

# ***Death by E-Mail***

*(MF, v, bd, sn)*

***By Hungry Guy and Romangirl***

**This story was co-written by two authors who have never met. Hungry Guy wrote the part of Snuffher. Romangirl responded to his words and actions as Gabriella. After reading one of Hungry Guy's stories, Romangirl actually began writing to him, asking if he would create a story involving her as the "damsel in distress." Those e-mails are captured here. Romangirl portrayed Gabriella in her illustrations, while Hungry Guy portrayed Snuffher.**

**###**

**-Gabbygirl-**

**Glenn had just left with the young ones for some fishing at the park and Gabriella had feigned illness so she could be alone with Snuffher. She had read his story a half dozen times, but she couldn't wait to reach wetporn.orgy, Snuffher's own erotic story web site. As soon as the family car disappeared, she went up to the bedroom, stripped down to her bra and panties, and sat down at the computer. In her thirties, she still looked like twenty-something. Gabriella's ancestors had come to America from Italy a century before, and she had dark hair, long legs, and a perpetual tan that she reinforced each summer at the beach or in her back yard. Opposites attract! Glenn was shorter and chubby, more laid back than Gabriella, and much more into fishing, golf, baseball, and beer than he was into his lovely wife!**

**Gabby wasn't an exhibitionist, at least not consciously, but she didn't mind when guys stared at her, which they always did. Still, she was somewhat satisfied with her 8-year marriage, she overindulged her two kids, Ginny and Glenn Jr., and she had a very ordinary, if not dull, life as a soccer and baseball mom. Her husband was away on business more than he was home, and it was left to Gabriella to manage financial affairs, mow the lawn, and chauffeur the kids. But she would never consider infidelity, at least not in real life. Virtual infidelity was kind of fun and exciting, though!**

**Upon finding wetporn.orgy, she scrolled quickly down to her favorite story, "Where Have All the Pretty Mothers Gone?"**

**"Oh my god! I can't believe I am sooo excited over an amateur porn story! This guy stalks pretty housewives, binds them with chains and gags, and sexually teases and tortures them until their bodies betray them and they are racked with unbelievable climaxes! The, cruelly, he snuffs them in creatively different ways. He leaves no clues. His victims can never be found!"**

**"I'll send him an e-mail. No, I mustn't do that! Oh God! What am I thinking! I must be**

**insane! I'm gonna have to change my panties before Glenn gets home! I need to see go to confession!"**

**But instead, Gabriella's hand worked its way under her panties, and groped the source of her wetness.**

**"UHHHHHHHHH GODDDDDDD!!!!!!!" she groaned loudly, knowing there was no one to hear. And then she went to her secret Hotstuff site to send an e-mail.**

**> FROM: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com  
> TO: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy  
>  
> Hi Snuffher! I just wanted to tell you that  
> your story 'Where Have All the Pretty  
> Mothers Gone?' is really great! You have  
> a fantastic imagination!  
> It's almost like you're a real serial  
> rapist-killer!  
> You're not, are you? (Ha, Ha, just kidding!).  
> You can find my profile and picture in  
> Literpornia. I've written a few stories  
> you can find there. I call myself Gabbygirl.  
> Read them if you get a chance! I'm also  
> wondering if you might consider writing a  
> sequel to your story, about your stalking  
> me as your next victim.  
> I'm not into getting raped and killed in real  
> life, but in a story, it really excites me  
> sexually! I'm married to a traveling  
> salesman, have a kind of a boring life, and  
> have a boy and girl. Please let me know if  
> you're interested. I have a digital camera  
> and could send you nude photos of me. That is, if you  
> like my looks!  
> Gabbygirl**

**###  
-Snuffher-**

**Snuffher was home in his Philadelphia apartment overlooking the Delaware River across to Camden, NJ.**

**The weather was starting to get uncomfortably warm. His air conditioning was humming, keeping his hi-rise apartment at a comfortable 68 degrees.**

He sat at his PC to begin working on his latest story. It had been a few months since he snuffed his last victim, and was getting itchy again. His snuff stories always brought in emails from crazy women with rape/murder fetishes. If that were what they sought, he'd be glad to oblige. Of course, they always denied that they really wanted to be raped and murdered, but he knew better. He knew what they wanted, but couldn't admit to. He didn't murder every woman who wrote to him, of course; only those who inspired him to write a story about it.

