

Pain Factor - The New Reality Show

Another story 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+ sm tort ws spoof hardcore cons

Synopsis: Women compete in a pain endurance game show to win a \$1,000,000 prize

Pain Factor: The New Reality Game Show

"Welcome to another episode of Pain Factor," said the host, "The game where even the winners go home sore."

"This week we've got another batch of fearless contestants trying to win our \$1,000,000 grand prize. Let's meet them, shall we?"

Four young women stood lined up on the stage behind the host. Each smiled brightly as the camera zoomed in on them.

"Emily is a 25 year old school teacher from Iowa. In her spare time she enjoys being tied up and spanked thoroughly." Five foot six inches tall, with short black hair, Emily was perhaps 105 pounds, with a 38D chest and fine, curvy hips.

"Denise is a 27 year old legal secretary from Arizona, with a dark passion for bondage. She likes to spend her weekends tied up in the basement." At nearly six foot in height, and with a huge 48DD set of knockers, she was easily the tallest of the lot, and weighed in at around 145 pounds, with flaming red hair hanging in curls down to her shoulders.

"Karen is a dancer at an exotic night club from Ohio. She enjoys a good spanking now and then, and really loves to have a strong master." Just over five feet tall, her long blond hair was thickly braided and hung down to her waist. With a very slim build, she had a narrow waist and a modest 32C figure. She weighed in at 92 pounds.

"Lucy is a 21 year old college student from California. She's not sure what turns her on the most, but is game for most any kind of pain." Five foot four inches tall, with short brown hair, she had a nice 36C chest, well defined hips, and weighed in at 100 pounds.

"Now then ladies, I see you've all got your contracts. If you've all read the agreement, please initial on line 6 to indicate that you fully understand the rules." Four pens scrawled quickly on the documents.

"Now sign your name at the bottom so that our audience can see that you all agree to the terms of the contract." Four more scribbles with the pen, then the host collected the paper. Leafing through each to verify that they were correctly filled out, he continued. "I see that each of you has registered a safe word with our panel of Judges."

Handing the contracts off stage, to be filed into the vault, the host moved back in front of the camera. "For the benefit of our audience, I'll briefly describe the rules of the contest. This is a single elimination contest, with the prize going to the last contestant still standing. Each round a new game is selected randomly by spinning the wheel of pain. Each round continues until one contestant quits, by calling out her safe word, or our panel of judges rules the round a tie."

"Now, if you ladies would begin by removing all of your clothing, we'll spin the wheel and see what our first challenge will be!" Stepping to the side so the camera could zoom in on the rapidly disrobing women, the host moved over to the edge of the stage, reached up, and gave the enormous wheel of pain a good spin. Round and round it turned, finally coming to rest.

"Our first challenge will be 'Extreme Piercing,'" he said, stepping aside as a large bald man took the stage behind him. He carried a short stool and a small box with him as he crossed the room. Setting down the stool, he sat on it in profile to the camera and placed the box on the floor next to his foot. The women lined up in front of him in a randomly selected order. Reaching in to his box the man pulled out a handful of very large safety pins. Denise was first in line, and he took a firm grip on her enormous left tit. Opening a safety pin, he jabbed it quickly through an inch of skin behind her nipple.

"OOOWWW!" she cried, cringing away slightly. After he fastened the clip he waved her to the back of the line. Lucy followed Denise, with a sharp hiss as the pin punched through. Next came Emily, who cried "MMMMPH!" with her mouth clenched firmly shut. Last came Karen, who shouted "Mother Fucker!" as her tender nipples was pierced.

Denise moved back to the front of the line and received a pin in the other nipple. Each woman moved up and accepted another safety pin. Then another and another. Pinching a thick slab of skin, the man drove pins through pussy lips, alternating left and right until each lip had 4 pins. Then he carefully pierced each dangling ganglia. Finally, slowly and precisely, one last pin was driven lengthwise through each woman's clitoris. Agonizing screams ripped from each woman as she stood still and accepted this last bit of torture.

Amazed at the determination of the contestants, the judges signaled the round a tie. After receiving a signal from the director, each woman began unclipping and removing the safety pins.

"Looks like we're going to get our first bonus round," said the host. Spinning the wheel once more he announced, "Our next round will be... Darts!"

"Ladies, please follow the staff back stage, were you can be prepared while we get everything set up."

"For those of you who are new to the show, this is a scored game. Each of our contestants will continue to compete until she calls it quits. A final score will be calculated for each, and the one with the lowest score will be eliminated."

Moving aside, the camera focused on the stage. Four tall tripods with a swing-like sling suspended from the top were being set up, side by side. Once completed, the women entered once again from back stage. Each walked to a tripod, faced away from the camera, then leaned forward over the sling. An assistant came along behind and lifted each woman's feet to waist height and strapped it loosely to a leg of the tripod. Once all the contestants were suspended horizontally with legs held wide open, the camera zoomed in. Each woman's ass, thighs, and pussy had been painted different colors and numbered with a washable dye. Four men took their places about 10 feet behind their chosen woman.

"Now that everyone is ready gentlemen, you may begin."

Each man began tossing darts, which pierced and then stuck in one of the women.

"OOH!"

"OOWW!"

"MMMPPH!"

"SHIT!"

Again, and again, dart after dart, all four women sat still and took it, as inch long metal dart tips pierced ass, thigh, and even pussy over and over again. The judges added up the score every time the darts were removed.

"OOOOWWW!!!" screamed Emily as a dart sank directly into her clit. Painful, but the judges scored her 100 points for it.

