

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Big Bernie (Bernard Bare) had set his sights on 18 year old Cherry Pope ever since she had walked past his house late one afternoon, her fantastic ass swishing side to side had aroused some very dark thoughts.

The very next day he was stalking her, discovering as much as he could about her comings and goings, so eventually he could put a plan into action, and lure the innocent girl into his basement of pain and terror.

Bernie was a film maker - but nothing you would see at your local cinema. His films consisted of young women undergoing a terrifying ordeal of extreme sexual abuse and torture at his hands and sometimes a ***** few would join him. A ***** few who enjoyed inflicting pain and torment on young helpless girls.

Every evening he would log in to her Face Book page and stare drooling at the many photos she had posted. She was lead Cheer Leader at the University in Berkley, and she was ravishing. He had set his screen saver to a full face shot of Cherry (probably a selfie). She had long strawberry blonde shoulder length hair with lighter highlights, a dreamy face that could have been a fourteen year olds, with sparkling blue/green wide eyes. Her cheeks were peppered with freckles, either side of a cute button nose. And her mouth, oh my god her mouth. It was a pornographers dream. Perfect with her red lipstick to highlight the full bottom lip.

In his mind she was now called Cherry Pop, a name he would use on the DVD sleeves. And she is really gonna Pop when I get her trussed up downstairs.

And now he had her in his evil clutches.

Big Bernard Bear stood over the snivelling sobbing tearful teen Cheer leader.

Wearing just a filthy string vest he loomed over the frightened teen. His long unkempt straggly hair hung to his shoulders, and his once muscular body now turning to flab, was covered in a thick matt of course dark hair.

His massive cock was upright and pointed towards his sagging belly, waving threateningly above her bowed and perspiring head.

In his right hand he held a large cattle prod.

"Who's in charge here?" He screamed at the cowering, crying girl.

"Yy..you" she said very quietly between sobs.

"Sorry, I didn't catch that you piece of fuck meat- who is in charge here?" he bellowed.

"You are. You are" she said. "You are in charge, but please don't hurt me again".

"But that's why you are here" grumbled Bernard. " To be hurt, and cry and scream in my filthy fuck film".

"My father is rich - he will pay you to release me. Please please phone him - he will pay".

Bernard roared with laughter - "I have all the money I need, and this film with you as the star will sell like hotcakes. Now, you have already met my little Persuader" he said as he menacingly raised

the cattle prod, " Shall we begin? And feel free to scream as loudly as you can - your audience will love it".

3 Hours Earlier.

Bernard had parked his van on Oxford Street, near the University of California, and opposite the entrance/exit that Cherry Pope used day in day out. He had been watching and following his prey for a couple of weeks now. Knew her exact movements and even her address - only two streets away from his own home. Ever since he had first seen her from his bedroom window, as she passed by in that sexy cheerleader outfit, he knew she was to be his latest victim or "Star" as he liked to put it. One day when passing by she had stopped to tie a sneaker lace. As she had bent to tie the lace, her short skirt had ridden up giving him a perfect view of firm bubble butt encased in sheer white panties. He had immediately become rock hard. That perfect pale arse was gonna get it, and get it good he thought. A nice cherry red for Cherry Pope.

Bernard was stood next to van, peering through the side windows, waiting for Cherry to appear. A full bag of groceries in his right hand and an unnecessary walking stick in his left. His heart was thumping in anticipation.

And there she was in full cheer leader outfit, exiting the University waving friends goodbye. Bernard looked up and down the street - nobody about. He waited until she was opposite the van, then quickly sat down throwing the walking stick aside and emptying the groceries all over the side walk. He made a loud strangled "Aargh" sound and picked up a can of sweet corn, and hefted it under the van so it clattered into the road.

Cherry heard the shout and saw the can rolling towards her. She quickly crossed the road and around the van.

"Oh my god - are you alright sir" concern in her voice. "Such a sweet girl" thought Bernard. "My knee gave way - it does that sometimes. Waiting on an operation" he puffed.

"Let me help you sir," rushing to retrieve his unnecessary walking stick and helping him to his feet. "Is anything broken - are you hurt?" "Only my pride" he said. "Let me gather up your groceries".

Bernard lent against the van and admired Cherrys lithe body, thinking of all the terrible but glorious things he was gonna do to her. "Those tits" he thought, "gotta be at least 36dd, with a tiny waist and that fantastic butt atop those long dancers legs". "My clients are gonna go nuts for her" he thought to himself, dollar signs dancing in his eyes.

"I think I've got everything" she said handing him the bag. "You are a very sweet girl - thank you for your help".

"No problem - well if you are ok I'd better get going" and she turned to leave.

"Argh" exclaimed Bernard holding his knee. "I think it must be badly bruised - no way I can drive like this". "I don't suppose you drive do young lady?" Knowing full well she did as he had seen her driving what he supposed was her mothers pink Porsche.

"Er...yes I do...where do you live?"

"Newbury Road Thousand Oaks"

"Thats just a few streets away from me - what a coincidence. I could drive you home and walk the

rest of the way.”

“If I am not putting you that would be great – thank you miss”

“It would be my pleasure”. “NO – the pleasure is gonna be all mine” he thought.

Bernard made a good show of limping round the van, and trying to get into the passenger seat. He smiled at her as she clambered behind behind the steering wheel, only to find that the seat was too far forward, causing her to spread her knees wide and her short cheerleader skirt to ride up, showing an expanse of silky thigh and a glimpse of her plump pussy clad in tight white panties. “Sorry” he said “Mechanism is broken” taking a quick glance at her nicely packaged teenage cunt straining against the fabric of her undies.

“That’s ok...guess I can manage”. It didn’t occur to her that this big man would never have been able to drive in this position.

It was a very informative short drive for Bernard. He learned that she was just turned nineteen, no boy friend, but most importantly – “Oh I am home alone at the moment. My parents are away with my younger sister on a short break and won’t be back till Sunday”. Fantastic news he thought. I was hoping for a few hours with this slut, and now I have a few days. Three days instead of three hours – think I will get those nasty fuckers Jon and Ron round for some fun and games. “Oh really” he said. “How old is your sister”?

“She’s just turned 17”. Bernard smiled and made a mental note.

When they arrived at his house he reached into the glove box and pointed the remote at the garage. The doors swung upwards. “Could you park inside please – less distance for me to walk.” As she parked in the garage the doors swung closed behind them. She suddenly felt like she was making a big mistake. “How do I get out?”

“Well you have been so kind – I was hoping you would help me in with the groceries – that door over there goes straight into the kitchen” as he once again made a big show of struggling to get out of the van.

He limped over to the door and she dutifully followed with the Safeway bag.

The kitchen was beautiful with cream coloured Shaker style units and butchers block work surfaces. “Just dump the bag on the table please”. “Ok”.

“Oh dam-it” he said “The meat products need to go into the freezer and that’s in the basement – through the door next to the garage door. I don’t suppose you would be a dear and...” “Ok then I really have to go”. She grabbed the three packs of ribeye steaks and headed for the basement door.

“Light switch is on the right, and be careful those stairs are steep”.

The light was very meagre as she made her way down into the dark depths but she could just make out the white freezer unit against the far wall.

Cherry was just closing the lid of the unit when she heard the basement door slam shut. There was heavy footfall on the creaking wooden steps.

“Hello – who’s there?” She said in very timid voice..

"Hello to you to" grunted Bernard as he stepped from the bottom rung into the dark and now claustrophobic basement.

"What the...I thought you were..."

"Hello...and welcome to your hell on earth"

"GOTCHA" he shouted. And roared with laughter.

"Now before we commence with proceedings we need to have a little chat".

Cherry eyed the staircase, and Bernie saw her sideways glance, but just stood and watched as her athletic legs carried her to the stairwell. Suddenly from under the stairs two huge Mastiff dogs appeared and sat blocking her swift exit.

Cherry skid to a halt and started to shake from head to toe. She was petrified of dogs having being bitten by one as a child. "That's Thumper and Hammer - they've not been fed yet today so I suggest you come back over here so we can have that chat". Cherry stared at the dogs bared teeth and rivers of drool running from their jowls and slowly backed away.

Bernie walked over to a work bench and flicked a switch on the wall. Immediately the centre of the huge basement was flooded with bright light coming from six video lights on tripods. Bernie was carrying two wooden stools into the lit area. "Come and sit - so we can talk about you getting out of here." Cherry's hopes raised she slowly walked towards Bernie, occasionally looking over her shoulder to make sure the dogs were staying put.

"Don't worry about them - they will only move if I call em. Now take a seat while explain what I am going to do to you and how eventually you will leave here and go home".

"Please please - just let me go. I promise I won't tell on you."

"Sir or Mr. Bear"

"Sorry?"

"That would be sorry sir or sorry Mr Bear - got it."

"Yes"

"What did I just tell you ya dumb cunt" he shouted.

"Sorry sir I understand sir" a tear broke out in the corner of Cherry's eye.

"Can you guess what I do here?"

"No. No no no I mean no sir". Bernie smiled - she was getting it at last.

"Now I am going to explain to you what I do here and how you will get to go home. Now keep your trap shut or the dogs will come over." Cherry opened her mouth to speak but Bernie's raised eyebrows prompted her to shut it again.

"This is where I run my small but very profitable porn business. But it's no run of the mill porn I make here - it's what you might call underground. Bit like snuff but without the snuffing". He smiled at his little joke - she just sat there looking confused, worried, terrified. He couldn't tell which.

Probably all three he thought to himself.

"Anywho - I have a large database of clients who get there rocks off watching young attractive girls like you getting abused and tortured sexually. There are over 50 HD cameras set in the walls, ceiling and floor, all there to capture your performance".

Cherry raised her hand to speak.

"Speak".

"I am sorry but I couldn't act in something like that". "Sir" was added as a quick afterthought.

"But you wont be acting. I have abducted you and you will be in my nasty skin flick. No acting, no payment, nothing fake. It's gonna be all for real. Your screams and tears will be real. Your pain suffering will be real. And believe me you will suffer. But on a happier note for you, you will not have any permanent damage. After two days you can go home, which will give you a day to recuperate before your parents get home. Oh, and that sexy little sister of yours I have seen on your Face Book page. I have a couple of mates that would love to get hold of her".

Cherrys arm shot up.

"Yes what now?."

"But you will never get away with it. I know what you look like and even where you live. Please please let me go".

"SIR" he screamed.

"Sir"

"And that's where my insurance plan comes into action - and the plan starts now. Put this collar round your neck, it's Velcro closing - one size fits all. And that steel ring on it goes to the back". He tossed the collar into her lap and she just stared at it before picking it up with thumb and forefinger and casually dropping it on the floor defiantly staring at him.

"And now the learning process begins" he said.

Before she could take another breath he was on her, pulling her up by her nipples. It felt like her tit tips were in a the jaws of a vice as he dragged her along to stand between two eye hooks set in the concrete floor. The dogs followed and sat either side of her.

"Spread your legs - feet out next to the bolts"

She looked down and saw the bolts about four feet apart.

"But...." SLAP. Her face flew to one side - a red hand print on her right cheek. SLAP. Another glowing print on her left cheek. Quickly she spread her legs, her white ankle socks touching the bolts. Bernie was down on one knee attaching each ankle to a bolt with straps. He stood and gave her a leering smile then went off into the darkness, returning with a tubular steel T piece and a handful of Velcro restraints. Just behind her was a metal cylinder poking six inches up from the floor. He slammed the T piece down into the cylinder the loud clang making her jump. "Remove the jacket".

"But its cold down here.....Sir." "I will soon warm you up - soon you will be sweating like a pig on a

spit". He raised her skirt and delivered a stinging slap to her left bottom cheek. She stood there misty eyed and rubbing her red butt. "Remove the Jacket". She didn't move - but as he raised the skirt again she hastily removed it. Taking it from her he threw it into the darkness.

Grabbing a hank of her hair he pulled her back across the T piece, then pulled her arms over the top. He made some adjustments so the cross section sat just below her armpits. Finally a large strap was placed around her upper arms and cinched tightly down till her elbows almost touched. "Aargh ...thats too tight". He just smiled and tightened it a bit more. Fleshy bulging.

Standing in-front of her his grin even widened. Her long dancers legs spread wide apart, body bowed slightly back so those magnificent tits were thrust up and out just begging for attention. "No time to waste he thought".

He went off into the darkness and returned with a torch, placing it on the floor between her stretched open legs.

"Now let's give these puppies some attention".

He could clearly see her nipples poking against the fabric of her T shirt. With thumb and finger of each hand he grabbed them in a steel grip and pulled hard, twisting and tugging. Rolling the stiffening nubs as she started to cry and whimper, tears and rivulets of mascara running down her freckled cheeks. He continued until they stood out like blunt spikes, raising the shirt material a good half inch.

Cherry was sobbing loudly now, gasping and mewling "no no no - please leave me alone."

"You didn't say sir, so I am now doing to introduce you to my little friend - I call it the Persuader".

Picking up the torch he pointed it at her. Was he gonna beat her with it? Then through a mist of tears she saw it wasn't a torch. A metal cylinder with a rubber hand grip and a red button on the side, the end facing her had two short metal pillars about an inch apart.

Bernie stepped forward - "Just watch Cherry - lets see if we can make your nipples pop. Ha Ha Cherry Pop! Feel free to scream".

He poked the pillars either side of a straining nipple and pushed the button. There was a blue crackling light as 4000 volts arced through her erect teat. With an ear shattering shriek Cherry arched back over the t bar, her tits thrust out shaking furiously, the tendons in her neck standing out in stark relief like steel rods. Her high pitched scream echoed off the basement walls. It felt like a rat was trying to chew off her nipple. The dogs howled along with her.

Bernie released the button after four seconds and Cherry slumped forward trying to catch her breath, snot running out of her nose as she burst out crying. He just stood there gloating at her misery, and smiled knowing that his camera set up would have caught the action in crystal clear clarity.

He raised the Persuader towards her other nipple.

"Please please please not again - I will wear the collar - give me the collar - I will put it on - pleeeese".

"You forgot the magic word. When will you learn? Anyway we don't want the other one to feel left out do we".

"Sir...sir...please".

To late, as Cherry reared up, her tits shaking like jello on a rollercoaster of pain. The dogs howled with her as she screamed to the ceiling. Bernie rubbed his cock through his pants, hard as a crowbar as she slumped down once again.

"Please sir - the collar - please I will were it - give me the collar - please" she snivelled.

Her hair was plastered to her fore head and face awash with perspiration. Bernie gently brushed her hair to one side, and used a tissue to clean up her face. "There there all done for now - have you learned a lesson? Will you now do as I say.?"

"Yes sir"

"Who is in charge?"

"You are sir".

"With pain comes pleasure" he said as he raised her skirt at the front and cupped her plump pussy worming his middle finger into the slit through the fabric. His finger moved gently up and down, and after a few minutes he felt the fabric of her knickers begin to moisten. He kept on, feeling her young cunt start to heat up, then wrenched her panties to one side rubbing the oily slick inner lips up down spreading the moist secretions along the length of her pussy.

"Please don't rape me sir"

"I wont....not yet anyway. Now be quiet...you don't want to feel the Persuader tickle your tits again".

He crooked his middle finger up inside her silky folds and massaged the roof of her cunt searching out her g spot. When she gasped and ground down on his finger he knew he had found the sweet spot and used his thumb to massage the top of her slit until he could feel her clit rising to attention. Her pussy was becoming a sloppy mess as he stood back from her.

"Thumper ... FEED!"

Thumper was there in an instant, licking the juices that had seeped onto her thighs.

"Oh no...please... not the dog... I'm frightenedand it's not right...please take him away...."

"Shut the fuck upone more word and I'll zap your tits until you pass out". He waved the Persuader menacingly near her nipples, then stood back stroking his cock through his pants.

Thumper had finished licking her thighs, and was starting to lick her pussy. His wide rough tongue was incredibly long and he lapped the entire length of her cunt, but it seemed she had dried up - probably from fear. Thats when he started to push his seven inch tongue deep inside her - lapping and swirling his tongue about looking for the nectar he wanted. Bernie could see it was getting to her. The way her toes curled and her fingers flexed. Her thighs started to quiver and she arched back shoving her pussy onto the dogs face. She knew this was wrong, she was disgusted and hated it, but couldn't deny the awful thrill the dog was forcing her to accept.

Thumper was pushing his snout into her pussy lapping deeper and deeper, licking all around her cunt sheath and finally he was able to stab his tongue through the eye of her cervix. Cherry let out a guttural moan as her pussy flooded. It felt like a whirlpool in there as she ground down on the dogs

face. Juices were seeping out in a river down her trembling thighs. Thumper was how content to lick the length of her pussy, long sweeping laps always ending on her clit.

"You must tell me when you start to cum - Thumper goes a bit crazy when women come on his face - I can command him to desist."

"Y yes Ss ir".

Cherrys head was back - eyes closed - breathing deep and heavy as the dog continued to lick her senseless.

Thumper was licking her cunt like a mad thing - flicking his tongue again and again over her enlarged throbbing clit - now big as a baby's little finger tip. Her breast shaking and stomach muscles rippled as the dog gorged himself on the fountain of slime pouring from her pulsating quim.

"Oh my god she screamed - I am so close....yes....yes..nearly...nearly...oh...YES YES I am there aargh...oh Yes here it comes....."

Cherry's whole body vibrated then locked back stiff as a board as Bernie quickly dismissed the dog and stepped forwards holding the Persuaders prongs either side of her clit and pressed the button. Cherry screamed long and hard. As her cunt was flooded with juices the electricity surged around the walls of her pussy, and snatched at her cervix. It felt like a nuclear explosion had gone off in there and her clit was about to burst as it swelled to massive proportions.

Bernie stood back and watched as a tsunami of fluid burst from the folds of her sexy clam like pussy, soaking her thighs and the concrete below.

She seemed to be in a world of her own, eyes closed, barely conscious muttering "Oh god oh god" over and over.

He released her ankles and lowered the T piece. She just sank to her knees - head down and sobbed and sobbed. Bernie released her arms from the cinch strap. They just hung uselessly at her sides.

Bernie had stripped down and wearing just a filthy string vest he loomed over the frightened teen. His long unkempt straggly hair hung to his shoulders, and his once muscular body now turning to flab, was covered in a thick matt of course dark hair.

His massive fat cock was upright and pointed towards his sagging belly, waving threateningly above her bowed and sweating head.

In his right hand he held the cattle prod.

"Who's in charge here?" He screamed at the cowering, crying girl.

"Yy..you" she said very quietly between sobs.

"Sorry, I didn't catch that you piece of fuck meat- who is in charge here" he bellowed.

"You are. You are" she said. "You are in charge, but please don't hurt me again".

"But that's why you are here" grumbled Bernard. "To be hurt, and cry and scream in my filthy fuck film".

"My father is rich - he will pay you to release me. Please please phone him - he will pay".

Bernard roared with laughter - "I have all the money I need, and this film with you as the star will sell like hotcakes. Now, you have already had a taste of my little Persuader" he said as he menacingly raised the cattle prod " Shall we begin?" He threw the collar on the floor. "Put it on".

She just stared at it - but soon as she heard the Persuader crackle she grabbed it from the floor and fixed it round her neck. "Now these cuffs - the rings go on the palm side of your wrists". They landed on the floor between her spread thighs, her pussy still dripping. With shaking hands she put them on.

"Now place your hands behind your head and link your fingers". Cherry slowly raised her arms, her breasts rising in her T shirt. Bernard moved behind her and holding the neck and cuff rings together he slid through a small padlock and snapped it shut. "Now Kneel up high as you can".

She rose up, back straight and elbows out. Bernie adjusted the t Bar so it was the same height as her shoulders, then removed a pin allowing him to extend the bar horizontally. He pulled her left elbow back, and extended the bar through the crook of her elbow, then did the same to her right arm.

Her upper body as now totally immobilised, elbows pushed back but more importantly to him her tits were thrust way out, shaking slightly due to the awful strain in her upper back and shoulders.

"Nice, but one final adjustment I think" he smirked. Coming back from his bench he was carrying some sort of thick leather wedge. Sliding it between her lower back and the upright post he hauled it upwards, until it was firmly wedged against her shoulder blades. This caused her to arch her back even more, her tits thrust out further and higher, straining the fabric of her shirt.

"Nice he sneered" staring down at her strained body. "Its now time to make your get out of jail card. I have prepared a short story for you to read. It will guarantee my safety and anonymity deterring you from going to the police. So when I have finished with you, you will be free to leave". "Your ***** and directions are on this large piece of card, it will be in your site line and I want you to make it as convincing as you can. I am gonna record your acting debut, and if I should ever hear that you are gonna blab, the video will go to everyone on your contact list. Understand?"

Silence.

The Persuader crackled. "Yes sir". She croaked immediately.

Bernie brought the card and placed it upright on a high backed stool a few feet in-front of her. "Read it a few times so you get the gist of your lines".

Cherry read it a few times and with each reading her eyes teared up a little more. He dabbed her eyes and cheeks with a tissue. "Cant have you crying - it will seem like you are being forced - now lets go for a take".

Bernie focused his phone on her face. "And action"he said.

"Hi, you all know me as Cherry Pope but I like to be called Cherry Pop when I am with my Uncle Bear." "No no no...you sound like you are reading and that monotone voice is no good. Sound happy and cheerful, like you want the world to know your wonderful secret. Start again".

"Hi, you all know me as..." Fucking hell you dumb cunt - do you want to get out of here. I could always sell you on or gift you to Ron and Jon. Your body would probably end up in a wood chipper".

" But I am frightened - it says on the card that I have to take your thing in my mouth - its so large I

don't think it will fit".

"It says on the card COCK you stupid fucker, NOT THING, and it WILL fit!" " Now last chance girl - get it right - or its Ron and Jon for you. They make films to. Their videos are called Squeal Piggy Squeal. You wouldn't believe the shit they do to attractive young girls."

"No please don't send me to them - I will try harder...I want to stay here and then go home...please..not them".

"Better the devil you know I guess - ok - action - and bloody smile".

Cherry smiled into the camera lens.

"Hi, you all know me as Cherry Pope but I like to be called Cherry Pop when I am with my Uncle Bear. He is so kind and loving and has the hugest fattest cock I have ever seen".

Bernie moved closer - his huge cock head waving in her face and in camera shot.

"He loves me licking it, and sucking him off, and if I am lucky he spunks in my mouth, or on my face".

As a reminder he poked her in the cheek with his cock, she looked up and he had his tongue out wiggling it. Cherry poked the tip of her tongue out and ran a trail of saliva along the length of his prick then planted a kiss on the tip.

He tapped her on the shoulder and pointed at the ***** board.

"Can I suck you off please?" Bernie made a big O with his mouth and she opened wide as he slid his cock into her mouth, stretching her lips to the limit.

"Thats a take" he said. "Now all I need is the contact list from your phone - what's your phone code? Oh sorry can't you speak".

Bernie looked down at her cute freckled face, her eyes like saucers looking up at him, her lips stretched taunt around the girth of his ten inch monster.

"If I feel any teeth Ron and Jon will becoming to see you - and they will bring pliers".

"Time for some tonsil bashing" he chuckled.

Placing his hands on the shoulders for support, he thrust forward, his cock sliding over her tongue until he hit the back of her throat and she gagged. It was like fucking a cardboard toilet roll tube. He pulled out in disgust.

