

Straight Latino Rape?

Author

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By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Bang

The flimsy door to the room I was staying in fell open and a massive six foot-plus cop stormed in, gun drawn. I screamed.

“SHUT UP,” the cop shouted at me and I quieted down. The cop searched my one room and attached bathroom in seconds and then stepped back into the hallway. I could hear shouting in the hallway, but could not make out the words. The cop came back in to my room and shut the door. Next thing I knew I was being thrown against the wall. I was naked except for a pair of underpants. The cop started asking me questions at a quick clip in English which I barely understand. When I did not answer the cop or started speaking Spanish, he wailed on me with his baton.

I was screaming and crying, “Ayuda por favor.”

He kept beating me with the baton and telling me to shut up if I knew what was good for me. He used a knife to cut off my underwear and then threw me to the floor. He tackled me and used the V-end of the baton to choke me. I gasped for air and he said, “SHUT UP,” again.

I was sobbing and choking and he let up slightly so I could catch my breath. I started to make a sound when he pushed down violently nearly choking me to death and I stopped.

He clobbered me several dozen more times in my abdomen and along my legs with the baton and I could tell I was going to be quite bruised.

He unzipped the fly on his uniform pants and grabbed me by my hair and forced me up towards his crotch. He whipped out a massive cock and forced my throat around him. When I did not suck hard enough he whacked me with the baton. I am not even gay. Fucker. I thought about biting his cock but knew I would probably end up dead. So I sucked. He choked me with his dick without any care for my gagging.

I was still sobbing quite a bit when he pushed me off his cock and my head hit the floor. I hoped I would pass out, but the blow to my head was not hard enough. He kicked me with his boots till I rolled over onto my stomach. I was laying naked on the dirty floor and I felt

him get on top of me to fuck me.

But first that massive painful baton was shoved in violently. I was screaming bloody murder as he rammed it into me. Then he pulled it out, hit me with the end that had just been inside me and started with his cock. I was certain I was bleeding profusely, but the cop was having his way with me.

His rock hard shaft was ripping me apart. I screamed and he shoved a glove in my mouth. Compared to the pain of a huge baton raping me it was less painful, but more humiliating. He had his way with me thoroughly. Thrusting in and out in violent rocking motions. Sometimes he pulled out completely only to rip me open again by slamming back in. I wished I was dead as he kept raping me with his cock.

I felt him tense slightly and then felt him start shooting into my ass. He quickly got off me, wailed on me a dozen or so more times with the baton. Then zipped up, took his glove and left like nothing ever happened.

I lay sobbing on the floor as he left. I did not even have his badge number and if I reported him they might deport me back to Mexico.

CUT

The director-videographer-pornographer shouted **CUT**. I was still sobbing though. My “co-star” was a real cop and he had pulled the baton-strikes slightly but this was a real-to-life video. Sure, I was making \$2,000, but I was straight and I had only been told that this was a gay-porno. My co-star took his payment and I was still laying on the floor sore. The fifty-something pornographer came over and offered me some pills, I took them and blacked out.

I woke up in a plush bed. To my right was a nightstand with some cash on it. My payout for letting a cop rape me in the ass and beat the shit out of me. Fuck! What had I done. And also a fifty-something man that I barely knew was to my left. He noticed I was awake and rolled on top of me.

“How you doing,” he asked as if I had not just been raped while he taped it.

“FUCK YOU,” I shouted.

“It was phenomenal, you really aren’t a fag and you didn’t get erect,” he bragged, “I will sell hundreds of copies. I posted a ten second preview on the web site and got fifty pre-orders already.” He rubbed my sides which were quite tender and sore. “Nice,” he remarked, “you don’t bruise.”

I started crying again.

“Don’t cry Luis,” he said as he reached over to the night stand and opened the drawer. “I got you something very special,” he said while taking out a powder blue box. I was trapped under the skanky pornographer who had gotten me to let myself be raped by a guy on video and now he was giving me gifts. I struggled to move and he slapped my face. I stopped

struggling and he opened the box, it was the necklace I had casually mentioned I wanted to buy for my mother. That was why I had done this stupid video. I needed some money to buy my mother a beautiful gift.

Now, he was giving me my \$2K and the gift I wanted, the necklace was just over \$1K at Tiffany's. My mother knew I had been saving my money to buy her something special, but she had worked so hard to raise me proper. What had I done?

"Same time next Saturday," the pornographer said as he rolled off me. I nodded meekly. I had agreed to do two. Fuck me.

