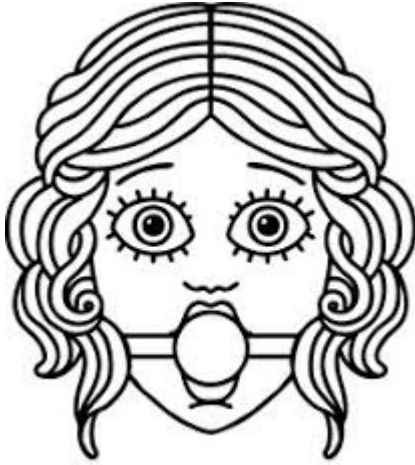


# Ten Hours of Stacy's Torment

Category: Text Stories

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*Synopsis: The sisters were captured and tortured without knowing the reason, until the very end of the torment.*

*(following story contains graphic n/c f torture, bondage, incest, sexual situations, et cetera; read at your own risk, and for God's sake remember this is Fiction)*

## By MrBondsKin

### Hour One

Stacy slowly opened her eyes, cautiously letting the light fill her senses, She was briefly stunned by the harsh light bulb above, and as she tried to lift her hand to shield her eyes, she felt leather restraints on either arm...and on either ankle.

The last thing Stacy remembered was sunbathing on the beach next to her sister, Kim, and then—blackness. No pain really, just total memory loss.

Now she strained to look down, and she noticed that she was still wearing the same skimpy two-piece that barely concealed her gorgeous 36-23-35 tanned frame. Stacy was laid out on a long wooden table, not on her familiar towel, and this room was as far from the sandy beach as one can imagine.

Blood-stained gray walls. Clinking chains dangling from the high ceiling. The smell of urine. Horizontal spikes lining the walls.

Stacy wanted to scream, but her mouth discovered a huge gag blocking the sound and cramping her jaw. She was thrashing around in bindings, not wanting to see anyone more; this was all beginning to look like someone's torture dungeon. She wanted out, she wanted to forget her dilemma—

Just as Stacy was becoming hysterical, she heard a door behind her crack open, followed by heavy footsteps; but her head was positioned in such a way that she couldn't see the originator of the sound.

"Thwack!" A tremendous whip fell across her chest and sliced into her pink bikini top. She couldn't see the whip or the one holding the whip, and all she knew for sure was the incredible pain.

"Thwack!" Again the whip came down, and this time it made a drive for her left nipple and caught it, sending more pain to the helpless Stacy. She muffled the word, "Why?" a couple times but the gag prevented any word from clearly leaving her lips.

A rough hand came down and shielded her eyes quickly. The mysterious hands soon followed this action by wrapping duct tape tightly over her panicked eyes. Stacy continued to muffle her words through the tight gag, shaking and quivering her luscious body at the same time.

Her unknown tormentor lowered a chain from the ceiling and attached a small hook to the lowest point of the chain. He squeezed her left nipple, feeling its hardness through the thin bikini fabric, and held the nipple firmly. Without warning he led the hook to her nipple and forced the metal through her bikini and her nipple.

Stacy's head was spinning, and her nipple screamed with pain. She was tossing her head left and right in agony and disbelief.

A second chain was lowered and another hook was connected to it. The tormentor roughly grabbed her right nipple and joined the hook with it, and the pink fabric, until the metal came through the other side.

Stacy's inhuman screams were constant, and yet the man did not seem bothered by her sounds in the least; he was in fact turned on by her response.

The tormentor adjusted his remote control and programmed the chains to slowly retract toward the ceiling. The moving chains naturally caused the hooks to move, and this doubled Stacy's torture. Now, the hooks were stretching her breasts upward, via the nipples. Stacy's chest was lifted off the wooden table, creating a seductive arc in her back.

Stacy could feel the tearing of her nipples as the weight of her body was resisting the lift. Suddenly, the hook through her left nipple cut entirely through as left side of her chest fell back against the table. The ripped nipple caused blood to splattered across her bikini top and her flat belly.

The tormentor examined her ruined nipple and decided the hook would have to find another home to hold her up. He lowered the chain again and replaced the bloodied hook with a thicker one. This time he squeezed the meat of her breast, sending the new metal about an inch under her nipple and rudely forced the sharp end through several inches of her firm breast meat.

With this latest intrusion, Stacy passed out. Her tormentor took notice but he proceeded with his plans, knowing that Stacy would likely pass out several times more this evening.