He heard a police siren scream down the street below, eliciting a jump from him. He feared that the police might be putting two and two together by now.

He decided that he would do one more victim, then move far away and retire.

He had written several paragraphs into his latest story when Gabbygirl's e-mail appeared in his inbox.

Her e-mail sounded promising. He may have just found his next victim, providing that she's decent looking, of course.

He composed a reply and sent it back to her:

> FROM: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy  
> TO: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com  
>  
> Hi Gabbygirl!  
>  
> I'll check out your stories in Literpornia.  
> Send me a nude photo! If I like what you  
> look like, I'll put you into my next story.  
> Tell me where you are, not exactly, of  
> course, but city and state. Tell me what  
> your life is like. Are you straight, gay,  
> or bi? Are you married? Have a boyfriend?  
> Girlfriend? All of the above? Etc, etc.  
>  
> Snuffher

### -Gabbygirl-

Gabriella couldn't quite catch her breath when she opened Snuffher's reply. "Oh my God! He's considering writing a story about me! About raping and killing me! What am I doing? I'm weird! I'm nuts! I'm perverted! I must send him some nude pictures!"

> FROM: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com

> **TO: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy**  
>  
> **Thanks for writing, Snuffher! Yes, I would**  
> **love to be the victim in your next story!**  
> **I'm enclosing my own stories from Literpornia**  
> **and some pictures of me, but PLEASE don't**  
> **post them anywhere else! My husband doesn't know).**  
>  
> **I'm straight (but just a bit curious; I**  
> **might like kissing Brittany Spears, but NOT**  
> **Madonna!), married, in my mid-thirties, with**  
> **two small kids, a boy and girl, 12 and 10.**  
> **They're very active in school and sports, so**  
> **I'm busy chauffeuring them around. My husband**  
> **travels out of state about 20 days a month,**  
> **which leaves me alone with the kids and the**  
> **computer.**  
>  
> **I'm tall (about five nine) and naturally**  
> **tanned, with dark eyes and dark hair, thanks**  
> **to my Italian heritage. I have long legs.**  
> **I'm not a flirt, nor am I unfaithful. I often**  
> **dream about being stalked by a serial rapist-**  
> **killer. He shows no mercy and never leaves his**  
> **victims alive. When I awaken, my panties**  
> **are soaked! Crazy? I guess we all are a bit**  
> **nuts! In real life I'm kind of a boring**  
> **housewife who tries to ignore but gets secretly**  
> **excited when black guys or dirty Mexican laborers**  
> **make obscene gestures or remarks I can't understand!**  
> **I live in the northeast.**  
>  
> **You can call me Gabriella in the story, but**  
> **again, the pictures are for you alone!!!!**  
> **Thanks! Here's a picture of me undressing and**  
> **one of me in bed taken by my husband.**  
> **Gabbygirl**

**###**

**-Snuffher-**

**Snuffher was surprised that the slut coughed up nude pictures so easily. It usually took some sly word-work to get nude pix from women. Furthermore, she was stunningly beautiful!**

**As he read her email, he saw that her fetish was rather typical -- nothing he hadn't heard before -- they always want to be raped, tortured, and murdered. And he'll be glad to oblige.**

**He continued reading. Married... Kids... She fitted the profile perfectly -- the so-called "bored housewife." But she's bi-curious? Interesting!**

**He didn't have to read further to know the deal. Her husband had to be either a workaholic or a sports nut. Probably drinks. Her husband probably never tells her that he loves her or tells her how pretty she is, and she lacks self-esteem. Maybe he even beats her. She probably never gets any action in bed. And when she does, he's probably a pansy, or does it in a flash without satisfying her. Their stories are always the same! And their stupid, selfish husbands were his greatest allies!**

**> FROM: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy**

**> TO: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com**

**>**

**> Hi Gabbygirl!**

**>**

**> I promise not to show your pix to anyone  
> else. You're very attractive. You'll be  
> in my next rape-snuff story. You know my  
> stories are extremely violent and graphic,  
> right? That's what my fans expect. So I  
> hope you're not squeamish.**

**>**

**> I like your fake name, Gabriella. Very  
> imaginative! Most women just make up  
> names like "Susan" or "Cindy."**

**>**

**> Also, please tell me why you deserve to die!  
> What horrible, terrible thing did you do earlier  
> in life (or just recently that you deserve to  
> be raped and murdered for)?**

**>**

**> In the meantime, tell me more about you.  
> Background for the story, you know! What  
> state do you live in -- don't tell me the  
> name of your town (unless you like to live  
> dangerously -- ha-ha).**

**>**

**> Snuffher**

**Snuffher sent off the message. She had already given him a couple of clues how to find**

her in her e-mails to him. They always do. He sometimes wonders if it's deliberate.

