

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Vulgus

If you have not read "[Taken at A Rest Stop](#)", please read that first. If you have read it, and did not care for it, don't read this. This is worse and you won't like this either.

I was finally starting to get my life back on track. The trials and the appeals were done. JT and Luke had been convicted of murder and kidnapping and rape and sentenced to death.

But the damage they had done to my marriage had turned out to be irreparable. We had tried, we both had. But we were never the same again. We could never look each other in the eye without seeing what had been done to me. The worst things, the things Jim hadn't seen, had come out at the trial and he had heard all about them in great detail. It was just as humiliating as when it had actually been happening.

The jury and the audience had heard all about the gangbang by a bar full of rednecks, ending in my being raped by a dog on a table for the amusement of the crowd which paid ten dollars apiece for the show. They also heard all about the next day when I had been forced to have sex with two horses. The jury even got to see stills from the movie that had been made. They also heard about the four men who had urinated down my throat.

During the testimony I had watched Jim. Every word had been like a blow to him. He never recovered. And a lot of those details made it into the news, at least into the tabloid news.

Living in a tiny town like we did, well, everyone knew what had happened to me long before I got home from testifying at the trial.

When I got home I saw it in their faces. They were sympathetic, of course. But seeing that knowledge in the eyes of everyone I met was more than I could stand. Jim finally moved out. I didn't blame him. We had been to see every kind of counselor there was. Marriage counselors, trauma counselors, sex counselors. But none of them could change what had happened to me, or erase those images from Jim's brain.

After Jim moved out I stayed in the house for a while. But I couldn't even bring myself to shop in town. I had to drive sixty miles for a quart of milk.

I called my boss and told him I wouldn't be coming back. He understood and told me that he would give me a good recommendation if anyone contacted him.

Then I sat around the house for a couple of weeks and just cried a lot. I finally ran out of tears and started looking for a new job, and a new place to live. I didn't know where I was going, but I knew I had to leave here. I put my house up for sale.

I received divorce papers and signed them without even reading them. I didn't even notice that Jim had given me everything we had owned jointly until I sold the house and had to know. Jim and I had made a lot of improvements to our home. It was our dream house. I got lucky and it sold for what I was asking at a time when the housing market was sky high. I made an obscene amount of money and sent Jim a check for half.

With the rest of the money I put my belongings in storage and drove to Atlanta to look for a job. I am a graphic artist by trade and checking the internet I gathered that the fastest growing market for my skills on the east coast was in the Atlanta area.

I stayed in an extended stay motel outside of Atlanta and started my job search in earnest. I had

some offers but the best job, with the best pay and the best benefits was with a small firm in Augusta, about 150 miles east of Atlanta. They even offered to pay to move my belongings down from Vermont and gave me a significant signing bonus. I hadn't expected such generosity and was touched. I liked these people already.

I spent a couple of days finding an apartment and getting set up. I wanted to get to know the area better before I started home shopping.

Compared to Atlanta, Augusta is a small town. But compared to the little town I lived in, this was the big city. I had trouble getting around without getting lost for a while, but I figured out the main streets and boulevards before long and got settled in. The immediate benefit was that nobody here knew me or what had happened to me.

The new job was great. I liked the people and it was just a nice place to work. They had really been short handed; they kept losing people to Atlanta. So I had to hit the drawing board running, so to speak. That was good for me. I was able to stop thinking about my troubles for a while.

I don't want to sound too vain, but I am very good at what I do. My employers recognized my talents and quickly increased my workload. I was happier for it. I threw myself into my work and the months flew by.

I was doing a lot more interacting with clients after I started getting my confidence back. It was not uncommon for me to meet clients for dinner or at a quiet club with proposals and preliminary sketches. So I had no clue when I agreed to take some of my work out to the new documentary film company opening up outside of town. My brand new life was about to come crashing down around me.

I printed out a map on my computer with the driving directions and gathered up my presentation. I told my secretary where I was going and went out to the parking lot. I had gotten a new car already, there were too many bad memories associated with the old one. I piled my things into the trunk of my new Lexus and took a good long look at the map I had printed out, the car had one of those GPS things in the dashboard, but I hadn't figured out how to use it yet. Then I headed out. It was still a bit early and rush hour hadn't really kicked in yet so it was a pretty easy drive.

I found the place. Fortunately, they had a nice big sign out by the road or I would have driven right past. The studios were located on a large farm. Even after all this time I was uncomfortable driving up to a farm. But I just reminded myself that all of that was a year ago and half a continent away. I pulled up to the farm house and parked. I pulled my briefcase and presentation case out of the trunk and headed for the front door.

I was met at the door by a young woman and when I introduced myself she smiled and told me to follow her. I followed her inside and down a short hallway. I noticed that the rooms I had seen were all converted into offices and a meeting room. I was led into an office and offered a seat. I was told that Mr. Todd would be with me shortly.

While I was waiting I went through my papers and made sure I was prepared for any questions. It was Friday afternoon and I imagine that anyone else would have been anxious to finish up and go home. Since I didn't have a life outside of the office I was in no hurry. I planned to make the best presentation these people had ever seen.

It was ten minutes before I heard footsteps coming toward the office I was waiting in and at last two men came in. As soon as I was aware that they were coming into this room I stood up and turned to greet them.

As soon as I saw them the blood drained from my face. I recognized them immediately. They were two of the men that had filmed me having sex with horses a year ago.

I turned back around immediately and reached for my bags. I stood up and said, "Excuse me. I can't stay here."

One of the men had stepped into the room and was behind me. The other was standing in the door looking at me with an evil grin on his face.

"Well I'll be damned, look what he have here! Hello Jean. This is perfect timing. We have been having trouble finding another star to replace you in our newest epic films. Your first one is still selling like hotcakes. It has been one of our biggest hits ever.

I tried bluffing my way out. "Get out of my way," I demanded. "I am not starring in any of your movies and I am not representing your slimy movie company either. Now get out of my way before I call the cops. And don't think you can pull anything either. My secretary knows where I am."

The man that had come into the room behind me sat down behind the desk and said, "Yes, she knows where you went. But she doesn't expect to hear from you before Monday, does she?"

"Yes," I lied. "I told her I would check in before I went home." It sounded like a lie even to me.

The man behind the desk reached into his desk and pulled out a DVD case. I glanced at it and saw immediately what it was. There was a picture of me and a horse on the cover.

"Honey," he said, as though disappointed that I would try to fool him. "After all we have been through you should know better than to try and fool me. We have been intimate. You have sucked my cock and I have pissed right down your fucking throat."

He pulled the DVD out of the case and slipped it into a player in the corner and turned it on. I found myself totally unable to avoid staring at the screen. I watched in horror as I saw myself on the screen, licking a horses balls and smiling at the camera. I watched until I saw myself kneeling under the horse and licking its big cock. Then I was finally able to tear my eyes away.

"Let me go," I heard myself begging in a voice that was weak and scared. "Please, I can't take that again. I am getting my life back together finally. You have got to leave me alone."

"That's a problem, honey. I could let you go and just send a copy of the movie to the people at your office. But even if I did that, I would still have to close up shop and get out of here. I just spent a lot of money getting set up here. I can't afford to move now." He leaned back in his chair and said, "No, I can't let you go telling everyone about my friends and me and what we are doing out here. That doesn't make good business sense, now, does it?"

I was on the verge of panic now. I could not believe that after all I had been through I had ended up walking right back into their clutches.

