

Jessica's Tale

Another tale by 2Perverse

WARNING: This is a story of Dark fantasy, depicting extreme violence and perverse acts in graphic detail. Although it is pure fiction and does not contain any true events, many readers will find this story offensive or disturbing. If you are not looking for extreme dark fantasy with elements of violence and perversion, this story is not for you.

Story Codes: M/f+ teen hardcore nc tort extreme violence

Synopsis: Two twin sisters find themselves in a real life house of horrors, after being kidnapped from their own home

Jessica was sitting on the couch, watching TV, when the man walked in from the patio. Her sister Kim lay sprawled out on the floor a few feet away. Mom and dad looked up in alarm from their recliners as the man burst into their home. Pop! Pop! went two shots from the small gun in the man's hand, and her parents lay dying within seconds. Tommy came in from the kitchen to see what the noise had been, and the man fired two more rounds. Tommy dropped across Kim, who started screaming hysterically. Only thirteen years old, Jessica stared wide eyed, paralyzed in shock, as the man quickly backhanded her twin sister to shut her up, then duct taped her mouth, wrists, and ankles. Sitting on Kim's legs to hold her still, he quickly secured Jessica with tape as well. As he finished tying her up, Jessica finally began to struggle, squirming and screaming through the gag like her sister. With a chuckle, the man stepped back outside for a minute, leaving the helpless children a moment of false hope, to retrieve two large carryon style wheeled luggage cases. With a bit of effort each girl was folded over inside the case, and zipped in. Casually, the man wheeled his victims out to his car, and plopped the cases into his sound lined trunk.

Crump! Closing the trunk, the man drove quietly away. The house was isolated, on an unlit country road. No one could have heard the shots. School was already out, and none of the neighbors was close to the family. It would be days, at least, before anyone checked the house, let alone realized that the girls were missing. With a happy smile the man drove out to the expressway on his long journey home.

In the trunk, Jessica struggled and cried, so terrified she wet herself. Hours tied inside the case seemed like days. Somehow she finally fell asleep, exhausted from sheer terror. She woke suddenly as the car stopped and the engine turned off. A few minutes passed, the car trunk was opened, and she began screaming and squirming as the luggage case was lifted out of the car. She was rolled across the floor for a while, then carried down several flights of stairs. Several minutes passed and she heard the man return, and faint screams that must have been Kim. Rolling again, both girls went through several doors, around a few turns, and finally on their backs as the cases were laid down.

Light returned as the man unzipped her case and Jessica tried to blink away the tears blurring her vision. Lifted out of the case roughly, screamed in agony as the tape binding her young body was ripped away. Hours of cruel bondage had left her nearly crippled with cramps and fatigue. The man lifted her quivering form and stuffed her into a small cage in one corner. Almost to exhausted and frightened to care, she watched as Kim was similarly unbound and placed in a cage across the room. Flipping out the lights and closing the heavy door to his playroom, the man left his new girls alone for the night. He wanted a good nights sleep to be able to fully appreciate his new toys.

Left alone in the dark, feeding each others fears and misery, both girls were up for hours before exhaustion forced them into fitful sleep.

The lights came on as the big door boomed open. Startled awake, Jessica watched the man enter, then secure the door with a lock. Puttering around in the cabinet next to the door, he pulled out a long, cruel looking switch and walked over to her cage. After unlocking and opening the door, he reached in and dragged Jessica out by one leg. She rolled away and fled across the room as he relocked the cage.

Standing up, he took one step closer, and commanded, "Take off your cloths!"

Stunned, terrified, and still in shock, Jessica did not even register the words, let alone comprehend their meaning, until the first time the switch landed across her back. Panic sent her racing around the room, vainly trying to keep away from the switch. Calmly the man continued to batter her body with the switch, occasionally repeating his demand.

Finally, unable to take the terrible beating any more, she begin pleading, "Please, Please stop, I'll do it, please stop..."

Relenting for a moment, the man waits as she shyly kicks off one shoe.

"Give it to me," he demands, and waits for her to reach down and hand him the shoe. He then tosses it into a trash can in the corner. Slowly Jessica removes her other shoe and hands it over. Each item goes into the trash can. Squirming, she balks for a moment and receives a few more vicious swats from the switch before she begins pulling her shirt up over her head. Crying she unhooks her bra and works it off, exposing her perky B-cup tits.

Eyes downcast in shame, face flaming, and fear pumping through her veins, it takes another half dozen swats across her now exposed tits to get her to continue once again. With infinite reluctance she unfastened her belt and worked it free. Unbuttoning her pants seems to take her an effort of supreme will, and then she slowly worked the zipper down.

"Please don't make me!" she wailed suddenly, dropping to a ball on the floor.

Obviously enraged, the man returns the switch to the cabinet and returns with a thick whip. Raining down blow after blow on her huddled form he screams at her, "Strip! Strip! Strip you little bitch, or I'll beat you to a bloody spot on the floor!"

Struggling to move while the whip continued to lash her from head to toe, she finally worked her pants down to her ankles. Relenting at last, the man ordered her to stand up and finish it.

Working her pants down over her ankles, she stood in nothing but a pair of white socks, and her pink spotted panties. Terrified to stop, not wanting any more beating, but unable to bring herself to drop her panties just yet, she reached down and carefully slipped off one sock. He smiled at her as she handed it over, and dropped it with everything else, into the trash. One more sock and she was left with nothing but the panties. Just as he was raising the whip to continue thrashing her battered body, she clenched her eyes shut and slid the panties down to the floor.

Standing naked and exposed, legs apart, bleeding from multiple cuts across her body, Jessica was too afraid to resist any more. Reaching into the cabinet the man pulled out two small dog collars and handed them over. "Put these on your wrists, pull them tight, and lock the padlock."