"Gonna have to teach you how to blow a man - you are fucking useless".

"Now whats the password for you phone?"

"I cant remember" she said wishing for a drink to get the taste of his thing from her mouth.

"Well we are just gonna have to help you remember".

He picked up the Persuader and to her relief he put it down again. No he had a better idea and so much more fun for him. Returning from his bench he was carrying something and swishing it in the

air.

"Ping Pong anyone? Well Im gonna play ping pong with your tits until you remember".

Gabbing a hank of hair he roughly snapped her head back – she opened her mouth to scream, but before she could utter a sound he shoved the bat into her mouth. "Better not drop it or I'll double the amount of swats".

His big hands snatched at the neckline of her shirt, and with animal strength tore her shirt open to the waist. The tight shirt sprung apart, her tits bobbing and swaying, two firm succulent globes, topped with pink nipples that seemed to reach for the ceiling. He wrenched the bat from her mouth and stood back a pace raising the bat in a menacing manner, then started swinging.

Cherry closed her eyes, her perfect teeth gnawing at her bottom lip, determined not to give him the pleasure of her screams. The bat whooshed nearer and nearer and she could feel the air movement tickle her nipples.

Splat! The bat caught the side to her tit with such force that her tits both flew sideways, then he gave her a savage back hander and both her tits slapping together, flexed in the opposite direction. She threw her head back, her face screwed up in agony, tears running from the corners of her tightly closed eyes. The position thrust her scalded breasts out more as if offering them up for punishment.

Two more times he gave them the same rough treatment, forearm and backhand, tears running freely down her face to drip onto her punished and now red flesh. And still she didn't cry out.

He prised her mouth open and wedged in the bat . She was happy to have something to bite down on – trying to lesson the pain in her throbbing aching tits. He had his hands at both her nipples, twisting, tugging and rolling them to hardened twin peaks. She knew what his next target would be. He took the bat from her mouth observing the teeth marks in the rubber surface, and gave her an evil smile.

A big hand cupped her left breast, and as he raised the nipple up he also raised the bat high above his head.

" Please sir I have remembered".

"Remembered what?"

"The password for my phone".

"That's good ... you can tell me when I have finished having my fun".

"But...."

Like a lightening strike the bat hurtled down flattening her nipple into her flesh. Then again, and again and again. The fifth strike brought a guttural groan that grew and grew into ear drum splitting scream "Aaieeh" The dogs howled.

Cupping her right tit he raised it up and the bat came down with a whoosh, exploding onto her erect nipple. The scream was high and piercing. " Please please...no more its..Aaargh...no ..no no.. Pleeease...Ayieeee...let me tell....fucking helllllno more ..no more...Fuuuuuuck!"

He stared at her with hungry eyes, her face covered in tears, snot and mascara, all running down onto her heaving breasts and dripping from the tips of her beaten quivering nipples.

"You have a choice - I can give each tit another five smacks apiece or just one each and then you blow me. .. what's it to be?"

Cherry's mind was in turmoil. Ten swats or two and a blow job.

"Two" she said being the least painful of options.

"No... you have to ask nicely. I want you to say...please sir smack my slutty tits again, and as a thank you I will suck your beautiful big cock and swallow everything that comes out".

She took a big breath - "Please sir..w will you smack my tits again... ssslutty tits..a a and as a th thththank you I will suck your cock an an and s s swallow everything". Cherry sobbed as she said the horrible words, and offered her mouth as a thank you to this pig.

"Close enough...here we go then". Bernie walked off disappearing into the the darkness.

Where was he going? Was this a trick? She squinted her misty eyes trying to see into the darkness where he had gone. What was he doing. Then she heard the footsteps slow at first but getting faster and faster, pounding the concrete floor, her heart beating out of her chest as Big Bernie Bear burst into the light at full pelt like a steam train, the bat raised high and swinging in an arc as he roared and delivered a punishing upper cut to her right tit. Her breast flew upwards, the nipple almost touching her chin as tears, snot and a river of perspiration sprayed into the air from the force of the blow.

"Aaieeeeeghno no no not again...please please ..I can't take any more. Just the one please sir..just the one...let me suck you now. I want your thing in my mouth."

But he had gone again ..vanished like a demon.

She heard a snickering laugh way off behind her. She shuddered. Then the footfall getting faster and faster off to her right, circling around her, crashing around the basement getting closer and closer, the pounding feet now in front of her. She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth, her whole body locked in terror as she waited for the impact.

Silence. Nothing.

She relaxed and opened her eyes peering ahead into the darkness. What now? Another sick game?

Bernie was stood in silence off to her right, just out of her peripheral vision. Bat raised high, waiting like a cobra to strike.

"Hello?" She sobbed into the darkness, voice cracked from the screaming.

"Hi" he said, as he swung the bat with all the the strength he could muster giving her left tit a scourging upper cut. Her tit flew up spraying a fine mist into the air, and Cherry wailed like a banshee.

"Aaaaieeeeeh" she cried trying to drag in deep gulps of air..trying to fill her empty lungs after she had exhaled so hard from the torturous bat.

He was now in front of her. His cock ramrod hard. The massive head already leaking cum. Ten

inches if gristle with with big veins running its length and fat as a babies arm.

"Suck" he said pushing the tip to her mewling lips. "And no teeth or it will be the pliers".

"Ccc can you please just give me a minute....please..."

He looked down into her pleading eyes - her face a mess from all the crying.

"You forgot the magic word...so no!"

He forced her mouth open and pushed the bulbous head in, her tongue trying to push him out.

"Move your lips over it and use your tongue. Suck it gently".

She stared up at him. Was that defiance in her eyes?

He grabbed her ears, and using them as handles he thrust with a lunge to the back of her throat and held it there, then pinched her nose shut. She started to struggle as her air supply was taken from her. He starred at her with amusement as her eyes popped out on stalks, and her face started to take on a deathly hue. Five seconds, ten seconds, fifteen then twenty. He released her nose and she sucked in precious air, past his cock head into her burning lungs. "Now do as I instructed".

She immediately started lapping with her tongue, and gently sucked at the shaft. Her mouth filling with spit, he rocked back and forth allowing her to lap at the underside of his prick, her lips stretched to splitting around his girth.

He grabbed her ear handles again starting to take longer thrusts, banging her tonsils trying to gain access to her throat.

She gagged and moaned - more tears as he used her.

"When it goes into your throat, just swallow. Fucking dumb cunt".

"Here it comes - swallow it down".

He pushed in with all his might till her nose touched his pubes and he held it there until she started to loose consciousness then he dragged it out across her wriggling tongue.

He started to face fuck her in earnest now - picking up pace - feeling his spunk coming to boiling point in his big balls - his ball sac smacking under her chin with every thrust.

"Gak..gak..gakk" her mouth full of saliva as he rammed into her defenceless face, his cock tousling with her tonsils.

With one hand on the back of her head and the other around her throat he slid in balls deep, loving the feel of her throat muscles squeezing and trying to eject his spasming length. Sliding his shaft up and down her aching sore throat, he could feel its progress against his hand holding throat steady.

She could feel his cock swelling along its entire length, the fat head threatening to block her throat and drown her in cum.

He pulled back, leaving the head of his agitated shaft on her tongue.

"Nearly there - just suck and lick on it till I cum - and every drop goes down or else!"

Resigned to what was inevitable and wanting desperately to get it over and done with, Cherry licked and sucked for all she was worth, making mouth love to his big prick. She ran her tongue around and around , sucking out his pre cum.

“Here we go – standing back a bit he jacked his cock two or three times and commanded her – “Open Up”.

Cherry opened her mouth – “Wider and Tongue Out” he shouted, and with her mouth a gaping chasm, Bernies cock spewed stream after stream of thick white salty cum into her waiting mouth. Five times his fat cock sent ropes of steaming jism over her quivering bottom lip into her waiting mouth.

“Close and hold it in your mouth, and don’t waste a drop” he said, stepping forward and wiping the last dribble from his cock across her lips.

He looked down into her sorry eyes and commanded her to swallow. Cherry’s face scrunched up, a fresh tear ran down her cheek as she struggled to swallow the mouth full of hot spunk. She gagged a few times as it went down, and she breathed a sigh of relief when her mouth was empty.

“Now what is your phone password”?

“1 9 7 3” she said meekly. But as she spoke a tiny drizzle of spunk ran from the the corner of her mouth and down to hang suspended from her chin.

“WHAT DID I TELL YOU” he screamed into her face. Then delivered a ferocious slap and backhand.

“Time to make a few adjustments – Thumper and Hammer have been very patient and they need a reward, and you will reward them very nicely”.

“W w..what do you mean” she croaked, her throat sore from his rasping cock.

“You’ll soon see”.

He released her arms from the T section and her ankles from the restraints. She slumped to her knees, rubbing her aching throat and tits. “No time for that” he said, as he grabbed her wrists pulling them behind her and tethered them together with a wide strap just above the elbows. With her elbows nearly touching, her nipples were once again thrust high and proud. Cherry shivered at the thought of more pain being being inflicted to her now smarting, sensitive tits, and was a little relived when he dragged her around by her hair and bent her face down, her shoulders across the T section. Cuffs were placed on her thighs just above the knees. First one limb was dragged out to be fixed to a waiting eye bolt, and as the other was pulled in the opposite direction she felt her pussy opening and her butt checks spread apart under her tightly stretched panties. Pussy and butt hole gaped in a silent offering.

Next he produced a length of rope and looping it around her waist a few times, threading the ends through a ring set in the concrete floor just below her navel. She grunted as he pulled the rope taut, her back bowing and her perfect butt seemed to rise. He tied of the ends and stood back to cast an eye over her bound and helpless body. Crouching down he plucked at the belly rope like a double bass player.

Dissatisfied, he went to the T section and removed the retaining pin and grunted and pulled the cross section higher, watching as her back bowed even more and she cried out from the intense strain. He spent several more minutes making small and tighter adjustments then stood back to

enjoy the view. He walked around her stroking his cock. Smiled at her raised and spread crotch, panties strained gossamer thin near to ripping, the sinews in her thighs convulsing under the painfully tight constriction. Her back in a strenuous bow like a ski jump, her shirt sodden with sweat. He loved the way her hands flexed and seemingly trying to reach for something. The look of pain on her face – the perspiration pouring down her forehead to sting her eyes. Her lower lip quivering, her teeth gnawing at it.

“A few more adjustments and we are ready” he grunted, as he disappeared and returned with what looked like a length of chain and more tubular steel pieces.

He attached the steel parts to the ends of the T piece on which her shoulders agonisingly rested, creating a horizontal section two foot above her waist.

He dangled the chain he had collected in front of her face. Swinging to and fro she watched it like like a hypnotists subject, trying to fathom what was its purpose.

“All the parts of my little toy are pure silver, and silver is the best metal for conducting electricity” he chuckled.

“Even the crocodile clips are pure silver” snapping the un-noticed jaws with their sharp teeth open and close in front of her eyes. And then she understood, sudden realisation.

“Oh god...no...no...please don't put them on me...please sir ...please please please..I will be good..I promise .. anything you want...I will do whatever you want .. just please don't...” SLAP!

“Shut your maw you stupid girl – they are going on, and yes you will do whatever I want with these attached to those succulent nipples of yours”

Bending down he gazed at her magnificent tits gently swinging below her body – defying gravity- barely any droop. He started roll a nipple, twisting and tugging till he was satisfied with its extended length.

“Now its usual to attach these little fellas straight across the base of the nipple – but I prefer to fix them down the entire length. So much more painful”. He opened the jaw of the clip, its jagged teeth glinting in the light, then nuzzled its tip against the base of her swollen teat and slowly let it clamp shut along the quivering length.

“Eeeeeiiyaaaaaaah” she hollered “Take it off take it off...it's killing meplease please...C c cant stand it” she cried.

He pulled down on the attached chain a couple of times, pulling her breast into a conical shape, just to make sure it was firmly fixed. Cherry screamed in pain, her nipple on fire as the the teeth bit and held firm. The chain attached to the clip hung down swaying beneath her, each sway bringing Cherry unbearable pain as the clip gnawed at her protruding nipple. She was crying and shrieking as he lifted the end of the chain with its attached clip and manipulated her other nipple and then let the clip close with a snap this time along the blood engorged length.

“Yyyaaaaaaaargh” she screeched as her upper body lifted from the t piece, her back arching more and more, the muscles rippling, her hands clenched and unclenched, her nails drawing blood from the palms.

“Please please take em off....cant stand it... you are in chargeI will please you any way you want....take them offff p. p. ..please” she bawled as her back went into spasms and she flopped back

down on the unforgiving steel, wailing and crying.

"Now .. I suggest you try and remain still. We dont want those clips to chew through your delightful nubbins".

"Oh - I forgot this - how thoughtless of me"and bending down he hung a lead fishing weight in the centre of the chain connecting her heaving tits. The weight tugged down on her extended nipples, her breasts now hanging down another inch lower. Cherry was mewling quietly trying to keep as still as possible, her tears puddling on the floor below.

Bernie pulled up a chair, having recovered his Persuader and sat down. Swinging his feet over her, he plonked them down on her back as if she was an old used foot stool. She grunted as the weight forced her back to arch even more.

"Now it's fun time for me, but sadly not for you" he chortled.

"Funtime for me as I get to watch, and Funtime for the dogs as they get their reward for being so patient".

" Thumper - Hammer - Come boys - daddy has a treat for you" he commanded and roared with glee.

Cherry closed her eyes and wished the ground would swallow her up as she heard the two huge dogs scamper over, their nails clicking on the hard concrete.

"Thumper... Feed, Hammer...Wait" he commanded.

Thumper immediately attacked her pouting pussy, lapping at the flesh through the taut fabric of her briefs. Hammer sat behind him waiting for his turn. Cherrys mind was in turmoil - wondering who would see Bernies vile film. She didn't want to react to that long rasping tongue, slithering up and down her defenceless cunt. Didn't want people to think she was a slut for dogs. But her clit had already started to throb and tingle as the huge mutt tried to push into her, her juices starting to flow, her briefs becoming a sodden mess and more translucent.

"Let him in you dog slut - loose the draws" Bernie commanded.

"Pp p lease sir I cant reach!" she screamed, her lower arms free, her hands sitting in the small of her back, fingers flexing and agitated by the fire starting to build between her thighs.

"Stupid slut...let me help you ...Thumper Back!" The dog immediately sat back, tongue out and panting.

Bernie raised the Persuader and held the prongs between her tit chain....and.... Zzzaaaaaaaappp - Cherry arched her back, rising from the T piece, every muscle in her back stood out in fierce relief, her tits and butt quivering, the lead weight yanking on her sore nipples.

"Yyyyyyaaaaaaaaagh" she shrilled. Her hands squeezed into fists, trying to override the pain. She flopped forward as Bernie released the button, her breath coming in deep gasps, as she her whole body shook in pain and terror.

" Ya stupid fucking slut...your hands were right over your knickers - now I am gonna have to help you all over again.

This time just grab two handfuls and shred em...ready heres your lift coming".

“No no no pleeeese.....”

The rod crackled and Cherrys eyes went out on stalks, her mouth wide just emitting a strangled gargle as she rose up. The waist rope creaked and burned the skin, as she bowed backwards, every sinew and muscle on fire, her whole back rippling under the strain.

“Thats it ...your’e there ...come on .. shred em” he shouted.

Cherrys fingers scrambled and scratched at the material, trying to grab hold of the now slippery material. She was shrieking her head off as she plucked and pulled, over and over, as the electricity plowed through her nipples and then erupting through every sweating molecule of her body. A thumb and finger had found purchase, and pulling with all her might a small hole appeared.

She crashed forward as the power was cut, but her whole body continued to twitch and jerk as if receiving an aftershock.

“Well done” he grinned “But I want those briefs shredded apart. Just to give you some idea of your target, this might be helpful to you.”

Sucking and wetting his middle finger, he then jabbed it through the hole she had made directly over her ass hole, then pushed with all his strength three knuckles deep into her bowels.

“AAAAaaaarrgh” she hollered, as her body bowed up, but not Persuader height, his finger twirling, a nail scratching, then slumped down as he pulled his finger free.

“Ok - third time lucky - and I wanna see them pants ripped apart or Thumper will be using his teeth and he does tend to nip at the skin”.

Cherry heard the crackle and saw the blue light, but relief. Nothing.

Then as Bernie saw her relax he raised the prod to the silver chain. “Up ya go again cunt”.

He must have used a higher setting. As she once again she rode the stream of electricity, her body rose to a greater height, her hair started to stand on end, her vision blurred and she felt like she was inhaling scalding hot air. Her hands were twitching about trying to find the hole, as her nipples grew and throbbed feeling like they were going to erupt and burst into flame. A finger snagged at the hole and she pulled, adding another finger, anything to end the torture gushing through her body. She now had two fingers from each hand yanking and pulling, as the fabric started to shred apart. Her tits were shaking, slapping together encouraging the lead weight to grind its teeth on her ripe red nipples.

In sea of perspiring, tortured agony, she roared to the ceiling as her panties ripped, gathering on each hip as her splayed gash was at last exposed to the waiting animal.

She just crouched there, mewling, crying and trying to catch her breath. Tears and snot fell to the floor below, her whole body still quaking and juddering as her muscles slowly started to relax.

“Well that was fun - well at least for me and your viewers -now lets see if Thumper can make it all better for you - Thumper..Feed.”

“Noooo” she pleaded as Thumper started once again to lick at her pussy.

Long laps up and down, then drilling his velvet tongue into her cunt as she started to seep. Surely

people viewing this would understand that she was being forced, raped by a dogs tongue. "Not my fault" she thought. But it was starting to feel good -she felt violated and disgusted but her arousal was growing. Unwelcome but growing.

Thumper was licking at her whole crotch from pussy to ass hole, occasionally jabbing the tip into her bum sending shivers up into her brain. Then forcing his snout into her deeply, she was sure his tongue was tickling her cervix.

Cherry started to sway her hips as the dog continued to delve into her wide open pussy, rivulets of juice running down her thighs, her clit twitching in anticipation as Thumper started to bring her to a crescendo. His tongue slaverling on the roof of her cunt, lapping at her G spot, her whole pussy a melting pot of swirling sex juice, the dogs face awash with it. His licking growing more intense, faster and deeper, she was mewling and panting feeling a deep desire rising up from the pit of her stomach - she was going to cum and cum on a dogs tongue. With the little movement she had she was humping back on his face, his mouth sucking up her juices, salivating all over her crotch, diving deep into her cunt, his face hair prickling her swollen sex lips.

"Oh ..oh so close so close...yes yes.. nearly there s so close ...ah ah ah nearly ...nearly.."

"Heel".

Thumper moved away with a whine.

"Hammer.. Time".

"I'm So so close...please...Please...I need.."

Hammer jumped up - front paws on the bar raised above her waist, a massive cock up and ready, Bernie positioned the thin pointed tip between her dripping pussy lips. Beyond the dogs cock pointy tip, it spread out to massive proportions.

Still teetering on the edge of orgasm, her mind in turmoil, Cherry new this was very wrong but her body had betrayed her. She wriggled her bum trying to entice the dog into finishing her off - "Lick me pppleeeeeease sooo close".

With an almighty growl the dog thrust forward, his fat red thick hard cock stretching her pussy lips to the limit, as he violated her with his entire length.

"Aaaargggggghh" she cried as the huge canine cock displaced her sex juice full cunt, some pumped up into her womb, the rest flew out, drenching the dogs hind legs and her thighs. He was hammering her insides with an animal ferocity, her pussy lips dragged in and out by the girth of his cock, his spiky fur rubbing over and over on her engorged clit sending a wanton charge up her spine to a brain in turmoil.

Cherry was so close to a cataclysmic cum, the dogs cock constantly spraying her insides with a constant stream of thin runny jism flooding her cunt. She could feel his cock starting to swell as he humped her remorselessly, spreading her cunt walls wider and wider, her pussy lips stretched to the max.

"Aaaa c..christ whats happening...he's splitting me open...get him off...p p please"

"Its his knot ... relax and take it dog slut. Thumper UP!"

Thumper was on her, his dripping cock inches from her face front paws on her back, sending her back into spasms as she was forced into a deeper arch. She screamed bloody murder, and as her lips parted into a welcoming "O" Thumper hopped forward sending his rampant pulsating cock head unhindered across her tongue and busted straight into her gurgling throat. "Ggggaaaaaaah" she whimpered, as Thumpers fat hard cock, face fucked her, spewing constant rivulets of pre cum down into her gullet.

Hammers knot now felt like a fist punching her cunt as he frenziedly pounded her pussy, determined to gain access and mate his bitch.

Cherrys mind was in turmoil. Spit roasted by two filthy dogs. This was all so very wrong. But despite all the filth and depravity, her cunt was spasming, and she knew she was going to cum. She seemed to ripple inside, sending wave upon wave of carnal pleasure through her existence, tingling all over with excitement, and dread. She was so close - humping back on the huge veiny knot, her hips swaying, inner thighs saturated with both their juices. Then with a massive thrust, Hammers knot smashed her defences, and with an audible pop it was inside, adding a further 3 inches to her impalement, the tip of his cock seeming to penetrate her cervix. Cherrys whole cunt seemed to erupt inside, and as Hammer continued his pounding, it sent her over the edge. Eyes like saucers she saw stars as her cunt spasmed and contracted gripping at Hammers cock, milking him until he spurted rope after rope deep into her swampy hole. And as she cried out in pleasure and despair, her throat muscles massaged Thumpers plunging spear head, and soon burst after burst of dog cum exploded directly into her stomach.

Thumper retreated, and she breathed in a deep breath of air heavy with the taint of sex. Dog cum dripped from the corner of her mouth, and big white globs bubbled from her nose - her heart beating like a loud drum sending shockwaves of emotion through her befuddled brain. Her pussy felt like it had been through a meat grinder, and was still spasming around the dogs knotted cock. The dog was growling and restless as he waited for the knot to subside. Not wanting to wait any longer he pushed back with grunt, and with a loud "plop" the dog was was free, as a huge spray of juices spouted out onto the floor. Cherrys pussy a wide open red gash.

"A mighty fine show" said Bernie.

Reaching below her he removed the weighted nipple clamps and she shrieked like a maniac as the blood rushed back into her abused nipples.

"That's enough filming for today...though you will be on the live feed during the night for my clients that pay extra. Try and get some sleep - you will need all your strength for tomorrow."

Bernie was half way upstairs. "Please s sir pp p please don't leave me like this all night."

"You need to stay like that cunt. The dogs will probably want you a few more times between now and morning."

And with that she heard the basement door slam shut.

Cherry sobbed to herself as the dogs licked the cum from her face and pussy.

Bernie entered his kitchen.

"What the fuck - how did you two fuckers get in here?"

At the kitchen table sat the Fear brothers - Ron and Jon, guzzling down his beer and chomping on

pizza.

“Nice to see you to Bernie” chuckled Ron. “My grandma could pick your door lock with a hair bobbin and with her eyes closed.”

Jon looked Bernie straight in the eye. “We need to have a serious chat with you – you have a problem and we are here to fix it.”

“What the fuck you on about Jon – the only problem I have is you fuckers breakin into my house and making yourselves at home – now get the fuck out!”

“Not so fast “friend” – you need to see this.” Jon held out an iPad. “This the chat forum that both our business sites share – just read the comments Bern.”

