



Badsammie
The Gray

The Gray
A selection of short texts
by Badsammie
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I AM ...

A piss drinker. A dog fucker. A good girl. A slut. A whore. A piece of shit trailer trash skank. A punching bag. A pain slut. A needy cunt. An addict. A student. A math geek. A runner. A friend. A lover. A child. An equal. A slave. A domestic. A submissive. A little. A dumb bimbo. A hard worker. A cum guzzler. A shit eater. A thing to make pretty with bruises. A baby girl who needs to be held. I've swallowed around a hundred men's cocks. I've fucked ten men. I'm fistable. I'm a free use whore. I'm a girl friend. I'm where I belong.

I'm all that and more and less all at the same.

I am.

ANYTHING TO ESCAPE THE GRAY

A short brutal tale

by Badsammie

She trembled, shaking, dropping the knife, looking at her bleeding thighs, both of them bleeding. She couldn't stop herself, she couldn't deal with the sea of gray that she coasted through every day. Even this wasn't enough anymore, and she hated that. She knew she should stop, but instead she pulled up her shirt and took several pics of her bloody legs, her pussy (no, she had to call it a cunt per his orders), and her tits and sent them to her Master.

At first, she thought he was just jacking off to them, but he soon gave her a link and she saw that he'd posted everything she'd ever sent him but pictures of her face. He told her that if she ever told him no, those would go online as well, and everyone would know how broken and damaged she was. She knew he would, too. Part of her liked that he would, that he did post those pictures. The damaged, ruined part of her wanted to do more and more. She could easily tell her Master no. It was herself that she couldn't stop.

She came alive briefly when he texted her good job, her desperate need for approval giving her a brief moment of happiness. Then more orders. More escalation. When he saw the faded scars on her thighs, he'd wanted fresh ones. Then on her arms, her belly, her tits. She cried as she wrote with a razor blade the word slut on her belly. She was a plain girl no one noticed, but he did, and she felt so alive.

But then the gray would come back, harder. He had her film herself slapping her tits and posted it without her permission. Then slapping

her belly, her scars fading on it, punching her own legs and cunt. Finally came the day, in a broken mess, needy, desperate, that he told her to fuck her biggest dildo in her ass as she slapped her face repeatedly. She could have told her Master no easily. But she wanted to be ruined and so she did it, screaming in pain as she rammed a foot-long dildo in and out of her ass, humping it, as she slapped herself sobbing. She came three times.

The next morning, she was there on the site, exposed, her face showing. Along with it were all her social media details, and to her horror, she found multiple men had already posted on them, sharing her dark truth. A few people who knew her called, but she ignored the messages. Someone knocked on her door, a co-worker, asking if she was ok. She didn't go to work that day or the next and soon got a voicemail informing her that she was fired. Instead, she filmed herself, face included, cutting herself, as men online told her what to do.

One wanted her to snap her head against the wall, so she did, stunned, dizzy. She drank her piss as ordered, she punched her nose until it bled. She was drunk on attention and the gray was but a forgotten memory. Someone told her to cut her clit and she did, then her lips. She gagged on the massive dildo till she puked. She gave out her number and did more and more, spiraling.

She didn't care, the gray was gone, she was noticed, and when the man came for her in the middle of the night, filming her as he beat her, raped her, broke her nose, choked her out, she was happy. He streamed it to her followers and they cheered and when she woke, she was in a basement. The cameras were always on her, and she listened to them as they told her captor what to do. They told him to brand her, to nail her tits, to donkey punch her as he reamed her ass.

She was happy as he ruined her more and more every day for her

audience, finally paid attention, finally loved, and as the garrote pulled tight against her throat, as she came as the black creped in and her eyes closed, she was content that men would watch this video and love and want her forever.

BROKEN RUNAWAY TOYS

A fictional story

by Badsammie

I looked down at the young girl on the bed, snoring softly, sucking her thumb. I smiled at that affectation. Hers was different from mine, it was less playing at being a little and simply a retreat of a kid who had seen years of abuse. Despite the sheer sheet partially draped over her, those years were quite visible on her form. Not from what her dad had done to her, but scars from heavy cutting on her thighs and arms.

Her naked form was marked now in a different way, one much more familiar to me. Bruises marked her all over, as did wide straps from the belting they had both given her earlier. Oh, how she had screamed and cried and begged for more and more until she collapsed from exhaustion. The young lady seemed to exist in only two states, intense and down/muted/sleeping. In that way, she was much the cat, our adopted little kitten, a broken toy who came alive when we hurt her. That, I understood as well.

“Still sleeping?” my Master asked, to which I nodded the affirmative.

“We need to break or ease that nose habit of hers though. She picked up some bad habits from him,” I replied. He slapped my ass, smirking at me.

“Not been exactly easy on it yourself,” he said, which was true.

We weren’t sure where he had found her, but she’d lived with him for a few weeks, a runaway, willing to do anything to stay off the streets and strangely enthusiastic about it. A coping mechanism perhaps.

I could relate. Regardless, he had put the miles on her hard before he dropped her off with us, having tired of her. She was twitchy, jittery, and needy. Not the brightest, but by god, was she attention starved.

We took it easy with her at first, but soon found her inserting herself happily into our bed. What she lacked in skill she made up in desperation for comfort and need. It didn't seem to matter who used her, or how, as long as she got used. Talk about the past only resulted in her instantly clamming up. We simply let her know the door was open for that, if she wanted to talk.

I wouldn't call her a kindred spirit exactly, we weren't equals, emotionally, mentally, or sexually. While I wanted pain to cope with stress, loved the intensity, her need was self-punishing. Whatever her dad had done had fucked her up proper and she could already out drink or out drug me. That was fine, because the young lady had introduced me to something else. Inflicting pain. I still wanted and needed to be hurt, but having someone who made me feel well adjusted, well, it brought out an evil bitch in me that I didn't know I had.

We often looked the pair, at home, both naked, sporting bruises and black eyes. She hated being a urinal though but hated even more that I loved it. Everything sexual was tied to abuse with her and she both craved it and hated it. She didn't love it like me. And that made her tears delicious.

My master enjoyed having a challenge again, and I enjoyed exploring my new sadistic side. We made her our kitten and made sure to hurt her every day, whether by words or fist or belt. Soon we would be having a party, and she might be included, or perhaps not. I might prefer the attention instead — I haven't been properly wrecked in a while. We don't know how long we will keep our wonderful new toy,

but as long as she's here, she is ours. To make cum, scream, moan,
and to use.

Life is wonderful.

MADE PRETTY ONCE AGAIN

by Badsammie

Needy, anxious, unable to focus, Friday was a blur. I was at school but my cunt was deep, drowning in misogyny, pain, and want.

Chatting, looking, grinding my thighs, distracted all day, unable to accomplish anything, lost in a ball of self pity, lust, and to be less.

