

# Agony in Pink

*The Dark Ranger*

## Preface and Warnings

The following story is based on “The Mighty Morphin’ Power Rangers.” There have been other stories, but this is a much stronger story than those other ones, which are a little too “nice” for my tastes. This particular story involves Kimberly, the Pink Ranger, being captured and tortured by the Rangers’ arch-nemesis, Lord Zedd.

For those of you who aren’t familiar with the series, you may be unfamiliar with the characters, and I will try to give a very brief overview. The Power Rangers are five teenagers named Jason, Kimberly, Zack, Trini, and Billy. They have been given “Morphin’ Power” by Zordon, for the sole purpose of defending Earth against attack. The attacks were originally carried out by Rita Repulsor, but after her failure she was banished and now Lord Zedd, who is far more powerful, has taken over the attacks. Each of the Rangers has a color—Jason is the Red Ranger, Kimberly the Pink Ranger, Zack the Black Ranger, Trini the Yellow Ranger, and Billy the Blue Ranger. In addition, there was a “guest Ranger” named Tommy who was the Green Ranger, but is now the White Ranger. The attacks on Earth are always carried out by a monster that Zedd creates especially for the occasion, based on some earthly object—a flower, a trumpet, a fish, etc. As you shall see, Zedd creates a particularly horrible one to torture Kimberly.

The story which you are about to read is a fantasy, and will not be to everybody’s tastes. It is pretty strong and contains graphic violence, sex, and torture, and despite the fact that the bad guys are clearly not realistic (rubber monsters) it may still be upsetting. I’m sure I don’t have to say that, despite the fact that it is a Power Rangers story, it is **not** for kids. If this type of story is not to your tastes, please do not read or download. Feel free to post comments about the story. Thanks, and I hope you enjoy!

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## Chapter 1: Lord Zedd Discovers Pain

Lord Zedd had been spending most of his time these days trying to figure out a way to rid himself of the Power Rangers once and for all. Time and time again, they thwarted his attempts to take over the Earth for himself. Each defeat left him more and more frustrated, and these defeats increased his anger at the Power Rangers and, consequently, his desire for revenge. He had tried everything—each monster was bigger and stronger, and yet it didn't matter. Each time he thought he had created the ultimate monster, the six accursed teenagers would “morph” into action and somehow, some way, defeat him. And it was at this point, just when Lord Zedd was at his lowest, feeling that perhaps the Rangers were too strong for him and that he should leave Earth alone, that he made a most horrific discovery. While monitoring Earth's broadcasts one day, he discovered torture.

To the participants in the NPR discussion panel, they probably thought they were doing a good deed. The participants were regional representatives of Amnesty International, and were discussing the use and abuse of torture throughout the world today. The concept was foreign to Zedd—after all, beings such as him do not feel pain. So he tapped into some of Earth's literature, and learned all about what torture was. And it excited him.

This, he thought, was the ultimate device to use on the Rangers! Subject them to torture, and that would destroy them once and for all! He sent Goldar and some Putties down to Earth to gather all the literature they could find that would help him inflict pain on a human being. They returned shortly with a series of books—several anatomy books and medical texts, documentation from Amnesty, and shocking manuals from the CIA, KGB, and other agencies detailing how to torture victims.

Lord Zedd exulted when he saw the pile of books. He knew just what was needed—a new monster, more hideous and horrific than any he had ever created. This new monster would be made from the books, and as such would have complete knowledge of torture. Zedd laughed a great,

hearty laugh and pointed his staff at the pile of books and chanted, “Behold! I give you Tortura!”

A bolt of lightning came from the staff and flew into the books. The books melted together and began to grow—and soon, there stood the horrible Tortura.

Tortura was six feet tall. He had several colors on his skin, from the different covers of the books, so there were splotches of red, blue, green, and yellow on him. His body was rubbery, the way all of Zedd’s monsters were, but he seemed much more human-like than Zedd’s other monsters. Most striking of the human-like characteristics were Tortura’s hands—instead of the huge tentacle-like hands most of Zedd’s monsters inevitably had, Tortura’s hands were delicate and firm. In other words, very well suited for the unspeakable work he was made for.

Once Tortura stood there, Zedd looked at his handiwork and was quite pleased. Now all that was left was to choose a Ranger for torture, although that decision had, in fact, been made as soon as Zedd had first discovered torture. It would be Kimberly, the Pink Ranger. She stirred emotions and feelings in Zedd that he didn’t quite understand. But what he did understand was that she was delicate and oh so sensitive. Zedd was truly looking forward to subjecting petite and pretty Kimberly to Tortura’s hideous skills. It would be a truly marvelous revenge on those Power Rangers that he hates so much.

## Chapter 2: The Pink Peril

It was late afternoon. Kimberly was in the Angel Grove Juice Bar and Gym, practicing her gymnastics. She was dressed in a pink leotard which showed off her body. And quite a lovely body it was, too—firm and lean from years of athletic endeavors. As she continued to work out, she was unaware of the horror that awaited her.

Finishing her workout, she grabbed a towel and headed for the locker room to shower. She took off her Ranger Power Morpher and put down her bag, and almost at once the room was filled with Putties, hideous foot soldiers for the evil Lord Zedd. Before she had a chance to react, five of them lunged at her and grabbed her, holding her securely. She struggled mightily against them, but to no avail. Then, there was a flash of light, and she was in the lair of Lord Zedd, and at the end of the room was Zedd himself.

The Putties held her firmly before the hideous Lord Zedd. “Ah, Pink Ranger,” intoned the monster, “now I have you, and this is truly the beginning of the end for the Power Rangers!”

Kimberly struggled against the Putties, but they held her firmly. She was afraid, but since she had been a Power Ranger she had learned to hide her fear. “You won’t get away with this, Zedd,” she said defiantly. “The others will be here soon and you’ll pay!”

“I think not, Pink Ranger, I think not! And in any event, I’ve got something new planned for you. Bring her to the chamber!” ordered Zedd.

The Putties dragged Kimberly down a dark and gloomy hall. “Where am I?” she wondered, “Where are they taking me?” They finally arrived at a large door. The door creaked open, and a voice intoned, “Bring her in.” Kimberly was dragged inside, and what she saw there filled her with more terror than she had ever felt in her young life. Her knees went weak, a shudder went through her, and it took every ounce of self control she had to not scream.

The room was a torture chamber. It was completely spotless—the metal instruments glistened against the light, they almost looked sterile

—but it was filled with the most horrible instruments of torture she had ever seen. And her terror was well planned—Tortura, being well versed in the psychological modes of torture as well as the physical, knew full well what the first sight of this room would do to Kimberly. And the sight of Tortura himself, checking the implements of pain, sent pure terror through her.

Tortura walked to Kimberly and looked her over. “Remove her clothes,” he ordered, and the Putties quickly tore the clothes from Kimberly’s body. They also removed her shoes and all her jewelry. Her hair had been tied back, but they removed the band and it now hung freely. Kimberly was naked before she even had a chance to gasp, and she wished desperately that she could cover her nudity. She could feel the cold floor under her bare feet.

Tortura motioned to a chain hanging from the ceiling. “Tie her here,” he said, and the Putties dragged Kimberly into the center of the room and tied her arms over her head to the chain from the ceiling. Kimberly was bound from the ceiling, and had to raise slightly onto the balls of her bare feet in order to relieve the pressure that was building on her arms.

When she looked up, she saw that Tortura was standing right in front of her. He put out his hands and cupped Kimberly’s firm breasts and began to fondle them. He tweaked her nipples with his thumbs as he squeezed her breasts. Kimberly was overwhelmed with shame and terror and turned her head away.

“What’s the matter, Pink Ranger,” mocked Tortura. “Don’t you like this?” Tortura had correctly gauged Kimberly’s response to this psychological torture—she was humiliated and felt even more helpless and vulnerable than she had before. Head turned away from the awful monster, she closed her eyes and was trying to think about something, *anything* but the creature that was fondling her naked body, when the offending hands finally stopped caressing her body. She opened her eyes and saw that Tortura was standing before her holding a whip. The whip was a form of cat-o’-nine-tails, and the very sight of it struck fear into the naked bound girl. And that was the intent of it. Zedd had the power

to conjure up whatever devices Tortura wanted, and this was a very special whip. Its construction was very carefully considered—it looked fearsome and would deliver intense pain, but the lashes were so wide that they would not leave any permanent marks.

Indeed, only some bruises would remain once the whipping was finished. Tortura held the whip in front of Kimberly's face so she could drink in the full terror of the device. Kimberly had never been whipped or beaten before in her entire young life, she had not even been spanked by her parents, and she was filled with terror as Tortura ran the whip over her face, her breasts, and her nipples. The he stood before her and said "And now the fun begins!" and walked behind her. Kimberly looked up into the ceiling and tried to prepare herself for what was to come, while her smooth back, and firm, shapely ass were displayed and ready for punishment.

Tortura brought his arm back and swung the whip. Kimberly could hear it whoosh through the air and then her back exploded. Her mouth went open in a silent gasp of pure agony, and then her back exploded again. She had never felt such pain in her entire life. As a Ranger, she always had the special suit on, which softened all the blows to the point where she never really felt pain in the suit, just a pushing or pressure. But the agony here was intense. And once again, her back exploded in pain. Her eyes began to fill with tears, and the blood rushing through her ears was blocking out most of the other sounds. She began to twist, desperately trying to avoid the blows, but Tortura would take careful aim, and strike her.

The whip landed on Kimberly's shapely back and buttocks over and over and over again. Kimberly continued to twist and writhe as her beating continued. Although she was determined not to scream or cry, tears began to flow down her cheeks, and each time a blow landed a cry of misery would escape her lips. "The others will be here soon," she kept thinking to herself, for it was the only thing that allowed her to endure the whipping. But each time she thought the whipping was over, and that Zedd's horrible laughter would stop, there was another hissing sound and then more pain.

