

The Last Hours of Jane

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.

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Jane did not ordinarily go out clubbing alone, but this week it seemed that all her friends were busy, or out of town. It was Friday night, damn it, and she was a big girl. Ignoring caution, she took a cab into the city. Twenty three years old, she was a petite 4 foot 10 inches tall and weighed in at about 89 pounds. Her 32C figure didn't give her the largest boobs on the planet, but her slender frame made them seem larger than life. Long, straight, blond hair, silky smooth and shiny, flowed over her shoulder, down to her waist. Long hair being somewhat out of style these days, hers made her stand out in a crowd, especially while dancing.

Heart pounding to the rythm, she lived on the dance floor. Grinding hips shamelessly with anyone hot, she got a *lot* of free drinks. Like most young women, she felt no shame at accepting free gifts from guys who just wanted to get into her pants. And besides, she thought, I'll probably end up sleeping with *someone* here later. It was Friday night, after all. She lost track of things around midnight, after the forth or fifth drink brought to her by a man she'd been flirting with all night. She never remembered being walked out to the man's car, giddy with drink and drug, and passing out in the back seat.

Jane awakened with pain running everywhere. Comprehension lagging behind perception, she struggled to take in the scene while the fog of drug induced sleep slowly faded in her head. First to register was that she was completely naked. The next was that she could not move her legs. She couldn't remember how she got from the club to here.

Head down, hanging limp in her restraints, she could see that her legs were locked tightly in a pair of bright red ski boots, holding her legs spread about three feet apart. The boots seemed to be bolted in place, each one attached to a narrow metal strip projecting about two feet out from a large, glass tank in front of her. The boxy tank was about 4 feet square at the base and maybe 6 feet tall, and was about a third of the way filled with water.

Preoccupied with her immobilized feet, it took her a minute to note that her waist was also thoroughly fastened in place. Two tighly clamped, form fitting rings of metal were also attached to a metal bar projecting from the tank. Wrapping her waist at top and bottom butt level, they

pinched so tightly she couldn't swivel her hips an inch. Trying desperately to understand, she stared around the room rapidly, trying to bring it all into focus. About 20 feet square, the room had bare walls, and little else besides the contraption she was fastened to.

The bottom of the large water tank she was so firmly attached to was suspended about 6 feet above the floor by a cable that ran straight up, through a pulley, across the ceiling to another pulley about 10 feet to her right, then down to another tank resting on the floor, this one about two thirds full of water. A hose ran from the bottom of the other tank, through a small, running, electrical pump, to her tank. A steady stream of water flowed from one to the other. Another hose went from the bottom of Jane's tank, through some kind of hand crank pump mounted in front of her, back to the far tank.

Looking down once more, horror began to paint her face. Extending from the floor to a point about an inch below her crotch, projected a one inch diameter metal pole. The end of the pole tapered to a dull tip about an eighth of an inch across, pointed directly at her pussy. She'd obviously been unconscious for some time, judging by how much water had been transferred from one tank to the other.

Worse, someone had pierced her nipples, driving a heavy metal ring through each, about an inch behind the tips of her tits. They had stopped bleeding, but ached awfully. Thick wires, hanging loosely with a bit of slack, connected rings to ceiling. The final bit of humiliation came as she noticed the cameras. Little green lights highlighted half a dozen live camera's, recording all for posterity. Several watched her from around the room. One had a close up view of her face, and another angled up at her exposed crotch.

She was free to move above the waist, and began frantically prying at her bonds with her hands. She quickly abandoned attempts to free her nipples: The rings were too firm, her nipples were too sore. Flailing about wildly, Jane was suddenly confronted with the physics of her situation. The weight balancing this massive scale she was bound to was nearing equilibrium. Her flailing around caused the far tank to lift and sink a couple of inches, bouncing her downward several times. She felt the rod stab into her exposed pussy with each shift.

Panic nearly blinded her at this point, unable to move below chest level, and afraid to continue struggling due to the pole in her crotch. Water continued to flow between the tanks, and suddenly the balance began to shift. Jane's tank sank an inch, slowly, bringing the rod into contact with her pussy. The dull point pressed painfully into her crotch as she continued to sink, bit by bit. Shifting her hips through the tiny bit allowed by her bonds, she managed to line herself up properly with the shaft. Pressure eased as the pole began slipping smoothly into her pussy.

The shaft had penetrated over two inches when she finally saw the note. Attached to the hand crank, it said, "Turn Me." Understanding dawned, and she reached desperately for the hand grips. Cranking the pump was like peddling a bike with her hands. The crank was deliberately designed to be hard to turn, but water began to trickle back to the far tank.

Struggling to work the crank faster, Jane kept losing ground to the electric pump. Three inches, four, five, the pole kept creeping deeper. Then, for about half an hour, Jane desperately

cranked the pump like mad. She actually managed to gain back an inch before collapsing in exhaustion. Forced to rest for a bit, the pole was soon back to five, six, seven inches. The wires attached to her tender boobs began to draw tight at this point, lifting and tugging her tits upwards.

Knowing she could not win, but unable to accept defeat, Jane continued to crank steadily. Able to slow the process, she could not stop it. At around 10 inches the pole began pressing against her cervix. Her tits were being stretched upward, and the rings piercing her flesh strained at her tender nipples. For the last half hour, Jane had been screaming in agony.