So I left after my last class, no studying, heading to Jack's office. I wanted him to hurt me, to debase me, to be his masturbatory aid. He gave me neither, just holding me, until I sobbed, crying, hitting at him, begging him, but he said nothing, kissing my forehead, physically telling me no. I cried and cried, and then laid down on the couch, my paci in my mouth, his jacket over me, as I slept, spent emotionally.

Then, his day done, he took me to the bathroom, emptying his bladder in my belly, wiping my mouth, kissing me, slapping my ass as we went to the truck. Leaving my car behind, my head in his lap, bobbing slowly, never leaving it, even after swallowing a load, a warm pacifier in my mouth, sating me, giving me purpose. Safety.

Home, I cooked, prepping dinner, again, with purpose and need and when done, he kissed me. First with his lips, then with his hands and fists. Making me pretty. Throwing me to the ground, bringing out the belt, the spreaders, the leather touching every inch of my body. Driving my self doubt, my hate, my broken shards off me, grinding them into dust. So hard my skin broke, in places, but not stopping, during my crying nor my screams, because I never said no. Stop, he did, when finally I broke, collapsed, limp on the floor, picking me up, kissing me, turning my head and making me beautiful and a bit dizzy.

Slapped hard, my entire body on fire, until against the wall, slumped, sliding down, eyes red, crying and wanting more. Shoved down, fisted, slapped, hit, choked, alternating, never letting me rest, until finally I explode, my body wracked with convulsions, limp. Then he folded me and took me, cumming deep in my cunt. Then picking me up gently, to the bed. Told what a nasty cunt I was, how much he loved me, as my bruised and battered body is held tightly, my mind blank, quiet, spent. Safe in his arms.

I wake once, aching, as you pound me, half asleep, exhausted, as you cum in me again, then held, drifting quickly into sleep, despite the pain.

The next day I soak, bruised all over, wonderful blues and purples, black eyed, and yet not abused. The insanity in my head, gone for the moment. Hurt, but good, I color and watch cartoons most of the day, letting Daddy take care of things. I'm his baby girl, marked by ink and fist and belt, walking slowly but happily, doing nothing, no worries, unless he needed to pee or love his girl.

That night, Uncle Tony came over, and they vented on me, driving my thoughts away, my emotional pains traded with physical ones, that made me feel alive. Gagged, choked, puked, spit on, pretty red on my chin, as I looked up with need, fisted, gaped, kicked, and cumming, so much cumming, that I never wanted it to stop. Needles again in me, a pin cushion, tits, cunt, thighs, punch fisted till I came several times, even as I balled up after, overwhelmed. They smoked cigars; I was their ashtray and toilet both. Then fucked hard, and the belt one more time, all over.

By the time the night is over, every inch of me screams and yet, I've never been more quiet in my head. Sleeping, held tight, resting the

next day, except for minor service, naked for nearly two days straight and yet clothed in more love and security than ever before.

I'm where I belong, not on my feet but on my knees, his, forevermore.

BROKEN, RUINED, AND DESPERATE

A short, brutal, fictional tale
by Badsammie

It comes and goes, that need, that primal urgency that can overwhelm me. I try to be a good girl, I truly do. Yes, I'm a slut, I'm a skank, and I'm a cheap set of holes. All that and more, and there come some days, rare ones, where I want to be so much more and so much less.

I want him to walk through the door and see me, except he doesn't. He sees a warm mouth, C cup tits with pierced nipples, and two holes, one wet, one warm and tight. He doesn't see me and honestly there isn't a me to see. I am what he makes me and over time I see it. Broken, ruined, and desperate.

He grabs me by my neck and lifts me up, choking as he pulls me to his mouth, kissing me deep. No love, just need. Then with fearful strength, he throws me against the wall and I slide down, stunned. He needs to vent then and my body is the canvas to paint upon. I struggle to stand up, but he kicks my cunt, doubling me over. He needs it swollen, tighter. It's never tight enough anymore unless his fist is shoved in it. He grabs my head and jerks it back up against the wall and rams his cock in my throat.

It's not gentle or deep. He pounds hard, my head bouncing between his crotch and the wall, as he batters my throat until my gag reflex hits, puking up on it, and him, and me. He's mad, furious as he hits me, once, twice, three times until I am tasting blood and my eye is swollen. I can't focus but I don't need to focus, or think. That's not why I am there.

He grabs my hair and jerks me forward, throwing me face first into the floor. I try to get up but he stands on my head, kicking my legs apart with his free foot. Then he steps off my head and jerks up my hips and slams into my ass with no lube. It barely needs it anymore; with enough lube he can even fist it now. Like me, my holes are broken and ruined, desperate for his need and use so that he'll love me again. He pounds me brutally, occasionally slamming my head against the floor. I still think too much sometimes and that cures it.

He slows and I understand when the belt is thrown around my neck and tightened. Then he starts pounding again as he pulls, so tight that it feels like my neck is about to snap. It's ok if it does. I love him. My neck doesn't snap however, instead as he speeds up, the world turns gray, then black, as I cum from his destructive need. I slump as hot cum gushes in my battered ass.

I wake being dragged to the bathroom. I smile because he's still not done with me. I still have use and maybe this will earn his love. His shit covered cock is rammed down my throat and I clean it as he drains himself and then he uses the toilet. My bathroom doesn't have toilet paper. He doesn't need it. He grabs my head and I wipe him clean with my tongue. I gag and get sick a couple times in the toilet, but it's ok. When I'm done I'm a mess so he shoves my head in the toilet and flushes several times to clean me. He loves me so much, it shows.

He then vents on me, giving me wonderful bruises all over until he's done and shaking hard. The room spins but that doesn't matter. My inability to stand or speak doesn't matter. He feels better and that makes me better. I love him and as he leaves his garage, my home, to eat with his wife, I know he loves me the most. Because he visits me every day and every day isn't the last, so I'm still worth something to him, and that's enough.

ON THE STREETS

A fictional story

by Badsammie

She knelt on the rough cold gravel as the stranger grabbed a handful of her hair and shoved his cock in her mouth. She was nearly freezing behind the bar, two threadbare t-shirts and a torn pair of sweats and an old pair of panties being all the clothes she had to her name. They weren't even hers, just something the shelter had given her. That and some tasteless gruel that smelled less pungent and tasted better than this man's cock. She gagged as he fucked her inexperienced throat, making her eyes water and nose run, leaving streaks on her dirty face. She didn't know how she could still cry after all she had been reduced to, but she could. She found she could always feel lower.

"Mmmm, that's a good runaway cunt," the stranger said, looking down at her. She made the mistake of looking up at him and he spit on her face, thrusting harder. She gagged and lost it, retching some on his cock. He pulled back and slapped her hard, making her cry, before shoving back in and fucking her throat even harder. "Sick little fuck, puke on me, will you?" he screamed at her, before blowing his load down her gullet, making her retch again. He then shoved her to the ground and kicked her once, before throwing a fiver at her and walking off, calling her pathetic.

