T h e      P e r f e c t      V i c t i m

**A   C l o c k   S t r i k e s   O n e**

    Mary turned off the taps to the shower, shivering for a moment as the immediate heat of the water left her.She ran her hands over her skin to shed some water and then sat on the bench at the back of the shower and picked up the soap and razor. She lathered under her arms and shaved, then started in on her legs, humming as she shaved in long, smooth strokes. When her legs were shaved, she decided to shave her pubic hair on a whim, carefully stroking the razor over her most private parts until she was bare, the last of the tight, dark blond curls fallen to the floor. when she was done, she stood and turned on the water again, then sat on the bench in the stream and washed all over. When her shower was done, she toweled off and went to stand before her vanity. Looking herself over in the mirror, she ran a brush through her long hair a few times, and then set it aside as she pulled on white silk panties, shivering at the slick feel of the silk over her bare sex, she rubbed herself for a moment, enjoying the feel of the silk on her bare skin before looking at herself in the big mirror. her hands ran up her flat tummy and curled around her ample breasts, squeezing and caressing all at once as a small moan escaped her. she could feel a deep tingle in her sex and was suddenly very aroused, turned on and in need of... of something. Sighing, she turned in front of the mirror, cupped her breasts with her hands and gave them a tender squeeze then sighed again and reached for the matching silk bra. It was a shelf bra and left the upper slopes of her breasts and the tops of her aureole bare, by itself it was an erotic garment, but under the gown she was going to wear, it was designed for maximum cleavage, and it let just enough of the white silk show to tantalize.

    As she was standing at the mirror, the clock in her bedroom tolled the one o'clock hour and she stood still for almost five minutes, staring at herself in the mirror, eyes unfocused and arms still at her sides, and then she blinked as if nothing had happened. Donning a robe she took the brush and left the room, walking downstairs to get a drink, pulling the brush through her waist-length hair as she went, still humming. She paused by the refrigerator and looked out the window across the back yard of her house, at the expanse of the well trimmed yard and then the tall trees beyond that. She sighed yet again, her brow furrowing as she tried to work something out, but couldn't seem to get her mind to focus on it. shaking her head, she pulled open the door to the refrigerator and took out a carton of milk. when she closed the door, *He* was there. She caught sight of him out of the corner of her eye, standing behind the door to the refrigerator and turned her head, gasping at the sight of this tall, strange man in her house her hands went numb, dropping the brush and milk to the floor she backpedaled away from him, eyes shooting up to his face, but in the half-light she couldn't seem to focus on him. The milk hit and splashed up on her legs and bathrobe as he stepped forward, reaching for her. She tried to scream, but the sound caught in her throat and she tried to tun and run.

    He caught her quickly, grabbing a handful of her long hair, he pulled her back, forcing a cry from her throat as the pain shot through her scalp, her hands coming up, trying to grab his arm, to make him let her go as she fell backwards against his chest, her robe coming untied, falling open as he reached his arm around her waist, picking her up and turning. She lashed out with her feet, catching him across the shins and making him cuss. He shoved her then, and she felt the island in the kitchen hit her across the abdomen, knocking he breath from her lungs as he hauled back on her hair, sending her practically flying back and into the refrigerator. her head snapped back and stuck the door and she saw stars in her vision as he rounded on her. She could see his eyes, they were angry eyes, but she couldn't make out his face... something was wrong, something... then he was there, upon her, pressing her between his hard body and the harder refrigerator. His hands caught her wrists and pushed her arms out to the sides as he pressed a leg between hers, forcing her to spread her legs apart as his body, dressed in workers clothes pressed against her nearly naked one. Her breasts were squeezed between them as he caught both of her wrists with one hand and held them effortlessly above her head, his other hand coming down to cup her breast through the bra.

    He squeezed the soft flesh of her breast and his mouth lowered to her neck, he was only an inch or two taller than she was and his mouth found the soft, warm skin where her neck and shoulder met and he gave her a horrifyingly tender kiss. She snapped her leg up, trying to knee him in the crotch and felt her leg hit something hard, a protective cup, but she did manage to anger him, and he snarled something and pivoted, tossing her almost effortlessly to sprawl on the kitchen floor, gasping for breath, unresistant as he grabbed the robe and pulled it from her shoulders, down her arms, and off of her body. She felt his weight against her legs and pain as he knelt on her calf, driving pain that brought her breath back in a rush, finally giving voice to a scream. He slapped her once, hard, across the right buttock, then grabbed her hair again and pulled her up and back by it, she thumped back against his chest and his other hand came around and seized her throat, his fingers circling her neck and squeezing, cutting off her air easily.

    "Shut. Up."

     She could hear the punctuation in each word, he stressed them so each was its own sentence and such was the menace in his voice that she complied, hands grasping at his wrist and fingers, desperately trying to get him to release her, to let her have air. He held on for a long time, and she was seeing stars, the edges of her vision blacking out before he released her. She slumped to the floor, coughing and hacking, gasping for breath, unable to put up a fight as her robe was dragged off of her shoulders, down her back and arms and off, leaving her in just her underwear with this stranger. She started sobbing then, at the feel of his rough hands running up her legs to cup her buttocks and squeeze, hands sliding over the smooth silk and she could feel the hot, rough skin on his hands through the thin, almost sheer fabric. A moment later he grabbed her arms and stacked them, one atop the other, elbows bent and tied them with something smooth and warm, when she heard the chiming of the buckle, she knew it was his belt, he wrapped it around her arms several times and then looped it back through itself, making sure it wouldn't come loose before buckling it off, and pulling her up to a kneeling position with a fistful of hair, eliciting another gasp from her, making her wince and bite her lip to keep from crying out.

     "Very good. You're learning fast, and that's a good thing. Now listen very closely, and you might make it out of this alive. What is your name?"

     When she didn't answer, he shoved her down to the floor, using his hands to force her to bend her waist, so her face was on the cold tile of the kitchen floor and her ass was up in the air. Her panties were yanked down her thighs, exposing her bare backside and she felt the sting of her dropped brush as he gave her a light tap with the back of it experimentally. And then she felt pain, great pain as he used the brush to paddle her hard, hard enough to leave bruises, hard enough to make her scream. He hit her over and over, she didn't even try to keep count and when he stopped, he yanked her up against him again.

     "What is your name?" he asked her again, her backside hot and painful and the brush still in his hand, she could see it as she turned her head, he was holding it at the ready and she could feel the tension and anger in him.

     "Mary." She told him, her voice shaking as she tried to comprehend all that was happening to her.

     "Very good, Mary. That is step one. We'll move on to step two. do you know what I'm going to do to you?"

     She shook her head and he pushed her down again with a snarl, the brush already swinging. this time she didn't scream, she howled. He beat her ass so hard that she could feel the bruises and welts rising and when he pulled her up again, he tossed the brush away.

     "Well, I think easy time is over, Mary. The next lesson will be far more painful. I can't hear your empty blond head rattling, when I speak to you, answer me. Do you understand?"

     She almost nodded, but managed to choke out "Yes."

     "Very good, now I will ask again. do you know what I am going to do to you?"

     "No, No I don't. Please don't hurt me again."