Defeated, she complied, making sure they were as tight as she could snug them, then locking the small luggage padlock through the hasp..

Two more collars came out, and he said "Put these on your ankles." Ankles finished, he had one more for her neck, "but not so tight," he chuckled.

"Now, turn around, arms behind your back." Quickly he fastened her wrist cuffs together with a luggage padlock. With a push he walked her to the center of the room. Sliding each end of a short, thick, soft rope under each armpit from behind, he hooked the ends to the ceiling winch and took up the slack. Head down, eyes clenched tight, Jessica stood still while he completed his preparation. Pulling out two lengths of chain he fastened one to each leg cuff, then ran each through a hoop on opposite sides of the room. Finally, with a loud ratchet the winch lifted the girl about two feet off of the ground, and the chains were drawn tight, spreading wide, almost to a 'T'.

Savoring the moment, the man slowly stepped up behind the petrified girl and ran his hand down her chest, her smooth, soft, belly, and very gently inched his way towards her sweet triangle. She had almost no hair, and what was there was soft as a baby's face. One hand caressing slowly downward, the other across her chest drew her body close and tight to his. Whispering softly into her ear, he told her, "There are two things you need to learn, my dear. The first is that I am going to do absolutely anything I want with you, and there is nothing you can do to stop it." Savoring her terrified whimpering for a minute, he let his fingers begin descending into the valley of her tight, young vagina. Feeling her about to start struggling he stopped probing and crushed her body tight as he said, "The second lesson, is that ANY resistance will be SEVERELY punished, do you understand?"

Collapsing against her restraints, Jessica hung limp and stammered, "Y..y..yes.."

In agony from the ordeal of the past hour, she was too frightened to resist as the man began massaging his fingers over her pussy. Slowly, gently at first, he ran his fingers down into her tender pink valley, until his finger was coated and wet. Then with brutal deliberation he paused, and thrust two fingers deep, pounding to a stop against her cervix. Screaming in unimaginable agony as her virgin pussy was ripped violently open, her body began uncontrollably thrashing against the restraints.

Expecting this, the man began her punishment. Picking up a thumb tack from a large dish nearby, he plunged it in to her thigh. Screams redoubling, thrashing wildly, he inserted three more tacks, slowly and with care, before she began to control her body and struggle to relax once again.

Begging "please, please, don't, please, stop..." on and on, he had to place two more tacks before she subsided once more. Again he began running his fingers over her pussy, drawing out a scream of "Nooooo!" immediately.

Angered that she was fighting before the first hint of pain, he decided to demonstrate that there was far worse pain he could inflict. Grabbing a tool from the cabinet, he thrust one end into her vagina.

"You will learn to obey me!" he growled, pulling the trigger. High voltage spikes began pulsing rapidly into her vagina, right through her clitoris and down both legs, to her well grounded leg restraints. She cried out in agony until her voice broke, as he held the trigger down for over a minute.

It took almost fifteen minutes for her body to stop its uncontrollable spasms. Hours more passed as Jessica learned over and over again the terrible pain of violent penetration, her helplessness to stop it, and far worse, the ever more painful and degrading punishments for even the slightest resistance.

After what seems like forever she finally lets her down unfastens her bindings, and ordered her to bathe. The tub is against the same wall as the two cages, between them, fully exposed with no curtain. The man leered and fondled her gently as she bathed, giving cruel orders on where to shove the bar of soap, or how to scrub herself clean with a tile brush, and cracks from the whip if she did not obey. At long last he let her dry off and locked her back up in her cage.

Shutting off the light and slamming the door shut with a loud boom, he left the girls in the dark once more.

Endless hours in the dark seemed to pass while the girls whimpered and cried, occasionally whispering fearfully to each other. Eventually the lights came on once again, sending a surge of fear through both girls.

The door banged open, then closed solidly behind him as the man entered the room and walked casually over to Jessica's cage. Stroking his hand along the side, he taunted, "Sleep well?"

Turning back towards the door he strode over to the closet in the corner. He pulled out several items, including a pair of saw horses, a wooden 'T', and a collection of heavy restraints. Moving back across the room he opened the door to Kim's cage and pulled her out. She immediately began fighting like a wildcat, kicking and clawing, screaming desperately.

Chuckling, the man easily over powered the thirteen year old and began ripping her clothes off, piece by piece. In minutes she was naked, face down on the floor, with the man sitting on her back. He quickly fastened cuffs tightly to each wrist and bound them together, then reversed position and fastened both ankles together. Swinging her over one shoulder he carried her squirming body across the room.

He reached down and laid the wooden 'T' frame across the two saw horses. Then with some difficulty he placed Kim on the T, face up, with butt resting at the cross. Pinning her down firmly with one hand, he looped and then tightened three wide leather straps across chest, abdomen, and waist, securing her upper body tightly to the long leg of the frame. He then unhooked the latch holding her ankles together and forced one leg to bend wide apart, and secured it to one end of the T. Quickly grabbing her thrashing, remaining leg, he spread her wide and secured it to the opposite end of the T.

Struggling worse than ever, Kim's torso and legs quivered wildly through the few inches of movement her restraints allowed. To finish the job of securing her, the man fastened a cord to the inside cross of the T and wrapped her upper body tightly from waist to chest. He then attached a cord at either thigh and wrapped each leg firmly from thigh to ankle.

Utterly unable to move, Kim lay with pussy exposed. He then picked up a small metal frame and moved to the tub. Clamping the frame to a metal stud installed for it, he connected the hose to the faucet. He turned it on low, causing a short stream of water to jet from the end of the round bottle brush atop the frame. To complete the setup he plugged in the cord to the motor, which began spinning the brush vigorously.