## **End of Part 1**

### **Hour 2**

Stacy's eyes were slowly opening again. When she was finally awake, she looked around, hoping that she would find the beach, the surf, and her sister just as it had been only hours ago. Unfortunately, her nightmare was real, and the beach was but a memory.

She took stock of her current situation. Still in the blood-soaked dungeon, she was hanging by the wrists, metal chains digging into her tender flesh. As she looked below, she noticed her toes were above the gray floor by several inches.

How long have I been hanging like this, she wondered. The aching in her wrists was awful, and breathing seemed more difficult in this position. Examining her size 36C breasts, she was reminded of her earlier torture: the hooks. The hooks had been removed, not carefully removed, but rather, ripped from her body.

The tears in both breasts left ugly traces of red, and her left breast—where a thicker hook had invaded—lost a small chunk of meat. Apparently, her unknown assailant had sewn the wound in order to stop the profuse bleeding; Stacy was grateful to have been unconscious for that needle work on her breast.

Lost in her own terror, she almost didn't hear the loud footsteps reenter the cell. Through the shadows and light, Stacy tried to get a look at the tormentor. Just as he came into focus, he yanked on her long brown hair, causing her neck to crane uncomfortably backward.

He took the bulk of her beautiful hair and held it tight, forming a virtual rope. He pulled her mane to a D-ring bolted into the wall and tied her hair roughly around the ring. He tested the knot with a few jerks and was satisfied that she was secured. The strain on her neck muscles was fantastic; Stacy was forced to stare at the ceiling. With this angle she could also see the lacerations in her wrists where the metal shackles had cut into her.

How much blood have I lost? Who is this mad man and why is he doing this to me? And what happened to my sister? Is Kim okay? Oh, God, why me?

Stacy heard the ominous sound of metal snapping on metal. She was beginning to panic again. Her gorgeous body was alive with fear and soaked in blood and sweat. She tried to move her head but it was impossible to look down very far.

Roughly he grabbed her jaw and forced open her mouth. With a pair of metal forceps the tormentor snapped on to her tongue. The clamping action of the forceps was instant and the desire to scream was muffled by the odd position her tongue was forced to take.

He let go of the forceps briefly and allowed the heavy clamp to weigh the tongue down; Stacy's throbbing tongue hung out the side of her mouth while the tormentor

continued his work. He held a long sewing needle next to her eye, just as a preview. Stacy started to thrash around again, but he held her firmly.

With the forceps, he extended the tongue and simultaneously pierced it with the enormous needle. The pain was blinding for Stacy, but not enough to make her pass out. He attached a thick ring, three times as thick as a normal wedding band, and slid the needle then the ring through her tongue. Finally, he clicked the piercing ring together and released the forceps.

Stacy wasn't allowed much time to register the new sensation in her sensitive tongue. The tormentor continued to work at his torture. Next he drew a chain from the opposite side wall, attached on one end to a D-ring, and attached the other end to her new tongue ring. There was virtually no slack in the chain. Her tongue was stretched to the limit forward and her head was stretched to the limit backward, leaving her mouth wide open, wanting to scream but quite unable.

As the coup de grace, the tormentor held a gallon jug up to Stacy's eyes. He held it long enough for her to read the scribbling on the label: "Male Sperm, One Gallon, Keep Refrigerated." He swished it around a little bit, then popped the top off.

Stacy wanted to die. Anything but that, don't make me drink that! Please, Oh. God , No!

She tried to beg but the words wouldn't form with her tongue stretched out so far. Slowly, he leaned the jug over her lips and poured the contents down her throat. Stacy couldn't close her mouth; she had no choice but to swallow as fast as it was forced down her throat. Swallow or drown.

The smell was making her sick. The salty taste was bearable in small quantities from her boyfriend's cock, but this was hell. Ounce after salty ounce, he poured his sperm jug down her throat, filling her stomach. Stacy was feeling the urge to throw up, but he just wouldn't let up. She had no idea how much a gallon really was until now.

Finally, she felt the last drops trickle down her throat. One Gallon, one whole gallon of cold sperm had made its way down her gullet. AT the thought of this, her stomach began to convulse and she knew she was about to vomit. Her tormentor suddenly

reached for the chain stretching her tongue and jerked on it, tearing her tongue and ripping out the new ring. Quickly, he took duct tape and sealed her agonized mouth.

Stacy passed out a second time.