Christmas Day

I gave my mom the beautiful box with the necklace. She nearly passed out crying from a mixture of joy and sadness. She never had nice jewelry when I was growing up since she had made so many sacrifices to make.

Seeing her happy like that had almost made me forget the humiliating rape I had to endure to earn the money to buy it for her.

Action

The forty-something guy lead me into a tacky hotel room. "How old are you anyhow Juan," he asked.

"Fifteen," I said in broken English.

"I plan to get my money's worth from you pretty boy," he continued. "Runaway?"

I nodded meekly.

He grabbed me and tossed me into the bed like I was nothing. I was being tied down to the bed, spreadeagle, face down.

"How long on the streets?"

I started crying.

"Not long," he said laughing at me. "You probably aren't even a fag." He threw a C-note on the nightstand and said, "for you." All of a sudden I felt a sharp pain along my back. The fucking pervert was beating me with a whip. I cried out in pain and begged him to stop.

He was talking dirty to me, "Pretty boy... naughty whore... stand out on the street to whore yourself for men..." With each insult a dozen or more lashes of the whip struck out against my back. I was screaming and struggling against the restraints without any success. After about a hundred lashes of the whip, he paused and threw another C-note on the nightstand.

"What do you say fag whore?"

I was sobbing. He struck me with the whip harder than the previous lashes and I screamed. “What do you say FAGGOT?”

“Thank you,” I managed through my tears.

Then the assault with the whip started again. “Only fifteen,” he said mocking me as the whip lashed my back and cut my skin open. I screamed in pain. “Beautiful bubble butt too and such milky smooth olive skin,” he kept saying. I was hollering in pain. He continued the assault and I could feel my back being opened with lash after lash from the whip.

He stopped suddenly and threw another C-note on the night stand. “Stop,” I was begging and nearly choking on my tears.

A belt struck my buttocks. A new pain. I hollered out but nobody at the tacky roadside motel cared. I tried to focus on the money, I needed money badly. I was cold and hungry living on the street.

The belt was worse than the whip as he brutalized my buttocks, thighs, and the back of my ankles with blow after blow.

He threw two more C-notes on the night stand, untied one wrist and walked out leaving me sobbing on the bed of the cheesy motel with my back bleeding still from the whipping.

I struggled to untie myself from the bed so that a maid would not find me in the horrible position. I crawled to the bathroom and examined my back in the mirror. Deep welts were visible but the blood had mostly clotted. I pocketed the money and fell asleep on my stomach, my entire backside being way too sore for even a sheet to rest on it.

Cut

“**FUCK**,” I shouted as soon as filming stopped. The pornographer handed me a bunch of pills and I blacked out.

I woke up again, this time on my stomach. My entire backside felt like it was on fire. On the nightstand there was another \$2,000.

The pornographer snuck up behind me and ran his hands over my sore back and rubbed some cream onto my welts. “That was fantastic,” he said, “I’ve pre-sold two hundred copies of your video from last week at \$129.95 each and I posted the clip where your skin gets broken and already received three hundred pre-orders for yesterday’s video.”

I was crying.

“What makes you so great, is you really are straight,” the pornographer said laughing at me. “It really comes across that you are hating every moment of the ordeal. Keep the extra \$500.”

I took the \$2,000 shoved it with the \$500 from the night before and walked out in utter agony. I spent the whole rest of the day at home laying on my stomach and praying that my mom did not walk into my room.

New Job

On Friday night I found myself dialing the number 1-646-XXX-YYYY. He answered on the second ring. "Luis here," I said.

"Tomorrow, 9 am," he said and hung up.

Saturday: 0850

I am standing outside the pornographer's loft near the Holland Tunnel. I recognize the cop from two weeks earlier walking up and I start to turn but he calls out to me.

"How you doing man," the cop says.

I look down.

"Look it was just a video my name is Mike," he continues.

"I'm really not gay," I say.

"Whatever, you made a cool two-gees, I only got the standard five-hundred for a sex video," he says to me. "What are you doing back for more anyhow if you aren't gay?"

"Fuck off," I say.

Mike comes up close to my face and says, "actually I and about five other guys are going to be fucking your man pussy this morning now get the fuck upstairs and get ready."

I rang the bell and the pornographer answered.

He led me into the loft which he had done up like a prison holding cell. The pornographer checked my back, the welts had gone down but he put me in a white muscle-T and a pair of shorts. He commented to the five guys waiting in the cell, "keep his shirt on."

He called Action and I was being thrown by Officer Mike into the holding cell.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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