"No," the man continued calmly. "The way I see it, the only way to keep you quiet is to make so many movies starring you this weekend that you won't be able to tell anyone about us. We are going to have to make your weekend so humiliating that it will be impossible for you to ever tell anyone about us. Now, while my staff start getting set up, why don't you get down here and let me see if you still remember how to give a decent blowjob."

I looked at him and I knew that there was no way out. Suddenly it was like my nightmare had never

ended. Tears poured down my cheeks as I slowly walked around the desk and knelt at his feet. He stared down at me and waited for me to do all the work. I had not seen or touched a male organ since I was rescued from the clutches of JT and Luke last year. I couldn't stand the thought of it. Now I was reaching out and unbuckling this horrid man's belt and unbuttoning his pants. I struggled with his bunched up zipper and finally I was pulling his pants and his shorts down as he lifted his hips up to make it easier for me.

I looked up at him, wanting to beg him to let me go. But I saw the obvious pleasure he was taking in my suffering, my humiliation, and I knew it was hopeless. I reached out and lifted his large, warm, soft cock and leaned forward and took him into my mouth. As soon as I felt his cock on my tongue I started gagging. My eyes were closed and I had no warning when he suddenly slapped me viciously across the face.

"Get over it bitch. I have seen what you can do, remember? Now god damn it get with the program. I want to feel your lips in my pubic hair. Do it!"

I tried to remember what I had done when I had been raped by JT and Luke. I took my hand away and started sucking his rapidly growing organ into my mouth. He sat back and relaxed and watched me work on his cock until I finally managed to force it into my throat. He chuckled and said, "That's a good girl. I knew you could do it," then he patted me on the head and let me get to work.

I quickly got into a rhythm and spent a very long time sucking this very jaded man's cock before he finally grabbed my head. But instead of pulling me close and cumming down my throat he pulled me back until just the head of his cock was in my mouth and made me use my hand to finish him off. I moved my hand rapidly up and down his fat cock as he filled my mouth with cum. When he was finally finished I swallowed and licked him clean.

Then I said, "Thank you sir," without even thinking. I had slipped right back into my slave mode without even a thought. Both men laughed at me and I just covered my face in shame and sobbed.

I heard the man behind me unfastening his pants and the man I had just sucked off nudged me with his foot and said, "I don't mind if you cry. In fact I like it. But you still have to do your job. I expect you to be very busy this weekend. So you are going to have to get used to going from cock to cock without much rest."

I lowered my hands and turned around. The man who had been blocking the door was now sitting where I had sat when I first came in, with his pants down around his knees. Two more of them were standing in the door watching with big smiles on their faces.

As I began sucking my second cock of the afternoon, one of men in the door said, "Well, I guess that solves a lot of our problems, doesn't it? I'll go out and start getting things ready in the barn. How do you want to start?"

The man behind the desk said, "Why don't we start simple and work our way up. Why don't we gather all of the crew and the trainers and I'll see if I can get Midge on the phone and see how many guys she can come up with and we can start with a gangbang. Then we can do a quickie on water sports, then move up to the dogs and horses. I think we should try to get everyone here tomorrow and do a Bukkake film. After that we can see what we are in the mood for. One of you try to contact that S&M couple that has offered their services and they can come in on Sunday evening. We will determine then if it will be snuff or not. If sweet little Jean here behaves herself and convinces me that I won't have to worry about her opening her mouth, well, we'll see."

I was listening in horror as he laid out his plans for me for the weekend. He probably thought I

didn't know what he meant when he said snuff. But I did. The prosecutor for JT and Luke had told me that, before very much longer, that is probably what would have happened to me if they had not found me.

At first I was terrified, but all at once I thought, "Maybe it's for the best. My life is over. I will be better off dead, especially after this weekend. In fact, death is something to look forward to now."

I had been sucking mindlessly on the cock in my mouth and was startled when I felt his cum blasting into me. The first shot of cum landed against the roof of my mouth but the rest of it all went straight down my throat. I finally sucked him clean and said, "Thank you sir." Then I sat up on my heels and waited for someone to tell me what to do.

The man behind the desk stood up and moved around in front of me. His pants were still open and his soft cock hanging out. "Let's see if you remember that other trick of yours," he said. He grabbed my hair and pulled me close and shoved his cock into my mouth. I closed my eyes but he yelled at me to look at him and so I stared up at him as I felt his strong stream of piss shoot right down my throat and into my queasy stomach. But I couldn't see him. My eyes were so full of tears that everything was just a blur.

When he had finished pissing down my throat I grabbed my stomach and put a hand over my mouth and started to scramble to my feet. He grabbed me by my hair and pulled me up using only the hair on my head.

He pulled my face close to his and yelled at me, "Don't you fucking dare, god damn you! I saw you drink the piss from four men and I know damn well you can handle that little bit. If it comes up, you'll be licking it up off the floor."

I tried to calm down and take some deep breaths, fighting desperately to control my uneasy stomach.

The two men I had just sucked off fastened their pants and the one that had just pissed in my mouth led out, the other one grabbed my arm and pushed me along behind.

They took me out to the barn. On the way out from the house I could see several large horses in a corral adjacent to the barn. I couldn't see the dogs but I heard dogs barking not far away. It sounded like a lot of them.

The other three men that had made me suck them off before making me have sex with horses last year were getting things ready in the barn. Off to one side was a film set. It was three walls and a king sized bed. It looked like a regular bedroom except there was no fourth wall; instead there were lights and cameras facing into the room. There were also a dozen other men, some bustling around adjusting cameras and lights, while others were just lounging around. The woman who had admitted me to the house earlier was also there. They all looked up as I was led in.

I was led over to the other three partners and given what seemed to be their typical welcome. I was put on my knees and forced to suck them all off in front of everyone. A few of the other men wandered over to watch, but they didn't say anything or attempt to join in.

I was just starting on the third man when someone behind me said, "OK, the set is ready." But I just continued as if he hadn't spoken and sucked off the fifth and final member of the group of men that seemed to be in charge.

When I had licked him clean and thanked him, he put his pants back together and went over to talk

to the men that were waiting around. I didn't hear what they said but the men kept looking over at me as he talked. I turned to the one that seemed to be most in charge and asked if I could go to the ladies room. I suspected that I was going to have a very rough time of it and it would only be worse if I had to pee. He pointed to a door.

I hurried over to bathroom and knelt in front of the filthy toilet. I stuck my finger down my throat and brought up all of the urine and five loads of cum. Then I squatted over the dirty toilet seat and peed. I cleaned myself and took a few deep breaths and forced myself to go back outside.

I was ordered to go sit on the end of the bed and handed a magazine and told to look through it. I looked down and found myself looking at a magazine featuring women of all descriptions having sex with dogs! I remembered that was one of the movies I would be making today and cringed. I still vividly remembered how horrible it had been to be raped by a dog. It was horrible to contemplate, and I tried desperately not to think about it. At least until I had been handed the pictures to stare at. Now I could think of nothing else.

I glanced up and saw that the crowd of men standing on the outside of the bedroom set had just about doubled in size. There seemed to be about twenty-five men standing around now. They were all ages and all races and all shapes and sizes. I didn't know what was going to happen, but that question was answered when the director nodded and the men came rushing at me from all sides. They pulled me up and started to violently tear my clothes off.

