

Pete and Tyra are raped and killed
(Pure evil rapes and murders Pete and Tyra)

Everyone mentioned or written sexually about in the story is 18 years old or older.

IMPORTANT!

This is a violent story in which both main characters are raped and murdered!
SO IF Psychological Torture, Rape of all sexes, Brutal Murders and the Supernatural isn't your thing.
Stop here! Stop reading now!

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AGAIN! DO NOT READ further if those things offend you, or you find the categories disliking!

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Pete had no idea where he was as he slowly opened his eyes. It looked like some kind of warehouse abandoned long ago, dark and dirty and with a hard cold floor. They were duct tape at the ankles and their hands behind their backs were taped so tight it hurt. Pete tried to moan and catch more breath 'cause of the pain, but in vain since his mouth was securely taped too.

The last thing he remembered was that they'd walked past a man on the street asking them to help him with things in his oversized van. (classic) As they were too nice and helpful for their own good...they assisted the chatty stranger. A talkative stranger with handsome icy cold features it felt natural to help. In the midst of lifting and pushing inside the car the man suddenly asked if it was okay that he raped them. In slow motion they both paused, looked at each other questioningly, even with beginning smiles...then the man added, "Well, not just rape you, I intended to end your lives too, and in a rather cruel way I can honestly say."

A wave of uncertainty and fear closed in on them, even chilling horror began to appear. But before any of them reacted in any way the cold stranger hit them hard and both fell unconscious.

And now they were on the cold dirty floor. Pete saw that all their things were lying on the table in front of them. Tyra's purse, his wallet...and their cell phones! Immediately he began to twist and turn, trying to get on his feet. He succeeded in part and with mini-steps he closed in on the table. He was so close...almost in range of the phone...

– Ah, so nice...you're awake. And soon we'll have Tyra going too. Good, we need booth young lovers in the upcoming events.

Pete jumped, and recognized the voice. It was him from van. He stood further away in the room, in a dark corner...as is he emerged from there.
He walked slowly towards them as he spoke.

– You know, it is okay that you have your phone. You can't call from it anyway, because there's no reception here. No reception and quite a distance to the nearest house. So, no one but me and you will hear your screams.

Me and you, you and me, how fun is that, really? No, an audience of three is not what I call audience. Especially since all three are leading characters in the drama. Fortunately we have the solution here on the table, your phones...we can record and share it with everyone. Aren't we the lucky ones?!

The man held my phone in his hand and bent down very close to me...put the phone in my tied hands, and made sure that our fingers touched as he withdrew and rose again. His fingers were icy cold and at the same time warm, or kind of electric. They added to the unease feeling I already had, and even more so as he continued talking.

– You don't have any children...although Tyra is two months pregnant. That is good news indeed, yes, it is. Young people get killed every day, so we must spice things up a bit otherwise you'll be forgotten over day. And a young girl, not thirty years old carrying her unborn child, that's a headline! Or what do you think? Please feel free to comment now that you're both awake.

Pete saw what the stranger already had seen...Tyra's eyes were open, and she looked around weary and scared.

– No comments? Okay then, where were we. The title of the news, yes...I thought 'Newly engaged couple deeply in love and baby on the way, just got found in ditch, both brutally raped and murdered.' Though it will be way too long for a headline and much to describing, no we can't have that. Let us go with 'Young couple raped and murdered; girl was pregnant.' Short headline which intrigues to read all the horrible details about what happened. Perfect.

– Please let us go. If it's money you want, we've got it. I come from a rich family, and they will pay what you ask for. Whatever your demands, they will be met, I promise.

Tyra tried to move as she spoke with unsteady voice...and now Pete saw that she didn't have any tape covering her mouth like he had. She appeared to be tied in the same way, but nothing over her mouth.

– I am so glad you said that my dear, and believe me. My demands will be met. They always are. By the way, do you wonder why only half of you have tape on three places? Well, there's an added bonus in that, you see. No one can hear you here... Well, not entirely true, the gentleman in the corner over there...the drifter who wandered in here by chance. He, could have heard you...but no one else. And certainly not him anymore...his scattered parts are in a deplorable condition, poor thing...dying alone...screaming and staring in the entities soulless eyes that's slowly ripping him to pieces.