## **End of Part 2**

### **Hour 3**

A splash of water mixed with vinegar alerted Stacy back to consciousness. When she woke this time, she found herself kneeling with her hands shackled behind her back and chained to the gray wall. Dried blood and dried sperm covered her lips, but most was washed away with the bucket of water and vinegar.

Her chained hands caused her body to lean slightly forward, forcing her 36C breasts to jut out seductively. Her torn nipples still throbbed and her sliced tongue felt no better.

Stacy meekly looked up and saw her captor approaching her tired body. He wore all black; black shoes, black tie, even a black shirt. His hair was slicked back and he resembled some kind of fictional FBI agent.

“Why are you doing this to me?” She asked, fighting her tongue’s sluggishness. He did not respond.

He rolled a metal cabinet toward. On the cabinet he had set a TV and VCR. He lowered a cassette and she read the scribbling: “KIM.”

Oh God, he grabbed my sister too! Oh, no ,tell me Kim isn’t going through this too.

After several seconds of static, the video revealed her beautiful sister in the center of a similar dungeon. Kim’s two-piece bikini had been cut off her body, as several nicks and cuts were left around her thighs and breasts. The bikini top had been duct-taped inside her mouth and the bikini bottom had been stuffed inside her cunt.

Kim was spread-eagled against a dingy wall, her hands and ankles held in place with chains. The tormentor appeared and he placed a narrow case in close-up to the camera. He opened the case and flashed a neat row of metal needles of varying

length. Some long, some short, some were straight and others barbed. Stacy looked at the video in disbelief; there could easily be a hundred or more needles in that case and they were destined for her sister's flesh.

He withdrew a four-inch needle and poked playfully at Kim's right breast, not penetrating the skin. He withdrew a handful of straight needles and suddenly without hesitation, plunged all of them at once into her right breast.

Kim thrashed around and her luscious breasts bounced in protest but he did not stop. Almost at a furious pace, he took four-inch and six-inch needles and thrust them deep into Kim's breast meat. Over the course of the next ten minutes he inserted no less than forty in each bleeding breast. The breasts were so crowded that several times Kim could feel one needle run into another needle already resting inside her tortured flesh.

The man in black moved down to her shaved pubic mound. He removed the stuffed bikini bottom and pulled on her pussy lips. Holding the inner lips pressed together, he began to insert the barbed needles, each one three inches long. Without mercy he entered one after another, side by side, ripping small precise holes in her sensitive pussy lips. There was minimal blood spilled but maximum pain for poor Kim.

Stacy watched in horror as the man scribbled something on a clipboard and brought it close-up to the camera. The clipboard read: "50 in pussy." Stacy shook her head and wanted to scream, as if it would somehow help her sister.

The tormentor returned to his victim and ripped the duct-tape gag out;

Kim let out a primal scream that had been building up for almost an hour. Apparently, the man in black had heard enough. He took a familiar pair of metal forceps and clamped down hard on Kim's tongue, holding it out over her lips. With another forceps, he clamped her upper lip, tongue and lower lip. The sight was rather ridiculous, but Stacy watched and feared what was next.

From the narrow case he brandished a six-inch long needle and without much ado, he skewered simultaneously her upper lip, her exposed tongue, and fully through her bottom lip. Blood splattered on Kim's lips, her nose and her throat. He attached

a silver ring to the needle's tip and sent it completely through, clicking the ring, and locking her new pierce job in place.

Kim instinctively tried to move her lips apart, but the ring held everything firmly.

Finally Stacy could watch no more. She closed her eyes from the TV and would not view the pictures, even as the audio indicated that Kim's torture session was still moving forward. The tormentor standing next to Stacy's bound body tried in vain to force her eyes open by slapping face.

After several minutes of this failed persuasion, he presented from his suit pocket the dreaded needle case. He selected a dozen double-edged two-inch needles. The man in black peeled up the membrane of her upper eyelid and inserted one sharp edge just inside the membrane and let the other edge rest on the skin below her eye. When the natural weight of her eyelid came down, small drops of blood fell into her eyeball. He applied the next eleven to both eyes in the same manner.

The biting pain was excruciating; even the slightest twitch produced unimaginable torment. Now Stacy had understood; she had no choice but to watch her sister's ongoing torture session.

## **End of Part 3**

### **Hour 4**

Stacy's unblinking eyes were still straining against the bite and pain of the needles supporting her poor eyelids. Little droplets of her own blood made her want to blink that much more.