They were very violent. The ones that weren't destroying my clothing were pulling my hair or, as parts of my body were uncovered they pinched and twisted and pulled. One man tried to lift me up by my pubic hair. I was crying and screaming and begging them to stop. They seemed to love it.

As soon as I was naked I was tossed on the bed, followed immediately by more men than I could count. Some of them had already undressed and they started immediately raping which ever orifice was available. It went on and on, man after man raping my mouth and my vagina and my ass. It hurt terribly at first, but after a while I started getting numb.

After ever three or four fucks they would pause and one of them would use a spoon to scrape up the fresh cum leaking out of me and force it into my mouth. Then it would start again. I have absolutely no idea how long it lasted. By the time it was over there were probably forty or fifty men in the group. I know that a lot of them went around more than once because after a long while I became aware of the taste of my pussy on the cocks being shoved in my mouth. And everything was being recorded by cameras all along the outside of the room, as well as a couple of close up, hand held cameras and two more cameras dangling from the rafters.

I couldn't count the times that I had three cocks at a time in me. A couple of times they tried to get two at a time in my mouth or my pussy, but gave up. I was just too tight. Finally, I am not sure how many, but the last group of men, perhaps a dozen of them, pulled out and shot their loads of cum on my stomach and breasts and face. I was covered in a milky glaze of cum when they finally left my battered body alone.

The young woman came forward, still fully dressed and looking very business like. She was wearing latex gloves and had a disgusted look on her face. She grabbed my hair and pulled me up and led me out into the center of the barn again.

I was led to a small kiddy pool and ordered to kneel. The lights and cameras were shifted and I was again the center of attention as men started coming forward one or two at a time and hosing the dripping cum off of me with urine. The hot streams of piss were directed to every inch of my body. I

was ordered to keep my mouth open and that became a frequent aiming point, but I wasn't forced to swallow, I just allowed it to flow into my mouth and swirl around and flow out again and wash down over my filthy body.

There were a few, however, that had stranger appetites. They ordered me to get up and bend over with my ass at the edge of the pool. Then one of them would force his cock into me, sometimes my ass, sometimes my pussy, and fill me with piss. I was usually forced to suck them clean after they had emptied their bladders in me.

There were some final shots of me laying down in the bottom of the pool, rolling around in warm piss, even sticking out my tongue and lapping at it and smiling for the cameras. By the time all forty of them had used me this disgusting way they had close to an hour and a half of just me kneeling in a pool and being used as a urinal.

The woman came back and pulled me out of the pool and led me away, using my nipple as a handle. I was led back to the nasty bathroom and pushed into a small shower stall. The woman turned on the cold water and ordered me to rinse off. I did the best I could. There was a cheap shampoo on a shelf and I tried to wash the piss and the remnants of cum out of my hair, but it was very hard to rinse clean in that cold water.

When she was satisfied she shut the water off and handed me a towel. I stepped out of the shower and dried off. As soon as I was sufficiently dried off she grabbed the towel and threw it over the toilet and pulled me back outside by my nipple.

She pulled me back over to the center of the room. The pool was gone now, but in its place was a bench, similar to the one I had been strapped to when I had been fucked by the horse, but smaller.

This bench had a padded top support which arched gently upward. I realized immediately how this served their purpose when she put me down across it on my back and strapped me down. My hair was pulled into a pony tail and weaved together with a piece of rope which was pulled under me and fastened to the bench. It was pulled tight and my head pulled back, forcing my mouth open.

My arms were tied under me and my legs pulled out obscenely. In this position my head hung down one side and was accessible from that end while my body rose up and then back down on the other side of the bench, making my pussy vulnerable from the other side. I was totally helpless. To make things worse, the numbness had begun to wear off and my whole body was in incredible pain, especially my throat and my pussy.

Once she had made me helpless the woman pulled a small jar out of a pocket in her skirt and opened it. She smeared my face and my breasts and my thighs and my pussy with the oily cream inside. She even stuck her finger in my mouth. It smelled and tasted foul. Then she stood up and smiled down at me while she slowly removed the latex gloves. "Now my babies get their turn bitch," she said quietly, but with hate dripping from every word. "You thought you got a lot of cock over there in that bedroom a while ago? Well hang on baby; you're going for a real ride now!"

The cameras were already rolling and she walked away and took a leash from a man standing nearby. She came back and brought the dog to my face. It started whining and dancing around anxiously as it smelled the cream on my lips. She held the dog back for a moment and hugged it and whispered to it. Then she let it go.

The dog, a large German Shepherd, lunged at me and started licking my face, slobbering all over me, but taking great pains to explore my mouth extensively with its large, slobber covered tongue. I was gagging uncontrollably and thought for sure I was going to puke up all of the recently

swallowed cum and piss in my stomach. But I fought to control the impulse. I was certain that there would be repercussions if I lost control of my stomach.

Once the dog had cleaned the oily cream from my lips he was directed to my breasts. His front feet were placed on carpet covered runners that went up each side of my body and as he leaned up to lick my breasts I saw his remarkably large erection. I had no idea! I had been raped by a mutt in a redneck bar last year, but its penis had not been this large. And it certainly had not been in my face! I tried to avoid the throbbing organ as it bounced around my face, but the woman ordered me to start licking and I obeyed.

It was disgusting, but not as bad as it looked. He wasn't clean, but after I had licked him for several minutes, with cameras aimed at my face, it wasn't so bad. Then I was ordered to start sucking and I took his fat, rapidly moving cock into my mouth and in less than a minute his body was pressed against mine and he was thrusting his cock in and out of my throat at an incredible speed.

The pain was awful and I was moaning loudly. Both the director and the dog seemed to enjoy my moans. It seemed like hours, but I suppose it was only minutes before I felt his knot growing at the end of his cock battering at my lips. I tried desperately to keep my lips closed so tightly that he couldn't push that knot into my mouth, but he was fucking my face so violently that it was inevitable. As soon as his knot was all the way in my mouth, forcing my jaws open so wide that I thought that they would separate, he held himself tightly against me and quivered as he ejaculated right down my throat.

The dog finally was satisfied and with a little difficulty, managed to remove his still sizeable knot from my mouth, much to my relief.

But my relief was short lived. The woman handed the dog's leash to a man standing nearby and rubbed a little more of the cream on my lips and my breasts. She stepped out of my sight for a moment and then appeared with a huge Great Dane. The dog was led up to my face and as soon as he smelled the cream, and the fresh load of cum from the first dog, he was immediately excited.

He started lapping my face, and his tongue was twice as large as the other dog's had been. Each time he lapped my face his tongue covered half of my face. When he started exploring my mouth I nearly choked. It was like he was trying to stick his tongue down my throat!

When the woman was satisfied that they had enough film of the dog French kissing me he was led around and presented with my crotch. He started whining and growling as he lapped at my pussy, all the while prancing around and humping air with his hindquarters.

He was allowed to spend a lot of time eating my pussy. I suspect that they were hoping I would react, become aroused. When it became obvious that wasn't going to happen she led the dog up over me and as he licked my breasts I waited for that huge monster to start raping me.

The woman finally was satisfied with all of the foreplay, I guess, and she pulled the dog forward and I could feel her using her hand to line his cock up with my slit. She was having difficulty controlling him, but finally he felt the head of his cock enter my hot, much abused pussy and he surged forward with all of his might.