And her nude pics will look great on his web site after she's served his purpose.

Later that evening, he began to write his story, outlining how he would rape and kill her when the time came.

**###**

**-Gabbygirl-**

Gabriella waited until the house was empty before going to her Hotstuff.com mailbox. "Oh my God! It's him again!" she screamed like a little schoolgirl. "He's gonna do it! He's gonna snuff me in a story! He's gonna make me his victim! I am gonna cum!" And she did.

> **FROM: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com**

> **TO: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy**

>

> **Again, thanks for replying! I am sooooo**

> **excited!**

> **I guess I do like to live dangerously,**

> **Snuffher! I live in a small town that is**

> **very peaceful, somewhere in Maryland. Yes.**

> **I do get very lonely and horny with my**

> **husband gone so much. But that's his job. The**

> **reason I wrote you is because you ARE extremely**

> **brutal to woman in your stories. That really**

> **arouses me!**

>

> **You asked me if I did something awful that made**

> **me want to be punished. I'm not someone who**

> **would write to someone "let's meet and you can**

> **kill me." If you were really a serial**

> **rapist/murderer, I would probably die of**

> **fright before you could kill me! So, no**

> **reason. I don't think I can give you a reason**

> **for my dark side anymore than you can explain**

> **why you write rape/murder stories!**

> **Dark sides are.....dark sides!**

>

> **I'll be honest, I've written to a couple of**

> **other sex-and-violence authors, but they always**

> **make empty promises to write a story for me so**

> **I'll send then nude photos of myself. I send**

> them what they ask for, but they never write a  
> story. When I see movies like Halloween (I  
> didn't see Resurrection 2002 and was shocked  
> to learn that Jamie Lee Curtis dies!) I often  
> wonder what the actresses think or feel  
> in horror movies. Do they become sexually  
> aroused?

>  
> I'm very busy with my two kids. In the summer,  
> I love to wear tattered short-shorts and tank  
> tops.  
> Men do notice, and it excites me, but I don't  
> flirt. I'm loyal to my husband, dull as our  
> relationship is. If you want any other  
> information, let me know!

>  
> By the way, Snuffher, Gabriella is my real  
> name. Yes, I like to live dangerously, but  
> no, I won't give you my last name! You'll  
> have to use your ingenuity to find me!

>  
> Oh.....I hope you do!!!!

>  
> Gabriella

###

-Snuffher-

Very little surprised Snuffher, but this woman did. That this woman had told him her real name was unheard of in this type of situation, if, in fact, she really DID give him her real name!

Anyway, Snuffher had plenty of ingenuity. He had yet to fail to find the true identity and location of any of his victims.

> FROM: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy  
> TO: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com

>  
> Hi Gabbygirl!

>  
> Hey! I live in Pennsylvania just across from  
> the New Jersey border. Maybe we're not  
> too far from each other.

>

- > Let me tell you, Gabby, lonely housewives
- > really turn me on! The idea of messing with
- > another man's wife gets me soooo hot!
- >
- > Please fill me in with more details about
- > your life, your town, anything to make the
- > story more realistic.
- >
- > I look forward to hearing from you again.
- >
- > Snuffher

By now, Snuffher knew he had a live one. He needed a few more details to zero in on her identity and location, but these things always tend to come out innocently in normal conversation. Most people don't know that the most innocent facts and harmless details could be important clues to getting someone's identity. He just had to be patient. He had a feeling this one wouldn't take long at all.

###

-Gabbygirl-

Snuffher was right. It didn't take very long.