After being forced to watch her sister, Kim, tortured on videotape for two solid hours she just started to scream uncontrollably. The man in black quickly stuffed her own discarded bikini top into her mouth and duct taped her tightly.

On the tape, Kim was being forced to piss into a bucket on the floor. The tormentor filled her with several gallons of water and pills and then Kim would produce the piss. This process seemed to go on endlessly. Kim was in a strange way grateful, because this procedure had meant that he had to remove her mouth/tongue piercing

ring. She was at least able to move her lips and tongue again.

Finally, Kim had pissed out two gallons. With this, the man in black shut off the VCR and gave his attention to Stacy. Through the blood-soaked needles, she eyed his movements around the room.

When he returned from a dark corner, he rolled a portable table with no less than six gallon jugs. He lowered one and let his kneeling victim read the contents label: "Kim Piss."

He syphoned a tube into the jug and then removed Stacy's gag. Sensing correctly his intention, she convulsed and screamed without restraint. He lowered the tube and pressed it into her mouth, not concerned with rubbing it against her sliced tongue.

Stacy fought and fought. She tasted a few drops of her sister's piss and she fought harder. The man in black tried to force open her jaws, but she somehow managed to spit the liquid out again. His patience evaporated quickly.

The tormentor applied the duct tape again to Stacy's reluctant mouth and went back into a dark corner. Stacy wasn't sure if she had won this battle or not. When he came into the light, she regretted her actions immediately.

He held in his hand a small drill and a set of menacing drill bits. Selecting the right one, he switched his tool to work and aimed at Stacy's left cheek, holding her face firmly at the jaw line. Within seconds, the drill penetrated the thin skin of her mouth, spinning minute pieces of her flesh around the drill bit, at the edges of her face, and within her mouth.

Blood dripped copiously from the fresh wound. Stacy was in too much shock to fight now. He eagerly inserted the syphon tube into the side of her mouth and Kim's piss started sliding down her sister's throat. For extra measure, the man in black duct taped the tube at the bloody entrance, to ensure that the tube did not accidentally withdraw.

Stacy's stomach filled up fast as the first and second gallon slid down her throat. The taste was unthinkably bitter and what made the taste worse was the knowledge that the piss belonged to Kim.

When Kim's supply of piss was exhausted, he loaded her oral tube with a new supply of his cum. He lowered the contents label to her in the now familiar manner: "Male Sperm, One Gallon, Keep Refrigerated."

Stacy's was sick and her flat stomach was starting to bloat with the liquids. Again, she felt the urge to vomit. But before this urge became reality, her head got light and she passed out once more.

The man in the black suit smiled.

## **End of Part 4**

### **Hour Five**

Stacy had been left alone for some time. She wasn't sure how long, but she had passed out again and she now wished she were still unconscious. The throbbing pains in her body were stacking up: the ripped nipple, the sliced tongue, the hole in her cheek, and the needles in her eyelids, which were still in place and irritating her constantly.

She worried for her sister, Kim, but only when the pain subsided a little; long enough to remember that Kim had endured a horrendous piercing through her lips and tongue, fifty needles in her pussy lips, and dozens of long needles in breasts.

The taste of Kim's piss and her captor's cum was still present in her mouth, along with the blood that flowed with the drilled hole in her cheek. Stacy was chained to the wall, as she had been for hours, but the VCR had been removed and the man in black was no where to be seen.

Just as Stacy was waking, the tormentor returned, and he was leading someone on a leash. As the shadows crawled over the figure, she could make out her sister. Kim was alive! The man in black had repositioned the ring through Kim's lips and tongue and had attached a long silver chain to the ring. Kim's hands were handcuffed behind her back and when she slowed her progress, the tormentor jerked forward on ring, pulling her body painfully forward too. As Kim came into the light of the cell, she walked in wearing only the ring in her mouth.

Stacy wanted to hug her sister out of joy, joy in the knowledge that she was still alive. The tormentor did not allow such a reunion. Instead he busily worked at Kim's arms. Hoisting the cuffs to a hook hanging from the ceiling, he then clicked his remote and Kim's body raised slightly off the floor, her toes straining to touch the dirt and debris of mother earth. She whimpered and moaned as her body adjusted to the new discomfort.

Stacy just watched, ashamed to a point because she was always secretly turned on by her sister, and the way that the hook pulled up Kim's body made the turn-on that much greater. Kim's breasts were slightly larger, and even though they looked a little bloody (from the needle treatment) they were still quite attractive. Stacy knew she was getting wet between her thighs, and she blushed at this realization.