Now, as the tip of the rod began pressing firmly against her insides, Jane redoubled her efforts with the hand pump. Struggling wildly, her best efforts barely managed to halt her progress. Minute after minute she strained, breathing desperately. Arms already aching, now they began to burn with fatigue. Finally, unable to continue, she was forced to slow her pace.

Falling behind again, pressure began increasing between pole and cervix until her entire body weight was being suspended on the top of the rod. The fixed boots began dragging downward on her legs putting even more pressure on the pole jammed into her pussy. Jane's screams reached a new pitch, as the tip of the pole began forcing its way through. Tension continued to build as the tank sank lower, dragging at her bound legs.

Suddenly the pole finished piercing her hard cervix and her body plunged three inches downwards at once. Tits burning in agony, this sudden plunge ripped the rings completely through first one, then the other. Screaming so hard she nearly passed out from lack of breath, Jane worked out her pain on the hand crank. Continuing to work the pump, she could not seem to make any progress. Simply slowing the process didn't do much to help her situation.

Blood began oozing thickly down the shaft, flowing out of her pussy. The diameter of the rod kept up enough pressure to slow the flow. Blood ran freely down her chest, at first, from her torn boobs, but soon slowed as clotting set in.

As she continued her inevitable impalement, the rod easily pushed aside slippery intestines. It did not bind again until it hit her stomach. Sinking steadily, Jane's downward progress drove the dull point to pierce the bottom stomach wall.

Once inside the stomach, the smooth walls of her digestive track began guiding the pole. Feeling pain inside her throat, Jane surrendered at last, dropping the grips on the pump. Standing very still, she continued to slip slowly downward. When the tip of the rod reached the back of her throat, she tilted her head back firmly, and let the tip emerge slowly from her mouth. Tears streaming down her face, she wondered, "Why is this happening to me?"

When about a foot of pole extended from her mouth, her feet were about 18 inches from the floor. Then she felt a new pain. A cross piece attached to the spit was just reaching her crotch. Two prongs began piercing her clit and anus as she settled into place, until her weight rested on the bar. In position at last, her tormentors finally entered the room.

Six men came in and began to prepare her. First, another spindle was slipped over the end of the rod and forced downward. This one was wider, and fit over her mouth and cheeks firmly. Next, her arms were securely wired in place behind her back. Finally, her legs were freed from the boots, one at a time, and secured to the pole with cruelly tight wire. Two men hosed her down thoroughly to remove dried blood and sweat, then towelled her off. A third man used an electric clipper on her head, quickly removing all of her long, beautiful hair.

The men then lifted the pole out of the hole in the floor it rested in. One man grabbed the top of the pole, near Jane's mouth. Another reached down and hoisted the bottom end, below her feet. Hefting the weight onto their shoulders, Jane was carried into the next room, suspended on the spit. The men lay the rod ends into the spit spindle over a six foot wide grill.

Waves of heat assaulted Jane's body from the burning flames of the lit grill. Screaming in terror and fresh pain, she squirmed uselessly on the spit. One man came over to her, carrying a small bucket. He flipped a switch and the spindle began to rotate, turning Jane's body slowly over the flames below. Using a wide brush, he dipped into the bucket of warm, melted butter, and began applying it thickly to Jane's entire body. As she turned over and over, butter occasionally would drip off her skin, causing flames to leap up and singe her body.

Her screams were muffled somewhat by the pole filling her throat, but she still managed to make quite a bit of noise. After 5 minutes or so the chef finished basting and then closed the grill cover. Roasting slowly on the spit, Jane was struggling frantically. Arms and legs wired tightly together, with a spit impaling her entire body, the best she could manage was a pathetic squirming motion, alone in the dark.

After twenty minutes the cover was opened. The chef inspected Jane's cooking body, and began applying a thick coat of Bar-B-Queue sauce. Her flesh was just starting to change color and crisp up a bit. Jane, still struggling, couldn't decide whether to scream or cry as the sauce was applied. The strokes of the brush bristles over her burning skin made her howl with agony. However, the sauce itself was cool, and felt like heaven after it was applied.

Closing the lid once more, the man let her continue to roast for another 15 minutes. Jane's eyes turned a milky white as they cooked, blinding her. She could hear, but not see, as the lid was opened at last. Something stabbed her painfully in the ass and she gurgled a weak scream.

"Looks to be about medium rare, Frank. Serve it up!"

Jane felt the spit being lifted off the grill, then carried across the room. She was plopped down on a large work table. The flange was removed from her mouth, and slid off the rod. Then, two men pushed firmly on her ass, as two more slowly forced the spit back out through her pussy. Screaming freely once the rod cleared her throat, she tried to struggle. She found that she could hardly move, all her muscles having locked rigid from being cooked.

The men laid Jane's body face up on a long platter, then carried her to the dining table. Taking their seats, the six men lifted knives and forks and went to work. Unable to do more than twitch and moan, Jane felt six forks stab her boobs, pussy, thighs, and calves, then six knives dig

in to begin carving. Careful to take small bites, enjoying Jane's weakening cries of agony as much as the tender, juicy chunks of flesh, the men managed to devour her legs, arms, and tits completely, as well as most of her ass and pussy, before she finally convulsed and died. Disappointment at her death did not stop the men from finishing their meal, however.

Once stripped to the bone, the remains was fed through a bone shredder, bagged, and burried in a deep pit in the woods. The men drew straws to see whose turn it would be to capture tomorrow night's entertainment.