The pain was incredible and I screamed loudly. His only reaction was to growl at me threateningly. I realized his mouth was right at my face. If I pissed him off he could bite my throat in half in one bite. I tried to keep quiet, but with each thrust his cock rammed against my cervix painfully. I cried out each time. The tears were streaming down my face and the camera man was right there recording it all.

The first time I had been raped by a dog he had forced his knot into me and it had been very painful. Just like now. I had already been gang raped that time too and I was very sore. I was remembering that and I was terrified because I knew that his dog had a much larger cock, I felt it was safe to assume that his knot would also be much larger. I was right. I felt it grow and batter at my pussy and finally slip in. I screamed in pain again, but this time he ignored me.

The dog held his body close and I felt his knot getting bigger and bigger until I was sure that I was going to be torn. Then I felt that shiver go through him and I felt my belly grow as it filled with his sperm. Our sexual organs were sealed together and there was no way for his cum to escape. Instead it filled my cavity and then expanded my belly, pushing out as I filled with dog cum. All I could do was pant in pain and wait for it to end. For the entire time he was emptying his sperm into me his face was right over me with steady streams of drool draining down onto my face. It took a long, long time to come to an end.

At last he was satisfied and tried to pull his knot free. I screamed again, it felt like he was tearing me apart. He tried several times to pull free and then he pushed his body away from me and stepped over with his hind leg and then he was facing away from me, pulling gently from time to time until at last he was able to pull free.

I had tensed up every muscle in my body by that point. When he finally pulled free I collapsed back onto the bench and sobbed in near hysteria. I couldn't take any more. Surely if they would do one more thing to my abused body I would go mad.

But I didn't go mad. I wished that I could. Or become unconscious. Instead I remained awake and aware and sucked and fucked four more dogs. Then my legs were freed and pulled up to my head and fastened in place and a last dog was brought in to fuck my ass. Half way through that was when I finally passed out.

When I finally became aware of my surroundings again I was in a pile on the floor and the bench was gone. There was a bottle of water beside me. I looked up and there were a couple of dozen men sitting around staring at me, including the big five.

I tried to take stock of the pain in my body, tried to decide if something was torn or broken. But everything hurt so bad I couldn't really tell. It took me several attempts to sit up, much to the amusement of the men watching my struggles. At last I was able to grasp the water bottle and take a desperately needed drink. I tried to gulp the water down at first. But my throat was so sore that I choked. I ended up slowly sipping until the water was gone. I would have really liked something stronger, or a bottle of aspirin.

I finished the water and collapsed back onto the floor. I was too weak to sit up for long. I glanced outside and saw that it was quite dark. I tried to estimate how long that this had been going on. But I couldn't really. My best guess was somewhere between four and five hours, probably closer to five. It was very dark out now so it had to be at least eight PM.

I was allowed to rest for a short while, much too short. Then I heard a noise and when I saw what the men were doing I curled up into the fetal position and cried like a baby. I saw four men pulling out the bench I had been tied to when I had been raped by a horse last year.

I heard a horse being led inside but I didn't open my eyes. I just cried and hugged myself and rocked gently on the floor in the middle of the barn.

I could hear them moving things around and getting set up at the bench. I heard someone nearby and opened my eyes to see that one of those assholes was filming me crying in fear and pain.

Something to make my movies more appealing to my fans I suppose.

I tuned them all out until I was lifted to my feet by two of them and handed a damp towel. I wiped myself off. I must have been a horrible mess. But they didn't care. One of the men told me that I would be sucking this first horse off solo, and warned me that if I didn't stop from time to time to smile at the camera I could not even imagine how much worse my suffering could become. I honestly didn't think things could be worse. But I didn't want to find out.

I was given a minute to towel myself off and then I was led over to the horse. The man who I assumed was in charge told me to do the same things I had done last time until the horse started to cum. Then I was to swallow as much as I could until he yelled cut.

I dropped the towel when they told me they were ready to start and approached the horse. I couldn't tell if it was one of the horses from last time. He didn't seem nervous, so I figured that this was not his first movie.

I approached him from the side and rubbed my hands over his flanks, talking quietly to him. I worked my way around to the back of the huge animal and pulled his tail out of the way and started licking his balls. The camera came in for some close ups and I looked up and put a forced smile on my face, then returned to what I had been doing. I licked his balls for several minutes, until I got a signal from someone to move on.

I moved down the horse's side and dropped to my knees. It was immediately apparent that the animal had enjoyed the touch of my tongue to its large balls. His cock was almost fully extended and was nearly two feet long and throbbing towards its full length.

I took hold of that large, ugly tube of horseflesh and moved my hands up and down for a minute before I noticed the man signaling me from the side and I leaned forward and started licking, covering as much of the last foot of that huge cock with my comparatively tiny tongue as I could. I saw the camera man squat down on the other side of the horse and I smiled at him for a second, and then resumed my work.

I took the end of the cock into my mouth. That was all that I could squeeze in. I moved my tongue over it, while moving my hands up and down the shaft the way the other woman had shown me. I was getting very tired when I started seeing signs that the animal was nearing climax. I remembered what I had learned and I moved myself so that I was centered under the horse and took his cock back into my mouth and rapidly massaged his throbbing organ.

He was starting to thrust his cock at me, making it very difficult to keep my mouth over the end. I held on though, and soon I felt the flood of cum begin to squirt into my mouth in a volume I could never be expected to handle. I swallowed mouthful after disgusting mouthful of horse cum, but the vast majority of his spend splashed into my face or squirted out of my mouth around the sides of his cock, and ran down my naked body in streams.

The stream gradually tapered off and finally came to an end. The cameras came in for some more close ups and I smiled at them and licked my lips. Following direction from off camera I rubbed the hot, sticky, pungent cum into my skin and licked my fingers clean. At last they stopped filming and I was allowed to take another quick shower while the horse was led away.

When I returned from the bathroom another horse was tied up to the bench. I was ordered to repeat the process and I started all over again at the back of the animal. I tried to smile when they were filming me licking its balls, but the tears of despair were streaming down my cheeks. I licked until I was signaled to move on and then I knelt and started licking and sucking yet another huge horse

cock and massaging it with my hands.

This time, however, after about ten minutes of manual manipulation, I was pulled out from underneath the horse and rushed to the bench and strapped down. I could still vividly remember the pain of being fucked by a horse's giant cock from last year. I cried loudly and begged them to let me finish him with my mouth, and cameras got close ups of my despair, and my abject terror.

As soon as I was fastened down, the dog trainer untied the horse from the corner of the bench and led him between my legs. She held his nose to my pussy and he licked at it. He had apparently fucked a woman before and he was getting excited. He was led further up my body and I felt his cock sliding over my belly. He was thrusting, frustrated at his inability to sink that huge organ into my body. I felt someone's hands guiding him and I saw two people at the horse's head to try and control him while I felt the head of his huge cock being forced into my pussy.

If a woman can be said to be thankful for a rape, I was grateful for my abuse at the hands of that crowd of slimy men and the dogs that loosened me up earlier. The horse felt his cock sliding into me and started thrusting. Thankfully he was held back by the padded boards at the end of the bench that were in place for that very reason. He could only get so close to me, only thrust so much into me. But it was enough to hurt more than anything else in my life. I screamed in pain as he thrust more than a foot of his huge cock into my abused pussy. His thrusts were horrifying. He was a huge animal and his thrusts so powerful that the bench moved across the floor with every massive thrust.