MASTER DOM

Not up to standardya need to break this bitch or let the Fear brothers at her. Poor.

SADO SISTER

Fallen in love with her? Get the Piggy Brothers in to really sort that cunt out.

LUV THE SCREAMS

This is Lame Lame Lame. Scream Piggy Scream would have broken this big tity slut by now. Get Ron and Jon to give her the business.

And so the comments continued, page after page, all saying he had lost the plot, and more importantly loosing his audience and income.

“See what I mean?” Jon sneered “You are loosing your people...pre sales are practically zero and guess how many of your high payers are watching the live feed right now..well I’ll tell ya...only two sad fuckers..your usual would be hundreds.”

“Now I have a proposal that will make us all a load of cash. We join forces – Squeal Piggy Squeal & GUEST Films presents.... We amalgamate and grow even stronger, pool all of our charming clients and watch the cash roll in. We have a plan on how to keep the delightful Cherry for another two weeks and also get our hands on her cute little sister. As a gesture of good will, we will save this latest production of yours free of charge, but all future productions we split 50/50. Hows that sound to ya Bernard?”

Bernies head was spinning. He should have been keeping an eye on his clients and their comments. Sales had tailed off a bit lately. Was he really going soft? Did he have feelings for Cherry? What kind of hell would these two nasty perverts put her through? He had seen on many occasions how they operated, dragging some poor terrified girl from horror to horror at a frantic pace. Did he care?

He went over to the dresser and poured himself a very large Jim Beam, knocking it back in one gulp.

“Ok...”gentlemen” ...I have reached a decision.....

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**Part Two**

Midnight.

Ron Fear was tapping away at Cherrys phone.

"Hi Sis. Great news. Won a competition. 2 tickets to that boyband we both like, with meet and greet after, then an after show party with lots of celebs there. 2 nights at the Fairmount Hotel. Ask nicely - sure mum/dad will put you on early plane. Dropped my phone. Only text working at the moment. Let me know but you need to be back tomorrow.

Love Cherry.

Ron pressed send - and waited. Trap set.

1am.

Bernie made his way down the basement steps and could see that Hammer, one of his two huge black Mastiffs was once again trying to pull his knot free from a moaning and gasping Cherry. It was only as he stepped onto the basement floor that he could see the dogs fat cock and knot were planted deep in her anus.

He'd been watching her from the comfort of his armchair, the 50" LCD clearly showing Hammer nipping at her rosy bum cheeks and fingers, trying to cajole her into rearing up and spreading herself open and dripping for his iron hard cock.

As the biting had become more insistent and ferocious, Bernie had watched as she reared up, clawing her cheeks apart allowing the huge animal to thrust forward, slamming his entire length into her guts in one violent motion.

"Aaaah ...god no..no...noooo..not there" she screamed as she fell forward smashing into the cross piece. Mouth open and drooling, eyes out on storks, as the Mastiffs cock spread her arse open, going where no cock had gone before. As she wailed in pain and misery Thumper was on her, barking and nipping at her arms until she gave in from sheer terror, allowing the dogs ram rod cock to burrow deep into her spasming throat. Cherrys lips were stretched wide and tight around the thick gristle as she was once again spit roast by the panting dogs.

The dogs had gotten in to a rhythm, slamming into her front and then back, alternating, so as Hammer stabbed into her sore anal ring she was battered forward onto Thumper, his cock making her throat bulge, and then the dog raped his cock forward, forcing her back hard onto Hammers expanding penis. Drool ran from the corners of her mouth and nose to mix with the tears running down her reddened face, and with each violent thrush she just gurgled and let a pitiful moan.

"Mmmmfff.....Mmmmfff."

With her throat fit to bursting her head began to spin from lack of oxygen. She pursed her lips tight, and ran her tongue along the underside of the invading tool, determined to get the dog to cum asap. She was soon rewarded for her efforts. Thumper threw back his head, and thrusting into her throat with his full length, fired a massive spurt of slimy sperm directly into her heaving stomach, and as he dismounted still cumming, coated her throat and mouth with the sour tasting doggie gel.

Cherry was just grateful to breathe in a huge lungful of air.

Bernie looked down at Cherrys pain racked and spunk stained face, as Hammer continued to rock her violently back and forth, her tits swinging in circles like mad jellies.

"My turn now" Bernie whispered in her ear "and if you do me good you can leave later on, after I have taken a few stills for the DVD cover."

Bernie offered up the fat head of his cock to her drooling lips.

Did she hear him right? Did he say she could go home?

"I ...I .. can go home" she whispered, her throat aching from the pounding.

"Do me good, and yes you can. But it better be fucking good".

"Hammer cease". The dog immediately stopped spearing into her defenceless ass. She could feel it deep inside, twitching and aching to continue its rampage in her colon.

Cherry stared at the red fat plum of Bernies huge organ. Slowly she opened her mouth in acceptance of her plight and the promise of home.

"Tongue out ...and no fucking teeth" Bernie snarled.

Cherrys tongue snaked out, and he rested his cock on it.

"Look at me..let me see your eyes as I take your throat."

Cherry raised her eyes to stare into Bernies, and saw the look of depraved lust spread across his face.

"Just keep your eyes on me - or the deals off."

Then inch by inch he slid to the back of her mouth, and aided by the coating of dog jizz started the descent into her throat. To Cherrys relief, with four inches of hard fat cock still outside her gaping mouth he stopped. Bernie saw the look of relief on her face and smiled an evil smile.

"Not gonna be that simple" he sneered. "Hammer and your throat will do all the hard work. I am just gonna stand here and look into your eyes until my cum joins Thumpers in your guts."

"Hammer...continue." And on command the dog buffeted her forward, jamming her face into Bernies stomach, and the remaining four inches thrust into her gagging throat. Bernie stood, hips thrust forward as the dog sledgehammered her anal canal, her body pummelled

back and forth on his cum slicked cock, his balls tapping her chin once every second. He stared in her eyes - so full of hope, anguish and revulsion . The only sounds she made were the constant "Gaak ...gaak..gaak", on Hammers every violent thrust. Bernies hand went to her throat, and marvelled at the bulge of his penis, travelling up and down her poor ravaged throat. Her stomach throwing up Thumpers jism, constantly coating her throat - the long fat cock gliding in and out with ease.

Bernie felt his balls tighten and he knew he was close. Reaching up he playfully scratched the top of Hammers head.

"Hammer... Allegro" he shouted, at which the dog re doubled his efforts, bludgeoning Cherrys rectum at break neck speed, Bernies cock treated to the best deep throat he had ever imagined. Her throat muscles went into spasm, and seemed to be sucking on his entire length, drawing on his spunk filled balls.

Bernie reached down, thrusting a thumb into her lower jaw, and with his free hand fed his balls into her salivating mouth, another two inches of his twitching rod sliding into her spasming throat. Face fucked by cock and balls, Cherry closed her eyes and tried to ride out this new depravity.

"Mmmmf...Mmmmmf...Mmmmmff."

"Look at me you slutty whore - or the deal's off."

Cherrys eyes flew open, and stared at the manic face above her. Drool and spittle poured from Bernies mouth, dripping to her forehead, running down into her eye sockets - but still she kept her eyes open, stinging, praying that he would keep his promise of home.

Cherrys throat went into convulsions, massaging his swelling penis, her air supply all but cut off. Hammers anal rape, mashing her lips against Bernies hairy groin. Please don't let me die like this she thought. Then she felt his balls twitch and lurch in her mouth, his hairy ball sack rasping against her tongue.

His balls were now heating up, swelling, her cheeks bulging, her constricted throat felt the surge of cum barreling down the length of his cock, the head of his penis swelled to a massive size, as it rained rope after rope of boiling cum directly into her already heaving guts as Bernie roared to the rafters. "AAaaargh ... fuck yes..take it all ..."

Bernie stepped back and an avalanche of cum and spit cascaded from her gapping mouth, as she gulped in precious air.

Then blackness overcame her.

Cherry passed out.

2.30am.

Cherry woke with a start. She was no longer bound. The dogs were nowhere to be seen. She was laying on what appeared to be an inflatable mattress, with her jacket as a pillow. Next to her was a tray with a sandwich and what looked like a tall glass of milkshake. And leaning against the glass was an envelope.

Tired, weak but intrigued she reached for the envelope. Inside was a single A4 handwritten note.

"You have performed to my satisfaction, and as promised you will be released tomorrow. You must be hungry so you have a sandwich and a drink to quench your thirst. Please eat and drink to regain your strength.

Underneath your jacket is an alarm clock, and a pillowcase with some items of clothing. After you have finished your meal please lay down and go to sleep. The alarm will wake you at 9am. As soon as you are awake, you will dress in the items of clothing I have provided (and not before) and await my presence. Sweet dreams.

Uncle Bernie x".

Ps I am watching!

Cherry followed the instructions, and with hope in her heart she lay down and fell into an immediate sleep.



Milkshake....drugged of course.

9.15am

The alarm had gone off at 9am although Cherry had been awake an hour before, eager to go home – her head a bit groggy from the milkshake/sleeping pills concoction.

The bag had contained some flimsy underwear all a size too small. She had discarded her tattered panties and t-shirt, and hastily put on the undersized half cup lacy bra, her tits stretching the fabric to tearing point, flesh oozing out the top, bottom and sides. For some unknown reason her boobs ached like hell. The panties were no more comfortable. Just a g-string – a small tight pouch cupping her clam-like pussy – the thin waistband riding high over her hips. Having smoothed down her crumpled skirt, she had put on her cheerleader's jacket and zipped up to provide her modesty. White ankle socks and trainers covering her pretty feet.

She now stood in a pool of light, as Bernie snapped pictures of her with a Nikon Z9, giving her posing instructions for his DVD packaging.

"Unzip the jacket....nice ...lean forward... let's see those tits swing...perfect! Soon be time for me to say goodbye. Now lift the skirt... that's it....thrust your cunt forward....good....now pull the panties to one side...great...peel that pussy open, let's see some pink...perfect."

Plink, plink, plink plink...and a hum as all the strip lights on the ceiling sprang to life, flooding the basement with white light, and on the stairs stood two figures – a hideous vision of terror. Two figures – one about six foot tall, the other nearing seven foot.

Both were wearing rubber pig masks. Each wore a butcher's apron, with ties at the back of the neck, the aprons that looked like pig skin hung down to bony knees. Below that, skinny calves, all bone and sinew, feet clad in muddy hobnail boots. The taller of the two had the name Jon written in what appeared to be blood across his chest, the other had Ron smeared on his.

"Soooo-ieee, here piggy piggy – Sooo – ieee piggy," they shouted in unison, "where's the piggy – soooo-ieee." "There's the pig" shouted Jon, raising a skinny arm and pointing with a long bony finger. "Slut pig is showing off her wares to uncle Bernie, filthy cunt. Lucky we are here Ron, so show it the error of its ways."

The look of terror and fear on Cherry's face was only multiplied by the sight of two large cocks that hung from gapping holes in the front of their aprons. Ron's was hanging almost to his knees whilst Jon's was a good fat twelve inches. Must be fakes she thought. Turning to Bernie she pleaded.

"You promised – promised I was going home" sobbed Cherry. "Please please don't let them.."

"Had a better offer" Bernie cut in.

"Please don't give me to them – let me stay with you – I will be good- do anything you want- pleeeese" she cried, hurrying to do up her jacket, tears starting to roll down her cheeks.

"I made a deal with them – too good to pass up". Bernie stood back and headed for the stairs, and Cherry turned to see Ron and Jon staring at her through pig face masks. The masks she now realised only came down to their noses and cheeks. Both their mouths drooling with malicious grins, as their piercing eyes roved up and down her defenceless shaking body.

"Let's see what we have to work with."

With a speed that defied his size, Ron was behind her in a flash, gripping both wrists together in one big hand, his other hand between her shoulder blades, bowing her outwards, offering her up to his brother.

"Now lets unwrap this package, and see what this piggy is offering us to play with".

"Zzzzzzzit". Down came the zip of her jacket, then Jon pushed it back off her shoulders to hang loosely on her upper arms Her tits in the too small half cup bra sprang forward, as if waiting for attention.

"Ugh - no please leave me alone, I just want to..." Jons hand flew up, slapping her hard, her face flew to one side, spittle flying from her mouth, cutting her sentence short.

"We don't care what you want - you're our plaything. You will do as we want, and any instructions we give will be acted upon immediately. Get me"?

When Cherry didn't answer he wrenched the bra cups down, the thin material now providing a shelf for her still aching tits, the elastic in the material pushing them up, juddering and defenseless. Applying a vice like grip to both her nipples, Jon lifted them up high, then higher still, making her stand on tiptoe. " I asked you a question...Get me"?

"Yes" she screamed trying to wriggle free, her nipples on fire. Jon twisted each, and wrenched higher, her feet leaving the floor, legs kicking out at thin air.

"Thats yes sir" he screamed at her.

"Aaaahh...g god please ..please yes sir. Ppplease... your killing me, it..it hurts sooo much.. please sir."

Jon dropped her to the floor, and she glanced down at her sore red nipples, sure they must have been ripped away.

Jon grabbed the bra with one big boney hand and ripped it form her, the straps leaving a long red weal across her back, he threw it to the floor, leaving her breasts gently swaying. Soon the skirt followed suit, pooling around her ankles, leaving her arched forward and naked apart from the flimsy g string.

Jon appraised her, like a rat looking at some tasty morsel. His beady eyes travelled up and down her ravishing body.

He tutted and pointed to the dried dog cum, giving a marbled effect to her thighs, chest and face.

"God I hate a dog slut - gonna have to clean you up - inside and out!"

Ron new what was coming and pulled the jacket from her arms just as Jon stepped forward and delivered a punishing blow with four big fat knuckles to the soft flesh of her unprotected stomach.

Making a retching sound, Cherry collapsed to her knees, trying to drag air into her dry heaving empty lungs.

" No time to sit around..pig." Jon reached down, a hand around her throat, fingers so long they nearly touched at the back of her neck. He lifted her to a standing position, and then as before, her feet left the floor, the sinews in Jons arm locked like steel rods. Cherry couldn't breathe, and her

legs thrashed as he carried her along by her throat.

"I am not a cruel man" he said. "Let's take some of the weight from your scrawny neck. He reached down and with his free hand snagged a handful of her g string, hoisting it upward. Cherry screamed as some of her weight was supported by the her g string - the garment ripping across her anus and pussy. It felt like she was being spit open by a cheese wire.

"Let's get her in the pit, can't wait to see her belly bulge" he said. Jon carried her to the centre of the basement where there was a circular indentation, with sloping sides about 12 feet across. At the bottom was an iron water grill.

Jon stepped down, Cherry thrashing less now, her limbs just twitching, her face had gone from red to purple, her lips a deathly shade of blue.

"Put her down Jon - no good to us dead."

Cherry crashed to the ground, dragging in lung fulls of air, as Ron and Jon busied themselves setting up their equipment.

Ron flipped open a small foam lined case filled with various sizes of butt plugs. "I think the number 3 will be a nice tight waterproof fit, once the head has been inflated" he chuckled.

Cherry was on her hands and knees, crawling away, sniffing and sobbing, slowly making her way up the incline. "Please leave me alone...Aaaargh" Ron had grabbed an ankle, pulling her back down, her knees badly grazed on the concrete floor, then with both hands he grabbed at the g string, shredding the material with two mighty tugs.

"Come here piggy - where do you think you were going? We have to flush you out, clean of all that dog cum, before we can have some serious fun with you. We ain't putting our dicks anywhere near those dog Jizz filled holes of yours.. That would be disgusting."

"Raise her up Ron."

Ron stepped across her, sinking his skinny arse down onto her shoulders, facing her butt, his big tentacle hands reaching forwards, each grabbing a thigh and raising her bottom. Jon was behind her, spitting on the big fat butt plug head. "Open her up for me" he casually asked.

With two handfuls of bum cheek, Ron pulled, spreading her arse wide, her wrinkled star fish winking at Jon. Kneeling down he speared at her anal opening with the bulbous plug, pushing with all his strength, but she was too tight, and he guessed, clenching for all she was worth. Twisting and pushing the plug, his other hand slapping her cheeks hard and fast, turning them a rosey pink.

"No use ...it ain't going in" he grumbled, then he saw her relax, her arse slightly gaping from Rons efforts. As she relaxed, he rammed the plug forward, catching her off guard, the rim of her anus being forced into her. He twisted the plug and punched the end with the flat of his hand, and her butt gulped down the fat head with an audible pop, her ring snapping shut around the thinner base.

"Aaaargh god...no....your tearing me apart, take it out...please take it out." Cherrys voice faded to a crying mumble, as Jon snapped an airline onto the side of the protruding plug.

"Just gonna make sure this don't come out till we want it to." With that he pushed the start button on a nearby air pump. Cherry panicked as she felt the fat head of the butt plug expand with the rush of air, pushing at the walls of her anal canal.

“ Ooooh...ooooh please no more...its hurts so much...please stop...aah..ah..ah...noooooo.....”

Jon hit the compressor button and the plug stopped expanding. Taking hold of the protruding plug he pulled with all his strength, watching her anal ring stretch to splitting point, but the fat head was firmly entrenched.

He unsnapped the air line, the non return valve holding in the air, in his other hand he held the end of a garden hose with Hozelock attachment.

“Time to wash out all the dog filth, and see what you would look like pregnant with a litter of piggies.”

He snapped the hose on to the end of the plug, then retreated to the other side of the pit where a water tap awaited. “Her it comes pig, lets fill your guts.”

He turned the tap on full, and smiled as he saw the hose snaking and unfurling, as the water coursed through it, heading straight for Cherrys cute upturned butt.

She panicked and screamed, as water poured into her colon, crashing against the inner walls, expanding and filling her.

With nowhere to go the water continued upwards, flooding and expanding her stomach.

“Ah ah ah no...please...it hurts...so cold..you’re killing me...” Jon stood and watched as she twitched and writhed, hands clutching at her ballooning tummy. Cherry rolled over onto her back, hoping it would ease the agonising pain, as her insides were contorted, organs pushed aside as the freezing cold water continued to expand her bloating stomach. She half sat up on bent arms, elbows scraping on concrete, watching in horror as her stomach continued to rise, water sloshing and gurgling around like an over filled water bed.

“P..p..lease sirs” she begged, hardly able to catch her breathe, as the water pressed in on her lungs... “I will do anything you want...anything at all.. just please stop the water...I cant take any more.”

She looked up at the pig masks, their skinny rat chins, and evil grins, their gloating eyes revelling at her pain, discomfort and terror.

“Looks like she’s gonna give birth to a litter of piglets” Ron chuckled as they walked around her quivering body, nudging her with their big boots, increasing her agony.

They continued to watch for a few more minutes until Cherry started coughing up water, and gasping for breath, her eyes rolling upwards.

“We are there.” Jon casually walking over to the tap, and turning it of.

He returned and stood over her with Ron, both watching as she went into shock – her whole body spasming, arms and legs flopping around like a fish out of water. She rolled onto her side, water pouring from her mouth, coughing and choking. Then on hands and knees started to crawl, her belly hanging low and swaying, as she started to make her way up the incline out of the pit. Halfway up, Ron put a foot on the trailing hose – “Where you off to piggy” he said, then holding the hose he pulled her back down, her anal ring pouting, threatening to split, her knees raw on the concrete. “No more...please no no no ...more” she muttered, her voice just a quiet murmur.

"Better empty the pig, then we can flush out her cunt". Jon crouched between her splayed thighs and depressed the air release valve on the plug, water immediately starting to seep from her stretched anus. Grabbing the hose he started to heave on it, flipping her onto her back, but it stayed firm, his efforts just dragging her along. Stepping closer he placed a big hob nail boot against the underside of her huge belly, then with a firm hold on the waterline, he pulled with all his might, his boot sinking into her flesh, a huge spray of water gushed from her mouth and nose as the water was displaced. He was pulling with all of his strength, and glancing down he could see the butt plug starting to emerge, the skin of her anus stretched to ripping, pouting outwards. Then with a large gurgle, like a sink emptying, the plug sprang free, urged on by a funnel of water cascading from her arse.

"Ok...lets get the rest out...want to get this scene moving along." Ron stood to one side of her still over filled belly, and placed a boot directly over her navel, then using her like a stepping stone, stepped on and over her. As his full weight mashed downwards, a massive spray of water erupted from her mouth and anus. He turned and repeated the process, more water spraying from both ends. Over and over he stepped on her tummy, sometimes balancing there on one foot, before stepping down. After twenty or so gut pounding steps the water stopped to a slow trickle from her still gapping butt hole.

She was in shock. Hardly able to breathe. Lungs like water filled balloons.

Flipping her over, Ron raised her head from the floor with a handful of hair and then stood on Cherrys back, crouching low like a surfer riding a wave, he bounced on the balls of his feet. And with each bounce, her throat gurgled spewing water to the floor. Eventually Cherry moaned out loud, as a final trickle escaped her lips, and she heaved in a huge lungful of air.

Ron climbed off, and watched as she curled into a foetus like ball, crying like a baby.

Jon picked up the hose and turned the tap back on, spraying her from head to toe, the cold jolting her, as she writhed about. "I'll wash - you can scrub" he said.

Ron picked up a yard broom, its bristles hard and stiff like porcupine quills, he raked it up and down her body, Cherry rolling around trying to evade the scrubbing of her sensitive skin. Thighs, buttocks, chest all taking on a rosy glow, as the quills scratched fine lines into squirming body.

After a few minutes they were satisfied that all the dog cum had been erased from her sore skin. She lay back, eyes staring blankly at the humming strip lights, crying and moaning in pain and at her helplessness.

"Give her a few minutes to recuperate, then we will have her undivided attention again" said Jon as he screwed an evil looking nine inch dildo onto the lance of a jet washer.

Cherry now lay curled up, silently begging for this nightmare to end - but in her heart she new it wouldn't.

"Come on pig - lets get you buzzing - enough of this laying about." Jon was wielding a hypodermic syringe. Raising her nearest arm, he plunged the needle into a prominent vein.

Within seconds Cherrys eyes flew open, her whole body surging alive. A feeling of euphoria rushing to her brain, it felt like every follicle on her head was standing to attention. She was cold, lying in the pool of water that had only minutes ago been splashing about in her tummy, now slowly disappearing down the drain hole. The cold and the needle had caused her nipples to raise into hard spikes. Her clit felt like it was growing, twitching, longing for stimulus.

"Its wonderful what crystal meth can do - and the special additive will make your pussy all the more sensitive, but only the most extreme sex will allow you to cum." gloated Jon, as he flipped her onto her back.

"Ok Cheer Pig - Bernie tells me you are very bendy - spread those thighs so I can flush out your dog cum filled cunt hole - reach down between your thighs and grab your ankles so I can see some pink".

Cherry just lay there, staring at them with a defiance probably brought on by the meth. She gazed at the extremely long cocks, hanging through their pig skin aprons. Cant be real she thought - just some fake rubber rubbish bought online.

"I want to go home" she said in a loud and determined voice.

Rons hand came down across her face, two long bony fingers blocking her nostrils, pulling her head back, his other hand at her chin, tearing her mouth wide open as Jon approached with a pair of pliers, snapping them open and closed like a crocodiles jaw.

"You do what we want, when we want, and immediately".

Pushing her tongue down with a filthy finger, the pliers entered her mouth and snapped shut on one of her front upper teeth. "You don't obey, there are consequences" Jon said.