     "Tsk tsk... I didn't tell you to speak, or to beg. I'm going to Fuck you, Mary. Fuck you hard and long. Fuck you repeatedly and pump you so full of my cum you'll slosh and leak when you walk... if you can walk when I'm through with you. And nothing you can say or do will prevent me from fucking your tight little body in every hole. But you can have some influence on the outcome, do you understand, Mary?"

     She was sobbing, trying to shake her head in denial. "Y...Y... Yes. I understand. Oh please don't do..."

     Her words choked off as his hand grabbed her throat and squeezed her air off again. his other hand went up, through her vision and came back with a big butcher knife from the block on the counter. With a single, quick motion, he slipped the knife between her breasts and sliced the strap between the cups of her bra. Her generous breasts pushed free from the ruined garment and sagged only slightly as he settled the knife beneath one terror-hardened nipple.

     "If you speak out of turn again I will cut your nipple off, do you understand me?" He delivered the words in such a dispassionate tone, so completely cold and without emotion that she did believe him. And she told him so. "Very good, then lets move on. As I was saying, I am going to fuck you, Mary. I'm going to rape you repeatedly, I am going to hurt you and make you scream, bleed and weep for several hours. But you can have an effect on the outcome, How you are when I leave here is up to you completely. When I am done raping you, when I have sated all of the carnal lust I have stored up and abused your body to my hearts content, I can leave you alive, hurt, battered, abused, but alive, and relatively unmarked. Or I can cut you up so badly no one will ever recognize you again, Mary. No man will ever touch you, no healing will ever make it right again. I'll cut your tits off, Mary, and that's just a start.. He paused for a breath, and caressed her hot, smooth skin with the cold steel of the knife, and she couldn't take her eyes off of it. "So will you have a chance to heal, or will I leave you blinded, bloodied, sliced to ribbons and very much alive? The choice is yours Mary. Choose."

      She gasped and shivered in his hands, eyes locked on the knife as he caressed her with it. the sharp blade made a small nick in the soft flesh of her breast and she knew, in that very instant she knew. "Please, please oh please, I want the chance to heal. tell me what you want and you'll get it. Anything at all."

     He laughed then. Laughed at her. "Mary, Mary, Mary... What am I going to do with you? What I want is to hurt you, to fuck you like an animal, to abuse your sweet, sweet body, to make you scream and bleed. I want to be brutal with you, absolutely brutal. If you don't try and run, Mary, that's a start. If you *do* try and run, I will catch you and carve the word slut into your back. If you bite my cock, I'll kick in your teeth. I want you to fight me, Mary. but don't fight me too hard, if you hurt me I'll hurt you back, ten times worse. Do you understand?"

    It was a hell of a question.

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    The Clock Struck Two.

       Mary was terrified beyond all reason. after affirming to him that she would do all of that and anything else, he had stood up and pulled her up with him, bent her over the counter and walked around to tie the belt from the robe around her neck, and then tie the loose end around the handle of the cupboard door below her, tight enough to force her onto her tip-toes. he pulled her panties all the way down to her knees, and then left her there. she had been standing here for more than forty minutes, on her toes and bent over awkwardly. He had promised to rape her, and abuse her, and he hadn't even started doing anything yet, he had humiliated her, hurt her with the spanking, and then tied her up and left her there. She didn't know what was going on or what she was going to do. And when he did return, she didn't even hear him. Had he been there all along, watching her, waiting? She felt the warmth of his hands on her ass and her breath shuddered in an out of her lungs. and then something hard and hot was laid between her buttocks, and she sobbed when she realized what it was. The belt around her neck was cut and he pulled her back against his chest again, one hand going to her throat and the other sliding down across her belly to cup her sex, and start to rub.

     "Mmmmm, Mary, nice and smooth, just the way I like them. Did you shave for someone, Mary. Or am I just lucky?" He didn't bother to comment when she didn't answer instead began to caress her sex, slipping a finger along the folds of her vagina and caressing her almost tenderly, working slowly, carefully, making her wet as the hot, hard rod of his member lay against her back.His caress was skilled, as skilled as it was devious, and it didn't take him long to make her moan as his fingers caressed her, his palm siding over her engorged clitoris and his mouth nipped and kissed at her neck and ears. The moan seemed to energize him, and the hard feel of his penis against her back grew stronger as he pressed it against her, they were almost the same height so the shaft of it rested squarely between the cheeks of her buttocks. his hand left her throat and slid down to cup and caress a breast, tweaking her nipple an moments later he wrung another moan from her, louder this time. And er moan brought another laugh from him, a laugh that had her blushing to the roots of her hair.  
  
  
    "Would you like to see why I left you alone for so long, Mary? After all, I promised you rape and defilement and then tied you up and left you be for nearly an hour." He whispered in her ear, his hands never ceasing their silky torment of her body, wresting a feeling from her that was a torment of her mind. He turned her, hands never ceasing their movement, wringing another mindless moan from her as they moved, and she found herself staring at a camera. Set up on a tripod not ten feet away was a video camera, the screen turned so she could see that it was recording every moment of this. Behind the camera was the tall, antique stand mirror from her bedroom, and she could see her reflection in it. Hair tangled and mussed, a riot around her head, her mouth open in a rounded O of desire, her lips were swollen and dark red from her biting them earlier, a little trickle of blood had escaped from the corner of her mouth and a few drops of it speckled the tops of her breasts. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were half lidded with the feel of animal lust that rose up within her at his touch, his caress. And with her arms tied the way they were, her chest was pushed forward, accentuating her already generous breasts, they had very little sag and were crowned with hard, pink nipples, and framed by the ruined cups of her bra. Her skin was hot and flushed, with the trickle of dried blood on her chest where he had nicked her with the knife, her silk panties pushed down to her knees and his hands on her, caressing instead of abusing, arousing instead of brutalizing. Past lovers had told her how erotic she could look when she was like this, and he was doing more than rape her, he was humiliating her. She felt the first hot tears well in her eyes and trace tracks down her cheeks, a deep blush rising inher skin from her chest and spreading up along her neck and face as the tears streamed from her eyes..   
  
    "Don't worry, Mary. you and I are the only ones who will ever see this. Once we have some fun in here, and I get a feel for the hot pussy in my hand with another part of my body we'll go in the living room, I have more cameras set up in there." He whispered in her ear with another laugh as he turned her back to the counter, and pushed her forward again, bending her over onto the cold marble, her skin hot and flushed as he kicked her feet apart and ground his his forward against her, pressing the hard presence of his cock into the crack of her backside, his hands cupping her ass and spreading it apart as he pressed against her.  her head was turned towards the mirror and she saw him lick his thumb and then rub the pad across her sphincter as his penis slipped dwn her crack to rest against her hot, wet labia, the head of it just pressing against her as he bent forward, ready to impale her. She curled her lips back in anger and snapped her body up and back, connecting the side of her head with his face, sending him reeling as he cussed, grabbing his face, she had the satisfaction of feeling the crack as their heads came together. Getting her legs under her, she turned to face him.  
  
    He was angry, murderously angry. "You bitch! You fucking *BITCH!*" He shouted as he curled his fist, stepping towards her. Her heart lurched in her chest, the look in his eyes told her she was about to feel real pain. But then he laughed. "Mary! Mary Mary Mary. what am I going to do with you?" He asked.