Everyone had stood back now, and they filmed the incredibly violent rape until the horse finally started cumming in me. I felt myself being filled up with the hot fluid spurting forcefully from the end of his desperately thrusting cock. I was beyond screaming now. I could only cry and moan at the pain and degradation. The huge flood of semen finally came to an end and I felt the horse finally stop his thrusting. He stood still and his cock began to recede, sliding out of my pussy an inch at a time.

I was thankful that it was over. I lay there waiting impatiently to be freed from this horrible bench. I became hysterical when they came in with another horse. I begged them not to do this to me again. I begged them to let me go. I begged them to kill me. They filmed it all.

Then they led the new horse over to me and as soon as he smelled my abused pussy he became agitated. He was allowed to lap at the horse cum dripping from me and then he was quickly led up over me and his cock was guided by hands into my pussy.

The first two horses that had raped me, the first one that they had filmed last year, and the one that had just finished, had both received more than ten minutes of manual stimulation before their cocks penetrated my body. This one had not. He started fucking a foot of his cock into me brutally, but I was beyond screaming now. My body was wracked with pain but all I could do was move my head back and forth and gasp and pant in pain. I wanted desperately to sink into unconsciousness. But it was not to be. The rape went on and on and I finally just collapsed onto the bench and laid there like a limp rag and let whatever would happen, happen.

I was aware when he began filling my body with horse cum once again. But I just ignored it. I just let them do whatever they wanted. I thought surely that it must be over now. I was partly right. The pain was over. Well, I was still in agony, but the cause of it was led away.

But I was about to be introduced to a new feature of the bench, the semen collector. Unlike my first experience on this device, this time when a horse fucked me the huge volume of his cum drained down between my thighs into a clear plastic canister under my ass. The cameras had been watching it fill up after my two horse rapes and now they were getting ready for the disgusting, degrading,

grand finale.

A metal rod with a hook on it like an IV stand was attached to the corner of the bench near my head. My mouth was fitted with a rubber mouthpiece and I saw someone reach under me and pull out the canister which was nearly full of horse cum. The canister was hung from the hook by my head and a tube was inserted into my mouth piece. I watched in horror as they worked, realizing what was happening and being powerless to stop it. Everything was ready quickly and someone turned a knob underneath the canister and I watched the thick, white horse cum start to drain down the clear plastic tube and into my mouth.

At first I held the warm, slimy, nasty fluid in my mouth, the only alternative being so difficult to contemplate. Finally, however, I realized that I had no other option and I started swallowing. I had already swallowed a large amount of horse cum, of course. Or at least it had been large by human standards. The canister at my head appeared to hold nearly a gallon! At first I watched for progress as I swallowed. But it was going so very slowly, I couldn't stand to watch. I finally just closed my eyes and swallowed it a little at a time. The last half of the canister was worse, in part because my stomach was beginning to rebel, but mostly because it was cooling and the taste was more repugnant when it cooled.

I must have sucked at that mouthpiece between my lips for at least half an hour. I thought that it must surely be a very boring thing to watch. I was startled when I finally sucked in a mouth full of air and realized that the horse cum container was finally empty.

I opened my eyes and looked around I saw that the only one still paying attention was the man who was taking the occasional close-up. I stopped swallowing and waited for whatever indignity would be next.

One of the cameramen got the attention of the rest of the group and they finally ended filming, except for the handheld camera. I was released from the bench and pulled to my feet. I was unable to stand and collapsed on the floor.

Nobody wanted to touch me. I didn't blame them. I was ordered to crawl and I followed the woman who had been so cruel to me across the barn and into a kennel attached to the side of the barn. She opened a cage and I was forced into a pen with one of the Great Danes I had been raped by earlier. As soon as I was inside a camera was set up on a tripod and left running.

She squatted down and got my attention and said, "Don't worry sweetie. Rex really liked you earlier. I am pretty sure he won't hurt you, as long as you do what he says. Do you understand me?"

I nodded numbly. Aware that he was sniffing and licking around my ass while I was being pretty much told to do whatever he wanted by his trainer.

I begged her for some water and she smiled and pointed at the nasty dog bowls in the corner. "There you go sweetie, all the food and water you need. Enjoy."

I ignored the dog and crawled to the corner and tried to lift the bowl. She yelled at me and told me that if she saw me using my hands I would have them tied behind me. I had no fight left in me. I dropped my face to the dirty bowl and sucked up as much of the water as I could. As I lapped at the water bowl the dog was lapping his huge tongue between my legs. I tried closing my legs and moving my butt around and reaching back and pushing him away, but he started growling and I remembered what the trainer had said about not being hurt as long as I did what the dog wanted.

I considered my options and there seemed to be only two. The first was to allow this huge dog to

fuck me. I had just been raped by two horses, any number of dogs and a large crowd of men. My pussy was so sore that I didn't think I could stand another brutal dog rape. I decided that the option I was most likely to survive would be to see if I could get the dog to settle for a blowjob.

I slowly twisted my body around and reached under the dog. He was still lapping at me, but he allowed me to touch his lengthening cock and as he realized that what I was doing was pleasing him he stood still and I was able to turn around and put my head over his cock and start sucking. He had probably been sucked off before, maybe even by me, and he allowed me to get him off with my hands and my mouth.

When I had finished I watched him go into a corner and lie down and lick himself for a few minutes before going to sleep. I was horrified when I realized that without even thinking about it I had swallowed the animals ejaculate. I carefully sipped at the water bowl again, keeping an eye on the dog as I did. Then I curled up in the corner farthest from him and tried to rest.

I wouldn't have thought, under these circumstances that I would have been able to sleep, but I was exhausted and before long I drifted off. I was raised from a deep sleep some time later, I have no idea how much time had passed. The damned dog was lapping at my crotch again.

Just as I had before, I tried to push him away. But he just growled and snapped at my hand. I knew I had no choice. I got up on my hands and knees again and started playing with his cock. He tried several times to get behind me and mount me, but I managed to get him to settle for my mouth again. When I had swallowed his cum he returned to his corner and, after I rinsed out my mouth at his water bowl again I curled up in my corner and tried to sleep some more.

I was startled awake when the trainer opened the cage. She refilled the dog's bowls and then pulled me out of the cage. I was pulled to my feet by my hair. I had trouble standing, I had not been able to stand since being fucked by the horses, and the cage I had been in all night was only slightly taller than the dog that lived there, so I couldn't stand up in there either. I followed stiffly behind the trainer to what appeared to be a dog wash area. She hosed me down with cold water and then handed me some shampoo and body wash and I was finally able to get rid of the animal smells.

She hosed me off again after I had soaped up and then she gave me a can of breakfast drink. "I imagine you are pretty hungry, for food anyway. But it is probably best that you have an empty stomach. Don't worry though; you will be having plenty of nutrition pretty soon."

I hadn't eaten since lunch yesterday, and I suppose I should have been famished, but I wasn't. I was just waiting desperately for this to end.

The trainer led me into the barn and I was once more fastened to a bench. This was smaller than the other two benches I had already experienced. I was on my stomach, waist high, and I had noticed as I approached that there was another of those canisters under the bench so that any fluids that dripped down would be collected.

The only people in the barn when I was brought in had been a couple of camera men who filmed me coming in and being strapped down to the bench. Once I was in place they took turns fucking me. They finished quickly and stepped back out of the picture.

The trainer had been watching and as soon as the camera men were finished with me she went to the side door and opened it and started letting men in, a lot of men. There were at least twice as many as last night. They were already naked and they quickly surrounded me and started forcing their cocks into me. It lasted nearly all day.

