

Barb’s noise is equal parts agony and ecstasy. She’s spread— stretched— filled to the brim with cock and piss, every nerve stimulated and screaming. Her cunt clamps my cock in luscious heat. Finally my cock bottoms out against her cervix, still two inches from balls-deep in her tight little hole, and the pressure on her bladder amps her scream up into true agony again.

“EEEEEEE!”

Her cunt clamps down and I yell in pleasure. Then she strains to piss, her muscles pushing open, unintentionally letting my cock slide an inch deeper. I groan and thrust harder, grinding my cockhead against her cervix, her bladder, fucking for depth and satisfaction in that tight wet heat.

She’s so wet there’s a thick obscene *schlick* as I roll my hips in short fast strokes. Her labia and clit squish intensely between us. And her struggling— her screams—

“EEEEEE! EEEEEEEE OHHHHHH! EEEEEEEE!”

Barb’s eyes are rolled back and streaming with tears. She fights like a demon, thrashing against the ropes that bind her to the beam even though she can’t gain an inch of freedom to prevent my cock from battering into her cervix. Every thrust punches her bladder and her cruelly clipped clit.

Not out of mercy but because I want to *feel* it, I pinch the release valve on the catheter tube.

Piss shoots through the tube and into the catheter bag, an immediate high-pressure spray of release. Barb all but convulses, her body going rigid at the shock of release. Every muscle contracts with the instinct to *push*.

“*Uuuuuhhhhhhhh...!*”

Her moan is orgasmic. So is her twitching. Her hips jerk up and down as if the piss was ejaculate gushing in waves.

“Fuuuuck,” I moan against Barb’s neck, clutching her close and thrusting messily in. Her pussy is going wild, fluttering and pulsing around me.

Thrusting makes her squeak in fresh distress. Sharp pain splits her body: her clit and her bladder. “Ughhh!” she gurgles, tensing with pain. “Ugh— ughhh— uhhh— ughh!”

“That’s right,” I growl, humping her harder. “Suffer. Scream for me again...”

“Uh! Uh! Uhh! *Oohhh...*”

Pain ruins her release, breaking it down into messy spurts of relief between punches of pain. She arches and screams again, clenching around my cock as it batters her cunt. And even as her bladder releases, it’s still distended and too full, too slow to drain. I push hard on her bladder and feel it lock up with agony. The piss stops and Barb screams.

And the catheter bag suspended from her nipple rings slaps against her chest with every hard thrust. At first it was just her tits bouncing that made the piercings tweak. Now the bag is starting to fill, adding weight to the rings, and her squeals of pain increase for a new reason.

I grope Barb’s tit and suck her neck and fuck her harder, relishing the way every little thing makes her hurt.

“Uh! Uh! UH! UH! UH!”

She’s still squealing and squirting piss in miserable spurts when I cum. I slam in brutally a few more times then hold it in balls deep, groaning and shaking through orgasm. We groan in unison: “*Oooohhhhh...*”

Her pussy flutters deliciously around my throbbing shaft. If I could bathe her cervix in cum I would. With the amount of juice that she’s dripping, it’s impossible to tell that I didn’t.

Urine is still flowing through the catheter. I can feel—or imagine I feel—it gushing through her stretched urethra, separated from my cock by the thinnest stretch of tissue.

I keep my cock shoved deep in her snatch for as long as I can. Barb moans and spasms around it, still wracked with pleasure-pain from the sharp clip on her clit.

At last I step back. My softening cock slides lusciously from the still-tight clutch of her cunt. A shudder runs through Barb. Her squirming and whimperings of pain don't stop.

Without me pressed against her, the catheter bag hangs fully from her nipple rings. "Uhhh hohhhhh," she groans. Tears overflow her eyes.

And she's still pissing. She can't *stop*: the catheter holds her open no matter how she tries to clench down. The bulge of her bladder has deflated and she's wiggling like she wants to stop, wants to end the increasing weight on her nipples, but she can't. Slowly, inevitably, the bag gets fuller and heavier.

"Uuhhhhhh," Barb begs, her eyes swimming with tears. She's fucked and shaking and absolutely wrecked, dripping drool and sweat and slick from her cunt. All she wants is for this last torment to end.

"Uhhh... eeeee..."

Smiling, I shake my head.

Barb chokes on a sob that makes her tits shake. Unable to do anything else as she pisses and pisses and her nipples hurt worse, she leans back as far as she can while still bound to the beam with her arms overhead. It's barely enough to rest the catheter bag against her stomach.

It drags heavily on her poor tender piercings, stretching her tits and her nipples down hard. "Oooooh!" Barb screams, growing more and more frantic. "Ohhhh, ohhhhhh, eee! *Ohhhh!*"

"Aw," I say, lifting a hand to stroke one stretched nipple. "Look at that, Barb. It's full."

The catheter bag is swollen almost to capacity, bulging just like her bladder was. Apparently 600 milliliters is not enough.

I pinch the catheter valve shut, blocking the flow of piss. Barb gives a guttural groan.

"I think I'll leave that for a while," I say. Her eyes pop open and she squeals in desperation.

"You thought that was it?" I demand, tugging the alligator clip still pincering her clit. She shrieks. "You dumb bitch, you're going to *suffer*. You try to escape, you get nothing nice. I'm going to *break* you."

I give her clit a hard twist and then open the clip, letting blood flow back in. Barb's scream of agony echoes off the walls. I toss the clip on the table for later.

"We'll see how desperate you are to piss tomorrow. And I'll get some bigger bags."

Day Nine

“What do you think, Barb? This one... or this one?”

Angling the laptop screen so she can see, I flip back and forth between pictures of two penis gags.

“This one is longer... but this one inflates. Which would you prefer? Gagging a little more or a good hard jaw stretch to get you used to opening up for my cock?”

At that moment the electric pussy pump clicks back on. Barb arches in pain. “Nnngh!”

With her legs spread wide by the beam, she can only thrust her hips a little. It does nothing to dislodge the vacuum cylinder suctioned hard on her pussy. Her cunt lips and clit are swollen hugely, filling almost four inches of the cylinder. The weight of the cylinder and electric pump dangling down, swaying in midair, only adds to the stretch.

The pump reaches maximum pressure again and clicks off. Barb is left gurgling in pain, her poor sensitive cunt swollen to its absolute limit.

At least, until her body adjusts. Until the little machine turns on again and pumps her up a little bigger.

“I think this one,” I say, and click the longer penis gag. “I can always stretch open your mouth another way. The ring gag is such a good look.”

She shakes her head, moaning. A string of drool drips from her lips.

“You’re tempting me to put a cock in there.”

The pump clicks back on.

“Uuugh! Guhh!”

“I’m going to need a bigger cylinder for you soon. Imagine how big and puffy we can get that cunt. Let’s see... Oh, *there’s* an idea.”

Without letting her see, I drop the new toy right in the basket.

“I wish I could give you an actual cock,” I sigh. “So many fun options for torturing cocks. Cages... humblers... urethral plugs... well, I suppose you have some fun with those, eh?”

The silicone plug currently stuffed in her urethra has slid out about two inches, perhaps dragged by the pressure of the vacuum. Ten inches of it are still coiled up in her bladder,

plugging her shut.

“But hey,” I say, after clicking through ‘Purchase’ and setting aside the laptop. “Let’s see what we can do to make your fat little girlcock a bit bigger.”

I roll my chair over in front of the beam. Barb writhes on her suspended beam, giving a little sob in anticipation of my renewed attention.

I release the vacuum pressure. After a hard pull that makes her squeal, the cylinder comes free with a wet suck, sliding off her distended cuntclips. Her engorged folds wobble, slick and red and jellylike. The fat purple head of her clit pokes between the swollen lips like a pearl.

I can’t resist leaning forward and licking that hard swollen clit. Barb moans, arching uncontrollably into it—and then shrieks when I slap her pussy brutally, again and again and again.

Her swollen pussy bounces like jelly. Delighted, I slap it until my hand stings and tears have joined the drool dripping from Barb’s chin.

“So pretty.” Satisfied that she’s been shoved away from the brink of orgasm, I stroke her clit between my finger and thumb. The shaft perks up a little harder again. “Big fat cock on you. All the better to torture you with, my dear.”

“Eeeese...”

“I’m not sure if you mean ‘please stop hurting it,’ ‘please don’t make it bigger,’ or ‘please let me cum,’ but either way the answer is no. And just for that...”

I fetch a pair of small iron balls and hook one onto each of Barb’s nipple rings. She gives a gurgling scream at the weight stretching her poor tender nipples. I stroke her engorged pussy tenderly just to confuse the sensations.

“Now, your cock.”

With a small zip-up case in hand, I return to my seat. It zips and flips open, revealing a small glass vial of testosterone, a piercing clamp, and several needles.

Seeing the needles, Barb begins to scream. Her terror only heightens my pleasure as I draw up a syringe of testosterone.

Carefully, I get her clit between the piercing clamp, making sure to push the swollen hood back and expose the clit head fully before tightening the clamp. It locks into place.

“Strictly speaking, I don’t *have* to give you T this way. But it’s more fun. For me.”

“OHHH, OHHH, EEEEEEE —”

Slowly, slowly, I push the needle into her clit: slightly left of center of the hard swollen head, down the length of her erect shaft, piercing directly through the most sensitive tissue in her entire body.

“UUUUUUAAAAGGGHHHHH!!! AHHHH! AHHHH! AUUUGHHHHH!!!”

I press the plunger. The testosterone shoots in. And then I unscrew the needle from the empty syringe, leaving the one-inch needle buried in Barb’s massive pumped clit.

Barb stares down at the needle embedded in her clit, still screaming brainlessly. She doesn’t seem capable of looking away from the needle, the horror and agony of it. Red-faced, eyes bulging, tendons straining, she continues to scream and writhe against her bondage.

I gently squeeze the shaft of her impaled clit. Her head snaps back:
“UUUUAAAUUUUGGHHH!!!”

It’s absolutely *gorgeous*. Stretched and straining in a reverse crucifixion, back arched, mouth open, eyes rolled back like the most erotic of tortured saints: a Theresa or a Sebastian. Ecstatic agony. Saint Barb, patron slut of suffering for my cock.

My cock is so hard it *hurts*. Quickly I lower her chained wrists from the ceiling. With her legs still bound in splits to the wooden beam, she’s forced to arch backward, still hanging from her wrists but now parallel to the floor. Her head dangles back, red-faced, tears and drool streaming.

Driven out of her mind by terror and pain, Barb hasn’t stopped screaming. She carries on until my cock shoves through the O-ring and into her mouth, against her frantic writhing tongue. Even as I brutally fuck her mouth, my cockhead bulging her throat hard and fast, she continues to scream and glug drool between each deep thrust.

Day Thirteen

“You’re a fucking mess, Barb.”

She whimpers weakly, too afraid to do or say anything more. She’s spent the night spread-eagled on the table, bound where I left her last night after a good long session of whipping. Her lips quiver around the bit-gag: already on the verge of crying when we haven’t even started for the evening.

There’s not an inch of her left that I haven’t brutalized. Her skin is covered in whip-marks and welts: thighs, ass, back, stomach and breasts. Especially the breasts. The other day I hung her up by her tits and whipped them until she passed out. She’s got rope bruises on every limb, places where I’ve tied her and suspended her and contorted her into every agonizing pose I could. Sometimes it was to expose her cunt or asshole or throat, sometimes just to hear her wail at the painful stretch.

“Good thing you look so pretty all fucked up.”

The hook in her nose, tied tightly to her twisted hair, is especially distressing. When I tied it on last night, she refused to play along until I had whipped, clamped and face-fucked her for almost an hour. At the end of it, when she finally broke down and started grunting and oinking on command, I jerked off over her face—even hooked two fingers into my cunthole to fingerbang my G-spot and make sure I’d squirt into her upturned nostrils, making her choke and gag on the cum trickling down her nasal passages and into her throat.

I tug the hook lightly. “You want this off?”

She nods and hiccups, trying to hold back tears.

“Squeal, piggy.”

With a hard sob, she does: “Eeeee! Eeeee! Eeeee!”

I untie the nose hook and slip it off. Barb drops her head and whimpers around the gag, “Ank ou.”

Such an obedient bitch. Finally. Not that I’ll ever trust her meekness or obedience again.

“Gonna be good for me, baby?” I ask anyway. She nods quickly. I grab one of her welted tits and squeeze hard, making her scream. “I’ll hang you by your hair and whip these bloody if you try anything.”

More frantic nodding, a lisping little, “Yesh yesh yesh pleash yesh!”

Still don’t trust it. That’s fine; a few minutes of cooperation is all I want.

At the head of the table, I unhook Barb’s wrists from the table and lift her by the hair, forcing her to hastily sit up. I lock the wrist cuffs together behind her back, then go around and unlock her ankles too. She sits there, swaying slightly and panting. Probably the first time in weeks she hasn’t been tied to or hung from something.

“Sleep well? You look tired.”

I caress her tits, her nipples, all hot with whip-welts. Barb shuts her eyes and whimpers but holds still for it, shaking but resisting the urge to pull away. Curious how far she’ll ensure, I pull her nipple rings. Moaning, she arches into it to try to lessen the pull but lets it happen.

“Stand up.”

She scoots slowly, painfully off the table. Her knees buckle and she nearly hits the floor, held up only because I catch her around the waist. Shaking all over, Barb leans into me and moans.

“Pleash,” she’s whimpering, “pleash, no... pleash...”

“Shhhh. Poor baby. Over here. Don’t whine.”

Wobbling and weak, she stumbles across the room with me, over to an open area. She stands splay-legged and shaking like a fawn as I crouch and tie a rope around each ankle. I'm expecting at any moment for her to kick, but she doesn't. She might fall over if she tried.

"You know," I say conversationally, as I tie one rope to a steel D-ring bolted into the floor three feet away, "when you kicked me in the balls... I thought I was gonna kill you. I really, really wanted to kill you."

Barb whimpers. "No, pleash—"

"Shh." I take the rope connected to her other ankle and tie it to the other D-ring in the floor nearby. It makes her spread her legs a little farther apart, expecting to be yanked wide, but there's still slack in the ropes. Barb shifts in place, looking almost anxious at such an unrestrictive tie.

I stand and stroke her face gently, looking into her eyes. My beautiful, brutalized slut. Her lips are red and swollen around the bit gag, slick with spit. Her pretty blue eyes well over with tears, even with me just standing here and petting her so gentle. She's *afraid*.

She should be.

"You look tired," I say again. "I wore you out, huh?"

Barb tearfully nods.

"That's okay. You don't have to do anything today. I'm gonna help you dance." I tenderly kiss her mouth, then put my thumbs to her eyelids and slide them closed. "Close your eyes. Don't look."

It makes her start shaking violently. "Pleash," she begs around the gag, "pleeeash, no, pleeeeash..."

"Keep them closed or I'll fill your cunt with peppers and put you on the fucking machine."

Barb starts to sob. But she stands there, shoulders hunched, and waits.

From one of the cabinets, I pull out a short length of thick hemp rope. It's already been knotted into a noose. After about two feet of slack, the free end is secured to a metal O-ring. Makes it easy to clip the noose onto the chain that dangles from the ceiling.

I test the knots. They hold strong. Ready.

Barb is still whimpering but her eyes are shut. Terrified but oblivious to what I'm doing just ten feet away. If she had peeked, she'd have started screaming.

I pull the chain over to her. Every click of the anchor sliding along tracks on the ceiling makes Barb flinch. Still blind.

Gonna stretch that pretty neck.

I flip the noose over her head and snug it up under her left ear. Barb jerks— eyes flying wide open—and then the sensation of a rope around her neck makes sense and she starts to scream.

For a little while I stand back and grin... unzip my jeans and jerk my cock slowly, relishing the terror of her incoherent noise. She can't even go anywhere—a single step before she reaches the limits of her ankle ropes. The only thing in the world Barb could do is let her knees buckle and fall on the rope herself, and that she *does not want*.

“*Pleeeeash!*” she begs, tears and snot running down her face. “*Pleeeeash nuh, nuh, nuhhhhh-uhhh... Nuuhhh! Nuhhhhhh!*”

She's still shrieking hysterically when I click the ‘Up’ button on my little remote and the motorized winch begins raising the chain.

“*Ahhh! Ahhhh! Nuhhhhhh! AHHHHHH! AHHGH— GHH— gk —!*”

Oh so slowly, the noose bites into her throat, tightens bit by bit, and begins to lift. I stop when Barb's screaming chokes off into strained gurgles, leaving her just *barely* on her tip toes, swaying frantically. Her neck is stretched high, head tipped to the side with the knot below one ear. The ankle ropes prevent her from closing her legs, getting that last inch of height or any good balance.

“Gk— kkkh— ack— *Jack* —”

I unbuckle the bit gag. Barb gasps wide-mouthed for air— lips open, tongue straining erotically—as if it's not the rope around her windpipe constricting her breath. She can get a *little*, still. Just enough to gurgle and whisper, “*Jack, Jack please — gkk— please no—*”

I kiss her deeply, messily, stealing what little air she has and relishing the desperate writhe of her tongue against mine. My cock jumps. I grind against her hip, letting Barb feel what her torment does to me.

“You don't want to hang?”

I go around behind her and thrust my cock against her hands, bound behind her back. Without me asking, Barb takes hold of my cock and begins stroking it frantically, gasping and grunting with the effort of maintaining her balance and breathing and jerking me off. Her desperation makes the handjob so much sweeter. My cock throbs in her skilled hands.

I hook two fingers into her ass. Finger it slowly. The inside is mucus-slick, silky and hot, and the entrance is red and swollen and sore from constant abuse. She opens so easy now.

“I feel like you've gotten used to getting ass-fucked. Doesn't make you scream the way it used to. But you'll struggle today.”

“Ack— *nuhh* —”

“Make you kick and dance. Dangling on my cock.”

“Please!”

I press my cockhead to her hole and slowly push in. Her abused hole spreads for me, taking dick like she was made for it. I take Barb’s hips and pull her ass all the way onto it— balls deep, impaled to the last inch of my cock—and even that tiny movement makes her sway on her tiptoes. Her ass clenches gloriously.

I fuck her real slow for a bit, enjoying how every little push makes her sway and struggle for balance. Kiss her shoulder and ear, just above the noose’s thick knot. Feel her fingers twitching in panic against my stomach.

Then I slip a hand in my pocket to the remote and click ‘Up.’

A single inch of lift takes her toes from the floor. The noose cinches tight, Barb chokes out a final “**Gggkkk—**” and the first spasm of pure terror snaps through her body.

Barb’s body jolts wildly, held in place on my cock only because I’ve got a grip on her hips. Her legs yank short against the ankle ropes, able to kick but not far—not enough to inconvenience me, just enough that I can feel her *dance*. Her throat makes a strangled clicking sound.

Buried in her ass, my cock throbs hard enough to pound through steel. “*Fuck,*” I moan in her ear, shuddering hard against her. Holding her hips tight enough to bruise, I jerk Barb back onto my cock and start fucking faster, urgent and rough.

Hanging is a slow, agonizing death. Historically, people condemned to the gallows could take twenty or thirty minutes to die, twitching and kicking all the while, and some even survived a long dangle and woke up when they were cut down. Executioners had to introduce ways to make it go faster: a long drop, ankle weights, even spectators pulling on the legs. It’s the broken neck that killed them fast, not asphyxia.

I’m not trying to kill Barb. The slow suffering of strangulation is the torture I want.

“Gkk— kk— gkk— gkkk—”

She’s dangling. Hanging. I can jerk her body back and forth on my cock like a toy. Her cock-trained rectum has gotten *tight* again, squeezing, spastic. I can’t see from behind her but her eyes must be bulging, her tongue dangling out—

I click ‘Up’ and raise Barb a few inches more, bringing her asshole perfectly on level with my cock. She thrashes in panic. Almost all the slack is gone from the ankle ropes, leaving her stretched erotically between noose and spread ankles.

“Kkhhhh — gk— glck—”

She doesn’t have enough slack to kick me, just to kick in little frantic flutters, her body jerking and straining against mine. It only grinds her ass on my cock. As if she were *trying* to get me off, rather than slowly strangling.

“Fuck— fuck— fuck—”

I piston brutally into her ass, balls slapping her ass. Orgasm is tightening my guts already. The power of this new torment, the undiluted terror in Barb, the spasming clench of her ass around my cock— it's a heady mixture and I'm drowning in it.

There's a hot gush of fluid, a spasm through Barb's body. "*Ghhhhh...*" Her thighs strain and tremble. It takes me a moment to realize she's lost control of her bladder, or maybe the force of her desperate strain is pushing it out. Piss or squirt, makes no difference: both are ejaculations forced from her. Violent, uncontrollable. Evidence of her torment.

"That's it baby," I rasp in her ear, pounding her ass as she dribbles and jerks. Dancing on a string for me. "Gonna make me cum— gonna cum— make me cum, baby, squeeze that ass, lemme fill you up before you fucking choke—"

"Glck..." She jerks hard— a violent effort in her weakening struggles. "*Kk ... kh...*"

"Ungh—" My guts clench. Feeling it coming on hard and fast, I piston furiously into her ass, jerking her body back and forth without regard for how it yanks the rope around her neck, forces out these obscene gurgling *kk-k-gk-glk-khhh* sounds. In fact, that's better, that's it, she's choking, she's right on the edge, gurgling and gagging and spasming uncontrollably as if she was orgasming too, as if her torture was pleasure...

"Uh, uh, *oh*, yeah, *fuck*, gonna cum, yeah baby, fuck— **OH! OH!** *Ohh, ungh, nghh, unnghhhhh...*"

My cock throbs hard in her ass, pulsing through wave after wave of orgasm. Ecstasy hits so hard that my knees go weak. And through it all Barb is still *hanging*, spasming, suffering for my pleasure, and that just makes the orgasm go on and on and *on*, endless, perfect.

Too soon, but because I *have* to, I let go of her hips and hit the 'Down' button. The rope drops.

Her feet hit the floor. Her knees buckle. My cock slides out of her tight asshole, still rampantly erect and throbbing through the last waves of orgasm over Barb as she hits the floor, draws a huge frantic breath through the barely-loosened noose and *screams*.

I grip my slick cock and jerk it slow, thorough, so fucking good, milking out pleasure for as long as I can while Barb bawls in a terrorized mess at my feet. A dribble of cum spatters onto her back.

At last, I sigh and tuck my cock back in my jeans. I'm so thoroughly used that I can't go again, not soon. Not that Barb could take another round like that.

When I bend and grab the noose around her neck, Barb shrieks frantically. But all I do is loosen it and slip it off, then raise the chain with a press of the button.

Her face is a red, snotty, drooling mess. She's still bawling and hiccupping, incoherent. Unable to do anything but lie there and wheeze and howl. The raw scarlet marks around her throat are already turning purple.

I leave her tied up on the floor underneath the swaying noose. A terrorized, shattered wreck.

Let her think about trying to escape ever again.

Chapter End Notes

In case anyone is interested, here's the inspiration for [Barb with her legs stretched and strapped to the beam.](#)

Fisting

Chapter Notes

Content: vaginal stretching (pear of anguish, dildo impalement, fisting), anal

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Barb makes a wet *glck... glck...* sound each time my cockhead pops into the back of her throat and down, just barely, into her esophagus. Driven by trembling fear, she's forcing her own head down on it over and over, despite the pain. Her gag reflex may have been weakened by weeks of brutalization—she's only retched up throatslime four or five times in the last fifteen minutes of determined deepthroating—but her esophagus is a tight, tight sphincter. It still takes more force, or at least a better position than this, to ram the girth of my cock down it.

Or maybe just more motivation. I close my eyes and imagine Barb with needles in her nipples... an electrified clip on her clit, shocking her over and over until she manages to make herself deepthroat me all the way...

My cock jerks hard in her mouth, making her gag more violently. Another splash of slime trickles down to my balls. Before I get too close to cumming, I pull her head back by the hair.

Drool runs from her open, gasping mouth. The eyeliner I carefully applied is streaked from mewling tears of stress and fear.

She looks good on her knees, desperately sucking cock. It's nice to just sit back in my armchair and let her do the work for once. Of course her arms are bound behind her back, wrists twisted painfully upwards and tied to her braided hair, but that's nothing; getting the chance to start the day's session without getting whipped, shocked, pierced or tied up in agonizing bondage is a reward for Barb to be desperate about.

"Good news, bitch." I spit in her still-open mouth. She flinches hard. "I've decided what your punishment will be for that little stunt you pulled."

Barb looks blank, then *shattered*. "But..." she gasps, before realizing it's smarter not to even try.

"You think that was it?" I slap her just for fun. "That was just me working out my anger. Blowing off steam. You pissed me *off*, Barb. I needed some time to think about what I should actually do to you, not just fuck you to death. Now I know."

Her face crumples up, wretched. She's trying not to cry.

"Ass or cunt?"

“... What? *Aughhh!*”

I twist her other nipple ring too, just to make her squirm and bite back another shriek. “Ass or cunt? Which one do you want?”

“I don’t...”

Refusing to ease her confusion, I twist both nipples again. Barb arches her back and tries not to whine. “Ass. Or. Cunt. You have to choose. Pick one.”

To punish or spare? What am I planning? How bad is it? I can see the frantic calculation in her eyes, behind the distraction of pain. I keep slowly, slowly twisting her nipples harder, cranking up the pain. Barb writhes on her knees but has nowhere to go, not when I’ve got her by the tits.

“Cunt!” she finally bursts out. “My cunt!”

I release her nipples and grin.

“Oh good. I was hoping for that.”

I grab a fistful of her hair and drag her over to the table. In less than a minute I’ve got her laid out on her back and locked down on it, knees spread wide and cunt exposed at the edge of the table. Barb holds her back beautifully arched from the strain of her arms still bound beneath her, keeping her tits up and jiggling as she squirms in pain.

“*Nngh,*” I groan, thrusting into her pussy. “Nice tight cunt. Even when you’re dripping for it.”

I pound her hard and fast, forcing my cock in balls deep and reaming out that pretty pink snatch. Barb cries with every stroke as my cock punches her cervix, a lance of pain that overshadows the twinges of pleasure from her big clit getting brushed. Even after weeks of breaking in this tight little cunt, my cock is still made for pain, not pleasure.

Driven by Barb’s cries, I fuck her like a wild animal. I grab her tits for leverage, dig my nails in and squeeze until she howls, arching and writhing beneath me. She’s screaming, “*Please! Please stop! Fuck, stop it, please stop, it fucking hurts, stop! Aaaauugh!*” by the time I finally orgasm hard, roaring, hammering her clenching pussy through the waves of pleasure.

It takes a long time for my cock to finish twitching inside her, warmed in the grip of her still-tight cunt. Feeling pleasantly fuzzy, I lean down and suck on her titties, play with her nipple rings. She clenches every time I bite, which draws out the afterglow.

At last I withdraw and slap my half-hard cock against her flushed, slippery cunt. Girl-slick drools to the floor.

“I’m gonna miss this,” I sigh. “But I’ve been waiting a long time, too.”

“What?” she says shrilly. “What? What are you gonna— kkgh—”

I strap the O-ring gag in place. Don’t need her talking for this, just screaming.

I push two fingers into her cunt, curl them and stroke her G-spot, smiling. Barb lifts her head to watch in mounting fear. Pleasure makes her squeeze involuntarily.

“To shove a fist up your tight little cunt, of course.”

She’s screaming, hysterical with terror, even before I turn two fingers into three— four— and begin pushing hard.

All four fingers barely fit in to the second knuckle. Panicking, Barb arches hard, trying to lift her hips away. She rattles the table with her thrashing.

“*God*. Fuck, Barb. You’re actually tight as hell. Even a slut like you. I always liked that— how small you were—”

“***OHHHHH! OHHH, EEEE! OH, OH, OHHHHHH—***”

I slam her hips back down on the table. “Been waiting a long time to break you,” I snarl. “Shove my whole fucking hand in there and make you *cry* on it. Split that cunt wide open. Just— fucking— *ruin* you— ram my fist in there— fuck you so deep and hard you never close up again. Make you scream— cry— fucking *scream* for me, bitch—”

“***OHHHHHHH!!!***”

As hard as I shove, trying to force my fingers deeper in, I can’t get my knuckles past Barb’s opening. It’s not a matter of how wet she is: the vice-grip of her cunt refuses to spread.

“Oh, babe, this is gonna hurt. A lot.”

In short, hard thrusts I begin to punch my tapered fist into her.

“Ohhh, ohh— *uhn!* Ow! Ungh— *uhn*— ohhhh, eeeeaa— *uhn!* *Uhhh!*”

“Split you open... shove it in— fuck yeah, babe, scream for me! Louder!” I punch my fist in and *push*, forcing my knuckles against her straining tightness.

“***UUUUUUAAAHHHHH!***”

I force my fist into her, fast and rough, until finally the base of my knuckles slides just *barely* into the mouth of her cunt. Barb screams and thrashes like she’s dying, spraying spittle through the ring gag and jolting the table. Her cunt *strains*, stretched painfully tight around the girth of my knuckles.

“***AAAHHHHH— AAAAHHHH— OHHH! EEEEEEE!***”

The muscular channel of her cunt flexes and strains: trying to spread, I can feel it, but she just *can’t*. There’s no way for her to stretch around my fist. As hard as I force my hand in— and god, I love the way it makes Barb shriek— I can’t make it fit. My knuckles hurt from how hard she’s squeezing them.

“***UUUHHHH!! UHHHH!! UUUAHH!!***”

Surprised and impressed, I finally withdraw my fist. My knuckles pop slickly past the rim of her cunt, and then my fingers, sore and cramped. I shake my hand out and push my sticky fingers into her gagged-open mouth. Barb sobs around them, gags when I stroke her slobbery tongue and soft palate.

“Well,” I say, pleased. “Looks like stretching out your cunt is going to take longer than I thought.”

“Gggk— ohhhh... ohhh...”

Grinning, I push two fingers down her throat and fingerfuck it rapidly, sending her into gagging convulsions. Drool splatters through the O-ring. I wipe it off on Barb’s red, tear-streaked face.

“We’ll start with a toy today. Something easy.”

Barb doesn’t like the dildo any better, whining and squirming as I slowly shove the big fat fake cock up her pussy. It’s a bestial thing, ribbed and slightly curved with a small ovoid bulge at the base that’s not quite a knot but definitely a stretch. It’s the first time I’ve put anything girthier than my own cock into Barb. The pain makes her bawl.