She was too, she felt. She had thought running away from her abusive dad would have solved her problems. And now, here she was puking up cum for 5 dollars, so she could eat some McDonalds. At least her dad had only beaten her. He'd groped her a few times when

drunk, but he'd never fucked her. She lost her virginity on her 3rd night on the streets. She'd left Taco Bell after staying there for a few hours just to be warm and decided to head back to the shelter. She never made it there. Some guys grabbed her, hit her a few times and then took her in an alley next to the trash and afterwards robbed her. She felt any trace of good in her had died that day and now, only a couple weeks later, she was whoring herself for food.

She'd only been molested one other time since the gang rape that left her bloody, one of the adults at the runaway shelter. He told her she was pretty, and he could make things better for her. And for a couple nights, he did. Then, after getting special treatment, he told her to relax, got her drunk, and told her to relax as he fucked her in his office over his desk. He took her ass and went slow until he got close then just rammed her against the table till he came. She cried as she got dressed and got one last night in a private room usually reserved for teen moms. After that, she was back on the group cots and he never even spoke to her again.

Walking back to the shelter one night, a guy had pulled up and asked how much, which had confused her at first. Once she realized, she blurted out how much, as hunger gnawed at her stomach. He said \$20 for a blowjob, then asked her if she was 18. She shrugged sure and he smiled, saying sure you are. So, she had gotten in and fed on his cock and let him grope and finger her roughly and then \$25 later, had eaten well. She had left the shelter a couple days before, after being robbed again and had stayed on the street, sleeping with a group of homeless. She even bought a few of them some food as well, taking advantage of the dollar menu, and felt like part of them, accepted.

She picked herself up off the gravel, holding her side where the man had just kicked her for puking on him. She wiped herself off,

looked sadly at the crumpled up \$5 and bought a few sandwiches before heading back to the underpass. The cashier had winced her nose at her, she knew she must have smelled bad, it had been days since she'd showered. She'd tried to clean up at a gas station but had been run off by the owner.

She gave some food back at the group, and shivering, climbed in under the blankets that she had been calling home. They reeked but it's amazing how smells disappear to you after some time. She fell asleep, feeling full at least, and somewhat safe.

At least, until someone's hand covered her mouth. She'd had others curl up under the blankets with her before on cold nights, women and men, boners against her but never doing anything. This was different. The man covered her mouth and told her to be quiet as they struggled under the mound. He jerked down her torn sweats and folded her in half, the rough ground digging in her back as he shoved in her. He fucked her hard and fast, not lasting long, just depositing cum in her before leaving. She knew the people around her had to have heard the struggle. They just didn't care.

Another man crawled in and she didn't fight this time as she recognized this one, she'd given him a cheeseburger earlier and he'd thanked her. Now, he just thrust in her limp body until he came and left. After a third man, she was left alone, cum leaking out of her cunt.

The next day, she left there, walking back past the shelter, walking over the tracks, walking ten miles until she found herself back at the broken-down trailer that was her dad's. She opened the door and walked in. Despite her own smell, the place reeked of cheap beer and cigarettes. She took a long shower and had one of her dad's beers, then another one. All her clothes were gone, tossed out by him, or more likely, sold or pawned. Her room was empty save some trash. So she

threw on one of his shirts and the raggy sweats that still had cum stains from the night before.

He came home late, drunk, but was surprised to find her. He hit her twice, giving her a black eye as he told her he didn't need her stupid ass there anymore and never wanted her. She took it, barely crying and told him she had nowhere else to go. He slapped her, pointing out that her shit was gone, even her bed. That's when the broken, dead thing that used to be her reached up, touching him in a way a daughter never should touch her father.

"I can take care of you," she told him, not wanting to go out on the streets again. "I'll be good," she said, as she unzipped him. Barely a minute later she swallowed his cum, her right eye almost swollen shut. Her dad smiled, grabbed a fistful of her hair and took her to his bedroom, where she slept from then on. No panties or bra, she barely ever left the house and when her belly started to grow, well, if he didn't realize it was a bit too soon, it didn't seem to matter. The only thing that mattered was that she was home.

INTO THE ALLEY

A fictional tale

by Badsammie

She took a deep inhale from the cheap cigarette before blowing it out through her nose in the cold air. Huddled tight under the threadbare coat she wore, she shivered, waiting desperately for the bus. She was new to the city, like many before her, there to escape her past. Here, among the swath of masses, she hoped that she could lose herself. Here, no one could find her, know her, shame her. Her jeans had earned their rips and tears honestly, no cosmetic tweaks for her Salvation Army clothing. She exhaled again, coughing in a fit, stubbing out the addiction between her fingers. She'd quit smoking but it was her sole enjoyment and she had cried the last time she had thought about quitting. Without it, she'd have a bit more money and nothing else. So she stuck to her one vice.

She looked up down the street and then her phone, cracked and 4 years old. Even after being charged, it was down to 10% and would be dead soon. Nothing of hers worked well and it was another expense she couldn't afford. The economy was supposedly good but all she could find was minimum wage jobs and even the most basic decent apartment was well outside her price range. So she lived a block away, in a rat infested hellhole, scared every night of the sounds she heard. Random screams, crying, fucking, arguments, all easily heard through her paper thin walls. How can you be surrounded by millions and yet, be so alone?

She watched as a large man walked up to the bus stop. Most people

she could ignore or ignored her, but she'd seen him before. He leered. He was one of those who not only undressed you with their eyes, but didn't care if you knew it. She hated him so much. He reminded her of her stepdad. He had those same eyes, eyes and hands that drove her here. The last few times he had been around, she'd not been alone. This evening however, it was just the two of them. She looked at her phone again, down to 7% now, and still no bus despite being 5 minutes late.

It was then she felt him. On the open street there was no reason for him to be so close, but he was right behind, stepping into her, his crotch pushing into her ass as he reached around and forcefully cupped her breast, pulling her against him. She should have screamed, she should have slapped or pulled away, but to her shame, she froze. Just like with her stepdad, she froze. She felt his disgusting breath on her ear as he leaned in and whispered to her.

“I thought I had you pegged right, bitch. Your eyes had that wounded victim look all over,” he whispered as she trembled, crying softly. He continued to knead her breasts, both in his hands now, jerking her tattered coat away from her chest. His hardness poked roughly at her threadbare jeans as his lips brushed her neck. “That’s it. Just relax. I even have some money for you. You need money dont’cha whore?” he said, as he turned her away from the bus stop towards the dark alley behind them.