    "If you want to rape me I'm going to make you work for it, you bastard." She snarled at him as she set her stance, working her arms against the belt that was holding them. if she could get her arms free... He didn't give her the chance, stepping forward suddenly and punching her once, quick and hard in the abdomen, doubling her over and stepping around to her side again. he grabbed her arm and kicked her behind one knee, forcing her legs to bend and dropping her painfully to her knees on the hard tile of the kitchen. A moment later he was behind her, the hardness of his member back in the crack of her backside as his hand fastened at the back of hr neck and his hips shifted.   
  
    "You surprise me, Mary. I thought all of the fight was out of you, and that I was going to get bored. I'm glad to see I was wrong." He adjusted his hips, the head of his cock again resting at the entrance to her vagina. She whimpered at the feel of it, that harder presence pressing against her there, parting her outer labia as  he seated himself, on one knee with his other leg cocked forward, bent over her as he pressed her face and chest against the floor. She struggled as best as she could, wiggling her hips, trying to get movement back in her legs to fight him off. but his punch had knocked the wind out of her, the drop to the floor had made her legs go numb and he was holding her tight, pressing a hand against the nape of her neck, her head turned and her cheek pressed to the cold tile floor. "I'm going to enjoy this, Mary. If your pussy is half as tight as I think it is, and half as hot as it felt in my hand, then we are both going to enjoy this." At the last word, his hips surged forward and his cock slid into her deep, she was wet from his earlier attentions and with his second thrust, she felt his hips slap against her backside and his balls slap against her labia as he groaned, grinding against her and savoring the feel of her.She started to buck and twist, trying to get him out of her body, to make this feeling of him inside of her, defiling her, filling her, fitting her like a hand in a glove to cease. He held on to her neck and arms and just let her fight, enjoying the feel of her around him, listening to every squeal and moan as her restrained fighting caused her to twist and turn around his shaft. She struggled for a while and as the fight was starting to leave her, his grip shifted, he went to both knees and one hand tangled in her hair while the other gripped her arms and he pulled her up to a kneeling position, and she saw that she was facing both mirror and camera.

    His hand slipping from her waist up to her throat, holding her back against his chest. His other hand slipping from her hair and around to cup one breast and squeeze, making her gasp as he rocked his hips, lifting her from her knees with each movement, not really thrusting into her but grinding deep within her, pressing the head of his member against the barrier of her cervix. Hot tears streamed down her face as his mouth moved to her neck, kissing and suckling, latching on and making her cry out as his hand slid from her neck down to her other breast, cupping and squeezing that as well, pulling her tight against him as he sucked hard at her neck, his shaft grinding at her, pressing deep against her heat. When his mouth came away from her neck, she saw the dark purple blotch he had left on her skin, too high to cover with a collar, to far forward to hide with her hair. She sobbed then, knowing that this had marked her far more than the penetration, far worse than the spanking he had given her. Those she could hide, this mark was was something that would haunt her for the rest of her life, even long after it faded she would see it whenever she looked in a mirror.

     He pushed her forward again with a laugh, his hands slipping to her waist as his leg cocked forward again. He didn't try to hold her down, he just pulled his hips back and started thrusting deep into her, slowly withdrawing and then pushing back in, taking his time, not hurrying at all. This wasn't rape, rape was violent, a deep hard thrusting for a few moments or a minute at the longest until he spewed. this was worse, this sick bastard was going to make her enjoy this, he was trying to make her orgasm. he pushed and pulled on her smooth, rounded hips as his own rocked back and forth, pushing her forward away from him and then pulling her back to meet him, sliding smoothly through her as he drew a single strangled moan from her lips. She could feel an orgasm welling up, the way he was taking his time she knew she would climax before he did. The thought of it made her struggle again, bucking her hips and trying to get enough traction to get away from him.

     "You bastard! Don't you dare make me enjoy this." He just laughed at her, hands gripping her hips to keep her near enough to control her as he just waited patiently for her to tire, letting her do all of the work, her hips bucking and moving his member inside of her. She was trying to get away but it wasn't working, and his next words made it a thousand times worse.

    "Mmmmm, Mary. Fuck me harder, Mary, fuck me harder." She sobbed then and felt some of the fight drain out of her, she tried to slump back down to the floor, let him do what he wanted and get it over with. But he wouldn't let her, his hands held her up, his hips started to move again in that slow, sure way. He seemed to know his way around her body, one hand cupping a breast, a finger lightly caressing the nipple as the other hand slid up and down her tummy, caressing the smooth skin, his touch light and she gasped as he aroused her more, his hand finally slipping down to caress her upper labia and clitoris as he ground into her, those slow, long strokes making her pleasure and humiliation rise as he brought her closer and closer to an orgasm. And when it finally came, it was a darkly powerful climax, it started at the core of her belly, and slowly spread out until it encompassed her sex, and then exploded through her body. It was a long time coming and when it finally came, she cried out in pleasure and denial, her eyes rolling back and her hips involuntarily grinding back against him, pleasuring him as he had pleasured her, an animal need, a deep, horrid reflex that forced her to reciprocate.

    And deep inside something dark awakened within her, something that had enjoyed every moment of what he had done to her, something she so feared and reviled, she had no name or words for it. The orgasm crashed over her, wave after wave, and he never stopped or slowed, merely continued until he brought a second crashing wave over her, making that dark thing deep inside of her swell with need, swell with life.As the second climax washed over her, her vision narrowed and then the room went dark as she passed out.

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The Clock Struck Three.

    Mary was stiff and sore when she woke, and for a moment wasn't sure where she was, or what had happened. her arms hurt, she felt like she was standing, and when the clock struck three, she started to remember, and opened her eyes. What she saw brought the memories all flooding back. A camera was set up on a tripod in front of her, and behind it was the mirror. All of the humiliating memories of the rape and torment he had visited upon her were back and fresh tears streamed down her face as she remembered how he had made her enjoy what he had done to her, his touch caressing and arousing, his manner dismissive and coolly dominant as he took her. And she remembered the feeling inside of her, the deep, hidden thing in her own mind that had enjoyed what was happening to her wholeheartedly. had enjoyed being the victim. When her sobs trailed off, she looked around the room to see what he was going to do to her next. Only two hours had passed, but it seemed like two years to her mind, in the fragile state it was in. She could see that she was standing in her living room, Most of the furniture had been moved out and metal rings had been driven into the walls. Her arms and legs were spread and tied out tightly, her hair was bound up by a rope to the ceiling and she was completely naked now, her skin bare and clean. She looked around and saw two more cameras in the room, both pointed at her, but she didn't see *him* anywhere. Looking back at the mirror, she saw the camera come on, the screen flickering and coming to life, then she saw him in the mirror. He walked up behind her casually, naked as she was and stopped behind her, one arm going around her body to caress her side and cup one breast as he smiled at her in the mirror.