It takes a long time to force in. I spend almost fifteen minutes fucking her with the dildo—its ribbed shaft rubbing her raw, the curved tip angled to punch into her bladder with every stroke—before I can finally bury the bulging shaft in all the way.

Her cunt finally spreads and swallows the slight knot. The base squelches against Barb’s swollen labia. She arches and screams: “Uuuuuahhh! Ahhh! Ahhhhhhhh!”

A harness of leather straps holds the dildo firmly in place, jammed deep into that tight, resistant little cunt. The sight of her flushed red lips straining around the thick base makes my cock jump, finally twitching awake from hazily aroused to hard.

“I think you need something else,” I mutter, unlocking Barb from the table and flipping her over roughly. She howls at the pain of the massive dildo in her cunt being jostled. “Another hole stuffed full.”

It must hurt Barb to be shoved face-down on the table, her stuffed belly pressed flat, pushed down on the hard tip of the curving dildo aimed right at her bladder. Even worse when I spit on her asshole and slowly force my cock in, cramming another hard, thick rod up her second hole.

“AAAAHHHHH!!!”

It feels fucking *great*, though. Through the thin wall of flesh that separates ass and cunt, I can feel the ribs of the dildo rubbing my cock as I pound her up the ass. The hard pressure stuffing her cunt makes her shitpipe tighter too. Despite being unchained, Barb doesn’t have the strength to struggle free—or the bravery to try, maybe. She just wails when I grab a fistful of her hair and hold it like a horse’s rein, jerking her back onto my dick and giving me the leverage to jackhammer ruthlessly.

“Can’t believe I haven’t filled up every hole at once before,” I pant in her ear. “*Fuck*, this is good. When I get you choking on a cock at the same time...”

I grip her throat and squeeze until Barb chokes, red-faced, spit spraying from the ring gag.

After I’ve finished pumping out my orgasm in her guts, I withdraw with a sigh and slap Barb across the ass. She involuntarily clenches her pussy around the dildo’s thick base and sobs.

“Let’s see if you can sleep with that thing stretching out your cunt. I’ve got an even better toy for you tomorrow. I’ve been looking forward to it for a long time.”

*

I’ve always been, shall we say, *inspired* by instruments of torture. Nobody expects the Spanish Inquisition to be part of their sexual awakening, but that was a random internet search that led teenage me down a very deep, very arousing research hole.

I like tools that make people scream for *any* reason, whether it’s ecstasy or agony. Chains, whips, canes—of course. Clamps to torment nipples and clits. Hoses to pump stomachs and intestines full. Massive dildos. The wooden horse.

But the pear of anguish was always my favourite. There’s no subtlety about it: it’s meant for an anus, a mouth, a cunt. Meant for stretching and spreading. The sexual violation is an intrinsic part of the torture.

For weeks I’ve been using hose nozzles with a modified pear inside them to administer Barb’s daily enemas. But those were only ever big enough to seal her holes without stretching them out, and that was by design.

This one is bigger. It’s stainless steel, gleaming, without the smooth silicone cover that disguises it as a tool for any other use. Four petals open wide, spreading its leaves to nearly four inches in diameter—if I wanted to go that wide. The only difference between it and the genuine medieval artefact is that mine lacks sharp spikes at the bell-end, the ones meant to tear up the bowels, palate or cervix. But now, as then, this is an instrument meant to torture as punishment.

Barb’s eyes bulge with panic when I show her the pear, slowly turning the key to demonstrate how the leaves spread. And *spread*. She shakes her head frantically, gurgling around the ball gag.

“Yeah,” I say with relish, closing the pear and stroking its bulbous shape. “Let’s split that pretty cunt open.”

Manacled flat on the table, Barb can’t do anything to stop me. She just moans and gurgles as I unstrap the harness that had held the dildo in her cunt all night. The thick curved shaft slides out in a gush of slick, which her stuffed cunt had produced in an effort to handle the massive intrusion. Barb groans loudly. Her pussy has the very beginnings of a gape, its muscles exhausted and sore.

I slide three fingers into her pussy. It's wet, flushed, and so so soft, unable to clench even when I rub Barb's g-spot hard. Barb just squirms and whimpers something that sounds like, "Nnngh, nnn, plss. *Plssss.*"

"Poor baby... sore already. We've got a long way to go. We'll teach you."

"*Plssss—*"

I rub the smooth, cold bulb of the pear over her drooling slit and slowly, gleefully push it in.

It only takes a short push to force in, since the closed bulb is just about the girth of the dildo. Barb arches and subsides, whimpering a little as the pear settles into place in her vaginal canal.

Wanting a full view, I fetch a couple of alligator clips and some string, using them to clamp and hold open her labia. Now I have a perfect view of her hole—and the screw of the pear bobbing as her cunt squeezes reflexively, anxiously—and her big clit sitting right above, mostly soft. I rub my thumb over the head of her clit a few times, teasing her with a tingle of pleasure.

I twist the pear's screw. Barb stiffens.

"Nnnn—"

Another twist. Another. I watch raptly, holding my breath. My cock is hardening, a sweet aching pressure in my jeans. It feels good to deny it, to enjoy the building arousal of finally stretching a cunt the way I've dreamed of for so many years.

"*Nnnngh!*" A slow writhe goes through Barb as fullness turns to the first twinges of pain.

"Gonna stretch you out," I whisper, slowly turning the screw again. There's resistance from Barb's tight cunt, but the mechanism smoothly, forcibly spreads. "Split you open wide..."

"*Nnnnn! NNN!*"

Barb reaches a shriek and I stop, letting her cunt rest and relax into the agonizing stretch. Moaning, she flexes her muscles against the manacles and then falls limp, trying to breathe. Her tits rise and fall with rapid panting; sweat has broken out across her whole body.

In the meantime I circle Barb's clit, working it to hardness. An extra dose of T cream massaged in helps her thick shaft to harden despite the pain.

Then I give the screw another turn. Barb screams in fresh pain.

Two inches of girth. I stroke her clit back to hardness. Two and a quarter... two and a half...

"*NNNN! AHHHH! AHHHHH! AHHHHHGH!*"

Between the spreading leaves of the pear, I can see into her cunt. Her hole is red and inflamed around the unforgiving metal. Pausing again, I circle my thumb around and around Barb's

poor tortured hole, getting it all slick and shiny, *feeling* the tissue stretched thin. Unable to resist, I lean down to suck on her clit, too, tonguing her thick shaft in time with my circling thumb.

On the table, Barb sobs and slowly writhes, in so much pain that she can't *not* move, squirm, try to escape. She rolls her head back and forth, sobbing, drool bubbling around the ball gag. Her thighs tremble violently.

"Lemme see your cervix, baby," I purr. Barb is screaming even before I twist the screw again.

It takes a long, long time to work the pear open three inches wide. It's not much of a difference in diameter, but that's almost nine and a half inches in circumference. Just over the size of a baseball. A lot of that time is spent resting—though Barb keeps bawling and writhing through it—and letting her pussy slowly adjust to the massive pear of anguish splitting it open.

I pull over my chair and sit between her spread legs, suckling on her clit as I stroke my own cock. My chin rubs the pear's screw, making it shift inside Barb; she mewls and her clit jumps and I groan, overwhelmed with arousal. I grip my cock tightly, just barely forcing myself to go slow, *slow*, spreading the constant dribble of precum up and down my rock hard shaft.

"Uuuuugh," Barb gurgles behind the ball gag. "*Uuuuuhhhh... hhhhhgh... plsss... nnnn...*"

I give her clit one last long, hard suck. It pops out of my lips and stands quiveringly erect. Spit trickles down the underside of her shaft, between the spread metal leaves of the pear, and *into* her open hole. Slowly it runs down her wide-stretched vaginal canal, into her body.

"*Fuck!*" I have to release my cock when it suddenly strains so hard it *hurts*, orgasm attempting to rise up. I grab the arms of the chair and writhe hard, thighs open, straining through the wave of near-orgasm. The edge finally passes and I fall back trembling, panting for breath.

Staring at the ceiling, I feel my cock twitching rhythmically against my stomach, desperate for attention. Barb is still sobbing in the background.

I dazedly look back at Barb, stretched out on the table almost like it's a rack. Her stretched, tortured cunt, straining around the pear of anguish. *Perfect.*

"Now you get to stay like this," I murmur, standing and taking my cock in hand again. "To really stretch that tight little hole out."

"*Nnnnn!*" she cries, writhing in protest. "*Plsss! Uuuuugh!*"

Leaning over to suck on her nipples with mock tenderness, relishing the softness of those big sweet titties, I jerk off hard and fast. It doesn't take long for long-suspended arousal to erupt into an explosive orgasm. As my balls squeeze, I jerk back enough to aim my cock between the petals of the pear and ejaculate directly into her cunt: "Unh! Unh! *Uhhhhh!*"

My cum dribbles deep down inside her split-open cunt. I can just barely see it pooling around her tiny pink cervix, all glistening and wet. I stroke furiously until my cock starts to soften, working out every last spurt of cum. God, I never used to ejaculate so much. In the weeks I've been training Barb, I've also trained myself to squirt more. It's incredible.

Sighing and pleasantly tired, I go around to Barb's head and pop out her ball gag. "Please," she begs, tearful and hoarse, "stop, stop it, take it out, it hurts so bad—"

"Suck," I order, pushing my soft cock between her lips. Barb accepts it, sucking and tonguing clumsily even as she continues to sob and moan.

I let her continue cleaning my cock until the last tingles of post-orgasmic pleasure fade. Then I tuck it away and tweak one of her nipples affectionately.

"Enjoy that, babe. And be glad I'm leaving it in. Tomorrow you're getting something even bigger."

"Jack, no! Please! Please don't, it fucking *hurts*, please—"

I pinch her erect clit and twist until she screams. "You picked cunt. And I'm going to ruin it."

*

The toys I ordered haven't arrived yet, unfortunately. In the meantime, I do some carpentry.

I bore a hole up the center of a three-foot wooden post and bring it down to the basement, whistling. While Barb watches and whimpers from her bondage—hung from the ceiling by her tits, her clit and cunt pumped up in vacuum cylinders—I run a hose from the tap and up through the post. Bolted securely to the concrete floor right next to the drain grate, the post stands upright with the hose's threads at the top. I choose one of my enema nozzles, lube it up, and screw it into the post.

"You wanna get down from there, Barb? Poor baby. Let's sit you down."

She whimpers, not moving except to spin slowly in a circle. Her tits and cunt are equally swollen and purple; her toes tremble in pain.

She screams through her gag when I grab her by the tits—rock-hard, hot, and oh so delightful to squeeze—and pull her dangling body over to the enema post. I lower her over it, line her asshole up with the nozzle and slowly let her slide down.

"Uunh! Uh! Ohhhh...." The nozzle isn't a big one; Barb slides down it, moaning, until the flared base pops into her tender hole. "Eee!"

The sight of her impaled on even a little dildo makes me hard. The post is tall enough that her toes barely touch the floor, leaving her swaying and struggling to take the weight off her tits.

"Eeeee!" She squeals when water suddenly gushes into her rectum. "Uuhhhhh..."

“This should make your enemas easier.” I go over to play with her tied tits, stroking and squeezing her nipples as water fills her, slowly pumps her guts full. Trembling on toe-tip, Barb looks at me with pleading eyes and shakes her head.

“Yeah. You’re going to enjoy sitting on this every morning, huh? We’ll get you trained to do it properly… like a little pet. It’ll make cleaning you easier. If you’re smart, maybe I’ll come down and find you sitting on the cock, waiting for me to pump you full. You can even ride it a bit while you’re waiting, for fun. You’ll have to spit on it and get the big nasty enema-cock wet on your own, but you’ll like that. I remember how much you love getting fucked up the ass. I made you cum that way, remember?”

“Mmm…” Barb nods along, though she’s clearly growing desperate at the tightness of her bowels. She squirms; her toes curl in strain.

“You want me to make you cum with a cock up your ass again? Hm? My good anal-loving rape slut?”

“Mmm!”

“Still a stupid bitch. We’re getting my fist up your cunt, remember?”

I shut off the water and leave her to squirm for a long while, her stomach bloated and cramping. As Barb gurgles for mercy, I open a cabinet and sort through the dildos, deciding which one feels like the most fun.

I crank Barb back up off the enema plug—with a shriek of “EEEEEE!” as the ropes lift her by the tits again—and let her expel the enema while hanging. It actually takes almost a minute of writhing and gurgling, struggling to hold it in, before she realizes I’m not going to let her down. Groaning, she has to expel her bowels in mid-air, the water gushing down her legs and into the grate. It’s clean, of course—she doesn’t eat any solids to make waste—but humiliating.

I spray her off with another hose and attach the new dildo to the impalement post without letting her see it. The vacuum cylinder finally comes off her cunt with a wet suck, exposing her massive puffy cunt lips and clit all bright red and jiggling, lurid. It’s not until I’ve got the new toy lubed and ready that I take Barb by the swollen clit and turn her suspended body around.

“Ohhhhh! Oh, oh, *oh!*”

“Oh yeah. Big fat toy, isn’t it. No cocks that big.”

I gently stroke her pumped clitdick and let her look, horrified. Her shaft hardens between my fingers even as she takes in the toy standing erect below her: a hard rubber stack of six balls, starting with one the size of a golf ball and ending with a base the size of a softball.

“Your poor little pussy, Barb.”

“Ohhh! *Ohhhhh! Ohhhhhh!*”

Despite the way it hurts her breasts, Barb kicks and struggles in panic until I get both of her ankles tied to her thighs, leaving her unable to thrash. Now she has no hope of kicking away from the post, of even reaching the floor to take weight off her tied tits.

Tears already streaking down her face, she gurgles protests through her ring gag as I lower her over the post once more.

“*Eeeeeeee—*”

I cup her gorgeously pumped pussy to hold her in place as I use the remote to lower the winch. Her luscious labia part and she slides onto the first ball easily, fixing the toy in her cunt. Panicked, Barb tries to jerk away but only ends up rocking on the head of the toy, rubbing her hard clit against my palm.

I let out a hard breath and press the button to let her drop.

She goes down on the second and third balls in a brutal jerk, both squelching into her cunt. The girth of the fourth ball brings her up short with a scream: too big, too fat to fit in. All her weight rests on the swollen knob, the mouth of her cunt straining around it.

“*AUUUUUUUGH! UUUUUGH! UUUUUUGH!*”

Barb tosses her head and struggles. Suspended by her tits, with her arms bound behind her and her legs tied up, she’s only able to twist her shoulders and gyrate her hips: a dance of erotic agony, impaled and writhing on the toy stuffed into her cunt.

“God, Barb, you look so fucking *good* like that. You want me to do this more often? Huh?”

The pumped lips of her pussy are spread around the rubber ball, enveloping its girth. Her clit strains outward. And slowly, slowly, she is sinking as gravity forces her down, stretching her cunt wider. *Wider*.

Red-faced and screaming, Barb’s pussy gives way and she squelches down onto the fourth ball. “*AUUUUUUUGGGGHH!*”

Spit flies from her mouth; her tongue strains through the ring gag. Her face is almost as red as her pumped pussy.

“*Oh fuck.*” My cock throbs so hard it hurts. I go down on my knees in front of the post and take her clit in my mouth while scrambling to unzip my jeans and get my cock out. I stroke my cock and suck furiously on her clit, making her shrieks climb to an even higher pitch.

“*AHHHHH! AHHHHHHH! GYAAHHHHH!!!*”

Barb flails on her impaled perch, hips gyrating and thighs flapping in agony. It unintentionally grinds her clit into my mouth. I moan and circle my tongue messily, toying with her thick shaft, then lick down between her pumped labia to where her hole strains around the top of the fifth ball. It’s tight and crimson and stretched to the limit. I lick the taut flesh slow and tender, from her stretched hole all the way to the tip of her clit.

“Eeeeeeee,” Barb is bawling, mindless and tortured, “eeeeeeeeee, eeeeeeeeeeee... hhh-hh... eeeeeeee...”

The monstrous toy presses hard against her cunt: a knot the size of a baseball. Just under the circumference of my balled fist. Gravity pulls at her, slow but relentless. Like any impaled victim, she will slide down. Eventually.

Her twitching and jerking helps the process along. Unable to stop writhing in pain and pleasure as I suck her clit, Barb rocks on the toy and slowly works herself farther down, stretching herself little by little. Her eyes roll back in her head.

She’s nearly halfway down the ball when I finally stand, leaving her cunt swollen and stretched. My cock is rock hard and dripping.

“So fucking perfect,” I whisper in her ear, moving around behind her. I stroke the back of her pussy, straining around the maximum girth of the fifth ball. Then her anus. Fumbling in haste, I give her a squirt of lube up the ass, knowing that she’ll need it this time.

With her cunt stuffed full, her rectum is *tight*. Barb screams in renewed anguish when I pop the head of my cock into her ass. She squeezes hard. I groan and grip her hips for leverage to slowly push in. I can feel the hard pressure of the balls in her cunt as I work deeper into her rectum.

“Uuuuh!” she screams on every thrust. “Uhh! Uhh! UHHHHHHH!”

Suspended by her tits and skewered up the cunt, she’s in a perfect position for me to rape her ass. Panting, I fuck Barb steady and deep. Her round ass slaps against my hips. Every thrust drives her slightly up and then drops her back on the ball, and that makes it even better, knowing that I’m ramming her cunt too, dropping her down on the impaling toy over and over.

“UHH! UHH! UHH! UHHH!”

I slam in hard, and she comes down heavily—and deeper than before. Her ass slams down balls-deep on my cock and her cunt pops down onto the fifth ball. Its girth locks into her cunt like a fist, a massive knot, splitting her open.

“**GYYYYYAHHHHHHHH!!!**”

“Uhhhhh!” I shoot my load into her guts, driven over the edge by her agony and the spasm of muscle around my cock. Barb is screaming and writhing, jerking back and forth, working the orgasm out of me. It feels so good that my knees are weak, trembling; I hold her hips and moan helplessly as I cum and cum and cum.

At last my soft cock slides out, leaving Barb’s asshole winking and dribbling a trickle of slick. She doesn’t seem to notice, entirely consumed by the object lodged in her cunt. Her head has fallen back and she stares wide-eyed at the ceiling, tears and snot trickling down her face; her movement has been reduced to mindless spasming twitches. The pain is all-consuming.

As I step back and wipe my cock, she loses control of her bladder. Clear piss trickles down the post. She continues to twitch and sob, nearly hyperventilating. Her thighs tremble wildly.

With a click of the remote in my pocket, I raise the winch: not enough to lift her from the dildo, but enough to take her weight from the sixth ball. It puts pressure back on her tits and removes it from her cunt, leaving her with only—*only*—the ongoing agony of her vaginal walls stretched wide around the girth of a baseball.

I step in and kiss her collarbone, her shoulder, sweet and tender. Her suffering is so *pretty*. I love her like this. I caress one swollen purple breast, rolling the nipple pleasurable.

“We’ll leave you like this for a bit,” I murmur, then kiss her nipple. It juts rock-hard in my mouth. “Let you adjust to that. After all, I don’t want to break you.”

Barb gurgles incoherently. Snot and saliva dribble from the ring gag.

“Maybe I’ll even lick your ass for a while. Clean you up, give you something nice to think about. Hm?”

She spasms and releases another involuntary trickle of piss. I smile and stroke her clit.

*

Barb doesn’t take the sixth ball that day. I let her hang and stretch around the toy for hours, even after I have to switch to suspending her by the wrists and untie her ankles from her thighs. The pain of blood flooding back into her bound extremities makes for a delightful blubbering distraction, enough so that I fuck her ass again. Then I leave for the night.

The next day, she’s finally impaled all the way. The sight of that massive final bulge disappearing oh so slowly into her stretched-tight pussy is something I’ve waited *years* to see.

*

Barb is so limp and wrung that she hardly needs to be chained down to the table. She lays in a limp spread-eagle, head lolling. Her jaw is slack and her eyes are glazed.

Still, she responds beautifully when I slide four fingers into her abused red cunt. Her folds take my fingers easily, slippery and hot; her hips lift from the pain it causes.

Back arching, hips twisting, Barb groans in defeated agony as my fist slowly slides in:
“Nuuuhhhhhh... Nooooo... pleeeeease...”

My knuckles spread her channel wide and force through. My hand vanishes.

Her sloppy, swollen cunt lips close around my wrist. Barb bawls in defeated agony.

“Nooooo... nooooo... please god, whyyyyy... doooon’t... nooooo...”

I close my hand into a fist within her body and curve my wrist. When I push up, Barb's flat lower stomach bulges slightly, pushed by my fist buried within. Entranced, I move back and forth, sliding my fist barely half an inch, just watching her belly bulge.

She gives a long scream and writhes, her hips slowly twisting against the inescapable pain. It does nothing to dislodge my fist, my *arm* stuffed in her cunt. I'm wearing her body like a fucking puppet and I can make her dance in agony and misery.

"Now, Barb," I say, over the noise of her groans. "What do you have to say to me?"

"Stooooop... pleeeease... Jack, noooo... pleeeease don't..."

I give a hard tug, jerking my balled fist against her vaginal canal. Threatening to drag it out like that. She screams sharply.

"Now that I've finished your punishment for trying to escape. And I'm done being angry. What do you have to say for yourself, Barb?"

She gives a guttural groan and dissolves into sobbing for a while. I let her cry and squirm on my fist, patiently playing with her cervix and pushing my fist around inside her as I wait.

"M... sorry," she whispers at last, hoarse with pain. "Th-thank youuuu... 'm so... sorryyyyy..." And she breaks down again: "Guhhhh, uh-huuhhhhhh, oh *gaaaaawd, noooo...*"

I kiss her clit, tongue fluttering sweetly against it. "That's my good girl."

Sobbing brokenly, Barb groans and writhes on my fist for a long time.

Chapter End Notes

50,000 words! Wow! I can't believe it's gotten this big! ~~that's what she said~~

Thank you, all you lovely nasty perverts. You make this twice as much fun as playing alone.

Next chapter will be the long-awaited spitroasting and deepthroating of Jack's cock, plus a little special something that one incredible commenter blew my mind with. 😊

Deepthroating

Chapter Notes

Content: enema, spitroasting (dildo deepthroating & deep anal), facefucking, breathplay, piss drinking

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

“Sit on it, bitch. All the way down.”

Barb whimpers and minces on her toes, trying to avoid taking any more of the dildo atop the enema post. “*Nnnngh*,” she pleads around the ball gag. She squirms up and down an inch, grimacing; a dribble of lube runs down the ribbed enema nozzle.

“Get it up your ass or I’ll kick out the stool and let you fall.”

Terrified, she sits down as fast as possible, shoving the last three inches of dildo in so hard that she gives a strangled shriek of pain. Wouldn’t have been such an issue if she’d just gotten onto it before I lost my patience.

I nudge the stool away from the base of the enema post, leaving Barb to stand barefoot on the concrete straddling the enema post, knees shaking, impaled and trapped by a one-bar prison. She sniffls, teary eyed.

“Come on, Barb, you’ve taken way worse. That’s not even a big cock for you to take every morning. I could make it a longer one if you really want something to fuss about.”

“Nnn! Nnn, nnnn!”

I smile. “Then don’t whine when I treat you nice, Barb.” And I turn the tap on, slow but hot. Barb can’t control her guttural groan of anguish at the burning enema beginning to fill up her guts.

As the water pumps in slowly, I circle and play with her. Her nipples harden up nicely with a few sharp tweaks, but her cunt is what distracts me. She’s got the thick knotted dildo shoved inside, strapped in place with a harness. Her clit juts out above the leather and her cunt lips are gorgeously swollen around the base of the dildo. Her poor abused cunt... I haven’t given it a break in days.

Might be why it was so hard for her to fit the dildo up her ass, come to think of it. Oh well—that’s her problem.

Barb shifts painfully on the dildo, trying to find some position that eases the pain of the hot water expanding her colon. “Don’t you dare come off it,” I warn immediately. “Keep your

tight little ass snug on that cock.”

I could use an enema nozzle with a bigger knot, but at this point, honestly— why? It’s extra fun to make Barb fight her own urge to release and escape.

Her face contorts and she writhes impotently on the post. Exquisite.

“Now that we’ve got a minute to talk,” I say—as if every minute we spend talking while she’s impaled doesn’t make her enema *worse*—“I have an offer for you.”

Red-faced and sweating, Barb opens her eyes and *glares*. She probably doesn’t mean to; she just can’t help that her hate comes through in flashes. It lasts until a wave of cramping wracks her and her eyes flutter and nearly roll back as she tries to control the pain.

I grin. *Hate me if you like, bitch. It makes it more fun to hurt you.*

“Are you paying attention?”

She groans. “Esh!”

“Now that I’m done punishing you for what you did,” I say, and stroke her swollen cunt, “I thought you might like to go back to how things were before. Hm?”

“Esh! Esh!”

“Ha! You weren’t so fucking eager before. Did you realize how good you had it? How nice it was when I gave you orgasms and fucked you good?”

“Esh! Eeeee... eee...” She squirms violently on the dildo, begging with her eyes. I can’t tell if her desperation is about what I’m offering or the hose pumping water up her ass.

“What’s that?”

“Eeeee! Aaah, aaagh...”

“I’ll let you use your words.” Generously, I unbuckle her gag.

“*Please,*” Barb bursts out, writhing again. Her body moves sinuously, involuntarily, trying to ease the enema. “Please, no more. It’s too much. I can’t, please, I can’t, I just need... please... I’ll do anything...”

“If you’re whining about anything less than three liters, I’ll plug your ass and make you hold it all while I whip your cunt.”

Her face contorts with indecision. “I’m *trying!* It’s too much! Turn it off, *please.*”

I go turn off the tap and check the water flow meter. Barb’s panting is both relieved and terrified.

“Almost four,” I announce. She gives a shuddering sigh. “You’ve gotten better at this, bitch. Your guts all stretched out for me...”

“Thank you,” she whispers, and shudders hard through a wave of cramping.

“My offer,” I repeat. “If you’re fucking listening now.”

“I am!”

I stroke her belly, bloated taut and round. Her writhe is delicious. “I thought I would offer you a chance to earn your orgasms back. How does that sound?”

Barb’s expression is distraught, torn between agreement and dismay. I smile into it, pretending to be unaware of the fact that she has *hated* every single time I made her cum. Does she prefer it to being tortured and denied? Of course. Does she *want* to be made to orgasm through rape? Absolutely not.

“Please,” she whispers.

“You want to cum again?”

She shuts her eyes and rocks forward, groaning in pain. “Yes.”

“My good little slut,” I croon, stroking her hair. “My perfect cock toy. I knew you would. You’re always dripping for it.”

Barb gives a choked-off moan. The scrunch of her face could be physical pain, but I know it’s more than that.

“So you’re going to be a good girl again. What was it that made you change your mind? The whipping? Getting hung by your tits? Or maybe your neck. Hot peppers up your ass?”

It takes a long moment before Barb whispers, “Fisting.”

“Of course. Wrecking your tight little cunt. It’ll never be the same.” She gives a strangled sob. “At least I can have more fun with it now. All the dildos I can fuck you with... We’ll have to see how far I can stretch you and still make you cum.”

Another miserable groan.

“Of course, I’m still going to torture you. I can’t wait to put some more needles through your clit. You need piercings all over.”

Her head snaps up, betrayal writ large. I laugh in her face.

“You think I fucking believe that you’ll be good from now on? Bitch, you fucking *hate* me. And I just want to make you scream. That’s all you are to me: a puppet I can hurt. But at least you’ll get to cum. You scream just as pretty when you’re dripping and squeezing on my cock.”

“Please!” Barb bursts out, anguished, then clams up. She curls over and heaves a silent sob, face red from how hard she’s straining not to cry.

I wait politely. “Please what?”

“Please let me down,” she whispers at last.

Just for that, I make her spend another twenty minutes impaled on the enema post, quivering and writhing.

While she’s trapped there, I make my preparations behind her. Another wooden post slotted into the concrete floor, mere feet away from the enema post—a few dildos screwed in at carefully measured heights...

At last I let her climb down. Barb doesn’t even lift herself all the way off the dildo before she gives in: her asshole pops off the flared base and her bowels lose control. She wails in humiliation and relief as the water gushes out, streaming around the dildo as she slides up and off of it. Her knees nearly buckle with how hard she drops to the floor to empty the rest out, groaning gutturally.

“You ready to earn back your orgasms?”

She sniffls and wipes her mouth, still sore from the gag. Not looking up from the floor, she mumbles, “Yes.”

I yank her head up and slap her hard across the face. “Use your fucking manners. Ask me politely, Barb.”

She looks up with fresh hate and fear in her eyes. Her lower lip trembles. “Can I... how do I get my orgasms back... please?”

I pet her blonde curls. “You need to deepthroat me, Barb. All the way. Properly.”

Immediately she’s leaning forward, reaching for my belt. *Is that it*, she must think—just make me cum once or twice and the whole day is over...

I grip a fistful of her hair and push her hand away. Holding her by the hair, I drag Barb on her knees toward the new post I installed. She yelps and crawls on the concrete.

“You’ve had plenty of chances to do it on your own. But you just can’t get my cock all the way down to the balls like I want.”

“I’ll do it—please, I will—”

“You’ve gotten better,” I agree. “You can take a lot more these days, huh?” I stick two fingers in her mouth and stroke her throat in illustration, making her gag around my fingers. Her pretty blue eyes beg. “But you still can’t get my cock in all the way. It’s not your fault, babe. It’s a big cock. I know you need my help. We’re going to stretch that throat out finally, once and for all.”

“I can—”

“No more chances. Not til I can fuck that face like a pussy for as long as I want. Here.”

Barb stares in dismay at the new installation: two eight-foot wooden posts about three feet apart, both with a dildo sticking out horizontally from the shaft. Not up high at cunt height, or where her mouth would be if she was riding the horse: one about eighteen inches up, the other a little higher.

“This one to suck on.” I tap the higher one, cock-shaped and *thick*. “And this one for your ass.” The slender white probe wobbles, its tip bowing almost to the floor. It’s one of my new toys: a perfect replica of the probe I’ve used to slide deep down Barb’s ass and throat, but double the length. Twelve inches of deep penetration just isn’t enough any more. I want something that can reach deeper into her guts than my *arm*.