Gabriella knew Snuffher's e-mail address by heart. And that was her downfall. She wrote this e-mail:

- > FROM: GlennGabWynn@Lincolntownmd.net
- > TO: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy
- >
- > This little town (I'm still too nervous too
- > tell you its name!) is so lovely! It's about
- > 20 miles from the beach, close enough for me to
- > easily get there with the kids, and far enough
- > away so that tourists don't come around to
- > pester us! We live across the street from a
- > softball park, so we spend a lot of time there.
- >
- > I love the beach and to usually go to Ocean
- > City, which is a great family place! I love
- > to work on my tan! The kids love the surf!
- > Sadly, we usually go without my husband, who is
- > almost always busy or out of town. So, life
- > isn't all that exciting for me!
- >

- > That's why I spend so much time on my computer,
- > fantasizing about you coming to rape and kill
- > me!
- > It's weird, I know, and I can't explain it.
- > But since we'll never actually meet, I can
- > honestly say I get very wet every time I read
- > your e-mails!
- >
- > Write soon!

As soon as she sent the e-mail, Gabriella realized what she had done. She had used their main e-mail address to write to Snuffher. She panicked. She even cried. And then she convinced herself that Snuffher was a friend who liked to write about rape and snuff. Period! Just like she liked to think about her being the victim.

No harm done. But then she immediately sent him another message:

- > FROM: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com
- > TO: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy
- >
- > Oh my God, Snuffher! I accidentally sent you
- > an e-mail from my main address! My husband
- > would kill me if he found out! Please don't
- > reply to me at GlennGabWynn@Lincolntownmd.net!
- > Delete that message. Please!
- > I beg of you, friend, delete that address!
- >
- > Your Friend
- >
- > Gabriella

###

-Snuffher-

"So she lives in Maryland, does she?" he snickered. Snuffher went to Mapquest.com to locate Lincolntown, MD.

Snuffher laughed and smiled inwardly. "You're mine, bitch! My cock is going to be down your throat so deep!" He now had everything that he needed to locate this latest victim.

Now that he knew her city, state, part of her last name, and her husband's real first name, finding her was easy. He went to Anywho.com and searched for "Wynn..." in Lincolntown, MD.

Despite the partial spelling of her last name, several hits came back. He printed the page of phone and address listings and then went to Mapquest.com.

He recalled that in one e-mail she had mentioned that she lived across the street from a softball park. He printed a map for each of the addresses from Anywho.com. Bingo! One of the locations was directly across the street from a software park. That done, he sent off the following email.

> FROM: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy  
> TO: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com  
>  
> Hi Gabriella,  
>  
> Don't panic. I deleted your email. While I  
> have memorized your real address, you husband  
> will never know of me.  
>  
> But what about your computer? Does your  
> husband ever use your computer? Might he find  
> our emails to each other on your computer?  
>  
> I've make good progress on the story. I should  
> have it finished by the end of next week.

After sending the email, he got to his real work. How will he kill this one? Her death must leave no trace, and her body must never be found. He had a few ideas, but decided to put off the decision for a while. He went to Orbitz.com in order to reserve a room in Lincolntown for Friday night to stay for the week.

Next, he rooted through his toy chest and packed all his favorite toys into his knapsack. He packed his digital camera, his shackles, his handcuffs, his spreader-bars, his mouth spreaders, his speculums, and his sperm-sponge harness.

###

-Gabbygirl-

Gabriella felt better after reading Snuffher's e-mail. His statement about memorizing her main e-mail address bothered her at first, but then began to flame her fantasy! Imagining Snuffher to be a real serial rapist and killer, she worked out her own story in her head, "He REALLY was a stalker and killer of women. And he now had my real address! Soon he would have my identity!"

She imagined him arriving in Lincolntown and calling her on the phone. "Hello Gabriella!

**This is Snuffher! I'm upstairs in your bedroom, next to the kids' rooms. Your husband is gone and won't be back for several days! He'll be in for a big surprise when he gets home!"**

**She cried out in ecstasy as the fingering of her pussy under her panties culminated in an explosion of sexual delight.**

**> FROM: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com**

**> TO: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy**

**>**

**> Hi Snuffher! Thanks for assuring me that my  
> e-mail address is your secret! Yes, my husband  
> does use the computer, but we each have our own  
> passwords! I hope you don't think I  
> deliberately gave you my real e-mail address!  
> That would be stupid! And if you really were  
> bad, it could endanger my family! No, it was a  
> stupid accident!**