Kim was then carried over to the tub and the top of the frame connected to an overhead hook. Swinging her body slightly he aligned the tender, virgin pussy with the stream of hot water. Kim cried out in pain as her tender lips were burned by the scalding water. With one foot the man operated the winch holding the hook, lowering the helpless girl down, inch by inch. The tip of the spinning brush touched her spread pussy lips, probed for a moment, then the screw shaped bristles bit deep and began to plunge inside her. Inhuman screams of agony pierced the air as the man continued to lower the girl, not stopping until the brush bottomed out and depressed the spring holding the motor by nearly an inch. Carefully releasing his grip, the man let the twisting motion of the brush spin Kim's leg against the wall, then walked away. Closing the door behind him on the way out, he left her there, screaming, while he went to fetch the rest of what he needed.

Jessica watched in silent horror, too terrified to speak, as her sister was stripped and bound. As Kim's screams began slicing the air like knives, Jessica began crying uncontrollably in sympathy. Her own pussy was still throbbing and burning with pain from yesterday. Hundreds of small stab wounds from thumb tacks covered her body, so no matter how she lay, dozens of pin points of pain assaulted her. And yet she knew in her soul that nothing the man did to her yesterday could have hurt half as much as what Kim was feeling right now. Being twins, she was aware of how easily it could have been her over there, pussy burning, screaming her throat raw.

Curled up in a ball, whimpering and crying, eyes clenched tight, Jessica did not notice the man had left until the door boomed close again at his return some fifteen minutes later. Casually he entered the

closet once more and unfolded an odd, narrow table, with a round half circle cut out of one side in the middle. Table set, he put down a steaming pot of something on one side and went to retrieve Kim.

Operating the winch, he raised her up until she hung several inches above the spinning brush, then lifted the frame holding her away from the hook. He carried her across the room to the table, then flipped her head down and placed her butt in the circular cutout, T frame and legs resting across the table top. Using a spoon, he filled a hollow tube with steaming hot pasta from the pot. The he forced the tube deep inside her vagina and drove the pasta down with a plunger as he slowly removed the tube.

Kim's screams, fading some since being removed from the bottle brush, redoubled once more as her tender vaginal walls began to blister from the heat of the near boiling pasta. The man plunged a large table spoon into her oozing pussy, scooped out a bite, and began to eat his lunch. Each scoop of the spoon plunging deeper, with a half twist or heavy angle to scrape the sides clean, he worked his way down to the bottom. Licking her lips clean to get the last drop, he filled her again with more hot, gooey pasta and began again. And again. And again. Finally satisfied, he carried her quivering body once more to the tub and returned her pussy to the brutal cleaning action of the spinning brush.

Voice broken by now, Kim's screams were more heavy breathe than anything else. As the cruel bristles began scouring her burned, blistered vagina walls, a layer of skin was ripped free, and the hot jet of water began to run red with blood down her legs.

From her cage, Jessica had a clear view of her sister as the man used her for a serving bowl. Staring in horror, she watched it all, especially the terrible look of pain on Kim's face, trying not to worry about what the man might do next. She didn't have long to wait. Once he had returned Kim to her custom dishwasher he walked directly to Jessica's cage and opened the door.

"Come out of there," he said.

Trembling, Jessica slowly crawled out of her cage, begging "Please don't hurt me..."

"Be a good girl now, or you can join your sister," he said. "Come on, stand up!"

She struggled to stand, after being cramped all night in the cage, and bound and tortured all day yesterday. Making it to her feet at last, he turned towards the door and ordered her to follow. Into the next room, that she had never seen, then suddenly Kim's desperate screams were cut off by the door closing. This room was much like the first in size, but contained a bed and night stand in one corner, and a TV in front of a comfortable looking recliner in the other. Another heavy door split the wall between them. Left of the door she had walked in through stood a workbench covered with items that nearly gave her a panic attack. Pliers, whips, nails, a blow torch, and dozens of other items. Right of the door was some kind of medieval rack, with its own set of restraints, whips, and other tools. Center stage, hanging from the ceiling was a horizontal metal bar hanging suspended by a chain running through a ring in the ceiling, over to a winch on the left wall. Taking this in within seconds, Jessica almost froze in terror when the man motioned her over to the chair.

After sitting down and flipping on the TV, the man said, "Get over here!"

Stumbling, she reluctantly walked over if front of the chair. Reaching out to her waist, he spun her around, facing away, then lifted he slight, thirteen year old body up into his lap.

"Spread your legs wide, over the arm rests, lay back against me, and keep quiet," he demanded.

Clenching her eyes shut, Jessica complied, knowing what was coming but to terrified of being punished to resist. The man immediately stroked one hand down to her vagina and began vigorously penetrating her with two fingers. Little Jessica bravely managed not to flinch at the pain, but could not keep a quick scream of anguish from escaping.

"I said QUIET!" he roared in her ear, plunging his fingers deep with one hand. His other hand picked up a thumb tack and drove it directly into one nipple, then crushed her body tight until she stopped struggling. Defeated, she managed to relax at last, and clenched her mouth closed as the man continued to invade her pussy with his rough fingers. After a half hour or so he ordered her to the bed. "On your back, legs spread wide," he said. She complied, watching in trepidation as the man removed all of his clothes and approached the foot of the bed.

Grabbing one ankle in each hand, he pulled her legs around his waist until his huge, erect cock was planted against her pussy. Pounding like a jackhammer, he began plunging in and out of her tight, virgin pussy. Balling her fists over clenched eyes, Jessica tried to endure, but could not help screaming out in pain. Pent up anticipation kept the man from lasting long, however, and soon there were great gobs of comb gushing from her battered pussy.

Not wanting to leave a mess, the man picked up a bucket of water in the corner. Pulling out a sponge wrapped dildo, he continued to pound the girls vagina for another 10 minutes, cleaning it of comb in the process. Sated for the moment, he put his clothes back on and considered how to continue training his little love slave.