“No— no don’t— I can suck it, I can—”

She’s almost wheezing with panic. I drag her by the hair right up to the thicker dildo.

“It’s a copy of my cock. So you can practice on the real thing. And get those *teeth* under control.” I shove her face closer. “Give it a kiss, Barb. Aren’t you happy to see it?”

Her lips and tongue smear drool on it.

“Don’t you want to earn your orgasms?”

“*Please...*”

“I’m being nice, Barb. All you have to do is suck cock. Now come here and let me lube up your ass.”

Shaking all over but too scared to fight back, she stays on hands and knees while I squirt a syringe of cold lube up her already-sore asshole. She’s sobbing with fear.

I sigh and stroke Barb’s hair back, revealing her pretty, terrified face. “You don’t want any of this, I know. But you’re going to do it. Because it’s this or piss me off—and then I’ll have to torture you again.”

She crumples. Her eyes squeeze shut but a tear trickles out anyway.

“Now back your ass up on this dildo nice and pretty. All the way.”

I hold up the tip of the long, slender anal probe, its flexible length rippled with bumps marking every inch. The tip parts her clenching asshole... and Barb slowly, miserably, slides herself down.

Six inches in it gets to the end of her rectum. She’s been anal-trained well enough that she keeps pushing it through, straight into her colon; I can only tell by the depth and her sob of distress. It slides into her guts and keeps on going. Eight inches—ten—Barb rocks forward on her knees and then back again, farther, taking it down.

“Perfect little whore,” I praise, stroking her asshole as it’s impaled. “Look at you taking dick like you were made to do it.”

“*Ungh.*” She suddenly stops with a grunt, grimacing hard. A tentative rock forward and back makes her groan again, louder.

I count the bumps: eleven in, thirteen remaining, plus the large plugging flare at the base. “There it is. Does it hurt? You’ve never gone so deep before.”

“I can’t. It hurts… I don’t think I can.”

“Of course you can.” I put a hand on her shoulder and start to push back. Panicked, Barb resists, not letting herself go down. “You have to take it all, Barb. It’s going up your ass.”

“It’s too deep! It hurts!”

“Well, yeah. You can feel it hitting a blockage, huh? That’s where your transverse colon curves. Right about here?” I reach under her stomach and push on the left side, right up near her ribcage. It doesn’t take Barb’s sudden loud yelp to tell me I’ve found it: I can feel the firm tip of the silicone probe pushing through the thin flesh of her belly. If she sucked in her stomach I’d be able to see it bulge—long and flexible and slender, but firm enough not to bend 90 degrees with ease.

“It’s going into your guts. All you have to do is push.”

“But it hurts!”

“Fucking obviously, Barb.”

“I don’t want to rip anything,” she whimpers, starting to cry again. “Please, Jack… please don’t…”

“Wouldn’t that be something,” I muse. “Getting killed by taking too much cock up your ass. Don’t worry,” I add, when that makes Barb wail, “it’s not going to happen. I like you too much. You can work your way down on it nice and easy. But it’s all going in.”

Whining and snivelling, Barb bounces her ass in tiny little terrified strokes, just barely working the tip of the dildo against the curve of her colon as she tries to adjust. She has to struggle against my pushing hand the whole time. But bit by bit she goes down on it—farther, farther—until with a jolt and a yelp another bump pops into her asshole.

Immediately Barb jerks back up the dildo, crying in pain: “*Fuck, it hurts!* I can’t, I can’t, it’s too much—I can’t—”

“You have to. You’re going to take it all the way up your guts. But if you don’t do it yourself, I’ll do it for you.”

“No!”

"Then do it again, baby. Down on that big mean dildo. Keep crying and show me how you fuck your ass."

Snotty and sobbing, Barb eventually works her way back down the dildo, forcing it through the bend of her upper colon. This time I hold her down on it, enjoying the way she cries and pleads for relief from the stretch. Instead I massage the bulge in her belly, manipulating the unforgiving curve of the anal probe stretching out the virgin twist of her guts.

"Farther," I order. "Down on it, Barb. Ten more inches to go."

"Pleeeease... I caaan't... I can't Jack, please... please let me suck your cock, just please let me suck it... I will, it hurts, I can't!"

Her misery—and the sight of her stomach distended by the dildo—makes my cock so hard that it drips. For a while I stand over her and stroke it, taunting her with refusal. Barb looks up at me with teary eyes, desperate for it—and desperate to avoid the silicone copy of it jutting out from the post in front of her face.

"Move your ass, Barb. Take some more. I wanna see that dildo disappear."

She tries to bear down on it, then whines and withdraws, several slick bumpy inches popping out of her anus. Tears trickle down her face. "It's too much. It doesn't fit, Jack—it's gonna rip something. Please..."

"One of these days I'm going to show you *exactly* what fits up a human ass. And this is going to seem like nothing. But since you're being such a whiner, I'll help."

And I go over to one of the locked cabinets to fetch a cattle prod.

"No, Jack—no, no, no NO—*GYYAAAAAAHH!*"

I grab a fistful of curly blonde hair to prevent Barb from scrambling too far away. "Down on it, bitch. Fuck your ass with that dildo or I'll shove this up your cunt."

"No, please—"

I jab the prod into her tits several times rapidly, the sharp electrical crack punctuating her sharp screams: "AH! FUCK! AH! AHH!"

"Down on it! Now!"

"*I can't,*" she sobs, even as she works her ass jerkily up and down on the dildo. With a sudden shove she forces herself down on two more inches and then howls in distress, writhing in place. "*Jaaaack, pleeeease...*"

"You want this up your ass?"

"No!"

I zap her again: tits, nipples, over and over as she screams. “You want me to pull you off the dildo, put this up your ass and blast you inside until you know how bad your guts can hurt?”

“NO!”

And so, bawling and grunting like a cow with each painful thrust down on the dildo, Barb forces herself roughly onto the final six inches until the large plugging flare at the base finally squelches into her hole. There she kneels, shaking all over, tears streaming from wide anguished eyes. She looks caught between agony and nearly puking at the sick sensation of her guts being so stretched and so deeply impaled.

“Stay,” I order softly, and she does, heaving with ragged snotty sobs.

“Good girl,” I croon, gently now, and tenderly stroke the rim of her anus. It squeezes around the dildo and she writhes, groaning in pain. “Relax, baby. Hold it in. Let it stretch out your guts and it’ll feel better soon.”

“It’s too *much...*”

“But you took it. All the way up your colon. Where is it now?” I feel across her belly, searching for the dildo’s end. Barb wails in pain when I find it: all the way on the right side of her belly and down, fully around the third curve and into her ascending colon. Even a gentle press is torture on her distended virgin guts.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” I murmur, and press a wet, lingering kiss to her cheek, her ear. “Stuffed so deep in you. Now, babe. You’re gonna deepthroat.”

Broken by misery, Barb is crying too hard to resist when I lock a steel collar around her neck. Two metal rods slotted into the collar’s sides are bolted to the post in front of her. She can slide forward or back in the track of those rods, but not to the side. Now she has no choice but to face the big dildo in front of her. But she’s too close and can’t get the rigid shaft into her mouth.

I disconnect the dildo from the post, force the tip between her tear-wet lips—push it deep into her mouth, making her choke—and reattach it. She gags and tries to retreat farther but can’t. The tip still tickles the back of her throat and four inches of thick shaft fill her mouth.

Now Barb is trapped between the two posts, only able to rock forward and back, unable to get off either dildo. When she pushes all the way back in order to keep her throat clear and breathe, the anal probe is forced twenty-four inches deep into her colon. When she leans forward in order to relieve the horrible stretch of the probe invading her guts, she’ll have to take the dildo down her throat.

There’s no way for her to avoid being fucked balls-deep at any given moment. The only question is if she can breathe... how much it will hurt... how long she wants to stay impaled on either dildo...

And, of course, how long it’ll take her to properly deepthroat my cock.

“*Llshh*,” she gurgles, a nearly incoherent gurgle of spit and tears around the dildo in her mouth. With the torturous predicament she’s in, it could only be *please*. “*Llshhh—gkk! Nn...*”

“Poor baby,” I croon. Kneeling beside her, I stroke her hair and then tie it back from her face so I’ll have a full view of her misery. A tear trickles down her cheek. “This is what you asked for, Barb. You wanted to earn your orgasms back.”

She makes a strangled noise somewhere between anguish and impotent fury. It’s hard not to grin at her stupid mouthstretched open and stuffed with cock.

“Up to you how long you spend here. This isn’t over until you can take it down to the balls. And not just that, but fuck your own throat on it the way I want to see. The way I’m gonna fuck you. So unless you wanna spend even more time with that dildo up your ass, turning your guts into a cunt, I suggest you get to work and learn fast.”

I give her ass a hard slap to make her jerk, then flinch and cringe at the pain of clenching on the anal probe. Barb shifts mincingly between the posts—a tentative squirm to test the limits of her bondage. Even the tiniest movement makes it obvious that she’s *stuck*, and worse, makes her feel the dildos rubbing her guts and gag reflex.

She shuts her eyes hard. Her hands fist; her face twists in a grimace.

Then Barb leans forward and begins to push her throat against the head of the dildo.

Defeated and miserable, her first attempts are pathetic. The fat silicone cockhead pushes at the back of her throat, huge and hard and blunt. Too big to swallow. She gags noisily around it, wincing in pain. I’ve got time to bring over my armchair and get comfortable, pulling my cock out to watch.

“Stick your tongue out,” I say helpfully. “Like you’re trying to lick the balls. You never pay enough attention to the balls.”

“Ggghuh... gk... kkkgh! Guhhh...”

“You can do it, babe. We’ve popped open that tight little throat a few times before.”

Her face goes crimson with fury. “Gk... gk... nnnugh! *Kk—!*”

The force of her sudden furious shove pops the cockhead into her throat, and then Barb immediately recoils with a retch, choking and coughing in pain. Her guts must also be hurting from the force of slamming back on the anal probe. “Uuughhh... gh...”

Just for fun, I grab a tally counter from a cabinet and click it once. “Let’s see how many times it takes to turn a bitch into a deepthroat slut.”

At first it’s all she can do to get the massive cockhead past her tonsils and into her throat. The stretch hurts enough that she recoils every time, tears streaming from squinched eyes. It’s not a pleasant thing to choke on: fat, flared, and thick as my wrist. A cock made to brute-force every hole.

The sixteenth time Barb yanks back off the dildo, she finally pukes. A mouthful of watery puke sluices down the shaft—the first of many. Her noise is a gurgle of humiliation and misery.

“Good thing you had a nice big drink earlier. We’re gonna pump that stomach out.”

Shuddering, Barb forces herself down on it again—gagging “*hhhurgh-kk!*” until it pops in and chokes her off. Eyes bulging, tongue straining, she manages to hold herself down on it for a handful of seconds before sliding off and retching up another trickle of puke.

I click *seventeen* on the counter and caress my piss-slit with the edge of my thumb, smearing wetness around.

It takes Barb twenty minutes to get two inches of the dildo down her throat, and by that time my cock is leaking steadily. I can tell it’s two inches because the second bump of the anal probe finally pops out of her ass, slick and shiny. Then she jerks back and takes it in again, her anus spreading for the probe’s flared base so she can cough and mewl for a while around the dildo.

God, this must be the *worst*. Almost her entire large intestine is being fucked. When she rocks forward just two inches, the end of the probe pops painfully around the curve of her ascending colon—and meanwhile the rest of the probe’s bumpy length slides around the other bends, stroking every sensitive inch of her colon and rectum. For the deeper parts the penetration must *hurt*, while her cock-trained anus is tingling with pleasure at the slim, gentle fuck.

And all the while she gags on cock. Every time she heaves and retches, her guts clench around the impaling probe. Her throat must already be battered raw. Her face is red and dripping with tears.

Stroking my cock faster, I slide down on my knees beside Barb. “Take it again,” I order, panting. “One more time—down—”

With my free hand I grab one of Barb’s nipple rings and twist, then use it to pull her forward. Squealing, she leans forward onto the dildo—“*hrkk—!*” Then she jerks back—and I force her forward again. “*Nnnn, lsh— gggkh! Hrk! Hhhurgh— kk!*”

Using her tender nipple I force her to bounce rapidly on the dildo, faster than she wants to, with no pause to breathe or control her gag reflex. In a matter of moments she vomits again—it spatters the post—and then again on the next stroke, coming up while she’s going down, and she chokes and it comes out her nostrils. Still I force her onto it again and again—eyes bulging, snot and puke dribbling, her whole body convulsing around the shafts—a wild irregular jerking, choking on her own snot and the cock down her throat, her colon twitching around the anal probe as it saws back and forth through her guts—forward, back—driven by the screaming pain of her twisted pierced nipple to keep gagging it down—*down—*

“*Nnnnnnugh! Uh, uh, uhh!* Fuck—fuck—oh fuck that’s good—there—”

My balls draw up hard and I cum, thrusting through waves of orgasm. A dribble of slick drips out and hits Barb in the face as I jerk my cock furiously right over her face, right where she's still heaving and choking around the thick shaft.

I finally release her nipple and she yanks all the way back, slamming her ass onto the anal probe. Her asshole squelches around the base of the probe and the dildo's head pops out of her throat simultaneously, and she vomits hard around it, providing the perfect fuel for a last pleasant peak of fading orgasm. As Barb coughs violently for breath between gurgling wails, I rub my throbbing cock on her tear-stained, miserable face.

"That's a good start," I sigh. "Blow the snot out of your nose, Barb, you'll need it to breathe."

I zip myself up and stroke her hair one last time. Barb looks at me with teary eyes, miserable and gurgling something around the dildo still dripping with her watery puke.

"Keep at it, slut. I've hooked up a camera so I can watch this later—nothing like the first time your throat gets broken in. But I've got shit to do. You stay here and fuck yourself."

"Nuuuh! NUHUU!"

"Don't think you can sit here and do nothing, either. When I come back I expect to see you taking that cock to the balls. So get working on it, Barb—I guarantee you don't want me to be the one forcing it down your neck."

*

Despite the temptation to just sit around and watch the video feed, I actually do get some work done that afternoon. But I don't have to be *watching* Barb facefuck herself on a massive dildo in order to get off on it: just knowing what she's doing in the basement is enough to keep my cock at least half-hard all day. It jerks back to raging erection whenever my thoughts flash back to Barb spasming in spitroasted bondage. I resist the urge to jerk off four separate times, knowing that it'll make my orgasm better when I finally shove it down her throat.

After supper I step out on the porch with a beer. The pine forest is quiet and already cool as the sun goes down, visible only in glinting slivers through the trees. I'm restless and tense—horny as fuck—but I lean on the rail and drink my beer, thinking. My cock comes to full erection again.

A very distant *crack* echoes through the forest. Then another. It's early for firecrackers over the lake, but that's never stopped my neighbour. At least there's two kilometers between us.

Lots of space makes for good rural neighbours. We don't bother each other with our noise. Or our erections on the porch.

I swig the last of my beer and my bladder gives an early, pleasant twinge.

All right. Time to go see how Barb is. Six hours trapped in predicament, feeling nothing but colon-rape and throat-fucking, must have felt like an eternity. She's either going insane or completely broken.

The sounds she's making when I open the basement door are nearly enough to make me grab my cock and cum right there. She's gulping and retching, gurgling around the dildo, wracked by involuntary miserable sobs. Every little twitch of her exhausted body makes her gag and spasm on the dildo.

Her eyes are almost rolled back, empty and mindless except for how her lashes flutter when she gags. She's leaking from every hole—nose and mouth dribbling snot and puke, ass leaking lube, even her slut-conditioned *cunt* dripping slick down her thighs. Her anus is pink and perfectly, enormously swollen, flowered up around the ribbed dildo like a pair of plush lips. It's a slender thing but she's been fucking it for hours, stroking and straining to expel it every time she vomits.

The door clicks shut and Barb jerks. A spasm of awareness jolts through her.

“*Gguuuuuuuuugh,*” she gurgles, thick and wet and bovine, in a voice absolutely wrecked from abuse. “*Ghhhuhhh...*”

There's a puddle of watery puke spreading on the concrete beneath her. A string of drool breaks from her chin and hits the floor.

I should have given her a bowl. (Oh, that would be fun: pumping her stomach full of a measured amount of liquid and facefucking her until it's all out.) My cock throbs.

“Fuck, baby,” I murmur in awe, kneeling down beside her. “Oh, fuck. That's so goddamn pretty. You're just fucking *wrecked*.”

“*Nnnngh.*”

I stroke her like a suffering animal: smearing drool down her throat, squeezing her big slippery tits, parting her asscheeks to pet her puffy asshole, sliding my fingers through the mess of her hot slick cunt. Her clit is hard and throbbing. Then I run a hand beneath her belly, feeling for the bulge.

When I find the tip of the anal probe—buried deep in her intestine, poking down her ascending colon—Barb groans in anguish. Like a cow reacting to the prod she jerks blindly forward, pulling the end of the probe around the corner of her ascending colon so it's not as painfully stretched. Her head slides onto the thick dildo almost without resistance, allowing her to pull off the painful anal impalement.

My cock jerks so hard it *hurts*.

Her throat stuffed with three inches of thick rubber cock, Barb gags just a little. A tear trickles down her cheek but her stare is dead, eyes partially rolled back and vacant.

Then the instinct to escape recedes and she sinks back onto the anal probe, taking those inches back up her ass. Her swollen asshole kisses the flared base. She wheezes for breath.

“Oh, *fuck*. Look at that fucking throat.” I squeeze her tit and kiss her temple rapturously, overwhelmed at how hot it is to see a massive cock squelch down her bottomless throat. In

real life, not just imagination. “C’mon Barb. Take it all down. Lemme see you kiss the balls.”

“Nnngh... aaahh...”

I pinch her nipple sharply. “Show me, babe. Take it all. Show me what you worked on.”

“*Nngh!*?”

“You can do it, can’t you? You actually practiced, right? You better have, bitch. I want to put my cock all the way down your throat. I’m gonna be able to do that, right?” I slap the back of her head. “Go down on it. Show me. Swallow that fucking dick.”

Red-faced, Barb pushes her head down on the dildo. Her throat bulges from the cockhead. She jerks and leaks a tear.

“Swallow it. All of it! Fucking take it down!”

“Kkkgh— ggh—” She rocks jerkily forward, taking down several more inches. She spasms hard on it, but before she can jerk back I snatch up the cattle prod and shove it against her swollen anus, unleashing an agonizing blast.

Barb’s whole body convulses and she practically throws herself forward. I hold the cattle prod in place— crackling and snapping on her asshole, driving her up the length of the anal probe—

And then just like that, she’s balls deep on the cock, nose pressed into the wooden post, her throat hugely distended by the ten inches of hard silicone buried down her esophagus. Eyes bulging, tongue straining out, she convulses through another few seconds of anal electrocution, screaming every way but literally as she tries to stuff even another millimeter of cock down her gullet in order to escape.

Then I remove the cattle prod. After a moment of uncontrollable twitching, Barb collapses back off the dildo, ramming ten inches of anal probe back into her guts. She gulps in a messy breath and finally screams, long-delayed, trembling violently all over at the sudden brutal assault. Tears roll down her face.

“Fuck,” I whisper, stroking her hair back. “Good bitch. Good girl. Beautiful. Fucking perfect.”

Part of me wants to see Barb do it again: take the dildo down her throat, choke on it. Rock back and forth between the two impaling toys, gagging and convulsing the whole while with no escape from the torture. But the rest of me— most of me, given how much blood is in my straining cock— wants to use her throat myself.

I’ve got hours of video of her gagging herself. And if I want to see her get throatrapped by a dildo I can rig up a fucking machine to do it properly.

I unlock her from the collar restraint and pull her head off the dildo. With my fist in her hair, Barb crawls tremblingly out from between the posts, off the anal probe, gurgling in pain:

“*Unnnghhhhhh...*” Two feet of slick-dripping silicone snake out of her guts, one bump at a time popping out of her swollen rectum.

When the tip finally slides free Barb groans “*Uuunh!*” and nearly collapses to the floor, her whole body shuddering. Her hole is left open and straining, involuntarily trapped in the effort of trying to expel the torturous intrusion that’s been stuffed in her guts for the last six hours. The puffy hole expels a trickle of slick slime—the only thing she has to give—but still her guts strain like they don’t know how to do anything else now that she’s empty. Still feeling the ghost of the anal probe inside.

Unable to resist that swollen gaping hole, I shove two fingers in and fingerbang it hard, making her scream in pain and shock. Inside her rectum is soft and slippery and *hot*, twitching and straining, and oh god I want to fuck that too. She tries to scramble off my fingers but she’s clumsy and slow, and I follow, keeping her hooked by the anus.

“*Nuuughh! Please!*” Her voice is a hoarse rasp, almost completely gone.

“On the table,” I order, barely clinging to patience. “Now.”

Barb’s legs are so weak and shaky that I have to halfway lift and throw her down on the table. She’s chained down before she can fight back, manacles on her wrists and ankles, head hanging back over the far edge of the table. Still she groans and struggles weakly.

“Nuh,” she rasps, as I unbutton my jeans, “no more... please...”

“I’m gonna fuck your throat,” I tell her, almost lovingly, as I force an O-ring gag into her mouth. Her jaw is so sore that it’s easy to force it open again. Barb screams unintelligibly when the gag is in, grimacing, fresh tears trickling down her face.

“That’s right baby. Make some noise. Lemme see that tongue. Oh yeah...”

I rub my cock over her swollen spit-glazed lips. Her tongue writhes through the O-ring, still uttering miserable noise. I groan in pleasure.

Rock hard and raging, my cock is just over ten inches long. When I put my balls on her lips, the tip of my cock reaches all the way down her stretched-back throat to just past the notch of her collarbones. Deep, deep down her esophagus.

“You better be ready for me, babe. You better be all stretched out and open. I’m finally gonna shove it all the way down your neck and there’s nothing you can do about it. Been waiting so long...”

“*Ggghuuuhhhh... please... ghhh!*”

The shiny red head of my cock slides through the O-ring, against the slick heat of her tongue. It writhes involuntarily and I groan, resting my cockhead at the back of her throat for a few moments to enjoy the tonguing, the flex of her throat, the crackling noise of strangled protest. There’s nothing so enjoyable as choking her complaints with cock.

“*Lllshghhh... gk! Gkk! Ghhhh...*”

“Open up,” I whisper, holding her head back with my fists in her hair, and slowly push it in.

Her throat opens and my cock squelches in like never before—easily, almost naturally, and oh *fuck* it’s still hot and tight and squeezing the head of my cock so so good but it’s not a *fight*. Without meaning to, I moan and thrust another inch deeper, rapturously aroused, and her throat *takes it*.

She’s been broken in. Every hole is fit for my cock.

Of course Barb gags around it immediately, choking and trying to jerk away. The chains hold her down and I’ve got my fists tight in her hair, so I can ignore it in favor of thrusting shallowly, groaning, teasing her throathole and myself.

My cockhead pops free and she convulsively retches out a mouthful of watery puke: weak, barely anything, just the last dregs of her stomach forced up by the torture of her gag reflex. It trickles out through the O-ring and over her face, all red and scrunched up and leaking tears.

“Yeah, you’re ready. Lemme see you take it deeper. *Unh...*”

Down it goes—*down*—two inches in her throat, three, four, sliding past her uvula, her stretched-tight esophagus... Picturing my cock stretching out her throat at the same time as I can feel it shoving into that tight tight hole lights my nerves on fire. Seven inches—eight—and she’s struggling, jerking against the chains, but my cock is still going *in*—

And my cock bottoms out, balls shoved right up to Barb’s nose, every inch of shaft buried in her esophagus. Her throat is brutally distended, veins popping and tendons straining, and I can *feel* it, the way she’s trying to retch around me, muscles straining, every fiber of her body screaming from the torture of suffocation and stretch...

“Fuck. Fuck!”

Unable to resist any longer, I start to thrust. No restraint, no control, just *fucking*, fucking the way I’ve wanted to for so long: deep and hard, holding her head still and raping her throat. There’s nothing but the heat and the depth and her wet mouth squelching **glk-glk-glk** around my shaft.

The sight is incredible. My cockhead bulges up and down in her throat, a massive distension. I’ve never been able to see my cock wrecking her before—every thrust, every choking squeeze of her throat—and when I wrap one hand around her neck I can feel it too. Not just my cock bulging out but my hand squeezing *in*, tight on Barb’s neck, jerking off my cock through her throat, oh *fuck*.

The jerking squeeze makes her convulse and vomit again, this time violently enough that it squirts out around my cock. I withdraw and Barb screams, hysterical.

“Do it again,” I groan, ramming my cock back in her throat and thrusting rapidly, trying to make her gag reflex rebel, “do it again, come on—”

And when I yank my cock back out she pukes again—“*Hhhhhhhuughhh!*”—her whole body arching erotically on the table. Her tongue strains out and puke gushes from her throat, down her face.

“Again, baby—”

“*Huuurk*—”

“One more...”

“*Hhhhyyuuughh!*”

Until at last there’s nothing else to bring up, not a single drop left in her pumped-out stomach. I plunge her throat in swift deep strokes, in-deep-out-fast, like pulling the ripcord on her gag reflex, but all she can do is convulse and dry-retch, tongue straining, eyes bulging, her throat open on nothing. Exhausted, Barb collapses back to the table and bawls, her whole body visibly shaking with effort.

“Like making you cum,” I growl, rubbing my cock on her lips, her eyes, her snotty nose. “Making your stomach spew all over my cock until you can’t any more. Emptied you out.”

I slide my dick back into her slick-dripping mouth and get a better grip on her hair. “Now I’m gonna fill you back up.”

My cock is so hard that my hands are shaking; my heart is pounding with desperate need. It’s not about fucking her throat any more, not about torturing her gag reflex; it’s about burying my cock in a tight hot hole as deep and fast as I can. Eyes clenched shut, I piston rapidly into her mouth—her neck, her whole head turned into a fleshlight—and chase the accelerating tingle of electricity up my spine. There’s just the sloppy *glk-glk-glk* of her throathole and the slap of my balls on her face—plus the rattle-thump of Barb spasming on the table, attempting to thrash away. Her head jerks in my hands but I grip tight and keep fucking, pounding her tonsils, my cock never leaving the rapturous grip of her thoat. God, if I could get deeper—deeper—

(all the way to her stomach, right into her guts, so I could shoot my load and fill her up right there, like a hose pumping her full, *fuck*)

“Right there,” I gasp, unthinking, “right there, all the way—choke on it baby, keep on gagging, squeeze it like that—”

Her throat bulges over and over, ramrod fucked at increasing speed as the tingle spreads to the soles of my feet, the palms of my hands, straining for release and *oh*, it’s gonna be a big one. So worth waiting for. If I can just—get there...

Barb spasms so hard on the table that her head almost twists out of my grip. She manages to gurgle a noise of raw terror—“*Ggghuh—!*” before I jam my cock back into her throat, blocking her lungs and thrusting to regain my rhythm and keep the pleasure building.

Oh fuck, she has to breathe. As long as I haven’t cum, she can’t breathe.

“Hold it,” I order, laughing through panting breaths, clutching one hand tight around her throat to feel my cock bulge through. “Hold it, bitch. You can breathe when I cum. Not until I fucking cum down your neck, you understand?”

Barb’s whole body is thrashing, every limb frantic, her toes and fingers snatching and straining in involuntary desperation. “***Glkglkglkglkglk***” goes her throat, the sound of my cock pistonning her vocal cords to pulp— rubbing her epiglottis with every stroke, too, keeping her lungs sealed shut with the massive girth stuffing her esophagus—

I see the spasm fading from her body at the same time as my orgasm starts to peak. Frustrated almost to tears, I yank my cock out. Barb spasms hard for a moment— eyes bulging, tongue straining— until she retches out a stream of throatslime and her windpipe is clear and she can gulp in a massive wheezing breath.

“***Uhhhh!***” she screams on the exhale, eyes white-rimmed with terror. “***UHHHHHH!***”

“Back in! Back in, back in, take it down— *uhnn*. Gimme that fucking throat, you bitch, I’m so fucking close. So— fucking— oh fuck, baby, that’ll make me cum— that’ll make me cum —”

My balls are tight and high, ready to bust, and my cunt is clenched up so tight it almost hurts, desperate and empty and *needing* to release. My fists are clenched, my thighs, every muscle straining as I hatefuck Barb’s throat, jerking her head to meet each brutal thrust. Now that I’ve denied the orgasm once it takes longer to build up, slow and frustrated, forced off the rhythm. But I’m almost there— almost— and Barb is thrashing again, shuddering on the table—

I see her twitches growing erratic again and this time I let it happen because I’m *so fucking close*. Her fingers claw, her spine jerks and her tits jiggle and I ram it in harder, desperate, squeezing her throat to tighten the hole. That milks out another convulsive spasm from her body, and if it’s a retch or a strangulation-jerk I can’t tell.

Orgasm is almost there, building up hot and swollen and twisting-tight— *oh*, and it’s unlocking the first euphoric spasms, the point of no return, and Barb’s foot gives the tiniest kick and her head slackens in my grip but I’m there, I’m *there*, just a few more strokes— ***glkglkGLKGLKGLK***, sloppy-fast, driving over the edge—

And I cum in great hard waves, a full-body release, every muscle unlocking all at once. White-hot ecstasy wipes out every thought and I fold hard over Barb’s body, knees almost buckling, humping balls-deep into her throat to shoot my cum. “UH! UH! ***UHHHH!***” Then smaller waves, no less intense, forcing out “*Uh uh uh uh uhhh... uh... uh... uh...*” as I shake through it, shoving my cock in hard little jerks with each pulse of pleasure.

(she’s already slack— she needs to breathe— but just another moment, just one more, throbbing in the tight grip of her ravaged throat—)

I’m still ejaculating a last few dribbles of cum when I withdraw, the squirt landing in her O-ringed open mouth. Barb’s head drops back and a thick slime oozes out just like her throat is a real cunt— throatslime and puke and my own cum— and for just a second I think *too far*.

Then her ribs give a hard spasm and her head jerks and she hacks up a bigger gush of cum and *wheezes*, breath rattling down her abused throat.