– Let us move on, shall we? Tape over your mouth...it will be very clear in a moment or two. But it has to do with shouting and pleading, and helplessly watch.

While saying the last thing, he'd taken Tyra's phone...held it against her face, unlocking it. And also taken mine back from where he placed it minutes ago, unlocking it that the same way. He calmly put the phones on the table and made sure they video recorded the both of us.

As he turned around, he held something hammer-like in his hand...he moved in on me, and hit the knee. The pain was excruciating and I collapsed instantly.

– I really have to apologize. It is not my usual way of doing things, but in all honesty, I was planning some real goodies for another couple...very similar to you in many ways. But then you showed from nowhere...and I can't miss such an opportunity. What a fantastic bonus I got served. Hence, the evening becomes more spontaneous and not as strictly planned as it usually appears to my clients.

I have to brag a bit and mention to the both of you, that under all my years of doing this, I never had any formal complaints, ever. Never any cheers and appreciations either...but such is life. Or not life. Pete, will you be so kind and drag yourself over there, closer to your loved one. Great, thank you. I like to get started you see.

With me crawling and sobbing, he placed himself behind Tyra. Raised her up on her knees and laid a thin wire around her neck...used a knife-like thing to cut off her pants and panties. Then immediately started fingering her while saying he was preparing her. But with the roughness he carried it out; it surely had nothing to do with preparing.

Tyra had kicked, shouted things, hit and clawed him meantime, but he didn't care the slightest...rather it spurred him on. And he wanted to continue now, so he tightened the wire, preventing her from getting any air and forced her reluctantly to follow his movements.

With all my strength I repressed the pain, stood up and jumped him. But it only resulted in a broken jaw and the other knee crushed. So now I could only watch as he held his semi erect tool right outside my fiancée's vagina...and pushed it in hard throughout its full length. Tyra screamed in pain...and my eyes filled with tears.

He felt indifferent to everything that was happening around him, like a machine. And even though impossible to see, it felt like the more we suffered the more pleased and energized he seemed to get.

He screwed her mercilessly hard and she screamed as loud as she could with the suffocating wire around the neck.

– As you probably know...

Ooh! Uuh!

He continued pumping in long rough thrusts as he spoke.

But that's just a guess on my part, as I lay on my side with my back against them. Hearing everything though...making the floor wet from my overflowing eyes and dripping nose. Cried some from all the pain and cried more than I ever had in my entire life over what happened to the love of my life.

– Excuse me, but your girlfriend is a really good lay I must say. She responds so well to our extreme lovemaking; though it is more like holding a sack now...maybe let her have some air, loose the chokehold shortly. There we go.

You know, usually I seduce newly engaged girls and get them pregnant. Then returning in different ways, watching them lie to their boyfriends, pretending he is the dad and oh my how happy they are to be parents and starting a family. Meanwhile our dirty secret grows a little bit bigger for every passing day, bound to come up and show its ugly face in the end...

– It always reveals itself sooner or later, always does. And I just love my contributions to this corrupt and evil world, destined for annihilation. Almost like my work here isn't needed. But then I'm reminded how much I like doing what I do...and my work is extraordinary, don't you think? Speaking about extraordinary and priceless things, now your precious girl here surely must be ready for more.

At the end of the sentence he pulled out of her vagina, not semi-erect anymore...no, stiff, big and all bloody. With full force he thrusts it all the way in Tyra's rear hole. She screamed straight out of course! But it was more of a croaking faint cry...she had neither the strength nor any voice left to spew any more hate over what he did to her.

How I did it, I don't know, but I defied all pain once again as I crawled and pulled slowly towards them. Why I don't know. I guess I wanted to shield her...protect her from him and make one last attempt to save the girl I loved so deeply.

– Look Tyra! Your knight is back, on the way to rescue his princess. Correction, very slowly on his way.

I should have passed out from the pain from the crushed knees and jaw, and all the psychological torture...but still I dragged myself so close I almost reached them with my hand. A futile attempt to stop his merciless pounding in and out....in and out...