Zedd came to Kimberly, grabbed her by the hair, and twisted her pretty face towards his. “Enjoying yourself, Pink Ranger?” taunted Zedd. Kimberly looked at him through tear filled eyes, and was trying to think of something clever and strong to say, but the whip landed and she let out a cry. Zedd roared with laughter, and as Zedd held the miserable girl’s hair, Tortura plied the whip again and again and again and again...

Finally, the whipping stopped and Kimberly was allowed to hang, sweat running down her firm, naked body. Two Putties each grabbed one of her legs, spread her legs, lifted her, and tied her ankles to poles. She was hanging horizontally, spread-eagled in mid-air. Tortura approached her, and Kimberly trembled in fear. Tortura held the whip in front of Kimberly’s face. Kimberly closed her eyes and turned her head away from the whip, but Tortura grabbed her by the hair, twisted her face to his, and roared, “Look at me! Look at what’s happening to you!” He allowed the whip to run over her face, her shoulders, her breasts, nipples, and stomach. Finally, he walked between her legs and began to stroke her cunt and pubic hair. Kimberly moaned in agony and closed her eyes, once again turning her head away from what was happening to her. Then, Tortura grabbed Kimberly’s pubic hair and gave a yank. Pain shot through her and her eyes popped open and she squealed. The Tortura drew back the whip. “Oh, my God!” cried Kimberly as Tortura sent the whip into her cunt. Kimberly screamed a piteous scream of pain as the whip struck her pussy. “Oh, God, oh God no! Oh God *aaahhhh!*”

Tortura continued to whip away at Kimberly’s virgin pussy. Kimberly had thought that the pain she had felt from the earlier whipping was the worst that was possible, but this was a thousand times worse. All pretense of strength gone, Kimberly began to scream and beg for mercy, but Tortura continued to whip away. “Oh please no, no more, no *aaaahhhh!* Oh *Gooooooooooooooooooooaaaaa!! Pleeaaaaaaase!! No Moooooooooaaah!!*” And yet the vicious monster continued to sent the whip flying into Kimberly’s cunt. After seven strokes, Kimberly fainted. Tortura called to Goldar, and the winged beast threw cold water into the helpless girl’s face. Once Kimberly awoke, the whipping continued. The

chamber became a living Hell for Kimberly, the intense agony she felt, compounded by her shame at being naked, and the horrible sounds of her screams mixing with the creatures' joyous laughter.

Kimberly was given a total of fifty strokes in the cunt, during which the girl continued to scream in pain. She fainted twice more, and was revived. Finally, as she hung unconscious, the beating stopped. Lord Zedd was exhilarated. "More pain! She must be tortured much more!" But Tortura was wiser than this. "My Lord, we must let her rest. I have plans to torture her for many more days. Right now, this was more of a warm-up session than a real torture session. She is very sensitive to pain, and if we were to try to inflict much more today, we may lose her. Better to let her rest and recover and quake over what we have in store for her in the future. Once she has regained some strength, we will continue the torture, only even more intensely." Lord Zedd quickly recognized the wisdom in his creature's words. Kimberly was awakened with more cold water. She was cut down and dragged before Lord Zedd. Her shame at being displayed naked before her enemy was overwhelmed by the agony that encompassed her back, ass, and cunt.

Zedd held Kimberly's head and turned her so that she would look in her face. Her lovely face, covered in tears and so full of pain, sent waves of joy through Zedd's evil body. "And now, Pink Ranger, it is time for you to rest. We've made a modest beginning here today, haven't we? I'm sure you enjoyed it as much as I did. But this is only the beginning, my dear! Sleep well, because the worst is yet to come! Take her away!" And Zedd began to laugh, and his laughter rang in Kimberly's ears as she was taken away.

## Chapter 3: “Ay-yi-yi-yi-yi, Kimberly’s Being Tortured!”

Kimberly was thrown into a small cage and the door locked. “Sleep well, Pink Ranger, for there is more pain coming! Finally we are getting our revenge! Ah, ha-ha-ha-ha!” mocked Goldar as he locked her in. Once she was left alone, she threw herself down and began to cry great heaving sobs. Finally, she composed herself. The other Rangers would save her, she thought. Zordon, Alpha-5, and the others—they had always been able to save one of them when they were in trouble. She had somehow managed to survive her ordeal today, and they would soon be here to rescue her. The group had always succeeded in the past, and there’s no reason to believe that this time would be any different. They had to come and save her—she wasn’t sure how much more of this treatment she could take.

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Meanwhile, the other Rangers were beginning to wonder where Kimberly was. They were all gathered in study hall when their communicators went off. They ran outside to a secluded spot, and Jason called in. “Jason here, Zordon, what’s up?”

“We have a very serious situation,” intoned Zordon solemnly. “Alpha-5 will teleport you here immediately.” And with that the five of them—Jason, Trini, Billy, Zack, and Tommy—were teleported to the command center. When they got there, Alpha-5 was clearly in a very excited state.

“Ay-yi-yi-yi-yi, what are we going to do? This is terrible! Ay-yi-yi!” the little robot said as he scurried to and fro.

“What’s going on?” asked Zack.

“Does this have anything to do with Kimberly?” asked Trini, hopefully.

“Unfortunately, it does.” said Zordon. The five teenagers stood quietly and looked at Zordon’s massive image.

“What’s happened to her?” inquired Tommy, echoing the question on all the Rangers’s minds.

Zordon didn’t mince words. In situations like this, he felt it was best to be straight with the Rangers and hope they could handle it. “Kimberly has been kidnapped by Lord Zedd, and is being held in his lair.” These words sent shivers through the Rangers. They knew that they had never been able to find Zedd’s lair, and even if they could, they most likely would never be able to attack it successfully. If Kimberly was being held there, then there may not be any way for them to rescue her.

“What’s happening to her? Why does he want her?” Jason demanded to know.

“I will tell you, but the answer is horrible. It will take strength, courage, and wisdom to be able to withstand this knowledge. Look at the viewing globe and you will see what has been happening to her.” They walked to the globe and the image that greeted them was Kimberly, naked, with her hands bound over her head. Immediately, the sight of Kimberly’s naked body gave Jason, Tommy, and Zack hard-ons, of which they were instantly ashamed and hoped that nobody else noticed. But the scene soon shifted, and images of Kimberly being whipped filled the globe. The Rangers were horrified at the site of Kimberly writhing in pain, and Trini buried her face in Tommy’s shoulder. The image faded, and Zordon spoke again.

“Lord Zedd has created his most horrible monster yet. The monster is Tortura, and it has a complete knowledge of how to torture a human being. Lord Zedd plans to continue to torture Kimberly in order to scare all of you away from being Rangers. As of now, we don’t know where she is being held, but Alpha-5 is working on it.”

“I’ll help!” cried Billy, and everybody nodded their consent—Billy had often times in the past been able to work with Alpha-5 and together they were able to find things they thought couldn’t be found.

“There isn’t much we can do for her now,” continued Zordon. “All we can do is to try to find her, and pray that she can remain strong.”

“Oh, poor Kimberly, we’ve got to do something! Oh, Kim…” Trini cried, her voice trailing away to sobs as she hugged Zack. Jason and

Tommy both approached the globe where Kimberly's image was last seen.

“Hold on Kimberly,” whispered Jason.

“Yeah, Kim,” continued Tommy. “We'll be there!”

## Chapter 4: Kimberly's Torture Continues

Kimberly couldn't remember when she finally was able to sleep or how long she was allowed to sleep, but she was rudely awaked by her cage being shaken. It was Goldar hovering over her cage. She was very sore and stiff from the previous day's punishment, but she was refreshed and had regained some of her composure, and so she tried to cover her nakedness. Her cage was opened, and Goldar ordered a couple of Putties to drag her out. Held by the arms, she was brought down a long corridor until they reach a large door. The door opened, and Kimberly was brought inside. She tried to swallow her fear at seeing that she was back in the torture chamber, and Tortura and Lord Zedd were standing there waiting for her.

Struggling in vain against her captors, Kimberly was put on one of the tables in the chamber and strapped down. Her arms were strapped over her head, her ankles were spread apart and strapped to the end of the table. Two thin straps held her torso down—one just under her breasts and the other on her lower abdomen, between her belly button and her pubic hair. She was completely exposed and helpless.

“Good morning, Pink Ranger,” Tortura taunted. “Ready for our day's activities?”

Kimberly, through her fear, looked up at the monster and tried to be firm. “The Rangers will be here soon. You might as well just let me go and spare yourself!”

Lord Zedd threw back his head and laughed. “I think not, Pink Ranger, I think not!” he laughed and then, turning to Tortura and seeing that the monster was prepared to begin the day's torture session, continued, “Let the torture begin!”

The opening torture for the day was quite simple, but effective. Tortura took a long needle. He put it in a flame until it was burning hot, and then delicately stuck the needle into Kimberly's flesh. Kimberly looked on with trepidation as the needle was heated, and she winced in pain as the burning hot sharp tip of the needle touched her tender flesh. She bit her lip, determined not to give them the satisfaction of hearing

her scream. Tortura kept the needle red hot, and since it was a needle, it didn't leave any marks, but because it was sharp and hot, it caused searing pain wherever on Kimberly's lovely flesh it touched. Tortura carefully stuck it in her armpits, her breasts, her nipples, her legs, her belly button, all over her firm lovely body. Kimberly recoiled and twisted in pain as the needle inflicted its torture on her helpless body.

Next, Tortura took a small electric prod and approached Kimberly with it. Kimberly was lying helpless on the table, watching Tortura's every move with terror. Tortura held the electrode before Kimberly's pretty face and spoke.

"Do you know what this is? Well, I'll give you a hint... it isn't very nice. Perhaps I should turn it on." Tortura twisted a switch on the probe and it began to hum. Sheer terror shot through Kimberly's body. "Now," said Tortura, "maybe I should show you what it does." He leaned over to a piece of metal, held it close, and then pushed a button. A jolt of electricity shot from the end of the probe to the metal. Kimberly gasped in horror. "And now, my dear, for you..." He approached Kimberly.