Barb's eyes flutter and roll dazedly as she bobs back from the edge of unconsciousness. Saliva-cum drools down her upside-down face, into her nose, over one barely-conscious eye. Her whole face is already absolutely wrecked, red and swollen-slack from the brutal pounding.

I love the look of her so much that my chest squeezes, tight and adoring and possessive. I smear my still-throbbing cock all over her gorgeous face, rubbing out a last few waves of pleasure, and put my balls in her O-ringed mouth to feel her tongue twitch weakly against them. At last I withdraw. A thick string of saliva breaks on her exquisite lips.

"Hhhuhhhh," Barb groans, nowhere near coherent. Her eyes aren't quite focusing, but she follows the shape of my cock moving over her face.

"You with me, babe?"

"Uhh..."

I let out a long shaky breath and beam. "Good *girl*. Your throat is perfect. I knew it would be. God, that was good." I'm still awash with pleasure but my heart rate is starting to drop and I'm exhausted, every muscle wrung out.

Almost every muscle. The beer from supper has worked its way through me and is making itself known. Now that I've cum, my bladder is the only lingering tension, a tight full squeeze of pressure-pleasure within the post-orgasmic softness of my pelvis.

The dripping-slick hole of her mouth, her lips still stretched around the O-ring, is too tempting to ignore.

Barb makes a hoarse squeak of protest when I feed my cock back in, partially soft but still thick and twitching. Her tongue rubbing the hypersensitive head is almost too much, too good to bear. I hiss and push in deeper.

"Just a little more," I murmur, as Barb gags weakly on it. My cock is just erect enough to push into her throat, past what little fucked-out resistance remains. "Just a bit more, babe. Lemme have this."

Her tongue squirms weakly against my cock as I hold it there, waiting, relaxing. She twists against the manacles and I squeeze her tits comfortingly. Then my bladder unlocks and an electrical frisson of warmth shoots through me.

Release is sweet and steady, my pleasantly taut bladder tingling as it empties. My piss pours directly down Barb's throat, not a drop wasted, into her stomach. I sigh in relief, in bliss.

It's nice to take a piss, sure. Even better if I get to degrade Barb at the same time. Using every hole for my own release, emptying her out and pumping her full. Oh, I should have been pissing in her long before now.

The hot rush of piss through my cock makes me groan. Then my bladder squeezes, forcing out the last drops and sending a hard shudder of pleasure up my spine.

Barb gags and gasps for air when I withdraw again. She knows what happened, even if she didn't have to taste it; her face contorts and her eyes well up with humiliated tears.

"Good girl," I say, one last time. "Should we get you cleaned up?"

Her neck is so sore she can barely nod. A tear trickles down her temple. "Uh..."

"And now you can have your orgasms back, too. I'll have to think about how to reward you. With a throat like this, you deserve it." I slip two fingers into her gorgeous mouth and stroke her tongue, her throat, feeling it flutter weakly. "I'll have to keep using it regularly, though. Wouldn't want it to tighten up and forget again. Honestly... you should have a cock down your throat all the time. You were made for it, Barb."

Chapter End Notes

This chapter fulfills some reader requests from over a year ago (predicament spitroasting, more deep anal, breathplay/passing out on a cock), plus of course the long-awaited deepthroating! And a return to orgams for Barb, so I can finally fulfill our dreams for endless forced orgasms and overstimulation in the next chapter! And electro torture too.



Thank you for all your requests and comments, and feel free to keep suggesting new stuff!

Losing

Chapter Summary

Content: whipping, urethral play, bladder inflation, bladder control, piss enema, forced orgasm, orgasm overstimulation, clit piercing

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hello, Barb. I want to play a game.”

Her eyes fly open, wide and terrified. The sight of the cruel leather whip in my hand is better than a saw or some other horrible implement of torture, but not much.

I laugh. “Or I could just fuck you, but that’s boring. Are you going to play along?”

Bitterly, she demands, “What’s the point?”

Just for that, I crack the whip hard across her tits. Barb shrieks.

“I follow my own rules.” I gently cup one heavy breast and trace the crimson welt already rising across its swell. “I’ve never lied to you, Barb. I give you rules and I punish you when you break them. *I don’t break the rules. You could win this.*”

She takes a shaky breath. “What do I get if I win?”

“Less pain.” *Obviously, you dumb bitch.*

Her lip curls with contempt and loathing. But she can’t *not* try. (She has to dance when I make her. She always has. Still, I like to offer her the illusion of control before I rip it away.)

“What rules?”

1.

The words have barely left her mouth before I jam a dildo in, right to the back of her throat. She gags hard but I hold it in place.

“Hold it,” I say. “Bite down if you have to, but don’t drop it. If you drop it, you lose.”

She gags a little but tightens her lips around the lurid blue dildo. The free end bobbles in the air and she goes a little cross-eyed trying to focus on it. There’s something vapid and sleazy

about it, like for a moment Barb is just some cut-rate porn star sucking fake cock and pretending to be a bimbo for the camera.

She realizes what's about to happen as I step back and lift my arm.

Crack!

“*Mmmm!*” Her scream comes out through the nose. She dances on her toes, her ass jiggling a little as she tries to shake out the pain. Her whitened asscheek slowly flushes red in a cruel line.

“I don’t know how many,” I say idly, like I don’t care. “We’ll see when I feel like stopping.”

Her eyes flare with fury, and then the next lash falls and her face contorts and she screams again.

(It’s fifty lashes. There’s no point to playing a game if I can just whip her into submission—I can do that any time. But I want to make Barb endure without knowing how near the end is. And I do eventually want her to fail.)

Crack!

“*Mmmm!*”

Forty-seven lashes later, Barb’s ass and hips are a viciously abused mess, welted purple where the worst lashes cross. She’s all but dangling from her wrists, her knees having buckled several times when the pain was too much. She has kicked and twisted herself to exhaustion and now stands trembling, weeping snottily, on the edge of collapse.

“*Uuuuugh...*” she gurgles, each tortured breath coming out around the slobbery dildo.

“*Guuuh... uuuuh...*”

But she still has the cock in her mouth. Her teeth are clamped onto the very end of the dildo, just behind the flared head. Holding on for dear life. Drool runs down the shaft, frothed from her screaming. Her jaw must be screaming in pain.

I aim the last one for her tits and swing *hard*.

Crack!

“*AUUUUUGH! UUUUGH! Uhhh! Uhhh!*”

Her eyes bulge and spit flies from her lips as she screams, over and over, dancing uncontrollably in agony. Her breasts bounce like she’s tempting me to aim for them again. But the dildo is still in her mouth.

I coil up the whip and set it aside, then go over and take the dildo from her—or try to. Barb’s jaw refuses to unclench. Her eyes aren’t quite focused on me, on what’s happening. Everything in her is simply *not letting go*.

“Hey.” I slap her face lightly. “Dummy. Wake up. Open your mouth.”

Her eyes struggle to focus on me. She whimpers.

“I’m done. You win.” I tug the dildo, then tug it again. Like a dog with a bone. “Let go.”

Slowly, her mouth falls open and the dildo slides out. Her lips are red and spit-shiny, her chin dripping drool. Barb stares at me, trembling.

I slide my tongue into her mouth and kiss her deeply, reaching for her throat. Her jaw barely works to push against me. “You win. I’ll fuck you nice and gentle today. You can cum if you want. You can orgasm now, remember?”

The sex is gentle, all things considered. But I do bend her over the table and fuck her asshole from behind, every thrust smacking her whipped ass. The slap of my balls on her clit is nowhere near enough to drive pleasure through the pain. Barb sobs the whole way through and is still crying into the table, cunt juices trickling down her leg, when I zip my jeans and leave.

2.

“You did so well yesterday, I thought we’d play again. Test that self-control.”

Barb is dangling by her wrists from the ceiling, as ever, but today her legs are stretched wide apart by a spreader bar locked around the ankles. The whip-marks from yesterday have darkened into vicious purple bruises.

I pinch her ass nastily but smile as I come around to her front. Barb keeps her eyes shut and bites her tongue while I play with her tits and caress her body for a bit, my hands eventually sliding down to her cunt.

“Don’t you want to know the rules?”

“I assume you’ll tell me.”

This time it’s her clit I pinch. “Just for that, I’m putting six-hundred millilitres in you instead of five.”

She groans and whines pitifully when I bring out the syringe and a length of catheter tubing, but can’t prevent me from lubing up her urethral opening: her ankles are locked wide open by the spreader bar.

“Little tiny hole,” I murmur, forcing the first inch of catheter in. Barb mewls in agony, trembling on tiptoe as if she could escape.

Slowly I push the catheter deeper, feeding it down her urethra. She’s had her pisshole fucked a few times before, enough that it’s no longer virgin, so I don’t bother with lube; I just force the tube in slowly, through that tight little hole that pierces the flesh of her internal clitoris.

She whimpers and trembles. “Ow! Fuck, *please*, stop, that hurts— OW! *Ahh!*”

Amused, I pull the catheter back an inch, then fuck it through the sphincter of her bladder again.

“AH! Fuck! *AHH!* Jack stop, please!”

“You know, I wasn’t planning to hurt you today. This was more about self-control. But god, I love it when you scream. Let me do something else first.”

With the catheter clamped and dangling from her urethra, and Barb whimpering frantic noises of denial, I go unlock a cabinet.

“*Nooo,*” she begs, when she sees the piercing kit. “No please, no don’t, oh god...”

“This will make things more convenient anyway. You’re getting two shiny new accessories.”

I pull a chair over and sit between her splayed legs, putting my feet onto the spreader bar to hold her in place. The kit and all its needles sit in my lap.

“Here are the rules. I’m going to pierce both sides of your cunt. If you make *any* noise, I pierce your clit too.”

Barb clamps her jaw shut so hard it clicks. Her eyes have gone white-rimmed with fear. Breath shudders through her nose, right on the edge of sobbing.

I select an 8-gauge needle, viciously thick, and a heavy steel ring to go with it. Barb shudders. But she’s silent when I clamp her right outer labia, right in the middle of the soft pink fold, and pull it taut. She shudders and stops breathing, her whole face screwed up.

I place the needle against her cunclip and... wait. And wait. Letting Barb keep holding her breath, running out of air, trembling with anticipation of pain.

A good thirty second later I finally drive the needle in. Barb jolts hard, her spasm halted by my feet on the spreader bar; her head lashes back and her eyes bulge open.

But the breath stays locked in her chest and she’s silent. Damn.

The needle pricks and pierces and pushes in, *slowly*, taking an eternity to pierce the thick flesh of her labia. Barb’s knees tremble violently when it finally emerges on the other side.

“How’s that, babe? You doing all right?”

She finally takes the shallowest of breaths, an inhale shaking on the edge of panic. But she doesn’t scream, not even when I feed through the heavy steel ring.

With one labia pierced and throbbing, she’s already shaking when I pierce the other one. Still no noise, not even a squeak. Disappointing, but I’ll live. I’m enjoying the delayed gratification.

When I do pierce her clit, I'll make sure she screams. It's no fun when she doesn't.

"All right," I admit, as I'm dabbing sealant on the tiny wounds. "You win. You *can* shut that mouth when you want to."

Barb takes a deep, shaking breath of relief.

"Now, the other game we were going to play."

The clamped catheter still dangles between her legs. I fetch a couple pieces of string, feed one through each new shiny piercing, and tie the strings around her thighs to hold her cunt spread open.

"Ughhh," Barb groans, at the agony of pulling on her brand new piercings. Her labia are stretched wide open, revealing the tiny mouth of her urethra stretched around the catheter—and of course the half-hard clit right above it. Half-hard is a constant state for her.

"I said seven hundred milliliters, right?"

"Six! You said six!"

"Right, right. I'm following the rules."

And so I inject six syringes of hot water into her bladder, one by one. The heat takes Barb by surprise and makes her scream sharply, panicked by the burning heat surging through her urethra and into her bladder. She tries to twist away but can't, and has to stand there, quivering and gasping, as I force more and more into her.

"Oh god... oh fuck, oh god..."

I can see her bladder swelling after four. Five hundred millilitres makes the bulge grow even more pronounced, a hard bulge in her lower abdomen. Barb is moaning, breaking out in a sweat.

"Stop... oh my god, please stop. It's too much. Please... please don't... please... GOD!"

I force in the last hundred millilitres and clamp the catheter shut, locking it inside. Barb shudders hard as her bladder cramps and strains, desperate to piss out its burning hot load. Her clit bobs up and down when she clenches, now fully hard from the confusing mix of pleasure-pain searing through her nerves.

"Hold that for a minute, babe. I'll be right back."

And I drag over the heavy box of the fucking machine.

In a minute I have her spreader bar locked to the machine and a dildo fitted in place: a brutal stub of a cock, short but fat. Just slightly less than the girth of my fist.

"Now the rules. Are you listening?"

“Fuck. Oh god... yes...”

“It should be simple, Barb. I haven’t fisted you in a week, and we’ve got to make sure to keep that cunt properly stretched out, so I’m going to fuck you for a while. Fifteen minutes. All you have to do is not piss yourself.”

“I *can’t!* That’s not fair!”

“Why not?”

“It’s too big!”

I grin and stroke the length of the cock, smearing lube along the fat flare of its crown. “Yeah. Gonna stretch that cunt open nice and wide again. Open up, bitch.”

I hit the button and the pole slowly starts to rise. Between the spreader bar and the piercings stretching her cunclips open, there’s nothing to prevent the dildo’s sizable head from drilling directly up into her hole, forcing its way in, and slowly impaling her all the way to its hard rubber balls.

“Ah— ah— *AUGGGHHHH!*”

My cock throbs at the sight: Barb impaled once again, twisting and thrashing uselessly on the girth of a cock. Her hard clit and bulging bladder are icing on the cake, delicious extra points of agony. With her bladder so full, the dildo must feel even thicker, even more brutal stretching out her cunt and pressing into her tight walls.

“*Fuck! Fuck! Fuuuuuck!*”

I wait until Barb has gotten over the initial shock, the uncontrollable spasm of pleasure and desperation to piss. God, that’s what I love so much about torturing her: triggering the involuntary animal reactions that she can’t control. Orgasm, gagging, puking, pain, micturition... all reflexes that make her a slave, helpless to resist and shamed by her own reactions.

The urge passes slowly, leaving her trembling for control, wild-eyed and panting. Sweat gleams on her forehead.

“Now. Are you ready to start?”

“No. No please, please don’t—”

Rolling my eyes, I start to pull out her catheter. Barb’s eyes roll halfway back and she grunts like a cow at the twin sensations of pain and pleasure as the tube slides through her urethra. Then it pops out and she spasms *hard*, every muscle locking up from her toes to her face, screwed up in desperation.

I watch closely, intent, but she doesn’t leak a drop of piss. Grunting and panting in strain, Barb resists the shriek of her swollen bladder.

“Fifteen minutes,” I announce, and click on the machine.

“*Gawwwwwd*,” she bawls, already in despair, as the dildo sloooowly withdraws and thrusts back in. “*Gawwwwwd, nooooo...*”

It fucks her slow and shallow, a torment of deliberation rather than ferocity. The shaft is thick and detailed, its veins stroking her walls with every stroke. And the head’s flare must be rubbing right over her G-spot, then pressing into her bladder through the vaginal wall. It’s working every nerve of her cunt, stretching and stroking her with slow brutality.

If I had bet money, I would have put in on Barb losing control within a minute. Piss first, in a screaming uncontrollable gush down the dildo’s thick shaft, and then the near-orgasmic relief of urination transitioning directly into a real orgasm, a huge throbbing string of spasms strung one after another as the machine fucks them out of her. My cock is achingly hard and I am *ready* for it.

But she doesn’t.

When the dildo reaches her bladder and slowly presses higher, harder, I can see the agony flare through her, trace it in the roll of her eyes and the stretch of her mouth screaming wider, the pitch of her shriek rising. But Barb has her fists wrapped white-knuckled around her wrist-chains, her abs clenched in stark relief, her calves flexed into straining slabs, and she holds tight through every push on her bladder, every unrelenting thrust. The dildo retreats and she doesn’t leak. She screams her fucking *head* off, but she holds on.

Maybe after a few minutes, I think. It’ll wear her down.

It doesn’t. Her cunt gets wetter—wet enough that I have to check suspiciously—but with her labia stretched open I can see that nothing is dripping from her urethra, not one desperate squirt. Her pussy is just dripping the way it’s been conditioned to, lubing up the dildo.

Barb’s thighs shake uncontrollably and she keeps hanging on. Tears of pain and terror drip from the corners of her clenched eyes.

After ten minutes, her reactions finally lessen. Human nerves can only take so much before they stop sending signals that are being ignored. The dildo pushes hard on her bladder, over and over, but Barb manages to keep her sphincter clenched shut, choosing the agony and denying herself relief, and eventually her nerves fail. They must—it’s the only way her screams could fall silent, giving way to miserable weeping and groans. Her muscles are starting to fail too, their quiver intensifying as she can no longer keep clenching every muscle tight.

The dildo squelches in and out of her sopping, loosened cunt. Barb hangs there and bawls.

“Uhhh... *uhhhh...* Uh-huhuh... *Nnughhh...*”

Her distended bladder bulges outward with every stroke of the thick dildo, and her clit is throbbing rhythmically. Full of arousal and a kind of irate savagery, I want to get on my knees and take her clit in my mouth; I want to suck her off hard, suck and pull on that erect

little girldick until I drag the orgasm out of her and she squirts, screaming, all over my chest, leaving her wracked with failure. Then I can whip the shit out of her throbbing pussy until she's forgotten even the memory of pleasure.

But that's cheating. I won't be able to play games with her if she doesn't think I'll abide by the rules.

For the last few minutes I console myself by jerking off in time with the fucking machine, slow luxurious pulls of my cock. It's a tease, an edge. Precum is glistening on my tip when the timer starts to beep and I have to get up to turn off the machine.

"*Gawwwd*," Barb groans, as the dildo's fat heat squelches out of her pussy one last time. Her entrance is left gaping, dripping cream. Her thighs shake so hard she's barely standing.
"Please... *pleeeeease*... I need to go... *please!* Please, did I win?"

I sigh. "I guess."

"Can I— can I—"

"Wait."

"GOD! FUCK!"

I make her wait until I've jammed a wide-mouthed glass bottle up to her cunt before I give permission. Barb surrenders immediately, giving in to the urge she's been denying for the last eternity. Her knees shake and she groans like it's an orgasm, a toe-curling endless squirt as she empties her bladder. The water filling her bladder gushes out hard. She grunts and moans and shudders through more than a few spasms of pleasure.

Not an orgasm, though. Not quite. When she's done, her clit is left as hard as ever.

There are over seven hundred millilitres in the bottle. I guess she had some piss in her before we started.

Still rock hard, and still annoyed, I pour the piss into an enema bag and shove a plug up Barb's ass. She gives a shriek of outrage and disgust as the hot piss starts gurgling into her rectum.

Then, while the enema is filling her up, I force her down on her knees, grab her by the hair, and facefuck her like a monster. My cock hammers her newly-trained throat until she doesn't have enough breath to scream, she just gurgles up froth between strokes.

"*Glk glk glkglk— hurghhh— kkhk— glk glk glk glk glk—*"

By the end of it Barb's face is covered in slimy snot and her eyes are unfocused; she's been slapped and shaken and had her head slammed up and down my cock like a toy.

I grip her by the throat and bury my cock all the way down in order to cum, dick throbbing, squeezing her throat through the pulse of orgasm so I can feel the extra tightness. Barb's only response is a feeble gagging. There's not even resistance left in her to fight— just enough to

give me an extra thrill at the feeling of her tongue writhing against my balls, and the knowledge that she's suffocating.

When it's over and I pull out, my cock drags a trail of slimy spittle from her mouth. I make her lick my cock and balls clean. She does it slowly, clumsily, with a slack jaw and lips swollen from abuse. At the very end she's left dumbly sucking my nuts, gurgling for breath around them.

I leave her locked into the spreader bar, leave the piss enema plugged in her ass, and make sure that her hands are chained to a post high enough that she can't reach between her legs to touch her swollen clit. I even leave her pierced labia stretched out, her clit truly exposed.

I leave her like that for over a day. I'm not always a sore winner, but sometimes... well. It's not *exactly* cheating.

3.

"Which one, Barb? You get to pick."

Her choice of enema plugs this morning is either the twelve inch anal probe or a short, thick dildo with a ribbed shaft and a knot at the base. I know how she hates both.

Grimacing around her O-ring gag, and totally unable to move in her bondage (wrists and ankles both attached to spreader bars, dangling from the ceiling chain), she gestures with her chin to the anal probe.

Delighted, I put the tip into her mouth. "Lube it up, then."

"Ghh— gk gk gkh— GKKH!"

She gags at the narrow tip prodding the back of her mouth until I manage to force it down. Her involuntary retch makes her eyes bulge and her tongue stretch out, wagging through the ring gag, but that only opens her throat wider for the probe to slide down, one bump at a time popping past her uvula.

"*Gkk— ack!— gk gk gk kkkhuuhgh— GK—*"

I throat-fuck her in swift strokes for a while, thrusting and yanking the probe like a ripcord to make her heave up slime, driving the shaft ever deeper down her esophagus. At last I get it jammed all the way down, the base barely protruding from her spit-dripping lips. Her face contorts in agony at the intrusion jammed down her esophagus, the torment of her gag reflex, the protracted suffocation.

At last I yank it back up in one sharp pull, forcing Barb to convulse and retch throatslime through her mouth and nostrils. "*Huuuurpleh! UH! Huh-uhhgahhh... uhhh...*"

The probe is perfectly dripping with lube. Pleased, I screw it onto the enema post and pull her dangling body over to it.

She takes the probe easily now, its flexible length snaking through her rectum and deep into her intestine as I lower her down. That doesn't mean it doesn't feel hideous, judging by her grimace.

"Hot water this morning, I think. Let's make this a deep one."

I turn the tap on slow—"AHH!" she screams at the first trickle of burning hot water in her bowels—and come around in front of her.

"Now, while that's running. I've got another game for you. You can even play while you're all tied up."

She whines and squirms on her tip toes, which just barely touch the floor. No way for her to lift off the enema post.

"You got your orgasms back, but I'd still like to see some patience from you before you get one. Self control, remember. So I'm going to play with you while you get your enema, and all you have to do is not cum until I give you permission."

Grinning with anticipation, I pull up a chair in front of the enema post and set a folding table beside. On top is a tray of toys for me to play with. Barb's eyes widen at the selection.

"The first, I think..."

"Ohhh!"

I pick up the vacuum pump and a cylinder for her clit.

Within a minute of brutal pumping her clit is hard and straining within the cylinder, stretched to its limit: three inches long and an inch thick. No sign of her growth slowing down, especially not since I'm still helping it along with testosterone and regular pumping. While Barb squeals incoherently from the pain of her trapped, swollen clit, I amuse myself by burying my face between her legs. I drive my tongue in deep and hard, eating her out as if I'm starving. I really *do* like her cunt. More than I like her, probably.

I can feel her cunt starting to squeeze around my tongue, responding involuntarily to pleasure. I withdraw and snicker. That's a good start already.

"What about this one, hm?" I trace the tip of a narrow silicone sound around her urethra.

She screams in fresh pain as I slowly force the sound up her urethra, tossing her head back and jerking her hips. The enema is still flowing, too, bloating her guts. Her belly is starting to swell from the water pumping in. I keep an eye on the metered tap as I work the sound in, reaching her bladder and feeding it in.

"Eeee! Eee! Ohhh, eeeee!"

Three liters is enough. I turn the water tap off. Her belly is distended but not quite hard, full but not burstingly painful. I want this to be torment but not torture. Not enough to prevent her orgasm.

I slide two fingers into her cunt and crook them, finding the spongy ridge of her G-spot. Giving a tender massage to that magical spot, I pull the sound out a few inches and start to fuck it in and out.

At first it only makes Barb whine, tears dribbling down her cheeks. But after a while the steady massage of her G-spot gets her wet again, makes her drip to replace what I licked out. Her cunt relaxes— squeezes back on my fingers despite her attempts to resist the pleasure—and the urethral sound starts to work its magic.

Her urethra runs between the internal bulbs of her clitoris, though a million sensitive nerve endings. Once its tightness has been stretched out, all she can feel is the sound's tiny bumps stroking her clit from the inside. Over and over and over. Slow and steady, in time with the flex of my fingers on her G-spot.

“Uhhh... uhh... ooooooh...”

I love how she can't hide her reactions when she's ring-gagged. Every whimper and whine of pleasure comes out loud and clear.

Her cunt is hot and dripping, flushing with arousal.

“How's that, baby? You like how that feels?”

“Uh-uh!”

Lying bitch. Just for that I push the sound deep into her urethra (“*Uuughh!*”) and pick up a bullet vibrator.

When I lay it alongside her pumped clit and turn it on, Barb's shriek is immediate.
“*AAAHHHH!*”

It vibrates furiously, a rapid buzzing amplified by rattling off the vacuum cylinder. Inside Barb's pumped clit feels everything to an *intense* degree, the pleasure turned sharp and prickling and nearly unbearable. I can tell because her eyes well up with tears. I know because I used to pump my clit and do the same to myself.

“Uhhh! Uh! Uh uh uh! Ooooooh!”

“Is that better, then? Does that feel good?”

“Ooooh! Ee ee eeeee!”

“I can't hear you, babe.” I turn the vibrator up.

Bzzzzzzz! “*EEEEEE!*”

“You wanna cum, Barb? Not yet. You're not allowed yet. Don't cum.” But I hold the vibrator in place, running it up and down the cylinder to torture the underside of her clit, the sensitive head all swollen and red at the tip of the cylinder. She screams louder.

“Don’t cum, baby. Don’t cum. Not yet.”

“Ohhh! Ohhhh! Oh oh oh!”

“No? I’m not stopping. You have to control yourself. Come on. What about if I do this?”

I flex my fingers again, driving hard into her G-spot. Her eyes roll back and her whole body arches, toes rising off the floor and hips lifting an inch on the anal probe. I keep pressing hard, merciless, working the spot.

“UHHHH! OHHHH!”

Her cunt is starting to quiver, starting to clench with the rhythmic early spasms of orgasm. Hungry like a predator scenting blood, I drop the vibrator and yank the clit pump off.

It pulls her clit *hard*, stretching it painfully, until finally the vacuum seal gives way and her clit squelches out, huge and hard and swollen purple. Barb screams in pain but her clit throbs for another reason, its distended length jerking in midair.

“Better?” I ask ruthlessly, and lick a hot line up the underside of her swollen clit. “Like this?”

“Ohhhh! OH!”

I press the bullet vibrator against the tip of her clit and turn it on again. Now the sensation comes through more clearly, blindingly intense against her oversensitized flesh.

“EEEE!”

“Don’t cum, bitch. Don’t you dare.”

“Eeeee, eeee, ohhhhh! UH! UH UH UH!”

“Don’t you dare. Not yet. Don’t you dare cum.”

“UH! UGHHHH! EEEEEE!”

Her cunt is squeezing hard and fast around my fingers, an uncontrollable flutter in her depths. Accelerating—intensifying—and I *know* she can’t avoid it, not with my fingers stroking her G-spot, the vibrator screaming against her clit. She’s starting to panic, writhing on her tiptoes, uselessly struggling for any inch of freedom from my touch.

“UH! OH! OH OH OH OH! Uhhh— hhhh— *uhhhhhh*—”

“Don’t you *dare*.”

And she does, her cunt clamping down hard, every muscle wracked at once by the intensity of the orgasm. “**UHHHHH!!!**”

It hits her like a lightning bolt, makes her spasm and thrash. She hasn’t cum in weeks, not since before she tried to escape, and now she’s falling apart on my fingers.

“AHHHHHHH! AHHH! AHH!”

Grinning savagely, I shape my hand into a conical fist and shove it up into her cunt, forcing my whole fist in all at once.

“UUUUUUUUGH!”

Her scream is agonized but the sudden stretching fullness makes her next spasm of orgasm that much more intense—makes her body convulse with blinding pleasure. I clench my hand into a proper fist and punch up into her cunt in time with the next throb of orgasm and she screams again.

I hold the vibrator mercilessly on her clit and fistfuck her hard until the convulsions of orgasm fade, leaving Barb whimpering and shaking like a leaf. Her cunt squelches around my fist, gone loose and drippy with pleasure.

I pull my fist out (“Ahh!”) and stand, holding my hand in front of her face. Her juices glisten up to my wrist.

“I told you not to cum, Barb.”

She whimpers something incoherent. I slap her hard, knocking her head aside.

“Looks like you lose this one. Fucking pathetic.”

“Ohhh, oh! Oh oh oh!”

“Not surprising, though. You never could control your slutty little cunt. You drip for it constantly. Look at your clit, still throbbing away... still hard.”

She gives a despairing sob, face crimson with humiliation. “Ohhhhhh...”

“That’s fine. I’m going to give that greedy cunt what it deserves.”

Forfeit:

Finally. Finally. Struggling not to grin outright, I pull the chair closer between her spread legs and sit down. I take the biggest and baddest of my toys from the tray: a hitachi wand and a thick black dildo with a knotty base, every inch of it all ridged and textured.

Barb groans as I rub the dildo’s fat head along her drooling slit. As wet as she is, she can’t resist the girthy toy forcing its way up into her cunt. It takes effort to shove in the last few inches—the bulging base covered in textured bumps, meant to lock inside her stretched cunt and torment her walls with every movement—but with a shove and a scream from Barb, it goes in. Her cuntlips are tightly stretched around the base, red with strain. I quickly strap her into a leather harness that holds the dildo in, not letting it slip an inch no matter how she pushes.

Her clit juts out between the leather straps, erect and involuntarily twitching from the cunt stimulation. Pain and pleasure are increasingly one and the same for her. Sexual torture, that's all her clit knows. All it responds to, now.

I lean in and give her clit a long, hard suck, delighting in its pumped plumpness and the iron-hard erection underneath. The taut underside of her shaft, the pearl of the head... the way she squeaks when my tongue circles around the desperately sensitive line where her foreskin retracts...

“Ready?”

“Ohhh, ee oh!”

I screw the vibrator onto a metal pole and adjust its height. With the end of the pole propped on the floor, the vibrator’s round head sits jammed tight against the underside of Barb’s clit. Several lengths of rope tie the pole between her thighs in three places, to keep the vibrator in place no matter how she thrashes. And she will thrash.