He decided on a little discipline training. "Come here!" he ordered, "Arms behind your back." Locking her wrists together once again, he ordered her over to the wall, next to the workbench. "Bend over, put your head down in that bowl, then flip over like you're doing a somersault until your back rests against that wooden bar."

She tried to comply, clumsily with her arms tied behind her back, and it took several tries to get balanced, on her head with her butt supported by the wooden bar.

"Good, now spread your legs wide and KEEP THEM THERE. Any resistance will be punished much harder today than yesterday."

Terrified, she watched him walk over to the bench and run his hand over the various tools, as if trying to decide which to use first. Knowing that she was about to be in extreme pain, she could not help whimpering, praying quietly for this to end.

Finally deciding on a short riding crop, he stepped over and gave her a solid thwack right on the clitoris.

"AAAAAAHH!!!" she screamed, spasms racking her body, thrashing her legs, and nearly lost her balance, before frantically resuming her spread wide stance, terrified of being punished.

"Not very good, now, but I suppose I'll let it go this one time, since you obviously tried," he commented. "Learn to do better quickly, or I'll have to think of something really painful to teach you a lesson."

Sobbing, she clenched her teeth, stiffened her legs as wide apart as she could to hold them steady and tried to get ready for the ordeal.

Continuing with the riding crop, he switched her vigorously for about 15 minutes, until her skin was an angry red from thigh to thigh, and her pussy was swollen and bettered. Then he picked up a candle and lit the wick, setting it down on one end of the bench to melt for a bit. While he waited he began plunging pins into the girls' swollen pussy lips. Screaming a twitching with each stab, Jessica managed to stay still as he worked his way down one side and up the other. However, when he carefully massaged her pussy to expose the clitoris, then stabbed a pin firmly down the length of it, she lost all control, thrashing wildly and fell off the stand as her legs slammed together. Unfortunately for her, he had planned for exactly that, and the pins had been positioned perfectly. As her legs crashed together they drove all seventeen needles deeper into her pussy.

It took almost 10 minutes for her thrashing to stop, and get herself back in position. Removing the needles, the man informed her, "You've earned an hour of punishment for that bit of disobedience."

Casually moving on, he situated her exposed vagina slightly to center and level it, then inserted a small plastic ring, about 1.5" wide to open her channel for several inches. "Try to sit still for this next bit, or I might just put you in the punisher all night."

First he picked up the blow torch and lit the flame. Then, lifting the candle and blow torch together, he emptied the melted wax deep into her spread vagina and turned the torch on the candle to quickly melt enough wax to fill the hole and overflow down the front of her abdomen.

Burning pain inside her most tender areas crashed through Jessica like a gunshot through butter. Screaming and swaying violently against the wooden bar, she managed to keep her legs spread and stay upright. Minutes passed while the hot wax filling her insides slowly cooled and hardened. Once it had fully solidified, the man brought out a corkscrew and twisted the bit into her pussy, driving it several inches deeper than the wax had penetrated, then wrenched it out with a quick pull. The wax came free easily, but the deeply buried bit gouged her vaginal channel painfully on the way out.

Tired of his sport for the moment, he ordered her to stand up, and led her back to her cage. Forgotten while she was the subject of such treatment, she flinched at the awful screams still coming from Kim when he opened the door. Locked in her cage once more, lights out, she was left to listen to her poor sister's agony, while huddling in the darkness of her captivity.

Only an hour or so passed before he was back, carrying more steaming food dishes. Jessica huddled in misery, her inner pain barely beginning to fade. She watched him enter the room, turn on the lights, and set a pot down on the table. Kim was unaware of anything outside the terrible pain eating away at her insides. She hardly eased her cries at all as she was raised off the spinning brush, and carried across the room.

Once more suspended upside down at the table, Kim came out of her blinding daze of agony, enough to recall where she was, and what was about to happen, just as the tube was being removed, leaving her pussy filled with boiling hot mashed potatoes. Aware of herself once more after hours of pain, she howled in pain as he began digging spoonful after spoonful out of her abused vagina. Rather than add more potatoes when he finished, he opened a new container and used a wooden spoon to force cut up chunks of steak down her channel. Once packed full enough that her walls were bulging apart, he used a bulb siphon to inject about a cup of boiling meat juice left over from cooking the steak.

As the boiling fluid flowed down inside of her, Kim began to beg for death. Picking up a fork, the man began spearing chunks of steak. At first there were easy targets to stab, right at the surface, but with each bit he needed to reach deeper and deeper. Soon he was plunging his fork inside her half closed pussy, stabbing pussy walls as often as chunks of steak. As he reached the lower half of the channel, each bit came up dripping in meat juices and warm blood.

Kim's screams went on and on, but the cords holding her tight to the frame never let her move an inch. Finished at last, he knew he'd better do something to stop the bleeding if he wanted any more meals like this one. First he carried her over to the tub and held her down over the still spinning brush for a full minute to clean her out. Then he returned her to the table and forced a hot soldering iron slowly in and out a few times, listening to it sizzle as it cauterized her bleeding flesh.

Afraid he might have done too much damage this time, he decided to untie her for the night to let her recover. Muscles utterly exhausted from cramps and struggle, Kim lay limp as he stuffed her back in to her cage.

Still hungry for some desert, he unlocked Jessica and called her out. Pointing to the head bowl attached to the base of the table, he commanded, "Head down, flip over, legs wide across the table!"