They came in my mouth and they came in my pussy and my ass, over and over. And they were all so violent. They thrust brutally, driving their cocks down my throat or deep into my pussy or ass. While they fucked me they reached under me and pulled and twisted my tits or pinched and spanked my ass.

It was nearly dark when they finally finished fucking me and then stood back to watch as the canister was put in place at my head again. I saw that there was as much cum in the canister as there had been last night from the horses. So I knew what I had to do. I started sucking and swallowing, just like last night.

It occurred to me that this was worse. It shouldn't have been, but horse semen didn't have that bitter, bleached taste that human semen often has. This was a very bitter drink I was sucking down.

While I worked at swallowing the contents of the canister I saw them placing another canister under the bench I was fastened to and a man came up and shoved his cock into my ass. He had difficulty because his cock was only half hard. Once he was all the way in though, he didn't fuck me. Instead I felt him release a strong stream of piss into my ass, giving me a piss enema. As soon as he pulled free of my ass the piss drained out quickly. My ass and my pussy were both so numb from an entire day of abuse that I couldn't have controlled them if I had wanted to.

Once the piss had drained from me another man stepped out of the crowd and forced his cock into my stretched out pussy. I felt another long, hot stream of piss filling me up and soon he too backed away and watched the urine stream back out of my cunt, with the dregs of the cum which had still remained inside of me. Two more men stepped up in turn and repeated the process.

When I finally finished emptying the canister of cum it was replaced by the canister of piss. They didn't seem to realize that I had reached a point that nothing really mattered any more. I just kept telling myself, "It's alright, you are going to die tomorrow."

I finally managed to swallow all of the piss and the trainer took me out to the dog wash area and hosed me down. Then she took me to the bathroom and I puked my guts out for the longest time. I washed my face and went to the bathroom and then went back out to see what was next on the agenda.

Apparently I had worn out all the men they were able to scrape together, so I was put back on the dog bench. This time they experimented with having one dog fuck me while another raped my mouth. It was a tense situation with some of the dogs, they resented having to share. I got nipped on the boob by one of them when there was almost a dog fight over me.

But they finally got several pairs of dogs to work together and I spend the next hour being dog raped in threesomes. After they had enough footage they let me up and I staggered after the trainer back to my cage.

The camera was set back up to film the action in my cage and the trainer shoved me back into the cage with that big Great Dane for another night. I was covered with dog cum and I guess he was pissed because he had not been one of the dogs that were brought out to fuck me during the day. He became immediately agitated and started lapping me and growling. I knew what I had to do and I reached out and started rubbing my hand on his cock. But this time he was not going to be satisfied with a blowjob. He kept spinning around and growling and finally he worked his way up onto my back.

He inched up my body until his head was right next to mine and I felt his cock punching at me from the rear, searching for the hole, any hole. Fortunately he found the right hole and then it began.

This was different than when he fucked me on the bench. He was an enormous beast. He towered over me and I was totally overwhelmed by his size and strength. His front legs pressed against my body, holding me in place as his cock thrust brutally into me, causing me a great deal of pain and forcing me to grunt with every stroke. I looked up during my ordeal and saw that, by coincidence my face was right in front of the camera. I imagined that those freaks were really going to enjoy this one.

I screamed when his knot entered me and then he held on and shivered as he filled me with his cum. I had no options; I could only wait for it to be over. It seemed to last for hours, I know it wasn't really that long, but I had lost all track of time, all concept of time. Eventually his knot went down and he pulled free and went to his corner. I crawled over to the water dish and lapped up a little of the dirty water. I picked up one of the kernels of dry dog food from the other bowl, but I still wasn't all that hungry. And I would have had to have been pretty hungry to eat that.

I curled up and tried to sleep again. I was in the depths of despair, but I just kept reminding myself that tomorrow was the big day. Tomorrow I would die and it would all be over.

The damned dog woke me up twice during the night. I was still covered in cum and I guess the smell kept getting to him. The first time I managed to get him to settle for a blowjob, but the second time he insisted on fucking me again.

Morning finally came. My big day! I was led out to the bathroom this time and I was allowed to use warm water. What a treat! I shampooed and washed and after I had dried off I was given my makeup and my brush and told to make myself presentable.

When I stepped out of the bathroom finally I was surprised that, to look at me you could not tell what I had been through in the last day and a half. I was handed some plain white underwear and I put it on, then a simple little dress and my shoes. I didn't understand, were they letting me go? But no, they couldn't do that. I knew that wouldn't happen.

I was taken back to the house and given another breakfast drink. The five men who ran the place were in and out of the dining room I was sitting in. They talked to each other, made phone calls, just generally went about their business and ignored me.

I had finished my drink some time ago and the trainer was sitting across the table reading a magazine and ignoring me. I heard someone yell, "It's time," from outside the room and the trainer started giving me instructions.

"Listen cunt," she said, "Don't screw it up. You go outside and then you turn around and knock on the front door. When somebody answers the door you say the same thing you said when you came to the door Friday. You give your name and the name of your company and say that you are here to give your proposal. You don't mention the name of this company or the people, got it?"

Well, not really, but it didn't matter. I nodded and I stood up and went outside. There was man there with a camera recording me as I knocked on the door. Another man answered and I said my spiel. He smiled and invited me in. He stepped aside and I walked in and the camera followed. I saw a woman I hadn't seen before. She was a tall, older woman, perhaps in her fifties standing at the end of the hall watching.

When I was inside she walked down the hall and introduced herself as Helen. As she was talking the man that had answered the door grabbed me from behind and held my arms tightly. I wouldn't have struggled, but he bent my arms so far I thought that they would break and I had to struggle.

The woman watched, smiling for a moment, and then she slapped me with all of her might. I stared at her, shocked at the violence and stunned by the pain. They led me to and then down a set of stairs and into a room made up to look like a dungeon. No, that isn't right. It didn't look like one, it was one.

My arms were forced into wrist cuffs and the cuffs were already attached to a heavy cable hanging down from a ceiling beam. I was pulled up until my feet no longer touched the floor and the cable holding me was secured.

My body swung gently from the cable for a moment as the couple moved around me, examining me, tormenting me.

My wrists hurt from the pressure of the cuffs and the weight of my body, suspended in air. The couple started toying with me. Spinning me, pinching and pulling at me through the clothing I had been given. The woman even punched me in my stomach and while I was recovering my breath from that she punched me again, in the tit. I had never imagined such pain. I could not imagine a woman doing that to another woman!

I screamed in pain and horror and called out to her pitifully, "Why? Why are you doing this to me?"

She grabbed my hair and pulled my swaying body to a stop. She spit in my face, and then, smiling sweetly, she said, "Because my dear, we can. We enjoy it. We can do anything we want to you. No limits. We want nothing from you but your screams. It is so rare to have a beautiful young woman in our clutches. To be able to do anything we want, no laws to worry about, no social restrictions. Our only constraint is time. Sadly, we only have an hour and a half to torture you. So we are going to have to cram a lot in. I hope you don't mind."

I had an awful desire to say, "No, that's alright." But I knew better.

They started ripping my clothes off and when I was naked the man attached cuffs to my ankles and spread my legs out until my knees were nearly three feet apart. It was very painful. Then they started whipping me.