“Please ...” was all she could whimper as the numbness took over once again. Her heart raced but her mind was blank as the stranger gently led her back that way. She knew his type alright and despite the lack of force, the violence was curled taunt, ready to spring if she spoke up. He wasn't asking; her choice only consisted of violence or no violence. Her hot tears felt like steam as they slid down her cold

face. She stumbled a couple times over trash as one hand gripped the back of her neck, the other now mauling her right tit, making it ache and her nipple sore.

“Pull down those shitty pants whore. Just relax and it’ll be over soon,” he told her. He dropped a \$50 bill on the snowed over dumpster before her, before gripping her chin and jerking it violently towards him. “Don’t be stupid, drop the pants,” he asked her. “Asked”. She knew it wasn’t a choice and numbly undid the button, unzipping her pants, and shivering as she dropped them to her ankles. She could feel his hands immediately on her ass, a finger poking through the torn hole of her panties. Then he jerked them down as well.

“Bend over, and brace yourself. This is easy money. I know girls like you. You’ve all whored yourself one way or another.”

She grimaced at the truth in his statement. He didn’t hold any special insight, likely just trying to insult her, but he had spoken true. First time was a blowjob for a stranger who bought her a fifth of vodka. Then fucking her dealer so she could get high after her stepdad’s visits and go away. Then, finally, a trucker took her to the city. For a price of course. She was a whore, she thought, as she felt him spit on her, pushing his thumb into her cunt, then gliding over her ass. The snow on the dumpster froze her hands as he gripped her, felt his cock, pushing, as she screamed.

“No, no please god, not there!” she blurted out before he covered her mouth, pushing and grunting as she struggled. He smashed her face into the snow covered dumpster as he popped into her ass. She cried and shuddered as he pumped deeper into her, her struggles easing, crying, pink snow melting under her face. She clung to the dumpster, the only real thing in her world at the moment, as she once again had her ass raped. It was her stepdad all over again and she

wanted to vomit as he thrust violently into her. Her chest heaved, breaking into erratic convulsions as he fucked her. No, as he fucked it. She knew she wasn't a her to him, just a thing. An it. And she hated herself for allowing herself to be one.

Before long, he spurted in her guts, pulling out. She looked ahead, her forehead bleeding, eyes blank as he shoved her to her knees and into her mouth. She knew the foul taste and she could only think of "Daddy" as the man used her mouth to clean her shit off of him. He then pulled away, patted her head like a dog's, and walked away, leaving her there. After several minutes she finally stood up, relieved that the now wet money was still there. She pulled up her wet pants and panties to see the bus driving off and slowly, painfully, walked back to her apartment. Her phone was at 0%. When she got home, she didn't shower, but curled up, crying, and like with her stepdad before him, touching herself to remind herself that she could still feel.

Two weeks later ...

She climbed out of bed, throwing on her clothes and fixing her hair in the bathroom before walking out. She stepped softly, careful not to wake her landlord as she left his bedroom. She touched her swollen lip from where he had hit her, on accident he had said. It was never an accident. But he wasn't going to kick her out now anymore. Not this week at least. She walked outside of the building, pulling out a pack and lighting up, taking a deep drag as she walked down the street. It was still early, or late, depending on one's point of view. She pulled out her purse, thumbing through the few bills there and shook. She was so tired and she would never go home again. She would find some way to get by, she always did. She stubbed out the remains of her cigarette and pulled another out, impatiently waiting for the bus.

Down the street, she saw a familiar figure, heading down the street, apparently drunk. She saw recognition flash on his face as his pace quickened. She gave up on the bus, standing up and walking away, down into the alley, where he, and many other men in the future, would follow.

MY CHOICES NEVER REALLY MATTERED

A fictional tale
by Badsammie

My choices never really mattered

“So you want to know when it all started?” I asked the man on the phone. His breathing was deep, slow. I could tell he was excited, almost restless. As he muttered yes, I could hear over the line the sound of a zipper being pulled down. I should have felt disgust. Here I was offering a confessional on how I was raped as a teen, just a few years ago, and this man or monster, or something in-between, was going to jerk off to it. I wanted to puke. I felt myself grow wet.

“It was a normal thing, at first at least,” I told him. “Alex was just a classmate, a bit older than me, one of the bad boys. He smoked, had an old hot rod. It was run down, but still good looking. He was gruff as fuck, but had an air of danger to him.” I heard him mutter an uh-huh and I could hear a slow pumping of a slick hand in the background. He wasn’t wasting time.

“Anyway, he wasn’t like most of the guys I had encountered. They were mostly nice guys or postured and preened. He didn’t act. Not like that. He was a blunt asshole but it was honest if aggressive. I had been hurrying down the halls one day and I had just rounded the corner and ran into him, knocking his drink and books to the floor. His eyes just flashed and he shoved me hard into the lockers and yelled at me.

“‘Watch out where you’re going you stupid bitch!’ he had said to me. I just barely stammered out an ‘I’m sorry’ as he leaned in, sneering.

‘Yeah right you’re fucking sorry,’ right in my face, and then he’d walked off. I was left there, shaking. No man had ever shoved me like that, or talked down to me like that. Oh some had catcalled or talked big, but his words were seething and I could taste them. I was scared. And I was wet. Blushing I ran off to class.”

“Was that the first time you realized you might be broken inside cunt?” the man on the line asked. The thump thump thump of him jacking off was even more clearly audible now.

“No Sir,” I said meekly. “It’s the first time I had ... responded to something like that, perhaps. But broken? No. Even now, I don’t think I’m broken. I just have different ... needs,” I told him.

“Whatever you need to think cunt. Go on,” he ordered me.

I bit my lip and did as told. “So, after that, I was intrigued by him. Here I was, a straight A clean cut student and he was anything but. I made a point to try to say hi to him the next time I saw him. To apologize, or so I told myself. I saw him a couple days later and walked up to him, heart hammering.”

“Hey, I just wanted to apologize again about bumping into you,” I managed to stammer. I didn’t get an immediate response. Instead he just glowered at me.

“Do you really think I give a fuck you stupid bitch?” he told me. Then he just shouldered into me and I stumbled out of his way. I was left in the hallway aghast. My stomach had dropped and I felt sick. He’d just disregarded me like I was nothing, a pest. Not worth his time. Now, I wasn’t a mousy nerd, I was quite fit and good looking. I prided myself on my appearance almost as much as I did my schoolwork and his treatment of me infuriated me and confused and hurt me. I felt rejected, which was silly since I hadn’t been seeking his approval. But now, frustratingly enough, part of me did.

“You needed a real man’s validation, so you could feel good, right cunt?” he said on the phone, almost cruelly. Still pumping away.

“I don’t know. Maybe. Yes, I think in some twisted way,” I told him. “Couple days pass, and I’m confused and angry and had been stewing about it. Friday comes and I see him in the parking lot. He was with a couple friends, smoking and leaning on his car. I went up to him and again, that evil glare. I should have heeded it but I didn’t. Instead, I walked up to him and did my ‘dramatic’ nagging. I told him I didn’t appreciate him talking to me like he had, calling me bitch, not accepting my apology. I felt so proud for telling him off and when I was done, he still had that stare.”