With her mouth prised open and invaded she couldn't form words, just squeals and nonsense.

"Ah...ah...ah..ease ont...ease ease ease...I ill e ood".

"I get your drift pig, and it would be a shame to ruin such a pretty smile for the audience, but an example must be made".

The pliers moved to the back of Cherrys mouth and snatched at a rear molar, Jon tightened his grip, and started twisting and pulling. Cherry could hear her tooth squeaking and grinding in her gum, as he worked it loose, back and forth. The nerves in the gum screaming into Cherrys brain.

"Aaarrgh...ease ease ease op."

"Thats three sentences, and you have not used the word Sir even once" said Jon, grunting with the effort of pulling her tooth.

"Ir ir ir" she gargled.

"Too little too late" he grunted, as the sound of grinding, and pain hit her brain, and then the tooth came loose, Jon waving it in front of her terrified eyes, the metallic taste of blood washing across her tongue.

"Now Ron is very kindly gonna wash out your mouth and clean up that gum. You will keep your mouth wide open at all times until he is finished wont you" Jon said, waving the pliers and bloody tooth in front of her face.

"Yeth sir" she replied, her bottom lip quivering, a trickle of blood escaping to run down the side of her face.

Ron released his grip, her head falling back to the floor with a thump, her hair splaying out like a halo around her head.

He stepped forward, a hob nail boot by each ear, pinning her head to the ground by her hair.

Jon sat on her stomach, keeping the pliers within her eye sight.

"Now open wide, and keep your eyes on Ron, be thankful for the help he is offering you. And don't fail - wouldn't want you to loose another tooth".

Cherry opened as wide as she could, starring into Rons eyes, her view partially blocked by that long appendage hanging from his groin.

Any thoughts of his cock being fake were soon dispelled, as a trickle of piss escaped the big red head, splashing her cheeks and forehead. As the stream became more urgent he held his penis and aimed directly at her mouth, the acrid fluid splashing her lips and tongue, the piss filling her mouth to over flowing, and with her mouth wide open her only option was to swallow, and wait for another mouthful of foul urine. With eyes wide open, she saw the pliers hovering menacingly, and Rons maniacal grin looking down at her as he emptied his bladder, her gum stinging and throbbing. Seven times her mouth filled, and seven times she swallowed it down, her stomach lurching and turning over in distress. Ron finished and shook of the last few drops, making sure they splashed into her eyes, but she managed to keep them wide open, along with her gaping mouth. Her gum throbbing a dull painful ache.

With heightened Meth senses Cherry took in her surroundings, the pit with drain hole, the garden hose with butt plug laying discarded, two hard bristled yard brooms laying side by side, and Jon standing at her feet, the power washer in hand, with the wicked looking dildo attachment.

"Ok ... assume the position".

Cherrys mind wandered back to his original command, then, pulling her knees towards her chest, she reached down with both hands underneath her thighs and grabbed an ankle in each. The position pulled her knees wide, her vagina spread, slightly open, waiting for the next violation.

"Right - lets clean out your dog cock loving cunt".

Jon held up the lance and pulled the trigger. The centre section of the dildo, about five inches long, started to spin under the pressure of the water, blasting needle thin jets of water out of many many holes along its length.

Cherry shuddered at the thought of that thing, tearing up her pussy, like some kind of mining machine looking for valuable ore. She bit at her lower lip, as her thigh muscles relaxed a bit more, and her knees dropped further apart, almost touching the floor. Her pussy opening up as if in acceptance of it fate.

Jon placed the tip of the device at her entrance, and then leaned on the lance. It slowly entered her, pushing aside her dry tight cunt walls, centimetre by centimetre.

Cherry closed her eyes, and moaned in distress at the tight, dry, painful intrusion.

"Open your eyes Pig - watch it go in".

She raised her head, and stared down over the expanse of her high proud breasts, watching the fat 9 inch dildo, spread her apart, tunnelling deeper and deeper, until the wide flange at the base of the monster, mashed up tight against her clit and labia.

"Here it comes dog slut." Jon pulled the trigger, and the spinning section of the intruder started to rotate slowly then grew in momentum. When it reached twenty revolutions per second, it started to blast her insides with needle thin jets of ice cold water. It felt like pins attacking her pussy walls – many needles stabbing and pricking, spinning round and round, ripping at her delicate inner flesh.

Cherry was gritting her teeth, determined not to scream or plead, but as Jon hit another button, the thing started to spin at an alarming rate. Nearing 50 cycles a second – it felt like someone had jammed a spin drier up there, rumbling and crashing round, battering her insides to pulp.

Her eyes went wide, nostrils flaring, the sinews in her neck standing out in stark relief as she released a scream so shrill it threatened to pierce the Fear brothers ear drums.

"Thats hit the spot" Ron shouted over the racket of the lance, power pump and screaming.

Jon hit a third button, and the flange at the bottom of the dildo, mashed up against her slit, started to hum and vibrate so violently her pussy started shaking. Shaking so fast her twat was a blur, her toes clenching and flexing, her tummy a wave of rippling muscles.

"No please sir....enough....enough...I cant take it anymore" she pleaded, her teeth chattering with the vibration.

Jon stared down at the water and froth pouring from around the flange, and not just water he thought to himself. "Sure thats pussy juice" – he shouted to Ron. "Think she's starting to get off on this".

Ron crouched down, and ran two fingers around her opening, gathering up some of the slime now puddling on the floor below. Taking a sniff, he chuckled, and crouched down by Cherrys head. He smeared some of the slime into her nose and mouth. "Smell and taste familiar?" he asked her, but she was too far gone to hear or understand.

She was shaking from head to toe, as the lance clawed at her insides, the vibrations from the flange had started a reaction she new was going to end in shame. Her clit had started with a mere tingle, but now was a raging volcano, her pussy lips chattering open and closed, her breasts shaking, her nipples a blur. She was humping back on the dildo now, desperate to cum.

Ron nodded to Jon and smiled.

Jon hit the button that killed the vibrations and reduced the spin cycle.

"No... please...I was so close" she squealed.

She was humping the rod, trying to reach her goal. She planted her feet firmly on the floor and her hips rose, thighs spread wide, sliding her pussy up and down the dildos length moaning at the loss of sensations.

Jon smirked and watched for a minute as she debased herself, then reaching across he hit the final button on the lance.

The dildo went from zero to double its previous speed, needle jets of punishing water spinning at a hundred cycles a second, the flange grinding on her clit and lips now vibrating and spinning as well, and from the head of the dildo emerged a two inch wide dome covered in stiff short bristles. The dome was spinning and thumping back and forth, smashing into her cervix, punching and ripping at it with brutal force.



They stared down at her humping pussy, her whole body rippling and spasmodically shaking, lost in overwhelming sensations. Grasping the lance in two hands, hardly able to hang on, the lance rattling the bones in his arms, he started to ram the dildo in and out of her frothing, dripping slit.

Her eyes rolled back into her head, as every muscle in her nubile body locked, and an orgasmic wave which started in her brain, crashed through every molecule of her body. She shuddered like she was plugged into the national grid as wave after wave thrashed through her being, until spent, she flopped to the floor, and Jon ripped the lance from her gaping dripping hole.

Jon nudged her in the side with the toe of his boot. "Sluts passed out" he said. "Time for the next scene - but first her tits need another shot" he said, producing a large hypodermic syringe. Cherry was so out of it she just murmured a sleepy "Oh", as he sank the needle into the base of her left breast a good three inches, and then did the same to the right tit. "Pig bitch needs to earn her keep - feed all those hungry little piglets" he snickered.

Swiick....swiick.....swiick....swiick.

Cherry eyes flew open with a start as a fiery pain seared across the tender crease between her buttocks and thighs.

"On your feet Piggy - time we had ourselves some intimate time together".

Cherry was on her knees, forehead to the floor, her wrists tied together behind her, a rope rising to the ceiling, pulled tight and straining her arm sockets. Ron held onto the other end of the rope which passed over a pulley, keeping it taught.

"Up you come". Pulling on the rope, her wrists rising, arm sockets threatening to dislocate. Jon laid another vicious welt across the top of her thighs with a thin whippy cane.

Swiick...a white line appearing, quickly turning an angry red.

"Aaaaargh....no please...please ...fuck no..I am getting up!"

Cherrys legs flailing, trying to get her feet beneath her.

She was now on her feet, but the wrist bondage forced her to bow outwards, like the figurehead on an ancient galleon, her breasts swaying gently, thrust forward as if offering them to Jon. He grasped her nipples and yanked them upwards, the skin stretching as she was forced onto tip toes.

"I like my pigs a little younger, maybe fifteen or so - how old are you piggy?"

"Ah..ah.. please sir...twenty sir" she pleaded, tears draining from the corner of her eyes. Jon nodded to Ron, who pulled down on the rope, her wrists rising another few inches, and then he laid a horizontal line across the centre of her perfectly rounded bottom cheeks with the cane.

"Eeeeeygh ahah" she screamed, running on the spot on tip toes. "God ...fuck...ah please...no more".

"How old are you...think hard".

"I am fifteen..fifteen..sir - please don't hit me again" she cried, her bottom on fire.

"And..who..gave..you..permission..to..grow..these..huge..

tities” he asked, each word punctuated with vice like pull on her nipples. Cherry was thinking for the correct answer. What did he want her to say? Her mind racing in turmoil.

Jon nodded and Ron laid another stripe just below the first, her buttocks quivering from the blow.

“Eeeeeiiii” she screamed louder, dancing faster on the spot, her buttocks shaking ,hips twisting.

“You’ll have to answer quicker than that – its not a trick question piggy” he sneered.

“Nobody...nobody gave me permission” she blubbered.

“So you didn’t ask permission – you, or should I say they will have to be punished for your naughtiness” he said reaching down, pulling a tarpaulin from a device, which she was sure would bring her more pain and horror.

“Nipple and clit expansion, before we haul you up by these fat piggys” he said, raking his long filthy nails across her sweating tit flesh. It felt like her skin was being ripped and torn by animals, the flesh mauled and twisted in his ferocious grip. A clear plastic tube ran from the machine, and he waved it in front of her tearful eyes. She had no idea what it was for – what was the purpose of the tiny rubber ring, stretched around the open end of the tube?

With the toe of his boot he hit the red button on the machine, and it hummed into action, as he jabbed the tube at her bare tummy. The tube latched on, tugging at her belly, then he ripped it away, leaving a small round red circle just above her navel. He did this several more times, fascinated by the marks the sucking tube produced.

“Pick a nipple” he demanded, but she just stared at him in disbelief. “Makes no odds – they’re both gonna get stretched” he said, raising the tube and pushing it down over her right nipple. It snatched at her pliant bud, caught in the vacuum.

“Aaaah...oh..oh..oh..aaargheyieeee” she screamed as the nipple was dragged into the tube, extending and turning red and swollen. Glancing down she could see it getting longer, beyond belief, until it reached almost an inch into the clear tube. “Excellent” Jon exclaimed, as his thumb and fore finger, rolled the the rubber ring from the tubing, to sit snugly at the very base of her nipple, snapping down and gripping tightly the engorged flesh. Jon tugged at the tubing but it held fast. With a big hob nailed boot planted firmly on a thigh he leaned back, hauling on the tube as it stretched her nipple, nearly 2 inches long, before it hissed free. “Aaaah christ...no more...pleeeeeease”.

Jon paid no attention as he stretched another rubber ring over the end of the tubing before raising it up, bringing it slowly to her left teat. “No...please ...please not again....not..”.

The tube slurped, and dragged on her skin, yanking it hard and out, devouring her fleshy protuberance, until it reached its painful maximum length, the rubber ring snapped down onto its base. Jon left the tube hanging as he switched of the air pump, then ripped it away, easier now as the suction had stopped, but it still felt like hell as her nipple stretched and twisted and she screamed in agony.

Jons eyes were out on stalks as he rolled her nipples with his fingers, then squeezing and tugging. “Wow – look at these pig, nice and long, all the better for abuse”. Cherry stared down at her elongated nipples, and cried in disbelief at what he had done to her beautiful breasts.

“Now, just need to make the changes permanent” he said, again reaching into his holdall. He produced a wicked looking hypodermic syringe, and Cherry shuddered at the madness in his eyes as

he approached.

"If you could just steady these fat pig udders" he said to Ron, "this needs to be precise - keep her still".

Big hands grabbed her breasts from behind, holding her tits, fingers splayed either side of her nipples, keeping the erect teats still and ready for the needle.

Jon brought the syringe closer. "If we remove the rubber rings, your nipples will eventually shrink back to their normal size. This is a bit like a Botox injection - only permanent - now hold still, just a few small pricks - you'll get the much larger pricks later" said Jon laughing at his own sick joke.

With his tongue out in concentration, he brought the needle closer, Cherry whimpering, as he slowly sank the tip into the base of her nipple, just above the rubber ring, then another injection about half way along her extended teat, and finally, and more painful, he pushed the needle down into her breast through the tip. "Eieeeeeeya...please..." It sank into her nipple about half an inch, adding another dose.

He repeated the procedure to her other nipple, as Cherry stared down in disbelief and horror at what he was doing to her. She would look like a freak she thought - "he is turning me into some kind of perverts dream - a fantasy figure to be wanked over".

"Perfect" hissed Jon, "now time for the clit enhancement - give you something to suck on Ron".

Ron hands released her tits, both hands grabbing a thigh and scissoring them apart, a knee in the small off her back, thrusting her mound forward. The air pump hissed into life again, Jon with the clear tube, crouching and spreading her pussy open with thumb and forefinger, then slowly bringing the sucking tip closer and closer to her clit. Then, "squelch" and pain as the little nub of flesh was drawn into and up the tubing. "Aaaaargh...jesus...no..please that hurts...pleeeese stop". Cherry stared down, panting and mewling through gritted teeth, trying to ride the agony, as she watched her clit expand and lengthen, drawn up the tube until it was the size of a newborns little finger. Jon rolled the tiny rubber ring down onto the base of her protruding clit, then switched off the compressor, the tubing hanging down between her thighs, the vacuum in the clear plastic latched on firmly. With a perverted leer, he pulled on the imprisoning tube, looking into her pleading wet eyes, as he started pulling harder, then harder still, the tube refusing to let go.

"Eieeeeeegh...oh god..ohgodd...Aaaarrrrrgh..stop...god...no please stop....you're pulling it off".

With a sadistic yank, he ripped the tube from her quaking mound, her eyes snapped down, relieved her clit was still intact, but horrified to see it poking a good inch beyond her perfect clam like pussy. Now she really felt like a sideshow freak - the big nipple and clit girl. Step up folks, just a dollar to give em a pull.

Jon was between her thighs, wielding the syringe, eyeing her long erect nub. "Now this is gonna hurt - so much more sensitive down here". Pinching the tip of her clit to hold her steady, he drove the needle into the base. Cherrys thighs locked solid, muscles tense, as she let out an almighty scream - "Yyyyaaaaaaagh", then another as the needle prodded and pierced her clit half way up. The final injection in through the tip was more than she could stand, her bladder releasing a powerful stream of piss splashing directly onto Jon's face. She screamed so loud she could hear the dogs howling in unison somewhere way above her up in the house, as Jon lapped and gargled the golden shower as if in ecstasy.

Jon slurped at her pussy as the flow subsided, then gave her huge clit a painful nip as she groaned

then yelped at the sudden pain.

Standing before her, he rolled her nipples until she started to squirm. "These" he said, tugging on her teats, "are gonna need a bit of agitation for the chemicals to do a proper job - same goes for this" he jeered, giving her clit a painful flick of a finger.

"Now where is that "special bra" that I reserve for naughty big tited pigs". He reached down into the holdall of horror

retrieving some kind of metal contraption, made of stainless steel that glinted in the overhead lights. He held it up for her to see, her eyes round with fear, wondering what its purpose was. Two lengths of shining metal about 20 inches long. One length was about 6 inches deep, and had a slight curve to it, the other a flat plate with a V section welded to the length of it. The ends of the device held together with bolts and large wing nuts.

"Time for your bra fitting" he muttered, spinning the wing nuts so the parts separated.

Cherry watched in terror as she realised the purpose of the metal monster. "No..no..please..please don't put that thing on me" she cried, but even as she spoke he was reaching forward, sliding the curved plate under her supple defenceless tits, until the metal pressed against her rib cage. The upper section, sat across the expanse of her high firm flesh.

Humming to himself he started to spin the wing nuts. First one side, then the other. Left, right, left right as her breasts started to be squeezed, the V in the upper section digging into the slopes of her smooth skin.

"Fucking tits are so huge they are trying to slip out" he grunted. Ron tied off the rope holding her wrists aloft, then stood behind her. Reaching around he pulled on the tit presses ends, holding the device against her upper chest and ribs below. Cherry stared down at her proud boobs, long nipples quivering, as Jon continued turning the screws - licking his lips and drooling in anticipation as her breasts started to bulge out, turning a dark red, the areola spreading under the strain.

"Please...no tighter..please please sir..." she pleaded, frightened she would be disfigured, or maybe her tits would just drop off.

"Nearly there, just a few more turns, then I think you need a good arse fucking".

Jon stood back, spittle running down his chin, eyes wide and crazy as he looked at her pitiful expression, her breasts held tight in the "special bra". Cherry felt like her tits were going to explode, ballooning out between the vice jaws, her enhanced nipples throbbing.

Ron was lowering three cables from an overhead pulley, the two outer cables had gymnast rings on them. The centre cable he threaded through holes in the centre of her tit cage, tying it off securely. Jon busied himself with two lengths of similar cables, encircling her ankles and tying the ends off to steel rings set in the concrete floor about 3 feet apart - about a foot of slack laying on the floor.

"No...please ..what.. what...are you doing...please ...." Her voice was cut off as Ron pulled on the end of the centre cord, sinew and muscle in his arms locking as he heaved her up, her weight supported by her bulging breasts.

"Aaaargh....nooooooo....please..you will kill me..."she cried out, her breasts felt as though they were tearing from her. Jon just stood and gloated, running a hand up and down his fat long limp cock.

Ron kept on hauling her up, until the slack in the ankle cords was taken up and taut. He then released the cord binding her wrists.

"We are not cruel men" he lied. "Look up, and grab onto the steel rings above you. A gymnast like you should be able to take the strain off of those tits" he said, watching as she grabbed onto the rings, sweat pouring down her body as she heaved herself up. Hanging about a foot off the floor she looked like she had performed a spectacular star jump.

"Now's the time for that butt fuck I have been promising". Jon was holding yet another hypodermic, stretching his cock with one hand, the needle poised at the base of his groin. "ED got me a while back, same as Ron, but unlike Ron who has gone to very extreme measures, I find this does the job very nicely, and it stays up and ready for hours - many a piggy has screamed on the end of this". The needle broke skin and the hypo injected its load, Jon masturbating furiously as his penis went from soft to iron bar hard in a few seconds.

Even with the strain of holding herself up, taking the weight from her aching breasts, she couldn't help but glance down, and gasped when she saw the size of his cock. The fat plum red and purple head seeping fluid had to be at least 2 inches across, maybe 3 inches where it flared out to its rim, and the shaft was long and gnarled, thick piano wire veins running up and down its length. She couldn't imagine it would fit into her pussy - let alone her bottom.

Jon went behind her, fingers playing up and down her painfully spread body.

Ron was now at her front, reaching around her hips, a handful of butt cheek in his big alien like paws, he pulled her bottom apart, cool air fluttering across her exposed anus. Then he dragged her towards him, Cherry realising that the cords were some kind of bungee rope, her arms and legs were bowed back, her encaged tits thrust forward. The cords seemed to have reached their utmost give as Ron held her in place like a human catapult.

Jon was running his engorged cock up and down her bottom crack, the head spreading thick amounts of pre cum. He then nestled his big fat penis head against her anus, looking down at Rons hands holding her spread, knuckles white. He used two thumbs either side of her opening, pulling her anal ring open, lodging his cock in place. "Let her rip" he shouted, Ron releasing his hold, the elasticated rope dragging her back, only Jons cock keeping her bowed out. She was clenching down tight, anything to stop his entry into her bowels.

"Na..na..no..it wont fit.. pleeeeze ...stop" she screamed, perspiration running in rivulets down her back, and bottom crack, pooling around the fat cock head.

"Time for the quirt" Jon shouted, holding his ground against the pull of the cords, "And lube".

Ron handed his brother a spray bottle, who looked down and grinned, as he sprayed a liberal amount of lube to Cherrys anal ring and the length of his penis. The head slipped in a few millimetres, then stopped.

Ron stood before Cherry, flailing something around in the air that made a swishing and fluttering sound. Eyes closed and with gritted teeth concentrating on clenching her bottom she paid no attention.

"As Jon said, your nipples and clit need agitating for the chemicals to take proper effect.

He was holding a 2 foot long leather quirt, the business end the shape of a Eucalyptus leaf. Made of leather it was about a quarter inch thick, with a split down the middle, which made a fluttering

sound, the two halves parting as they passed through the air. When they reached a target the halves would strike as two and then snap together.

“Five on each nipple, and as many on your clit that's needed to get Jon off” he said drawing back the quirt.

Zzzzzzzist

Cherrys left teat exploded in pain as the leather bit into both sides of her nipple then snapped together, grasping and tearing at it as the blade was yanked away.

She screamed and jolted, thrashing in mid air, all thoughts of her bottom rape gone.

Jons cock breached her anal ring, half the head buried in her bottom, massaging his glans as she thrashed about. The elastic cords drawing her back onto his ram rod length.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzist

Jon stood his ground, hips thrust forward letting her do all the work as his cock slid in further, her ring wrapped around the widest part of his glans.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzist

Cherry screamed, bucking backwards as the head of Jons penis stabbed through her defences, her anus snapping tight over the rim of his glans. He grinned, watching her bottom sliding down the length of his shaft until it was fully embedded in her colon.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzist

Jons penis massaged by her clenching innards as she screamed and rode the wave of pain ripping through her breast. With a hand on each hip he thrust her forward, the elastic cords giving as she was bowed forward, his groin pummeling her bottom as he fucked her hard and deep. Stepping back until just the head was buried in her spasming ring, he released her hips.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzist. The quirts halves split and landed either side of her tortured nipple, then snapped together, grasping the delicate bud like red hot pincers, the rubber ring torn away, her flesh now weeping, tender and burning.

Then screaming and twitching she slid back down Jons entire length. “Aaaaaaarrrrrrgh”. She wailed to the rafters, her arms aloft, hands gripping the steel rings, knuckles white, keeping her weight from tearing at her crushed tits.

With gritted teeth she roused all her strength, her muscles burning in effort, she hauled herself upwards, Jons cock slowly emerging from her raw anus, just the fat pulsing head held tight.

“Down ya go piggy”. Ron delivered two quick blows to her right nipple.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzist - Zzzzzzzzzzzzzist.

In shock and agonising pain Cherrys hands slipped from the rings, and she plummeted down, spearing her bottom on Jons cock, the fat head straitening out her innards, punching up to her tummy.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzist - Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzist.

She bounced up and down, her breasts wrenched about in jolting pain, Jons cock massaged by the her agonising motion.