    "Well well, Mary. I would never have guessed that you were so eager and so... *wet.* for a man." He said with a chuckle. "You gushed all over me, I had to take a shower to clean all of the cream off of my lap. I may stay a little longer and have more fun with you." He said, emphasizing the last word slightly, his hand came up and turned on her television, and he made her watch the length of her rape, from when he first tried to take her, at the island by the refrigerator, all the way through to her orgasm and passing out. She had been with other men, and knew from time to time, when she was very turned on and really enjoying sex that her orgasms were very messy, but it was rare. He had made her gush twice in less than two minutes. She had never gushed more than once for a man before, never. and this rapist had drawn it from her twice already. As they watched the video, she could feel the stirring of the dark thing within her, wanting more of what she was seeing, and with a pang in her belly, a burning in her sex, she felt herself getting wet watching her own rape and defilement. Then he turned the television off and stepped around to face her. She looked him in the eye, defiant and angry as well as humiliated. yet all she could seem to focus on were his eyes. They were cold, cobalt blue eyes, with a hint of humour and little compassion in them.

    "Well, I think that's enough of an intermission, don't you? Lets get on to the next part. I have two more holes to fill, Mary, but I need time to recover first, so I will have a little fun. I didn't just promise you rape, I promised you pain as well, didn't I?" He set the remote control aside and piked up a belt, probably the same one he had tied her hands with. She shook it out and raised his arm slightly, then cocked his arm back and lashed her across the side with the length of black leather. The belt whipped around her side and cracked against her back, drawing a cry from her before she even had time to beg. She had just been opening her mouth to beg him not to when he hit her. Her pleas turned into screams as he hit her again and again, circling around her a little with each stroke, lashing her smooth, soft skin with the unforgiving leather. Each stroke the belt would wrap around her body and the end would sting her flesh. When he reached her back, the lash cut into her belly and legs, making her howl and thrash in her bonds and he stayed behind her for a while, working over her back and buttocks, the lashing was awful and he went in both directions, the belt wrapping around to strike the soft flesh of her breasts and shoot hard, horrible pain through them. Her already abused bottom was numb quickly, but then he striped across her upper thigh and the end of the belt just caught her tender, engorged sex and wrangled a howl from her like none she had ever even heard before. He struck her there again from the other direction then lashed around her sides to her breasts and went back and forth.

    She had no idea how long the beating went on, but when he stopped she hung limp in the ropes, sobbing and hurting all over, the pain a fire in her skin as he set the belt aside and moved over to her. her chest was heaving as she fought for breath and tears streamed freely from her eyes as she sobbed. And when he touched her, it sent shivers of icy fire up and down her body, exciting her nerves and making her skin crawl with the sensation. She couldn't place what it was, her mind was too far gone for names at that point, it was a heady mix of pleasure and pain that had the thing, the *BEAST* within her clawing to the surface of her mind. She had thought it gone to sleep with the beating, but that only seemed to feed it, to make it come more alive and closer to the surface. her eyes wide she found herself leaning into his touch and he stopped behind her, stepped close to her and slipped his arms around her to caress her body, to cup and squeeze her tender, painful breasts and pull her back against him as his mouth sought her neck. looking up into the mirror, she saw the purple mark he had already left on her neck, and while his hands mauled her breasts, and she could feel his erection pressing against her backside and spine, his mouth left another purple mark on the opposite side of her neck.

    "I  have a confession to make, Mary. I haven't cum yet. I promised to fill all of your holes with my seed, and I haven't even started yet. But in the excitement of the moment I must have forgotten, and now I think I need to fill you full before I burst. So tell me, Mary. where should I fuck you next, Hmmm?" He continued to knead and squeeze her breasts, her hard nipples pressing into his palms as he ground his shaft against her from behind. He waited for a while before speaking again. "Mary, if you don't answer me, I'll have to punish you. And I won't be so kind as to use the belt again. I have a bamboo cane in the corner just waiting for use. So tell me where I am going to fuck you next. the longer you take to tell me the longer i am going to fuck you for, Mary."

    She hesitated for a moment before speaking. "My vagina... Use my..."

    "It's not a vagina anymore Mary. It's a pussy. and I'm not going to 'Use' it, I'm going to *FUCK* it. Now, say it right." he interrupted, his hands momentarily gripping her breasts hard, his nails digging into the skin and drawing pain from her as he whispered it in her ear.

    "My... my pussy, fuck my pussy." He laughed and a hand slid down from her breast to the tender folds of her sex... of her pussy... and started to caress her there.

    "Here, Mary? Are you sure you want me to cum here?" He asked with a touch of humour to his voice. "I have no intention of using protection. I'm going to fill your tight holes with my cock and pump my seed right into you."

    She hesitated, as she had never done anal before and with the size she knew his cock was, she was afraid to suggest it. "My mouth, then, I'll suck you and you can cum on my breas... *Tits* you can cum on my tits." She hastily amended as the hand still at her breast... tit... clenched again and the one at her pussy curled, scraping his fingernails over the tender flesh there. She gasped as his finger slid into her slick pussy and caressed her canal, his palm rubbing over her mound as his hand on her breast softened and returned to a caress. The beast inside of her... for that's what it was, a beast, a monster... shrank a little at this. The tender caresses were not what the Beast wanted. It wanted her to be brutally fucked and treated like an object, that was what it craved... humiliation, degradation, abuse, dehumanization. And damn him but this man was feeding that beast, waking it and tossing fuel into its fire. A fire that might just burn her alive from within. The very thought of him bending her over and fucking her against her will, taking her forcefully and protesting had her wet and aroused, had an ache start deep within her belly that craved the brutal, careless attentions of this evil bastard.

    "Hmmm, that's an idea, I suppose. But I said I wanted to cum *IN* you, not *ON* you, Mary. And since you can't seem to make up your mind I'm going to pick for you. I'll bring the kitchen table into this room, bend you over it, tie you to it, and fuck your ass with wild abandon." This wrangles a sob out of her as he steps away, leaving her tied to the walls of her own home as he prepares the next torment for her. And the beast stirs within the pit of her belly at the thought of it. He was back with the table a little later, the wide, double doors between the living room and the kitchen allowing him to push the small two-person dinner table through quite easily. He pushed it right up to her and bent to tie her ankles to the table legs, then he untied the ropes holding her wrists, keeling them tight and under control he tied her wrists to the table one at a time, forcing her to bend over the table as he tied the ropes. When he was done, she was bent at the waist, but not all of the way forward, as he stepped up behind her again, she could feel the hot shaft of his cock come to rest in the crack of her ass. She gasped at the feel and heard him chuckle, he knew the effect he was having on her, the bastard he knew and he was using it to his advantage.

    He stepped away for a moment and then she felt one hand grasp her ass and pull that cheek to one side and a moment later felt the cool, slick feel as something was squirted across her sphincter. She was terrified, her heart hammering in her chest, her breath coming quick and shallow, but at the same time she was grateful for the lubrication. He was likely acting entirely out of self-interest, a dry hump could tear the skin on his cock to shreds, but it would tear her open far worse. She felt both hands on her ass, spreading her cheeks apart, and his thumbs caressed her sphincter in circles, the oil heating as he worked it, and pressed with his thumbs, working her open in the back and preparing her for the hard cock she could feel resting against her ass. She pulled tight against the ropes binding her hands, attempting to get free, by force or perhaps slipping through, but the ropes were well tied, the knots tight, but not so tight that they cut off her circulation. She looked up into the mirror, and made eye contact with him momentarily, tears streaming down her terrified face. The bastard winked at her and shifted his hips as he pulled her open with his thumbs. She felt a hot, painful stretching and then he was pushing the head of his cock into her body. She gasped at the feel, a sharp, stinging pain tore through her bottom as he ground his hips forward and back, working further into her. His hands slid up to her waist and he pulled her back to meet him. Despite being tied there was some give to the ropes and she slid back a little, more of his shaft pressing through into her body as she groaned in a mix of pain and unwanted pleasure. That pleasure was damning, it was a betrayal of her self by her mind. She sobbed as he thrust again, grunting, and driving a little more of his cock into her sore, stinging ass. She felt too full inside, knew he was displacing her to make room for his shaft, and the pain increased. But as the pain flared with each thrust, each small length of his cock that he buried a little deeper into her, the beast woke a little more, it fed on the pain and humiliation that he was inflicting on her, and a well of pleasure built deep in the pit of her stomach.