– Let us give him something beautiful to remember you by. It's the least we can do for your valiant boyfriend.

As he said the last part, he pulled Tyra up by the throat with the wire tensed to the max so she got no air at all. At the same time he began pumping her deep with newfound energy.

He held her against him during the last brutal thrusts. Took her head and turned it towards me, so I looked into her eyes when he forced all the anger and cruelty he could release into her...load after load entered her. But Tyra's eyes were completely blank and hollow...because she had stopped breathing now...

I guess I mentally collapsed or blacked out towards the end or after the end...can't remember. All I know is that I woke up bouncing, half kneeling half sitting on his lap as he brutally used me the same way he did Tyra.

Pulling out of my behind and right after, with extreme force...pushed all the way in. Out again...and all the way in. It was too big...burned and just unbearable really...but I hardly felt anything. All the piercing pain everywhere and the choking wire left me completely numb. And that really frustrated him. He wanted more resistance throughout the process. We would not be more than a footnote among the others, nothing lasting or memorable in any way.

So my moaning and probably not audible begging for him to stop quickly passed. Don't even know if he filled me up the same vicious and brutal way he did Tyra, just that he tightened the cutting wire around my neck, and again reached his goal.

And now it was all over for me too.

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Epilogue

No find-my-phone feature helps if you ever meet me. Well, it helps to retrieve the phones again, and recover the bodies...and on the phones find the horrifying details what happened to the couples in the end. And they will also find me. But no life is ever saved...only more lives destroyed when they see and hear about the videos recorded on the phones.

I had seen the men completely dressed in black enter the room a bit earlier. Right about when Pete drew his last breath. I am sure they call it rescue missions, but it never is. Like everything happening every day, it is never any prevention of any kind...just after work and a lot of cleanup. And here we had the mop-up-crew...all staring at me with very unhappy faces.

Their anger increased when I started laughing really loud. One of the men hit me with a pipe or bat in the side of the head which made me let go of Pete and slip out of his completely relaxed anal...and with force slam down on the hard concrete floor.

Now I was lying there...naked, bleeding a bit...and still laughing. It wasn't something man number two liked...so he walked up and hit me hard with something similar to number one, and that made me temporarily pass out.

After some fixing on their part and a bucket of dirty stinky water in my face...I was awake again.

I am cold and detached as you probably already understood, and that combined with who I am makes me equally apt to hand out torture as to receive it. So screams from me does not come easily. And it didn't...

Not when they cut off several of my fingers, not when they nailed my right hand to the wall with a rough rusty rail nail. Not a sound when they made sure I couldn't rape anyone again, ever....by using an old rusty knife, slowly cutting off my oversized, almost artistically beautiful raping tool. The one instrument given so many so much pleasure...well... maybe...someone...at some point...before they stopped breathing anyway. Either way, it had brought me unearthly joy and heavenly pleasure. Amusing right?! Heavenly pleasure...from one who comes from the dark side.

I didn't scream...when I hung naked and bleeding, nailed through the hand, without several fingers, without my...tool. Burned and thoroughly tortured on carefully selected parts.

I had seen the steel penis before, I had. And I must give credit to their ingenuity preparing it. Heated in the small but efficient fire they threw my body parts in...heated to the level it glowed in yellow and orange colors. Colors revealing the immense heat it radiated.

When they turned me around, spread my legs apart and with firm pressure...inserted the glowing steel penis into my anal, inch by inch...deeper inside...then, I screamed.

Soon after they inserted glowing penis number two...in my mouth, and I tried to scream, but all that happened was my tongue quickly charred and blackened as I burned from within.

I could smell my own burnt flesh, right before most of my head charred and caught fire. Must be a beautiful event to witness for many, but I didn't see any of that...because now I was no more.

Normally most stories end here. The hero or heroes walks away knowing justice been dispensed. The villain got what he deserved, to say the least in this case.

But I am far from an ordinary mortal everyday person whose story ends just like that, so as the door closes behind the men leaving the crisp body behind...the camera pans over the two human bodies and still burning fire...then closes in on one of the few remaining, severely burnt fingers, and as it twitches once...twitches twice...pans to black.

It was yet again time for the dark forces to repair their most used tool.