The tormentor again approached the kneeling Stacy. He unhooked her wrist restraints against the wall and helped her to her feet. Her sense of freedom was brief. He took her left hand and snapped the chain from her wrist to the gray wall, but otherwise she could use her right hand freely.

From his suit pocket he revealed a nasty looking whip, uncoiled it slowly to illustrate its length and placed the weapon in Stacy's right hand. With no drama, no hesitation, he plainly pointed in Kim's direction; her hanging helpless body no less than five feet in the distance.

Immediately, Stacy shook her head in the negative. She glanced down at the metal tips which were sewn into the whip and could not for a second imagine torturing her own sister.

The man pointed again, his body language more insistent. Kim looked on in disbelief. She tried to say something, but the ring piercing her mouth garbled everything she uttered.

The man in black slapped Stacy across the face to provoke her.

"No, no, I can't do this," Stacy sobbed through the pain.

Finally, the tormentor unstrapped a small caliber handgun from his "gun-bra" and walked over to Kim. He placed the gun firmly against her temple, as if to say, "Whip

her or I shoot her.”

Kim muffled something to her sister, her eyes imploring Stacy to please whip her.

With a weak effort, Stacy tossed the whip toward her sister, and barely grazed the flesh of her stomach. The man rolled his eyes and fired. Kim screamed into her closed mouth. The lowered aim caught Kim’s left thigh, blazing only a flesh wound across her skin, but causing a lot of blood to erupt.

The gun was pointed again at Kim, and this time it was saying, “Whip her harder!”

It took practice strokes, but after the first dozen swings, Stacy’s was applying a firm licking to her hanging sister. The metal fragments were ripping into her breasts, reopening wounds that were trying to heal from the needle play. Blood was flying across Kim’s tight stomach, and some trickles of blood even ricocheted back onto Stacy.

Countless minutes passed, as countless strokes passed, and Kim’s body was thoroughly slashed. Stacy had really become quite aggressive, something about the power of the whip and Kim’s screaming beauty kept the strokes coming at a feverish pace.

Stacy spared no part of Kim’s flesh. Kim’s sweating, shaking curvy body was laced with long streaks of blood, and dotted with metal fragments that dislodged from the leather whip and wedged into her skin. Several cuts were evident along her cheeks and forehead, and one nasty cut showed right through a nipple, splitting it cruelly down the center.

After almost an hour of non-stop whipping, Stacy finally tired and let the whip fall from her hand. Kim was passed out again and the man in black was smiling a grin from wall to wall.

He lowered Kim’s unconscious body and laid her out on the cold stone floor. Kim actually appeared quite dead, save for the slow rise and fall of her lungs. Stacy looked through the needles in her eyelids in total disbelief. Would her sister ever forgive her? Would they ever, God please, get through this alive?

## End of Part 5

### Hour 7

The man in black found that his permanent welding was not so permanent. True, the branding of the tongues caused a lot of unimaginable pain for the girls, but the burned portion just burned to a crisp and fell off. Even the flesh that was holding the tongue piercing in place was too weak to support the rings after the branding.

While the girls were still passed out, he shuffled them around a bit. He untied their ropes and separated the perfectly tanned bodies. He removed the girls to opposing walls and chained their wrists first. The wrist chains were made to support the limp bodies, holding them just a few inches off the stone floor.

The tormentor approached Stacy and slapped her face violently until she awakened again. Her eyes opened, she remembered her last memory and started to scream, like completing an uncomplete thought. But her tongue was so maimed at this point that it flitted around in her mouth, but no discernible sound was produced. Stacy could only cry as she realized her tongue was so ruined.

She sobbed with her head lowered, looking down at her sweat-soaked, bloody body. May be a doctor could fix her tongue. Her father was ultra-rich, he could surely find a doctor to perform a miracle. Hope was all she had.

Stacy raised her glance to her sister, Kim, who was chained in an identical fashion across the floor about 20 feet away. The man in the black suit was merciless. Just like watching the videotape, Stacy was observing the man inserting long thick needles up through the meatiest portion of her breasts. He lifted a breast with one hand, almost started the thrust at the ribcage, and forced the needle out the other end.

Kim was painfully drawn out of her unconscious state. Her attempt at a scream sounded even more pitiful as more of her tongue had been burned off, reducing its size by half.

These special needles had eye holes on the top end and barbed prongs on the bottom end. As you went down the length of the needle, the barbs resembled spiked jacks,

thicker and longer further south on the needle.