With each upwards bounce she tried to grab at the rings, and it wasn't until the third bounce she managed to grab one with her left hand, hauling herself up then grabbing the the other support.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzist. Ron delivered a viscous blow that tore away the rubber ring, ripping it up the length of her nipple. She glanced down through tear filled eyes, saddened and shocked to see her teat remained stiff and protruding with no signs of it shrinking back to its normal size.

Jon arched her forwards, sinking his entire length into her sore opening, offering her up to Ron.

Ron was on his knees, eyeing up her distended clit, the quirt raised back over one shoulder.

Cherry stared down, biting at her lip, perspiration running down her thighs, knowing what was coming, a clit flogging until Jon came deep in her guts.

"Noooooooo.....please don't do it.....I am begging you..ple...."

The twin leather blades fluttered as they scythed through the air like an approaching Hornet.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzit.....

"Eeeeyiiiiiahaaaaa....." Her clit ripped at, throbbing, dragged downwards, then springing back to attention, awaiting the next terrible blow.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzit. A precise uppercut, Jon feeling the draft of air as the quirt passed by his balls.

She screamed like hell, stomach rippling, her insides clenching onto the piercing cock, massaging its full throbbing length. "Fuck that feels good" he shouted to his brother. "Faster and harder - this bitch is gonna get her insides hosed down pretty soon".

Feet firmly planted, he thrust her forwards, cock head wedged deep inside.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzist - Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzst.

A left and right blow to her towering clit, Cherry hysterical, as the whip set her insides clenching, dragging on the rampant cock, squeezing down on the sensitive glans.

Ron grinned at her agonised pussy, noticing the clear sticky fluid smearing her inner thighs. "Looks like we have a pain slut on our hands" he sneered, raising the quirt, then slashing it down directly over her clit, the two halves leaving identical red marks.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzist.

"Oh fuck...fuck...fuck....no..please....ah...ahh..dont....stop" she bellowed. But deep in her pussy she felt a burning need rising up, like electricity, tingling up her spine, waves crashing through her brain, unfocused eyes seeing stars. "No no" she thought - her mind scrambled, "this cant be happening - can't cum like this, its not me, this can't be right". Jon was grunting behind her, his cock wrapped in the grasping fist of her colon.

Zzzzzzzzzzzist.....Zzzzzzzzzist.....Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzit.

A left and right blistering swipe, then a knee trembling upper cut, her pussy started gushing, her

whole insides sending a tremor through her belly, drawing on that big cock, till she felt her insides awash, as his fat glans sprayed rope after rope of scalding semen deep into her stomach.

"Fuck yeh" he shouted, "Take it all pig", his hands steadying her hips in a brutal squeeze, as she tried to get some friction on her needing, quaking clit.

She was on the edge, so close, but unable to step over as Jon pulled out, a torrent of cum, pouring down her thighs. Gathering up a handful, he stepped round and forced his spent jizz into her gaping mouth.

She just hung there, a crying used mess. Her mind broken and elsewhere.

"Right - lets get this piggy spread open". "We have another adjustment to make" he said, looking into her distant, uncomprehending eyes.

Someone launched a bucket of cold water at her, and she spluttered, her hair spraying droplets into a halo around her head, as she stepped back into reality.

"Please....no more....you've had your fun....please let me go", she murmured, knowing her wishes were falling on deaf ears.

"Ok - we will leave you alone if you beg us to use your sister instead".

Cherrys mind was racing. Her sister? She was away with her parents. Safe. How could they....?

"I know what you are thinking, but we have your phone. All sorts of tricks and ruses can be played using texting".

"No" she screamed, "I wont do it - leave her alone".

"Suit yourself - but you will beg us to use her instead of you- eventually"! That "Eventually" sounding horribly ominous.

"We will start on your cervix then" said Jon, waving yet another of his horrible syringes.

Ron lowered her down, her feet finding cold concrete, the rings swaying high above her as she sank to her knees. Jon stood over her, his cock still rock hard, dripping and sticky.

"Clean me off" he said, thrusting his filthy cock towards her mouth. Cherry turned her head away, the fat head of his penis stabbing her in the cheek. "No" she murmured defiantly.

Ron was on her in an instant, a big hand splayed across her forehead, long boney fingers pulling her eyes open wide.

Jon brought the syringe closer, the needle approaching her eye. She whimpered as it came closer and closer.

"If I inject your eyelids you will never be able to close your eyes again. Wont even be able to blink". The needle millimetres from her pupil.

"No no please don't - I'll do it...pleeeeeease" she begged.

His cock was at her lips again. "Nice and clean then - and don't forget my balls.



With a sigh of defeat she opened wide, her lips sinking down over the purple head, tongue lashing around, sucking for all she was worth. With a hand on the back of her head, he guided her down over his entire length, plugging her throat as she sucked and swallowed. It was difficult to breathe, her breasts aching and numb, flattened in the steel press. Jon pulled out and offered up his balls. "Give em a nice warm bath". Ron jammed his fingers into the corners of her mouth, pulling outwards, her face now like a grinning gargoyle, as his brother eased both his balls into her salivating hole. She sucked and licked, pubic hairs coating her mouth and between her teeth until he was satisfied and pulled out.

Ron quickly bound her wrists together, figure of eight, chafing her skin, fingers turning numb.

"Oh please can you remove this...I have lost all feeling" she said nodding down at the tit press.

"No feeling you say"? He turned the wing nuts clockwise, and she cried out as the bars mashed her flesh down even tighter, gripping her tits in their torturing embrace. Her long nipples seemed to quiver of their own accord.

"Aaaaaaarrrrgh...stop it...please stop".

"They still seem to have plenty of feeling" he chuckled, rolling and tugging on her new teats.

"Anywho - lets get this off and you up there again".

He twirled the retaining nuts, her breasts expanding from their flattened state, and then the pain hit her, as the blood rushed back in like a thunderous storm. Her tits on fire, every nerve ending felt like it was doused in acid. Cherry was screaming as he raised her wrists, threading an S hook through the bindings, then hauled her up, feet kicking as they once again left the floor. When her dainty toes were a foot above the ground he stopped, securing the end of the rope.

Jon and Ron each took an ankle, binding them with several turns of rough hemp, which they then passed through wall mounted rings, set at hip height either side of her.

"Lets see how bendy she really is - should be able to do the splits no problem" she heard one of them say.

Cherry was not paying attention, the sea of agony in her breasts, only just subsiding. It wasn't until her legs started to part, that she looked around at their grinning faces, each of them pulling on their ropes.

Each ankle was pulled outwards and started to rise, inch by inch, then foot by foot as they put their backs into the task.

Her hips starting to ache, her thighs stretched and rippled, muscles taut, tendons in her calves, twitching and cramping.

"Please don't....dont hurt me...why...what are you doing..please let me down" she cried out as she felt cool air playing over her parting pussy.

"You can always relieve the strain" Jon laughing, as he tied off the limb he'd been raising, now perfectly horizontal. "Just pull yourself up by your wrists".

With one final heave, Ron tied off his rope, then stood back to admire her hanging, defenceless and dishevelled. A perfect upside down T. Arms vertical and straining, legs doing an impossible mid air

splits. Her head was thrown back, jaw clenched, a sea of sweat bathing her skin, shining in the overhead lights like baby oil.

Jon was between her legs, with another of his beloved devices. A steel ring, about six inches across, with many crocodile clips hanging by short elasticated strings dangling from its circumference. Either side was a set of long thin leather straps.

"Just need to open you up piggy" he snickered, holding the ring tight over her vulnerable split pussy. Ron passed one pair of leather straps around a straining thigh, knotting it off by her hip, then did the same the other side. After making several adjustments, pulling and tightening the leathers, the ring was tight against her groin.

"Now for the fun part" - Jon holding a crocodile clip, a finger in her hole, spreading her open, snapping the clip over her Labia. Letting go of the clip, the elastic pulled her lip out towards the ring. "Ah...ah..pleeeese..that hurts".

Ignoring her plea, he attached another clip to the other Labia, smiling as it was dragged taut to the ring. Four more clips were applied, top and bottom of each straining lip, the exposed inner skin pink and silky.

Two fingers slid into her pussy, pulling on an inner lip, the jaws of the crocodile clip wide, as he very slowly let it close painfully over the tender flesh. She screamed and cried as the lip was dragged out and over her outer lip on shorted elasticated string. He repeated the torture, her other lip ripped from the confines of its home, then four more clips were attached, top and bottom.

Her clit stood tall and exposed, a one inch bundle of sensitive nerves.

"Watch this piggy" - and when she didn't look down he started plucking at the elasticated strings playing her cunt like a harp. She cried out, her body bucking and shaking, her vagina wide and gaping.

"Aaaargh...oh fuck...watching...I'm watching...please..you will rip me".

Looking down, she saw that he held one last clip - jaws open wide.

"This is just for fun - not really needed".

He moved the clip lengthwise over her clitoris, and looked up at her, a sadistic grin spread across his pointy jaw, crazy eyes glazed over in lust.

"Nooooooo.....please....dont..dont..dont....", but like a tiny alligator, the clip snapped down on her tender bud, the short elastic twine dragging it up and straining to the top of the steel ring.

"Aiiiiiiiyaaaaaah...god..god..god..hurts... please...you'll ruin meeeeeee".

"Hold her hips" Jon said, ignoring her wailing pleas. With hypodermic in hand, peering into her spread hole he spotted his target. "Keep her still" he said, the long needle passing by her stretched labia, the tip piercing the top of her cervix, injecting fluid.

She didn't scream. Didn't plea. She just held her breathe, eyes closed, teeth gritted, riding the pain, too scared to move, as he injected her 3 more times. Three, six and nine o'clock, then, retracted the hypo.

"Probably take a couple of hours for full dilation. I'll be off now - going to collect our special delivery - you coming along for the ride bro"?

Ron was staring into Cherrys tearful eyes, two fingers jammed into her spread hole, slowly masturbating her.

"Na, staying here. Feeling a bit hungry" he said, glancing down at his invading fingers, just starting to get sticky.

He licked his lips in anticipation.

An hour later a plane touched down at San Francisco International.

Edwinas (Eddy) phone pinged. Text message.

"Sorry Eddy, car wont start and phone is still acting up. Have sent Uber to collect you. Hotel suite is to die for. See ya soon. Cherry X".

Jon was standing near the arrivals gate, baseball cap pulled down, hiding his features from prying cctv cameras.

The arrivals doors parted and a gaggle of people emerged, making their way to car parks, taxis, buses and awaiting friends or relatives.

At first Jon could not see his target, but as the crowds dwindled and parted he spied her, looking around on tip toe, for the promised Uber driver.

A little under five foot tall, it was hard to believe she had just turned eighteen. Shiny shoulder length brown hair, framed her elfin like features. Big hazel coloured eyes with long lashes, a perfect slightly upturned nose, and a sexy pouting mouth gave her the appearance of a fourteen year old. Like her sister her cheek bones were high and freckled.

Jon raised the card he was holding, Edwina immediately catching sight and smiling - a small gap in her top front teeth adding to her youngish looks.

He lowered the card, and stared from beneath his cap as she approached. His mind raping her as he took in the pint sized beauty.

She was wearing a simple white blouse that strained across her more than ample chest, the tails tied in a knot exposing an expanse of supple white tummy.

A short plaid tartan skirt sat low on her hips, the hem high, showing athletic coltish thighs and calfs. White sneakers and ankle socks completed her ensemble.

Her heart sank as she drew closer, seeing this scruffy man in dirty clothes looking more like a garbage collector than a driver.

"Edwina"? he asked.

"Yes - but please call me Eddy. I was named after a great grandmother and I hate it".

"No problem Eddy - oh, and please excuse my clothes. Just finished a shift at the farm when I got the booking. No time to shower and change. Hope thats ok".

"I did wonder but its all good. Which way to your car"?

"This way - and let me help you with your luggage".

Jon took her case and hurried away with big strides, eager to get away from airport surveillance, Eddy following behind doing a slow jog trying to keep up.

Fifteen minutes later they were speeding along Interstate i-80 heading for Berkeley.

Eddy was sat in the back. The car was like an oven.

"Its so hot in here - do you think we could have a window down or have the air con on please".

"Sorry - discovered the air con and electric windows are shot when I was driving to pick you up. Garage was working on it - just seem to have made it worse. Help yourself to a cold drink - cool box is down by your feet".

"Ok. Thanks".

She flipped the lid of the box and found a cold can of Pepsi.

"I wonder if you could do me a favour".

"What is it" she replied.

"Rep from my drinks supplier is pushing me to stock some new fruit infused water. Tried it myself and was not impressed. Would you try it - tell me what you think"?

"Sure - no problem".

She reached into the cool box finding an unlabelled bottle of pink fluid. Jon was watching her in his rear view mirror.

"That ones pink grapefruit I think".

"But its been opened I think".

"They are all like that - all the samples come with just a screw top".

"Oh...ok".

Eddy unscrewed the top and took a big gulp of the fluid. She was parched, the heat in the car becoming unbearable.

"Well - what do you think"?

"Well....its....its....I don't feel....so..so..goo". She didn't finish her sentence, just slumped down in her seat, the bottle falling from her now limp hand.

Dumb cunt he thought to himself, as he switched off the window lock and rear heater. His long greasy hair blew in the wind as his window came down, and he flicked on the radio. A smile came to his lips as the speakers sprang to life and blared out "Highway to Hell".

Ten minutes later he exited the Interstate, heading up into the Siesta Valley.

The land was dry, the car throwing up a mist of dust in its wake as he travelled up a single track road, eventually turning off onto dirt track in a fence opening. The four bar gate that had long ago fallen off its post due to rusted hinges had a large metal sign screwed to it. Although corroded with age, the paint peeling away in the sun and dust, the sign was still legible.

No Trespassing. Visitors by Invitation ONLY.

Fear Brothers Farm.

WE BREED PIGS HERE.

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Part Three

From the many camera angles and scenes members could choose from, one in particular was creating the most interest. The interior of an old barn, its new occupant crying out for help which would never come.

Eddy restrained on old wooden pallet, displayed like a frog, ready for dissection. Cable ties held her thighs wide, digging into golden sun tanned flesh, pinning them flat at the knees to the rough wood. More ties on both ankles, sneakers and socks gone, her toes curling and unfurling.

Elbows strained down at right angles to her body, wrists sore and chafing, strapped down either side of her head, also immobilised by a wide tie around her neck.

Her short skirt was flipped up, displaying plain white skimpy briefs, her crotch thrust up towards the camera lens by a leather covered bolster wedged under the small of her back. The position made her pussy pout – the slightly slick indentation and labia straining and visible against the thin fabric.

Her blouse was still tied at the waist, but ripped wide open, white pearl buttons scattered across the floor, her 34dd breasts cupped in a white low cut bra.

Eddys silky brown hair splayed out around her head like a halo, a tight black blindfold obscuring beautiful hazel, innocent eyes.

“HELLO....HELLO...ANYBODY THERE” she shouted. Silence. She chewed at her cherry red bottom lip.

“HELLO....ANYBODY...HELLO...HELP ME....PLEASE HELP ME”. A tear trickled down a cheek from below the blindfold.

A banner ran across the bottom of the screen.

“Eddy – just turned 18 – pure Christian girl – still intact – be the first with this bible bashing babe. She’s can be yours to use as you want.Bidding closes soon”.

At the top of the screen a clock was counting down. Just under an hour to go.

45 minutes later.

Jon stepped into Bernies server room. Bernie, feet up on a desk, swigging a bottle of Bud, staring at the screen intently, chuckling as Eddy screamed and hollered for help.

"Just as well I had a poke about in her pie - fully intact virgin - dumb bitch was wearing an abstinence ring - gonna make a bundle with that one. Hows the bidding going"?

Without looking up, Bernie made a few clicks with the mouse and the screen split in half.

"Bidding room shows The Russian is ahead by a mile".

"How much"?

"Just over 500,000 at the moment - looks like the Mexicans are having a think, but I guess they may go for a straight out purchase. Vlad text me earlier - says he is on his way with his cronies. He's that sure of winning".

"Well he has the cash to outbid anyone on our books. Whats Ron up to?"

Bernie clicked the mouse a few more times, the screen filled with a close up of Rons face buried into Cherrys pussy. She was wailing and begging.

"He's been eating her out since you left".

"Really....?"

Jon left Bernie to his beer, eager to get on with Cherrys next scene.

Jon watched from the bottom of the basement steps as Ron lapped and suckled on Cherrys splayed hole.

Stepping closer he could see Ron had released her strangled clit from the painful grip of the steel ring, his lips working on its engorged length, drawing on it, dragging it back and forth across his rasping tongue. A long middle finger disappearing between her bottom cheeks, knuckle deep and stirring the insides of her anus.

Every now and again she would rise up, thighs locked and straining, her arms like steel ropes as she rode upwards and begging.

"Ah....ah...Oh.please please please....so close....pleeeeeease....nearly...nearly...neeeeear...please..almost". Ron released her clit, his chin and pig skin apron awash with her juices. He stared up at her and grinned. Her body glistening with perspiration, twitching, thrashing and humping at thin air.

"How many times have you made her cum?"

Ron turned to his brother with an evil smile, "She aint cum at all....though I lost count of the times she nearly did. Probably nearly thirty times... maybe...pricked her with some of the loopy juice. Been keeping the bitch on edge. She begs so beautifully."

"Please please please - I was so close....please...I need to cum" she babbled, her hips grinding an invisible lover, tears streaming down her freckled cheeks.

Ron stood, moving behind her. A long middle finger once again forced its way past her anal ring, jabbing in deep. Reaching his other hand over a strained and aching thigh, his thumb and forefinger stroked up and down her trembling clit. Masturbating her gently along its full length, keeping her on edge and begging for relief.

Jon stood before her, grinning at her. "Wanna cum piggy" he voiced.

"Oh god ...god...god...please...I neeeded to...please...".

"Then beg me to fuck you with this" he said, raising a 220volt drill – a thick black long dildo in its chuck, sprouting stiff half inch bristles around and along its length.

"Nooooo.....please...no...just keep on..nearly....so near...just keep doing...oh...oh...oh..". Just about to climax, her crotch thrusting desperately, Rons fingers left her her clit, keeping her hanging, wailing in a mad frustration. Cunt dripping.

"Beg me. Beg me to clean you out filthy pig".

Cherry couldn't stand the aching need, the injection Ron had given her, sending a craving wanton need through her perspiring flesh.

"PLEASE.....fuck me, fuck me with it....clean me out...please...cant stand it....I need it....CLEAN ME OUT".

"My pleasure" he said pushing an inch of the spiked dildo into her spread hole.

The finger deep in her anus started stirring her guts, as Ron set about her clit once more, only this time gripping hard, twisting and yanking.

"Aaaaaaargh.....oh...please....not not soooo hard".

Jon pulled the trigger, the intruder turning slowly then faster, the bristles rasping her pussy walls, as it entered her dripping hole, inch by twisting inch.

Her toes curled, thighs and calves rigid as she rose up, until she was no longer an inverted T. Now a screaming Y, the drill and attachment followed her upwards, Jon flipping the switch to spin and hammer as it thumped into her cervix. Her pussy was now a torrent of juice and foam as she mewled and groaned.

"Ggaaaaaargh.....god....god....please.....", her streaming juices now turning a light pink as the bristles ripped and scored her pussy walls, the dildos head now lodged in and battering her dilated cervix.

Jon was thrusting the squealing device in and out of her spread sopping hole, the stiff bristles scratching at her spread delicate labia. Every time he withdrew the dildo she would sink back down, forcing it back in, grinding her hips in a circular motion.

"Oh...oh....oh.....please....yes....this time....please" she screamed, head thrown back, teeth gritted, chest heaving. Her long nipples seemed to twitch and elongate further, as Ron viciously pulled and twisted her slippery clit.

Cherry squirmed and writhed in her tethers, humping like a dog in heat as Jon pulled back, the dildo head just inside her vagina. The bristles whipped at her lips and clit as he pulled the trigger all the way back, the drill whining at full speed as he drove it with one thrust up into her throbbing chute.

"EEeeeeeeiaaaaaaagh.....ah...ah....yes....yes....god....thereeeee".

Cherrys whole body bowed outwards rigid, head back, breasts thrust to the ceiling as a massive orgasm rolled through her body. A trickle of blood dripped from a bitten lip, as she shook and thrashed about, the cords rasping at her wrists and ankles, as she rode wave after wave, until she

came crashing down, exhausted.

Jon had slowed the drill - one turn a second.

"Wanna go again piggy"?

"Oh....oh...oh...please.....enough...enough..I cant take any more" she mumbled.

Ron was still playing with her clit - back to a gentle stroking, a long finger still stirring in her anus, as Jon pulled the dildo from her sore pussy.

Putting the drill to one side he went to her right foot, releasing the rope from her rubbed raw ankle, her leg dropping down, toes a few inches above the floor.

A pulley squealed overhead as Jon lowered a rope, a leather cuff attached to its end. He released her left ankle, quickly cinching the cuff over sore and weeping flesh, then hauled on the hanging ropes free end, her foot rising upwards. He tugged and tugged, her dainty toes rising higher as she moaned in rising desire, Ron still masturbating her sensitised clitoris.

When her foot reached shoulder level she groaned in pain, as hip and thigh muscles cramped and spasmed.

"Oh....please...what are you doing to me now..."

"Just getting you in position so Ron can impregnate you".

"Wha...no...please....please don't do that to me"!

"Not giving you the option piggy" Jon said, tugging on the rope, her foot rising higher and higher until it reached her bound wrists. He tied off the rope, and stood back, sniggering at her stressed position.

"A few more adjustments I think" he said.

Dragging a chair next to her he stepped up, then ran a leather cuff around her raised foot and wrists, cinching them tightly together, straining to close the big buckle.

"Nearly done piggy - just need to raise you up a bit, then stretch you out so you don't sway to much".

Cherry started to rise as he tugged on the rope holding her aloft, her right foot now three feet from the floor. Jon now wrapped a leather cuff around the dangling ankle. A short chain hung from the cuff, a steel S hook glinting in the overhead lights.

A scraping sound drew Cherrys attention - she peered down through clouded eyes - Jon dragging a large concrete block across the basement floor. A metal loop set in the surface.

Jon dragged the block until it was under her hanging foot, then with a grunt, the tendons in his arm straining under the weight, he lifted it up, the metal loop in the top nearing the ankle cuffs S hook.

"Nooooo...." she screamed, realising what he was about to do - quickly raising he foot beyond his reach.

"Fuck" he shouted, dropping the concrete to the floor with a thump.

“Ron...keep this bitches leg straight will ya”!

Ron grabbed the raised ankle, dragging it down, as Jon once again hefted up the concrete block, slipping the loop over the S hook and dropping the weight.

There was a moments silence, then Cherry let out an ear shattering scream as her hip almost dislocated.

“Aeyiiiiiiiiiiii.....oh god...please take it of....aaaaaaaargh....please....no..no..hurts baaaad”.

The Fear brothers stepped back, luxuriating in the screams, drooling over her perfect body racked in mid air, the block swaying gently to and fro above the floor. Each sway of the block sending bone grinding agony into her strained and stretched hip. Her thigh and calf muscles twitching and convulsing in distress.

Cherry hung there as they enjoyed her suffering. Her wrists and one ankle cuffed together above her. A river of perspiration flowing down her racked body to flow down her stretched lithe leg, dripping onto the swaying concrete below.

“Ya know what bro...reminds me of that music box ma had”.

“Huh”?

