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***ROADSIDE ASSISTANCE, Part 3***

***By A.RedLetter***

*(MF, NC, V, oral, anal)*

“Mmmmmm. You are just so good, baby. Let’s get you out and into position, shall we?”

He pushed her off his cock and toward the still open car. She stumbled out and fell into the grass.

“No, we’ve already done that.” He reached back in and grabbed his phone as he got out. Then he grabbed her arm and wrenched her to her feet. He jerked her around to the back of her car and then threw her over it. She froze and cowered. He set his camera into position on the bumper of his truck and gave her ass a nice hard smack. “Put your elbows on the trunk and get that ass in the air. Spread those legs wider!” He leaned over her ear to let her know her new lines. Then he knelt down between her legs. He checked the camera angle and turned it back on with a flick. Then he reached his head up and bit into her pussy.

“yesssss, so good.” She moaned in pain as he began to alternate licks and bites. “Soooo good, so good, yes. Ahhhhh. Do it more.” She squeaked out the last, the pain was so brutal. He was biting her lips and pulling down hard, biting her clit hard between his teeth, then he stuck his tongue up into her pussy and slithered it around, slobbered all over her. He licked her all over. He even licked and stuck his tongue into her ass repeatedly. She shuddered deeply. “Soooo good. So good,” she repeated obediently.

“Are you ready for me, baby?”

“Yes,” she replied.

“What? I can’t hear you.” His voice was menacing.

“Yes! Fuck me now. Good, so good. Fuck me hard, yes.” She was now rambling and babbling things she knew he wanted. She said it all again.

He moved the camera to the ground below them and grabbed her hips in a tighter grip. He slammed as hard into her as he could. She screeched out in agonized pain.

“Tell me how you like it, baby.”

She gasped and choked. She could barely catch her breath the pain was so intense.

“Tell me.”

Without a break in slamming into her over and over he let go of one of her hips and smacked her ass.

She knew what he wanted. “Yes, so good,” she managed to choke out. “Please!” She now begged him, but he just smacked her ass harder.

“Do it,” he ordered. “Keep it going, baby. Don’t stop.”

Somehow she managed to go back to the rambling chanting words. She didn’t know how, or even why. Just a bare thought it may end, she might be let go. She just had to obey; endure and obey.

“Fuck me hard. Yes, Yes. Fuck me hard”

He leaned his body back and held her in position she he could pull all the way out and slam all the way back in.

“Do you like it, baby?”

“Yes. Yes. Yes.” Each separated by a scream of pain.

“Then you are really going to LOVE this.” He shifted his hands and thumbs until they were able to part her ass cheeks and expose her hole.

“Oh My God!” Her screech of pain echoed into the trees. Several birds squawked and flew off, disturbed by the sudden, loud noise.

He slammed into her ass all the way to his root. It was as good as he had hoped since he had opened her with his fingers earlier and wet her with his tongue. He felt as if the top of his head was going to shoot off from the pleasure.

She screeched even louder than ever and tears gushed out of her eyes. She couldn’t seem to catch her breath, or even think past the excruciating pain.

“I’m fucking you up the ass hard as I can!” He yelled it out. “Tell me you love it,” he ordered. He pulled out and slammed in and then slammed back in again, over and over as hard as possible. “I know you love it! Love it in the ass.” He smacked her again and again as he continued to ream her ass.

“Yes.” It was a bare choked off whisper.

Smack! “Louder! Keep it going!”

“Yes. Yes. Yes.” She managed to chant in time to the thrusts despite the extreme pain. It seemed to go on forever. The tears continued to gush out of her eyes.

Finally he yelled out, thrust in hard and held. She could feel his cock jumping deep in her intestines. She collapsed to the trunk lid and wept in relief.

He collapsed over her back. “Mmmmmm, baby, your ass was so good. I’m so glad you enjoyed it as much as I did.”

She said nothing as he crushed her into the trunk, just wept and trembled. She ached all over her body; he seemed to have hurt her everywhere. She couldn’t believe pain could be this excruciating.

Finally, he pulled his cock out of her ass; even that seemed to hurt. She continued to just lie over the truck. She had nothing left; he had taken everything from her.

He reached down and picked up his phone. Smiled into the camera happily and then turned it to her body lying over the truck, her legs were splayed and hanging limply. He moved the camera to between her legs to get a nice close up of her reddened and swollen pussy and ass. Then he widened to get the whole shot of her. He ass cheeks were flaming red and beginning to bruise. There were pinch marks, bite marks, scratches, and hickies all over her body, most especially around her neck. He reached out and rolled her over.