“You want to cum without permission? Then you will. Over, and over...”

I click the vibrator on *high*. Barb’s whole body jolts and she shrieks.

“...and over again.”

“EEEEEE!”

Barb’s reaction is intense and immediate: screaming and twitching uncontrollably, overwhelmed by pleasure. Her clit is post-orgasmic and hypersensitive, yet still desperate for another orgasm. Thanks to the hitachi’s power and the dildo stuffed in her cunt, providing extra simulation with every squeeze, it takes less than a minute for her to cum again.

“Uh... uh... oh oh oh OH OH OHHHH! UHHHH! **UH! UH! UH! UHHHNG!**”

Eyes rolled back, spraying spit, Barb is the picture of mental destruction. Her body shakes violently against the bondage: hanging by her wrists, trembling on tiptoe, twitching up and down on her anal impalement as her hips jerk and thrust through the waves of orgasm.

Then the ecstasy flips over into overstimulation and her screams rise an octave: “**EEEEEE!** **EEEE! EEEEEEEEEE!**”

Impossibly, her thrashing grows wilder. When she kicks— and she can’t *not* kick— her feet come off the floor, leaving her body totally impaled by the anal probe on the enema post. Given the spreader bars holding her ankles and wrists apart, the result is pathetic. The desperate rattling of the bars is music to my ears. Her fingers and toes flap and curl frantically, as if that tiny bit of free movement could do anything.

Barb’s wild eyes beg for mercy. “**EEEE! EEEEE! AAHHHHH! EEE!**”

Grinning, I lean back in the chair and use my foot to push her big swollen clit harder against the vibrator’s buzzing head.

“EEEEEEE!!!”

She doesn't precisely have a 'third' orgasm: her second one never really ends. Her body keeps giving big hard spasms, hips jolting, and I can see her cunt clamping painfully around the dildo. Her toes curl up hard, the tendons in her wrists and neck pop, her eyes bulge and her tongue strains out through the ring gag. She's not even breathing properly any more: she has screamed all her air out and can barely draw it in. With each throb of unbearable sensation—white-hot ecstasy, painfully intense—all Barb can force out is a tortured grunt: **“UH!.... UH!... UH!... UHHHH!”**

I grind her clit against the vibrator until there's a sudden spatter of hot juice across my foot: a gush of squirt. As Barb continues to strain and spasm, she ejaculates in several more hard spurts, splashing the vibrator and dribbling down onto the floor.

“UH! UHHHH... UH... UHHHHHH... GUH—!...”

Another hard spasm grips her. Another jet of squirt from her swollen urethra. And the ecstasy rolls on, leaving her twitching and grunting like a cow.

When the squirting finally runs dry—Barb's body now fully locked up and her face going purple with strain, her eyes rolled back so far that she seems on the edge of passing out—I click the vibrator off. Barb collapses as if the current of sexual torture through her nerves was the only thing keeping her animated.

Hanging limp from her wrists, she finally manages a full shaking breath, wheezes, and begins to sob. The aftershocks of orgasm continue to throb through her, marked by the slow jerk of her hips. Her toes tremble against the concrete, supporting none of her weight. She looks dazed, almost shocked, as if she can't process what just happened.

“We'll count that as four,” I say generously.

Barb drags her eyes up to me, heavy-headed, like she's struggling to. “*Ohhhh,*” she moans, begging. *No no no*, regardless of whether she knows what I intend. It's all bad, she knows that much.

“Take a minute and breathe. I don't want you passing out on me too soon.” Really, I don't want her clit losing sensation. Too much at once and the nerves will shut down.

“Ohh! Eee! Ahhh... ahh...”

“How's your ass doing?”

Because, for all that she's mostly focused on her cunt right now, she's still impaled on the enema post, the anal probe snaked deep in her intestine. She's still got three liters of water plugged up in her guts.

“Eee!”

“No, we'll leave it. You like being stuffed full. Imagine it was my cum in your bowels, bloating you full... You like how it feels, huh babe. Makes you cum so hard.”

“Ohh...”

“I know. I know you do. Show me, baby. Let’s make you cum again.”

“Oh! Oh! Oh oh oh— AHHHH!”

Bzzzzzzzt! She convulses hard on the vibrator, wracked by a fresh flare of overstimulation. Her clit is more sensitive than ever, now desperate to soften and *stop* orgasm. But with her holes stuffed full and the vibrator on high, she can’t.

It takes nearly six minutes of spasming and screaming before the unbearable hypersensitivity tips over into orgasm once again. She manages to ejaculate again, this time just one dribbling squirt, as the hard wave of orgasm turns her brain into mush. She twitches uncontrollably, toes dancing over the concrete, drool running down her chin.

I turn the vibrator down but not off. Barb groans gutturally and struggles to stay upright, barely on the edge of functionality with the vibrator still tormenting her swollen clit.

“That’s five, Barb. And I know you can take more, I’ve seen you do it. You’re an insatiable little whore. So—that’s what you get. To cum until you can’t cum any more. And when you’re *finally* done, we’ll see just how much of a punishment your greedy little girlcock has earned you.”

Her eyes fly wide, terrified and betrayed.

I smile and turn the vibrator up a notch. “I’ll be listening. And watching. Personally I hope you’ll cum until you pass out, but if you make it to, say... fifty orgasms, we’ll count that as the end.”

“*Uhh! UH!* Ohhhhh, eeee!”

“Have a good night, Barb.”

Bzzzzzzzz...

“OHHHHH!”

*

Over the next six hours, Barb cums fourteen more times.

The first few come relatively quickly: ten minutes, then fifteen minutes apart. Then, with her nerves overstimulated and her muscles worn out, even longer. The vibrator keeps buzzing, torturing her clit with sensation she can’t escape but can’t cum to. It takes a long, hard build of stimulation to overcome the barrier of exhaustion and tip her over into her tenth orgasm, then the eleventh. Each one makes her shriek as if her clit is being pierced by red-hot needles.

“EEEEEE! EEEEEEE! **EEEEEEE!!**”

By the twelfth, she's bawling openly, long wailing wordless cries at the unending torment. It's hot enough to make me pause work and turn on the video link to watch her suffer, impaled and quivering uncontrollably. I edge myself three times before she cumms again, finally, her screams ramping up—“UH UH UH UH UH! UHHH! OHHHHHH! EEEEEEE!!”—and then, wincing, zip my still-hard cock away.

With a cunt screaming in the basement, there's absolutely no sense orgasming anywhere but inside of her. I just need to pace myself. Unlike Barb, I have self control.

My cock leaks a wet spot on the inside of my jeans. Tensely I stroke it with the edge of my thumbnail as I carry on working through the distraction.

Her thirteenth. Fourteenth. Eighteenth.

The last one takes over an hour to build—an hour of grunting, guttural bovine noise, mindless and exhausted. By the time Barb finally gurgles and tips over into climax, it's almost pathetic. The change in her noise is enough to get me to turn on the video link and watch her jerk in slow twitching spasms as her muscles struggle and fail to respond. They can't. She can't. Her bladder releases a single squirt and the rest dribbles down the dildo, adding to puddles on the wet floor.

The ongoing stimulation is too much for Barb. She comes down from the peak of orgasm and just keeps going—down, down, down. Her eyes roll all the way back and her consciousness slides out, almost like she squirted out the last of her brains. Her body goes limp, dangling, except for the last involuntary twitch of one leg, still spasming occasionally as the vibrator buzzes on.

I switch off the video and audio monitors, and head downstairs.

With Barb unconscious, it's easy to disentangle her from the bondage. I remove the hitachi and tug the dildo's fat knot out of her cunt with a squelch. Her smooth shaved cunt is slick and glorious, flushed red from overuse, her clit all plump and throbbing.

Unable to resist, I grab the vacuum cylinders and pump up her clit again, taking it back to hard throbbing erection. Then another big cylinder around that, covering her whole pussy. Juice drools out of her hole as her pussy lips gets pumped up bigger and fatter, red and slick and luscious. I don't stop until her cunt is so swollen that it fills a solid four inches of the pump.

She's unconscious and not making any delightful noise. Sigh.

I lower her body into a heavy wooden chair, one with leather straps riveted to the arms and legs, as well as several on the tall backrest so that I can tighten straps around her throat and forehead too. I don't want her to be able to move an inch. It makes her easy to tie down, her arms secured and her legs spread wide open. The vacuum cylinder dangles through the convenient hole through the wooden seat, which is mostly there so I could set up a fucking machine beneath her if I wanted. It's also convenient to put a basin beneath the hole and remove her anal plug. Once most of the three liter enema is drained, I feed the foot-long anal probe back into her rectum. Just for fun this time.

Humming, I set up some video equipment in front of the chair—some things I want filmed in close-up detail, because I *know* they'll be good—and fetch my next plaything from the cabinet. Then I wait for Barb to wake up.

It gets boring. To pass the time, I straddle the chair and feed my hard cock through her O-ring gag, groaning as it rubs the slick heat of her tongue. Holding the back of the chair for leverage, I shallowly fuck her unconscious mouth, restraining myself to slow thrusts and a frustrating tease of sensation. My precum joins the drool dripping down her chin.

When Barb comes to, it's to the sensation of herself already gagging on the cockhead prodding at her throat. She jolts and chokes harder, trying to expel my cock while barely able to process what's happening. I groan loudly, holding my cock tight at the back of her spasming throat and relishing the pleasure of her mouth, her suffocation, her panic.

At last I withdraw, trailing spit down her chin and tits. Barb coughs wetly, finally becoming aware of her new situation. Her eyes dart and her toes curl in panic, but she's too severely restrained to move.

"I know how you hate being hung from the ceiling," I croon, wiping my cock on her lower lip. "I made you a chair."

She blinks teary eyes up at me. "Eeeee..."

"Now, since you're finally awake... your punishment."

"Ohh! Ahh, ee—"

"Did you like those orgasms, Barb? Did you enjoy getting to cum so much, so hard? Bet it felt real good, the way you were squirting your brains out. You haven't gotten to cum in weeks, and you got so greedy you just had to cum without permission. All you had to do was wait a little longer and I would have said yes. Little slut."

"Ohhh! Oh, oh!"

She can't articulate a defense of herself, or even beg for mercy. The frustration burning in her eyes makes me laugh.

I fetch my piercing kit and unzip it, slowly, relishing the display. "I think I promised you a clit piercing, didn't I."

"OHHHHH!"

I let Barb holler and struggle until she's glistening with sweat. Wild eyed, she follows every step as I prep the needle, the clamp, the new piercing: a thick steel ring just like the ones through her nipples, heavy enough for its weight alone to pull.

Barb's pussy comes out of the vacuum pump with a wet suck, its folds swollen to quivering scarlet jelly. It wobbles between her legs with every shivering jerk, obscenely distended. I use the rings through her labia to stretch her cunt open, exposing her clit. She moans when I pull the cylinder off her clit. It stands throbbing erect, straining like a little cock desperate for

attention. As a trans guy, I would have loved a cock like that. As a woman, Barb is probably horrified.

Barb starts to cry and beg (I assume) through her gag when I carefully set the piercing clamp on her clit, holding it in place.

Most so-called clitoris piercings don't actually go through the clit. They're angled under the hood in various directions, or in the labia. Partly that's because most clits are too small—no problem for Barb—and partly because pushing a needle through the actual clitoris is *agony*.

Again, not a concern for Barb.

The piercing clamp is lined up right on the glistening, cherrylike head of her clit, where thousands of nerve endings converge. She squirms and gurgles, trying to plead, tears trickling down her face. I kneel in front of the chair and ready the needle. It is much, much thicker than the one I've used to inject her clit with testosterone.

“Uhhh— uhhhhh— **OHHHHHHHH! OHHHHHH!!! EEEEEEEEEE!!!**”

Slow and agonizing, the needle slides through the glans of her clit from side to side. Barb's eyes bulge and the tendons on her neck stand out from the force of her scream. Unable to move, unable to thrash in any meaningful way, she simply *shakes*, her whole body rigid with white-hot pain.

When it's through, I remove my hand to admire and let the camera get a good shot. Her distended clit throbs, its swollen tip pierced by the massive needle.

Barb screams through a fresh wave of agony as I push in the bar of the new piercing. With her clit all pumped and erect, the piercing is just long enough that its beads dimple either side of her fat, swollen cockhead. It's gorgeous.

I wipe away the blood and dab on some salve. Her whole jellylike pussy quivers. Barb is still screaming, in horror and despair if not at the pain radiating through her cunt.

“*Ahhh! Ahhhhhh! Auuuuughhhhhh!*”

I wait until the noise dies down and Barb falls to sobbing. Then, grinning, I open the packaging on a second sterile needle.

“**OHHHHHHHH!**”

This time I clamp beneath the shaft of her clit, midway down. The needle is guided through the skin that sheathes her clit, beneath the actual erect shaft. Barb shrieks shrill and frenzied, her fingernails clawing at the arms of the chair: “EEEEEE! EEEEEEE! EEEEEEEEEE!”

With the needle halfway through its agonizing push, she loses control of her bladder. The smallest squirt of hot fluid dribbles through the hole in the seat of the chair, to the floor: all she has inside to release, after cumming so hard so many times. The evidence of Barb's anguish—beyond her straining sinews, her white-rimmed eyes—makes me groan with intense arousal. My cock strains so hard it hurts, releasing its own dribble of precum.

The piercing for this one is a ring, large enough to encircle Barb's thick shaft. When I snap the bead in place it looks like a cock ring, glistening around the girth of her throbbing erection.

I have to take a break to jerk my cock for a bit, indulging the frustrated need for stimulation. Only the fact that I don't want to waste an orgasm *not* used to torture Barb is enough to get me to let go before I cum, groaning.

Frustrated, I grab Barb's nipple piercings and twist to make her shriek. "Fucking bitch," I growl, and slap her tits hard until the intensity of my denied orgasm passes.

Barb sobs uncontrollably, her tits now marked with red. "Ohhhhh," she moans, "ahhhh, ee... ee..."

"Last one."

"OHHHH!! OH! OH! OHH!"

Snot bubbles in her nose and chokes up her sobs as I re-set the clamp. This one goes at the very base of her clit, almost where the wings of her internal clitoris join the root. The shaft here is almost an inch thick, hugely swollen from testosterone.

Her clit jerks with the urgency of her struggles, the way she's clenching her vagina in the most futile possible attempt to pull away. It only makes her clit twitch like a little dick, almost like it's excited.

"Scream for me, babe," I breathe, and begin the exquisite torture of her last piercing.

"AAAAAAAHHHHHH! AHHHHHH! EEEEEEEEEE!!!"

God, I wish she was screaming around my cock! Imagine the writhing of her tongue, the way it strains through the gag... The vibration of her shrieks would be incredible. It's so loud it makes my ears ring. Saliva spatters out of the ring gag, hangs from her chin. Her limbs strain against the leather straps hard enough to make the chair creak. And all the while the needle goes in—*in*—and Barb *screams*.

"UUUUUUUUUGH! UUUUUUUUH! OHHHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHH!"

Her agony is excruciating— all-consuming— white hot and electric. She can't think, can't speak, only screams and gasps and screams again, louder. Nothing else *matters*, not while there's a needle piercing through her clit, through every shrieking nerve of the most sensitive place on her body, which I have pumped and drugged and teased and trained into an tortuously oversensitive raging erection. All it takes to break her now is one little thing—one viciously sharp steel needle, piercing through her clit.

"AHHHHH! AHHHH! AUUUUUUUUUUUGH—!!"

As the needle emerges on the other side of her clit and the agony peaks, Barb finally passes out, unable to take any more. Her eyes roll back, her rigid body goes limp, and her scream

breaks off short as her mind finally gives in. It's the orgasm of pain— the highest climax a mind can reach through physical torture. The white-hot bliss of unconsciousness.

She's bound so tightly that she can't sag at all. The chair holds her upright in a parody of awareness, betrayed only by the lifelessness of her half-closed eyes and the drool silently dripping through the ring gag as I insert her final piercing. Like the one through her glans, it's a straight bar, this one a full inch long so that it can get through the width of her clit.

Between Barb's legs, her clit hangs in a three-inch erection, curved and heavy and pumped to rock hardness. It's deliciously obscene. Its new crown of shining silver steel is a sign of the anguish and ecstasy waiting in her future.

"Honestly, Barb," I say to her unconscious body, "I was planning to hook up your clit to a wire and electrocute you for all those orgasms. But you've gone and passed out before we even got there."

I sigh. "I'll punish you for that too. But later. C'mere, whore—"

And I step forward to straddle the chair again, shoving my cock into her mouth. With one brutal thrust it squelches down into her throat. Finally at the limit of my patience, I grip the headrest for leverage and fuck Barb's unconscious head with complete abandon, hips slamming, grunting gutturally as my cock plunges down her throat over and over and over and over.

I can feel her tongue writhing— sense the jerk of her head and her limbs twitching with distress— but whether she's semi-conscious or just spasming from suffocation I don't care. It's not enough to prevent me from fucking Barb's throat with deep, brutal strokes until my balls draw up and my cunt tightens and I finally, finally, ejaculate deep down her throat, pumping my long-delayed orgasm into her stomach and moaning out today's final pleasure in long, throbbing waves.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter *was* originally supposed to end with Barb getting her piercings hooked up to electricity, but then I decided that the clit piercing made a nice climax and 25 pages/8684 words was, uh, enough for one chapter. There will be a small bonus chapter coming soon that contains just the electro scene. :)

Shocking

Chapter Summary

Content: electro torture, stomach inflation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Nineteen orgasms, Barb. Nineteen times you came without permission.”

She gives a muffled whimper, her eyes darting in panic. Her lower jaw is locked away behind a leather panel gag. In the middle of the panel is a rubber plug. I pull it out, revealing Barb’s plush mouth. It’s a nice look: her face halfway anonymized, nothing but a blank panel with a fuckable hole in the middle.

“No, I— *ack! Kkhh!*”

She makes the mistake of talking and I shove a dildo gag in her open hole. It’s a long one, forced right to the back of her mouth so that its tip presses constantly on her tonsils. A twist of the base and it locks in place, plugging up her facehole. Barb retches violently, shoulders heaving, going cross-eyed as she tries to look at the new gag. A dribble of spit squirts through the hole in the end of the hollow dildo.

I admire the convulsive heave, the strain of her neck, the widening of her eyes... all the little cues of oncoming emesis. It’s as erotic to me as the tremble of her thighs or the throb of her cunt just before orgasm.

Barb shuts her eyes and clenches her fists, breathing slow and steadily as she strives to control her gag reflex. It’s going to be a constant, tenuous struggle.

“Now.” I circle around the wooden chair that she’s still strapped into, rolling a little cart into her view. “Your punishment.”

There are two machines on the cart. One is a ten litre jug of electrolyte solution connected to a small electric pump and a hose. The other is a mechanical clock with a jumble of circuitry connected to the back of it.

The hose from the water pump fits into the hole at the end of Barb’s hollow dildo gag, sealing her mouth entirely. Now unable to breathe through her mouth, she draws a panicked breath that whistles through her nose.

“Don’t throw up, babe. You’ll just have to swallow it again. Or squirt it out your nose, I suppose. Come on, this shouldn’t be hard any more. We’ve worked on your gag reflex so

much.”

I begin plugging wires into the clock. Two of them end in alligator clips. Barb squirms against the chair’s leather straps as I stretch the wires toward her. She makes a piteous mewl when I clip the wires on: one to her left nipple ring, and one to the brand new ring pierced through the tip of her clit. Even that slight weight pulls on her enormous clit and makes her whimper in pain.

Tick. Tick. Tick. The clock’s steady noise is ominous. At least, I imagine it is to Barb. To me it’s deliciously anticipatory.

“Nineteen orgasms. So you’re going to be here for nineteen hours.”

“MMMM!”

“Come on, bitch, you can’t imagine this is fun for me either! With you all strapped down, I can’t even fuck you while this is happening!”

(I’ll have to get more creative with her bondage later. Plenty of ways I can wire her up and still leave her holes accessible. But I actually have some business to take care of today, so leaving her strapped into the chair for a session suits me.)

I reach over to Barb and pet her hair, looking down sympathetically. “You know what’s going to happen, don’t you. You see where that clock is plugged in.”

Her eyes dart over to the power cord that stretches from the clock’s circuitry to an outlet on the wall. She moans, writhing pathetically against the straps. A tear trickles from her eye.

I wipe it away, smile, and click a switch on the clock.

A few moments of stillness as the clock ticks away, Barb tense with horror. Then the second hand reaches the metal pin inserted into the clock’s face at the 12.

Zzzt!

There’s no actual sound, no sparks, no hum of electricity— just the sudden violent jolt through Barb’s body and her muffled shriek. Her rigidity lasts five endless seconds (*Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick.*) and then the clock’s second hand passes another metal pin inserted into the 1. The shock ends.

“*Mmmm! Mm! Mm! Mm! Ghhh— kkck!*” Barb screams again, then descends into choking coughs as her gag reflex gets out of control. Her eyes are wide, rattled, darting in fresh terror now that she knows what it feels like.

“Careful, sweetie. Breathe. Swallow around it, just like you’re sucking cock... swallow your spit...”

“Mmm— mmmmmmm—”

Standing behind her, I tweak her nipples and coo, relishing her frantic noise and feeble struggles as the clock ticks on. Just before the next shock, I lift my hands. White-hot electricity sears through her nipple and clitoris. Barb screams through it, louder this time.

“MMMMMM!”

I groan and caress her gorgeous breasts, tugging and rolling her nipples into hard peaks just to mix erotic pleasure into the torture. Another tear dribbles from her eye. More despair than pain, I think: the shocks aren’t *terrible*, but they aren’t going to stop. And her poor pierced clit is so, so sensitive.

“How’s that feel on your cock, baby?”

“MM! MM MM MMMMM!” It’s a sound of pure rage.

Cackling, I lean over her shoulder and reach down to stroke her clit: very lightly, very carefully, using the tip of my thumb and forefinger to squeeze her shaft between two of the piercings and jerk oh so gently. Her flesh is hot with blood from the brand new piercings and it *throbs*. Barb gives a high-pitched moan.

“Your little girldick gets you into so much trouble, huh? All you had to do was wait for permission and you could have cum as much as you liked. But you just couldn’t control yourself. You love cumming for me... all over my cock, all over those big fat dildos, every time you get the chance. Pumped up, stuffed full, strangling, impaled up the ass— doesn’t matter, you’ll cum. Every. Single. Time.”

“Mmmm...”

Tick. Tick.

“MMMMMMMM!”

Her spine arches, her tits jiggle, her fingers spasm and curl. The dance of electrical torture is a *delight*, even when restrained and subtle. God, to see her writhing from just a single hot wire on her clit...

I kiss her ear and withdraw. “One more thing, though. This.”

I take a little plastic box from the cart and slide it under Barb’s fingers, on the arm of the chair. It’s just a box with a single button and a wire that connects it to the clock.

“Seems only fair to leave you with an escape button, if you can’t take the pain. Every time you want to skip a shock for one minute, you press the button and drink a bit of water instead. Just a quarter cup, not a lot—”

Barb’s finger is already frantically stabbing the button, *taptaptaptaptaptaptap*.

The water pump clicks on and hums, forcing water through the tube that connects to Barb’s dildo gag. She gags in surprise at the first splash against her throat.

“Suck, baby— don’t choke on it. *Swallow...*”

For a moment she convulses, choking on the water that fills her mouth. Then her jaw works and she swallows, teary-eyed, nursing the dildo like a teat and gulping down the water it squirts into her mouth. It goes on for a *long* time, air bubbles glugging as the water level in the jar drops a bit.

I raise my eyebrows. “What was that, seven minutes? Eight? All at once! It’s one minute per press, dummy, and a quarter cup of water per minute.”

Barb swallows the last squirt of water and takes a breath. The second hand of the clock sweeps past the metal pin of 12 without result. She gives a trembling sigh.

“Well, enjoy your little break, I suppose. You drank your water for it. But if you need a break that badly after only three shocks, you’re going to have a bad time. You’re here for nineteen hours, bitch.”

I slap her face lightly, chastising. “You do that every time, you’re going to fill up fast. How much do you think your stomach can hold, huh? One litre, two, *maybe* three. But you won’t like that. And you’ve already filled up half a litre.”

Horror dawns in Barb’s eyes as she realizes that this escape button isn’t much of an escape at all. It’s self-induced water torture. She can exchange one torment for another, but only briefly — and every time she presses the button, she’ll have to endure her future electrocution alongside the torment of an increasingly bloated stomach.

I pat the jug on the cart. “This is ten liters. What do you think? Say you can fit four in your stomach... four in your intestines, when the water gets forced down that far and fills them up... then what? Think you can get it dribbling out the other end faster than you drink it? Think we can turn you into a human fountain, just pumped full and squirting?”

“Mmmm—”

“Or you can take the electricity. Your choice, Barb.”

I dip my finger in her cunt to slick it and gently stroke a fingertip up the underside of her clit, base to tip, where her shaft is both hypersensitive and still in agony from the piercings, the shocks. Barb’s squirm of discomfort only makes the wire clipped to her piercing sway, tugging at her clit. Slow and insistent, I stroke her over and over, urging her clit to hardness.

She moans and stares at me with teary eyes, begging. Terrified and desperate.

“Your poor little clit. Imagine how much it’s going to hurt. It won’t burn you, won’t damage you, but oh my god, Barb, it’s going to *hurt*. And not enough to make you pass out, either—I want you awake. You won’t sleep, you’ll just scream. A shock to your clit every minute, non-stop. Imagine it... hours of it... Just you and the clock and the electricity, over and over and over.”

“Nnnn... gk! Gkh gkh gkh— nck... Nghh...”

I give her clit one last loving stroke, leaving it hard and throbbing. “Suck on that dick and scream, baby. That’s all you’re good for.”

Tick. Tick. Tick.

“Anyway, you put it on pause for too long. Boring. I’ll come back later when you’re screaming again.”

“Mmm! Mmm! Mm mm mm!!”

“Don’t drink too much, bitch! Enjoy the night!”

“MMMMMM!”

Tick. Tick. Tick.

*

Compared to what’s waiting for me at home, work is excruciatingly dull. During the whole long drive in to the city, I can only imagine Barb screaming and gurgling, slick with sweat, spasming in the chair as her clit is zapped again and again and again. Then I have to put her out of my mind when I get to the meeting.

The new client is boring, but the details are enough to distract me. I’m still juggling new ideas for the project and making notes to myself in a little book as I stand in line for coffee for the drive home.

“Hi, can I take your order?”

The last thing I’m expecting is to see, on the TV above the espresso machine, is Barb’s face staring back at me.

Chapter End Notes

With a nod to Gary Roberts for his [eternally inspiring work](#) (NSFW electro-torture art).

~~ALSO! People have been really interested in two particular things, so let's take a vote!~~

What chapter do you want first?

- ~~Urethral stretching and fingering (with inflation of stomach, anus, womb and bladder)~~
- ~~Cervical stretching and fingering (with breast pumping and medical torture)~~

Voting closed! Thank you!

Bleeding

Chapter Summary

Content: Electro, clit torture, anal, medical torture (body modification, medication), cervix torture (needles, sounding), minor blood, discussion of pregnancy/abortion

Chapter Notes

WOW, what a flood of votes on the last chapter! There were a lot more of y'all than I expected! I also didn't expect the vote to be so perfectly, evenly split between urethral and cervical. I would think that one side was winning, and then another three votes would come in and tie things up again.

At the point where I started writing the new chapter, cervical was in the lead. My apologies to all the folks who have been waiting for more urethral torture-- I know that some of you have been hanging on since chapter 4! I can only promise that it will be *soon*, and offer a shred of plot that I hope is entertaining in the meantime.

Well, fuck.

There's a lot to be said about the fact that the media is showing Barb's face on the news again, fully six months after the first furor about her disappearance. The six month anniversary is part of the reason. But figuring out how to twist that information against Barb... setting up the idea I've got floating in my mind... that'll take a while.

Besides: the other thing I did in the city was pick up the package that was waiting for me.

The package takes the passenger seat on the drive home, bouncing as the truck bumps along the narrow road through the forest. It's full and heavy. I'm trying to remember all the toys I purchased a month and a half ago, when Barb was being punished for trying to escape.

My dick is half hard the whole way. I squeeze it through my jeans, edging along the delayed pleasure.

When I get home, I take the time to put away my work stuff and change clothing. A few cheating strokes to my cock make me groan and then regret bringing my cock to full throbbing hardness. Shaky, I tuck my cock away and zip my jeans— very snug now— and turn to the box.

The toys spread out across my bed are numerous and varied. A lot of them were special order, or purchased from suppliers who didn't plan for someone to use these things for sex. All were mailed separately to a friend of mine in the city, who packs up my shit and passes it on when I'm in the area.

A vacuum cylinder with a long, long dildo in the center of it, to fit into the anus or vagina as the hole is pumped up. A set of steel speculums, some very large and some very small. A dental gag. A few new canes and a flogger. A set of gleaming metal rods, some smooth and polished, others with stimulating bumps and ridges. A box of needles. A large number of small, carefully sealed boxes, each plastered with medical warnings.

I open one box and examine the glass vial inside, holding its contents up to the light. I smile.

Barb's testosterone injections over these past months have been borrowed from me. I've been on T long enough that I can stand to miss a shot here and there, especially since she's only low dose. The T cream that's been going to her clit is a nicety that keeps my levels even between shots and boosts my libido— something that doesn't need help with Barb around.

These new meds, though. It took a bit of finagling to get this stuff.

It's only been eight hours since I left Barb hooked up to the electricity. I promised her nineteen. With the way she's tied to the chair, her mouth plugged up by the hose and dildo, I can't even use one of her holes to take the edge off.

Not wanting to tease and deny myself any further tonight, I leave the basement audio monitor off as I make dinner and eat... as I sip a beer on the porch while jotting down plans and injection dosages in a notebook... as I get ready for bed and turn in for the night.

Just after turning off the lights, I flick on the monitor. For a moment there's silence, except for a desperate raspy panting and the faint *tick... tick... tick...*

"NNNNNNGH! UUUUUH! Uh! Uh! Uh!"

Luxuriating in the sweet sounds of Barb sobbing over her electrocuted clitoris, no doubt shaking and twitching against the bonds of the chair as she watches the clock tick towards her next shock, I grin and go to sleep.