Hesitating only a second, she complied, finding herself in much the same position as earlier. This time, however, she knew would be different, and worse. She couldn't see what he was doing, but was not surprised by the hot, round object being inserted over and over. Some kind of hot liquid was being coated on her insides by a ball on the end of a stick. Instead of inserting a small tube inside her, a larger tube was pressed firmly around the outside of her lips. Expecting hot, she was startled as the ice cream was forced down the tube, pressurized until it flowed into her vagina, mixing with the hot melted fudge coating her insides. Gasping in surprise, she quickly started squirming in pain as the frozen ice cream clawed at her pussy. Nothing held her in place except fear, and the pain as the man began digging into her with a large spoon was incredible. If she had not seen and heard the things he'd already done to her sister she would have broken. Sheer terror of this man was all that kept her still as he spooned and spooned as if she were stone instead of tender flesh.

Finished with desert at last, he told her to stand up. As her legs lifted her off the ground, she could still feel cold, sticky inside herself.

"Over here, up on the cross and lay back," he ordered, gesturing at the T frame he had just removed her sister from. Terror gripped her tightly and she could not move. She flinched violently and managed to stagger forward when he screamed "NOW!!"

hopping up on the frame, she lay back, arms at her sides, surrendering to her fate. She closed her eyes and relaxed as he tightened the straps, locked each leg to the ends of the T, and wrapped her tight with cords. She whimpered quietly in anticipation as he carried her to the tub and attached the frame to the hook.

"First off, lets get you cleaned up," he said. As he worked the winch, dropping her pussy onto the buz saw of the bottle brush, Jessica tried to brace herself for the pain.

Unfortunately, her earlier had been right; nothing else she'd yet been through even came close. Screaming like the damned, he left her there for about half an hour to set up her punishment for misbehaving earlier.

Jessica hadn't forgotten about her hour of earned punishment, but she was praying fervently that this was it. No such luck.

Returning at last he removed her now clean vagina from the cunt washer. He carried her into the next room, still on the frame, and attached it to a hook on the ceiling winch.

"Now we need to give you your hour on the punisher," he said. "Lets look see how it works, shall we?"

Holding up a heavy metal rod with many rounded lumps along the shaft, a hilt at one end, with a twistable ring and round dial, he demonstrated. The shaft was obviously intended to be inserted into her pussy. Twisting the ring he demonstrated how the dozens of rounded studs were actually the tips of thick metal rods that extended outward as the knob turned. After extending the rods almost three inches to display their potential, he flipped the switch at the end and began turn the dial. Slowly at first, then faster, larger, brighter, as he increased the setting, sparks danced between adjacent metal rods. Adjusted to maximum it flared like a kids sparkler, popping like a brick of firecrackers.

"nooo...." whimpered the girl, eyes wide, as he waved it suggestively towards her exposed pussy. Turning it back off, he retracted the spikes, then mounted the shaft upright in a stand underneath Jessica's suspended body. Lowering the winch he carefully dropped her down, forcing the punisher into her as far as it would go. He twisted the knob until the gage read 3, meaning that about half an inch of spike protruded all the way around. Not quite enough to pierce the walls, but more than enough to cause great pain. Screaming already from the pins pressing her walls apart, she waited in dread for the second step.

Satisfied that the spikes were causing a sufficient amount of agony, he activated the truly punishing feature of the device. Not wanting to have to repeat this lesson, he decided to be rather harsh. Dialing the shock level up to 8, he said, "Tomorrow I expect better obedience, or you might find yourself here all night." Flipping the switch, he stood back to watch.

The shaft of the punisher was easily 6 inches longer than it could possibly be shoved inside any thirteen year old vagina. Huge electric sparks literally danced inside her pussy, running rapidly up, down, and around the rod, arcing through the walls of skin being pinched out by the spikes, as well as singing over the exposed flesh of her channel being held open by their extension. Worse yet, where the shaft met air in the valley of her exposed lips, sparks blazed all around, bathing her lips and clitoris in electric pulses of discharge. One long extended scream of agony ripped out of Jessica's throat, almost uninterrupted by the need to draw air. Within seconds she knew that she never wanted this punishment again. After only a minute she would have begged to be put back on the bottle brush instead. Far before the hour was up she was pleading desperately, begging for a chance to be a good girl. Through it all the man watched, very pleased with his new toys.

Freed at last from the terrible punisher, Jessica crawled weakly back to her cage for the night. She barely noticed Kim's moaning from across the pitch dark room as she collapsed in utter exhaustion. She was awakened by the usual, lights on, door booming open, then shut.

"How are my two favorite girls this morning," the man asked with a chuckle. Stepping up to Jessica he opened the cage. "Up and adam my little peach. You're going to get to make a choice this morning. Up up! This way," he said, moving over to the cunt washer in the tub.

Jessica followed obediently, head down, waiting passively. "Now, you've a choice for today's activities. I can tie you up, take you next door, and leave you on the punisher until this time tomorrow." Eyes wide in horror, she jerked her head frantically NO! letting out a startled gasp. He continued, "or, you can climb into the tub there, straddle that brush, and stay on it until I come back to get you. I should warn you though, if you fail to obey, or choose the punisher, you'll have the same choice tomorrow, and the next day. Really better for you if you just come to terms with it now. Well, what's it gonna be?"

Remembering her resolve from yesterday, that the cleaner was much preferable to the punisher, she still wasn't sure she could actually put it to the test.

Quivering in terror for a few seconds, the look in the man's eye forced her at last to move into the tub. Looking at the contraption she wondered how she was supposed to mount it. Then she noticed the four metal steps protruding from either side of the center pole. Placing her hands against the wall for balance she climbed the steps. On the last step, extending on tippy toes, her pussy almost cleared the top of the brush. Gathering her courage and terror, she pushed her crotch forward, the spinning bristles digging painfully at the crest of her pussy, above the clitoris, but bending slightly. Forward, forward, the brush bent, then fell into her channel and straightened. The screw shape of the brush began to pull downward on her, and she carefully lowered herself one step. As she stepped down again, the brush reached her cervix. She stood still for a minute, until the man said, "No. Keep going. Feet on the floor, then turn and face me."