Kimberly shook with fear as the monster approached her. "No, oh, no, oh please no no no don't no don't..." Tortura brought the probe close to Kimberly's stomach near her lovely belly button. "No, please no don't no please *aaaaahh!*" Tortura pressed the probe to Kimberly's smooth, firm stomach and pressed the button. A searing, burning pain shot through Kimberly and she screamed in agony. Torture moved the prod to her armpit and held it there for a moment, savoring Kimberly's terror. "Oh, no, please," she begged, "please no no oh God no no *aaaahh!! Oohhh nooo!! Aaaaahhh!*" The prod sent its jolts of pain through Kimberly's armpit.

Tortura moved the prod all along Kimberly's luscious, firm body, shocking her on her arms, her stomach, her legs. During her torment, she writhed and screamed in pain. Tortura then went to Kimberly's bare feet. The prod caused tortured shrieks of agony to come from the helpless girl as the prod did its horrible work on her tender feet and supple toes. Then, Tortura went to Kimberly's right breast. He let the cold prod run along her breast, and tweaked her tender brown nipple

with it. “Oh my God, no, please no, no no no more no more I can’t stand anymore, please no no no,” she whimpered, as she gazed at the prod with terror-filled eyes. “Please no more no *aaaahhhh!!*” The prod did its work on her tender nipples. Kimberly felt like her body was being ripped apart, and she strained with all her might against the straps that held her firmly to the table.

Tortura worked the prod all around both her breasts, paying particular attention to her nipples. Finally, Tortura placed the prod on Kimberly’s clitoris. “Oh, my God, no,” whimpered the miserable girl, feeling the cold prod on her most sensitive area.

“Prepare for intense pain, my dear,” taunted Tortura, and he pressed the button that sent waves of pure agony through Kimberly. She strained mightily at the bonds holding her firmly, with pitiful screams of misery pouring from her open mouth. Lord Zedd roared with laughter at her suffering and she mercifully fainted away from the pain.

Cold water was thrown on Kimberly’s face and she awoke with a start. She could feel that her bondage had changed slightly—her arms were no longer bound over her head, but were now strapped tightly at her sides, and that a strap was over each of her hands, holding them flat. As soon as she was fully awake, the pain from the day’s torture came rushing back, and she began to moan and gasp. The sight of this lovely girl, the Pink Ranger who had caused him such trouble, suffering so much was pleasing to Lord Zedd.

“I am being well revenged on the Pink Ranger,” he thought. “I can hardly wait to see what Tortura has planned for her next!”

Tortura slid a small rolling table next to Kimberly’s head. “Look what’s next, my dear,” the monster said. Kimberly turned her head and saw a series of shiny, metal pins. Tortura lifted one and held it before the naked girl’s terrified eyes. He then grabbed Kimberly’s hand and held the ring finger of her right hand firmly. He began to slide the needle under her fingernail.

As soon as the needle entered the sensitive pad under her fingernail, Kimberly began to cry out in pain. “*Oh God oh no no aaahhh!!*” shrieked the helpless girl as Tortura finished sliding the needle under

her fingernail and performed the same task on her middle and index fingers on her right hand. Kimberly was wild with pain, screaming and begging for mercy as Lord Zedd drank in her voluptuous agony.

Tortura, finished with her right hand, rolled the table around to the other side. Kimberly saw that he was going to her other hand, and desperately, but vainly, tried to close her hands to escape or something, anything to avoid the pain. Tortura knew that the psychological torture he was inflicting by making her wait and dread the next torture was almost as effective as the actual physical pain itself. Soon, despite the screams which echoes off the walls of the torture chamber, Tortura has inserted needles into the same three fingers on Kimberly's left hand.

*"Please! No more no more! Aaaaahhhhh!! Aaeiii!! Oh God!! No no noooooo aaahhhhhh!"* Kimberly's cries of agony echoed off the walls of the torture chamber as the needles were slowly inserted. Then, Tortura went to the end of the table, where her feet were bound.

Kimberly looked, in horror, through her tears and saw Tortura stroking her lovely toes. "Oh, God, please no, you can't no please I'll do anything just please no more..." She wiggled her pretty toes, but Tortura grabbed the fourth toe on her left foot (the one next to the little toe). Kimberly gasped in horror as she felt the cold and clammy skin of the monster's hands holding her delicate bare foot. As soon as she felt the icy point of needle under the nail of her tender toe, terror overwhelmed her and she started begging, "Oh, God, please no, have mercy, please oh please have mercy..." Lord Zedd, hearing the girl's pitiful cries, waved Tortura to halt.

"God, you say?" mocked the Lord. "I am your God now! I control what happens to you! And I say, 'Continue the torture!'" he intoned, waving to Tortura to resume.

Kimberly shrieked, *"Nooooo!! Aaaahhh!"* as Tortura slowly and carefully pushed the needle under the toenail. *"Ohhhhh God no moore pleeeeeease nooooo I can't stand anymore aaahhh!! Aaaahhh!"* Kimberly sobbed violently, gasping for air between screams. Tortura then went to her shapely middle toe, and Kimberly's screams of pain resume as he began to slowly push a needle under that toe, and then to

the toe next to the big toe, then back to the little toe, and finally inserts the needle under her big toenail. Kimberly writhed and twisted, screaming in pain while the hideous creature held her delicate toes and slid the needle into the tender flesh under each toenail. *“Oh my God aaaahh!! Aaahh!! Please!! No more!! Noooooo!! Aaahhhhh!!”*

Lord Zedd, watching intently, laughed in evil joy at the girl’s misery. *“Hurt her more! More pain! She must suffer more!”* cried the monster.

Tortura smiled evilly and goes to Kimberly’s other lovely foot and inserted needles under all her toes. The insertion of the needles was exquisitely slow—Tortura managed to drag out Kimberly’s agony to an incredible level, keeping her almost at the limit of human endurance.

*“Oh God please I can’t stand aaahhh!! Aaaaahhh!! Pleeaaase!! Oh nooo!! I’ll do anything!! Just stop!! Oh God please stop no more no moooooaaahh!!”*

Kimberly’s agony overwhelmed her very being—she screamed and thrashed wildly, desperately throwing herself against the straps, twisting her feet and wiggling her toes, trying to get away. But there was no escape—the straps held her firmly, and Tortura’s strong hands and fingers held her luscious toes firmly in place for torture. Kimberly’s screams of agony and Lord Zedd’s laughter filled the room.

Finally, all the needles had been inserted. Kimberly lay strapped to the table, moaning and panting. Sweat dripped from her body, her hair was splayed all over her face. Her finger and toenails were burning fires of agony with the nails in them.

Tortura went to her hands, and clipped the needles that were sticking out of her fingernails into a metal contraption something like a clamp. The moving of the needles caused a wave of pain to shoot through her fingernails, and Kimberly moaned. Lord Zedd and Tortura hovered over the helpless girl.

“What now, Tortura?” inquired Zedd.

“You will see,” bowed Tortura.

Zedd stroked Kimberly’s face with his hands. “Ah, Pink Ranger, I am being splendidly revenged, don’t you think? Don’t you agree this is fine payback for all the trouble you’ve caused me?” taunted Zedd. Kimberly

looked up through her agony and was about to speak when the pain in her hands began to get extreme and she began to gasp and cry. “Ahh, *aaahh! What’s ... make it stop!! Oh God noooo aaaaahhhh stop please stop aaahhhh!*”

The metal clamps that held the needle were now burning hot, and so the needles had turned red hot and were burning her nailbeds. Kimberly was in agony, her head thrown back and screams emanating from her mouth. She twisted her hands, but that only twisted the needles under her fingernails. Tortura let her burn for a while, and then removed the clamps. Then he pulled the needles from her fingernails. Through the haze of pain, she could hear Tortura telling Zedd that he didn’t want to overly torture her nails yet, as he had more plans for them. Kimberly whimpered in complete misery at hearing this.

Kimberly lay panting and gasping on the table. She was beginning to think that the torture was over, if they would only remove the needles from under her toenails where they continued to send waves of pain through her entire body. Tortura went to her feet, which gave her hope, but instead he attached small electrodes to each of the needles which stuck out of her toes. Kimberly began to tremble in horror at what may lay in store for her. Tortura took two clips and approached her crotch. “No, oh God no you can’t oh no please no no no no I’ll do anything no please oh no don’t,” pleaded the miserable girl, but Tortura just smiled and clipped the electrodes to each wall of her virgin cunt. Her cunt was already sore from where she had been whipped previously, and each clip hurt as it was attached. Tortura fastened the other end of the clips to a machine, turned it on, and Kimberly was filled with terror as she heard it hum.

“Wait!” commanded Zedd. “I want her friends to see this!” So saying, he waved his staff, and the image of the other Power Rangers, at the command center, filled the room.

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At the command center, the other Rangers were busy trying to locate Kimberly when her image was displayed in the viewing globe. “Look!” cried Trini. The Rangers were all able to see Kimberly and the state she

was in. They were horrified as Zedd filled the image.

“Watch well, Rangers! Watch well!! Look, Pink Ranger, there are your friends!!” He pointed to the image and Kimberly finally saw them and began to shriek at them.

“Oh, God, Tommy, Jason... please!! You’ve got to save me! Please save me... don’t let them do this to me anymore, I can’t stand it! Please guys, you’ve got to save me, you’ve got to save me, don’t leave me here don’t let them hurt me anymore... *aaaaahhhh!*” The switch was thrown and electricity coursed through Kimberly’s body, her toes and her cunt. She shrieked in agony, her head flopped from side to side, and Zedd began to laugh uproariously.

The Rangers watched in horror as Kimberly’s naked body writhed in pain. Tommy tried to rush the image but of course, to no avail. Then Kimberly sank back onto the table as the shocks ended. “Please...” she gasped. “Help me, please, for the love of God help me don’t let them hurt me anymore don’t leave me help me please *aaaahhh! Aaaahh!! Aaaahhh!!*” The electro-torture had begun again. Tortura was modulating the shocks so that each toe took turns getting shocked. Her body flailed wildly at her bonds. Her pitiful screams of agony cut through all the Rangers like a knife. Her supple toes wiggled as the shocks went through them.