The man in black positioned the needle so that the eye hole appeared above the breasts, and the barb prongs were still resting below the cleft of the breasts.

Kim looked down in utter disbelief at her 36C breasts. It was like the eye holes were staring right into her soul, sitting on top of her breasts, waiting for the man in black to complete his latest idea.

The tormentor ran a wire through the pulley in the ceiling and led one end toward Kim. He threaded the wire through both eye holes, squeezed the breasts closer together and tied a knot in the wire. He formed several consecutive knots, squeezing the tortured breasts closer and closer.

Kim was thrashing in her chains, her head moving vigorously on top of her shoulders in agony. Satisfied, the tormentor gave his attention to Stacy.

He reached up and pulled some of the slack on Stacy's side of the wire. Stacy watched with straining eyes as he attached a sturdy hook to her side of the wire. Dropping the wire for a moment, he fastened ankle chains around Stacy's sexy ankles, effectively chaining her nearer and tighter to her wall.

Returning to the hook on the wire, he bent down to Stacy's exposed pussy and navigated the hook to her nether region. He pulled up more slack from the wire and proceeded to pierce both sets of inner and outer lips with the hook.

With this invasion, all the veins in Stacy's neck showed, ready to burst free of her skin. On the other side of the wire, the slack had been pulled far enough to run only a couple of the smaller metal barbs into Kim's breasts. Kim rolled her head wildly too, feeling each individual prong slide its way into her flesh under her breast meat.

The man in black held them in this position for nearly thirty minutes, watching with amusement. When Stacy would jerk in pain, the wire joining them would pull toward Stacy, causing a few larger barbs to penetrate Kim's breasts. Likewise, when Kim would jerk her body uncontrollably, the hook in Stacy's pussy stretched her lips inches further from her body.

Wishing to increase his amusement, the tormentor came to Kim's wrist chains. He unsnapped her left wrist and half her body succumbed to gravity, pulling at her sister's pussy. With the release of her right wrist, both of her feet hit the floor, the wire became taut, and Stacy's pussy lips were stretched to the breaking point.

Stacy looked down in shock to find that the end of her lips were pulled at least six inches away from her thighs. It felt like her pussy lips would be ripped from her body any second now.

The man in black pressed firmly on Kim shoulders, lowering her body to her knees, positioning her mouth so that she could suck him off, crippled tongue or no crippled tongue. When he finally got her down to his cock-level, Stacy's pussy could take no more resistance. The hook ripped through the folds of her flesh and with this, Stacy passed out yet again.

## **End of Part 7**

### **Hour 8**

Now after eight hours of unimaginable terrors and torments, Stacy was beginning to silently ask for death. The toll was enormous on her body, but her captor had a way of only damaging her non-essential parts, and after she passed out he would just force her back with vinegar and water or violent slapping about the face. She could not simply die.

Her mind was almost numb. Strangely, the panic of earlier hours had been replaced by a kind of complacency. She expected to be tortured, and she was not expecting to live. Yes, she was still in pain. But her mind was adjusting.

She could only assume that Kim's mind was in a similar way. Kim was lying unconscious on the stone floor, her mouth encrusted with dried cum from their captor. Her breasts had been de-neededled, and the blood from those barbs was plentiful; it spilled out like a red creek from under her motionless body. Her breathing was shallow, and Stacy had to wonder how much more her sister could withstand.

Stacy's wounds were less bloody, but equally painful and distressing. She was sitting

Indian style on the floor, her thin neck chained to the wall, and in this position, she could inspect her poor pussy. All the lips, inner and outer were torn from that hook which ripped right through them. Stacy gingerly fingered her pussy lips and marveled at how stretched they remained even after the tension was released. She said a prayer of thanks too that her sensitive clit had been spared.

Without warning, her captor reappeared from a dark corner. His smile was creeping along his face as he moved in toward Kim. Stacy wanted to say something terrible, something that would make him feel guilt and remorse, but her tongue was so ripped and badly swollen that the words came out like those of a one-year-old. He merely glanced at her battered body and smirked.

The man in the black suit pulled out a small carving knife and let the single light bulb's illumination reflect off the metal. With his free hand, he slapped Kim around until she started to groan and roll, slowly, painfully returning to consciousness.