Her hands shot over her face to shade her eyes from the bright sun over head that blazed into her eyes. She was amazed she had the energy. He was delighted with the new view of her body that arched her breasts up and out. He spent a minute or two playing the camera over her; playing it slowly over neck bites and bruises. Her large breasts, now marked all over with bite marks, reddened and blackening suck marks, scratches and finger impressions aleady bruising. Her nipples were each an enflamed and swollen mess, nearly chewed off. She’d certainly have plenty to remember him by when she next looked into the mirror.

Finally, he set the camera back on the hood of his truck. He turned to her, reached down caught an arm in his hard hand and snatched her quickly against his body. Then he hugged her tightly against his body, pressed her head to his shoulder and sat back against her trunk lid. He held her between his splayed legs, ran his hands lovingly down her body, starting with her head and moving down, lingering and pressing each pinch, bite, scratch. Down to her ass cheeks, which he squeezed, rubbed and lewdly spread for the camera.

She simply lay against him as her had put her. She felt she had nothing left in her to give, she was used up; he had taken everything from her. She only whimpered and groaned as he ran his hands over every mark on her body, seeming to catalog each one, bringing each to new and painful life. Her tears wet his shirt front.

“I’ve really enjoyed our time here together, baby,” he said conversationally. His hands now randomly moving over the marks, petting them. “It’s a real shame I’m going to have to move on down the road now. “ She stiffened slightly; it was all she could manage, what now? She wasn’t sure she even cared. “This has been a really nice trade for me for changing your tire like I did. I hope you enjoyed yourself as much as I did, baby. I marked you up really good, just like you needed, so you’d be able to remember our time together for a good long while.” He chuckled. “You’ll be walking bowlegged after how hard you begged me to fuck you, just like I said at the start.” He laughed again. “But, like I was saying, I got to be getting on down the road. You too, now your tire is fixed”

Unbelievably, she felt another flare of hope. Did this mean it was over? He was just letting her go?

“I just need you to do one more little thing for me, baby.”

She tensed, ready for the hope to be snatched away.

“I’d like you to get back in the position I first saw you in when I drove up. I’d like my last view of you to be what I imagined. Is that ok with you?”

She didn’t move, didn’t say anything. She had no idea what he was talking about.

“Answer me, baby, or I’m going to think you need me to stay here and go a couple more rounds. Did you have a good time with me?”

She knew what he wanted to hear, “yes,” she managed to rasp out.

“Here, let’s get you in position then you can tell me all about how much you enjoyed our time together.” He then dumped her face down on the trunk lid of her car and proceeded to arrange her like a doll. “Put your elbows on the trunk and lift those big titties up.” He grabbed her breasts and lifted her into the position he wanted, giving both nipples a good hard squeeze while he was at it. She gasped at the sharp pain. “These really are looking nice, baby. Are you going to think of me when you look at them in the mirror?”

She looked down at her breasts and gasped. They were bruised, scratched and bitten all over. The nipples looked to be almost chewed off. He reached for them again.

“Yes,” she said quickly. She knew that she would.

“That’s good, baby.” He moved away from her and reached out for his camera phone where it was relentlessly recording the action. “Now we’re going to have a little question and answer. I’m going to ask and you’re going to answer nice and loud, so I can hear. You got that?”

“Yes.” She said quietly.

“Louder, I can’t hear you, show some enthusiasm.”

“Yes,” a little louder this time. What on earth was this all about? Was he really going to leave? Was this some new sort of cruel game?

“OK. Stick your ass up and spread your legs out.” She obeyed. “That’s good, now you’re getting the idea. Just answer a few questions, you say just what I want, really yell it out like you mean it. I’m going to give you some directions and a little encouragement along the way. As soon as I hear all the things I want to hear I’m going to get in my truck and drive away. I want to see you just like this as I drive away. You with me, baby?”

“Yes.” She answered meekly.

“NO!” He barked loudly and smacked her ass really hard. She cried out and cringed. “Tell me what I want or I’ll fuck you up the ass again!”

She thought for a few moments. What on earth did he want? Then she knew. She cringed and shuddered at what she would have to do, but she’d do it, she’d say anything to get him to leave, whatever it took for a chance he’d leave.

He stood behind, over her and waited for her to think it out.

“Did you enjoy our time together, baby?”

“Yes. This has been good.” She felt sick at what he wanted her to do but she knew she would do it, say it, anything, for a chance to live.