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“Good-bye, Rangers!” laughed Zedd. “See you soon!” The image faded, but Kimberly’s torture continued unabated, as the searing, tearing agony coursed through her cunt and abused toes. Her pretty head whipped from side to side as she screamed and shrieked in pain. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity to the suffering girl, the pain overwhelmed her and she fainted. Tortura decided that she had had enough and needed to recover, so he removed the clips and the needles and sent her back to her cage to recover for the night.

Kimberly was thrown into her cage, and locked in. She was fed and watered, and then left alone. Misery overwhelmed her and she began to cry, great weeping sobs. “Why is this happening?” she thought, “Why why why?” The pain from her ordeal continued to remind her of her fate

as the poor girl cried pitifully until exhaustion overtook her and she finally fell asleep.

## Chapter 5: More Pain for Pink

Tommy had to be held back from tearing the command center apart.

“We’ve got to do something!” he cried. “Don’t you know where she is yet?”

“No, Tommy, we don’t,” intoned Zordon. “You have got to remain calm. Part of Zedd’s plan is to cause dissent and fear among you Rangers. You must remain in control!”

“Control?” screamed Trini. “Control? Did you see her? *Did you see what was happening to her? How can you talk that way? We’ve got to do something!!*”

“Calm down,” said Jason, trying to control his own raging emotions. “We can’t help Kimberly this way. If we all stick together, we’ll be able to save her.”

Jason’s words were logical, and a sense of calm settled over the room and Trini broke down into hysterical sobbing.

“Any luck tracking her down, Billy?” asked Jason hopefully.

“Negative,” said the Blue Ranger. “There seems to be no way to be able to ascertain her spatial coordinates.”

Tommy erupted at Billy’s verbosity. “Can’t you just speak *normally* for once in your life?” he screamed. He grabbed Billy and started to shake him. “*I’m so sick and tired...*” he trailed off.

“Oh, God, Billy, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it...”

“I know Tommy,” said Billy, reassuringly. “I’ll keep working.”

“Yeah,” piped Zack, who had been comforting Trini, “we’ll find her. And Lord Zedd will pay for this!”

“Zack is correct,” said Zordon. “We must remain firm and committed and strong. This is our greatest challenge yet, but I am certain you Rangers can overcome it.” Jason and Tommy both muttered their consent. They’d find her. And they’d have their revenge.

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Morning arrived, or what Kimberly assumed was morning. There were no windows in the room she was being kept in, and she was pretty

sure she wasn't even on Earth any more. She laid in her cage, the torture of the day before having faded to a dull ache over her body. The tips of her fingers and toes still hurt very badly, and her cunt, which had been shocked so badly, burned. The hope of being rescued was the only thing keeping her going. The other Rangers had seen her—she had to believe that Lord Zedd was so pleased with what was happening that he may have slipped up. Although Zordon and Alpha-5 had always had to spy on Zedd, never had he been so brazen as to broadcast his activities. They would be able to use that to find her, she knew it! But just then she realized they had seen her—Jason, Tommy, Zack, Billy, and Trini, all of them, had seen her naked and being tortured. She was overcome by a new spate of crying, tears flowing down her face not from pain or fear, but from shame.

It was in the middle of this last burst of tears that Zedd and two Putties entered the room. Kimberly struggled to get control of herself. “Ah, Pink Ranger, crying again? It pleases me to see you crying. I so enjoyed your tears last evening! I can't remember when I enjoyed any sound as much!” taunted Lord Zedd, and Kimberly groaned inwardly at the thought of the monster listening to and enjoying her crying. “Of course, there is another sound I enjoy more than your crying—and that's you screaming in pain! And now, I am going to enjoy that sound some more! Putties! To the torture chamber!” On command, the Putties opened Kimberly's cage, and despite her protests and struggles, grabbed her, and dragged her down the corridor to the dreaded torture chamber.

Lying strapped to a table, Kimberly looked on in fear as Tortura brought a soldering iron close to her face. “Here, Pink Ranger, feel this!” he said and touched the iron to her cheek. She let out a cry and turned her head away, but the iron was cold.

“Oh,” laughed the monster, “I guess I forgot to plug it in. Well, let's take care of that!” And so saying, he plugged the iron into a wall socket. He picked up the iron and held it near Kimberly's face. “Look at it, Pink Ranger, can't you feel it heating up? Soon, it will be doing its work on your body... soon you will feel the pain from this simple device! Very, very soon, my pretty, this device, which is oh so small, will be causing

you quite a great deal of pain. Can you imagine the pain you'll be feeling? Ha-ha-ha!"

Kimberly was awash in fear as the monster taunted her. She lay in her bonds, squirming, trembling, visibly trembling in terror as Tortura taunted her. "Think it's hot enough? Let's see!" said Tortura as he brought the iron near her breast. Kimberly could feel the heat approaching her flesh and began to beg. "No, don't do that, no no don't no noooooaaaaaah!! Aaahhhh!! Nooooo!! Oh God!!"

The pain of the burn was excruciating. Tortura moved the iron to her armpit, which was already wet with sweat, and burned her. Kimberly shrieked in agony as the iron worked its torture on her. The iron was small, so it left only the tiniest mark on Kimberly's body as it burned. This was deliberate on the part of Tortura—he wanted to preserve her beauty for a little while longer at least. "No, please no more I can't staaaaaaaaaahhhhhnd!! Aaahh!! Oh God oh Gooooaaaaaaaahhh!! Aaahhh!!" Tortura used the iron on her stomach, inside her belly button, on her breasts. He tweaked Kimberly's lovely brown nipple, and then placed the burning iron directly on it.

"Aaaahhh!! Nooooo!! Aaahhhh!!" Kimberly's screams were music to Lord Zedd's ears. The sight of this lovely naked girl squirming in agony filled him with joy. Kimberly shrieked and screamed and writhed and begged for mercy. Tortura went to Kimberly's beautiful legs and burned the inside of her thighs. Then he went to her bare foot. He began to stroke her lovely, naked foot. Kimberly twisted her foot and wiggled her toes, trying to keep her sensitive foot away from the monster. Tortura grabbed her foot and placed the iron right in the center of her tender sole. "Oooooooooohhhhhhhh noooo aaahhhh eeeeeiiii no mooore stoooooop!" the miserable girl screamed in pain, desperately trying to twist her foot away from the monster.

Tortura grabbed her foot and held it firmly so the toes were pointed towards him. He held her middle toe securely. He took the iron and placed it directly under the nail and held it there. Pain shot through Kimberly like she had never felt before. "Aaaahhhhhh!!" The most piteous and loud scream yet escaped her throat and she strained wildly

at the straps, thrashing her head, trying, desperately trying to move her toe away from the pain-giving iron, but still Tortura held the iron to her lovely toe. Kimberly's delicate toenail began to turn brown, and Kimberly's screams finally gave way to silence as, overwhelmed by suffering, she passed out.

Cold water splashed onto Kimberly's pretty face and she awoke slowly. As soon as she awoke, a Putty grabbed her head and held it firm with its steely grip. Tortura was standing over her and grabbed her cheeks with his left hand, holding her head firmly. He carefully squeezed the sides of her mouth until her mouth opened, and then he put his fingers over her jaw and held her mouth open. Kimberly hardly struggled—she was so weak she let the monster do what he wanted. “At least,” she thought, “he's not hurting me now.” Then Tortura lifted a shining instrument and held it before her eyes, and Kimberly began to squeal.

She struggled gamely to move her head or to close her mouth, but the Putty held her head firmly and Tortura's strong fingers held her mouth open. The dentist's drill which was in Tortura's hands whirred to life, and the sound sent a bolt of horror through every fiber of Kimberly's being. “Now, open wide!” taunted Tortura and, holding Kimberly's pretty mouth open, he inserted the drill into her mouth. Muffled pleas for mercy escaped the miserable girl's mouth, which turned to screams of the purest agony as the drill cut into one of her teeth.

Steam rose from the tooth that Tortura was drilling, and Kimberly screamed and screamed in pain. Tortura was, of course, a master, and he drilled with excruciating slowness into the girl's tooth. Kimberly's pain was beyond belief, she thought she may go insane, or that her throat would be ripped raw from the screams that came from it, until finally, Tortura had drilled through the enamel of her tooth and drilled directly into the nerve of the tooth. Kimberly's body was racked with an intense bolt of agony and she mercifully passed out.

Cold water brought Kimberly back to the living Hell she was now in. Her tooth throbbed intensely, and as she lay strapped to the table, she closed her eyes and rolled her head back and forth. “I can't stand

anymore,” she thought. She just wanted to die, “please God let me die,” anything to stop the horrible torture. She then felt Tortura playing around with her crotch. Kimberly opened her eyes and saw that the creature held a single wire in his hands. He inserted the wire deep into her urethra.

*“Oh my God,”* gasped Kimberly as she felt the wire invade of this most private of holes. Then her crotch exploded, as Tortura flipped a switch and electric shocks coursed through Kimberly’s most sensitive areas. Kimberly screamed and thrashed as this unexpected agony raced through her. But Tortura was far from done with Kimberly’s lovely crotch—when the shocks stopped, she saw that he held both the soldering iron and the electric prod in his hands. *“Oh please! No please I can’t stand anymore I’ll do anything just no more please no mo—Aaaahhh!! Aaaaahhh!! Oh God! Oh God aaaahhh oh no aaahhh!!”*

Tortura worked on Kimberly’s clitoris and the lips of her cunt with both the electric prod and the soldering iron, and since these areas had been tortured previously with the whip and electric shocks, they were even more sensitive to pain than usual. Each new abuse of Kimberly’s sensitive genitals caused shrieks of pain to emanate from the miserable girl’s throat and echo against the walls. And, of course, Lord Zedd was a happy observer to the torture scenes, always mixing his hideous laughter with Kimberly’s screams of pain and unanswered cries for mercy.