“Ya know...the wooden box...lift the lid and there was this little ballerina turning to some tinkling tune”.

“Oh yeah...she was on the tips of her toes...other foot way above her head”.

They both stared and chuckled.

“Right Ron...time to get your junk up and working” he said reaching into his holdall of horror, bringing out a long flexible rod. With two fingers, he forced them deep into her vulnerable hole, scissoring them apart. Peering inside he could see her cervix, dilated and open. He swiftly inserted the the rod, a strange attachment on the intruding end.

“Just need to insert this – some of our clients like to see whats going on inside as well as out” he said, looking at her pained yet puzzled expression.

Her fed the tube up through her pussy, on past her open cervix, deep into her uterus. When the rod bottomed out he pressed the plunger on the rods end, leaving a small camera stuck to the top wall of her womb.

“That will eventually come away and drop out” he stated to no-one in particular. Cherry wasn’t listening – all her attention was on Ron. He was casually standing before her, squeezing what appeared to be a third testicle in his large scrotum. As he squeezed and squeezed, his cock started to stiffen and rise, gaining length and girth. It was now stood out at a right angle, but he continued to squeeze until it reared up, the fat bloated head way up past his navel.

The knob of his penis was an angry purple red, and huge, like some kind of oversized exotic plum. The shaft below it, dark and gnarled, thick piano wire veins stood out in stark relief along its gargantuan length.

Cherry just stared in disbelief.

"When the ED got me I had the Titan 2000 fitted – two fluid filled rods, worked by a small pump. But the girls didn't scream quiet loud enough. Went back and had a further two inserted. Lots more girth. Now they scream like bloody murder – as you are about to find out" explained Ron mockingly.

"Oh please no...please don't put that in me" she begged.

Ron dragged over a wooden box and climbed up. "How else am I gonna give you a baby" he said, bending his knees to get the angle right, the fat head of his cock now nestling between her spread labia.

Jon was dragging over a large tv, the screen already on, showing what looked like a small cavern, its walls pink and fleshy.

"Would want you to miss the moment of your impregnation – one for the baby album" he mocked.

Just as Cherry realised what she was viewing, Ron speared her slick hole. His girth dragged her trapped labia in with it, the crocodile clips biting, as the elasticated tethers stretched and tore at her delicate folds.

"NO....NO... please.....tearing me....oh godplease...pppplease take it out....kill...killing..mmmmmmmmmm"! She cried.

Ron was in heaven, her pussy tight, holding his penis like a wet velvet fist. His head dipped and he suckled on her elongated nipples, starting a long slow pumping, waiting for her juices to flow. As his mouth came away he noticed the white fluid dripping from her succulent breasts. He sucked more voraciously his mouth filling with sweet tasting mothers milk. Cherrys milk.

With his teeth nipping at the base of one nipple then the other, his hand slid down over her curved tummy, finger and thumb finding her quivering clitoris – gently masturbating it.

Jon watched them – his jaw slack, mouth drooling, as he fisted his growing member. Ron was picking up pace as Cherrys hole began to surrender, juices smeared the length of his baseball bat of a cock. He felt the twitch in his balls as the need for release started as a distant tingle.

"Need some of this bitch", Jon stepping up onto the wooden box, penis hard and ready. Her anus gapped slightly from the forced splits. He pushed the bulb of his penis at her anal rim. "Let me in you filthy cunt – push out like you're taking a shit". Both hands around her slim throat, he squeezed, choking her into submission.

Cherrys face went from red to blue, eyes out on stalks, gurgling as she gasped for air. Then as her strength ebbed away in his fierce strangle hold, she relented, her anus pouting, feeling Jons cock slide deep into her colon. He held himself balls deep, unmoving, waiting for Rons onslaught. His hands were, cupping her breasts in a firm grip, raising them up like succulent fruits.

Ron slammed all the way in, his cock smashing into her cervix. Jon stared down at the tv seeing just the tip of his brothers penis poking through into her womb, unable to gain entrance.

Like a battering ram at the gates of a castle, Ron rutted hard and fast, crashing into her defences, as she screamed and cried out, both in pain and a rising wanton need. Rons fingers dripping with her cunt juice, as he continued the remorseless manipulation of her clit.

"Need to make an adjustment" he grunted.

With the tip of his penis lodged firmly into her uterus opening, he reached down between their sweating bodies, and squeezed the pump in his ball sack. His cock immediately started to slowly deflate, Cherry momentarily felt the relaxing of her strained labia.

“ That should do it....hold your breath piggy...coming ready or not”!

All eyes were transfixed on the tv screen as his hips thundered forwards, her cervix bowing inwards as his cock head breached the entrance, which snapped down around the invading monster.

Jons cock lurched as her insides rippled against the intrusion.

Ron reached down to his balls and started squeezing the fill pump, his cock hardening and regaining its immense girth millimetre by millimetre.

Cherry felt her innards starting to stretch, the pain unbearable.

“Oh please...thats enough...please...you with tear me...can't stand it....oh...oh..oh god..pleeeeeease”.

Fully inflated Ron started a slow pumping, just an inch back and forth, his fingers at her clit, teasing her on. He watched the tv screen, her pink cavern becoming rich with her secretions, bathing his cock head and shaft.

Through her cunt wall, Jon could feel his brothers cock sawing back and forth against him, her anal ring squeezing down like a whores mouth.

“Time to double team bro”. And like a practiced tag team, one in one out, they started to pummel her holes, alternating their thrusts.

“Christ....surely I cant cum like this” she thought. Her pussy was drenched, thick slime dripping from Rons balls as he picked up the pace, forging deeper into her womb. The eye of his cock head just an inch from the internal camera, clearly oozing pre cum. Jons cock no longer an unwelcome intruder now adding to the fire in her belly.

Feasting on her milk laden breasts, his fingers a blur between her thighs, Ron slammed her pussy with abandon, battering her deep and hard, as she writhed and panted her way to an orgasm she didn't want, but was unable to avoid.

With the frenzied double penetration, the concrete block had started to swing, the bones in her hips grinding, sending spasms of pain into her groin. Every time Ron pulled back, the grip of her cervix dragged her a little way with him, the block then swinging her back onto Jons throbbing cock.

“Ooooo...yes....sooooo...cl....cl..clo..close...” she panted.

“Gonna splash your guts with baby juice piggy” Ron shouted, plowing her insides as hard as he could, dragging the rim of her cervix in and out. His cock head punishing the walls of her innards like a boxer at a punch bag.

Jons penis straightening out her colon, gaining in girth and length as he got closer to exploding.

“Oh...oh...nearly” she screamed, as a wave of lust surged through her veins, her wanton hunger driving her on to a seismic orgasm.

Ron was holding back for all he was worth, as he drove her forwards, tearing at her insides, slick and overflowing.

Then the tide hit the beach, and she tripped over the edge, as wave after orgasmic wave washed over and through her.

"Yes....yes....YES" she wailed, head back, hair whipping her shoulders, as she twisted and writhed, humping and gyrating in her cruel bondage.

Ron held her hips as he drew back, his penis head snuggled between her sopping labia, then with the roar of a Lion he thrust hard and deep, crashing through her pussy, spearing her cervical wall deep into her womb, Jons penis vibrating with her internal turmoil.

A torrent of sperm blasted the walls of her uterus, spurt after powerful spurt drenching her insides as she came for a 2nd time, her pussy clamping down on his cock like vice.

Jon picked up the pace, slamming into her rippling bottom, his hands pumping her breasts, firing spurts of milk into the sex filled air, and with a growl filled her bottom to overflowing with thick white spunk.

Cherry was out of it, in a different world, totally wrecked and mumbling incoherently as she was lowered to the basement floor. Jon released the ankle cuff, her tired and aching limb dropping down so she was now kneeling on the sex wet concrete floor, hands still raised above her sweat drenched hair.

Fumbling in his holdall he produced a tangle of clear plastic tubing with various attachments dangling from its ends.

"Time too draw some piglet food before we leave for the farm" said Jon.

There was a low hum as he depressed a button on a small rectangular box, a single plastic tube running from one side, which he fed into an empty upright bottle.

Two tubes ran from the other side of the humming box, and at the end of each tube a small circular cup, making hissing snake like sounds as it sucked in air.

"Hold those puppies up for me, time to milk the sow".

Ron was behind her, cupping a large breast in each hand, offering up her elongated nipples for his brother.

Cherry raised her head, confused, as if just woken from a long sleep. "Wha...what ...what are you...what are you going to do know...please just leave me alone" she begged, as Jon held the hissing cups close to her quivering nipples.

"Just watch this piggy - see what you have become".

Cherry stared down, not understanding, as first one then the other of her protruding nipples were sucked into the clear tubes. The cups locked and gripping her areola.

The feeling was not unpleasant, almost soothing, like a pressure was being released from her aching breasts.

Then the tubes began to fill with a white milky looking fluid.

"Huh..whats ..whats that...why...how..oh my god!..what have you done to me ...please no...this is..no..no.no..it cant be....stop...pleeeeeease stop". She burst into tears as she watched the tubes fill, a

drip drip drip of her milk starting to fill the upright bottle.

"Why...why..why have you done this to me..its not right" she pleaded.

"We have piglets to feed and their mummy aint producing - so you are their new mummy - our sow" said Jon.

"Now kindly fill that bottle like a good mummy - me and Ron have some business to take care of upstairs. After that we will introduce you to your babies".

The brothers climbed the stairs, and when reaching the top Ron switched off the basement lights.

In the darkness Cherry wept in despair as the bottle slowly filled. Would this nightmare never end she thought, or is this only the beginning?"

Ron and Jon found Bernie swigging on yet another bottle of Bud as they entered the server room. Bernie was snickering to himself as he watched one of many screens, the infra red cameras clearly showing Cherry crying and staring in disbelief as the bottle slowly filled with her breast milk.

"Hows it going with Vlad and the Mexicans" Jon asked?

"Well the Russian won by a clear mile as we knew he would. He is in his helicopter know with two of his "friends", The Vet and the The ENT, should be at your pig farm in about 3 hours".

"The ENT, what the fucks an ENT"?

"He's a medical consultant - Ear Nose and Throat".

"Gotcha - so the Mexicans bowed out then?"

"Nah - seems to be a bit of confusion over Cherry and Eddy. The Mexicans are only interested in Cherry. They are sending a few local representatives of their Equine Evil Films to screen test her. If they like what they see they are gonna offer a big bundle of cash for her".

Dollar signs in his eyes, Jon was rubbing his hands together.

"Excellent. That means one less pig to get rid of. Lets hope Vlad takes a shine to Eddy and removes her as well. Then we can start looking for fresh meat for our growing enterprise" said Ron.

"Ok...when she's filled the bottle we will move her to the farm...shouldn't be long now".

2 Hours later.

The screams and cries coming from the old barn at Squeal Piggy Farm were ear shattering. Just as well the farm was isolated. Nobody around for miles and miles to hear Cherry's pitiful wailing and screams of pain and terror.

She was hanging face down, about 2 foot from the filthy straw and shit covered floor in a partial hog tie. A pig skin hammock supported her body, from just below her hanging breasts to the top of her hips. Chains from all four corners of the hammock stretched up over pulleys to the barns rafters, creaking as she swayed back and forth.

Cherrys arms were cinched behind her with rough hessian rope, knotted at wrists and elbows, causing her shoulders to twitch and strain. Her hair had been pulled back into a pony tail then

braided with more rope, which was taught as a bow string. The free end had been tied off onto an anal hook that Ron had roughly inserted. He had pulled on the rope until her head was raised, eyes forward, neck strained, before tying it off. Not satisfied with the strain on her body, she had cried out as he took a 1 foot dowel of wood, forcing it through the rough hemp rope and gave it a few turns, further raising her head and forcing her anus to pout. When happy she was in the most pain and discomfort, Ron had fixed the dowel in place with a cable tie.

Jon had been busy with the bottle of milk, pumped from her aching and sore nipples. He had fixed a stopper into the neck of the bottle. From the centre of the stopper hung a long thin piece of tubing. In the centre of the tubing was an adapter that could alter the flow of liquid passing through it. After hanging the bottle neck down in a makeshift cradle, Jon had attached the tubing to her body with thin strips of gaffer tape, the tube running over then under her hips, down to her pussy, the open end finally taped to the root of her long clitoris.

"OK - nearly done Ron - maybe you could herd Brutus in, while I attach the spreader bar between her knees".

Cherry heard Rons heavy boots crunch across the straw as Jon yanked her legs apart. She felt a heavy strap buckled down around the tops of her calves, a rod snapped into place between them, keeping her pussy open and available.

"BRUTUS... a bit old hat" she spat defiantly "another dog...really...not very inventive".

"Oh...Brutus aint no dog" Jon sneered.

She heard a snorting and rustling of dry straw as Ron returned.

"This way boy...come on...this way...there see...look what daddies brought you...yes...a nice new sow for you to play with".

"This'll get you going boy...". Cherry felt a wet rag, sopping with some smelly foul substance, rub against her splayed labia.

Immediately something cold and wet and runny nudged her spread hole, a tongue lapping at her gaping pussy.

"Uh...no please....whats that...whats happening..what...".

"You'll see soon enough....time to feed your babies first though" said Jon as he opened the gate to a nearby pig pen - five piglets rushing towards her hanging breasts - her long nipples dripping with fresh milk.

The fast two latched on to her elongated teats, sucking up their new mothers milk.

Cherry may have found the sucking pleasurable, but soon the piglets tiny pin sharp teeth came into action as they voraciously fed and chewed.

"Aaaaiyhshhhhh.....no..please...get em off....get em off...they are tearing me...ah..ah...nooooo....pleeeeeeease...".

They both ignored her pleas ...just chuckling as Jon busied himself with the tubing hanging from the bottle of milk. Peering beneath at her long hanging clitoris he adjusted the tubes flow adapter, until a steady drip of her milk flowed down her nipple like clit.

"That should do it" he said.

Immediately a piglet jumped up on its rear legs, its whole mouth engulfing the milk offering nub, tiny sharp teeth sinking into the base of her clit.

"Oooooo....god....no.....please..please.....Eiyaaaaa!.

Cherry closed her tear filled eyes and gritted her teeth riding the wave off pain radiating from her punctured and now swollen teats and clit.

"Ok Brutus...fun time....up ya go big boy".

Cherry felt the spreader bar between her knees fall away, then something large and hairy was between her thighs. The hairs on the dog were short a spiky and raked against her tender flesh.

"I said UP BOY!" There was the sound of a cane or whip slashing at skin, and the unholy screech of agony as the animal reared up and the came crashing down paws first on her bowed back. 200lbs of animal knocking the breath from her.

"Ummmph....ah...ah...to heavy...no...no..".

"Open your eyes Cherry...open up to see your new lover".

Ron had placed a full length mirror against the wall in front of her.

Four of the piglets were fighting over both her nipples. They would rear up, sucking and biting, only to fall away, their tiny Piranha like teeth, ripping down the length of her extended nipples, another piggy immediately taking its place. The pig at her clit was a bit more gentle with no fight on its hands, sucking and nipping, a fire starting to flow into her tummy.

But the weight on her back was unbearable, the animals feet, stamping and bruising, as it snorted and humped at her pussy. Something long and wet slapping at her bottom and thighs.

"Now open your eyes - see what you have become...see what a slut you are...OPEN I SAID" Ron shouted.

Rons voice so loud and menacing, her eyes flew open, taking in the scene, at first unbelieving, not comprehending, then reality, her eyes round with terror and revulsion.

She could see her voluptuous breasts with modified nipples, streaked with milk, some of it pink, where tiny teeth had broken the skin. Fat little pigs, snapping and guzzling at her milk laden breasts. The piglet happily suckling her clit, slowly but surely arousing her.

But.... on her back, its feet between her shoulder blades, its head high, snout sniffing the air, a river of drool pouring from its panting mouth - not a dog called Brutus... but a 200lb hairy mammoth. A Black Wild Boar!

"No no no....get it off me... please...I will do anything...say anything...be anything you want...please..please anything but this".

"You will do and say as we want anyway - this is JUST what we want". Not wanting to defile his fingers, Jon wearing latex gloves, reached down, two fingers spreading her pussy lips, his other hand holding 14 inches of boar penis, guiding the tip into her spread hole.

He held the penis tight, keeping the boar in check, but after feeding 2 inches of finger thick cock into her twitching cunt he stepped back, and with a grunt and a high pitched squeal the boar rammed home, all 14 inches raping her depths, deep into her Uterus.

Cherry breathless and frightened could only watch in terrified horror as the beast humped, her bottom quivering and rippling with the force of its thrusts.

The camera in her womb was loosing power, but the internal freaks watching at home, caught a broken disjointed view as the cork screw like penis wormed its way through her cervix.

Cherry cried and pleaded, as with every thrust from the humping boar she swung forward in her bondage, the suckling pigs hanging on with their teeth, the long penis almost leaving her dripping hole, only then, to swing back, impaling herself fully.

“Yeh, thats it sow - fuck that nasty boar - can you feel him deep in your womb - wanting to spray your innards with his piggy making juice”.

Ron and Jon had picked up some long thin canes, swishing them too and fro, beating Brutus’s hind, encouraging him to fuck her harder. The pig sucking at her clit was driving her crazy. Whether it was the stimulation, or the drugs that they had forced upon her she didn’t know - but what she did know was that she would soon cum, and cum hard on the boars corkscrew penis. The stiff prickly hairs on its underbelly left tiny white trails on the soft flesh of her back as she swung back and forth, screaming deliriously.

“Thats it sow - cum for your uncle Ron” he shouted, thrashing the boar even harder.

“Please...noooooo.....get me down...get it off of me...I cant...can’t..no..no..dont let this happen...ah..ah..ah..oh no...pleeeese”.

Jon smiled as he thrashed the boar into greater effort, seeing her pussy pout, a steady flow of slime pouring out, coating her inner thighs.

The milk bottle feed was now empty - the piglet going at her clit was sucking harder. It jumped up, its whole mouth engulfing her clitoris to the root. Desperate for more milk, it just hung there, held on by suction and teeth alone, her clit stretching and sending waves of both pain and desire through her confused mind.

Brutus threw his head back and squealed like a banshee, and as he thrust deep and hard, he flopped down on her back, front legs wrapped around her torso. He ground his groin hard against her slick labia, and erupted - wave after wave of boar semen flooding her cunt and womb.

She felt the discharge fill her up, her insides swelling out, the pig feasting on her clit sending her over the edge, its mouth slowly sliding down the length of her twitching nub.

“Aaaaah...christ...god....Mmmmmm....ye...ye...yessssss” she moaned as her insides turned to molten lava, and every hair on her body seemed to stand as if electrified.

Brutus slid from her back, and rammed his snout into her sopping channel, lapping up their mixed juices like his life depended on it.

Cherry just hung there, exhausted, fulfilled, defiled and degraded.

The boar having feasted, lumbered off to a far corner of the barn, and lay down to lazily lick and

clean its penis.

Having had their fill the piglets scampered off to their pen for a nap.

"You have one hour before your audition with the Mexicans. This is Juanita she has been sent ahead, to clean you up and make you presentable for your screen test".

A woman stepped into Cherrys line of sight. Slim with large breasts, dressed in tight black shirt and leggings with knee high boots. About mid thirties, she had shoulder length glossy black hair and fringe, which framed a beautiful face. Large deep set grey blue eyes, with high cheek bones, pert nose and voluptuous lips, her skin white as porcelain.

"Hola Chica, lets get you down". She smiled down at Cherrys upturned pitiful face, a kindly smile, but a lustful fire burning in her eyes.

"On your hands and knees" Juanita commanded, as she reached down and buckled a wide leather collar around Cherrys neck. Snapping a leash to the collar, she gave it a harsh tug.

"Shower's are this way - lets get you cleaned and presentable". Juanita led the way, Cherry scurrying on hands and knees to keep up, like a dog on its lead.

As she tried to keep up she couldn't help but notice the exaggerated sway of Juanitas bottom and hips, and her long ballet dancers legs, that moved both purposefully and gracefully. "Hurry along Chica" she cooed, "we have very little time together".

The shower room was bright and harsh to the eyes, the walls and floor gleaming with white tiles. There were alcoves in the walls each holding incense burners, their smouldering sticks giving off a calming and heady aroma that made Cherrys head swim.

In the centre of the room were two metal uprights, a wooden pole about four feet long stretched between their tops.

Juanita unsnapped the leash from Cherrys collar.

"I would like you to get up and bend over that pole - reach down and grab your ankles - hurry - we have very little time".

"Why would...". Cherry had no time to finish her question as the dog leash slashed down across her milk laden breasts catching the very tips of her long erect nipples.

"Aaaargh...god" she screamed, her hands cupping the stinging flesh.

"I will not suffer at the hands of Hombre Diablo because of your foolishness - now down over the pole - spread your legs and grasp your ankles". The dog lead whirred in the air above Juanita's head threateningly.

With a whimper of acceptance Cherry bent forwards over the bar and screamed again as the leash this time left a blazing red trail across the tops of her thighs.

"Backwards over the pole - you are supple and, how do you Americans say - ah yes - athletic. Arch backwards over the pole and grasp those ankles NOW!" The word now, emphasised by a crack of the leash across Cherrys bottom cheeks. A white line immediately appearing, quickly turning a vivid red.

Tears sprang to her eyes and she was rubbing furiously at her stinging bum, but Juanita was raising

the leash again.

Before another blow could be given Cherry backed up to the pole, and with the grace of a gymnast, arched backwards and down until her hands touched the floor. Then bowing even further she reached and held an ankle in each hand. Juanita quickly and efficiently zip tied each wrists and ankles.

The top of Cherrys head rested on the floor, the strain of her position leaving her thighs wide and quivering. Her vagina, high, open and exposed. Vulnerable.

Juanita busied herself collecting the hanging shower head and an unmarked bottle. She turned on the tap and waited until the flow and heat were to her satisfaction, then walking slowly and deliberately, she circled Cherry hosing her down from head to foot.

Although in a cramped and twisted position, Cherry felt all the filth and muck, the dried sperm from both humans and animals washed away, and for some reason felt elated. The aroma from the incense seemed to have a stupefying effect on her. A sense of well being invading every pore of her misused body.

Juanita poured some of the fluid from the unmarked bottle in a long line from Cherrys throat to her navel, then using the palms of her hands began to massage and lather it into pliable flesh. She cupped Cherrys breasts, her hands squeezing and stroking, twirling the long nipples, as Cherrys heart started to beat faster. Between wide tied thighs she massaged and stroked Cherrys pussy, clitoris and anus, a finger or two plunging inside both holes, cleaning them out, rubbing her colon and G spot. Cherrys heart starting to race.

She rubbed some of the unknown fluid into Cherrys hair, massaging her scalp, the scent making her feel relaxed and distant. She tingled all over, drowsy and excited at the same time.

Juanita knelt down, her long tongue flicked out like a lizard catching a fly, as she licked at and explored Cherrys mouth.

Mouth open she engulfed Cherrys lips, kissing her deeply, and with her heart now pounding in her chest, Cherry kissed her back. Kissed the person that made her feel clean, loved and cared for.

As if in a dream, Juanita was now standing above her, naked, her large breasts capped with hard coral pink nipples, two long fingers masturbating her beautiful hairless vagina. In her other hand she held the shower head.