“Now you’ve got it,” he said with approval. “Let’s begin.” He turned his camera phone back on and started to film her as she bent over the trunk of her car, her ass sticking out and her legs spread. Nice. She was bruised, scratched and bitten from her neck to knees. He reached out and smoothed her hair forward; it was blocking the view of the back of her neck, which he had paid particular attention to. He felt her trembling under his hand and loved it. This was going to be great.

“Did you want me to fuck you after I changed your car tire? Trade a service for a service?”

“Yes, I wanted you to fuck me.” She spoke plainly with her head bent forward. She watched her tears as they dripped down her nose onto the trunk lid.

He played the camera down her body slowly as he stroked her back with his hand to feel her trembling.

“Did you need a really hard fucking today?”

“Yes. I wanted it really hard.”

“Did you like it best when I fucked you really hard doggy style?”

“Yes. I liked it best that way.”

“Which way?” He encouraged, as he played his fingers threateningly over her swollen pussy lips, so beautifully red and puffy from all his hard attention.

“I liked it doggy style.” She supplied quickly.

He rammed his finger into her hard. She screamed out.

“You wanted me to fuck you harder and harder?”

“Ahhh! Yes, I wanted it hard”

“Where?” He pulled the one finger out and then pushed in two harder.

“I liked it!” She screamed out. “I liked it when you fucked me really hard while I was on my knees like a dog!”

“Mmmmmm, that’s really good, baby, just a little more.” He held the camera to watch as his fingers wiggled around in her pussy as she moaned in pain.

“Remember when I said I’d make you walk bowlegged for a week so you’d think of me?”

“Yes, I liked that.”

He pulled his fingers out as he saw the trail of blood streaked come leaking from her ass down her thigh. He stroked his fingers up the trail, collecting it, then rubbing it with his thumb and displayed his find for the camera.

“Did you like it when I fucked you in the ass?”

“Yes,” she sobbed out, “I liked it when you fucked me in the ass.”

He rubbed his wet fingers and thumb over her pussy and ass. Then he slid two fingers in her pussy and his thumb into her ass and began moving them in and out. She cried out and squirmed.

“Do you like it when I hurt you like this, baby?”

“Yes, I like it when you hurt me.”

“Did you enjoy our time in the back seat when I bit you and marked you up? Did you want to be marked up, hurt?” He rammed in viscously hard as he said it.

She screamed out. “Yes! I like it.”

“Liked what?”

“I liked our time in the car. I wanted you to hurt me, mark me up all over, it was great! I loved it!”

“Did you like it when I then bent you over the trunk, like this, and fucked you really hard up the ass?”

He began a smooth in and out movement, fucking her slowly with his fingers and thumb for the camera; moving it this way and that, playing over the bruises and marks, zooming in and out.

“Yes, it was great! I wanted to be fucked!”

“Did you like taking me hard up your ass, baby?”

“Yes. I liked it when you fucked me hard in the ass.”

“You wanted me to fuck your ass?”

“Yes, yes, I wanted you to fuck my ass really hard.”

“Tell me the rest. Why did we do all this?”

“You changed my tire! I owed you for changing my tire. I wanted you to fuck me, a fair trade; a service for a service.”

“Do you like me doing this to you now, baby? Right now, I know it hurts after I fucked you over and over in the pussy and up the ass really hard.”

“Yes,” she groaned out at the continued violent pain in her pussy and ass. Her vision was beginning to blur and everything was going red and hazy. “Yes, I really like being hurt by you. It was great the way you fucked me really hard up the ass as we stood out here for anyone to see that might drive by. I loved it! I loved it!” She had no earthly idea how or why she managed to say all that. Sge even managed to sound sincere to her own ears.

He chuckled and pulled his hand away from her ass, showing the camera the blood and come that had collected in his palm. He then wiped it off on her ass.

She hissed as the salty liquid burned in the scratches on her ass.

“I love it. Yes, it’s nice.” She then begged him. “Please! Just leave!”

“So you think we’re even now and I should just drive away?” He patted her ass lightly.

“Yes, we’re even now. You can just drive away.”

“Are you going to just stay like this? Hold this position so I can look at you like this?”

“Yes, I want to stay bent over for you.”

“Do you remember why?”

“So you can see what you imagined when you drove up, me bruised and fucked.”

He chuckled. “That’s right. Are you going to like thinking of me?”

“Yes, when I walk bowlegged I’ll think you and what we did here. When I look in the mirror and see the marks I’ll think of you.” She thought, crazily, this would be nothing less than the truth.

She then heard his feet moving away from her toward his truck driver side door.

“I want you to just stay like that until you can’t hear my truck anymore. OK, baby?