    She sobbed and fought him as best she could, but the way she was tied left little room for movement and almost no way to really fight him, and he pushed deeper into her with each passing second, not rushing, taking his time as he groaned in pleasure at the tight feel of her ass around his hard cock. She sobbed and pleaded, begged and cursed and pulled harder at the ropes, yanking back only to relax her arms and then yank back again, her wrists were tender from the abrading of the ropes and still she didn't stop. Finally she felt his hips come to rest against her bruised ass and he paused there, waiting a moment for her to get used to him while he got his breath back. Looking in the mirror, Mary realized that they were both sweating with the effort and that he looked as tired as she was. but the respite was only momentary. He pulled slowly out of her in a single long stroke and she watched as he squirted more of the lube on his shaft and her rear before he pushed into her again, much smoother this time as he had already cleared a way. Moments later his hips pushed against her backside, sandwiching her between him and the table, her bruised buttocks flared in pain, and the beast within her echoed the cry, but with pleasure. Then he pulled out again, and pushed back inside of her a little faster this time, and the flare of pain/pleasure was accompanied with the feel of his scrotum slapping forward against her swollen, wet labia. With a start, she realized that she was dripping wet with arousal and that her juices were running down her legs. her sex was so inflamed that it ached and her nipples were so hard they hurt.

    Breathing heavily, she watched in the mirror as he started stroking faster in and out of her body, deep, even strokes that began to build in speed and force as he went, slapping against her abused ass with each stroke, his sack swinging forward to slap against her wet, tender pussy. Soon he was thrusting into her hard and fast, the pain decreasing as her body adapted to what he was doing and the beast fed her more pleasure for the pain he was feeding it. Was it possible for her to orgasm from anal? She wasn't sure, but she had an idea that she was about to find out. Harder and harder he thrust into her, fairly pounding her once virgin ass as he gripped her hips hard and pulled her back to meet him, grunting with the effort and with each thrust a flare of pain from her insides, which were never really meant to be used this way, and from her bruised backside and bruising hips where she was hitting the table with each thrust of his hips, each plunging, pounding stroke of his cock. She couldn't feel the familiar swell of an orgasm, the pleasure she was receiving from this was different, far different. but it was pleasure just the same. And suddenly she felt a hot wash of something within her body, a deep burning feel that she couldn't place at first, but then she realized that he was not moving in her any longer, that he was pressing her hard against the table and was holding his hips against her, his cock buried in her as far as it would go. he had climaxed, and the hot wash she felt within her body was his cum filling her, spilling into her body. More tears spilled from her eyes as she realized just how much she had enjoyed that, and the fact that she didn't want it to be over. she wanted him to fuck her ass more, longer, harder.

    She felt him slip his cock out of her body and then he walked around to the front of her and tangled a hand in her hair to pull her up to look at him. His half-flaccid cock was covered in shit and blood, she could feel warm liquid oozing out of her ass and running down her legs as she was forced to look up into his eyes. She tried to study his face, but could never seem to remember it, the features just slipped away. "Normally I'd make you suck me clean, Mary. but I'm feeling generous. that was the best piece of ass I have ever had, and while I am sure you're not consoled by that fact, you should be. I have had this cock in a lot of asses before today. I'm going to go shower again, Mary. when I get back you can prove to me that you'll suck cock, and maybe if you're really good at it I'll give that sweet, hot pussy of yours another pounding before I leave. But I've got a little something to leave you with first."

    He walks away and a moment later returns. Circling around behind her, she feels his hand on her ass then hears his voice. "You must have enjoyed that, Mary. you've got pussy milk all down your thighs. Looks tasty." She feels his tongue run up one leg, sampling her fluids and then something pressing into her ass. A moment later she feels a deep, thrumming vibration as he turns it on. He's fitted her with a vibrating butt-plug, and as he walks away, she realizes that she enjoys the feel of it, despite the humiliation and pain of this night, she has learned more about her body from the ungentle caress of a stranger than from every other lover she has ever had combined. And to her dread and horror, she realizes she wants more. She *NEEDS* more, and the part of her mind that is still Mary is quickly becoming replaced by the beast, the one that will seek abuse and do anything to get what it wants, it is the part of herself that hates who and what she is, hates her life and her self. It is the low self-esteem she suffered from as a child, the shy, withdrawn teenager who developed breasts early and hid them under baggy clothes, the sixteen year old who lost her virginity at a party because someone showed affection, only to ignore her after he got what he wanted. All of that and more, it is the part of her mind that believes she deserves it when things like this happen to her, she deserves it and so she might as well enjoy it.

     When he returns she has slumped down onto the table, sobbing and weak, limp in her bonds and hating herself, hating the beast and worse, hating the rest of her that is letting the Beast take over, letting herself be a victim because she enjoys being the victim. She was covered with sweat, with blood, his cum and  her juices drying on her legs and ass, and her hair was a tangled mess as she looked up at him. her wrists, she saw now, were bloody where they had been rubbed raw by her thrashing in her bonds and her back and bottom were sore from being bent over the table and all of the abuse. But still that churning feel of lust and need boiled low in her belly, Mary was going to sleep and the Beast was taking over. He stood right in front of her, hands on his hips and a smile on that damn face of his, the face she could never seem to get to stay in her head. There was something about that face... he reached down and carefully, almost gently pushed the hair back from her face, gathering it all up with his hands he split it into two bundles and tied them off with bands, giving her pigtails. She knew what he wanted next, and when he left to return with the knife, she shuddered, looking at it with wide, fearful eyes.

    "We're going to see if you can suck cock, Mary. With those lovely red lips and the shape of your mouth I'd bet you can and that you're really good at it." He was wrong, she had only ever had one lovers penis in her mouth, and it had disgusted her. But she didn't have a choice now. She would have to learn. "if you bite me I'll hurt you badly, Mary. I'm going to hold this knife in my hand and every time you scrape me with your teeth, I'll nick you with the knife. if you bite me I'll cut you up so bad they'll have to graft skin back onto you, understand."

    She looked up at him and nodded. "I understand. Please, just don't hurt me, I'll do whatever you want."

    "Good, Now, make me hard so i can fuck your pussy one more time before I go, it's getting late." And with the beast roaring to life within her, she opened her mouth wide.

~(3)~

The Clock Struck Four.