Kimberly lay on the table, panting and gasping. Sweat dripped down the entire length of her body. Her small but shapely breasts heaved as she sucked in all the air she could get. In the haze of agony that was her very being, now, she heard Tortura called her name.

“Pink Ranger,” he intoned. “See what I’ve got for you now.”

She turned to look at the monster, and she gasped in horror and began to pull wildly at her bonds. Tortura was standing before her, and had removed the “clothing” that had covered the monster’s crotch. A huge, bluish penis jutted from there. It was gigantic, a hideous permutation of what Tortura knew a male organ to be. Kimberly thrashed and struggled like a wild woman, for she knew what was in store for her. She was a

virgin, of course, but she knew about the “facts of life.” She was starting to think that Tommy, or maybe Jason, would be her first. Not this monster. But even more terrifying than the thought of being violated by the monster was the size of the creature’s member. Kimberly was sure she wasn’t going to be able to stand it, it couldn’t possibly be able to fit inside her, and besides, Tortura has spent much of the past few days torturing her genitals, they were aflame with agony as is, so she could only shudder at the thought of what they would feel like with the monster’s member inside her.

Tortura approached her, and in the background she could see that Lord Zedd was watching, and savoring, every second. “No, please no no no you can’t no please no no...” whimpered Kimberly as the monster mounted her naked, bound body. Soon its face was right in front of hers, and he lay on top of her. “No, you can’t no no please please God have mercy no please no oh God oh God oh God... oh nooooo! *Oooh! Oohhhhh!!*” She felt the tip of his cock push at the lips of her punished cunt. Pain shot through her as the burns and shocks were rubbed by the tip of his cock. Then, with one mighty shove, Tortura rammed the giant cock into Kimberly’s cunt, tearing through the hymen, and began to pump back and forth. Kimberly put her head back and screamed a scream of such pure pain and terror that Lord Zedd thought he might die from pleasure.

Kimberly’s cunt was so punished that the pumping of Tortura cock inside her caused waves of unmentionable agony to shoot through her entire body. Combine the pain with the mental anguish Kimberly felt and you have a most exquisite torture. Tortura pumped and pumped and pumped and Kimberly screamed and screamed and screamed. She felt like his cock was tearing her apart, that he was splitting her wide open and tearing her limb from limb. There was nothing else in her life but the giant, hideous cock rubbing inside her tortured cunt and the agonizing, relentless pain.

Lord Zedd leaned in close to the suffering girl’s face and began to laugh and taunt her. “Suffer, Pink Ranger! Feel the pain! Ah, ha ha ha ha!” Zedd’s monstrous laughter continued, mixing with Kimberly’s

screams that continued to ring off the walls of the torture chamber as Tortura continued to pump inside her. Tortura, of course, could not ejaculate (the rape was simply something he felt would be an effective torture, and it was), so he simply continued to pump inside her until he felt she had reached the limit of her pain endurance. And when that happened, he removed himself from her cunt. Kimberly's screams stopped and she collapsed back on the table.

Through her tears and the pain, she heard Tortura say "Turn her over." She could feel herself being held down and turned over, so she was bound face down, with her smooth, perfectly shaped ass sticking up. Tortura went before Kimberly's tear streaked face. He held the dreaded electric prod in his hand. Kimberly whimpered at the sight of the prod.

"Remember this?" taunted Tortura. "Where can I use it now? Where, oh where?" he continued, standing up and walking towards Kimberly's ass. She couldn't see where he was going, but she gasped in terror as she felt him fondle her ass. Then, to her complete horror, she felt the probe enter her asshole.

Tortura slid the prod as deep into Kimberly's anus as it would go. "Ready, my dear?" he laughed.

"No, don't!" cried Kimberly. "Please don't oh pleaaaaaaiieeeehehh!!  
Aaaahhh!! Aaaahhh!! Aaaeeeiii!!"

The pain of the electric shock coursing through Kimberly's tender anus was as intense as anything she had yet endured. Tortura kept it up for a long time, until Kimberly was on the verge of passing out. Then the shock suddenly stopped. Kimberly lay face down, praying that it was finally over, when she felt Tortura on her back. She could feel his giant cock rubbing against her anus, and she went wild. She struggled and screamed and thrashed and begged. But she felt the monster's hands grip her buttocks, and with a mighty push the tip of his cock entered her ass. Kimberly's eyes bugged open as her asshole stretched to receive the end of Tortura's cock. The pain was so great that it took Kimberly by surprise and she didn't even scream, just gasp. "Oh, God! Oh God! No no!! No! No! Oh Noooo!! Aaahh!! Aaiiee!! Ahhh! Pleeease no no

*don't aaahhhhh!!"*

She couldn't believe that her narrow anus would be able to fit the creature's cock, it just couldn't fit! Tortura slowly pushed his giant cock inside Kimberly's ass as Zedd roared with laughter. Each inch the creature's member entered into the lovely girl's ass increase Kimberly's pain to a level she didn't think possible. "It can't fit," thought Kimberly through her terror. It was going to tear her apart, she would split open! He pushed and pushed until he was finally fully inside her. She struggled desperately, trying to expel the monstrous cock from her ass, but to no avail. Then he started to pump and pump and pump.

Kimberly's screams of agony and terror were truly pitiful to behold—she twisted and writhed and drooled and screamed and begged and cried... her life had become pain and humiliation and terror—there was nothing else but the horrible feeling of the cock in her ass, the humiliation, the horrible sound of Zedd's joyous laughter, and the intense, searing, unbearable pain... She prayed for death, anything *anything* but what was happening to her now! Finally, mercifully, after what seemed an eternity to the helpless suffering girl, pure pain overwhelmed her senses and she passed out. Tortura decided she had had enough for the day, and she was sent back to her cage.

## Chapter 6: Can She Stand Any More?

Back at the command center, Billy and Alpha-5 continue to scan computer readouts hoping to find Kimberly's position. Meanwhile, the other Rangers paced the floors. Jason walked over to Billy. "Any luck?"

"Negative," the Blue Ranger responded. "Despite our hopes that Zedd's last transmission would have given us an opening with which to divine his coordinates, we have met with unmitigated failure thus far. But we have some more ideas, and we'll continue."

Trini spent most of the past days crying, but now she was under control. "Zordon, can you show us how she is? Can you show us what's happening to her now?"

The large face of Zordon looked down on the Rangers. "It is best if you don't know. Zedd is looking for Kimberly's fate to dishearten and break up the Rangers. We must continue our efforts to find her and rescue her..."

"No," interrupted Tommy. "We need to know."

The other Rangers agreed. "But it is horrible, even more horrible than before."

"We need to know," said Zack, and the other nodded their agreement.

"Then look into the viewing globe, but be prepared for what you see," intoned Zordon.

They looked in the globe, but only for a second, because that was all they could stand. The scene displayed was Kimberly being fucked by Tortura. Kimberly was screaming in pain, and Lord Zedd was leaning close to the girl's face and was laughing and taunting her.

"*Stop it!*" screamed Trini and the image faded, and Trini collapsed into great, wailing tears. "Oh, God, Kimberly..." Trini cried. The others were just silent as the image confirmed their worst fears, and they wondered, in horror, what could possibly happen next to their poor beautiful friend...

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Consumed in agony, Kimberly lay in her cage waiting for the

inevitable entry of the Putties to take her back for more torturing. She was certain she couldn't stand any more, and wasn't sure her friends would be able to get to her in time. Her plan was simple—she would give up. Lord Zedd obviously wanted her to stop being a Ranger, and wanted to stop the others from being Rangers as well. And she'd give it to him. Willingly.

Suddenly, as she lay in the cage, the commotion started and the Putties entered the room. The door to her cage was flung open, and two Putties grabbed her by the arms. Before her she saw Lord Zedd, in all his infamous glory. With a mighty effort, she tore free from the Putties and threw herself at the Lord's feet. The Putties went to grab her but Zedd waved them off, and listened to what the miserable girl was saying.

"Please, Lord Zedd, please, I can't take anymore, please I'll do anything, please no more, I'll do anything please please please I'll give up being a Ranger I swear I will please no more no more..." whimpered the battered girl. All resistance was gone, she felt she couldn't stand another session of torture.

Lord Zedd lifted her head to face him. "You'll give up being a Ranger?" he asked. "And you'll convince the other to give up as well?"

"Yes!" cried Kimberly, hope swelling up inside her. "I will! I swear I will!"

"Very well, then, Pink Ranger," said Zedd. "Perhaps I have achieved my purpose here. Putties! Follow me!"

Kimberly's face lit up with hope as the Putties grabbed Kimberly. They followed Zedd down the now familiar corridor and Kimberly began to tremble. Soon, the door to the torture chamber was in sight, and Kimberly's knees buckled at the sight of it. But they walked right past it! Kimberly had never felt such joy in her life! She almost choked with pleasure, it was going to work! It was going to work!

He was going to let her go! Tears of joy filled her eyes, and they finally came to a door she hadn't seen before. Probably the way out, she thought. Zedd opened the door and, with a flourish, bade her enter. The Putties dragged her inside, and as she entered the room she threw back

her head and screamed.

Before her stood Tortura and the torture chamber. Zedd had simply brought her to another door to the same horrible room. Kimberly looked to Zedd, who was savoring her misery.

“*Noo!!* Please, Zedd, just kill me. You’ve always wanted to kill us, so just kill me, kill me, for God’s sake, just kill me and be done with it!” cried the terror stricken girl.

Zedd walked over to her and grabbed her by the hair and put his face close to hers. His words filled her with dread as he said, “Kill you? My dear Pink Ranger, my pretty Kimberly, before now that’s what I wanted more than anything, to see you dead. But now I feel decidedly different. Right now there’s nothing I want more than for you to be alive—alive so that you can suffer and feel the pain that we’ve planned for you. Ha ha ha ha ha!” Tortura approached her with a syringe.