**> But, and I shouldn't be telling you this,  
> knowing that you DO have my e-mail address  
> excites me to no end.**

**> I just thought about it, imagined that you  
> could now find me, and had a pussy shattering  
> climax!**

**> Oh Snuffher, this is our very own deep, dark  
> secret! I am soooooo excited!**

**>**

**> Gabriella**

**###**

**-Snuffher-**

**Snuffer's suitcase and his knapsack of toys was all packed and waiting by the door, his impatience growing. But he must be patient. This one will be the most fun yet. It almost seemed to Snuffer as though she really wanted to be raped and murdered.**

**###**

**-Gabbygirl-**

**It seemed like Glenn and the kids would never leave the house! But the kids finally got on the school buses and Glenn headed out for a short in-state business trip. He would return later that evening, but she had the day to herself.**

**Once again, she stripped down to her bra and panties and logged onto the computer.**

**Yes! Another e-mail from Snuffher! She felt her body trembling slightly as she began to read his e-mail:**

**> FROM: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy  
> TO: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com  
>  
> Hi Gabriella,  
>  
> Yes, your identity is safe with me, Gabby!  
> But I wonder about something. Given the number  
> of times that women "accidentally" send me  
> personal information about themselves makes  
> me wonder how "accidental" it really is...**

**"Oh God!" Gabriella exclaimed. And now her tremble was downright shaking. She remembered how Diane Lane's body shook with excitement in "Unfaithful" as the young Frenchman was about to fuck her for the first time!**

**"What if Snuffher really is a rapist and serial killer?" she considered fearfully. "He now knows my last name and the city we live in! Supposing he really does plan to find me? And rape and kill me!"**

**Gabriella felt her face flush. What was she doing? What had she done?**

**And then her hand went into her panties. In moments she was crying and having an explosive climax, soaking her panties.**

**She tried to put it out of her mind. She would no longer write to Snuffher! Swimming season was here! Time to take the kids to the beach to practice her swimming skills in the surf and work on her tan.**

**But on Sunday, she wrote to him...**

**> FROM: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com  
> TO: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy  
>  
> Snuffher,  
>  
> I hadn't heard from you in awhile. What's  
> going on?  
>  
> I can't help coming every time I think about  
> you and what you say you will do to me. I miss  
> you.**

>  
> **Gabbygirl**

**###**  
**-Snuffher-**

**Snuffher arrived in Lincolntown on Friday night and checked into his room at the Embassy Suites Hotel. He usually didn't splurge on fancy hotels, but this journey was special. After taking a quick shower, he ordered room service for dinner then went to bed early for the night.**

**He woke up a little after noon on Saturday. He was in a quandary how to kill Gabby, so he decided that he would just mull it over for a while. He opened his door to retrieve his free Ocean City morning paper. Sitting down with a cup of fresh brewed coffee, he flipped through the day's news.**

**He turned to the entertainment section and started reading about local events, museums, concerts and such. There was an article about the National Aquarium in Washington, DC, and how they had a special exhibit on giant squids.**

**"The giant octopus is shy, very intelligent, and not a predator of large creatures. But this rare octopus was found in the deepest regions of the Pacific and had been known to attack and kill a snorkeler who happened upon its lair. The monster is so rare, they decided to catch it alive and place it in captivity. The giant octopus eats almost anything it catches. It hunts mainly by sight and has eyes that have a lot in common with ours. The octopus surges forward and envelops prey with its tentacles. It checks the catch with its suckers, which have touch sensors and chemical receptors, and it will reject anything that feels or tastes wrong. Sometimes the octopus paralyzes its victim with a shot of venom from its salivary gland. But it usually rips prey apart with its powerful suckers and parrot-like beak that is concealed at the center of its radiating tentacles."**

**"Excellent!" Suffher moaned, almost orgasmically, as he tapped the fingers of his hands together. He drove to Washington and headed to the National Aquarium. The octopus was huge! Right out of a "B" sci-fi movie about giant octopuses that grab ships and sink them.**

**It was fortunate that he arrived just at feeding time. A handler poured a bucket-full of fish into the tank and he watched as the octopus grabbed each one and bit into it, eating each one alive.**

**Snuffher decided how Gabriella was going to die! He began to plan how he would sneak**

into the aquarium and feed her to the giant octopus -- while she was still alive and conscious. He penciled many notes on the building map and took many photos of the immediate area surrounding the octopus. He noticed that security behind the building at the loading dock looked to be extremely lax.