Teeth clenched in agony already, she knew she had no choice. Continuing her descent, her cervix pushed the tip of the brush down, driving the motor down on its spring. She had to force the spring down almost eight inches before her feet hit the floor. Then she hobbled around the pole until she faced out away from the wall. She might as well have had a metal cork screw tearing at her, with the pressure of the spring driving upward. Head hung low, sobbing, with tears streaming down her face, Jessica stood passively as the man flipped off the light and locked the door.

For the first time since she'd been abducted, Jessica was not caged or bound. Locked in a dungeon, straddling a pussy scouring bottle brush, but still, not tied up or caged, free to move if she choose. Fear of punishment kept her still, as the spinning bristles scoured her tender insides, better than the strongest ropes. Painful as the brush was, she welcomed the steady throbbing ache, hoping it would

last a long time, knowing what was likely to come next. Hours passed, seeming to be days to the you girl, locked in the dark, pussy under brutal assault.

The man had meant to test her, and so he skipped his usual lunch, waiting long extra hours to return at dinner time. When he came at last, Jessica had been standing so long her legs had trouble holding her up. Still, she had decided to accept her fate, and obey, sure there was no escape, only extra punishment. She was ready when he waved her up off the cleaner and pointed at the table. Quickly climbing the steps again, she drove herself off the brush and stepped out of the tub.

Walking over to the table, she ducked head first and flipped her waist up to the table, then spread her legs wide apart across the table top. The man placed a bowl with no bottom over her pussy, the rim making a circle around her lips. She moaned, but did not flinch or even twitch as he filled the bowl with boiling stew. With one hand he held the bowl down tightly to keep it from leaking. Picking up a large spoon, he probed until he found her pussy at the bottom of the step. Plunging downward in and out several times while twisting it, he forced bits of hot stew deep inside. Burning fluid filling her body, Jessica screamed, but still refused to fight it.

Scooping deep one last time, he raised the spoon and took a bite. Savoring her pussy juices mixing with the stew, he prepared his next bite. Slowly, bit by bit, he forced spoon after spoon of stew deep inside, stirred it vigorously to extract her special flavor, and finally swallowed each bite.

Done with the stew, he moved on. "Go get cleaned up while I fetch the next course," he demanded. Folding over, Jessica carefully mounted the cleaning brush, waiting for him to return with more torture. As soon as he opened the door, she climbed off and returned to the table. Stuffing her full of corn bread, using a two inch diameter plunger to drive it deep, he casually began spooning it out. Finishing this round more quickly, he sent her back for more cleaning. He had an idea he wanted to try.

This time she was left alone for more than an hour. He had some shop work to finish. When he returned he had an odd metal frame with an electric cord. Shaped like a long cube, it was one piece of metal rod. Forced into the girl's pussy it had an outward round section between her lips at the top, holding her apart, each corner turned downward at ninety degrees, pressing her walls apart for over two inches. Deep inside, the front and back section here held by lines running parallel with her lips, one on each side. Forced inside it created an open space two inches deep, one inch wide, and almost two inches long.

The man plugged in the cord, and the entire frame quickly began to heat. Jessica groaned, feeling that one upper bar ran directly over her sensitive clitoris. The man then began packing the wide open pussy with chocolate chips, right up to the lips. Setting a timer, he stirred the melting chocolate every five to ten minutes. While the chocolate melted slowly, Jessica's pussy heated up and began to burn painfully. Forty five minutes later the chocolate was finally hot and creamy. The top two inches of her vagina were held wide open by the heater, but the remaining three inches was closed. Hot melted chocolate flowed deep inside, driven by gravity and the stirring spoon.

Ready at last, the man began dipping long pretzel sticks, encrusted with sharp salt bits, as deeply as he could drive them, twisting and sawing her closed, deep canal.

Unable to help herself, she squirmed her legs slightly with each penetration, crying out in agony. Eventually the chocolate ran out, and he pulled out the scalding hot burner.

Insides still coated with chocolate, the man stuck his tongue in the hole and began sucking it out, good to the last drop. Thirty minutes more on the cunt washer while he packed the dishes back upstairs, and then she was once again locked in her cell for the night.

Another night in darkness, locked in her cage. Burning pain tearing at her from the inside out, Jessica was unable to sleep. Hour after hour dragged by, while both girls moaned and cried. By morning she had still not managed to sleep, her pain still fresh and undiminished. Jessica froze in terror as the

door opened, and the lights came up once more as the man entered the room. Expecting to be serving his breakfast, she was surprised when he went straight to the workbench instead.

The man fed a heavy piece of steel wire in to a machine, which wrapped it around a half inch rod. Removing the rod, he placed it in a cutter that clipped through the wire along the length of the rod, making a dozen heavy, open steel rings. He spent a few minutes twisting each ring open about a quarter inch, then put them in his pocket.

Opening Kim's cage, he dragged her out and began forcing her onto the T frame. Not bothering with the cords, she was able to thrash around a bit as he picked her and placed her over the saw horses. Pinching one pussy lip between thumb and finger, he pulled it out until he had a solid, smooth line of flesh standing out. Then he pulled out one of the rings out of his pocket, placed the sharp point against the inside wall of her pussy, and drove it through the taught lip. Kim's body locked rigid in pain, screaming. Working deliberately from front to back, he placed five more rings evenly into her vagina. Moving on, he repeated the process on the other side, giving her a full dozen rings dangling from her crotch.

Carefully, he then pinched each ring closed, meticulously lining the ends up perfectly. To finish his preparations he then expertly soldered the ends together. Conducted heat and splattering solder assaulted Kim's already battered vagina, wringing horrendous screams of agony from the helpless child. Satisfied at last, the man hooked a leash to her neck collar and released her from the frame. Arms still bound behind her back, she staggered to her feet and was yanked rudely across the room by the leash.