*

I wake early, hard as rock. Wet, too. My watch is beeping: the nineteen hour countdown is done.

Anticipation and yesterday's orgasm denial has made my cunthole slick and hungry, tight with need. I climb out of bed and bend over the dresser to slide in a heavy steel plug, a toy I rarely use on myself. It stretches my cunt painfully— perfectly— and sits hard and heavy inside the throbbing tightness. I can't help but squeeze on it, milking out pangs of shooting pain and hot pleasure.

Naked, I shuffle downstairs and make a cup of coffee with just the dim grey light of early sunrise illuminating the kitchen. While the coffee drips, I think idly about what's waiting for me and tease the slit of my cock until precum wells out, clear and slick.

Coffee in hand, the box of new toys under my arm, cock bobbing stiffly, I descend into the basement.

Barb is a fucking *mess*. Her face is puffy and red from crying, eyes swollen and bloodshot, nose dripping snot over the leather panel gag and around the hose slotted into her mouthhole. She's glistening with sweat and shaking violently, her skin reddened where she's been jerking against the leather straps that hold her to the chair. Her clit is crimson, twitching uncontrollably and making the wire connected to her piercing dance.

"*Ghhhhh*," she gurgles at me, eyes bulging with desperation. Tears roll down her cheeks.
"Mmm! Mmm! Mmm!"

I sip my coffee. The clock ticks over to 12 again.

"*MMMMMM*!"

She spasms, arching her spine as much as she can, screaming bloody murder around the gag for the whole five seconds of electrocution. It makes her tits jiggle gorgeously. The shock ends and she wheezes, screams, chokes on the dildo. Snot dribbles out of her nose. Her clit keeps on jumping, throbbing as if in orgasm.

"*MMM! MM! MMMMM!*"

I wait until the clock's second hand has reached 58 seconds before I switch the power off. Barb collapses into sobs of relief.

Behind her back, leaving her to gurgle and weep, I take my time unpacking the box of new toys. They go into drawers and cabinets, neatly arranged. A few things stay out on a rolling tray. I unclip Barb's clit and nipple from the wires and pack away the clock.

I unscrew the dildo gag and withdraw it from Barb's mouth. It comes out in a flood of drool and swallowed snot and throatslime that she's been gagging up all night. "*Uhhhhh!*" she groans as soon as she can, her tongue wiggling out through the hole. She gasps for air.
"Uhh... uh... uhhh..."

Methodical, I unbuckle her gag, unstrap her from the chair. Barb is sleep deprived, exhausted, wild-eyed and shaking and too emotionally destroyed to resist. She tries to collapse to the floor when I pull her out of the chair, but I grab a fistful of her hair and pull. She obeys and staggers over to the table and lies on it. She's sobbing too hard to protest even as I tie her down again, wrists manacled above her head and hips strapped down tight.

Her hips are right at the edge of the table. I secure a cuff around each ankle and stretch her legs out wide, hard... running a chain from each cuff to a bracket on opposite walls, pulling them tight to stretch her legs into splits. The angle of the chains pulls her legs back far enough to tilt her hips up, exposing her cunt wide open to the whole room. Barb only weeps.

I roll over the tray of new toys and take a last swallow of my coffee.

With Barb all stretched out on the table, there's a visible bulge to her belly. Based on how much is left in the ten liter jar, she must have drunk four liters of water through the night. Some of it has clearly been pissed out down the floor grate, but plenty is still bloating her insides. I run my hand over her distended stomach and she groans in pain.

"Jack..."

"Did you have a nice night?"

She only snivels and leaks a few more tears, rolling her head away to look at the wall. She seems terrified to say anything. Fair.

"You look so good... you always look so good, Barb. No matter what I'm doing to you. Tied up, stretched out, stuffed full... And look at your clit. Still twitching away like it wants something."

I squeeze her shaft and gently jerk it. Barb gives a stifled shriek. I can't resist bending down to take it in my mouth and suck, slow and gentle, running my tongue over the piercing that circles her shaft like a cock ring. Her clit keeps on twitching between my lips, still spasming from hours of electrocution, but it feels like it's trying to fuck my mouth. Delicious.

My cock twitches too, hard and hungry. I release her clit with a *pop*, gripping my dick.

"Perfect," I sigh, slowly burying my cock in the swollen folds of her glistening pussy.

Her snatch is hot and dripping wet, though it no longer grips like a velvet fist. I thrust deep enough to meet resistance against her cervix. Loose or not, she's hot, and the thick steel plug in my own cunt helps.

"Squeeze on me," I order, reaching out to twist her nipples. Barb wails. My balls slap noisily with every thrust. "That's right, squeeze... harder, bitch."

She's so fucking *wet*. I can feel her juice dripping down my balls. I thrust harder, trying to stoke up the orgasm I've been denying since yesterday. But I knew when I fisted her that it would ruin her cunt, and now it's not worth fucking. Not when she's got tighter holes.

I reach down between her asscheeks and find the base of the anal plug still buried in her. I yank, Barb shrieks, and the length of the anal probe slides out like a silicone snake, all eighteen inches squelching out of her colon. Hardly pausing between thrusts, I withdraw from her cunt and slam into her asshole.

"FUCK! GOD! *Ow*, oh fuck, owwww, it hurts— fuck—"

But she's been anal-trained: despite her squeals of pain as my cock breaches her tight little anus, her rectum is slick and takes cock beautifully. I slide in to the hilt with a groan, my cockhead popping through the tight squeeze of the second sphincter leading to her intestines.

"*That's* it. Fuck. Still so fucking tight, baby. Love this little ass of yours."

“Ow— stop— it hurts, Jack, stop! It’s too much! Please— *OW*—”

Just for fun, I switch from her ass to her cunt again, squelching deep into her slick pussy. Then back, slamming my cock from hole to hole. Barb shrieks every time my cock thrusts into her rectum. Her wide-split legs spasm against the chains holding her open.

I work her into a frenzy of screaming until my cock is straining so hard it hurts. At last I thrust back into her asshole and begin to pound hard and fast, unable to keep teasing myself. Between the squeeze of her rectum and the plug in my cunt, stretching and grinding against my sensitive walls, orgasm builds up hard and fast, peaking into an explosion of pleasure. I roar and pound into Barb brutally, forcing my pleasure as high as possible until it fades away.

Panting, I finally step back and pull my cock from her asshole with a wet squelch.

“*Fuuuuuck*,” Barb moans, crying again. “Pleeeease... pleeeease...”

“Come on, bitch, we’ve barely started for—”

It takes me a moment to realize: there’s blood on my cock.

Alarmed, I check her asshole first, stroking the slick furl of her anus and thrusting two fingers inside to feel around, but there’s no tearing or fresh blood there. Looking more closely, it’s smeared around her cunt, but it’s not from her piercings, either.

Frowning, I wipe my cock off and pull over a stool to the end of the table. I slide three fingers into her cunt and feel around, stroking her walls experimentally. When I withdraw, there are traces of blood in the mucousy slick on my fingers.

It’s not bright red, not pure and raw. It pings a memory.

“Bitch, are you on your period?”

Barb’s sobbing hiccups. She shifts weakly. “What?”

One of the new toys laid out on the rolling tray nearby is exactly what I need. I take the steel speculum and push it into her cunt, ignoring her yelp at the cold shock. It spreads open with a steady click, stretching her ruined cunt wide— wider—

“Ow! Fuck, too much— stop, ow, please...”

“I can do this with a pear of anguish if you want. You want bigger?”

“No! No...”

Her cunt gapes a full three inches wide, straining hard against the speculum’s steel blades. With her hips tilted up by the chains stretching her ankles to the walls, I can see deep inside her. Her cervix is a shiny pink donut, twitching as Barb flexes uncomfortably against the speculum. And sure enough, that tiny pink hole is leaking a string of mucousy blood.

Well, shit.

“Were you on birth control?” I demand. She’s squinting down at me with puffy eyes, anxious, straining to lift her head and see what’s happening between her legs. “I thought I’d gotten rid of your period with all the testosterone. But did you have birth control?”

“I...”

I slap her sharply on the clit, eliciting a scream. “Were you?”

“I have an implant,” she wavers, chin trembling.

I reach up to feel her right arm, then her left. Sure enough, there’s a faint scar and a very slight hardness I never noticed before on the inside of her left bicep: a matchstick-sized plastic cylinder implanted beneath the skin. This whole time she’s been on hormonal birth control.

And it just ran out.

“Well, fuck, Barb. That’s something you sure didn’t mention.”

I watch her closely, taking in the anxiety and the darting of her eyes. Her mouth is parted like she’s trying to calculate something in her head: the number of years a hormonal implant lasts. How long she had left before this one expired. How many months she must have been imprisoned for.

Slow, methodical, I stroke two fingertips around her cervix, circling the neck of that swollen opening. Barb squirms at the deep, intense sensation. “So you’re back to bleeding now, huh? No more birth control. Looks like you can get pregnant again.”

She jerks hard, gasping, but doesn’t blurt whatever words were just about to leap out. Her breath is speeding up. Her eyes dart across the ceiling.

“Or maybe this is a miscarriage, huh?”

A spasm of alarm that I feel in her cunt. Ruthless, I pursue it.

“What do you think? What if I fucked a baby into you, and then I fucked it right back out? Filled you up with orgasm after orgasm, got you just *dripping* with seed, then pounded your uterus until you squirted it all back out?”

A sob chokes off in her throat. There’s a tremble in her thighs. Jaw clenched, breathing fast, she’s clearly struggling not to break down again.

“I like that,” I say with relish, stroking harder around her cervix. I dig my fingertips hard into the muscular wall at the very top of her vagina, right behind where her bladder is, and force a pained cry out of Barb. “Getting you knocked up... what do you say, Barb?”

“*No!*!” she bursts out, unable to contain it any longer. “No, please no! I don’t want to be pregnant, please don’t get me pregnant! I can’t! *Don’t!*”

That's what I want to hear. There's no way I can do it—no way this was a miscarriage—because I don't have testicles in my ballsack or sperm in my cum. But cis people know fuck all about trans folks, and Barb might not know I'm infertile. Even if she did, I could convince her otherwise. And if it terrifies her, why wouldn't I?

"I think I will." She wails, distraught, pulling at her bonds. I drive my fingers in harder, giving deep squelching strokes against the sensitive front wall of her cunt, the ridge of her G spot. "Not that I want a fucking baby from you, stretching your belly out—but I'm not gonna stop cumming inside you, Barb. I bet pregnancy would turn you into even more of a horny bitch. Make your tits grow, get 'em all leaky and full of milk—"

"No, please no, please god, no, no, no—"

"And I'll just rape the baby out of you before it gets too far along," I finish casually, pressing one fingertip hard into the tiny mouth of her cervix. It's *intensely* painful: Barb screams and strains to get away, shaking the chains that hold her legs open. "Nobody gets to ruin your cunt but me."

I pull my fingers out and wipe the mucousy blood off, leaving Barb to quiver. Her eyes are wild and she is *terrified*, seized by the deep primal terror of me raping a baby into her, planting some part of myself into her uterus and forcing her to grow it, ruining her body in yet another way.

I don't want her pregnant. I *do* want to play with her womb, though, and her cervix. And her tits while I'm at it. They could always be bigger. More sensitive. More dependent on me for relief.

Barb is babbling nonsense as I roll a stool over and seat myself between her legs, snapping on a pair of latex gloves. The tray of toys—tools, really—are new and still sterile.

Just for fun, I squeeze the speculum in Barb's cunt one notch wider. She gives a little scream.

"We're going to make some more changes, Barb. Just for fun. Your big hard girlcock is great, but we can do better."

"No no no no no god—"

"I thought of this while you were being punished for trying to escape. Sorry it took so long for things to get here. But then—you're not going anywhere."

A little joke. She gives a keening sob, like she doesn't appreciate it.

I unzip a leather case and remove the smallest sound within it: a smooth metal rod only three millimeters wide, with a slight ovoid bulge at the tip. Not a mean toy. Not this one.

I extend two gloved fingers into Barb's spread pussy and stroke around her cervix one more time, testing it. It's slick and firm, its entrance tight. Unripe. Clearly not the best time for me to start spreading it. Oh well.

I pull my fingers out and set the tip of the metal sound to her cervix. Barb is already panting, terrified.

“No, no no no, no nOH GOD! FUCK!”

She screams in pain as I force the sound through the length of her cervix, slow but steady. As tiny as it is, her cervix is tight and unripe: the last virgin hole on her body. She keens and tries to squirm against the bondage as I drive the metal rod in deep.

I can feel the slight resistance when its rounded tip pops into her womb on the other side. Aroused, I pull the sound back and push it through again, tormenting the tight hole.

“*God! Fuck!* Stop it, stop, it hurts— *ow!* Ow, oww, please... *ah!* Stop it! AH!”

I withdraw the sound and set it aside. “One more test.”

“NO! No please— AUUUGH!”

The five millimeter sound goes through her cervix even slower, stretching the whole way. The *pop* of resistance when it breaches her womb is exquisite. So is Barb’s shriek.

“AUUGH! AH! AH! AHHH!”

She’s still screaming in sharp, panting heaves when I withdraw the sound, satisfied. The intensity of the pain, or maybe the shock of the violation, has left her suddenly white-faced and sweaty, trembling. God, I love how the tiniest tools can have the greatest effects.

The next one—a needle in sterile packaging—is even tinier.

Barb loses what remains of her composure as I prepare the needle and draw medication from a new glass vial. “Stoooop!” she’s screaming, trying to yank at the chains holding her legs wide open in a split. “No don’t, no don’t, please don’t, oh my god—”

“Trust me, babe,” I say, “you’ll thank me later for this.”

Holding my breath with care, I insert the needle into her stretched cunt and aim for the pink donut of her cervix. The tip pricks in, and—

“AUUUUUGHHHHHH!!”

—sinks in slowly, piercing the delicate pink ring of her cervix.

“AHHHH! AHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHH!!”

Barb screams through the whole injection, thrashing against her bonds so hard that the chains vibrate. All it does is make my cock throb at the sight and sound of her agony. When the injection is over and the needle is gone, she’s left sobbing and wrecked, tears trickling down her temples.

“Poor baby,” I croon, snapping off my gloves and going around to the head of the table to kiss her forehead. “My poor girl. Hurts so bad when I torture your womb, huh?”

“Jack, *don’t*.”

“I’m gonna. Your cunt’s ruined with how stretched it is, but we’re gonna make it useful again. Now take your medicine and we’ll be done for the day.”

Pinned on the table, Barb can’t even struggle when I force a feeding tube down her throat. Her teeth clamp down on it but once the tip is shoved past her uvula, down her esophagus, it’s too late to get it back up. She’s left gagging and drooling around the tube, trying to control her gag reflex and praying I feed her as fast as possible.

Barb’s eyes are swimming with tears but follow my every move as I pour the meal replacement down her gullet. She sees me drop the pills into the funnel—three of them—and flush them down with another stomach-stretching glug of liquid. All she can do is arch her bloated belly and squeeze her hands into fists.

Her stomach was still full of water from the overnight electro session. With half a liter of liquid added, her belly is back to burstingly full, tight and domed. Cramps makes her writhe in silent misery.

Shlick and the tube pulls out of her esophagus. She wheezes for breath and coughs up some drool.

“Keep it all down,” I order, strapping her O-ring gag on and then popping in the ball gag. Barb moans miserably. “Wait. I’ve got one more present for you.”

I strap on today’s final entry from the new toys: a set of leather cuffs and a collar. The leather is wide and sturdy, lined with sheepskin, so it can stay on all the time. The multiple steel attachment hoops on each one will let me hook and chain her into even more strenuous bondage. I fit the collar, then replace her wrist manacles one at a time, and secure them together behind her back. Then her ankles. She gets a brief moment of relief from the sinew-stretching bondage of having her legs spread to the walls before I lock her ankle cuffs to a three-foot spreader bar.

Released from the table’s straps, Barb is left to squirm off the table and stand up. She stands splay-legged and wobbly, sniffling and blinking back tears, trying to adjust. I can see her arms working as she twists her wrists behind her back, investigating the new cuffs. There’s a grimace of frustration when her fingers find the mechanism: a combination padlock linking her wrist cuffs. She can reach the dial and turn it endlessly, but without being able to see she’ll never hit on the combination.

With a smile, I pull over the tether chain dangling from the ceiling and snap it onto her collar with another padlock, rather than chaining up her wrists like usual. It will give her some freedom to move around the center of the room, though not a lot.

Barb flinches back when I connect the chain but I don’t let her get far, grabbing her by the cheeks and pulling her in to kiss her forehead. I reach down to give her semi-erect clit a few

squeezes for good measure. Her clit throbs hard and her hips jerk forward, needy.

“Now get some sleep, Barb. I’ll give you a break today, since you had a long night. I’ll be back in a few hours for your next dose of medication, and you can suck me off. I think if you blew me now you’d puke everywhere. But have a nice rest until then.”

*

At my desk upstairs I draw up a neat chart of dosages, getting everything ready for *Day 2*. Nearby is a thick stack of newspaper articles printed out from the public library, crisp and ready to display. As I’m reaching for a marker to start blacking out words, my email dings. Unable to resist the distraction, I check.

From: Cal ████ (cal.████@futuremail.com)

To: Jack ████ (jacknthebox@black.mail)

Re:

Hi Jack,

*It’s been a long time and the circumstances are bad, but I have a few questions I had to ask.
I’m Barb’s brother, Cal.*

Training

Chapter Summary

Content: Medical kink (hormone injections), slave training, **hanging**, milking, whipping, cervix stretching, forced orgasm, psychological torture

Day Two

“Morning, Barb. Wakey wakey.” I flick the tip of a single-tail whip at her, snapping a sharp mark onto her thigh. She squeals and scrambles away clumsily, half asleep. “Come on, get up. I need you listening.”

Ball-gagged into silence but glaring at the whip in my hand, she retreats as far as possible, scooting away until the chain locked to her collar pulls taut. I flick the whip out to sting her one more time, just to prove that she’s not out of reach.

“You’ve been down here a while,” I begin calmly, laying down a combination locked briefcase on a table and snapping it open. Inside is my new assemblage of medical gear: needles, medications, spreaders, sounds, tubes and pumps, all conveniently packed together. “So I think it’s time you started learning the routine. Yes?”

She huffs, her eyes flicking warily from the case to me.

“We’ve got a lot of work to do on your body, and frankly I’m tired of fighting you every step of the way. You’re going to start following orders. You’re not just a prisoner. You’re a slave, bitch. Understand? And you will be trained.”

Barb’s nostrils flare and her eyes sharpen into a glare. Oh, she doesn’t like that. (*Good*. I love how stubborn she is— how much fun she makes it to break her down in every way.)

“You’re going to have a routine to follow every morning. You’re going to follow it without question. If you don’t—if you fight, if you kick, if you delay, if you whine at *any* step of the way—I’m going to whip you. It’s going to get worse every day that you don’t do it properly.”

I snap the leather lash at her again, scoring a sharp hit on her tit. She squeals and jerks back on the chain, lips peeled back in a snarl around the ball gag. Her stubbornness is fully set in.

Since I’m ready, willing and eager to whip her bloody, I remain calm. “The first step of the routine is for you to get on the table and let me tie you down for your cervix treatment. When I come down in the morning, I expect you to be waiting on the table, or running to it the instant I come in. Since you’re not on the table, you’ve already failed for today, so that’s a whipping. We’ll start at five lashes. Tomorrow will be ten.”

I smile. “I don’t expect you to learn *fast*, honestly. You’ve already proven you’re a stupid, stupid slut. But I do have a little bet with myself about how much it’ll take to make you obey. Now— you’re already got five lashes, but if I have to force you onto the table, it’ll be worse. Get up there. Now.”

Barb bares her teeth at me and glowers. And doesn’t move.

Unbothered, I go over to the winch on the far wall and start to crank. The chain connected to her collar jerks hard, unbalancing her. Within a few moments it’s dragging Barb to her feet all scrambling and clumsy, struggling to get up with her hands cuffed behind her back and her ankles locked in a wide spreader bar. But the chain keeps pulling and she’s forced upright, forced forward step by reluctant step toward the winch in the center of the ceiling.

Under the winch, she teeters on tip toes. But I keep turning the crank.

The collar bites hard into Barb’s neck and terrified realization flashes across her face. She has just time to gurgle “Mmmm, mm—!” behind the ball gag before the collar cuts off her air completely and then *lifts*, still rising, pulling her toes off the concrete and into midair.

The winch brake snaps into place, holding Barb suspended mere inches off the floor. Immediately she is *thrashing*, her face contorted with agony and turning purple with strain. Her legs kick and her arms twist, as if escaping her cuffs could help, because hanging is a terror that drives this poor dumb bitch immediately into the depths of mindless panic.

I leave her dangling there, kicking and writhing, as I roll over the big wooden table and click its wheel locks into place. It takes less than thirty seconds. To Barb it’s a fucking nightmare eternity: dangling by her neck, unable to breathe, black spots popping in front of her eyes, the collar biting horribly into her throat, her thigh banging against the table’s edge just *inches* away without being able to get any support.

Her tits jiggle delightfully during the hangman’s dance. It’s such a *good* look.

When I drop the chain, Barb sits down hard on the edge of the table and lets me yank her down flat, wheezing noisily for air in overdramatic gulps. Her nose is already a little stuffed from a terrified spring of tears. She keeps hacking and gurgling these cock-hardening little noises behind the ballgag as I strap down her trembling, unresisting limbs.

“Was that so fucking hard?” I demand. “You did that to yourself. But if you like getting your neck stretched, then by all means, keep fighting, babe.”

She just moans and weeps softly as I snap on gloves and pull out the needle, drawing up today’s dose. The speculum slides into her slick pussy and spreads open, and her noise ratchets up along with the cold steel stretch, getting louder and messier. She knows what’s coming.

Her cervix is still leaking blood today, just a little. I give her cervix an experimental prick with the tip of the needle to shock a scream out of her. Her thighs tremble violently in agony. In anticipation of worse.

The needle sinks in oh so slow—the best way to do any piercing—and Barb screams and screams the whole way through, like her cervix is wired directly to her brain and I'm reaming out its virginity with a red-hot poker.

After the injection she just keeps on crying. My cock is hard and having fun.

"Next," I say, when I've cleared away the needle and medication. "Are you listening? The next thing you do is get on the post for your enema."

This time when I release her from the table, she wobbles over to the enema post without being dragged by the neck, weeping the whole way. She climbs mincingly onto the stepstool and then looks down at the dry enema nozzle, and still has just enough resistance to throw me a fearful glance.

"If you want it wet, use your mouth. I've trained your asscount enough that you probably don't *need* lube, but if you want it, give that rubber dick a big wet kiss. That's right, baby. Drool all over."

Her face scrunched with misery, Barb nonetheless bends over and slowly fellates the cock-shaped enema plug, her lips and tongue working reluctantly. It's a miserable thing, but she still forces herself to push low, swallow it down into her throat and gag hard around it, hacking up obscene gobs of drool to slick it up good.

She turns around and eases herself down on it, making a big production of struggling to line up her asshole with the plug and work herself down in wincing fractions. I snap the whip at her a couple of times, sharp painful cracks that make her yelp and nearly lose her balance.

"Stop delaying. That's against the rules too."

Shuddering, Barb gets balls-deep and steps down from the stool, her weight settling in painfully on a dildo that's a fraction too high for where her heels hit the floor. I never tire of seeing her ride the enema post, impaled up the ass and forced to cooperate with this instrument of torture because she's trapped by its painfully simple, deviously painful construction. There are other ways to give Barb her daily enema, but this will always be the best.

Now that she's on the enema post—familiar territory, even if it's awful—Barb sniffles and tries to calm down. The sight of the plastic tubing that I'm uncoiling from my suitcase makes her blink rapidly and recoil.

"Hold still," I warn, connecting the clear plastic tubing to vacuum cylinders and to a hand-held electronic pump. It beeps and air starts to hiss through the tubes.

Barb is tensing her thighs, expecting me to clamp a cylinder over her clit and pump it up all hard and painful. Instead I place the cylinder over one pretty pink nipple. It seals into place immediately, sucking the tight little nubbin into the cylinder and *pulling*. Barb squeals. The other cylinder latches on just as fast, and then I let the electronic vacuum pump dangle, its suspended weight stretching her perky tits just slightly.

The pump clicks off, giving her nipples a moment to rest, and then turns on again with a vengeance, sucking them even deeper. Thanks to the rings pierced through her nipples, her nipples are kept constantly firm; now they're getting even harder, swelling and stretching already within the painful pressure of the pump. The cylinders are big enough that her areolas are being drawn in as well, sucked into swollen peaks tipped with ruddy erect nubs.

"Mmmf! Mm... mmmf..."

"This is step three of your routine. We're going to be pumping these tits up into something a little more impressive. A few hours of milking every day should help. And to give you a little push..."

Out of the suitcase comes another bottle of pills, another coil of rubber hose and a funnel. Barb recognizes the feeding tube and shakes her head hard, desperate.

"Open up," I say gleefully, as if she has a choice, popping the ball out of her O-ring gag. Her tongue tries to push away the hose but I slide it past, force it against the back of her throat until she gags. "*Open* that slutty little throathole and take it down your neck, bitch, I *know* you know how to swallow by now. There. Deeper, deeper now... all the way into your stomach."

Half-suffocated and choking, Barb struggles as I pour half a liter of meal replacement down her esophagus. I'm sure she'd rather cooperate to swallow it, but again: seeing her impaled on something long and deep is better.

One, two, three pills go sliding down her throat. Her eyes swim with tears.

The vacuum pump clicks and hisses away, mercilessly milking Barb's tender nipples. As soon as the feeding tube is pulled from her throat and she has the breath to spare, she gives a hacking groan of protest. She can't help but shake her tits at me a little, involuntarily pleading for the sudden rough treatment to stop.

"If you think this is bad, babe, I can't wait to see how you feel in four hours." She gives a cry of outrage that makes me laugh. "It's going to take a while to pump these useless things up. Now... let me turn on your enema and then we're done. Give you something to think about other than the mean nasty milking pump. Or maybe the milking will distract you from the enema, huh? Which one is worse?"

Her inarticulate grunts of protest rise an octave when I turn the tap on, squirting hot water into her guts. This enema nozzle is short enough that the tip remains in her rectum, where there are nerves that can sense the water's heat. She screams in pain as the hot enema surges into her, searing and sudden. Even two liters of hot water is a lot to bear, although the volume is nowhere near as much as she's had bloating her guts before. It leaves Barb sobbing and shaking anew, trembling atop the post.

I pause and make a show of remembering, turning back to pick up the leather whip. "And don't think I forgot, Barb... You earned yourself five lashes. Let's mark up those tits a little more. Ready?"

“Ohhh! Oh oh oh oh—

Crack!

“*Yeeaaaagh!*”

Crack!

“Ahhh! OH! OH!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“UHHHHH! *Ohhhh*, ohh, guuhhh, *ow*... oh, oh...”

Five vicious red lines mark the plump tops of her breasts. One lash cuts across the thinnest, most tender skin just above where the vacuum cylinder is latched onto her nipple. They hurt like a bitch, no doubt—though after what Barb’s already been through, I’ve no illusions that five measly lashes will be enough to break her into obedience. It’ll be a question of how high the daily whipping will go until the pain is worse than her pride and rage.

Her tits will look great in the meantime, at least.

With a sigh, I coil up the whip. “Goddamn, honey, you scream like an angel. Always gets me rock hard. I was going to wait, but... let me fuck that dripping cunt real quick. You should be able to squeeze hard enough to get me off.”

I have to put an alligator clamp on her clit in order to make her do it, driving her screams up to an ear-splitting pitch, but between her bawling and the frantic clenching of her cunt, I get a good orgasm in.

*

I spend the morning catching up on emails, and Barb spends four hours getting milked on the enema post. After lunch I go back down to release her. First, though, I slide the feeding tube down her throat again.

“You’re going to get three feedings a day, now,” I tell her, dropping three more pills into the funnel and washing them down with water. “Because of your new medication. Breakfast, lunch, and supper. Isn’t it nice that you’ll get to see me more often?”

She spasms hard, choking around the tube and going increasingly red-faced. I leave it in place for another few seconds to enjoy the sight of her struggling on it, gagging and unable to breathe, before I have mercy and pull it out.

“Let’s see how those titties are doing. Oh, baby, they look so sensitive. Do they hurt very much?”

I turn the vacuum pump off and remove the cylinders from her nipples. After four hours trapped in the milking cylinders, her nipples and areolae are red and hugely pumped, swollen.

I take one into my mouth and suck on it just like the cylinder was, swirling my tongue around her burning hot nub. Barb squeals and tries to jerk backwards but I hold on, slipping one hand down to find her clit. I suck hard and stroke her clit like a little cock for several minutes, delighting in how Barb shudders and moans, until she's nearing the edge of orgasm and I finally let go.

Trembling and sweaty, Barb clamps her eyes tightly shut. She's silent and obedient when I nudge the footstool back into place to let her step off the enema post. She drops to the metal grate to release the enema in shaking heaves, gasping.

"So you'll spend the morning like this, getting your titties milked, and then get a second dose. You get the afternoon to yourself, and then a third dose in the evening. You cooperate whenever it's time for medication or when I need to move you around or hook you up to a machine. That's the whole routine. Understand?"

She's silent. I genially lift her head and slap her face a few times—hard smacks on the cheek, pats that would be almost friendly but aren't *quite*. Barb keeps her eyes clamped shut and refuses to look at me.

She does the same thing a few hours later when I come back for her third dose. Silent, as unreactive as she can be, even when I give her a quick hard throatfuck before the feeding tube and pills. She just takes it and tries to ignore as much as she can.

That's fine. Let her be stubborn. If she won't listen to me, she's just extending her own torture, and I have plenty more ways to make her react.

Day Three

When I come in that morning, she's not waiting on the table. And when I give her an expectant look, she just glares from her stubborn crouch at the end of the chain.

"That's a whipping, Barb," I say cheerfully. "Up you get!"

She fights it the whole way, yanking against the collar and refusing to get to her feet until it lifts her off her feet. I let her dangle and kick for longer than necessary—until her impotent fury turns to panic and terror as the strangulation stretches on—before lowering and locking her to the table. Once she can breathe again, wheezing behind the ball gag, she even tries to kick as I secure her spreader bar from the ceiling to expose her cunt. Smiling, I let her fight.