From the pulley in the ceiling he brought down a chain and collar, attached the collar snugly to Kim's neck, and raised her off the floor. Her neck strained while he hoisted her body up and left only her tip toes touching the dirty stone floor. She gagged and gargled at this discomfort, but she had no idea how the discomfort would grow.

With the carving knife, the man in black took aim at her curvaceous 36-23-36 body. The man set his knife just under her right nipple and sliced delicately into her flesh, as if to accentuate the pain. She throttled off an animal-like scream and he proceeded to carve her nickel-sized nipple completely from her breast.

He held the bloody piece in his hand and moved over to Stacy. He gripped her jaw, but there was no fight left in Stacy and she almost allowed her mouth to stay nice and wide. With her mouth open, he tossed Kim's nipple in and forced her to swallow.

Kim looked on in shock. She stared down at her destroyed breast meat, then at her sister eating her nipple, and then back again at her breast. Kim could not fathom the words for this mind-boggling taboo.

Again with the handy knife, the man lowered his aim on Stacy's as-yet spared clit.

He wedged his knife playfully between the clit proper and the hood in which it cloistered. The blade gave several tingle sensations to Stacy, but then her world was all pain once more. The clit was exposed and he wasted no time: he sliced off Stacy's juicy little pleasure center and held up the clit to Stacy's unbelieving eyes.

First, he rubbed her clit along her sweat-soaked face, along her cheek, just lightly touching her lips. Then he moved back to his other victim and force fed Kim. Stacy watched in horror as her own sister swallowed her precious clit.

Kim's breast was still bleeding profusely so he cauterized her wound with a small branding tool. Once more, the smell of burning flesh filled the room. As Kim was on her way to passing out, he slid his practiced knife between her thighs and cut off several inches of her outer pussy lip. Kim's eyes closed again, and he ushered the flesh over to sister Stacy.

This time, Stacy just opened her mouth without provocation and accepted the flesh as food, chewing it slightly before swallowing her sister's pussy. The sweet juices mixed with blood and the taste was not at all offensive to Stacy.

What's come over me, she thought to herself. I just don't care anymore, she answered.

The man in black swiped up some off Kim's breast blood and smeared the liquid like war-paint on Stacy's face. He also covered his huge fingers with blood and thrust them into Stacy's mouth. As he forcibly drove his fingers into her, she tried as best she could to use her tongue, licking the blood clean off his digits.

Over and over again, Stacy repeated to herself: "I just don't care anymore, I just don't care anymore."

## **End of Part 8**

### **Hour 9**

Stacy looked out through blurry eyes and she tried to focus on the man in black and her sister, Kim. He was adjusting her to sit upright in a rather ordinary-looking chair in front of Stacy. Stacy was just trying to relax as best as she could, shifting the

weight of her body from one leg to the other. The chains overhead were really stretching her longways and her toes were beginning to cramp; it was easily the least of the pains she had experienced in the last eight hours.

Once the tormentor situated the semi-comatose Kim in her seat, unchained and not resisting, he centered himself between the two beauties and finally spoke.

"I suppose you have wondered a thousand times in the last eight hours, 'Why me?' I will now honor you both with an adequate explanation.

"About two months ago, Stacy here competed against my daughter for a scholarship to Berkeley. A full-ride scholarship, mind you. When you won the award, my daughter was devastated. She was clearly more deserving and she knew it. I appealed the decision but no change was made.

"You got the scholarship that was my little girl's only chance. She hanged herself last week. In her suicide note she said her only wish in this word was for Stacy to disappear.

"Well, as you can see, I am making my daughter's dying wish come true. The fact that your sister, Kim, happened to get in the way is purely just coincidence. I thought perhaps that seeing your sister tortured would help you see how it feels for me, to see my daughter tormented, tormented by a slut like you Stacy. You who obviously must have slept your way to that scholarship."

Stacy wanted to protest but what good would that do now?

"And now, I am going to finish you sister. I will be sticking pins and needles in her body until she either dies from the pain or bleeds to death."

When the man returned, he brought several boxes. He reattached a collar to Kim's neck and raised her body toward the ceiling with her toes barely scraping the earth. Then he opened one of three boxes. Kim couldn't stand to look inside, for she heard the noise. He slid the box around and both girls could hear hundreds, maybe thousands of needles swishing around.

Kim mumbled something resembling the words "no" and "please" but the man

continued on his mission. He had not particular order to follow, he simply started filling her flesh with pins.

After several minutes he had one hundred needles in various body parts. Minute trickles blood ran down her face and her stomach where needles ran into larger blood vessels.