     He grabbed her pigtail with his left hand and his right held the knife, the glittering steel throwing star like sparks across her vision, her eyes were rooted to it while he shifted forward, his cock coming to rest against her lips and mouth. She used her tongue and what little movement the ropes allowed to try and take him into her mouth, and after a while sha managed to get him past her lips. He was clean, she could smell her lavender soap on his skin as she suckled at his flaccid peins, feeling it stir slightly. she did her best to be careful, but the first nick with the knife was still a surprise. She gasped, cried out in pain, and looked up at him.

    "I warned you, Mary. I warned you." he said as he looked down into her eyes. The cut had been made to her back, near her shoulder blade, and she could feel the sting of it, and the warm blood on her skin. She wept, but turned her face back to the task at hand, and made game effort of it for a while until the second nick came. She cried out in pain at this, sobbing openly.

    "Please, I... I... I can't when I'm l... l... like this, I have no cuh... cuh...control of where I am and where you are. If I had my hands..." She stuttered through the fear and pain, twin trickles of blood on her back, creeping down either side and tickling the short hairs on her skin. He didn't reply, just stepped back and looked her in the eyes, then started untying her right wrist. Then he moved to untie her left wrist, but paused and looked her in the eyes.

    "I'm going to untie you now, Mary. If you try anything you'll regret it, do you understand?" She affirmed that she did, and he untied her other arm and both legs, then pushed her down to kneel on the ground. "Stay right there, Mary. If you move I'll beat you." He took the time to push the table into the corner of the room, away from the cameras and she took the opportunity to look at herself in the mirror.   The butt plug was still vibrating in her ass, but she didn't even think of taking it out, the thing gave a pleasant warm sensation to her and she knew that he would punish her, probably severely.

    One of her lovers had always loved her in pigtails, he said they looked good on her, and she knew why, guys called them handlebars, for when a woman was on her knees like this. And suddenly she wanted him to do that to her very badly, wanted to be degraded like that, to have her body used like an object instead of treated with respect.She wept at the thought, knowing that it was wrong to feel that way, wrong to have urges and desires like that... wasn't it? Suddenly a small kernel of doubt  root in her heart, a small shoot of that kernel broke through her mind as he stood before her, still holding the knife, looking down at her with a devilish grin and just waiting, letting her come to terms with herself. She looked up at him, her mind remembering every moment of abuse and torment, every instant of pain and humiliation, and she realized that she had enjoyed every moment of it, she enjoyed being treated like an object, desired for her body and nothing else.   
  
    He didn't care what kind of person she was, didn't care what she had done or where she worked. He just wanted to fuck her, to bend her over a table and make use of her body while forgetting she was anything more than a warm, semi-willing hole for his cock. It was pure animal need, pure lust that drove him. And she loved every moment of it. She reached out and rested one hand against his thigh, a shudder running through her as his free hand seized upon a pigtail and pulled her a little closer, reminding her who was really in control. She reached up with her other hand to caress his limp cock, leaning forward to kiss it and run her tongue over the head as see looked up at him.   
  
    Her other hand slipped from his thigh over to cup and cares his balls, rolling them in the palm of her hand as she took his limp member into her mouth, suckling o the head of it as a few remaining tears escaped to roll down her cheeks. she was trembling with a mix of fear and excitement. and the excitement was slowly winning out over the fear. He grew slowly hard as she carefully sucked and caressed him, using her tongue to caress the bottom of his shaft and stroking him with one hand while fondling his testes with the other. He gasped a bit as she worked him over, using her mouth and both hands to arouse him, soon he was as hard as a rock and she could get a first hand look at his cock, it was long enough for her to circle it with both hands and still have the head showing, at least eight or nine inches. and thick, thicker than she had thought it would be. When he groaned, she looked up at him again, sucking as much of it into her mouth as she could, going back until she felt her gag reflex kick in and she started to choke.       
  
    His eyes were closed and he was open-mouthed in pleasure. She calmly reached up and took the knife from his hand. his eyes opened, he looked down at her with momentary anger, until she set the knife on the floor and slid it away, then took his wrist and guided it to her other pigtail. he smiled that evil smile and nodded as she continued sucking him, closing her eyes now and trying to take more of him into her mouth unsuccessfully. She would push him in as far as she could make herself, until she choked and gagged. Finally he took over, pulling her forward by the pigtails and she gripped his thighs to steady herself, letting him control how hard and fast now. He wasn't getting a blow-job any more, now he was fucking her face, degrading her more and more with each act. and she was enjoying every second of it. he yanked her forward, sending a stinging pain through her scalp and making her gag as he pushed a little deeper in with each stroke, and she did her best to keep from biting him. she had no doubt that he'd punish her if she bit him.   
  
    Suddenly he slid forward, his long cock slipping deep into her throat and she choked for a moment, pushing against his thighs in a panic, but he still had control of her pigtails and wasn't letting her go. Her nose was buried in his pubic hair and his balls had slapped against her her chin. He was hilt deep into her throat and after a short time the gagging nausea that had her stomach rolling subsided and her throat adjusted to this new presence, she was still uncomfortable, but that would change. When she though about how long his cock was, and the fact that she had swallowed all of it, she felt disgusted and proud all at the same time. He let her have a moment and then used her pigtails for the handlebars they really were and  began to fuck her face for real, thrusting forward with his hips as he yanked her in to meet him. She pushed against his thighs, that little green shoot of doubt grew a leaf. She enjoyed being treated like this, and she was starting to understand that it wasn't a bad thing. She knew right where she stood with him, she was his fuck toy, he didn't respect her, but didn't loathe her either. He wanted to fuck her, nothing more. Perhaps... just perhaps...  
  
    Suddenly he pulled out of her mouth, gasping and panting as he looked down at her, and then he pushed her hard over onto her back. "I only have one shot left, and don't want to waste it on your face, Mary." He said as he knelt down, grasping her legs and hooking his elbows behind her knees, she lay on the ground looking up at him, knowing what he was going to do. And then inexplicably he looked up at the grandfather clock on the wall and nodded, them looked down at her.  She bit her bottom lip as his cock lined up with her pussy and he looked right into her eyes as he plunged into her, hilt deep in one smooth motion. she was so wet and aroused from excitement that he could have pushed a baseball bat in with little difficulty, and the sudden pressure against the vibrating butt plug made her seem much tighter than she had been before. He was already pounding away at her, her arms came up to push against his chest as he fucked her hard and fast, slamming his hips against her with each stroke and grinding his cock deep into her, each thrust hammering against her cervix like a fist as he pounded her. She cried out in pleasure and pain as he fucked her brutally, his hips made a slapping sound as he thrust in and she felt herself squeezing his cock with her pussy as he pulled out, and pushing herself up to meet him with each stroke. It was the hardest, most brutal fucking she had ever received and she was loving every minute of it, wishing she was being humiliated more as she felt her heat begin to rise, the crest of an orgasm not far away.  
  
    Suddenly he shifted his weight, his hands gripping her waist as he sat up, and then lay back, pulling her almost effortlessly atop him so she was sitting up, riding his cock and straddling his hips. She was looking right into the mirror and the camera and he had her wrists as he looked up at her. And she immediately took over, using her legs for lift she fucked him, and she fucked him hard and fast, grinding her pussy around him as one of his hands moved up to her breast, squeezing hard and the other moved to her pussy, rubbing her clit with one finger while she bounced up and down on his hard cock. The first orgasm crashed over her and she felt the gush of fluids wash out of her and over his cock as she cried out in pleasure, sobbing at the feel of it, powerful and due to get stronger as he called up to her.   
  