The man clipped one ankle to a ring in the floor, pulled the other leg two feet away, and fastened it to another. He then fed a four inch cable through the rings on one side and screwed the end connectors together, then again on the other side. Two loops of steel now bound the rings fastened to her lips.

Stepping over to the closet, the man returned with a half bar bell weight. at one end was fastened a twenty pound disk. At the other end was a small ring holding a quick release clip.

The man swung the clip end of the bar between Kim's legs and fastened the clip through both cables. Gently lowering the weighted end to the floor, the rings stretched her pussy lips downward. Cringing in pain, she quickly bent her knees and followed to weight down.

Picking up a whip, he ordered the girl to stand, cracking her firmly a few times. Screaming in pain, she managed to struggle upright.

Releasing the weight for a minute, the man slipped another twenty pound ring over the end, and reconnected it. Breaking out an electric cattle prod, he began jabbing and zapping directly at her pussy, demanding that she stand. After over ten minutes of this, he was able to make her stand again. Over forty pound of pressure stretched her impaled lip out nearly six inches.

Removing the bar again, the man added another twenty pound weight, paused for a minute, then placed a ten pound ring for good measure. Hooking it up once more, he dropped it and let Kim collapse to the floor.

Into the closet again, he returned with four steel framed glass walls. setting two walls in the tracks in the floor, he lightly attached the corner. He inserted the rubber seals between corner and floor seams, then drove home the screws securing frames to each other and the floor. Two more segments later and his seven foot tall, two thousand gallon aquarium was assembled.

Snaking a hose from the bath tub he began filling it up with cold water. Confusion was obvious on Kim's face until the frigid water covered her feet and began inching up her ankles.

It took about an hour for the water to reach her crotch. Almost another hour later, the water was up to her chest, and she began to understand. Crying for help, shivering in the cold, she tentatively tried standing up against the weight. Straining, she could not even budge the bar. Inch by inch, the water

covered her neck, moving to her mouth. She pressed her legs hard, stretching her pussy to gain more space. Tilting her head back, the water slowly crested over her face. Seconds passed, her face covered in water. Gripped by overwhelming, adrenaline surge of panic struck and she desperately drove upward to her feet.

The weight dragging from her pussy was nearly as much as her entire body. Standing, her lips stretching down, some of the metal rings slowly cut grooves through her skin until the weight was equally balanced. Standing up the water just reached her waist, but continued to fill. Two hours later, it was once more at her chin, and still the man watched it rise.

As the water was about to cover her face again, the man finally got out a ladder and climbed over the top of the wall. He reached down and stuck a snorkel tube in her mouth. The water continued to rise, covering her head and most of the tube. He didn't stop until only one inch of the tube remained above water.

Flipping out the lights, he left her there in the dark while he went to get supplies. Several hours later he returned with a small plastic bag of fish and an aerator. After installing the aerator and watching the bubbles curve around her body, tickling her crotch and chest, he dumped the two fish into the tank.

Two four inch long piranha began circling rapidly. Rings biting deep gouges into her lips, she was still bleeding lightly. Blood scent drove the predators wild, and they began bumping into her abdomen and legs, looking for food. Following the scent, one fish plowed into her pussy and bit out a chunk of her lip. Even though almost numb from the cold, the shock of pain made her flinch violently, completely forgetting about the suspended weight. Swinging wildly as she thrashed away, the momentum of the weight ripped two rings completely out on one side. The pain of this registered quickly and Kim desperately tried to recover her still stance. Unfortunately, with two less ring supporting the weight on one side, the remaining four began slowly cutting through as well. As the rings on one side ripped free, the weight settled on the other side, quickly ripping free all at once.

Once again, Kim was faced with more pain than she had ever imagined possible. What was once smooth, virgin, pussy lips now was a ragged series of torn, bleeding chunks of flesh. Worse, as the weight crashed to the floor with a muffled thump, the blood crazed piranha attacked her bleeding flesh. Taking small bites, the fish stripped her tattered lips, and began tearing into her deeper channel before being sated for a while. Its terribly hard to scream through a small air tube, while being held under water, but Kim did a fine job.

Pussy all but gone, bleeding profusely, Kim was on the verge of dying. The man considered letting it end here, but then he had a better idea. Stripping, he jumped into the tank and dove to release her ankles. Climbing out, he pulled the girl free and began to stop the bleeding. Bandaged and bound, he returned her to the cage. The two fish continued to circle the blood tinged water.

Ravenously hungry, the man pulled Jessica from her cage and pushed her towards the tub to get cleaned up. Unnerved by watching her twin sister have her pussy eaten away in front of her, she was extra quick to comply, and show what a good girl she was. Some 45 minutes later, the man returned with dinner. Climbing off the torturous bottle brush at last, Jessica presented her pussy to the man once again. Helping after helping her stuffed her, scooped, and probed. Not exactly used to it, but resigned to the inevitable, she didn't flinch, and only moaned when the man went to extra lengths to be cruel.

After cleaning her out again, he moved her next door for some rough and tumble. Plugging every orifice and filling it with comb took him the rest of the evening.

The next morning it was time to feed the fish again. Pulling Kim from her cage, arms still bound behind her back, he laid her on her back and sat on her waist. Using a sharp kitchen knife, he carved four very shallow gouges into one tit, top, bottom, left, right. Blood welled but did not flow freely from the cuts. He then picked her up and tossed her into the tank with a big splash. Drawing up a chair he sat back to watch.