At first they avoided the most sensitive areas, concentrating on my back and my butt and my stomach. Then they started branching out. Soon they were concentrating on my breasts and my pussy. The pain was incredible and I am sure that they were pleased by the screams I produced, until I started getting hoarse.

I guess their arms were getting tired, because they paused to take a breath before they moved on to the next activity. The woman attached strong, sharp clamps to my nipples, raising my screams to a new pitch. The pain was incredible when the teeth bit down into my nipples and the blood started dripping down the underside of my tits. She attached cords to the clamps and pulled them out and attached the cords to a post several feet in front of me. She tightened the cord, stretching my tits out painfully until I thought surely my nipples would be ripped from my body.

I was screaming hysterically, and she loved it. She came close and kissed my cheek and licked the tears streaming out of my eyes. "Yes my darling, scream for me. You are making my pussy so fucking wet."

She stepped back and picked up a container off of a nearby table. She reached inside and pulled out a very long needle, three or four inches long. I watched in horror as she held it against the skin on my breasts and slowly pushed it all the way through my tit. I passed out for a moment.

When I came to again she was waiving smelling salts under my nose. I snapped awake and she picked up another needle. I looked down to see that while I had been unconscious she had put several more in both of my breasts. The ones closest to my nipples went all the way through. She kept inserting needles into my breasts for a very long time. There were so many at the end that I couldn't see my breasts, only the brightly colored little plastic heads of the pins.

She picked up two more of the clamps like the ones attached to my nipples and bent down and fastened them to the lips of my pussy. I screamed again, and passed out again. But it is no fun torturing the senseless. They used the smelling salts to bring me back and then they attached cords to the new clamps and fastened them to the same post that my nipples now stretched towards. They stretched my pussy lips out more than an inch, until I was sure they would be torn off, then they tied them off to the post.

Once I was secured the man moved around behind me and forced his large cock into my ass. Every move of my body was causing me extreme pain and blood was dripping in little rivulets down my breasts and my pussy. I started to pass out again but the woman slapped me a few times and that seemed to do the trick.

While the man was fucking my ass, she started pulling the needles out of my tits, slowly. She took her time, drawing out the pain. She finished at about the same time as her friend finished fucking me. They removed the clamps from my nipples and I screamed in agony. I think it hurt worse when they took them off. Then my labia were released, with the same result.

Finally my ankles were released and then I was lowered to the floor. I was pulled to my feet and draped backwards over a large barrel. My wrist and ankle cuffs were tied off to rings embedded in the floor and my back felt like it would break.

They each appeared over me and started dripping hot candle wax all over my body, literally. The entire front of my body was encased in wax by the time that they had finished. Even my face! I thought surely I was going to be covered in burns. It was excruciating.

They took a short break and let the wax set up nice and hard. Then they came back with short little riding whips and started whipping me, stripping the wax from me with the whips. By the time they had finished I was pretty much out of it.

They unfastened my cuffs and laid me out on the floor. The woman squatted over my face and ordered me to eat her pussy. This was probably the only perversion I had not been subjected to already. But it was alright. I was going to die soon. Besides, compared to a lot of the other things I had been forced to do, this was nothing.

I gave her several orgasms with my mouth while the man lifted my hips up off of the floor and raped my tortured pussy. After they both came in me she started peeing in my mouth. I swallowed it all easily.

I was then pulled to my knees and the man peed in my mouth. While I was drinking his piss the woman was putting handcuffs on my wrists. I finished drinking the man's piss and I was pulled to my feet and let naked, up the stairs and outside to the barn, with the cameraman following closely.

There was a small group of men gathered in one corner and they watched as I was led to the horse bench in the middle of the floor. I was strapped down and the cameras were set up and the lights turned on.

A couple of men came over and did something at the bottom of the bench. I realized that they were

removing the boards that kept the horses from being able to get close enough to bury their cocks into the victims strapped to the bench.

Now I knew how I was going to die. I was going to get fucked to death by a horse! Not what I would have chosen, but soon it would be over. I was about to die.

The boards were moved out of the way and I waited fearfully. I hoped it wouldn't hurt too much when that horse shoved two feet of cock into my guts.

I heard the sound of hooves on the wood floor and I looked up to see which horse would have the honor. I saw a large black horse being led forward, but I honestly couldn't remember if I had serviced this one yet or not. The events of the weekend were really kind of hazy now.

The horse was led over so that my pussy was in his face and he could smell the semen dripping out of me. I watched as the trainer reached down and started massaging the horse cock. It was getting hard fast. Soon he was ready and the trainer led him up and while one of the men held the reins she bent over to insert his cock into my drizzling pussy.

I was startled when the man near my head suddenly crumpled to the floor. I couldn't look down and see him and didn't have any idea what was going on. I saw the trainer stand up and look towards the door and suddenly there was a small red hole in the middle of her forehead and she dropped to the floor. The horse was startled and pulled back and ran back out to his corral.

I was still confused. It looked like the trainer had been shot. But those little popping sounds didn't seem loud enough to be shots. I looked around and saw more men falling to the floor, some after running a few steps. But none of them got far. I saw that the big five were all dead. All of the cameramen were dead. Everyone but me was dead. That wasn't right! I was supposed to be dead. I wanted to be dead. I was ready to be dead.

I heard footsteps and I closed my eyes and waited for my turn. But instead I felt my arms and legs being released from the bench. I opened my eyes and saw Jim. He had a look of absolute horror on his face. "Oh god, not again," I thought. "Not more things that he can't forget. Oh well. It doesn't matter. I will just have to find another way to die."

Jim pulled me off of the bench and carried me to his car. He put a blanket over me and then he called 911. There were tears in his eyes, he was crying so loud he had trouble telling the cops where he was and what he had done.

When he got off the phone I told him to tell them that I did it.

He smiled at me and tried to kiss me, but I turned my head away. He didn't realize where my lips had been.

"I am so sorry," he sobbed. "All of this is my fault. If I hadn't been so stupid you would still be safe, at home, with me."

"No," I said softly, "Don't be silly. I'm no good anymore. I am going to die soon. I'm ruined now. Tell them I shot all the men. You shouldn't go to jail for something like me."

He pulled me close and cried and I felt so sorry for him.

Finally the cops drove up. There were a half a dozen cop cars and several ambulances. Jim got out as they approached and put his hands in the air. The cops surrounded us and put handcuffs on him.

Then this big old redneck Georgia State Trooper came back out from looking around the barn.

He looked at Jim and said, "You do that?"

Jim nodded.

"Why?"

"They kidnapped my wife. If you look around you will find three days worth of horrible movies recording all of the torture and abuse she has suffered since she came out here Friday afternoon at their request to make a business presentation."

The signs of what had taken place here were everywhere. The cop looked around and then he took the cuffs off of Jim and asked him if he had any other weapons. He said that he didn't.

One of the cops came out of the house with the DVD with my picture on it, from my first horse rape last year. I explained what that was and who the five men were and why I was here. I asked that I not be asked what happened in front of Jim. I know that our marriage is over, but he has suffered enough.

When I was finally alone with the big trooper who seemed to be in charge I told him everything, starting with what happened last year. I put in every detail. He recorded it on his little tape recorder. I gave a cold, honest, complete recital of the events that had taken place. I didn't have to worry about my pride or being humiliated any longer. I was going to die soon.

They had me show them around the farm. I showed them what little I had seen and explained the paraphernalia I had become familiar with. Then they found some clothing inside the house I could put on and I took a quick shower and got dressed in the house.