My voice begins to tremble now, nervous and ashamed.

“At first he did nothing, then all of a sudden he turned on me, invading my personal space so much that I felt pressed against his car. His eyes scared me.”

“Bitch, don’t you ever fucking talk to me like that you understand?” he said, as he firmly gripped my chin. His body was almost touching mine he was so close. “Do you understand me bitch?” he yelled at me, gripping my chin tighter. I nodded meekly, all the defiance having left me.

“Yes,” was all I said. He sniffed me, almost like an animal, touching me now.

“Are you scared of me bitch,” he said. A bit of spittle hit my face. I nodded. Then he grabbed up my skirt, pressing me against his car, covering my mouth. I sobbed as I felt his fingers probe against my panties, finding them wet. I was frozen otherwise, a deer caught in his headlights. “You’re wet bitch,” he said, pressing his finger against the fabric. I cried and moaned both, his friends watching transfixed. Then

he stepped back, pulling his finger away, wiping it on my cheek. I could barely breathe even with his hand removed, in complete shock.

“Never been put in your place?” he asked as he opened his passenger door. I shrugged, shaking, and he told me to get in. I hesitated and he grabbed my wrist painfully. “I said get the fuck in bitch. Don’t you fucking make me ask twice.” I got in. I think my life today would have been different if I had said no.

“You’re probably right there cunt,” the man said, still jerking away on the phone. “But it really was never a choice was it?” I didn’t want to answer him. I didn’t want to admit the answer to myself, even now. But we both knew the truth.

“No,” I admitted.

I rubbed my wrist as I sat in the car and one of his friends sat down beside me. He then locked the door and slammed it shut, making me jerk and his friend to snicker. He then let his other friend in on his side and hopped in, quickly getting the car in gear and driving off. I looked over at him, very scared.

“Please, I really need to go,” was all I got out before being interrupted by him.

“Shut the everlasting fuck up you stupid bitch,” he said. “No one is speaking to you so I don’t want to hear a fucking thing from you. Do you get that through your stupid head?” he literally screamed at me.

I cowered, eyes wide in fear. His friend behind me said something about just relaxing and then reached from behind and groped my chest through my blouse. I gasped at that and started to pull at his hands when Alex gave me that look of violence again.

“He said relax bitch. Here, this will help. Fucking swallow them,” he said as he handed me a couple pills. The look told me everything I needed to know and I, to my shame, dry swallowed them and cried

softly as his friend pawed at my chest, mashing my breasts. I simply took it, crying harder as he unbuttoned me a bit more clumsily and reached in, pulling my 36C's out, only my plaid bra covering me. Strangely, I was calmer, likely from whatever the pills were, making me feel slow and sluggish. That's when Alex leaned over to "explain" things to me.

"Ok bitch, we're all going to have fun, well 3 of us anyway. You can act all the prissy bitch but we both know you're just a wet cunt that's terrified of me. You'll be even more fucking terrified of me after today. But you'll know your fucking place at least. Now take off your fucking bra," he told me, as simply as if he had asked me to roll down the window. I didn't, only crying more until he slapped me. That made me jerk and when he pulled back his hand again, I flinched and told him I would. Then, under his glare and scary smile, I pulled off my bra, my blouse open and my breasts hanging out. His friends cheered and one groped me while the other pinched at my nipples and the side of my breasts.

That went on until we got to a trailer park and pulled up to a double-wide. Despite the guys in the back pawing at me, I was mostly numb to it. The pills were kicking in and I was feeling very detached from my body. Physically at least. Mentally, I felt ashamed. Because I was wet and Alex knew it.

I heard the man chuckle on the phone. "You already were weak and knew what you were for didn't you? Just a thing to them. Did you have any idea what was coming?"

I sighed on the phone, taking a deep drag of the cigarette I had just lit, exhaling deeply through my nose. "No. I knew they were going to rape me, but no. I had no idea what would ultimately happen," I told

the masturbating man. It was the truth or mostly so. Regardless, I continued my story.

Alex drove up, parking and they got out. Part of me wanted to bolt, but I was too out of it to do much, beyond walking along with them, my chest hanging out. I got inside the trailer and it reeked of beer, cigarettes, and sweat. I had barely made it in when Alex told them to wait, taking me back to the bathroom. I stumbled alongside him, crying still, softly, when we walked into the small room. He quickly shoved me down and told me to suck him. I shook, looking up at him, eyes red.

“Please ... I haven’t ... ever,” I said and he just laughed. Then the violent eyes returned and he told me to open my mouth and if he felt teeth, he’d bust them out. I opened and then he shoved in. I didn’t give a blowjob then. I thought I was doing one at the time but it wasn’t. He just fucked my mouth, then my throat, holding my head against the wall as he thrust again and again. The first time I gagged and threw up, he let me off to puke in the toilet. And the second. Then, as I choked on his cock, sobbing almost hysterically, he kept me down and just let me puke up all over his cock and myself. He slapped me for that, jerking me up.

“You’re fucking pathetic you stupid bitch,” he said. He jerked me over to the mirror, holding the back of my neck tightly, squeezing hard. “Look at yourself bitch, look in the mirror. You’re fucking trash. You think I’m trash but the truth is, you are. You’re just a weak fucking cunt who is soaked right now.”

As he said that, he jerked down my skirt and shoved his hand in my panties and rubbed me. Then he pulled his hand out and smeared my juices on my face again. I just whimpered there, broken. I barely felt him kick my legs apart, my hair balled in his hand. I felt something cool on my ass and then, only then, did I resist. I screamed,

I struggled, I thrashed. None of it did any good. It took him a bit, feeling like several minutes, but he got his cock in my ass. It burned so bad and I cried and pleaded and begged as he reamed my ass, making me watch in the mirror as my ass was raped. A couple times he hit my head or slapped me and after a couple minutes, I just sobbed as he sped up, thrusting faster and harder in me. Then a warm wetness in my ass. I shook, sobbing, as he pulled out, letting me drop to the floor.

“Clean this shit up and if I feel teeth, you’ll never have them again bitch.”

I wish I could say I fought him, but by now, I was just numb both from the drugs and shock. I parted my lips and cleaned my own shit and blood and his cum off his cock. I was just numb. He slapped my face when done and brought me out and they took me to the bedroom then. There his friends raped me, one after the other, this time in my pussy. I didn’t fight and despite cumming three times, I didn’t participate either. I just laid there as they fucked me, cumming in me. I wasn’t a person to them and I did feel weak. Not because I was a woman, although they certainly thought that way. No, I was weak because I just took it. Because I came.

