

# E—— G——

*Jake Baker*

The following story contains lots of sick stuff. You have been warned. (It's somewhat short, too.)

Responses to my last posts have been good. As long as people give me feedback (positive or negative), I'll post on a regular basis. As always, comments and criticisms welcome.

I cannot stress enough that I think if you like my stories, you should write some and post. (Heck, even if you don't.) There is a genuine dearth of stories being posted.

Without further ado...

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The following story start *in media res*. The premise is that my friend J—— and I have broken into the apartment of this girl, E—— G——, whom I know from class, and are proceeding to have a little fun with her. ("I" = the protagonist.)

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She's shaking with terror as J—— and I circle her. She's almost completely nude now—we've made her take off all her clothes except for her bra and panties. As J—— and I pass by her, we reach out and feel her velvety flesh, caress her breasts and ass through her underwear. J—— and I snap pictures of her tiny trembling body from all angles.

She says, in a little, terrified voice, "Why are you doing this... I've never hurt you... p-please stop!" I pause in front of her. J—— smiles at her terror. He laughs at her pitiful pleas. I say, "Shut the fuck up, stupid whore!" and hit the side of her head, hard. She collapses onto the ground, crying, curling up into a little ball.

"Alright. Let's have some fun!"

I yank her up by the hair and force her hands behind her back. I quickly get them restrained with duck tape. Her little body struggles

against me as she screams for help. J—— tears off her panties and shoves them into her delicious mouth, securing them with a tight strip of rope.

She's still struggling, screaming into the makeshift gag. I let her drop, to take pictures of her as she struggles against her bonds. As she's fighting there on the carpet, eyes wide with fear, J—— and I strip. J——'s got a hard on. I've got a hard on. We laugh.

I grab her bra and rip it off her. Holding her still for J——, he fondles her breasts, feeling up her entire body. As she moans into the gag, J—— comments on how soft she is. I slap her face several times, enjoying the smacking sounds my hand makes against her pink skin. Forcing her to her knees, I rub my cock into her face—over her cheeks and eyes and her nose. She turns her head, closing her eyes with the humiliation, so I shove my prick as far as it will go into her ear. Her inner cannals warm; I force it in harder, and my penis-head scrunches up to fit into the small hole, not quite making it. E—— groans into her gag.

Then, J—— and I tie her by her long brown hair to the ceiling fan, so that she's dangling in mid-air. Her feet don't touch the ground. She kicks, trying to hit me, J——, or the ground. The sight of her wiggling in mid-air, hands rudely taped behind her back, turns me on. J—— takes a big spiky hair-brush and start beating her small breasts with it, coloring them with nice red marks. She screams and struggles harder. I've separated her legs with a spreader-bar; now I stretch out her pussy-lips and super-glue them wide open. Then I take a heavy clamp, and tighten it over her clit. Once it's tight enough, I let go.

I stand back, to take pictures. She's really nice now: dangling by her hair (I can see where it's stretching her scalp), her breasts and belly are covered with bright red bruises. There's a heavy clamp stretching her cunt down. And best of all yet, her face is scrunched up in an agonized grimace. Drool and loud squeaks escape through her gag. She's so beautiful like this. Just to add to the picture, I take a steel-wire whisk and beat her ass with it, making bright red cuts that drip blood. E——'s tiny pink body is now covered in sweat; nice and shiny in the light.

J—— tells me her curling-iron's ready. J—— unplugs it and brings it

over. After taking her down and tying her hunched over a chair, J—— strokes the device against her bleeding ass cheeks. The heat from it gives her ass small burns. I smile and stoke my cock as she screams in pain and horror. She shakes her head and moans, “Nooo ... nooo” through the gag. I walk in front of her, and remove the gag. Before she can even breathe in, I ram my cock in her tiny mouth. Her lips squeeze against my shaft. The head of my prick finds its way down her lovely throat. That’s when J—— rams the hot curling iron into her tight asshole. She tries to scream, but I shove my cock down her throat, and all she manages to do is gag on it. Her throat’s quiverings tickle my cock, and I start humping her face furiously. The pain of the hot curling iron in her tender asshole sent her whole body into convulsions; her throat clenches against my cock. God! This feels so good.

Leaving the iron up her asshole, J—— reaches out and pulls one of her small tits away from her body. J—— takes his knife, and cuts her nipple off. She gags on my cock some more, and I pull out just in time to cum all over her pretty face.

As I spew loads of hot white cum onto her face, J—— continues to maul at her breasts. He pulls them as far as they’ll go away from her body, twisting them to cause even more pain. Now that she doesn’t have my cock down her throat, gagging her, E—— howls out loud. It’s not even a human sound. Her eyes glaze over from the pain and torture; a ball of my cum smacks into her left eye.

Spent, I go grab a beer and watch J—— finish off play. When he pulls the curling iron from E——’s asshole, her sensitive skin is all burned. He presses the head of his cock against the tortured opening. J——’s got a savagely big dick, and would have hurt this girl even if her ass hadn’t been burned. I cheer him on as he grunts and forces his way into her. E—— lets out a small scream, but is too weak at this point to make it really loud. She only makes fierce grunts as my friend’s cock tears apart the inside of her scorched asshole.

I time J—— at this. He has a good constitution. For ten minutes he buggers poor pretty E——. Then he finally cums inside her. Standing up, he walks around to see her face. Tears and sweat mixed with my

cum on her cute face. J—— grabs a handful of her hair and pulls her face up to look. Her eyes, barely human, beg him to stop. He laughs aloud and gives her a firm smack. Her head jerks sideways with a snap.

“C’mon, man, let’s go,” my friend says. So we get the gasoline and spread it all over E——’s apartment. We chuck it over her. It must burn like hell when it comes into contact with her open cuts, but I can’t tell. Her face is already a mask of pain, and her body quivers fiercely.

“Goodbye, E——,” I say, and light a match...