For that, she gets a brutal unlubed anal pounding before her medication. It hurts so much that there are tears trickling down her face by the time I finish, cumming inside her ass with a groan. She sniffs and shudders as I pull out, leaving her anus red and puffy.

"Silly bitch," I say affectionately, sliding the speculum into her cunt. "Ten lashes today."

I feel her cervix before the injection. It's still hard, the little opening still tight when I test it with a five millimeter sound.

"Mmmmm! Mm mm mm!"

Her bleeding seems to have stopped— not surprising that her first period in a long time would be short and light. The pills I've been force-feeding her three times a day would help with that, too.

Humming, I prepare the needle.

“MMMMMM! MMM! MMM! MMM!”

I sigh in pleasure as the slow injection goes in. Every muscle in Barb's body is rigid, every tendon in her neck and thighs straining against the agony of the needle in her cervix, pumping it with another dose.

Today that pain is enough to knock the wind out of her sails. She's weepy and docile though the feeding tube, submits meekly to the enema and nipple pumps. The ten lashes to her breasts add new crimson stripes over yesterday's faded welts, making Barb squeal and cry harder, but really, they're not a worse torture than the needle. She'll still fight me tomorrow.

Day Four

She does. It's not outright refusal— perhaps because her throat is bruised and her breathing is raspy from yesterday's hanging— but she's sullen and slow to get on the table, moving only when I threaten to yank her along by the chain.

“That's still worth a whipping, bitch,” I remind her as I open her pussy with the speculum. “Fifteen today. But go on, let's really mark those tits up.”

She glowers at me, jaw working around the ball gag. But when I slide two fingers inside to feel her cervix, my attention shifts.

Yesterday her cervix was unready, its round crown resistant and hard like the tip of my nose. Today it's *soft*, plush and surrendering to my exploratory fingers.

The injections I've been giving Barb for the last three days were prostaglandin shots: a hormone that softens and relaxes the cervix. Normally it's used to help induce labor. But it works equally well for me to open up her womb so that I can force things *into* it instead.

“Oh, babe,” I sigh, deliciously anticipatory. “Feel that? Feel how soft you are?”

She squirms, looking down at me and struggling to figure out what's happening. I remove my fingers and pull out the speculum, making Barb squeak in surprise. I unbuckle her gag, too, allowing Barb to cough and work her jaw.

Then I fold my latex gloved hand and slide my fist into her fully, squelching through her vaginal canal. With all my fingertips I find the neck of her cervix and circle it, stroking and teasing its ripe sensitive flesh.

“Fuck! What are you doing?” she demands, hips twitching against the belt strapping them down. “Stop it. Jack... stop. Please, stop... I don't want this...”

“You don't like my fist in you?”

“No!” Her lower lip trembles. “Please... I can’t—I don’t want you to—*please*, you’re ruining me! Please stop. Please...”

“Your cunt’s already ruined. But I’m going to make it useful again. Let’s open up that tight little hole and give you a new fuckhole.”

“What?”

My middle finger finds the indentation of her cervical opening and presses gently. A wave of sensation goes through Barb’s body, making her spine arch. Her mouth falls open.

“What? No! Oh my god—*no*—fuck, no, please, oh my god, you can’t—no, don’t, you *can’t*—ahh! AUUUUUGH!”

And when I press my finger in, her cervix stretches open, its ripe soft flesh spreading easily. My finger slides in to the first joint—the second—and Barb screams even louder, her eyes bulging. It must hurt to have her cervix being penetrated, even with the hormonal ripening, but the horror of it is *worse*.

“FUCK! STOP! TAKE IT OUT, TAKE IT OUT NOW!”

I push a little deeper and wiggle my finger in the muscular channel of her cervix.

“AHHHH! AHHHHH!!! FUCK! TAKE IT OUT!”

The bulge of my second knuckle slides in, spreading her entrance just a little wider, and on the other side I feel my fingertip pop through the other end of her cervix. With one last push my finger is buried all the way and my other fingers are curled up at the top of her vaginal canal, framing her cervix between them. I squeeze them a little, milking her cervix even tighter around the thick intrusion of my middle finger.

With a gentle squeeze and thrust, I rock my hand within Barb, gently fucking her womb with my middle finger.

“AUUUUGH! AHHH! STOP! STOP! OH MY GOD, FUCKING STOP! AHHHHHHH!!”

She’s losing her goddamn mind, writhing and arching her upper body, rolling her head back and forth in crazed denial. She knows exactly where my finger is—knows just how far I’ve stretched her open, how I’ve ruined yet another hole—and what I’m going to do next.

Flushed with victory and arousal, I bend down and clamp my mouth around Barb’s clit. Laving my tongue hungrily against the sensitive underside and milking it with my lips, I suck her off hard. The piercing that circles her girth like a cock ring presses into the roof of my mouth. I swish my tongue back and forth, teasing either side of the bar piercing through the root of her clit.

As Barb comes to full erection, the tip of her three-inch clit prods into the back of my throat. I gag a little but stay all the way down on it, swallowing hard to milk her tip. Suck and swallow, gulping back spit—bobbing my head to stretch her clit in rhythmic pulls, working my lips tight around the base...

It's the kind of blowjob I expect from her. I doubt she appreciates it, given the hysterical screaming and sobbing. That makes it even better.

With my middle finger still fucking her womb, my fist stretching her cunt, it's only a matter of minutes before Barb reaches orgasm. I feel her cunt tightening up first, its muscles flexing in rhythmic flutters—and I'm struck with arousal when I feel that spasm echoed in the throb of her cervix around my finger. The clenching intensifies as I suck her clit faster, tongue rubbing hard along her shaft.

"Stop!" she's screaming, snot choking up her throat. "Stop! STOP! Stop it—don't—no, don't—AHHH!"

And she's cumming, squeezing hard, losing control totally as her hips grind down on the penetration of my fist, into the tight hot suction of my mouth. "*AHHH! AHHHH! AHHHH! AHHHHHHHHH!!!*"

Flushed and glowing, I let Barb fuck my mouth as long as she wants, her clit throbbing and twitching madly against my tongue. After the initial break she just keeps going, sobbing messily, her hips working in slow rolls to grind out the fading waves of her orgasm. Her cervix squeezes with every single one. I flex my middle finger in time with each contraction, stretching the passage with my knuckle right as it tightens.

"I hate you," Barb is sobbing, limp and hysterical. "I hate you... I hate you... I fucking... uhhh... uhh-hh-hh... hate you... *fuck...*"

I come off her clit with a slow, lurious suck, leaving it half-hard and twitching over her cunt still stretched wide. "That's my good girl. My good, perfect slut. Love making you cum all over my fist."

Slow and careful, I withdraw my hand from her vagina, my finger from her womb. Her hole gapes open afterwards, allowing me to see how I've left her cervix: bright pink, throbbing, its tiny opening now a swollen mouth drooling slick. It's almost like a cockhead inside of her, a shiny round prick protruding from her womb. But instead of fucking me, I'm going to fuck it.

"Perfect," I murmur, stripping off my wet glove. "One last thing before we move on."

Barb rolls her head to the side, sobbing. "No... stop... no more, please..."

"You don't get a needle, don't worry! Poor babe. You don't need any more injections now that you're all softened up. But we've still got some more stretching to do before I can really use your womb. I'd hate for you to tighten up again and make tomorrow worse. So we're going to make sure you can't tighten up."

"Stop it! Stop it! Leave me alone!"

"Remember this?" I ask, holding up a new toy. "Your old friend has a new companion."

It's another pear of anguish, this one less than half the size of the one that I used to stretch her cunt. When closed, the steel bulb is just under an inch across. It opens to two and a half

inches wide—and at that width, I'd be able to switch to the full-sized pear.

But I won't. Two inches is a perfect fuckable tightness to stretch open with the girth of my cock.

The narrow tip of the pear fits perfectly into her cervix. At the touch, Barb tenses up again, making her cervix squeeze and kiss the pear. She can't pull away far enough to resist when I slowly force the pear in deeper, its closed bulb spreading her cervix farther than ever.

Her noise is intoxicating, hysterical and shrill. The intensity of the pain and horror makes her writhe, tendons straining, spit flying from her mouth as she screams and screams.

“GYYEAAHHHHHH! AHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Her tiny, straining cervix takes the pear of anguish inch by brutal inch until it finally swallows the last of the flare. Another slow inch and the pear is settled fully into her womb, its narrower neck lodged in her cervix and the screw mechanism settled in her vaginal canal. Barb's whole body quivers in the aftermath, wracked by pain radiating from her poor tortured womb.

“We’ll leave you like that for today,” I say, unlocking her collar from the table and unhooking her spreader bar from the chain that had held her legs up in the air. “And since this has been so hard on you, I brought you a present.”

Barb rolls her head the other way and lies there, sobbing.

The rustle of paper gets her attention, though. It's not the sound of anything I've used to torture her before. When she finally looks up, she freezes.

Taped to the far wall of the room is a newspaper article—or the remains of one, at least. Almost everything has been blacked out except a few tantalizing words: *authorities seeking, suspected, reported*, interspersed with unhelpful fragments like *the* and *in* and *they* that will only intensify the mystery. The headline reads █ █ █ █ █ █ █ MISSING

Desperate but horribly shaky, Barb squirms to get off the table. Her wrists are still cuffed behind her, her ankles are separated by a three-foot spreader bar, and of course the pear of anguish is lodged in her womb. In the middle of sitting up on the table, she stops and grimaces, pained by the object buried inside her cunt. Slow and mincing, she gets off the table and wobbles across the room to look.

I taped the article six feet up on the concrete wall, and the chain on Barb's collar only lets her get within three feet of it. She can't touch the paper, can't pull it down, and has to stand and squint up at it in order to read the small print.

I want her standing upright, the weight of the steel pear inside her constantly pulling down on her womb. Pulling the wider bulb of the pear against her cervix, a constant and unrelenting stretch.

Barb gets a few seconds of looking, her eyes wide and desperate. Then I grab her by the hair and drag her several steps back.

“Ah ah ah. You forgot the routine. Time for you to get on the post, take your enema, and get those titties pumped.”

“No! No please! Let me see it— Jack, please, let me see it, I have to, I need—”

“After you’ve had your milking. Four hours. After that you’re free for the afternoon, you know that. Unless you want me to tie you up today instead? Maybe put you on a fucking machine, or make you work on your deepthroat?”

“NO! No please, I’ll do it, I’ll be good— please just let me see it—I will...”

It’s obviously killing Barb to lube up the anal probe with her mouth and climb onto it. Her thighs are shaking with pain from the cervical pear and her eyes keep going back to the paper on the wall, now too far away to read anything but the headline. But she does it, terrified by the possibility of having the information—the only line to the outside world that she’s had in forever— taken away.

She’s trembling and silent as I pump in her enema, as I hook up her nipples to the milking pump and turn it on. Nothing distracts her from the paper.

That’s fine with me. Let her sit here and obsess over it for the next four hours, desperate to know but agonizingly out of reach. The unmarked passage of time will drive her crazy. And if I make her suck me off before I allow her to go free after lunch, I bet she’ll give a fucking *stellar* deepthroat out of sheer desperation.

The first *crack!* of the whip across her tits takes Barb by surprise. She shrieks, jolting so hard that her knees buckle and for a moment her whole weight is resting on the wooden post, on the dildo impaling her rectum.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“GOD! FUCK! Stop, please stop!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“GYEEAHH! AHHH! AHHHH!”

“Tomorrow it’ll be twenty,” I remind her, when the whipping is over and her heaving tits are marked with red all over. “Unless you follow the routine. All you have to do to make it stop is be a good, obedient little slave. Good sluts get rewarded.”

I catch the flare of renewed fury in Barb’s eyes. With a provocation like that, obedient is the last thing she’ll be.

I’m betting we’ll get to at least fifty lashes before she breaks. She’s going to lose her mind once the domperidone pills work and her milk starts coming in.

Waiting

Chapter Summary

Content: fisting, DP, cervix stretching, cervix torture (needles) forced orgasm, big clit, caning, asshole pumping (early-stage prolapse), anal torture, milking, psychological torture

Chapter Notes

One of these days I'll stop thinking "oh I'll just write five little scenes to make a quick, short time-skip bridge chapter!" It's never little, quick, or short. 

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Day Five

After Barb disappeared—that is to say, after I kidnapped her—the most important thing I did to cover my tracks was... nothing. Most criminals get caught because they talk about the case with others, obsess about media coverage, or try to get involved in the goddamn investigation to see what the cops know. I figured that if I didn't get away clean in the first place, nothing released in the news would tell me enough to erase evidence or get away before the cops tracked me down.

So I've kept my mouth shut and had a *fine* old time with Barb these last few months. I couldn't avoid hearing about the case totally, of course: the mysterious disappearance of a sexy young twenty-something on vacation at the beach, with no evidence, no suspects and no body, made for great headlines across half the country for about three weeks. But it never hit international news, and then it died out and I stopped hearing about it.

In private, I avoided searching for anything about the case on computers that could be linked to me. In public, I cared about Barb the normal amount—which is to say, when the media was most active I posted one article on Facebook with a sad note about my ex from ten years ago, and I shared her sister's “support the family” Go Fund Me once. Other people also cared the normal amount, which amounted to eight sad reacts and about forty bucks.

I really don't give a shit about the media attention or what anyone else thinks about her disappearance. Turning Barb's throat into a useful fuckhole and seeing how loud I can make her scream by pumping her clit into a big fat cock are far more interesting. Her tears are what gets my dick hard.

And then, out of nowhere, I get an email from Cal.

From: Cal ████ (cal.████@futuremail.com)

To: Jack ████ (jacknthebox@black.mail)

Re:

Hi Jack,

*It's been a long time and the circumstances are bad, but I have a few questions I had to ask.
I'm Barb's brother, Cal.*

I'm not sure if you've heard, but Barb went missing about nine months ago. It's very hard for me to write this email, but our family has come to accept the evidence that she has passed on. We didn't know until after she disappeared that Barb had been struggling with her mental health, and it seems that she took her own life.

To celebrate her life, we'll be holding a memorial service on ████ 16th. I was hoping to ask if you had any pictures of Barb from university that we might not have? I did check her Facebook and yours, but there wasn't much available.

Are you interested in attending, either virtually or in person, and would you like to say a few words? We're inviting all family and friends to speak during the memorial if they would like to. Barb didn't have very many romantic relationships, and she lived so far away from most of the family since university that it feels like we've been missing her for a long time. There may be parts of her life that we missed out on that you can speak to, if you'd like to.

Sorry this kind of comes out of nowhere. I feel like I'm not writing well. The last little while has been really hard. Thanks so much.

Cal

From: Jack ████ (jacknthebox@black.mail)

To: Cal ████ (cal.████@futuremail.com)

Re: Re:

Cal,

I'm shocked and just so sorry to hear this. It's been a long time since Barb and I dated in university, but I still feel very fond of her.

Sorry about my Facebook—I don't have much posted from before I transitioned. I can probably find some good pictures of Barb that I can send. I'm happy to help out any way I can.

I don't think I can speak at the memorial or be there in person, but if there's a virtual connection I would like to attend. Please let me know.

All my best—I'll be thinking of you.

Jack

Whistling, I take a second mostly-redacted newspaper article from the stack beside my computer and head downstairs for the morning, ready to forcefeed Barb's pills down her throat and stretch her cervix just a little bit more.

Day Six

Barb is still dragging her feet about cooperating with the daily routine. True, she gets on the table without forcing me to drag her there by the collar—to avoid getting tangled by her pretty little neck—but she glares and whines the whole way. Yesterday she tried to bite when I stuck my fingers in her mouth and asked if she wanted a drink of piss before getting mounted on the enema post for a few hours. Today, as I reach three fingers into her cunt to check the pear of anguish, she kicks against the chains holding her legs spread wide open and screams, “Stop it! Just stop it! I hate you!”

“That’s thirty lashes today,” I tell her, satisfied, and tug on the metal stem of the pear. “Can you feel this, baby?”

“*Stop it!*”

I tug a little harder, pulling the spread-open pear down against her cervix. Barb screams in anguish and despair. My cock throbs. Grinning, I screw the pear closed, taking the pressure off her cervix. Its smooth bulb slides out with a soft squelch.

Her cunt is *dripping*. With her legs spread wide and hips tilted up by chains that connect to each wall, I can see inside her stretched pussy. Her cervix is red and swollen, its formerly tight little mouth now a swollen slit leaking mucus from long hours being stretched around the metal pear. Moaning, I slide a finger knuckle-deep into that hot pink hole, into her womb.

“Uuuuahhhh! Stop! Stop! Stop!”

My finger fucks in and out smoothly. Barb writhes, tears streaming down her temples.

I press a second fingertip to the abused mouth of her cervix and slowly force it in. Agonizingly slow, my two fingers sink in. When the bulge of my middle knuckles is buried

in her cervix, I begin to gently flex my fingers back and forth and tug at her womb: stretch, stretch, stretch, and pull *down*.

“GYAAAAHHH! AHHHH! AHHHH! *STOP!*”

“Love the way you fucking scream,” I sigh, pulling my fingers out. “Not big enough yet. But god, I gotta fuck that little cunt.”

I fold my thumb in and push my whole fist into her pussy with a squelch. Her attempt to push it out only squeezes her vaginal canal around my fist.

I laugh. “You’re almost tight when you squeeze like that. Remember when you used to be able to milk my cock? Now you can barely grip my fist. You love getting stretched out by it, huh?”

I ball up my fist and pull my knuckles out, stretching the rim of her cunt around the widest part of my hand. Then I punch back in—then out, then in—making Barb wail and shake her head back and forth wildly.

“Nooo... stop... I hate you... *stop...*”

“You’re such a liar. I know how much you loved my dick. You came all over it again and again. I made you squirt your fucking brains out until you were too loose to feel it.”

And then a *thought* occurs to me.

“Let’s see if we can make you feel that big dick again.”

I push my fist deep until her cunt closes around my wrist. With my other hand, I unzip my jeans and my cock springs free. I rub my shaft between her labia to slick it up and bring myself to full hardness, stroking it alongside her engorged clit. Barb’s clit twitches and her cunt clenches involuntarily. Red-faced, she squeezes her eyes shut.

I line up the hard, shiny head of my cock with her pussy, side by side with my wrist. They’re almost exactly the same girth: two big cunt-busters lined up together.

And I start to push in, working my cockhead against the rim of her stretched-open hole. Barb’s eyes pop open with a gasp of pain.

“There it is, baby... Tight all over again...”

“Oh my god, *no*. No no no no—no don’t, you can’t—it won’t *fit!* *Ow!* Ow ow ow ow—*please—*”

The head of my cock *sloooooowly* forces its way in, spreading her cunt wide around the width of two wrists. Barb throws her head back and screams, freshly torn open. The squeeze is *glorious*, hot and tight and twice as erotic because I can feel how much this hurts her. Inside her cunt I spread my fingers open, trying to stretch her vaginal canal from within, and thrust my hips a little harder to force in another half inch of cock.

“STOP IT! STOP! It won’t fit!”

“It’ll fit.”

“YOU’RE RUINING ME!”

For a moment my eyes roll back as a wave of arousal rushes through me. The pain and despair in her voice— hearing her say it like that— it makes my cock so hard I could fuck through steel. My cock wants *in* so I give a brutal grunting thrust, using my weight to force her cunt open.

With my cock buried halfway in her cunt, I can curl my fingers into a fist around my cockhead. Barb cries out at the flex of my knuckles. I can feel the tendons in my wrist flex against my shaft— feel her cunt spasm in pain around the massive girth. I give my cock a gentle squeeze and tremble in astonished pleasure. It’s not just that I’m giving myself a handjob, but that I’m giving myself a handjob *inside* her.

Slow and shallow, groaning, I fuck my cock in and out of her newly-tightened pussy. I spit messily to ease the friction, allowing me to shove a few fractions deeper with every stroke. Inside Barb’s cunt I get a grip around my cock and fuck through it.

“That’s it, baby,” I gasp, humping into my fist— into her cunt— into my fist making her cunt tight again at the same time as it’s ruined even more. “Feel how big it is? Feel that big dick fucking you. Feel my fist in your fucking cunt, stretching you open—”

“*NO! STOP! I CAN’T!! PLEASE STOP! UHHHHHHH!!*”

I bite my lip and roll my head back, fucking her hard in quick little strokes that make my balls slap wetly, *slk-slk-slk* on her ass. It’s utter bliss. “Made you nice and tight again... fixed that cunt. Stretched you out so much you need two dicks at all times. Is that what you want? More dick all the time?”

“*Noooo... It hurts... nuuuuuuh-huh-uh-ohhhh... gawd...*” She’s outright bawling now, tears dripping down her face.

Aroused and thrusting even faster, I spit on my free hand and get hold of Barb’s clit. Even half-hard it’s long enough to stroke, so I get my finger and thumb around her clit just below the piercing that circles her shaft like a cock ring, squeezing the shaft and tugging expertly at the loose skin around it. Barb gives a scream at the first jolt of detestable pleasure. Bound and spread on the table, she can’t do anything except cry louder as I jerk her off in time with my thrusts.

Her clit gets hard and swells up big, straining toward me. When I lean down on top of her, trying to force my ten-inch cock even deeper, the hypersensitive tip of her clit rubs against my treasure trail, leaving snail-slick trails in the coarse hair. Even with my cock butting up against her poor brutalized cervix, Barb can’t help but shudder at the exquisite friction on her clit. I know her too well. I can feel every spasm in her cunt.

“You fucking love this,” I hiss, squeezing tighter on my cock. My groin is tightening up, getting ready to explode. I jerk her clit even faster, giving up on delicacy and wrapping my fingers tight around it to squeeze the whole shaft.

“*Nuhhhh, stawwwp... gawwwwwd, please... NUUUUUUH...*”

A spasm runs through her, snapping her hips hard up against me. Her clit starts to twitch in an accelerating race.

“*Stop—STOP—Nuugh uh uh uh uh uh UH UH—*”

She explodes.

“***UUHN! UHHHHH! UHHHHHHHH!!!***”

The frantic throb of her cunt spasming through orgasm is all it takes to kick off my own, tipping me over with a hard wave of lust. I yell as loud as Barb is, joining her anguished cries with my own delight: “Yes! Yes! Oh *fuck*, baby, that’s it—squeeze that fucking cunt on me, you’re making me cum... oh fuck, ohhh fuck, lemme cum in that pussy, lemme fill up that cunt...”

She keeps on sobbing and her cunt keeps on squeezing, still throbbing its way through orgasm as I stroke out my last thrusts. Even as I start to soften I hold my cock inside of her, relishing the grip and the heat of her quivering channel. Seeing my cock *and* fist inside her is still astonishingly erotic.

“You feel that, baby? Feel my sperm squirting into your womb? I can feel my cock right up against your cervix, shooting it all the way inside of you. All the way fucking deep.”

The lie makes her bawl even harder. Too tickled to stop pushing this button, I let my soft cock slip out of her but keep my fist inside that hot loosened cunt, gently stroking and fingering her poor battered cervix. The way it’s throbbing in the aftermath of orgasm, it would be sucking up any sperm that *had* been shot into her. Barb is too wet to tell the difference. She cries so beautifully when I slide two fingers back in and tug at her cervix some more, torturing her oversensitive hole just because I can.

When she’s too exhausted to cry any more, I pull my hand out and slide the pear of anguish back in. It’s positively roomy inside her cunt, making it easy to turn the screw that protrudes from her cervix. I’d swear I manage to spread the pear’s petals a full half inch wider than before—as wide open as I can before Barb’s sobbing turns to a shrill scream when her cervix reaches its limit.

Little by little, I’ll open her up.

After she’s been force-fed, mounted on the enema post and hooked up to the milking machine, it’s almost an anti-climax to give her the day’s thirty lashes. She’s exhausted and drained, thighs already trembling; she only has the energy to jerk and grunt as each lash lands. She’s getting used to the abuse.

Still, I get in a few hard strokes to the undersides of her tits, where they're soft and barely touched, that make Barb scream for real. And thirty lashes is no joke. By the end of it she's trembling even harder, her knees shaking with pain. Her tits have been whipped so many days in a row, with the number increasing every time, that they're a mess of red welts and bruises layered all over each other. The vacuum cups sucking at her nipples only increase the pain.

Before I go, I pin up another article on the wall. Then I leave her to her long, painful hours of waiting, forced to stand with the weight of the metal pear hanging from her still-throbbing cervix the whole time.

Day Seven

Today makes four news articles pasted up around the room. Rather than grouping them all together I've spread them out as widely as possible, one on each wall. That way Barb can't stand in one place and read them all at once, looking back and forth to compare what few details she can gather from each one. She has to criss-cross the room over and over, trying to remember a handful of scattered words.

In her current situation, walking and even standing is much harder than it should be. Her ankles stay locked into the long spreader bar, forcing her to walk in mincing unbalanced steps; her wrists are locked behind her back, making her even more unstable and prone to swaying. She sways and wobbles on tiptoe to read the articles taped high up on the walls. If she tips over or trips when she walks— I've seen her do it— her fall is jerked short by the collar around her neck, leaving her gagging and dangling from the ceiling before she manages to struggle back to her feet.

And that's without the new accessory I added today. While she was mounted on the enema post, I decided to milk her clit as well as her tits. I hooked up a third vacuum cylinder to the milking machine and lubed up her clit good before slipping it in place. Barb spent a full four hours getting her nipples and clit mercilessly pumped, the endless suck and release of the vacuum driving her insane.

Her nipples can only swell so much, but her clit... right now it's swollen and huge, a scarlet erection dangling between her legs. Three inches long and a full inch in girth, the plump shaft strains against the piercing that circles it like a cock ring. That piercing will help keep her clit hard for even longer than the lack of an orgasm.

I removed the bar piercing through the head of her clit and replaced it with a second steel ring. Onto *that* I hooked a small brass cowbell.

The bell clangs with every hobbled step Barb takes, back and forth across the room. It hangs heavily from her clit, not stroking or providing any kind of relief but *pulling*. It just makes her feel— and hear— how her massive clit dangles between her legs like a cock, swollen and huge.

Sniffing and dribbling tears of humiliation, Barb nonetheless hobbles across the room yet again, desperate to re-read the new article on the far wall. Her clit sways and the bell clangs.

Day Eleven

“OHHHH! OH! OH! OH! UHHHHHHH!! **UH!**”

I shoved the ball gag into Barb’s mouth a while ago, but she’s still screaming furiously at me as I buckle the last strap holding her to the table—a wide leather band across her forehead that prevents her from moving her head, just to hammer home how trapped she is. Her face is red from screaming and her eyes are wild.

“Fifty-five lashes today, bitch. Your tits are really going to regret this.” I snap on a latex glove. “*And* you get the cervix check I promised, so it’s not like you’ve avoided anything. You just made it worse.”

“UHHHHHH! UH OO!”

Fuck you. It’s not even clever any more for me to say, *No, fuck you, whore.* I just ball my hand into a fist and shove it into her, making her shriek.

With the cervical pear removed, her cervix is as swollen and red as ever, drooling mucus. I want to fuck it so *bad*, but it’s still too tight—two fingers will fit but not three, not even when I try to force them in. I fingerbang her uterus a few times and withdraw.

“You’re tightening up again. Well, not tightening, but you’re having trouble stretching. We’ll have to give you another shot to loosen things up again.”

“OHHHH! OH! OH!”

I shake my head as I unwrap a needle and draw up a dose of prostaglandins. “You’d hate this so much worse if I had to spread your cervix without this, Barb. Trust me. You want to be nice and soft and ripe inside.”

I slip the syringe into her and aim for her cervix. “Even if...”

“Oh oh oh oooAHHHHHH! AHHHHH! AHHHHHH!!!”

I sigh in pleasure, my cock throbbing to erection. “Even if this hurts like fuck.”

Her cervix spasms madly as she clenches her cunt, laboring to push away the agony. I’m sure it only worsens the pain, given how her cervix is twitching and throbbing with the needle stuck deep in it. Just because I can, I take a long time about delivering the injection, slowly pushing the plunger to pump her full of baby-making hormones.

“Don’t worry, babe. We’ll get that womb hot and ready for fucking in no time.”

She's sobbing and shaking helplessly, choking a little on her own snot. With her head strapped down, she can't turn her head to blow; it either bubbles out onto her lips or gets inhaled down the back of her throat, making her cough wetly. It sounds like cock-snot gargling in that defiant little throat— delicious.

With the injection done, I replace the cervical pear. Still annoyed about her earlier fight, though, I spread it wider than before—a little too wide, judging by her scream.

“UUAHHH! AHH! Uhhhhh! Uh!”

“Oh, does that hurt?” I give the pear’s stem another twist. The curved wings spread wider, forcibly stretching her cervix a few millimeters more.

“*OHHHHHH!!! EEE! EE, EE!*”

“So you do remember how to beg. Here I thought you’d forgotten your manners. Too late for today, bitch. You want to fight back, you get a new toy.”

Not letting her see what it is, I fetch a few things from a cabinet: a small carabiner clip, a short thin chain, and a pair of small steel balls.

The pear of anguish protrudes from her cervix, its stem sitting in her vaginal canal. The screw mechanism ends with a flattened loop like the top of a corkscrew. I clip the chain to the carabiner and the carabiner to the pear’s loop, leaving the ends of the fine chain hanging from Barb’s gaped pussy. And to the chain I hook the two steel weights.

Each one only weighs a hundred grams: about as much as a cell phone, together. But that weight, added to the weight of the pear of anguish already hanging from the tortured little mouth of her womb— she’ll feel it.

I unstrap Barb and let her squirm off the table, sniffling and shaking. She gets her toes to the floor, wiggles her ass off and drops onto her feet—and the steel balls slide off the edge of the table and drop *hard*.

Judging from Barb’s startled shriek and the way her knees buckle, nearly giving out, it felt like her womb was being yanked straight out. She stands there hyperventilating, wide-eyed and panicked, thighs quivering as she tries not to collapse while the balls swing wildly in mid-air, gyrating the weight that pulls on her cervix.

Oh *god* does she feel it. Every fucking bit.