Eventually, I was taken home, minus my panties. Alex said he was keeping them. I walked out of his car, home hours late, defeated. I scalded my skin washing myself but nothing helped. My self worth was shit. I was shit. Soon, my grades would be shit as well.

“How long before you went home with him again?” the masturbating man asked.

“One month or so,” I admitted, crying now, rubbing my wet cunt. Good girls had pussies but all I had now was a cunt.

After that 2nd time, I started being taken to the trailer park regularly. A couple months later, I found out I was pregnant and my

parents kicked me out. Alex happily took me in and I never spent another day in school again. Instead, he kept me drunk, drugged, naked, and shared. I miscarried the baby after one wild night of drinking and abuse. It took a week for the bruises to heal and my eye to fully open. His friends fucked me whether I wanted them to or not. My choices didn't matter. I lived in gray, numb, unless I was snorting, hurting, or fucking. So that's what I did. Sometimes I took care of his debts, and soon, he was selling me.

Then the accident came and while he was in the hospital one of his friends came by. He raped me, fucking my ass so bad it bled for days and gave me a concussion. I left after that, taking his car and driving until all the money I had stolen from him was gone.

I made a new life, 10 states away, only doing what I had to do at the start to get by. I got clean, I stopped whoring, and got a real job. I haven't heard from him or anyone since, including my family. I was free to be my own person. My own gray person, empty, cold, going through the motions. Dead inside.

I heard the masturbating man grunt and could recognize the tell tell sounds of a man orgasming. I was humping my own hand, crying as I abused myself. I wouldn't cum now, but I would later.

“And now, here you are. Thank you cunt for the orgasm. I wish you were in the UK, I'd take care of you good. You'd never be gray again. But alas, I can't help you in Oregon now. But with what you sent me, someone will. Are you ok with that?”

I thought about it as I took another deep drag and stubbed out the cigarette, wincing as I burned my arm with it. “Yes, post it all. My picture. My address. My story. Post it on your site and that if they find me, they can rape me. I just need to feel again.”

“And you accept the risk? I know you posted your limits, but I can't

promise anything,” he said, sounding almost sincere. I looked down at the scars on my thighs where I’d cut myself, fingering the scars.

“I do,” I said, smiling.

For the first time since I left Alex, I felt alive again.

I feel alive

“So, has it been everything you expected cunt,” the man on the phone asked. As he did so, I could hear the unzipping of his pants and I could almost feel him panting as he started stroking his cock. I felt demeaned for some reason by that, that he was already jerking off and I hadn’t even spoken yet.

“Yes and no,” I muttered weakly into the phone. “I expected some things to get out of hand maybe, but I don’t know. I didn’t expect it to fuck up my day to day life so badly.” I started crying at that a bit and I took a long swig of the bottle of vodka I was working on. I already knew it wouldn’t be the only bottle tonight.

“Awww, poor cunt. Is your pathetic excuse of a life falling apart?” he said, mockingly, to me. “Turn on the camera, let me see you cunt.” So I did, turning on the webcam on the laptop. My room was a mess behind me as I had all but stopped doing any form of maintenance for it or me really. It didn’t matter anymore. I didn’t matter anymore. Everything was only a long period of gray until the next man came. I centered the camera on me and heard him moan on the phone. I could see my own image on the screen; he wasn’t going to show his face. My own face, however, had seen better days. My full lips were fuller now, and swollen on one side, where my lip had been split. My nose was tender as well. My right cheek was bruised heavily and scraped where I had been thrown into my own wall. And my left eye

was all but swollen shut. I looked like shit but that was the price to feel alive.

“Someone or someones have fucked you up proper haven’t they cunt?” the masturbating man asked. “How long was it before the first rape after I dumped your info on the internet?”

“It was only a week,” I said. That had been only two weeks ago. It had taken just one week for my hard fought for life to be destroyed and me along with it. The first few days had been hard; I had been expecting someone to jump me at any moment. But no one did. I told him as much, detailing everything. It took a grand total of 6 days for the first man to make his move. Whether he had waited and watched me first, or did it on impulse, I don’t know. I just know I came home to find my apartment trashed and ransacked. Some money stolen, everything gone through, raped and violated without even touching me. And then, as I was trying to clean up, he returned. I never saw him face on; he was very good and careful about that.

“What did he do to you cunt?”

“He hit me from behind, hard,” I told him. “That took pretty much all the fight out of me. I almost dropped right then, and he gave me this,” I said, pointing to my swollen and bruised cheek, “by throwing me into the wall. He hiked up my skirt, held my neck tight, and shoved in me.”

“Were you wet?” the man asked, pumping harder.

“Soaked,” I admitted, ashamed. “He gripped my neck tighter and tighter, smashing my face against the wall. I don’t know how long he fucked me like that but it wasn’t long. I was barely conscious when he came in me, and after he slammed my head into the wall, that was it. I woke about an hour later, concussed, confused, and robbed. All the money in my wallet, my cards, and my car keys, gone. All for a thrill

that only lasted a few minutes. I should have cancelled my cards right then and there, but instead, I masturbated, slapping my bruised cheek until I was a sobbing and orgasmic mess.”

“Did you hate yourself cunt in that moment?” he asked. More thumping of his hand on his cock in the background of the phone.

“No. I probably should have, but I just felt sad and empty afterwards. The next day I called and canceled my cards, and got the bus. I didn’t report the car. Not that it mattered. None of my choices matter or mattered.”

“Quite right cunt. Go on. What happened next?”

“Work, riding the bus into work. The glances at my bruised face. It was hard, being exposed in that way. I’d kept my head down, deep in the gray so no one really knew me well enough to ask if I was ok. No one cared enough about me. Not until the next day, when a man came asking for me. I didn’t know him, but he told me to come with him. I expected to be led out of the office and raped, but no. He took me to an office bathroom. It was over quickly and in more ways than one. He shoved me down on the toilet and skull fucked me, pinching and pulling my nipples through my clothes, making me cry, yell. If I had been anywhere else, no one would have known or noticed.”

“But your co-workers did, didn’t they?”

“Yes. The ones that didn’t hear me gagging, choking, and moaning in pain, saw me after. I got fired on the spot. See, he wasn’t content to cum in my mouth. No, he pulled out and came on my face and hair and chest. I wanted to wash up but he wouldn’t let me. Instead, I was meek and empty and so fucking alive as he dragged me out and just left me there, without a word. I had cum dripping from my hair and chin as everyone stared at me. The manager came out and told me to get

the fuck out of there and never come back. I'm living off my savings right now, what little I have."

"And then what cunt? Whoring? Stripping? Maybe I can help," he said, grunting harder. I could tell he was getting close.

"Help how?" I asked, but he told me to keep talking. "Ok. After I got home, fired, I just got drunk. Every day, home and at the bar. Every night at the bar I ended in a bathroom stall, getting railed by some drunken bastard or two. Brief moments of life before drowning myself in the gray again. Until two days ago."