The trooper took us in to the station in his car and on the way in I asked if I could get a hamburger somewhere since I hadn't eaten since lunch on Friday. He stopped and bought me a hamburger and a coke. But I could only eat a few bites before I started feeling ill.

We got to the station and as soon as we arrived he called the District Attorney. The DA wasn't all that happy about being called in on a Sunday night, but he finally showed up and the Trooper told him everything. By then they had looked at some of my movies and were thoroughly disgusted.

There was a long discussion, apparently the DA didn't want to make a decision until morning, but the Trooper absolutely refused to lock anyone up. The DA left after a few minutes and the Trooper came out to Jim and I and said, "You two can go for now, but we will have to talk to you some more before this is over."

He asked me where I would be staying and I gave him my address. He asked Jim and I told him that Jim could stay with me, if he wanted to.

Jim nodded and the Trooper explained that our cars would be released tomorrow after the crime scene was processed. He handed me my keys from my purse and he had one of his troopers take us to my apartment.

I went inside and Jim hugged me and tried to kiss me again. He seemed sad when I refused. I tried to explain that it wasn't him. I still loved him. I had never stopped. It was just that after what had happened I could never kiss anyone again. I was.....dirty.

He cried out and pulled me closer and forced his lips to mine. "You aren't dirty," he sobbed. "You are a victim. And it is mostly my fault. I fucked up in Vermont. I had trouble dealing with things. But when you left I realized what was important to me. I won't let you go again."

I smiled at him. I really loved him. "Yes you will," I said calmly, reasonably. "It's worse now. This past weekend.....well, it's worse now. You can't love me now. You love who I was. I think she is gone now. They killed her."

He held me close and said, "I know about this weekend, well, most of it. I don't care. I already learned my lesson. I know you were hurt, badly. You have been damaged mentally and physically. We will work at it, you will get better. We will get better. I won't let you go again."

I knew he meant it. It didn't matter though. I was going to die soon. I asked him how he found me. What he was doing here.

"I got that check you sent me, from the sale of the house," he said. I tore it up. I was so pissed. Not at you, at me, for being such a stupid asshole. I realized I had let the best thing that had ever happened to me get away. I didn't let you get away, I drove you away. I threw you away. It didn't take long to get your address. You can't keep secrets in our little town. I got your address and drove straight through to Augusta."

"I had gotten the name of the place you worked and I couldn't wait for you to get home. I went to your office. Your secretary told me that you were out of the office on business. So I waited in the parking lot outside of your apartment for you to come home."

"When you didn't come home I gave up and got a room in a nearby motel and the next day I waited in the parking lot again. I was getting worried but I didn't know what else to do. I called the cops and they said that there were no accidents or anything, you weren't in the hospital. There was nothing that I could do but wait."

"Finally on Sunday I called the emergency contact number on the door of your office. I had a terrible time convincing the answering service that it was an emergency. They finally agreed to try to contact someone. I ended up having to wait until church got out for them to reach anyone."

"Finally your secretary called me in the afternoon and after I finally convinced her that something was wrong she told me where you had gone. Since last year I always carry a weapon. I had my M1 carbine in the trunk with a couple of banana clips. I got it out and drove out to the studio. I pulled up and went to the house, but there wasn't anyone there.

I heard a noise in the barn and headed across the yard to the door. I saw what was happening when I walked in and just started shooting. I went crazy. I didn't even know how many men were there or if they had weapons. I just wanted to kill them all. So I did. And I am glad. I wish I could have done it last time."

My hero! No, really, I mean it. It is sad. He will feel bad when I die.

I made him some supper. I ate a little. I couldn't stand much. Then we just sat and held each other and comforted each other.

"I love you Jean," he said softly. "I am so sorry I was such a dick. Believe me; I will never forgive myself for what I did. But I outgrew it, I swear. It doesn't matter now. None of it matters. Well, that's not true. Of course it matters. It happened to us, to you. But I don't care anymore. That was a terrible experience. You need help to get over it. I am going to help you. And I am going to get you

all of the best professional help that there is. In fact, you are going to meet Kevin tomorrow.”

“Who is Kevin?” I asked.

“When I got back from reserve duty in Iraq I had some problems. Kevin was the guy that helped me work through them. He is good. It’s like he can read your mind. I know, he isn’t a rape counselor, but he just has a way. I think he can help. I called him from the police station and he is flying down in the morning.”

I smiled at Jim. He is so sweet. He really wants to help. I almost wish it wasn’t too late.

We went to bed together, with our clothes on. We just cuddled. It was nice. It had been a long time.

The next day we went back to the police station. I called my office and told them I probably wouldn’t be in.

Ten minutes later my boss was at the police station. When he found out what had happened he was in shock. He offered to give me as much time as I needed, with pay. He even offered to provide any and all counseling that was needed.

He was so nice I felt guilty. I hugged him and told him to relax. It wasn’t his fault. Nobody blamed him. He had no way of knowing that his clients were the mad rapists from my past.

“Doesn’t matter,” he said. “I’m gonna do what’s right.”

I introduced him to Jim and they talked for a few minutes and finally the Trooper came out of his office and said, “You folks are all free to go. I have talked to the DA and there will be no charges. Case is closed. Your cars are out back and your gun and your other belongings are being brought out to you. All I ask is that if you leave the area you let me know where you go in case I need to get in touch with you. My boys found a lot of movies in their store room and I suspect that there are going to be a lot of crimes solved eventually, a lot of horrible crimes. A lot of the men in those movies that are still unaccounted for are known rapists.”

I said goodbye to the Trooper and thanked him for being so nice. I said goodbye to my boss and thanked him too. Jim followed me home in his car and we went inside my apartment. I tried again to explain that it was alright. I understood. I knew he could never look at me in the same way again, that we could never be the same way again. We were no longer that cute, young, innocent couple.

“No,” he said. “We are just going to have to be who we are. Two people who had a rough time but got over it and are still in love, so it doesn’t matter. I should have my ass kicked for deserting you when I did. I know that now. I am so sorry. But I swear I won’t leave you again. Not ever. Not even if you try to make me.”

I just smiled.

Someone came to the door in the afternoon. It was Kevin. He had treated Jim for post traumatic stress. I remember when Jim came home from Iraq. He had been very quiet, but I had no idea he had been having problems, or that he had been seeing someone about it. That was while we were still engaged.

Kevin came in and we talked for a while. Kevin certainly did have a way about him. He made you feel comfortable talking to him. In fact, we talked all night, all three of us. We talked and we cried and we hugged and by morning I was not so sure I was going to die.

Then we had to make some decisions. Jim understood that I could not go back to our place in Vermont. He offered to move anywhere that I wanted to go, even here if that was what I wanted.

I didn't know what I wanted. It was going to take more than one night of talking to straighten me out. I knew that now. But I thought, maybe, things might get better.

That was two years ago. Today, Jim and I are remarried. We live in another small town in Vermont. If you are from Vermont it is hard to not live in Vermont.

We see Kevin a lot. He is our friend now, as well as a counselor. I have a new job. We have a nice new house. No barn.

We are going to make it this time. We even make love again. And it is good. In some ways it is even better. I can deep throat now. Jim likes that, and I like it when it feels good for him. Anal sex doesn't hurt at all. We don't do it often; it isn't a favorite for either of us, but once in a while, what the hell. But the best part is that now we look each other in the eye and we can smile and laugh. Yeah, we are going to make it this time.