“OK.” God, she would hate that endearment for the rest of her life. She couldn’t believe he was just going to drive away. But she heard him open his truck door and he climbed in. Her ears were hyperaware of every movement he made. He started the engine, it roared to life and made her cringe, but she remained in position. He backed up, paused, and then drove away. She waited until she couldn’t hear the truck anymore, then she waited a little longer with her head hung low, tears dripping off her nose onto the trunk lid, a little stream of them running down the lid of the trunk. She could hardly wrap her mind around the fact he had just driven away. It was over.

She slowly got up and hobbled over to where he had dropped her clothes by her still open back passenger door. She chuckled, a just a little, hysterically, as she shuffled bowlegged from the pain. It was just as he said.

As she bent over to pick up her clothes she froze at the sight of her purse, the contents spilled out, on her back seat. When had he done that? She could see her wallet open, her driver’s license out, and her phone, also out. It didn’t matter. She began dressing. Her bra straps were broken, but she couldn’t imagine wearing it anyway. She threw it with the contents of her purse on the backseat. She tied her blouse shut, it was missing buttons. Then she bent over again, winced at the pain but pulled on her panties and shorts, then her sandals. She stood stiffly and hobbled, more quickly now, over to her driver’s door. She needed to get away from here, what if he came back?

Her car started right up, the keys were still right where she’d left them. How long ago? It felt like forever. Before she pulled away she reached over and got her phone off the back seat, looked at the display, four hours had passed, the sun was still bright in the sky and she still had no cell phone signal. She sped off down the tree lined road, her foot jammed down hard on the accelerator.

After a couple of more miles she began to see signs of civilization, a house here and there. She had been so close when her tire blew, yet, in all that time, four hours apparently, no one had driven by. No one had seen what had happened, what he had done to her! She began crying again, her hands opened and closed compulsively on the steering wheel. She needed to get somewhere and tell someone; get to the police! They would punish him for what he had done to her, taken from her, everything.

From the passenger seat her phone chimed loudly. It startled her badly, her nerves were intensely raw. She slammed on her brakes so hard her car fishtailed. Belatedly, she looked in the rearview mirror, but, of course, no one was there. There were no other cars on the road, which was the point. No one was around to help her, only him, and he had hurt her, raped her!

She sobbed out loud as she reached for the phone. Evidently, she had come in range of a cell tower, she could call the police, and they would help her hurt him like he had hurt her. First, though, who was this sending her a text message? It was a video text message. What on earth? She clicked on the message and a video started to play.

Oh. My. God. It was a pornographic video! She looked around wildly that anyone might see what was playing on her phone. She pulled her car over out of the roadway, put the car in park, engine still running in case someone pulled in behind her and she needed to get away fast. Then she focused on what was playing on her phone.

As she looked down in horror at her wonderfully high resolution phone display her mind began to register what her eyes where seeing, what her ears were hearing from the tiny, yet powerful, phone speakers: A man was fucking a woman who was on her hands and knees in front of him. She could plainly see his long cock pushing in hard and pulling out all the way to slam back into her again. “Fuck me harder! Fuck me harder! Fuck me harder!” The woman was crying out over and over in time with his thrusts into her body. The video went on and on like this, the woman’s breasts swayed back in forth, also in rhythm. Slowly, it began to dawn on her what she was seeing. It was him! It was them! He had made a video of what he had done to her. “Fuck me harder! Fuck me harder! Fuck me harder!” The woman on the video, it was her! She kept crying out in apparent encouragement to the man behind her. It was a video right on her phone, a video of what he had done to her, his raping her. The man and woman both cried out as he apparently came inside her and he slumped over her back.

She continued to stare blankly at her phone after the video ended. She jumped as her phone chimed again in her hand. She reached out a trembling finger to start the next video. Almost knowing what she would see but horrified none the less.

It took a few moments to even realize what the video showed: It was a man’s thumb moving in and out of a woman’s ass, his fingers were lodged deep in her pussy and moving in time. The whole area was swollen, puffy, red and inflamed. “Yes, I really like being hurt by you. It was great the way you fucked me really hard up the ass as we stood out here for anyone to see that might drive by. I loved it! I loved it!” The man’s voice chuckled in apparent good humor. He pulled his hand back, cupped in his palm was a small puddle of red streaked creamy liquid. The male hand wiped the liquid over some deeply gouged scratches on the woman’s red and bruised ass cheek. The woman’s voice hissed in apparent enjoyment of the action.

In response, the scratches on her own ass flared painfully to life where she sat on them. She dropped the phone, put both of her hands over her eyes to hide them and began to cry hysterically.

She would continue to obey. She would be telling no one.