After five minutes or so Lucy finally cried out "Uncle!" and was let down to go get cleaned up back stage. A few minutes later Denise, then Karen dropped out. Emily hung in for another minute, to be sure she had a high enough score. Finally giving up, she was half carried back stage and the equipment was cleared away. Taking the stage once more, the host announced the final scores, as the women filed out in line to hear the results.

"In first place is Emily, with 4420 points. Second place goes to Karen with 3160 points. Third place is Lucy with 2480 points, and a *very* sore pussy. Most of her hits were in the high scoring zones. In last place is Denise with 2370 points. Two men came out and picked up Denise, each grabbing an arm and a leg. They carried her to the back corner of the stage and pitched her head first into a chute labeled 'Waste' then left the stage.

"Well, that's one down. On to the next game!" The host spun the wheel once more.

"Caning! One of my personal favorites." Three 4 foot wide metal bars suspended by chains were lowered from the ceiling down to the floor. "Ladies, please secure your ankles into the restrains at the ends of the bars."

Each of the women sat on the floor, leaned forward and tightened the leather straps over their ankles. An assistant came out to double check each restraint, and then the bars were lifted about six feet into the air so that all three women hung suspended upside down with legs wide apart. Then each woman's arms were secured tightly behind her back.

A large man wearing a leather mask stepped on to the stage. He carried a four foot long rod made of small slices of bamboo that had been bundled together. Starting at one end of the line, he raised the rod and cracked it solidly between Karen's legs.

"OOOOWW GOD!" she screamed as the rod left a dozen red stripe marks across her pussy and ass.

"MOTHER FUCKER!" screamed Lucy as he moved down the line, giving a solid whack to each crotch.

"SHIIT!!" cried Emily when her turn came.

Moving back to Karen the man started over, smacking pussy with rod down the line once more, then again, and again. After 10 passes Karen finally cried out "Mommy!" giving up her safe word at last. The man finished the round to see if anyone else would crack, then walked off the stage.

The women were lowered to the floor and untied. Rubbing sore pussies gingerly, Emily and Lucy watched as Karen was tossed unceremoniously down the waste chute.

"And then there were two. Now we've come to the competitive round. Our engineers have come up with an excellent new challenge this week. Step this way ladies." The host led the way to another stage room.

"Please put these on," he said, handing each woman an odd item. It was a leather belt with a strap that traversed the crotch. The strap held a metal dildo in place, and a wire hung from the metal rod down to the floor. Once properly dressed, with dildo penetrating deeply, they were led to a pair of exercise bikes.

"Please mount a bike and prepare to race. Total distance traveled will determine the winner, so speed matters!"

After taking their seats, the trailing wire was connected to a box on the *other* bike.

"Also keep in mind that the faster *you* peddle, the more pain your *opponent* will feel! Ready? GO!"

Each woman began peddling hard, and immediately felt a sharp electric jolt begin burning inside her pussy. Generators attached to the bike wheels created painful current for each woman's opponent.

Both women began screaming, pumping the peddles harder and harder, trying to out distance her opponent and force her to quit. A large monitor in front of them displayed the million dollars in cash, giving them added incentive.

Fifteen minutes later Emily finally had to quit. Exhausted she cried out her safe word and stopped peddling. Not wanting to risk loosing by distance, Lucy kept pumping for another 5 minutes, forcing Emily to endure the electric shock the whole time.

Declared the winner at last, Lucy moved on to the million dollar challenge as Emily joined the

others down the waste chute.

Lucy was led to another stage. Two men took hold of her arms while a third used a vacuum to suck one tit into a hose. A thick metal ring was slid off the hose up to her chest, and then the hose was released. Repeating the performance on the other tit, Lucy found herself with two metal rings clamping her boobs tightly. To secure the rings permanently, two metal rods were driven through each ring, impaling her tits vertically and horizontally.

Lucy, screaming and fighting wildly, was held firmly in place until this was finished. In the middle of the room a rope hung suspended over a pulley in the ceiling. One end was attached to the two rings impaling her tits. The other end hung loose in front of her. Looking up, Lucy could see the large transparent chest containing the prize money.

"This is the million dollar challenge that you've been competing for. All you have to do is pull on this rope, lifting yourself up to claim it. Pull on the big red level up there to lower the money box to the floor. You may begin whenever you are ready."

Giving a soft tug on the rope, Lucy felt a terrible pain in her boobs. Looking up she fixed her gaze firmly on all that money. HER money, she thought fiercely. Grabbing the rope in both hands, she pulled down firmly.

"OOOOOOOOWWWWW!!!" she began screaming as her body was lifted a few inches into the air, suspended by her tits.

Hand over hand, inch by inch, she tugged herself up twenty feet into the air until she was level with the chest. Screaming all the way, she was finally able to reach out and pull the lever that lowered the money to the floor. Slowly, hand over hand, she lowered herself back down to the floor. Exhausted, agony blazing through her breasts, she finally notices the live studio audience cheering wildly. Four men enter, lift her onto the top of the chest, and then carry the both off the stage triumphantly.

"And so we have a valiant winner to this weeks event," said the host. "Now it's time to deal with this weeks losers."

The three women were carried on to the stage and placed bound and gagged onto several large beds. Ropes were let down at the ramps and the studio audience begin streaming onto the stage to take their turn at each woman. Thrashing and moaning through their gags, the women prepared for a *very* long night.

"Thanks for joining us for our show. Tune in again next week for another erotic episode of *Pain Factor!*" announced the host. Credits scrolled past while the studio audience got in to full swing, lining up twenty men deep behind each bed on the stage as the camera faded to black.