“No, no, no…” struggled Kimberly, unable to twist free of the Putties, as the needle entered her arm. She moaned softly as Tortura pumped the liquid into her. It burned slightly.

The Putties dragged Kimberly over to a table and began securing her to the table with straps, and as they did, Tortura turned to Zedd and explained, “That was a stimulant. Today we begin tortures that are far more painful than what we’ve done previously, I want to make sure that she stays awake long enough to fully appreciate them.”

“So, it will increase the intensity of her suffering?” gloated Zedd. “Excellent!”

“Of course,” continued Tortura, “it will not keep her awake constantly. I figure we will many times reach a level of pain which will cause her to pass out. But the stimulant should allow her to withstand significantly more pain than without it, and will minimize the chance that she will go into shock. This is especially important since today we begin serious mutilations.”

Bound to the table, Kimberly looked around in terror. Next to her was a brazier filled with red hot coals. She could feel the heat emanate from the brazier. Tortura lifted a poker from the coals and brought it near Kimberly’s face. Her eyes went wide with terror. Tortura slowly brings

the iron closer to Kimberly's armpit. "Oh, God, no no no please no you can't no no *aaahhh!! Aaeiii!! Aaahhh!! No moooore!! Aaahhhh!*" The iron sizzled as it burned Kimberly's delicate armpit. Tortura removed the iron—it left a charred burn mark where it had been. He walked to her other armpit, but stopped at her forearm and put the burning iron on Kimberly's forearm. "*Aaahhh!! Aaaiieehh!!*" Shrieks of pain were torn from the helpless girls' throat. The burning iron was brought near her tender thighs. "*Oh God no more no mooooo... aaahhh!! Aaahhh!! Noo!! Stooooop!! Aaeiii!! Aahhh!!*" Kimberly was burned several times on her thighs, on her side, her arms, her stomach... Kimberly screamed and screamed and screamed in agony as Tortura continued to burn her flesh. Tortura then grabbed Kimberly's left breast and squeezed it, causing the nipple to stand out. Kimberly's screams ceased and she looked in horror at her sensitive breast being squeezed in the monster's hand. Tortura brought the iron close to her nipple. Kimberly could feel the heat approaching her nipple and began to whimper. "Oh, God no I'll do anything please no please no more please God mercy no no no no more please don't hurt me anymore please I can't stand it *pleeeeeaaaaahhh!*" Tortura placed the sizzling iron on the tip of her nipple, and Kimberly's body arched in agony as her screams resumed. He then leaned over to the other breast, and despite the girl's pitiful pleas for mercy, burned the tip of her other tender nipple the same way. "*Aaaahhh!! Aaeiii!!*" Kimberly thrashed in her bonds as the screams of agony poured from her throat. "*Aaaahhh!! Aaahhh!! No no no no no more no more no stop please stop no mo—aaaahhh! Aaaaahhhhh!!*" Kimberly's screams of agony were music to Zedd's ears.

Tortura put the iron down, and Kimberly stopped twisting and screaming and lay panting in her bonds. Sweat dripped down her entire body, her throat was parched from screaming. She couldn't believe that she hadn't passed out yet, since the pain seemed even more excruciating than before. Of course, it was the stimulant doing its work on her. Tortura rolled a table next to her bare stomach. On the table were some scalpels and some different types of pliers. Turning to Goldar, who had

been watching the torture, he commanded, “Hold her head—make her watch!” The winged monkey nodded and strolled to Kimberly’s pretty head. He grabbed it in his strong hands and lifted it so that she had a clear view of her smooth, firm stomach.

Tortura lifted the scalpel and held it lovingly before Kimberly’s terrified eyes. “Oh, my God...” whimpered the terrified girl, “What are you going to do? Please don’t hurt me anymore, I’ll tell you anything you want I’ll do anything please please I can’t stand anymore plea...” Her voice trailed off into great sobs.

Zedd approached the miserable girl. “But, my dear, we won’t need to know anything!” taunted the horrible creature. “All we want from you is for you to suffer. And I think Tortura is going to make sure that happens! Ha-ha-ha-ha!”

With Zedd’s horrible laughter filling her ears, Kimberly moaned, closed her eyes, and tried to turn her head away, but Goldar held her head firmly and screamed in her ear, “*Watch, Pink Ranger! Ha-ha-ha!!*”

Her eyes popped open and she saw Tortura holding the scalpel near her stomach. “*No!! No!! Oh God no!! Don’t!! Please no no no noooooo!! Aaaahhh!! Aaaiiiee!!*”

Tortura carefully made a pair of parallel cuts about an inch apart, delicately slicing through all the layers of Kimberly’s skin. Kimberly’s shrieked in agony as he cut. He then connected one end of the cuts with another slice. He then used the scalpel to loosen the very end of the cut so he could grab the skin with a pair of pliers. He waited until Kimberly’s screams died down to pitiful whimpers. He then chanted, “Kimberly! Look down here!” Goldar held her head so she couldn’t turn away, and she looked with horror filled eyes at Tortura, holding the end of the flap of skin with the pliers.

“*Oh God No!!*” cried Kimberly, and then pain the likes of which she couldn’t believe possible tore through her stomach, for Tortura began to pull, and pulled the flap of skin off with quick jerks. Kimberly screamed and screamed and screamed. Once Tortura had removed the skin, he covered the exposed flesh with a painful, but effective, antiseptic to

prevent too much infection. Then he let Kimberly rest for a few moments, to regain some of her strength for the next ordeal.

Tortura took a pair of pliers and the soldering iron and went to the end of the table, where Kimberly's pretty feet were bound and helpless, ready for whatever torture was prepared for them. Tortura began to stroke her feet and play with her toes. Kimberly began to twitch her feet and wiggle her toes, trying to move them away from Tortura's hands. Tortura grabbed her left foot and held it firmly. Kimberly began to gasp, breaths coming in short bursts as she tried to brace herself for whatever horror was to come. Tortura took the pliers, push them against the end of the little toe on her left foot and firmly grabbed the tiny nail. Kimberly could feel the cold steel on the end of her toe and began to whimper, "Oh, God, oh God no God no please... aaahh! *Aaahhh! Oh Gooooooodd!! Nooooo!! Aaaaeeeiii!!*"

Tortura had reached around and immobilized her lovely toe and then, with a quick jerk, wrenched the tiny toenail out. He held the toenail up and showed it to Kimberly who was screaming in pain. Holding the nail in front of the quivering girl's face, he taunted, "Now, for number two!" He went back to her left foot and went to the next toe. Kimberly's pitiful attempts to wiggle her toe away from the pliers were humorous to Tortura and Zedd, and this time, instead of wrenching the nail out, Tortura pulled with exquisite slowness until the nail was removed. Kimberly's agony was unbelievable, she screamed and screamed. Tortura then removed the next two toenails on her left foot in much the same fashion, grabbing them with the pliers and slowly, exquisitely slowly, pulling them out.

*"Oh God no no aaahhh!! Aaahhh!! Pleeaaasse no more no more aaahhh!"* Kimberly's couldn't believe the pain she was feeling. Her screams and pleas were more pathetic then ever. She thought several times during her suffering that she must surely faint, she surely couldn't physically stand the agony, but the stimulant that Tortura had given her was keeping her awake, and ready for pain.

Tortura then took the soldering iron, and slowly used it to burn the exposed beds where Kimberly's toenails used to be. Besides causing

excruciating agony to the miserable girl, it also stanchied the flow of blood.

Now all that was left on her left foot was the big toe nail. Tortura took a metal nail file, like the one Kimberly used to use to file her nails, and, laying it flat, began to slide it under her big toenail. Kimberly began to shriek and scream hideously as the pain shot through her nubile young body. Once the file had started to make its way under her toenail, Tortura took a small hammer and began to slowly tap the end of the file, continuing to drive it under the nail. Kimberly had been shrieking and twisting in pain up until now, but when Tortura started driving the file deep under her toenail, Kimberly really began to go out of her mind. Words could not describe the agony she was feeling, nor the pitiful screams that came from her ravaged throat. Once the file was deep under the nail, Tortura grabbed her toe, and pushed down on the file, until Kimberly's toenail began to pop up out of its socket. Kimberly's screams increased and were so loud it almost seemed the room was shaking from them. Once the nail was popped up a little, Tortura grabbed it with the pliers and jerked it out. The pain so overwhelmed Kimberly that she gasped, her screams captured in her throat and then, despite the stimulant, passed out in a dead faint.

Cold water and smelling salts bring Kimberly back to life. "I'm glad you're back, Pink Ranger," taunted Lord Zedd as he stood over her bound naked body. "We've got so much more planned for you, and I'd hate for you to miss it!"

Kimberly's voice was raspy, the pain overwhelming her very being. "Please no more, Zedd, please I'll do anything no more no more kill me just let me die no more please no more... *oh God!*" Kimberly felt Tortura fondling her right foot.

She desperately struggled, twisting her foot and wiggling her toes in an almost comical attempt to escape. To add to the monsters's mirth, Tortura pretended to not be able to grab her foot, which made Zedd roar with laughter. But then Tortura grabbed her bare foot, and Kimberly began to cry and whimper, for she knew what was next. She screamed and screamed as the monster removed her toenails. Each of her smaller

toes were immobilized, and the monster grabbed the tiny nails and slowly pulled them out. Kimberly's screams were beyond words—she truly thought she was going to go insane with agony. But Tortura had a few new tricks for the helpless girl. After removing the toenail from the fourth toe, the one next to the little toe, he grabbed her lovely toe with the pliers and began to squeeze and twist. Waves of pain were sent through Kimberly's entire body as she heard a tiny crack when he broke the toe. The removal of the toenail from the middle toe, pulled out of its socket with excruciating slowness, followed immediately. Kimberly continued to scream, begging for mercy, pleading for them to stop the torture. Then the next toenail was pulled from Kimberly's lovely supple toe. For the big toe on her right foot, Tortura once again drove the nail file under the toenail. Kimberly's screamed and screamed and screamed as he tapped the file under the delicate toenail. But this time, he pushed down on the file and continued to do so until the nail completely popped out of its socket. Then he immediately burned the exposed beds, where delicate, lovely toenails used to sit, with the soldering iron. Kimberly had virtually screamed herself hoarse. She screamed and screamed and screamed and screamed and screamed. Never had she ever felt such pain in her life. And the stimulant, doing its hideous work, kept her awake and attentive during her entire ordeal. Zedd was in ecstasy as he watched the Ranger suffer.