    "Are you *ENJOYING* this, Mary?" She hesitated, and he asked her again, his hand moving up to her other tit, he was cupping them both now, hands curled into fists, her nipples pinched painfully between his thumb and curled forefinger, making her cry out as a mix of pleasure and pain rolled through her, she practically screamed in pleasure as the second orgasm hit her like a wrecking ball.   
  
    "Y... Y... YES, Yes I am." She cried out finally.   
  
    "You are what?" He demanded, pinching her right nipple hard while slapping her left tit with a stinging palm, his other hand still painfully pinching and now rolling her nipple.   
  
    "Enjoying this." She cried out. "I am enjoying this, I am enjoying being raped. I want you to rape me forever." She continued, anticipating his next questions.   
  
    "You know what that makes you, Mary, don't you."  
  
    "N... No, No I..."  
  
    "You're a *SLUT* Mary. A fucking cock-craving nymphomaniac S.L.U.T. Say it Mary." He said to her, slapping her tit to punctuate each letter, and each word after that. The slaps stung, but not as much as the words did, for they were true.

     She looked up, at herself in the mirror, and straight into the camera. "I'm a cock craving slut, I like being fucked and used, I like being degraded and humiliated, I want it more and more, and I don't care who gives it to me." She said as the third orgasm slammed into her with the force of a freight train. It was the most powerful orgasm she had ever felt, and she saw him arch his back and push up deep into her, hands grabbing hard at her tits, fingernails digging into the soft, tender flesh as he shot his seed deep within her body, washing her womb in it, and she didn't care, all she was was a receptacle for his seed, for anyones seed. All she was, was a hole for men to fuck, a toy to be used and tossed aside, she wanted more, wished more men were there to fuck her again as she screamed and screamed out her pleasure. Her humiliation was complete and as she sat atop him, weeping in pleasure and shame, the clock struck five. Her head snapped up, tears still streaming from her eyes and she stared at the clock, a deep fugue falling over her, and the man she straddled lay there looking up at her with a smile on his face, arms crossed behind his head, a silver ring glistening on the third finger of his left hand.

~(4)~

**T  h  r  e  e      D  a  y  s      E  a  r  l  i  e  r**.

     "I want you to rape me." She said to him suddenly.

    "Sure honey whatever you... WHAT?!"

    "You told me to think about a fantasy I wanted to fulfill, something sexual, and you would help me with it. So I want you to rape me."

    "Mary, Rape dosen't work that way. I could have rough sex with you and call you dirty names, but that isn't really rape, and I think I know you well enough by now to know you want the real deal. You want someone to hurt you and fuck you like an animal, right?"

    She nodded. "Yeah, that's why I want you to hypnotize me."

    "But, that's a party trick, It doesn't really work that way."

    "Steve, I know you can do it, you hypnotized my brother Jeff and made him bray like an ass."

    "Jeff *is* and ass, sweetheart. A total ass. You can't make people do things they wouldn't really do with hypnotism. It just makes people open up and suppress inhibitions."

    "I won't be doing anything I don't want to do, besides, you just have to make me not realize it is you and then *you* do all of the raping. I know its a fantasy of yours too, Steve. And this is the perfect opportunity, we have six weeks, we're out on an island and no one around to overhear. You can be as brutal as you like and I'll have plenty of time to heal when we're done."

    "You've really put some thought into it, haven't you?" She nodded and he sighed. "Well, go get my watch, we'll give it a try." He watched her naked backside as she slipped out of bed and padded over to the dresser. Mary was such a lovely woman, with a generous, curvy figure, a high libido and rampant sexual fantasies. He was working to bring them all out one at a time, and this was a hell of a start... if it worked. he had the feeling there was something suppressed in her, he knew she got turned on by rough sex more than most people, they had watched 'I spit on your grave' and then had the greatest fuck of their relationship before it was even over. She liked to be slapped on the ass and called dirty names while they were having sex and he thought he could  help her open up a little more. He openly stared at her breasts as she returned to the bed and handed him his gold pocket watch.

    "Alright, get comfortable, Mary and we'll see what we can do."

 ~(4)~

One Hour Later.

    Mary blinked a few times and looked up at Steve. she was kneeling on the floor and he was standing in front of her, one hand on top of her head and breathing heavily. His penis was right in front of her and she realized that he had just cum all over her chest, the sticky fluid was running down between her breasts and across her belly.

    "Steven, what..."

    Then she knew. She was reluctant to give oral sex, as it never really turned her on before, but Steve did oral on her all the time, often with no actual sex afterwards. Once he had ambushed her at a party, with guests in the other room, he put her up on a table and cut her panties off before licking, fingering, and sucking her to an orgasm. it had been hot, the possibility of being caught adding to the excitement. The sex later that night had been hot. She looked up at him and then touched her lips where some of his semen had landed, she blushed a little in embarrassment and wiped it off with her hand.

    "Steven, why would you do this? You know I don't like to give oral." She was hurt, deeply embarrassed, and more than a little turned on. He had made her do something she only did very reluctantly and she felt that he had taken advantage of her.

    "I'd say I'm sorry, babe, but I don't think you'd believe me. Lets shower and I'll explain." he helped her up and they went to start the huge shower in the master bathroom. While they washed he told her what he had done. "I didn't make you do something you wouldn't do, hon. I can't do that with hypnotism. You do give head, but reluctantly. I just removed that barrier for a while and my god, I thought you were going to suck my balls out. It was wonderful. I set the triggers for the Suggestions with a code word and then a sound. When i say the word, you still yourself and when you hear the sound, the suggestion takes hold. This time all I said was 'You will not be hesitant when I ask for oral, and when you have access to my penis you will suck me until i cum, use everything you know and accept instruction from me' and you did."

    "So my idea will work?" She asked.

    "I think so. It will take considerably longer sessions and some tricky wording on the suggestions, but I can make you not realize that the person you are with is me."

    They retired to the bedroom and he made her comfortable, put on some music and swing the watch before her eyes while he spoke in a low, soothing voice. "Mary, I want you to clear your mind. Empty all of your thoughts one by one into a basket. Then place that basket upon a shelf in your mind for now. When we are done you can open the basket again, but ignore it for now. Concentrate on the music, Mary. Listen to the notes and ignore the rest, now ignore the notes, and hear only sound, lovely enchanting sound. Your mind is an ocean of white light, Mary. The light is white, but you can place it into seven colours. Each colour represents a level of consciousness, Mary and as I help you remove those colours you will go deeper into sleep and your mind will open more to what I have to say. 1 You see the red light, it becomes brighter than the rest for a moment and it is gone, you fall deeper into sleep, your eyelids growing heavy and the other colours flare for a moment. 2 You see the orange light Mary, it flares brightly for a second, and it is gone, your eyelids grow heavier still and the other colours flare for a moment. 3 You see the Yellow light Mary, it flares brightly for a second, and it is gone, your eyelids grow heavier still and the other colours flare for a moment. 4 You see the Green light Mary, it flares brightly for a second, and it is gone, your eyelids grow heavier still and the other colours flare for a moment. 5 You see the Blue light Mary, it flares brightly for a second, and it is gone, your eyelids grow heavier still and finally close the other colours flare for a moment. your mind is an empty place, filled with nothing more than a deep blue light. Whenever you hear me say the word Calanastra and snap my fingers three times, you will sit down and immediately return to this place, do you understand, Mary?"