She turned on the shower nozzle, a fine mist of water filled the air, and when the spray engulfed Cherrys body it was like a billion tiny mouths nipping and licking every part of her flesh. She arched up over the bar, her breasts and long nipples quivering for attention.

Juanita knelt over Cherrys head, thrusting her crotch against Cherrys mouth. "Eat me Chica - suck on me - eat me out - make me cum - let me feel your tongue deep inside".

Lost in a world of make believe, Cherrys mouth engulfed the offered pussy, licking feverishly at her clit, sucking on the slick labia and delving deep into Juanitas hole. Juanita arched her back, grinding her wet gash onto the spearing tongue, and reaching forward, grasped a twisted one of Cherrys gargantuan nipples, her other hand guiding the shower spray.

Juanita was grinding hard against Cherrys sweet face, panting and thrusting as she neared her climax. Juices poured from her pussy as Cherry lapped with abandon, drowning in the sweet nectar.

"Yes Chica ...yes...open wide....I am cuming...aaaah....yes...cuming ...". With a cry of abandonment she let rip. A gush of fluid sprayed from her pussy onto Cherrys waiting tongue and directly down her throat. She ground down again on Cherrys waiting mouth as she slowly came down from her dizzy orgasm.

She bent down, kissing Cherry fully on the lips, tasting her own spend. "Very good Chica....your turn now".

She stood and sprayed Cherry face washing away her ejaculate. She rinsed Cherrys hair, the lather bubbling and falling away, leaving it clean and shiny, the strange aroma from the cleansing fluid once again attacking her senses. It felt like her hair was alive, hair like Medusas snakes, twirling and writhing around her head. Juanita ran the spray across Cherrys arched and strained body, and as the bubbles and froth fell away, she felt her skin tighten and tingle with excitement. When the spray reached her pussy she moaned with pleasure, her clit tight and throbbing, anus pulsing with pleasure.

Looking down at the hot beauty, she smiled and flicked the tip of Cherrys clit, hard and fast. The girl under her power, groaned out loud, and she noticed the steady flow emanating from between her parted labia. Over and over she flicked the clit tip, harder and faster, Cherry mewling and groaning as her senses became electrified, her strained thighs parting further, encouraging Juanita's flicking finger.

Standing aside, Juanita rolled the red engorged clit between thumb and forefinger, gently to start, then slowly increasing pressure.

"Cum for me Chica....Cum for me now...let me see how far you squirt..let Juanita see".

"Oh god....soooo close...I want to cumcum for you...but I've never squirted....cant..just let me cum...close...so close..."Cherry babbled.

"But you will not disappoint me my dear".

She dropped down, engulfing the towering clitoris, sucking deeply, sucking hard, two fingers worming their way into Cherrys pussy, seeking out and rubbing her G spot. Her left hand reaching along the arched tight torso, flicking the pointed nipples, left, right, back and forth.

"Ok Christplease....going crazy...nearly....nearly...hooo....hoooo....oh fucking Christ...yeeeeeeees".

Juanita stepped back, hand raised, slapping down hard and stinging on Cherrys spread drenched labia. Then again and again, Cherrys secretions slapped away, covering her tummy and tortured thighs.

"Cum...For....Me....Now" each word punctuated with a viscous slap.

Standing upright she grabbed Cherrys clit hard, then pulled and twisted, holding the strangled morsel away from Cherrys body. "Now" she shouted.

Lost in a mad delirium, Cherrys whole body shook and her cunt erupted, clear white fluid arced up, once, twice, three times, the spray splashing to the floor some six feet away.

The after shock rumbled through her limp body, as she drifted high and sated.

"I knew you could do it" said Juanita as she once again sprayed Cherrys body clean. "Now lets get you dried, sort your hair and makeup - we have 20 minutes - don't want to keep the men waiting".

Juanita led her back into the barn. Crawling on hands and knees, the dog leash tugging at the collar around her neck, Cherry still drowsy from the shower room fumes noticed the two wooden ramps that had been erected in the spot where she had been fucked by Brutus.

To one side, Ron was setting up a large screen tv, Jon carrying in a heavy wooden chair - leather restraints bristling from its arms and legs.

"Well aint our sow looking pretty" he said. "Unfortunately your screen test has been delayed, but we have some entertainment for you to watch. Well entertaining for us - you'll probably find it a horror show" he chuckled.

He placed the chair in front of the tv.

"Please take a seat".

Cherry stood on wobbly legs and looked at the chair. In her confusion she saw it had no seat - just a wooden slat laid to the rear that would only support the very rear of her bottom cheeks.

"Dont worry - you won't fall through once we have you strapped in - now SIT!"

She gingerly lowered herself into position, the men quickly running wide leather cuffs around wrists and elbows, anchoring her to the arm rests. More cuffs were added, cinching the tops of her thighs to the chairs seat supports, the leather biting deeply into her skin.

"Now lets get you spread and open".

They each grasped a foot, spreading her wide. Her pussy lips opening up, as they dragged her feet up over her pinioned arms, roping her ankles to the chairs rear uprights.

She sank very slightly as Ron slid away the support at the seats rear.

"Now Piggy - just need to make sure you don't miss any of the action" Jon said, running strap across her forehead, buckling it down tightly to the chairs back.

"Get her peeps open - need to fix these in place".

Ron stood in the splay of her thighs, his thumbs in Cherrys eye sockets, prising her eyes open wide, as Jon slid smooth plastic S hooks under her upper lids. Ron removed his thumbs, her eyes staying wide and unblinking, held open by the hooks and the elastic string anchored to her forehead restraint.

"Look at here pupils - still dilated from whatever Juanita did to her".

Cherry could now only see forwards, staring straight at the large tv. Her thighs were wide open, her pussy spread and available. She knew there would be a reason for the lurid position they had placed her in, and she would soon find out.

Ron dragged a large metal box across the floor, leaving it directly below her, an electrical cable snaking off to a power point, its on light glowing red. A long metal arm ran from its centre, up to a threaded end.

Jon appeared before her, a large black dildo in his fist, studded with ridges and domes along its 8 inch length.

"We wouldn't want you to feel left out as little sis loses her virginity and gets fucked every which way" he said, casually screwing the black monster onto the threaded rod.

"What... no... please...not Eddy....please...I beg you.. she's an innocent....use me... not heruse me....use..."Ron slapped a strip of gaffer tape across her mouth, ending her pleas and useless begging.

"The men who have bid and won her on our website, only want her. They like to abuse innocents, virgins, beautiful young girls. They love to hear the pleas and screams of helpless young females. Love the tears and sobbing, love to break them, make them do things, unspeakable things. You have already been broken to a point - Eddy is fresh flesh for their cocks, evil minds and painful toys".

The chair rattled and shook as Cherry tried to break free, her mind still swimming as if she was dreaming. Dream or a nightmare?

Jon angled the rod downwards, parted her labia slick with terror and pushed two inches of thick black dildo into her malleable hole.

TV remote in hand, Ron clicked the on button, and as the picture materialised Cherry screamed and wailed through the gaffer tape at the scene unfolding before her wide eyes.

Eddy tethered to the pallet, spread and vulnerable, waiting for the horrors that would come. Her body twitching and writhing against her ties, as she heard the footsteps approaching, slowly but surely. Two men appeared, both naked.

"So thats the Vet and the ENT" she heard Ron say.

One of the men (The ENT) was tall and skinny, grey hair slicked back above a gaunt face, the skin as grey as his hair. His blood shot eyes wide and crazy. A long but still flaccid cock swung as he walked, its length almost reaching his knees. He licked his lips in anticipation of the delights to come.

The other guy (the VET) was a total contrast. Short, fat, very fat, with a blond crew cut, piggy eyes and a mouth with a permanent sneer. His whole body glowed a bright pink, as though he had been scrubbed clean within an inch of his life, by a hard bristled brush. Sweat ran from every pore. A pink, shiny, blubbery brute. His penis that he'd probably not seen in ages, hung low below his overhanging gut. Not quite as long as the ENT's cock, though a good deal fatter, rolls of excess skin along its length.

Standing either side of the helpless girl, they lifted the pallet, carrying her over to two waiting trestles, setting it down. The rough wooden structure, hip high from the floor.

And then they circled. Slowly.

All the time in the world.

Each mans hands never leaving Eddys body.

She squirmed about deliriously as their hands stroked and squeezed.

Cherry, eyes wide, tears pouring down her cheeks, watched their hands sending her sister into a mad panic.

She watched as a hand slithered up Eddys thigh, nails scraping flesh, and then squeezing hard her thrust up pussy. Another hand, finger tips trailing from collar bone to breast, fingers delving into a bra cup, seeking out and pinching and rolling a defenceless nipple.

Another hand sliding down over her toned belly, fingers splayed as it disappeared under the waistband of her panties. Finger tips stroking her lips, slick with perspiration, a forefinger frigging her clit.

Cherry lurched in her bondage as the fat black dildo lodged in her sweet pussy started to hum and vibrate, then slide into her depths. Slowly in and out.

"Why should sis have all the fun" said Jon, as the dildo came to life.

The fat pink Vet was between Eddys thighs. Podgy fingers dancing below the thin material, playing with her cunt, as the ENT pushed down her bra cups, grabbing two fistfuls of supple breast meat. Thumb a forefingers tugging on the exposed nipples.

Eddy was now screaming and begging.

"Ah...ah...no please...don't do that...leave me alone...please...I made a promise...you mustn't..". A hand flashed upwards, Eddys head flying to one side, a thin trickle of blood running from a split lip.

"Shut the fuck up Puta - we won you - and when the Cobra has finished with you, you are ours".

The Vet was now brandishing a large pair of shears. He slid a blade under her skirt and sliced upwards, flinging the destroyed garment to the floor.

Slicing through her blouse, he shredded it in seconds, the ENT ripping it from her with boney fingers.

"Hold your breath sweetie", as he slid the blade under the centre of her bra. "Would want to damage you - well - not too much".

Snip. Ping!

The delicate lace bra flew apart, and was ripped from her shoulders to join the discarded skirt on the barn floor.

"And last but not least".

The Vet, with two handfuls of her briefs, wrenched and pulled, ripping them to pieces. The crotch split wide first, the waist band and leg elastic tearing at her skin, as it gave way, exposing Eddy, naked before their lecherous eyes.

"OH please God....help me" she screamed as they circled her. Hands everywhere - stroking, scratching and squeezing her naked, spread and available body.

"No god here to help you" one of them proclaimed.

"Enough for now - set her free", a voice boomed.

Cherry gasped as another man appeared on screen.

Tall and very muscular his head and body totally shaved. Handsome features, with a square jaw, and the deepest of blue eyes. Every muscle and sinew seemed to ripple as he moved into view.

An intricate tattoo of a King Cobra ran from his groin to above his naval. The body of the snake an olive green, its scales, a pattern of white and black stripes running up to a wide flared grey and red striped hood. Two piercing golden eyes stared out menacingly.

As his crew cut away her bonds, he towered above her, looking down. Her terrified face running with tears, bottom lip trembling.

"I am Vlad" he said in a broken Russian accent. "Though some call me Vlad the Impaler. To others I am known as the Cobra. Now sit up little one - let me see my prize".

Eddy just curled up into a ball, sobbing her heart out.

"Tut tut - such disobedience - time for a lesson I think".

In his hand he brandished a foot long tube with a sturdy thick rubber grip.

He jabbed the tube hard against Eddy's left buttock.

"Lesson one - do as I say".

Click. "Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzt!"

Eddy's whole body sprang open from a ball, limbs shaking, muscles locked as the smell of burnt ozone filled the air. A vicious crackle ripped from the shock stick.

"Graaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh".

"Now sit up and let me see you - or do you need a second lesson?"

Eddy rolled onto her back, gasping for air, rubbing furiously at her stinging buttock.

"Please...please... not again...leave me alone".

The shock stick crackled in the air. "Up, up, little one. Let me see you".

Eddy quickly sat up, an arm across her breasts, thighs clamped together. Her eyes fixed firmly on the shock stick.

"I said let me see you. Drop your arm and open your thighs".

"P..p..Pleeeese... I...I...dont want to".

"Lesson two then".

Vlad jabbed the stick into her hip.

"Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzz".

The shock flung her onto her back. Her teeth rattled as her back arched, breasts quivering, hips rising, thrusting her pussy up as if in an offering.

“Sit up NOW and don’t cover up”.

As the shock stick cracked in the air once again, she immediately sat up, chest heaving, hands at her sides, legs open.

“Much better – but thighs wider”.

Eddy spread a bit more – just an inch or two.

“WIDER!”

Another few inches.

“MORE...SHOW ME MORE”.

Her thighs parted, a waft of air chilling her labia.

“Better – much better. Now some instructions. Over there”, he said pointing with the shock stick “ is what we call a fuck bench. You will lay back on it and beg me to fuck you”.

“Oh no please...I cant...its not right...please...I made a promise...”.

Vlad turned to her, and she cringed backwards as he raised the shock stick, lifting a breast, bouncing it up and down.

“Such beautiful firm tits – what lovely nipples to suck on”.

The stick trailed over her stomach, down further to rest on her spread pussy.

“And such a peachy succulent cunt. Why would you seek to deprive me?”

“I...I made a promise...a promise to God...to save myself...save myself for my husband. Please let me...let me keep my promise”.

“But I could be your husband. Satisfy me and I will take you with me when I leave. Take you far away. You will learn to love me and the things I do to you, as do the rest of my brides”.

Eddy was eyeing the door in the far corner. Was it to far away? Could she make a dash for it? Escape?

“Now beautiful Eddy – go lay on the fuck bench. Spread yourself wide and beg me to take your virginity with this” he said, grasping the Cobra Tattoo.

Eddy had been keeping her eyes averted, not wanting to see the foul mens penises. Their hard tools that they wanted to force into her.

Cherry moaned in disbelief and shock through the gaffer tape, as Vlad reached for and took hold of the Cobra tattoo. What? NO!

Oh my god. Not a tattoo – it was his penis – a massive penis tattooed in very fine detail. No wonder some called him the impaler. And he wanted to take Eddys virginity with that monstrous thing.

She struggled and moaned as the dildo now ramming her pussy picked up pace.

"Slop... slop... slop". Her juices started to drip through the chair with no seat, to puddle on the floor below, as the horror on the screen, unfolded before her wide unblinking eyes.

Eddy glanced down and saw the eye of the rigid Cobra seep clear thick fluid. Her mind was made up.

"Ok - you win - but please...please don't hurt me".

Vlad grinned. The ENT and the Vet were rubbing their hands together in anticipation of the "fun" to come.

Eddy swung her legs round, stepped down onto the barn floor - and bolted!

Racing across the barn, hands reaching for the door handle, so close.....

"Zzzzzzzzzzzzt"crackle crackle. Vlad had guessed her intention, the shock stick jabbed behind her right knee, cramping her leg muscle tight, he whole body shaking in the electrical grip.

"Ahhhhhhhhh.....aaaaaah....no..no...please....". Eddy fell to the floor screaming and crying on hands and knees.

"Go over to the fuck bench - the Cobra wants to fuck".

"Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzt" the shock stick blasted her left buttock, Eddy on all fours scrambling away across the filthy floor trying to get away.

"Zzzzzzzzzzt". Right buttock sent her screaming in a different direction, as Vlad herded her towards her destination - the fuck bench!

"Zzzzzzzzzzzzt". Left hip. "Zzzzzzzzzzt". Left hip.

Eddys head bashed against the bench, and she collapsed onto her back.

"Up....up...onto the bench".

"No no please. I cant. I can't. Please don't do this to me" Eddy pleaded.

Vlad stood over her, the prongs of the shock stick crackling its blue hell above her face. The stick went silent, Vlad pushing the bulbous end against her pouty lips.

"Open your mouth and suck on it".

Eddy shook her head from side to side.

"Open your mouth and suck on it or I will shock your face".

Eddys mouth slowly opened.

"WIDER".

With her mouth open wide, he forced the stick in deep, Eddy waiting to be shocked.

"Lick it....get it nice and wet. It works so much better, so more painful when it is wet".

Mewling like a baby sucking on a mothers teat, Eddy licked and slurped, her mouth filling with saliva.

"I think you now know what you must do - up you go - onto the bench - this will soon be over".

She started to rise – Vlad's Cobra cock twitching in anticipation.

Eddy stood staring at the bench apprehensively – it was so small. How could it support her body?

Vlad gripped her throat like a vice, forcing her back, her buttocks touched the edge of the bench. He pushed her down, the bench just supporting her tiny frame from neck to hip. Her arms just hung down unsupported, as he raised her ankles high and wide, her desirable pussy displayed and waiting. His Cobra cock hard and ready, the head seeming to flair out, gaining girth.

“Beg me to fuck you. Beg me to take your virginity. Tell me what a filthy whore and cum slut you are”.

“Never! Do what you want but I won't say those awful words. You will go to hell for this” Eddy sobbed.

Vlad smiled. The smile of a devil. “Very well – then let's play, but you will participate. You will scream and writhe, and I will make you cum so your Lord will see you for the filthy cum bucket that you are”.

The Vet had been busy lowering two ropes from the gnarled beams high above the bench – her legs now trapped, rope circling ankles and knees, keeping her thighs splayed high and wide.

Vlad leaned in close, then dribbled a copious amount of spit to the top of her vagina. The spit ran down, coating her outer lips and seeped into her virgin hole.

“We begin – feel free to cry and beg”.

He wedged the Cobra's tip between her glistening labia, nudging it forward until he felt resistance. Like a gentle first time lover, he pushed forward, feeling the membrane stretch across his piss hole.

Eddy was mumbling quietly. Vlad couldn't make out what she was saying, as he stood there, his huge tool about to spear her deep and hard. He heard the odd word or three. Something about Mary Mother of God, and praise be and dear god and please Lord.

“Fuck you – and fuck your Lord” he shouted, as he slammed forward, shredding her hymen. Half of his twelve inches plowed inside her tight sheath, spreading apart previously untouched walls of flesh.

He drew back, keeping just the Cobra's head inside, his shaft wet with blood.

Eddy hadn't moved. Hadn't screamed. Just lay there, passive and unmoving. Still mumbling away to her saviour.

Enraged he slammed forward, the bloodied shaft easing his way, the Cobra tunnelling deep, the hooded head smashing into her cervix.

She lay still – unmoving. “Our father who art in heaven”.

He drew back, and once again slammed into her pussy now running with blood. “Hallowed be thy”...

He started to pound her, hard deep and fast. “Thy Kingdom come”.

Vlad stood, the Cobra's flared head just inside her gripping red pussy. She just lay there. Eyes closed. Breathing evenly and reciting the prayer she learned as a little girl.

"ENT...get over here. I want this bitch agitated, screaming and moving. This is like fucking a dead dog. Vet...you do your thing too".

His two cohorts needed no more prompting. The Vet was prising open her jaw as the ENT approached holding two small rubber blocks, which he fitted to the top rear molars, either side of her mouth. Held in place by tiny screws that bit into the enamel. Kicking away a support below the bench, the section supporting her neck fell away. Her head dropped down, mouth gapping wide.

In her upside down world she saw the ENT stroking his already erect cock, the blue veins along its length standing proud and throbbing. His "thing" came closer and closer until it disappeared from view, obscured by large swinging testicles. She felt the head of his penis touching the roof of her mouth.

"Looks like I get to take your virgin throat sooner than I thought" he said, giving her breasts a good hard slap each. "And when Vlad and I have finished, the Vet gets to work on that virgin bum hole of yours. I believe he has brought along one of his hairy little friends that will play in your cunt while her fucks your arse".

The Vet handed him some leather gloves which the ENT pulled on very cautiously. Cautiously, because the palms and fingers were covered with tiny needle sharp pins each a few millimetres long. "God, I love a screaming orgasm in the morning " he said.

The Vet stood twirling a viscous looking whip he'd made, from three lengths of thin electrical wire glued then taped to a wooden grip.

Vlad coughed to get their attention. "OK gentlemen, lets begin. And remember, I want this cunt moving".

Cherry watched the scene unfold before her. Unable to look away or close her eyes. She knew that her ears would soon ring with the sounds of the three monsters defiling her sisters prone and defenceless body. She knew they would go to any lengths to sate their perverted desires - no matter what it took.

She groaned as the dildo humming and rutting in her spread pussy picked up speed again. Cherry had already cum once, the horror on the screen not detracting her from fucking machines relentless pounding. Once again she felt the rising tide as her sisters assault and rape continued.

Vlad slid his Cobra cock, balls deep into Eddys bloody crotch and held it there.

The Vets arm came down with malevolent force, slashing the wire whip into the flesh of Eddys stomach, immediately halting her incoherent prayers. Three livid red lines left by the whip. But still she refused to move or scream. Refused to acknowledge their presence or what was being done to her.

The flailing wires rained down again, just below her navel, and Vlad felt her pussy tighten as her muscles contracted. He noticed she was holding her breath, dreading the next blow she knew would follow.

Vlad eyes glared in expectation as the wires scythed through the air to find unmarked tender skin.

He smiled as her back arched, and her pussy clamped down on the waiting Cobra. And then she screamed like a banshee.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiyyyyyyah”.

She screamed and screamed as the ENT forced his cock across her vibrating tongue, onwards down her grasping throat. He watched his cock bulge the skin of her neck, and luxuriated in the feeling her scream, massaging the length of his penis.

Vlad started a slow fucking of Eddys destroyed virginity, as the whip slashed down over and over, and the cock in her throat twitched and danced to her moans of agony.

Eddy was now moving and groaning in a spasmodic way, as they used and abused her. Vlad picked up his pace, as the cock in her throat started to pound deep towards her gullet. The ENT would pull free, resting his penis head on her wriggling tongue, waiting for that “special” blow from the Vets whip. When a blow snicked at the soft underside of her breasts sending her tits jiggling, her scream was cut off, as the ENT ploughed deep into her rattling throat. With his balls resting in Eddys eye sockets, he made small jabbing thrusts.

“Gaak..Gaak..Gaak”.

Vlad was now in full flow, thrusting hard, deep and fast, smashing at her cervix, as the Vet flayed her with cruel swipes of his whip, her body covered from breasts to hips in multiple red crimson lines.

“Gaak..Gaak..Gaak..Gaak”.

The ENT pounding her, a hand gripping her throat. With the palm of his hand he could feel his cock travel back and forth in her once virgin throat.

Eddy just writhed and twitched – screamed and moaned.

Her face was awash with tears and snot, and a waterfall of saliva poured from her mouth to coat her face and pool in her eyes.

With her hands free she tried to push them away, but to no avail. They were too strong, laughing at her pitiful attempts.

Vlad was close, trying to stop his oncoming orgasm, wanting to prolong this feeling of power. Sweet trickled down his brow, sometimes cooled by the movement of air, as the whip flew past to deliver another yet another punishing blow.

Cherry was cumming, and cumming hard again, as she saw on the screen Vlags buttocks clenching. She knew he was close to firing his filthy seed into her sister. But she was also relieved, hoping this would be an end to her sisters suffering.

She saw his head fly back, hips thrust forward, as he ground his pubic bone hard against Eddys labia, the Cobra spitting its venom deep into her ravaged bloody pussy.

When Vlad stepped away Cherry saw a trickle of pink tinged cum ooze from her sisters torn vagina. It ran down her butt crack and pooled around her anus.

Ron ripped away the gaffer tape, Cherrys face red and blotchy.

“One down, two to go” muttered Ron.