"What happened two days ago cunt?"

"I was at the bar, drunk, around 11pm or maybe midnight. I had brought a guy into the small dirty bathroom, had been blowing him, when he pulled me up. He had already given me some pills and a few bumps of coke. I was flying high, smiling when he pulled me up. I didn't see the dark in him until he punched me right in the nose. I stumbled back, falling on the toilet seat, nose gushing blood everywhere. He then grabbed my head, told me to stop my wailing, and that he was going to make me pretty. Then he punched me right off the toilet onto the floor. Not that I noticed, I was out. Right until he pissed on me. Then he dragged me through the bar, bloody and reeking of piss. No one said anything or stopped him. They knew I wasn't worth it. Me? I was soaked though. He brought me back to my place, without asking me where I lived, and just fucked and beat the shit out of me."

"Show me cunt," he said, panting hard now. So I did. I stood in front of the webcam and stripped. My body was tight, perhaps a bit too thin, my breasts were covered in bruises, and a couple of cigar burns. My body and sides were just a mass of black and blue and yellow, with multiple cuts and burns on me. None too deep or serious, all should heal with at most very minor scars. Maybe.

“He liked my burns on my arms, so he gave me ones on my chest. He cut me with my own knife, small cuts, on my tits and gently spread my cunt open and cut me, not deep, but cut me on the inside. Then he fucked me bloody on and off all that night. The last thing I remember was him deep in my ass, punching me, again and again, and then one on my head, then another, and then ... it was hours later. The next day really. He was gone, and I was a wreck.”

“Are you pretty? Be honest cunt,” he said. So close now, grunting hard.

“I’m beautiful, I feel alive, and he’s coming for me tomorrow,” I said, crying hard.

“And what is he going to do cunt?” he asked. As he asked, he grunted hard and I could tell he was orgasming.

“I don’t know,” I said as I finished off the first fifth of vodka for the night. “I don’t know. And that’s why I finally feel alive.”

Raped and broken

I sat, waiting in front of the laptop, for his call. He had sent me an email about work and since I’d lost my job, I’d pretty much burned through most of it or been robbed of it. Without some fast, I wouldn’t be able to pay rent. Not that I cared too much about that. Money helped me get things that made me feel or go places where I could find men who could make me feel. I knew I was spiraling, but it didn’t matter anymore. Only the rush, never long enough, did. That’s what I was after more than the money. I knew his job would make me feel. Finally, five minutes late, the screen flashed as he contacted me on Skype. He didn’t want to call anymore, he wanted to see me. See what had happened since we last talked a week ago. I was a mess and

he knew I would be. I hurt so fucking bad all over but I knew I was beautiful. Finally beautiful.

His shadowed image appeared on the screen. In the corner I could see my own battered form.

“Damn cunt, are you going to be ok?” he said. I didn’t mistake his question for concern. I knew he simply had committed to me doing a job for him and wanted me to be up for it. I told him I was and he told me to turn on the lights in the bedroom and to spin around slowly for him. I did, growing wetter by the minute. I knew he was recording all this. Beyond the previous injuries and marks, I had added to my collection. My lips were swollen bad, split and busted. My nose was busted and just a tiny bit crooked now. My eye was now swollen shut. I’d had bad headaches for the past 3 days.

My body on the other hand, was painted in a swirling mass of black and blues and yellows. My back had several fist sized bruises and hand prints, along with some very thin criss-crossed scars that were still healing, my sides were much the same. My ass had several burns, including one on my sphincter that still hurt badly even from just moving. Where it wasn’t burned, it was bruised. I then showed him my front, light bruising to my neck, several Band-Aids on my tits, a couple more burns and cuts on them than before. My belly was bruised extremely bad and still hurt. I then showed him my legs. Besides some bruises and burns there, they were mostly fine. But my inner thighs were bruised badly and my cunt, it hurt. I felt so alive because of that hurt. There was a burn on my clit, swollen and angry. Above my cunt was lightly carved “Whore” and my lips were swollen and dark.

“I’m alive,” is all I told him, wincing as I sat back down.

“For how much longer cunt at this rate?” he asked, and then hand waved it away. “Never mind that. I want all the details but first, in one

week, you're to go to the address I'm sending you. Memorize and then delete the email. They'll pay you there, five grand. But don't do anything beyond getting drunk until then. Otherwise I don't get my cut. Understand cunt?"

"Yes sir," I answered, meekly. The money sounded wonderful, but I didn't trust him to get me paid that much. I only trusted him to ensure that I felt something besides gray. I didn't want to avoid feeling that long, my thoughts had lately grown very dark, but things had gotten dark and beyond my control no matter what I did.

"Ok, tell me about the guy from the bar. When did he visit you again?" he asked. Again, I heard the telltale sound of him unzipping his pants, the squirt of lotion on lump. The thwumping of him already starting to jerk off to my so-called life. I'd have laughed if I could feel that way anymore. I had gray and the ecstasy of pain. Nothing else.

"He didn't come back for a few days. For myself, I was either home in pain, hurting myself, hitting myself, choking myself, or out at the bar. That night he was waiting for me, I had been at the bar. I'd let guys buy me drinks all night, blew a few guys, got some pills, and headed home about 2am after some guy had reamed my ass behind the bar."

"You're pathetic, do you know that cunt?" he asked rhetorically. Despite him not really wanting an answer, I whimpered a small yes. "Did you even use protection? Or did you come back to your apt leaking cum out your ass?"

"No protection. I know I should have but ..."

"The risk, you're just a drug addict for use and pain," he said, jerking harder as if he wanted to punctuate that statement with his cock.

"I guess. I don't know," I said, lying. I knew what I was, what I had been doing. I just couldn't stop myself anymore, just a numb cunt

watching a dark passenger drive me off a cliff. “So, yeah, I walked back a mess, cum leaking out of me, bruises mostly faded to an ugly yellow. But as soon as I stumbled in, he jumped me. No, jumped isn’t the right word. He grabbed me, hurling me to the ground. Then he kicked me, again and again. I rolled on my back and he kept kicking at my sides and when I protected them, he stomped on my stomach, again and again. I thought my guts were going to burst out and it hurt so bad I actually wanted to live, so it could go on forever. Then he reared back and kicked my head and everything went blank.” I went silent, remembering that darkness that had enveloped me. A complete absence of anything.

“That’s twice you’ve been knocked completely out in about a week cunt. How’s that brain? Damaged?” he asked, jerking off harder as he chuckled at his play on words. He wasn’t too far off however.