Kimberly was allowed to rest again, for a short while, to recover her strength, while Tortura prepared the next ordeal. While Kimberly was writhing and moaning and whimpering, Tortura went to her hands and strapped them securely to the table. Then he called to Goldar to hold her head so she can watch what he's going to do to her hands. He sat at her left hand, and Goldar held her head in that direction. Kimberly, miserable and unable to resist, watched helplessly as Tortura approaches her hand. He grabbed the little finger on her left hand, took the pliers, and slowly removed the fingernail. Kimberly's shrieks of pain started anew. He then took the scalpel and sliced through the layers of skin at the base of the finger, and slowly peeled the skin off. Kimberly's screams of pain were incredible—in a sense, Zedd was amazed that the

girl could still scream that loudly. But the pain was overwhelming everything else in Kimberly's being, she was literally consumed in agony. Tortura then took a knife and began to scrape away the flesh from her finger. Kimberly couldn't believe the agony as he took the knife to the exposed flesh. Finally, as the bone of her finger began to show through, Tortura took a large clipper and snipped off her finger near the knuckle. Quickly, he took a red hot poker and burned the exposed segment, cauterizing the wound to prevent the loss of too much blood. Kimberly, being kept awake by the stimulant, screamed herself hoarse, and then finally the pain and shock overtook even the stimulant's power and she passed out.

Once again, she was revived with cold water, and she lay in her bonds, shaking in agony, whimpering pitiful pleas for mercy. Lord Zedd was, as always, watching the proceedings with the keenest of interests, laughed with glee as Kimberly's suffering hit new heights. He decided it was time to share his joy with others.

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The command center was full of activity. Billy and Alpha-5 continued to scan print-outs trying to locate Kimberly, and the other Rangers paced the floor, feeling totally helpless. Then Trini, who had been sitting in a chair trembling, pointed a finger at the side wall. "Look!" she cried, and the Rangers looked and once again, Kimberly's image filled the viewing globe. The sight of her ravaged body shocked all the Rangers into silence, and then the awesome figure of Lord Zedd filled the globe.

"So, Rangers, look on in horror at your fallen compatriot! The Pink Ranger has been abused and tortured beyond anything you pitiful mortals may have ever envisioned! I am being well revenged! But this is not the end! Oh, no! So long as you remain Power Rangers, each of you will suffer a similar fate. Let's watch and listen and Tortura works on your delicate friend!"

With that, Tortura went to Kimberly's right hand and began the slow process of removing the pinkie on that hand. The same hideous routine was used on this hand that was used on the left hand—Kimberly's

fingernail was pulled out, the skin removed, and the flesh hacked away until finally Kimberly's finger was snipped off and the open wound cauterized with a sizzling iron. As soon as Kimberly felt Tortura's strong hands grip her finger, she began to go crazy. *"No! No! Pleeeaaase!! Oh God oh God oh God aaaahhh!! I'll do anything!! Aaaahh!! No no no please God no please kill me kill me no no aaahhh!! Aaaahhh!!"*

The Rangers were unable to turn away from the horrible sight of their friend being mutilated before them. As the torture was progressing, Zedd filled the image again. He motioned to Goldar to cover Kimberly's mouth, to muffle her screams of agony so that he could speak to the Rangers. "How do you like that? Wouldn't you like to feel Tortura work his magic on your bodies? Trini, wouldn't you like to replace Kimberly on the table? And you boys—look how Tortura treats the lovely Kimberly's fingers. Imagine what he's do to your penises and balls, eh? Ha-ha-ha-ha!! Yes, he'd remove them very, very slowly! Can you imagine the agony as you are slowly castrated? If you remain Power Rangers, all this will happen! Look well upon the fate of the Pink Ranger—it is up to *you* as to whether you suffer the same fate!!" And with that, his image faded.

The Rangers stood silently in the command center. The sight of Kimberly's torture and the threats that Zedd made to them had stunned them into shocked silence. Zordon tried to speak. "Rangers, you must be strong. Together we can defeat Zedd."

Jason tried to speak, but couldn't think of what to say. The remaining Rangers looked at each other, as Billy silently puts down the computer printout he had been holding.

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Meanwhile, back in the torture chamber, Kimberly had passed out when the red hot iron burned the stump from where her finger had been amputated. Tortura decided that she had had enough for this session, and she was carried to her cage where she was allowed to rest. She was woken, and was relieved to see that she was in the cage and not in the torture chamber. She felt like her entire body was consumed with agony.

Her hands were aflame with pain, and her toes were so full of pain that standing or walking was impossible. After she was fed and watered, she was given a sedative, so that despite the agony that threatened to overwhelm her, she fell fast asleep.

## Chapter 7: The End is Near

Kimberly was awakened by the shaking of her cage. She looked up and saw Goldar and two Putties. She immediately curled herself up into the fetal position and began to whimper and tremble. She didn't have the strength to fight anymore, and her body still ached horribly from the torture. Her body still hurt where she had been burned, her hands ached where her thumbs had been removed, and the tips of her luscious toes, now bereft of the lovely toenails that used to be there, were aflame with pain. Goldar and the Putties grabbed her lovely naked body and dragged the whimpering girl down the hall to the torture chamber, where Tortura and Lord Zedd awaited their victim's entrance. They held her before Tortura and Zedd—she needed to be held since standing or walking was pretty much impossible considering the condition of her feet and toes—and Tortura took a hypodermic needle and gave her another injection. Today's injection was an even stronger stimulant than the one she had been given yesterday. "No more," whimpered Kimberly, her voice reduced to a low hoarse by the constant screaming. "Please no more no more please..." Her voice trailed off into sobs.

"No more?" roared Zedd, grabbing the sobbing girl by the hair. "But we've got so much more planned for you!! Ha-ha-ha-ha!!" With that, Tortura motioned to the Putties, and Kimberly was dragged to a table and securely strapped in.

Kimberly's eyes were filled with terror as she could see Tortura making arrangements. She couldn't see what he was doing, but every fiber of her being was filled with terror. She then heard a "whooshing" sound, and then Tortura turned around and Kimberly's eyes went wide with horror. Tortura stood before her with a lit blowtorch in his hand. "*Oh God!*" cried Kimberly, unable to even conceive what the torch would do to her delicate flesh. "*You can't! No no no no!! Oh God no aaaahhhh!!*" Tortura swiped the open flame against her armpit and the miserable girl screamed in agony. Tortura produce stripes of searing agony as he passed the flame over Kimberly's armpit, arms, and thighs. He then went to the screaming, writhing girl's bare feet. Grabbing her

right foot in his hand, he waved the torch over the top of her toes, burning them horribly. Kimberly's screams were indescribable—and when Tortura waved the flame over the top of the toes on her left foot, her screams of agony got even more pitiful. Tortura gave her a few moments to appreciate the pain, and then he grabbed Kimberly's naked foot and put the flame on her sole. Kimberly's agony exceeded anything she had felt before as the torch's flame burned the tender bare sole of her foot.

The flame was positioned on every delicate toe, every sensitive crevice of her naked foot—not a single inch of Kimberly's beautiful bare foot was neglected. The sole of the foot contains many pain receptors, and the burning had them all aflame. Kimberly's face was contorted, she almost didn't look human as she screamed and screamed and screamed in pure agony. Finally, what was once a lovely, shapely pink foot was now completely charred black, almost unrecognizable. Only the stimulant kept Kimberly awake and out of severe shock during the torture, since the pain she was feeling was far beyond what she could endure, and she was still screaming in agony from her foot when Tortura went to work on her other foot. This one he was a little slower with, to make her appreciate the torture even more. Each toe was slowly burned until it turned from its usual lovely pink color to a charred black. Then her heel was burned to black, and finally her instep and the rest of the sole of her foot. Kimberly thrashed and twisted, totally consumed with agony. There was nothing else in her life, it seemed, but pain, pain, and then more pain. Every time she thought there could not possibly be any more pain, that she had felt it all, there seemed to always be a higher peak of pain, a peak past which there could not possibly be any more pain, but then Kimberly would reach that point and yet there would still be more pain and more pain... Tortura and Lord Zedd stood back and admired Tortura's work. Kimberly's mutilation was proceeding nicely.

Kimberly was allowed to rest for a short while. Her screams died down to whimpers and gasps, and she lay on the table, moaning in misery. Her feet were two balls of pure agony, she almost couldn't think, but she snapped back to life when she felt Tortura's strong hands

grab her right hand.

”No!!” she shrieked as he held her hand firmly and grabbed hold of the fingernail on her ring finger. With a firm yank the nail was removed, and shrieks of pain tore from Kimberly’s throat. The nail of her middle finger was next, and after that he grabbed her middle finger with the pliers and twisted it back until the bone snapped and her finger was bending backwards towards the back of her hand. Kimberly’s screamed in agony, and her screams continued as Tortura removed the nails from her index finger and thumb. Examining the lovely girl’s mutilated hands, Tortura decided to torture her hands more, so with the pliers he broke the three remaining fingers on her hand. And then it was on to her left hand. Kimberly’s thrashing and screaming continued, and didn’t abate when Tortura removed the fingernails from the remaining fingers on her left hand. However, on this hand he took a pair of clippers and snipped off her fingers. Of course, Tortura made the amputations last a while—he snipped each finger at each joint, so it took two or three snips to completely remove each digit. Then he cauterized the stumps with a hot iron. Pain almost overwhelmed the effects of the stimulant being used on Kimberly, and she began to go faint. In order to prevent this, the torture was stopped, and Kimberly was given some water and allowed to rest for an hour or so. During this time, she was given another shot of the stimulant. She would need it for what Tortura had planned for her.