Struggling to stay above water, Kim kicked her feet and twisted vainly on her bound arms. Hungry once more, the fish scented the fresh blood and began flashing around, jabbing head first at her body. Quickly finding the bleeding young tit, they began tearing small bites out of it. Screaming, Kim tried desperately to avoid the darting predators, but they were much too fast. She was bleeding profusely by the time the fish finished. Plucking her from the water, he wrapped gauze tightly around her chest to stop the blood loss. Locked in her cage once more, Kim collapsed and passed out.

Strangely aroused by her life and death struggle, he looked for ways to enhance the experience. Jessica soon found herself enduring pain marathons, any disobedience or reluctance punished severely.

Day after day, he ate his meals and practiced ever more painful games on Jessica. Each morning he sliced a new cut on Kim and let the fish tear a bit more flesh from her struggling body. A butt cheek, a thigh, her toes, the other tit. Over one straight month he concentrated on a leg, until it was stripped away completely. Unable to swim any more, he began suspending her from a strap. With each day the sight of her disappearing body was making him more and more excited. He persisted for another month as he coached the fish to strip away her other leg, then both butt cheeks. Finally, he drove them at her menstruating vagina. The first strike ripped her upper twat and left a string of bleeding skin containing her entire clitoris dangling like a bit of spaghetti. Shortly another bite snatched down on it, ripping it out by the root. With no legs to pinch closed, the fish easily forced their way further inside, snatching small bites of deep, tender meat.

As they reached her cervix and hit bone, they began working on the walls, opening her wider, until her hips began to be exposed. Suddenly her interior organs were exposed. Lengths of intestine were ripped free by the wildly excited fish. Eyes dimming, Kim's last sight was her own intestines swirling around her face as the man plunged her under the water. He left her there as a last feast to the piranha, until they had stripped her to the bone.

Her sister's death was very bad news for Jessica. Now she was the only one the man had left to satisfy his hungers on. His tortures became more cruel, but less damaging, causing maximum pain without ruining her body for later. Her pussy had calluses from constantly being scalded with hot injection. He found that her inner sweet flesh could even tolerate his home made pussy warmer long enough to cook soup. Which was what gave him the idea for a slow cooker.

Ordering her into position at the table as usual, and inserted the metal heating frame. Instead of injecting hot food he began forcing slices of raw carrot and potato into her cunt. Inserting two fingers, he spread her wide and sprinkled some salt and pepper. Next he used a bulb siphon to inject a half cup of tomato soup and water. Then he plugged in the heater and stepped back.

"You are going to sit still and be good until I get back, or you'll regret it!" he promised.

Frightened more than she had been for months, she did not yet understand what he intended. The wire cube wedged into her pussy got hot quickly, and was already agony when he finished cleaning up the dishes he'd brought down. As he left the room and turned out the light, she thought, surely he's coming back. he wouldn't leave me like this all night.

But that was exactly what he planned. Slowly the heat inside her continued to build, first to a scalding blister, then eventually warming the wet juices to a slow boil. Half an hour after the man left she was howling in anguish. At one hour she was squirming desperately, trying to relieve the pain. Knowing he always kept his promises of punishment, she did not dare try to remove the mixture simmering inside her though.

Two hours into the ordeal she finally realized that her pussy was being cooked, and that he intended to eat her. Somewhere inside her, some last little bit of her soul that still had hope of one day being released, died. With a soft sigh of despair she sank into numb compliance, no squirming, no

sobbing, just blank tears streaming down her face. After eight hours the man returned to find her still spread obediently wide at the table. Steam was rising from her pussy, the juices boiling hard. Her once pink pussy was now roast brown, spreading throughout her sweet triangle and even just into her thighs. Using a medium knife, he stabbed into her pussy and began cutting strips of meat. First he made several radial cuts from the inside out, then sawed in a circle to cut out the long strips of meat that folded over and swayed.

The flesh that had been in contact with the heater was well done and dead, but most of the rest was more like medium rare, still very much alive and sensitive. The knife cuts sent screaming agony to poor Jessica, who had thought she was beyond caring. She was wrong!

With each stroke of the knife, she wailed, "PLEEEEAASE!! PLEEEEAASE!! PLEEEEAASE!!!" Fortunately the man had fastened her ankles to the table top last night. She never noticed until that first stab of the knife set her thrashing wildly in protest.

Picking up his fork, he stabbed the top of one strip of cut flesh, deliberately choosing a bit of lip. Stabbing through, he pulled upwards then pushed the fork through, half cutting, half tearing off a bite sized chunk.

"OOOOOOOOOOOWWWWW!" screamed Jessica, suddenly locked rigidly by the pain.

Meat firmly on the fork, he plunged it deep inside, twisting to coat it with sauce, and stabbed a bit of potato before taking a bite.

Knowing this would go on for hours, Jessica could not help fighting it all the way. Each time she felt the fork descend, she thrashed wildly. Her arms and legs spasmed, desperate to be free. More often than not her struggles just made it worse. A fork that missed its target would stab uncooked flesh, leaving a bleeding hole. Cramps in arms and legs began to hurt nearly as much as her burned, bleeding pussy.

Slowly he worked his way down one side and up the other, digging each sliced strip out as deeply as possible before moving on. He saved the clitoris for last. Driving his fork through the tip of her clitoris at last, he carefully took only a quarter in slice. Pulling firmly upwards, he deliberately ripped the chunk free, careful not to let the fork cut.

Exhausted from screaming her lungs out over the last two hours, Jessica came alive with renewed vigor at this latest assault.

Savoring every scream, the man carefully worked his way down the last stalk. Finishing the delicious meat and sopping up every drop of juice.

Wanting to continue this again later, he knew he had to tidy up. Using a fork and knife he began stabbing the edges and trimming away the remaining cooked areas. He took care to saw well into the tender pink flesh with the knife, then cauterized it with a blow torch. When he finally finished, the gaping hole between her legs was unbelievable, but she would live.