“I’ve had some issues, confusion, and dizziness. Headaches a lot,” I said. I wanted to cry at the damage I’d endured to my body, but I couldn’t. The pain was the only reason I felt anything. The constant drip drip that kept me moving to the next high and through the next bout of gray. “Anyway, I woke up strapped down on the kitchen table. My wrists and ankles were all tied down with some sort of Velcro strap shit. The light from the ceiling fan was blinding and I felt all sorts of wrong. In my head I mean. Thinking hurt more than my body did at that moment. He had stripped me and when he saw me waking up, he came over. I started screaming as he got close, because while I couldn’t focus too well, I knew what a soldering iron looked like.”

“You’re burning out fast, aren’t you cunt?” he asked. I noticed that he had jerked off faster when he heard about that.

“Yes,” I said quietly. “He was already hard and just shoved in my pussy, fucking me with ease. I don’t think he had lubed me. I was just

already that wet. At first he didn't say anything, just fucking me, grunting, eyes full of hate for me. Then he lowered the iron, poking my body with it, screaming. If I lived in a decent neighborhood, someone would have called the police. No one did. He burned my arms, my sides, and my tits, just slowly marking me, enjoying my body convulsing on his cock. I almost blacked out when I came and then he unstrapped me and flipped me over. My body instinctively just balled up, the pain overwhelming me. The smell of burnt skin stinking up the small kitchen. It was the most horrible and wonderful pain in my life. He then strapped me down and fucked into my ass. It was still gaped and leaking cum from the earlier man from the bar. He then started burning my ass, again and again and again. Wailing in pain, clutching his dick tight in my bowels. It wasn't too long before I came again and he filled my ass right after. Then he kept burning me, until he touched my puckered cum leaking hole itself. I nearly tore free of the restraints then, screaming bloody murder. I never felt so alive. Is this what the life of a candle is?"

He chuckled at that, jerking off faster. "Candles burn bright and fade away cunt. There was and will never be a bright moment of your life. Just darkness," he said. "Go on." I sighed and continued.

"After that, he unstrapped and beat me. He held my head almost tenderly in his arms as I sobbed, and then would just randomly punch me in the face. Tender, then pain. Pain, then tender. I was on the floor, sobbing, curled up on his arms. My nose was bleeding bad, busted, same as my lips, looking up at him in awe. He was my God, Sir, giving my life meaning. I wanted so much to die there or somehow live forever in that moment with him. He'd stroke my hair, my face, and then another pop. Another explosion of meaning and need fulfilled." I leaned over, sobbing suddenly, lost in my recollection, over-

whelmed by it all. This was my life now and I was disgusted by my need. I touched my injured nose and the pain made those thoughts of self doubt about my life go away. I pushed on it and cried and swallowed the high of endorphins that gave me.

“Eventually, he dropped me and left me on the floor, kicking my body a few times. He ransacked my kitchen, getting out a steak knife and an ice pick. Then he rejoined me on the floor. I pissed myself as he approached. Even if my body craved him, a primal part of my mind was screaming no, lost among the cacophony of pain I was happily drowning in.”

“Is that why you have Band-Aids on your tits cunt?” I nodded on the webcam, peeling one of the bandages away. A small red spot on my damaged chest shone back at him.

“He pushed it into me several times, only my tits. He said he didn’t want me dead but that was a lie. He just didn’t want to go to jail for it. Otherwise, I know I wouldn’t be here. It doesn’t slide in at first you know. Despite how sharp it was, if you push slowly, it hurts more. The flesh of your tit dents in, more and more, stretching inward until it finally breaks. Then, it’s scary how easily it goes through you. He licked my tears and kissed me as I screamed. He tasted my blood, on my face, on my chest. My offering to him.” I brought out my Hitachi and pressed it against my bruised cunt, turning it on. Both of us were getting off on my misery and pain now.

“He was ready after that, cutting me some, mostly my tits. Marking me, he said. He punched me again, my body, getting up and stomping my cunt until I thought I was going to be destroyed. I came once during that, I think. Then he slammed into me, fucking me as he choked me, slamming me against the floor again and again. He only slowed down once, when I was about to pass out. That’s when he used the

iron on my clit. I orgasmed and I was so full of life even as my flame was flickering out. Then he tossed it aside and choked me and I tried to kiss him desperately as he did so. I don't know why. Maybe one final gentle moment. I saw the look in his eyes, I know what was coming. I embraced it and the world went away and I was happy as I disappeared forever," I said, cumming and sobbing hysterically. I listened as he came as well, white flashing up in the air as he got off.

"But you didn't disappear cunt, did you?" he said, panting, wiping his hand clean in the shadows.

"No, I woke up and he was gone. I hurt so bad I could barely breathe and struggled to crawl to the shower. I turned it on and half wished I had a tub to lower my head into. I didn't though. I'm not brave enough. I need to hurt, forever. Later, when I finally got out of the shower, I saw what he had carved into me. Everything he did to me, including writing that above my cunt, was putting the truth of me on my body. He wanted me to be the only me I ever have truly been. My body is what I have always been now. Pain. Can you believe Sir, I'm happy. I know I shouldn't be, but I touch all my hurts and I'm finally happy."

"I believe it cunt. You're sick and abuse is the medicine you need. The only thing you can and will ever understand. I'm proud of you. It'll be perhaps the only time someone will ever be proud of you, but I am." I started bawling again as he said that, because I knew he was sincere. I glanced up as he snapped his fingers and yelled at me to pay attention.

"Remember cunt, memorize that address and then destroy the email. Do that and go there and you will get paid and I promise you, you'll feel more alive than you ever have before." I trembled as he said that, feeling half insane, nodding yes. I was already numbing to the

gray again, knowing I was going to be lost in it until then, outside of the touches I gave my broken body myself. I opened the email and saw that it was not local. He had attached another email with plane tickets. I saw that address and I felt numb. I knew that address, had lived there, had conceived and miscarried there. At long last, I was going home.

THE GATHERING STORM

by Badsammie

Dark clouds bear down from the horizon, barometric pressure rising, the inevitability of tumult and dangerous things sweeping in. Struggling, against it, pointlessly, until it overwhelms me and I head out, not seeking cover from the gathering storm but to embrace it.

I reach the plains, tears in my eyes, arms spread, beckoning the approaching typhoon to tear me off the ground and dash me upon the ground. For lightning to strike my body and burn my soul away.

Instead, a deep fog envelopes me, thick, almost suffocating. I drop down, unable to escape it, unable to see past it, holding me tight as I cry. Denied the storm, at least for a little while. I lie down, lost in the fog, struggling to breathe, just sobbing until I sleep.

Later, with sudden violence, the storm is upon me, a surge drowning me away. My body writhes along the shore, broken against the rocks, again and again. My body marked and red, then marked and purple, as the storm slams into me. Wind blowing my clothes away, cold ice piercing my skin, warm water drowning my face, lightning and thunder fury against the entirety of my body until I break and scream and then break once more.

A pristine object can be pretty, but one marked by experience and use can be beautiful, made pretty, until it can be used no more.

Until tomorrow, until another storm.

Until then, all is quiet.