The man in black ran needles through her nose, her cheeks, ears, eyelids, the webbing between fingers, her juicy thighs, even shoved a pair into her right eye, an action which drew the heartiest cries.

After twenty minutes of this treatment, Kim could be mistaken for a life-size pin cushion. She only lasted this long because she was young in shape.

In thirty minutes, she had several hundred needles protruding from her body, dozens mounted in her face alone. Probably a hundred and fifty in her breasts. Four under each fingernail.

Finally, after nearly an hour of this torture, Kim's body just stopped moving and her breath stopped. Over two thousand needles punctuated her ravished form.

Stacy watched as her sister bowed her head in quiet, final resignation. And while Stacy was feeling guilt for indirectly dragging her sister into this mess, she somehow knew that she was probably going to be joining Kim soon.

## **End of Part 9**

### **Hour 10**

Doctor Lenisky's Autopsy Report on Jane Doe Subject 305:

"Recording beginning now at approximately 1:30 am on Friday, March 4. Subject is female, name unknown, identity pending. Doctor Jennifer Lenisky performing.

"Subject is roughly 21 years of age, brown/blonde hair extending past shoulder blade and down half way along the back. Subject is female—thought I would mention that again in case I forgot. This Jane Doe appears to be the victim of violent crime, an exceptionally violent crime.

“Let’s see, where to begin...Subject has various lacerations along her facial tissues, much early scarring has developed where an object, most likely a mechanical drill, has penetrated through the jaw tissue.

“Examining the tongue reveals several minute scars and one fairly large—probably half inch in diameter—piercing hole. Subject is missing one ear from recent trauma I would say. It appears the left ear was sawed off with something rusty, as evidence of metal oxidation is still on the earlobe tissue.

“Jane Doe is also missing right eyeball. Appears to have been carved out rather unskillfully by small incisions, as several minor cuts are evident surrounding the eye socket. Left eye still intact, though it seems to have been penetrated by small needles, or poked by other small-in-diameter metal objects.

“Examining the torso now...appears that several incisions, or more exactly, several holes were driven into the female subject’s breasts. Judging by the diameter of the holes, I would say much blood loss incurred from these particular wounds. In fact, several metal skewers are still intact within the breast tissue. How incredible. I cannot imagine the torture this poor girl went through.

“Anyway, sorry for that commentary, returning to the exam, I am now moving down the chest cavity. Both nipples have been violently removed, most likely sliced off by a small cutting instrument.

“Along the stomach muscles, there is some extraction here. It appears that a knife was used to gut the subject along the stomach and intestine area. Subject is therefore missing most major organs in the affected area. However there is matching evidence; it seems that a small piece of intestinal tissue was discovered around her mouth, indicating that she might have been force-fed, alive even, her own innards. Incredible.

“Wrists show signs of enormous struggle, as do the ankles and neck. Toxicology will have to test this, but I would say that there is enormous amounts of dried semen coating her stomach, face and breasts. Results might prove useful to the police.

“Turning our attention to her reproductive organs, it seems, Oh, my God. Subject

has had majority of her skin removed here. The clitoris has been sliced away and the folds of skin that remain show signs of tremendous trauma. If I had to guess, I would say that a hook or ring of some kind was inserted and ripped through her. At the very least, something metal and very painful was inserted and dragged through here.

“Minor lacerations and contusions along her legs but nothing contributing to her death. Turning her over, we see—Oh, my God. Excuse me, we see that she has been imprinted with, with words. The letters range from four to six inches in length. It is obvious she was cut into here. The letters spell out the word SLUT.

“In addition to the carving in her back tissue, there are numerous burnings, more likely brandings, along her backside. They look like the style you might find on cattle. Very deep and very large in scale.

“Subject’s posterior has been branded numerous times, leaving very little skin unmarked. The pattern is crisscrossed, from apparent overlapping brands, and therefore no clear letters have been left behind. That last statement was not intended to be a pun, by the way, in case Dr. Morrison is going to review this report.

“In summing up, I will have to wait for chemical reports to be complete, but cause of death could have been from any number of factors. Death from trauma, death from lack of blood. Could be something was injected into her. Too early to tell at this point, but of this I can be fairly certain.

“Subject Jane Doe here suffered like no one I’ve ever seen before. Whoever did this to her, and the police told me nothing of a suspect, was one cruel sadistic bastard.

Dr. Jennifer Lenisky over and out. Thank God.”

**End of Part 10**