    "Yes." She replies in a breathless voice. She appears to be sleeping but responds to words, his hand moves up to caress her belly and slide between her breasts.

    "Excellent. 6 You see the Indigo light Mary, it flares brightly for a second, and it is gone, your mind is still and open to all suggestion. You are in a place of deep purple light Mary, and here I will teach you what I want you to always remember. This command will stay with you always Mary. When I say the word Shamarallah and snap my fingers four times you will strip to your skin, kneel at my feet and remain quiet, subservient and obedient. Anything I tell you to do you will obey to the best of your ability. When you are in this state you are mine, and mine alone. You will refer to me as Master when you are in this place, and I will call you Hole. and Do you understand, Mary?" He asked her, a dark look in his eyes as he spoke.

    "Yes, Master." She replied immediately. She didn't see his smile.

    "Excellent. When you are in this state you will use all of your knowledge and passion, but all of your memories of your self will be placed away in a box, set aside and ignored until you hear me say Shamarallah and snap my fingers three times. When I do so you will immediately dress and return to yourself, and nothing you did as Hole will be remembered. Do you understand, Hole?"

    "Yes, master."

    "5  You see the indigo light Mary, it  returns at first as a glow and then grows in brightness until it subsumes the purple light completely, you are more aware and remember nothing of what has been said into the purple light. When I say Calanastra next, you will immediately go and shower, you will wash, and shave all of your body hair, including your pubic hair, Mary. You will shower until you hear the clock toll the hour. when that is done you will rest for a moment, return to this place and gather your thoughts and memories of me. You will place these aside but not forget them. When you see me next you will not remember my face or my name, and I will be a stranger to you for the tolling of four hours. At the tolling of the fourth hour you will remember me and everything that has happened since your shower, everything that I have said into the blue but not into the purple, Mary. Do you understand?"

    "Yes." She said without inflection. He smiled again, a different smile than before, and reversed the process to bring her back to full awareness, reiterating at each stage that she would not remember the purple light, or what was said into it, as well as reinforcing each control word and action. He had taken a big chance, giving long orders increased the chance that her mind would simply ignore the post hypnotic suggestions and go on with its business... or worse, she wouldn't forget the parts she was supposed to and know what he had tried to do. The subconscious mind was a tricky thing and tended to interpret things literally.

    "So, when do we start?" She asked him, resting a hand on his thigh as he caressed her belly.

    "We're already done." He said with a laugh. "Look at the clock, it's been an hour. You don't remember any of it, do you?"

    They shared a laugh and chatted for a while and then he helped her up and they got dressed. When they were getting ready to go out for a walk on the island, he spoke to her again. "Shamarallah." And snapped his fingers four times. The reaction was immediate. she stripped out of her clothes and folded them neatly into a pile on the floor and came to kneel at his feet, arms at her sides and hands in her lap. He chuckled and caressed her face for a while. "What is your name?"

    "I am hole, master." He smiled that dreadful smile.

 ~(5)~

The Clock Struck Ten.

     Mary woke in bed, she was sore all over and for a moment remembered just being attacked and raped in her own home. But then remembered that she wasn't at home, she was on vacation with her fiance Steven. She had asked him to hypnotize her and help her fulfill a fantasy. She looked around in the dim light and saw him seated at the end of the bed, in the old rocking chair, reading a book. She just watched him for a while, reliving the memories and savoring the feel of her abused and thoroughly pleased body. She remembered every second of the abuse and pleasure she had felt. And what she had come to realize about herself. She loved to be treated like an object, it was terrifyingly arousing to her, and she was a little afraid of it. But at the same time,s he was aroused by it, and she said what he had told her to say again.

    "I'm a cock craving slut, I like being fucked and used, I like being degraded and humiliated, I want it more and more, and I don't care who gives it to me." It was liberating to say it, to feel that it was true. Her words caught his attention and he closed the book and looked over at her.

    "I take it you enjoyed then? She nodded. "Excellent. You've been sleeping for five hours, long enough for me to edit the video. Want to watch it?" She smiled at him and he smiled back. They spent several hours laying in bed and watching the movie he had made. From her in the shower all the way to the end, when she had admitted what she was. The quality wasn't the greatest, but it was still damn good. He had set up multiple camera angles in the living room, and they watched that again and again and again, seeing it from every angle. She was raped and degraded, beaten and humiliated and she felt the desire for more burning within her, the beast awake for good now. When the movie was over, she looked up at him.

    "I want to do it again, as soon as we can. i want that and more."

    "Are you sure?" She told him she was. "Then rest up for a few days and we'll take a boat across the harbor to the mainland and visit a club I know there. You want humiliation, I'll give it to you. But you should know, there are no holes barred at this place."

    "Good, that's the way I like it. I want to be triple fucked, Steve. Share me with other men, other women if you can. Fuck me and abuse me and fuck me some more. Make me yours Steve, make me a fuck toy." He kissed her on the forehead and told her he would do just that.

~(6)~

Five Days Later.

    They stood outside the club and she was nervous as hell. She'd never been to a strip club before and Steve told her this one was special. They had rooms in the back for people to use when they got really turned on. Mary was dressed in one of his shirts and not much else. She was shivering with excitement and a little fear. Just a lacy set of panties, no bra, and a pair of six inch come-fuck-me heels. The shirt was white, and thin, with only two buttons done up, the rest were open, revealing her generous cleavage and her brand new belly button piercing. Everything else was red, including her lipstick, bright slut red. The last item Steve had added just before they left the car was a black leather collar with a tag on it. Anyone who looked closely enough at the tag saw the word 'SLUT' engraved on it. She was drawing stares, plenty of them, from men and women both. At her nipples, clearly visible through the shirt and her panties, also easily visible. Steve dropped his keys and told her to bend over and pick them up. She bent at the waist and everyone in line could see her ass and the crotchless panties, her labia showing through the slit in the fabric. She was gasping in fear and her stomach was churning, but he had told her that there was no way she could back out of it. She had wanted this and he was going to make sure she got it. They were brought up to the doors and the bouncer stopped them, looking her over with open lust, rubbing at his erection and staring right at her chest. Steve paid the cover and as he did, she turned slightly, the shirt opened enough that it bared one tit for anyone who was looking. The bouncer smiled and ushered them in, groping at her ass as she passed him. She didn't even flinch, just gasped and bit her lip.

    Steve led her onto the main floor, and right up near the central stage. There was a mostly nude woman with dark har and skin dancing at the pole and a group of men sitting around the stage, drinking beer and making rude comments. She would dance a little before each man and he would tuck a bill into her garter or thong, and then she would dance away again. Mary watched in fascination, her heart hammering in her chest and her hand clutching at Steves as he stood beside her, taking in her reaction to it all. While she was watching, his other hand slipped up and undid the last two buttons on the shirt, laying it open to reveal everyting between her nipples. She knew this was his plan, she would be nearly as naked as most of these women, and more naked than some. but that was the plan. they were here for her to be seen naked and with him, and she was here to get screwed by him and two other people.