Kimberly lay panting on the table, still securely strapped in. Tortura approached her naked body, and she began to gasp and tremble. Her voice was a low rasp, reduced to this by the enormity of her pain. “Please... no more... no more... oh God please no more...” the pitiful girl whimpered. Her lip trembled and she shook with fear as Tortura began fondling her right breast, tweaking the delicate, brown nipple.

“Let’s rough things up a bit,” taunted Tortura and he took a piece of sandpaper and began to rub it on Kimberly’s nipple. At first, the pain wasn’t that bad, but shortly the rough paper scraping away at the exposed flesh of the nipple sent waves of pain through Kimberly. She began to thrash and moan, but Tortura continued to run and rub until her nipple was a mass of blood and exposed flesh. Putting down the

sandpaper, he picked up a scalpel, and before Kimberly's horrified eyes carefully cut a circle around the nipple, slicing through the layers of skin.

*"No!! Please!! No oh God oh God!!"* cried the terrified girl as Tortura sliced down from the nipple to the base of her breast, making six slices so that if one looked down on her breast the slices made it look like a pizza. Tortura sliced very carefully, only cutting through the layers of skin. He then, using a pair of pliers, grabbed a flap of skin next to the nipple. He began to pull, and as he pulled the skin, he carefully ran the scalpel where the skin met her flesh, delicately removing the skin. Words cannot describe Kimberly's pain as each of the six flaps were removed, skinning her breast, nor could words describe Lord Zedd's joy at this newest mutilation. Tortura then began the slow process of removing her breast.

Tortura worked with exquisite slowness—using the scalpel, he removed a chunk from Kimberly's breast and then would burn the exposed wound with a burning iron to minimize the flow of blood. Kimberly's agony truly surpassed anything imaginable—the pain had gotten so great she could no longer scream, her mouth was wide open in soundless agony, her beautiful face contorted. It took Tortura a long time, but finally, the breast was removed. Kimberly had almost gone insane, the pain had replaced everything else in her life, there was just pain and pain and more pain. And then Tortura went to her remaining breast. Once again, six slices are cut down the side of the shapely breast. But this time, Tortura works *up* from her torso to the nipple, removing the flaps of skin but leaving them attached at the nipple. Kimberly thrashed and squirmed and cried out—the agony had far exceeded her capacity to withstand the pain, and only the powerful stimulant kept her awake and alert. Once the flaps had been removed, Tortura grabbed them and pulled them up. With a tearing sound, and an almost inhuman shriek of pain from Kimberly, Tortura pulled off the flaps of skin and Kimberly's lovely nipple came with it. Immediately, Tortura took a handful of salt and rubbed it into the exposed flesh of her breast. Then he took a garden claw, and sank the teeth of the claw deep into

Kimberly's breast. Kimberly's cries of agony continued as he pulled up, ripping her breast apart and leaving only shreds of flesh where a lovely, firm young breast once stood. Kimberly was thrashing in agony, and Tortura once again took up the torch and used the flame to burn the remnants of Kimberly's breast to stop the bleeding.

Continuing to torture Kimberly, Tortura then went to her crotch. Finding her clitoris, Tortura brings the sizzling iron to play on the sensitive organ. After he had burned the delicate organ, causing more excruciating pain for the helpless writhing girl, Tortura takes a fishing hook, which has strong string attached to it, and carefully slides the hook through the clitoris. Kimberly's face was contorted beyond recognition as she twisted in hideous agony. Tortura held the thread up, causing the clitoris to stretch. Finally, Tortura gave it one strong jerk and the hook tore through the delicate organ. Kimberly's body was consumed with agony as blood began to spurt from her mutilated clitoris. Her agony was increased as Tortura cauterized the wound by burning her mutilated organ with a red hot poker, and then, Tortura spread the lips of her vulva and with one strong move, pushed the red, hot sizzling iron into Kimberly's cunt. Kimberly went stiff with agony and then, despite the stimulant, passed out.

Cold water brought Kimberly back to her senses. Lord Zedd was standing over her, laughing. "Welcome back, my dear," gloated the monster. "Look what's next for you! Ha-ha-ha!" Kimberly looked at Tortura and saw that once again, the monster's cock was protruding. But this time, Kimberly noticed that the cock was rough. Indeed, Tortura had changed his cock to have a surface much like sandpaper. Tortura mounted Kimberly's body, and as soon as the tip of the rough cock touched Kimberly's ravaged cunt, she began to scream in agony—well, scream is probably the wrong word. Kimberly's throat was torn raw from her screams, so just gasps of pure anguish came out of her throat. Tortura continued to pump away, each thrust mutilating Kimberly's already despoiled genitals. Blood came out with each thrust, and Lord Zedd was loving every second. Kimberly's head was twisting from side to side, but Tortura grabbed it and held it firm. While he was fucking

her, he began to snip away her right ear, piece by piece. By the time he had finished removing her ear, Kimberly's struggles were beginning to fade. She was beginning to fade, and since he had one more torture session left for her, Tortura quickly unmounted her and turned her over on her stomach.

On her back, Tortura rams the sizzling iron deep into her ass. By this time, Kimberly was almost gone, and the indescribable agony the burning sent through her caused her body to jerk. Tortura mounted her and forced his rough cock into her asshole. A cry of pain escaped her mouth, and Zedd grabbed her by the head and held his head close to her suffering face. "Do you have anything to say, Pink Ranger? Any special thoughts?"

Kimberly tried to speak, but the agony that was her entire life prevented any intelligible sound from escaping her lips. Tortura continued to fuck her ass, and the pain was too much for her to bear.

"Well," taunted Zedd, "since you have nothing more to say, let's make sure you have nothing more to say!" And with that, Tortura grabbed Kimberly's tongue and sliced a good chunk of it off. Now blood was gushing from her mouth, her cunt, and her ass. Zedd looked into the miserable girl's face and began to laugh. Laugh a horrible laughter of sadism and evil joy. With the laughter ringing in her ears, Kimberly's body gave a couple of convulsions and then was still.

Tortura stands up, and he and Zedd look over the ravaged body of the Pink Ranger. "She has gone into severe shock, my Lord. Soon she will die. We could try some more stimulant, although it may not work, and try to boil her in her own blood. That way we could try to squeeze the last bit of pain out of her."

"No," said Zedd, as his eyes were glued to the naked, mutilated girl who trembled slightly and moaned quietly. "My greatest triumph is yet to come! I have finally become victorious! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" And with that horrible proclamation, Zedd held up his hands, exalting over Kimberly's tortured frame, and the miserable girl went into convulsions, gave two or three jerks and then was still. Lord Zedd held up his hands and proclaimed, "Behold! The Pink Ranger is dead!"

Cries of “Hail, Lord Zedd!” rang from the hall, as his minions cheered on their leader in his moment of glory. Standing over the mutilated corpse of the girl who once was the Pink Ranger, Zedd drank in their praise, and felt ready to take on his rightful place as ruler of the universe!

## Chapter 8: The End of The Power Rangers?

“I think I may have something!” proclaimed Billy, as he and Alpha-5 surveyed the latest series of printouts. “At the least, it gives us a few places to look!”

“Way to go Billy!” exclaimed Tommy. And all the other Rangers shared his enthusiasm.

“Now we’ll get Kimberly and kick some butt!” cried out Zack, ready for battle.

“Let’s go now,” said Trini, “I can’t stand the thought of poor Kim being there another second.”

“You got it guys,” said Jason, and standing up straight, he said, “It’s morhpin’ time!”

But before the Rangers had a chance to activate their power coins, Lord Zedd’s voice filled the hall. “You are too late, Power Rangers! Behold! I give you The Pink Ranger! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!”

And with that, a flash of light filled the room and Kimberly’s body appeared. Besides the ravaged corpse, Zedd also sent all the body parts that had been removed from her, so her toenails, bones and bits of flesh from her fingers, her tongue, the pieces of her ear, and the flesh that was cut from her breasts were littered about and on her body. Kimberly’s pretty face was contorted in agony with her eyes wide open. Blood was all over her, in fact, even though there was no heart to pump it through her body, it continued to seep from her mouth and from several of her wounds. At the sight of Kimberly’s body, Trini collapsed onto the floor in tears, and began to whimper, and Billy threw up. There was no doubt what had happened to the poor girl.

Alpha-5 began to run around the room chanting “Ay-yi-yi-yi-yi, Kimberly’s been tortured to death! What are we going to do?”

And then Zedd’s voice filled the air and his image filled the viewing globe. “Here is your precious Pink Ranger! And if any of you tries to get in my way again, the same fate will be waiting for you! Our torture chamber seems so lonely now that the Pink Ranger is gone! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!” Silence filled the command center. Even Zordon didn’t know

what to say.

It took a long time for the other Rangers to stir. Jason stood up and tried to think straight. “What are we going to tell Kim’s parents? What will we tell anybody? My God, look at her! How can we get her buried? Zordon, what can we do?”

Zordon looked down at the crestfallen Rangers. “There is nothing we can do. We can clearly not let anybody see Kimberly’s body. We must destroy it, and then find a new Pink Ranger to fight Zedd.”

“A new Pink Ranger?!?” cried Trini, regaining her senses. “You just can’t *replace* Kim! And how are you going to prevent the same thing from happening to us? No, I can’t do it anymore!” and with that Trini threw down her power coin and communicator and ran from the center.

Zordon could sense that the same thoughts were going through the rest of the Ranger’s minds, and so he spoke.

“Go now, rest, and mourn the loss of our dear friend. Later, I will call you back, and if you no longer wish to wear the colors of the Power Rangers, I will understand, and we will transfer the power to others.”



Are the Power Rangers finished? Had Lord Zedd finally won? Or will they regroup and save the world? Stay tuned!