“Oh no....those two wont...” the words stuck in her throat.

"They each want a virgin hole to take for the first time".

"But she's no longer...no longer a virgin".

Ron laughed.

"True. But her throat and butt hole are still untouched. She's an anal virgin and was a throat virgin".

"God no...please stop this...she's been through enough".

"The Mexicans just called...15 minutes away...soon be time for your audition. You wanna start worrying about yourself" Ron chuckled as he walked away.

Cherry stared at the screen, and watched as the Vet moved between Eddy's vacated legs, whip held high, ready to strike.

"Gaak...Gaak..." the ENT's penis plunging deep into her throat. He was pounding her face, hard and fast as the Vet slashed his whip down, criss crossing the raised red welts, turning Eddy into a human tic tac toe board.

She screamed long and hard, rattling the penis wedged in her throat, as the ENT raised his pin cushion hands.

Piercing his cock deep into her throat he held his position, her throat muscles gargling and rippling along its length, his balls tightening in anticipation.

"Enough" he shouted at the Vet who stepped back, his cock now hard as granite. God how he loved hurting fucking whores. Fucking sluts that wouldn't give him the time of day.

The ENTs bristling pin pricked hands each circled a shaking, malleable breast, then gripped hard, the pins sinking a millimetre or two into her supple flesh.

"Eeeeeeeeeeyaaaaaaaaaargh" she erupted around a throat full of cock.

Her throat grasped his penis like a fist, as he twisted and pulled, releasing and grabbing at an untouched area of tit meat. Her fabulous firm boobs covered in hundreds of tiny pin pricks, some dotted with blood.

His cock lurched in her throat as he took a nipple between thumb and forefinger of both hands and squeezed with all his strength.

"Ooooooooooieeeeeeeeyah". Her spasming cries sent him over the edge, as her throat contracted, grasping his cock, milking it in her agony, his penis firing rope after rope of hot jism deep into her gullet. He fucked her throat hard and relentless until he was spent. Slowly pulling out, resting the plum sized head on her tongue, so she could taste the tang of his ejaculate.

"Suck it....suck it or I will squeeze your face" he commanded.

Eddy was lost in a delirium of pain, hardly understanding his words, but as he brought his hands to her face she relented. Her succulent pink lips wrapped around the rim of his cock, sucking like a baby at its thumb, drawing the last of the sperm from his slowly softening penis.

"Swallow it all....swallow or I will slap your tits to ribbons".

Eddy swallowed.

"Oh my god.. those...those evil, evil fuckers" Cherry sobbed, wishing she could look away.

The Vet was busying himself, fisting his fat hard cock, his other hand lifting what looked like a cat carrier, laying it on Eddys heaving stomach.

"Now its time for my fun" she heard the Vet say.

The ENT was stood arms crossed, watching with amusement.

"Oh please...no more...you can stop this... please...please leave my sister alone" Cherry murmured.

Jon appeared next to her. "Just her butt to go, then the Russian will be whisking your sister away to a life of more fun and games. She will be treated well, and nursed back to health, then playtime will begin again".

Cherry just whimpered.

The Vet was greasing up his right hand, smothering it with goo from a large pot.

"Just need to open you up a bit" he said. "So I can insert the rat chute".

Pushing all his fingertips and thumb together into a cone shape, he started to force his hand between Eddys blood covered labia, forcing his hand into her recently virgin pussy. Grunting from the strain, he twisted and pushed with all his strength, slowly opening her up until his fist popped inside.

"Yaaaaaargh... please...no...what...what..are you doing" her head coming up, peering through her splayed thighs.

The Vet grinned up at her, as he splayed his fingers deep inside, stretching her vaginal cavity.

"Just making a home for my furry friend - he feels so wonderful on my cock when its buried deep in your bum hole and he is scratching around trying to get out of your slut cunt".

"Noooooooooooo.." Cherry screamed in unison with her sister.

The Vet pulled his fist out slowly, immediately pushing a clear perspex tube some 4 inches in diameter into Eddys gaping grease slicked hole. Almost 2 foot long, it stuck out from Eddys crotch like some bizarre sex aid penis.

The carrier on her stomach rocked about, a scratching from the inside indicating that whatever was in there was eager to get out!

"Be a gentleman and hold the tube in place - wouldn't want it to pop out".

The ENT held the tube as the Vet readied himself.

With his left hand hauling a mountain of blubber out of the way so he could see and get at his fat long penis, he greased it up, then offered it up Eddys tight anal ring.

"Noplease " she screamed, "Not there...please".

Beads of perspiration glistened on his forehead as he huffed and puffed for long minutes, pushing hard at her rectal opening.

"Oh fuck it....I give up" he snapped, and pulled away.

On hearing that Eddy relaxed. Big mistake.

With beady eyes on her sphincter he slammed forwards, the fat head breaching her ring, sliding deep into her guts, his balls slapping her butt cheek.

"Aaaaaaaaaaargh.....no...no...no....hurts....hurts so bad...pleeeeeeease ...take it ...take it out".

"If its my cock you are referring to, it stays. But you will be pleased to hear that I wont be ripping up your insides. I am just gonna stand here, balls deep in your shitter, while my furry friend does all the work".

He flipped open the catch on the carrier, dragging out by its long tail a large black rat. A nice shiny coat but all teeth and claws. He waved it by the tail in front of Eddys terrified face.

"No please...oh God...please...you wouldn't".

"Oh yes I would".

With a snicker of delight he dropped the rat into the clear tube, where nose first it slid down, claws trying to gain purchase, into Eddys spread, wet, greasy hole. Just the tail poking out from between her taut lips. He pulled out the tube, and snapped a bulldog clip closed across her labia, locking the rodent in its new for now home.

"Oh...I can already feel him moving about...such a delicious feeling....when he starts to get frantic is when the fun really begins".

Cherry was shouting and hollering, pleading to take Eddys place. She would do anything, just to relieve her sister from this bestial torment.

Click. The screen went blank.

"Time for your audition".

"What...no...what will happen to my sister....please..."

"When they have finished with their games she will leave with the Russian".

"Leave...to go where?"

Jon was removing her bonds, then grabbing a fistful of hair at the scuff of her neck, pulled her up from the chair with no seat, and dragged her back to where she had be fucked by the boar.

"I have no idea where the Russian will take her. I think its best that I don't know. Now kneel".

Cherry, her mind racing with worry for her sister complied, dropping to her knees between the wooden ramps.

A few meters away the barn door creaked open, the shaft of sunlight blinding Cherry, spots dancing before here eyes, and in stepped Father Christmas. Or what appeared to be the jolly Christmas

character, in Cherrys sun blinded vision. The figure passed by and then out of sight, and in hushed tones spoke to the Fear brothers. She couldn't make out what was said, but knew she was the subject of their conversation.

Then she heard Ron say, "Ok...if thats the way you want her".

With a deep soft Mexican drawl she heard, "Si...thats exactly how we need the puta presented. When you have finished, you can both leave".

"But...."

"No buts senior, we have a deal....2 hours..and no interference. All your cameras in this area must be switched off. We have our own cameramen, and you can watch the feed from your server room. Jack off to your hearts content. Now...if you please..as I have instructed... and then you can both fuck off".

Grumbling and muttering to themselves, the Fear brothers set about their task.

Cherry was forced face down on a short bench, supporting her torso from just below her hanging breasts, to her hips. A spreader bar held her thighs wide. Her wrists were roped together, a length of rope connecting her wrists to her crossed ankles, and then tightened until her shoulders strained upwards. A hogtie.

As a refinement, her hair had been tied back with extra rope, the other end knotted at her ankles, keeping her face and nipples thrust forward. She was thankful they had removed the eye hooks. Ron pressed a pedal below the bench, a soft hum as she rose up to hip level.

She heard Ron and Jon leave the barn still muttering to themselves. Her eyes had now become accustomed to the light, her peripheral vision glimpsing a figure who was not Father Christmas carrying a chair. He came round and stood before her.

He was old, probably late sixties early seventies, with long crinkly grey hair and matching beard and moustache.

Small oblong frameless spectacles sat upon a reddish wide nose, below smiling blue eyes, laughter lines spreading out from the corners.

A kindly old mans face. Your favourite grandfather.

He wore a checkered shirt and a red poncho, woven with gold, yellow and orange flourishes, cinched at the waist by a wide black leather belt. Baggy red corduroy jeans tucked into knee high black and green snakeskin boots completed his outfit.

"Huh - so much for Mexican Santa", thought Cherry.

Sitting down, he leaned forwards, elbows on knees, their faces inches apart.

"Chica...Chica..Chica.." he said. "Such a beautiful, exquisite face. So young, so innocent". His fingers, slowly and lovingly stroking a stray lock of hair behind her left ear.

Cherry nose crinkled at the smell of his nicotine stained fingers, and the cheap bourbon on his breath.

The clip clop clip clop sound of hoofs on concrete echoed out side in the yard. A raggedy dressed

young lad, probably no more than fifteen appeared, leading a large grey donkey. They stopped just outside the barn door, and over Mexican Santos left shoulder Cherry saw the young lad place down a bucket of feed for the animal.

The lad dressed in filthy jeans, and equally filthy denim shirt, his hair long dark and greasy, saw Cherry watching.

With a huge grin, showing blackened teeth, he grabbed at his cock, thrusting his hips obscenely in her direction.

"Have you heard of Belly Riders"?

Cherrys attention drawn away fro the gesticulating youth.

"No".

"Señor - when you address me" he said, thumb and forefinger pinching her cheek, his face coming closer.

"So, have you heard of Belly Riders"? he whispered.

"No Señor".

"The Belly Riders are women suspended beneath a donkey, mule or stallion. Their wrists and ankles tied together over the beasts back. The animals cock penetrating their pussies, they were made to trot or gallop. The women swing back and forth below the beast, impaling themselves repeatedly, until the animal floods their cunt with his sperm".

The Mexicans eyes sparkled, his voice low and soft, like he was telling a child a fairy tale.

"Would you like to be a Belly Rider, Chica"?

"No Señor".

"Well we don't do that anymore" he sighed. "The women were used up too quickly, cunts opened up and useless. For the poor animals it must have been like fucking a bucket. No friction you see. The women were sold on to brothels, only their mouths and arseholes of any use".

"All our girls are now treated like royalty. They live in luxurious flats, dine in the best restaurants, and shop at the most exclusive boutiques. All under supervision of course - we have to protect our merchandise. They do shows with our equine friends of course, to earn their keep. But after each performance they are treated and allowed to recuperate. They only do another show when their pussies have tightened and healed. Occasionally the girls may be hired out to ***** clients. Clients with an unusually huge penis who believe they can make the girls scream louder than our for legged friends".

The more she heard, the more revolted Cherry became. Was this going to be her life for the forceable future. Tears welled in her eyes, the Mexican smiling at her like a caring father.

There was talking outside, then three more men entered the barn, each hefting cameras, lights and sound equipment. Each wore the same outfit. Black shirts and chinos - hooded so only their eyes could be seen.

They moved out of sight, chatting in Mexican to one another as they set up their equipment behind

Cherry. One of the guys re appeared, setting up an expensive high definition camera on a solid tripod. Looking through the view finder he focused on Cherrys face, a close up, over Mexican Santas shoulder.

A voice behind Cherry called out, "Listo para disparar".

Mexican Santa gently wiped a tear from Cherrys face.

"So Chica....your audition begins..I will stay close - help you through this". His whiskey breath bathing Cherrys face, her stomach churning, feeling sick with fear.

The scruffy teen who had led the donkey, entered, carrying a bucket. A long wooden handle protruded above the rim. He stood next to the old man, stirring whatever was in the inside with the wooden handle. The buckets contents must have been thick, as Cherry noticed the strain in his arm muscles.

"This is Edward. He is here to help you. Your sweet tight pussy needs opening up and given a good greasing. It will be less painful for you..will it not Edward".

The scruffy youth leered down at Cherrys upturned face as he raised the handle from the bucket. The handle of a thick long wooden baseball bat, dripping with some greasy goop.

Cherry gasped when she saw the bat, and noticed the thick hard cock tenting the front of his jeans. Edward was obviously turned on.

"Oh god nooooo....please don't let him put that in me Señor".

Santa stroked Cherrys face. "It is for your own good Chica. It will mean less pain for what is to come" he cooed.

The lad disappeared, his footsteps stopped when he was behind Cherry. She heard the bucket clunk down and a squelching sucking sound, as the baseball bat was removed.

"Look into my eyes" he tapped her face for attention.

"Good...good...keep eye contact...I will help...talk you through this..you will be fine".

Cherry felt the blunt tip of the bat. Stroking up and down, coating her crotch and lips.

"See....its not so bad...now take a deep breath and push outwards...push like you are giving birth...yes thats good...he is twisting the bat...spreading you open...wider...wider..pushing in..slowly...slowly..trying not to rip you..."

"Oh Christ...its soooo big" she groaned as the teen spread her open, her labia stretched paper thin as she felt the bat enter.

Her eyes were wide and pleading, her lips quivered as Santa leaned even closer, his tongue rasped across her face, then he gently kissed her full on the mouth. When she opened her mouth to groan, his tongue flicked inside, exploring her oral cavity, his saliva pooling on her tongue.

She felt the walls of her vagina spread far apart, as the bat nosed deeper, filling and touching places never touched before.

The bat twisted and moved forwards, deeper still, until it came to a rest on her cervix.

"Now he will fuck you with it....slowly at first...but gaining speed...but I am here to help you...all will be fine Chica...he has done this many times...a student of his father".

Cherry felt the bat slowly retreat. It was like her insides were being pulled out, caused by the air tight lock against her pussy walls. It stopped when it reached her opening, the widest part of the bats head straining her labia.

"Now we start...look into my eyes..yes thats it...keep looking...the camera behind me loves to see those pretty sparkling eyes".

Squelch.

The bat sank deep in one fluid motion, opening her up again, then retreated.

Squelch.

Burrowing deep and faster this time.

Cherry gasped and moaned as she starred forwards, that tingling feeling she had become accustomed to, making her clit sing. Sending sparks of pain and pleasure up her spine.

Squelch. Squelch. Squelch.

The scruffy youth was was thrusting the bat deep and hard.

"Oh god...oh god..it hurts so bad..but I can feel...."

"Yes Chica....so bad, but so good..no? Tell me when you are about to cum, yes?"

"I dont wan...wan...want to cum...its wrong...but...but.. can't..help" she lost her voice, her train of thought, as her brain turned to jelly with a wanton need.

Santa was stroking her face, pushing back fallen wisps of hair, urging her on. "Yes Chica...cum...cum... for me...cum..for the camera..you are almost there...almost...I can see it in your eyes".

"Yes...yes...so close...so close...near... near...nearly...ahhh...here it..."

"EDWARD" yelled Santa, and the bat was ripped from Cherrys clenching, dripping pussy.

"Noooooooo....please.....you cant..."

"All ready for the main course" he said kissing her hard on the lips.

Clip, Clop, Clip, Clop.

Over his shoulder she saw the raggedy teen leading in the donkey, its nose in the air, sniffing at the smell of sex and pussy. Its cock, at least 19 inches long, was hard, thick and ready. It knew what was to come, had taken so many women before Cherry.

"Now Chica, you will cum for the cameras. You will cum like never before" he said.

Cherry heard the animals hoofs on the wooded ramp either side of her. Felt the hair on its legs gently prickle her hips as as it passed over her. Felt the long hard hanging penis already dripping

with pre cum, slide along an outstretched thigh, leaving a sticky trail in its wake.

Santa stared into her eyes again. A kindly smile as he unzipped his fly.

Cherry felt the bench move, her hips rising slightly to the hum of the motor.

"Whats happening...why...".

"Its ok" Santa cut in. "They are just getting you at the correct angle for your four legged lover. The best angle for... how do you say...ah yes....the best angle for a good hard shafting by our star donkey".

The Mexicans breath was on her face again, whispering, "Now they will open you up and guide him in".

Cherry gasped as she felt fingers spreading her open, something wet and rubbery lodged into her sopping hole.

The animals hoofs clattered on the wooden ramp as it moved forwards, its cock sliding in till it met resistance.

The bench hummed again, Cherrys buttocks rising a few more inches, the donkeys cock sliding deeper. It skittered a foot further forwards then threw back its head.

"He Haw.. He Haw" it brayed, slamming forwards, lifting Cherry clear of the bench, skewered on on fifteen inches of donkey cock.

"Jeeeeeeesus...." she screamed. "Tooooo big.....please it'll kill me".

"Breathe Chica....deep breaths....long and deep...".

The donkeys tail swished the air as its rump thrust back and forth, impaling her deeper. Seventeen inches, spreading her apart, spearing deep into her ravaged cunt.

"He Haw... He Haw" it brayed, buttocks clenched, ramming her senseless.

Cherry pussy flooded with protective juices, easing slightly the donkey fuck.

"Ah....ah...ah...ooooooooogh.....noooooooooo".

With each thrust of the gargantuan cock, Cheery gurgled and yelped, trying her best to control her breathing.

But her climax had started to build once more. The tingle was back with a vengeance, and she knew to her disgust and horror that the beast would fuck her to orgasm.

"See Chica...feel him deep...enjoy him..you will soon cum...he will soon cum...and this will all be over...no longer a donkey virgin.

The camera capturing her face in close up, caught every tear, lip tremble and cry of pain and distress. It also captured her rising lustful gaze as her climax started to build.

The raggedy teen was back, his cock pointing out from his open fly. He was jacking it back and forth, the purple red head flared, seeping a steady stream of sticky fluid.

"Wanna suck my cock, Puta?" He asked matter of factly.

"Nnnn... no....go away...."she panted.

"Ha - I think you will, just shout out when you are ready" he sneered, walking away.

Santa was busy jacking his own cock out of her line of sight.

"I think you will suck him Chica - he has his ways".

The bench hummed, adjusting her angle yet again.

"I was being kind as it's your first time puta" shouted Edward from somewhere behind her. "Adjusted the angle so he could only go so deep. See how you like this".

"He Haw...He Haw". Hoofs clattering on wood as the animal found new depths.

Edward raised a crop, beating the donkeys hind sending it clip clopping forward. Nineteen inches impaling Cherrys pillaged pussy. Lifting her clear of the bench again.

"Aaaaaaaaargh....."she screamed. "Make him stop...make him stop....pleeeeeeese".

"Sorry Chica....bosses son...I have no say".

Donkey cock was mashing against her already weakened cervix, threatening to bust through, as Edward continued to cruelly beat the animal.

"Aaaiiiiiiiiiigh....ok ...ok....suck you....please stop...please...promise I will".

Edward sauntered back like a kid going for ice cream, a big smile on his face. "Told ya you would" he said, pressing his tool against her lips. "Make it good or I will have him ruin you forever".

Cherry opened her mouth, her lips closing over the head and gently sucked.

Without the beating the donkey had gone back to a steady pace, but still pounding her deep. Every thrust pushing her forwards, until she was gagging on Edwards penis.

"Gaak Gaak Gaak".

Donkeys relentless pounding's was getting to her. Her expanded nipples twitched and hardened, her clit doing the same. A steady drip of juice seeped from her pussy, splashing to the floor below. Her whole body ached in pain but a fire was spreading from her belly, catching fire to her strained muscles and flesh, which twitched in anticipation.

Donkey was picking up the pace, buffeting her body into surrender.

She was close.

Donkeys cock breached her cervical ring, crashing into her womb.

"Mmmmmmmph Mmmmmmmmmph", Edwards cock surging into her throat, as donkeys rampant penis jetted a deluge of warm cum, heating her belly, her clit felt like it would explode.

"He Haw He Haw" as its hoofs tap danced.

"Oh god" she thought. "I'm cumming on a donkeys cock".

Cherry vagina contracted, gripping the equines throbbing length which was still dousing her insides.

Stars danced before her eyes as a wave of intense energy surged through her body. The orgasm hit her like an explosion, gnawing through her body, from the top of her head to her curling toes.

"Gaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh", her mouth opening wide, her throat massaging Edwards pounding penis, as he fired thick spurts of cum into directly into her her gullet.

Santa stood, jacking his cock furiously, then jammed it into her wide open mouth along side Edwards, his sperm spurting over the roof of her mouth and tongue.

Cherry passed out. Her body shutting down, from an overload of sexual excess. Her muscles and sinews continued to twitch and ripple as she floated away on a surging sea of intense lust.

Three Hours Later.

Jon and Ron were in their server room, feet up and swigging from bottles of Bud, watching re runs on a huge screen.

"That was a dam fine transaction" said Jon. "Both gals off of our hands, with a huge cash pay off".

"Yep" agreed Ron, "and the income from the website has gone through the roof. I spoke to Bernie and he is over the moon. Says he may have also found a new "mark". Three of them in fact. Three sexy teen sluts going away for spring break".

"Now thats nasty. Nasty but inventive" Jon chuckled, as he watched the Vet drop the rat into Eddys vagina. Enjoyed the screams and writhing, as Eddy clutched at her stomach, the rat going crazy in the tight wet confines of her pussy.

He laughed at the priceless look on the Vets deranged drooling face, as he came deep inside Eddys colon.

Jon flicked a switch on the consul and another scene flashed onto the screen.

Cherry being given smelling salts.

A confused look on her face as the Mexicans released her hogtie and flipped her over, laying back down on one of the camera men. His impressive cock wormed its way deep into her butt hole, as he gripped her hips, holding her in place.

Edward lead in a mule, its large penis swinging as it was guided up the wooden ramp. After a few adjustments to the benches angle, the animals cock was guided deep into Cherrys gaping hole. Her stomach bulged from the size of the beast.

They guzzled their beer, starrng, as the mule fucked a screaming Cherry, the camera mans cock pounding her arse from below.

Before the mule came it was herded further up the ramp, and Cherry was forced to suck it off, her face completely disappearing beneath a white frothy mess of cum.

Kindly old Santa, spooning the cum from her beautiful face, depositing it into her mouth, held open wide by a laughing Edward. A hand placed over her mouth, nose pinched shut, until she swallowed it

all.

Brrrrriiiiiing. Brrrrriiiiiig.

"The perimeter alarm - someones set off the perimeter alarm" shouted Ron.

The screen went blank then displayed a new image. CCTV from where the alarm had been raised.

"Well well well - lookie what we have here" Ron exclaimed.

What looked like two back packers. Two females.

"Whadaya think" said Jon. "Mother and daughter"?

"Dont know - but they are certainly lookers. Wonder if they will be missed?"

90 Minutes Later.

The old barn was buzzing with activity and cries of anguish.

Cindy Jonson, a 43 year old stunner, with dirty blonde hair, and a nicely toned body, was screaming her head off.

Naked and strung up by her 38dd breasts, with her ankles tied wide, displaying a nicely shaved cunt, she writhed and screamed as Bernie fucked her hard and deep in her toned and sexy bouncing butt.

But her main source of concern was her daughter.

Lucy Jonson was on her hands and knees, naked as the day she was born. Ron was reaming out her tight pussy with his long enhanced cock. He had a fistful of hair, forcing Lucys face into mommas spread labia.

Jon stood to one side wielding a long bullwhip. Using underhand swipes, the whips biting lash constantly snapped at Lucy ample swinging breasts.

"Thats it piggy" he shouted, "Eat out momma sows cunt.

The sooner she cums the quicker this will end!"

But all the viewers watching knew it was just the beginning.

The End