“Eeee,” she sobs as she’s mounted on the post, strapped into the milking machine. Her nipples are swollen and red, her tits welted all over with the red and purple stripes of past beatings. Just lifting her tit to put the vacuum cylinder in place is enough to make Barb squeal. “Eeee, eeeeea, eeeeeea... eea oh...”

The milking machine clicks on, provoking another squeal of pain. Her nipples start to pulse inside the cylinders, straining to begin filling the cups. I heft one heavy tit in my hand and give it a squeeze, tormenting the whip-striped flesh.

“Ahhhh!”

“Look at this mess, Barb,” I say sympathetically. “Your poor tits. They’re already so sore. Should we give your tits a break today?”

Her nod is frantic, unthinking of the consequences. “Eh! Eh, eh, eee!”

I smile. “We’ll beat your ass instead. Fifty-five strokes, goddamn. You’re not even going to be able to sit if you wanted to.”

Impaled on her tiptoes with a thick dildo up her ass, slowly pumping water deep into her bowels, Barb can’t flinch away when I take the cane to her ass: a long fiberglass cane with a cutting sting. She has no choice but to take it. *crack!*

“EEEEEE!”

crack! crack! crack!

She just screams and dances in place, her asshole twitching around the dildo. She clenches with pain on every stroke, tightening up and squeezing the dildo in a way that makes me wish it was my cock buried in her ass, getting fucked and milked by her agonized writhing. But it’s also nice to watch her asscheeks jiggle beautifully, turning pink and then red as the strikes fall one after another, brutally fast: *crack! crack! crack! crack!*

“EEAHHHHHH! AHHH! AHH AHH AHH!!!”

And the steel balls click against the enema post, bouncing and swaying with every jerk of her hips, their weight and motion a constant torment to her womb that she can’t avoid because she can’t stop jolting with every stroke of the cane.

crack! crack! crack! crack!

“AHHHHHH!!!”

Day Sixteen

From: Jack ████ (jacknthebox@black.mail)

To: Cal ████ (cal.████@futuremail.com)

Re: Re: Re: Re:

Hi Cal,

I’ve attached a few pictures of Barb from university that I found. I hope they’re helpful.

Thank you for passing on the information about the memorial service. I'll be attending online.

Jack

Day Nineteen

In just over two weeks since I started force-feeding Barb domperidone and pumping her nipples, her breasts have visibly grown. They've always been big and bouncy—a fucking great rack—but now the soft plumpness has turned firm and they're getting *heavy*. It's given Barb gorgeous swollen mounds with faint blue veins marbling the pale, strained skin.

The domperidone has been making her body produce prolactin, signalling her breasts to grow. The injections of pregnancy hormones into her cervix are certainly helping that along. And the milking cylinders pump away for hours a day, sending a message through the suckling of her nipples through her nerves and to the primal pathways of her brain: *we're here. we're hungry. feed us. grow!*

And the oxytocin from all the forced orgasms—that can't be hurting things either. Every orgasm brings Barb a little closer to leaking like a cow.

Her nipples have grown too. They used to be small and pink and pretty. After weeks of pumping they're *huge*, hard swollen nubs the size of my thumb joint. Just like her clit they've gotten darker, flushed red and hot, chafed from the pump. Just like her clit, they make me want to torture them.

Admiringly, I trace a finger around one ruddy nipple, then give it a squeeze. Barb tosses her head and squeals, giving an instinctive shake of her tits as if to throw my hand off. All it does is make them sway gorgeously. Judging by her wince it hurts, too, to shake those tender melons.

Delighted, I pinch Barb's nipple harder and lift her breast. She whimpers, biting her lip to control its quiver, struggling not to squirm.

“Damn, baby... they’re getting so big. That’s so fucking hot. Feel how big they are?” I cup my hands around her tits and press them together, squeezing her swollen flesh. Barb shudders hard. It would take two hands to get around just one tit, but I dig my fingers in and do my best to grip them both.

“*Please,*” Barb sobs, arching her back into my grip in an attempt to relieve the pressure. She writhes in place, a helpless dance on the knotty dildo stuck up her ass for today’s enema. “Please, Jack... *ow...* pleeeeease...”

Sighing, I turn the squeeze into a slow milking pull down her nipples. Her spine arches even farther, trying not to let me pull on her tits.

“*Please!*”

“All right,” I say. “Let’s put you in the pump if you’re so eager to get to it.”

That breaks her. “No!” she cries, starting to weep. “Not today, please not today. It hurts—it hurts so fucking bad—I *can’t!* Please don’t make me, not today. Please no, *please*—”

“No?”

“Please!” She’s sobbing, tears streaming down her face. “It hurts so bad. I can’t—I can’t *look* at them. Please... please don’t... eeee!”

She squeals in pain when I grip her tits again, squeezing hard on the tender flesh. Holding her breasts tightly, I lean in and whisper in her ear, “You’re complaining, Barb. That’s a whipping.”

“NO!”

I sigh in mock disappointment. “And you were doing so good about obeying these last few days. You’re up to sixty today.”

“NO! PLEASE! I CAN’T TAKE IT, I CAN’T! PLEEEEASE!”

I stroll over to the whip cabinet, examining the selection. Barb gets even more hysterical.

“NO!! YOU CAN’T! LOOK AT MY TITS! LOOK AT THEM! I CAN’T TAKE IT, I FUCKING CAN’T!”

And when I reach for a whip, she tips over the edge into terror and just *screams*:
“NYEAHHHH! GAHHHH! AHHHHH! AHHH!”

Unable to believe it, I grab a cane—any cane—and turn it to Barb, lifting it as if to strike. Eyes bulging and fixed in terror on the cane, she writhes frantically in place, one foot desperately pushing at the enema post in an attempt to climb off. Her tits jiggle and bounce, prominently displayed no matter how she yanks at her handcuffed wrists to break them free.

“NYAHH! NO! AHHHH! PLEASE!!!”

I lower the cane as if half-convinced. My cock is so hard I have to grab it, giving it a squeeze through my jeans. I massage the erection as Barb shudderingly sinks back down on the dildo.

“*Pleeeease*,” Barb begs, snotty and tearful. “Please d-d-don’t. I can’t. I f-fucking can’t. Don’t hurt me, please. It’s too fucking muh-much.”

I step forward and cup one breast, hefting and stroking her nipple with my thumb. The bruises of past whippings are hot beneath my hand, every square inch of abused flesh singing with twice as much pain thanks to its oversensitized growth.

“You don’t want me to beat your tits?”

“Noooo... no...”

“But I have to, babe. You broke a rule.”

“Please not there... anywhere...”

“Anywhere?”

“Yes!”

“On your ass? Beg for it.”

“Yes, please! On my ass.” I squeeze her nipple in warning and she gives a sharp scream.
“Please whip my ass! Please! Please Jack whip my ass! *Ah!* All sixty, please—all of them on my ass, I n-need it, just please not my tits...”

“Good enough,” I decide, because you have to reward the behaviour you want to encourage.
“Your ass it is. Just let me get your tits hooked up to that big nasty pump and we’ll turn that ass red.”

As I roll over the milking machine she’s sobbing so hard that snot drips down her face, but she doesn’t try to argue the point any longer. Fighting that battle only earned her sixty strokes.

“Let’s give you something to make it a little easier,” I coo, unscrewing a jar and dipping my fingers in. “I should have helped you before, huh? Look how sore your titties are.”

So I take a long while to rub a thick, creamy ointment all over her tits, from the bruise-mottled globes to the tips of her sore, throbbing nipples. Her whip-welts could use soothing, that’s true, and her nipples are definitely chafed from the milking pump. I’m doing her a favor. At least, that’s what I croon lovingly as Barb whimpers and writhes beneath my hands.

Her tits are hot and hard to the touch, their firmness a delight that makes me *squeeze* while I stroke the ointment all over. It makes a slick salacious noise when her breasts slap together. Her nipples get some special treatment: long minutes of stroking and tugging at them like teats, over and over, to make *sure* they absorb as much moisturizer as possible.

The brutal massage makes Barb quiver and mewl, reduced to helpless jelly by waves of pain through her slick gleaming tits. It’s a quieter torment, less dramatic than most, but the feeling of her struggling not to break down as I stroke is a different type of erotic. Just like stroking her clit to sweet, unstoppable orgasm. I almost feel like I could jerk her off through her nipples, in fact.

But I sigh and release her instead, knowing that’s not possible. The milking machine will have to do.

One by one, I latch the vacuum cylinders onto her teats and turn on the machine. Her nipples bulge, her tits strain, and Barb starts to weep once more.

“Now...” I lean down to pick up the cane. Barb gives a gulping sob, terror in her eyes. “I think your punishment can wait a while. Until your enema is done. Enjoy that big fat dick up your ass, hm?”

I give her ass a friendly slap and put the cane away, ignoring both Barb's shuddering sobs of relief and the ache of my erection. For now.

A few hours later, I let Barb down from the enema post and disconnect her from the milking machine. Her nipples emerge from the cylinders distended and hard, nearly purple with strain. She shudders at the rush of blood. I can't resist gripping both nipples and giving them a good squeezing pull.

"OW! Fuck! It hurts, please no!"

Her eyes are squinched shut in pain. I glance down at my hand to check: there's the greasy shine of ointment but nothing else. No milk. Yet.

"Not on your tits," I agree. "Let's see that ass. And *behave*, or I'll whip you twice as hard."

As I guide her with a fist in her hair, Barb hobbles over to the wooden horse. I bend her over it and link her wrist cuffs to the legs, then her ankle cuffs. The wooden rail holds her gorgeous ass up in the air. Her legs are spread widely enough that her pussy lips open, revealing the abused hole, and her tight pink asshole winks between her cheeks.

I slip my fingers into her gaping cunt and rub the slick upwards, swirling it around her anus. The pucker tightens and she gives a muffled whimper of fear.

The implement I retrieve from the cabinet isn't the same fiberglass cane from before. Instead I select a lighter one: a bundle of slender rattan canes bound together. They swish flexibly when I take an experimental stroke through the air.

I catch Barb looking between her legs, trying to see what's coming. Laughing, I give her ass a little tap. The canes rattle lightly.

"Deep breath, babe. Sixty strokes. We're going to turn this ass purple."

"Please..."

I begin to tap the cane in featherlight strokes up and down the curve of her ass, trying to accustom Barb to its touch. Luring her into the expectation of another painless stroke. "You'll learn not to whine about orders, won't you?"

"It just hurts so bad!"

"You can scream and cry about the pain all you want. I just don't want to hear you begging me not to do something." I pause and consider, then grin. "Well. I do want you to beg, actually. Love to hear you crying for mercy. But I'm still going to punish you for it."

And instead of the next stroke being a light tap, I lift the cane and whip it down *hard*—directly across Barb's pretty pink asshole.

"GYEAAHHHHHHH!!!"

Her shriek echoes around the room, high-pitched and horrible. Shocked by the blinding pain, Barb is thrashing against her bonds, rattling the cuffs, trying to buck and displace the wooden horse. I put a foot on its base to hold it down.

“Ahhh!” she screams, still releasing short sharp noises of shock as the pain fades. “Ahh! Ahhhh! Ahhh! Fuck!”

“That’s one. Should I make you count, Barb? Start over if you fuck up?”

“God! Stop! It’s too much! Stop!”

I click my tongue. “Still being a disobedient bitch. Keep begging, though. You know I love to hear you making your punishment worse.”

And I bring the cane down on her asshole again: *crack!*

“*AHHHHHHHHH! AHHH! AHHH! FUCK!*”

The rattan cane is a tricky son of a bitch. It feels light, almost harmless. On firm muscle it doesn’t hit as hard, and most of the vicious-sounding crack comes from the canes hitting each other. But when the slender canes strike together, they *pinch*. On delicate skin? On a place as desperately tender as Barb’s asshole? The bite is *vicious*.

crack! crack! crack!

“That’s five,” I announce, over the noise of Barb’s screaming.

CRACK!

“*AHHHHHHHHH! STOP! STOP! STOOOOOP!*”

By ten her anus is turning pink, squeezed tight and tiny in an attempt to hide from my blows. By twenty she’s bawling, tears streaming down her face and snot choking up her desperate begging. Every stroke makes her spasm, kicking and yanking against the cuffs in an attempt to escape the agony.

Twenty five—“***GYAHHHHHHH!***”

Thirty—

“PLEASE STOP! PLEASE STOP! PLEASE NO MORE! I CAN’T! I FUCKING CAN’T! IT HURTS! *STOP!*”

“Only half done,” I murmur, stroking the cane over the curve of her ass. Her ass crack is completely red, the hole inflamed and spasming with pain. Barb keens incoherently, terrified of the next stroke. “Poor baby. Poor little bitch. It must hurt so bad. But you begged me to beat your ass instead of your tits. You wanted this.”

“Not this! Not like this! *Pleeeease*, it hurts so much... please stop... I’m begging you, pleeeease...” Her voice is a wet rag, choked and snotty, hiccuping with pain. She’s shaking

hard enough that her asscheeks quiver.

“You need a break?”

“Yes!”

Dumb slut. She *still* doesn’t see these traps coming.

Pleased, I lay the cane across the small of Barb’s back. “Hold still and don’t drop it. Or I’ll hurt you worse.”

Immediately she stops breathing, trying desperately to freeze. The light rattan cane wobbles on her spine.

I take my sweet time about fetching a new toy, one of the ones I ordered recently. It’s a vacuum cylinder with a clear plastic rod thrusting down through the center, beaded with smooth bumps down its length.

A bit of greasy lube around the rod makes the plastic shine. I rub some into Barb’s abused asshole, too, just to hear her squeal in pain. The clench of her hot anus around my fingers is delicious.

“Can’t just leave your asshole alone while you’re having a break,” I say, sliding the slick tip of the rod over her pucker. With a squelch I force the flared tip in.

“No please,” Barb is begging, rattling her wrist cuffs. “No wait please, please don’t, don’t hurt me, no please—”

“You asked for a break, you get a break. But if you get something nice, you have to pay for it, Barb. Besides—I want to see just how red we can get this tight little asshole.”

Two of the rod’s bumps slide into Barb’s hole and then the cylinder kisses her ass. Through the clear plastic I can see her anus flex anxiously around the rod, uncomfortable with the intrusion.

I connect the hand pump’s tubing to the cylinder and give the grip a squeeze. The cylinder suctions into place around her asshole.

Barb yelps. “*No*,” she says immediately, horrified by the familiar feel of a vacuum pump. “No, no please!”

“Nice and red and puffy,” I croon, steadily squeezing the hand pump.

Barb’s panicked jerking sends the rattan cane clattering to the floor. Laughing, I let it lie and continue pumping up her asshole.

It takes a good twenty minutes, slowing down the brutal punishment I’d planned to mete out. Barb begs and mewls the whole way through, crying out every time she feels the vacuum pressure increase. At first her asshole only puffs out a little, its pucker flaring up around the

plastic rod in its center. But little by little her anus swells up in the cylinder, flushing pink and then red as the pressure increases.

“Stoooop,” Barb is sobbing, her thighs trembling hard, “stoooop, gawd, no more, it hurts... pleeeease...”

The result is well worth the wait. By that point her tight pucker has swollen into a fat red donut, pumped up so big around the penetrating rod that it fills a solid inch of the cylinder. I can see her attempting to strain against the vacuum pressure, resisting the pressure pulling on her guts, but all it does is make her puffy ring flex around the rod, almost like a sucking pair of lips.

I let the vacuum pressure off and slowly pull out the rod. Barb groans as the bumps slide out of her distended hole, each one squeezing through the slick sphincter. When it’s out Barb gasps and clenches her hole—in panic, I can tell, at the alien sensation of her thick distended asslips rubbing together.

“So pretty,” I croon, stroking my thumb over her plump ring. “So big and pink... just *dripping* with lube... you want me to fuck your ass?”

“No!” she screams, distraught. “No no no no no!”

I guessed she’d say that. “Ah well. Back to the whipping, then.”

“NO!”

I pick up the rattan cane and laugh. “Did you forget, Barb? Thirty strokes still to go.”

“NO! PLEASE! NO MORE, NO PLEASE, DON’T, PLEASE NO—”

crack!

“—**GYEAHHHHHHH! AHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHH!**”

The wooden horse grates across the floor from the force of Barb’s thrashing. Her eyes bulge, her throat strains, her heavy hanging tits slap wildly as she struggles against the manacles holding her down over the horse. None of it lessens the agony of the cane slapping against the exquisitely tender bloom of her asshole.

Her ass isn’t fat enough to hide the gorgeous red flower between trembling cheeks. I take aim again.

crack!

“**NYEAHHHHH! AHHHHH! GAWD, PLEASE!**”

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

“**GAHHHHHHH! AHHHHH! AHHHH! AHHHH!**”

Tears and snot pour down her face, from her wide straining eyes. She gulps in huge breaths and just keeps *screaming*, unable to do anything except voice the searing agony in her asshole. Her whole weight is draped over the horse because her knees aren't locked and her thighs are shaking violently, making her ass quiver.

I tap the cane lightly to her anus and Barb shrieks again, terrified. I wait until that spasm of terror has passed before delivering the next blow unexpectedly and setting off another peal of shrieks.

"Thirty-six," I remind her.

CRACK!

"GAWWWWWWD! FUCK! AHHHHHHH!"

Forty... forty-five... fifty...

Under the cane's blows, her asshole has become even more swollen and red. Barb has begun grunting and heaving involuntarily, making deep retching sounds as the combination of pain and gulped air has brought her to the edge of vomiting. Saliva dribbles from her mouth. Her eyes are glazed, rolling and unfocused except when each new shock of agony makes them bulge.

Between strokes her asshole spasms uncontrollably, clenching and then unfurling as wide as it can in desperation to make the pain pass. It's perfection.

"Ten left, babe," I croon, resting the rattan cane against her distended pucker. A jerk of terror makes her swollen asslips squeeze around it, almost like she's kissing it.

Unable to hold back any longer, I unzip my jeans and go around the other side of the horse to rub my rock-hard cock on Barb's face. She's so shattered that she barely responds even when I lift her head and push the tip of my cock into her mouth. She just chokes and gurgles around it, drool bubbling at the corner of her lips as she attempts to beg, "Nuh, nuh, *ngggg, nuuuuh...*"

"Suck on that for a while, baby. Lemme feel that tongue while you take the last ten."

Barb hiccups and tightens her lips on it, noisily swallowing back snot in order to suck. A deep frisson of pleasure runs through me. Groaning, I hold still and relish the frantic slobbering of Barb choking my cock down as deep as possible, trying to satisfy my rage.

But it's not rage. It's just the punishment I promised her. Sucking me off won't stop that. And it's trickier to aim for her asshole from where I'm standing, but by no means impossible.

crack!

"GHHHHHHUH! Glk— kch— ghhh!"

The scream makes her vocal cords vibrate exquisitely around the head of my cock. I shudder and shove deep into her throat so I can feel the writhing of her tongue against my balls. Her

throat surrenders with a wet *gluck* and her body clenches, making her puffy asshole pucker up.

“That’s right, baby... scream on that dick. Lemme feel how much this fucking hurts. Suck my cock real nice while I torture your asshole.”

“Khhh-hh— nuh—”

crack!

“GAHHHHH!”

crack!

“GYAHHHHH!”

As close as I am to orgasm, it only takes until fifty-eight strokes for me to cum in Barb’s mouth, tipped over the edge by the sight and sound of her agony. Groaning messily, I pump a single jet of squirt into the back of her throat and then raggedly thrust through the remainder of orgasm in the sloppy, gagging, drooling heat of her mouth, relishing every choke and every tear dribbling down her face. She’s crying uncontrollably from the pain even as she suckles on my softening cock, trying to please.

“There’s a good girl,” I sigh, and immediately bring the cane down in two brutal strikes.

CRACK! CRACK!

“**GHHHAHHHHHH!** UHHHHHH! UHH, UHHH, UHHHHH!”

And I let her bawl through the final pain with my cock still in her mouth. Barb leaks snot and tears over lips still wrapped around the soft weight of my cock. Every involuntary working of her tongue and throat as she chokes and grunts and wails sends a tingling wave of pleasure through me, extending the bliss until Barb has cried herself out. Only then do I let her stop nursing my soft cock and wipe it off on her forehead before zipping it away.

Her brutalized asshole continues to twitch, involuntary spasms of pain making the swollen crimson bloom throb. I give it one loving stroke, making Barb squeal, then leave her to the sensation of her distended asslips kissing each other as the pain radiates through them.

Day Twenty-One

Exactly three weeks after I started dosing her with domperidone three times a day, her milk comes in.

I don’t notice it until after I’ve cranked the chain up and hauled Barb onto her feet. Half asleep, she stands there whimpering with pain, trying to spread her knees even wider to keep her asscheeks apart.

“Oh please, please... oh god... I can feel it...”

“What’s that?” I ask pleasantly, squeezing one whip-marked cheek and then sliding my fingers down the crack. “Is it your ass? How’s that poor little hole doing today?”

My fingers find the hot swollen ring of her anus at the same time as Barb screams, “*God!*”

“Jesus,” I echo, awed. “Oh, we’ve turned this into a proper asscunt, haven’t we. Look at *that*, baby. Oh jesus, that’s beautiful. That looks like it hurts so goddamn much.”

What once was a tight, dry, pink little furl has bloomed into a hot red donut of quivering flesh. Even hours after yesterday’s pumping and whipping, the results remain. Her anal-trained insides are still overproducing mucus, so when I graze my fingers over her asshole and Barb strains open with a whine of fear, a dribble of slick oozes out over the distended lips.

“Gawwwwd... stop...”

“Does that feel good, babe?” I croon, ignoring her entirely as I slide two fingers inside her abused hole. She cries out in pain and her knees begin to tremble. Inside is *hot*, and I can only imagine how much it hurts to have her exquisitely sensitive hole touched, even with the gentle in-out rocking of my fingers.

“How about this?” I suggest, reaching around her front to find her clit with my other hand. “You like getting fucked up the ass. You could probably cum from just this. Let me stroke your little girlcock while you squeeze that ass on my fingers.”

And that’s when I feel a drip of liquid on my hand—not from her cunt, but from above. Startled, I look over her shoulder to see if—

Yes. There’s pale yellow liquid beading at the tips of her nipples, fat drops growing larger even as I watch.

“Yes,” I hiss, squeezing my grip on the base of her clit. It twitches in response, and Barb sobs, but more importantly her nipples drip again. One begins a steady leak of milk that runs down her breast, down her stomach, down her thigh. Her breasts are rock-hard and so full that they’re nearly quivering, just ready to burst. And all it took to set her off was a little jolt of oxytocin.

Overcome with eagerness, I flex my fingers in her asshole and give her clit a few fast strokes of reward before stepping back. “Let’s get you on the pump, baby,” I say, hurriedly rolling the machine over. “Don’t want to waste a bit.”

“What?” Barb says weakly, still teary and distracted by the ruin of her asshole. “Jack please, it hurts so bad, it— *oh my god*.”

“That’s right,” I say with relish, giving both huge heavy breasts a squeeze. One gives a thin spray of milk—its very first—and Barb makes a horrified, strangled scream.

“No. No, god, please no, oh god— *no!*”

"Looks like we got you pregnant after all. Just look at these tits... how fucking full they must feel, huh Barb?"

"NO! No, no, no... no... nuh-huh-*ohhhhh*, gawwwwwwd..."

She bawls like a baby until I get the leather panel-gag wrapped around her face, covering her mouth, and then she just gurgles, uttering miserable noise though the hole in the gag as tears continue to dribble down her cheeks.

"That's it, babe," I murmur, giving her cheek a friendly pat. "Keep on crying. Sounds so good like that."

With a few adjustments to the milking set-up, I hook an extra tube to the pump. Its free end slots into a hollow dildo gag, and that gag fits *perfectly* through the leather panel and into Barb's mouth, silencing her moans. She chokes wetly on the sudden intrusion butting up against the back of her throat.

"No baby yet," I say, flicking the milking pump on, "but you're good at sucking things. Go ahead and suck hard on that dildo, Barb. Suck the milk right out of your own tits."

I give her tits a brief, hard rub-down with ointment, getting them all slick and shiny. Like an expert milker, I make sure to slick up her tender nipples with a few long squeezing pulls—milk squirts and Barb gives a high shriek of pain through her nose. Then I clamp on the vacuum cups, letting them suck *hard* on her big ruddy nipples, and the fun really begins.

Within a few pulls of the machine, Barb's nipples and areolae have swollen into the cylinders, flushing rosy red. The pressured beads of milk turn into a steady leak—and then the machine pulls again, the pressure increases, and both nipples begin to squirt at almost the exact same time, spraying fine streams of milk into the clear plastic cups.

"*Mmmmmmmmm!*" Barb screams, her eyes wide with horror. She shakes her head frantically, trying to deny the reality.

I cup her hard, heavy tits and squeeze along with the machine. It probably hurts her more than it helps anything, but that's just *fine*. "That's right, baby... look at those titties squirt. Look how good you are at being knocked up."

"*MMMMM!*" she screams, growing more and more hysterical. "Mmm mmm mmmm—"

And then the trickle of milk makes its way through the tube, through the hollow dildo, and squirts directly into the back of her throat. Barb begins to choke violently, startled by the sudden mouthful of hot liquid.

"Swallow it, bitch," I murmur, reaching down for her clit. "That's right, suck the dildo... keep swallowing it down..."

"*Mmm...*" Her upper face crumples in misery and tears dribble down her cheeks as Barb forcibly swallows the first mouthful of her own leaking milk. And then the next. And the next.

“My good slut.” I stroke her throat to feel it working, flexing and gulping just like she’s drinking cum. Then I move around behind her again.

The sound of my zipper opening makes Barb cry harder. She already knows what’s coming.

“Still got that pear of anguish in your cervix,” I murmur, using another palmful of slick ointment to grease up my cock as I pump it to full erection. I rub my cock on her flowered anus just to see its swollen lips squeezing in terror, puckering around my cockhead. “Open up that ass, baby… let me feel you milk my dick.”

“Mmmmm… nnnnnn… nnnnnnn!”

My cock slides in slow and slick and easy, right though the swollen ring of her anus. Despite how distended the hole is, her sphincter is still tight—or at least as tight as it has been since I re-sized her rectum for my dick. The muscles of her rectum work around me, spasming and clenching as Barb writhes in pain. Her noise has taken on a panicked edge at the addition of assrape to her torment.

“Ohhh, fuck that’s good,” I groan, slowly pumping my hips. “Don’t worry, babe, your ass is still great. It just *looks* like we’ve turned it into a cunt. God, that hole feels so good. Lemme fuck that ass, baby. Keep sucking that dick while I fuck your ass.”

And to complete the torture, I reach around and find her clit. Already more than half hard, it throbs in my slick hand as I jerk her off in time with my fucking—in time with the massive cock churning in her rectum, the machine pumping milk down her throat. Every stroke, every thrust, every squirt of liquid comes in a brutally steady rhythm that soon reduces Barb to quivering, insensate jelly.

Pretty soon my grip on her hip is the only thing holding her upright, the only thing keeping her knees from buckling with every thrust. Her tits bounce in time with the steady slap against her welted ass. She’s making rhythmic grunting sobs, the only noise she can get out around the thick rubber cock between swallows of milk. Snot bubbles from her nose.

“You’re gonna cum for me, slut, I know you are. I can feel your cock throbbing. I can feel how hard you are. Yeah, you love a cock up your ass. Even when it hurts. Even when it hurts so fucking bad, you’re gonna cum for me. You’re gonna cum on my cock. Come on, Barb, squeeze on me now… lemme feel that ass tighten up on my dick… Come on…”

And it only takes a few more seconds of furious jerking before Barb clenches up and orgasms, driven over the edge by the needs of her monster clit. She bawls brokenly, a long lowing “Uhhhhhhhhh,” through her nose while her hips stutter through orgasm, followed by choking as she struggles to swallow another mouthful of milk.

The rest is all hiccuping and gagging through the aftermath, the fluttering shocks that make her cunt and clit throb in my hand. She’s still twitching with overstimulation when I finish a few minutes later, pumping cum deep into her colon.

Barb gives a high-pitched whine: with how brutalized her asshole is, she can probably feel the pulse of hot squirt. I withdraw my cock and her asshole is left twitching, flaring open and

closed. Cum and lube dribble over her puffy lips. Everything is swollen and glistening and red.

“Fuck, that’s hot.” I can’t resist sliding two fingers into her ass just to hurt her a little longer. Barb keens and writhes in place, so sensitive that even the heat of my fingers burns.

I wipe my hand on her thigh and come around to her front. Suspended only by the chain linked to her collar, hands locked behind her back, Barb stands there weak-kneed and trembling with her lower back arched in an attempt to keep her asscheeks spread open, not pressing on the hypersensitized swell of her hole. It’s a fucking gorgeous picture: thoroughly fucked, absolutely desperate not to get fucked again, yet presenting her ass as if she’s begging for it. And her tits, of course, remain rock hard and huge despite the milking machine pumping furiously at her nipples.

“Good girl,” I say, stroking her tits. She moans and a tear trickles down her cheek. “You look so good like this. Are you glad I’m pumping out your tits?”

And miserably, knowing better than to complain, Barb gives a tearful nod. I give her clit a few firm jerks in reward, making her shudder in mingled pleasure and despair.

“Now let’s get you onto the post for your enema,” I conclude, using her dangling clit like a guide to make her turn. “Got to wash out all that cum in your guts. Don’t worry, I’ll make the water nice and cool today. And the dildo will help push your hole in and hold it that way. Does that sound good, baby?”

Barb wails in despair but can’t resist being led to the enema post, slobbering and sucking down her own milk all the way.

Chapter End Notes

Jack's callous cynicism in the opening scene of this chapter is the most disturbing thing I've written for this fic-- or at least, it is to me. I point this out because I know a few readers out there (*why are you reading this oh my god*) seem to be under the impression that I, the writer, totally share Jack's point of view, so I just thought I'd say, from the bottom of my heart, NOPE. I felt dirty writing that.

I mean, then I wrote the smut and felt better. Because that's the enjoyable part of this fantasy for me. But holy shit is Jack ever an asshole.

End Notes

Please mention if you think this needs any additional tags.

Feel free to let me know what you want more of, or if you have any new kinks you'd like to see. ;)

PS: Several people have asked this, so yes-- *also* feel free to let me know if you nutted lmao.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!