Then he spent the rest of the afternoon just exploring the aquarium at his leisure. He walked around outside, to areas that weren't strictly off limits to the public, but where the public rarely ventured. He noted the service road to the back of the building, the loading dock, and the various employee entrances.

On Sunday, he woke at about 9:00 AM. That was early for Snuffher. After another quick shower, he headed off with his printout of addresses that he got of Anywho.com. He stopped at a local drug store and bought a paper map of the local area. After all, a real map is much easier to work with than a Mapquest.com printout.

He knew from the descriptions that she had told him that she lived in a small two-story frame house across the street from a park with a softball field.

With Mapquest.com maps in hand to all the addresses of all the Wynn's in Lincolntown, Md., he drove through Lincolntown to search for her house.

He made his way to the first address on his list and drove down a street of tightly packed rowhouses. He scratched the address off his list.

He got to the next address on his list -- a big huge Victorian mansion. He scratched that address off his list.

He got to the next address on his list -- a hi-rise apartment building. He scratched that address off his list.

Turning onto a quiet suburban street, he came to the last address on his list -- a small two-story house. It was right across the street from a softball diamond. Her description of her house and the surrounding area let him identify the house the instant he saw it. He played with his cock briefly as he slowly drove past her house.

He was hungry after spending the whole day just driving around Lincolntown searching for her house. He had a quick dinner in the hotel restaurant and, upon returning to his room, jacked his laptop into the Internet port and checked for email from Gabriella.

He read her latest email and sent off a quick reply.

> FROM: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy

> TO: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com

>

> Hi Gabbygirl!

>

> Don't worry, Gabby! I've been working on  
> the story. It is coming along nicely. Very  
> Nicely! I'm pretty sure it will be finished  
> very soon!  
>  
> Snuffher

###

-Gabbygirl-

Gabriella felt greatly relieved now that she had heard from her e-mail friend, Snuffher. Just two crazy people, like millions of others, who had secret sexual fetishes! Somehow, they had found each other and could enjoy the fantasy together.

> FROM: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com  
> TO: Snuffher@wetporn.orgy  
>  
> I'm so glad I heard from you, Snuffher! You  
> had me worried for awhile, I mean, not hearing  
> from you! In my fantasy, I was thinking you  
> were really trying to find out who I am and  
> where I live! I can't wait to see the  
> finished story!

Satisfied that all was well, Gabriella and Glenn had taken the kids to the beach on Saturday, and on Sunday evening, she was checking herself naked in her full-length bathroom mirror. "Not bad for a soccer mom!" she exclaimed as she observed her beautiful body, now beginning to tan.

Glenn was getting ready for week-long trip the next day. As he was packing his suitcase, he looked at her tight buttocks, and his cock began to harden. It didn't happen very often. He was mostly away!

"What do you think, hon?" she asked, not noticing that he had stripped off his pants and was behind her. The first thing she felt was his penis pushing at the crack of her ass.

"I'm kind of tired," she teased. "Some other time."

Glenn was pushing his penis into virgin territory. They had never had anal sex!

"OWWW!" she yelped, "Not there! Who's been teaching you new tricks? That secretary who goes with you on your trips?"

Glenn was highly aroused, and pushed inside a bit more, but when she cried out, he

**reluctantly exited her back door.**

**He then bent her knees, pushed her head down, and forcing her downward, repositioned his rock-hard penis into her vagina.**

**"Glenn! Glenn! Easy! Easy!" she cried.**

**"UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!" She moaned as he grasped her breasts and began pumping roughly.**

**"Glenn!" she moaned, "The kids!!!! UGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!"**

**"OH God! Oh God!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" She cried as she felt his hot semen explode inside. She cried softly as he crushed her breasts and kept pushing his penis inside her. Without saying a word, Glenn stepped into the shower.**

**That wasn't love, it was lust! That was rape!**

**And Gabriella couldn't help but imagine it was Snuffher who had just raped her!**

**###**

**-Snuffher-**

**Snuffher rose at 7:00 AM Monday morning. Normally, it would take an Earth-shattering disaster to make Snuffher rise at such a dreadful cow-milking hour, but he had a good reason to be early.**

**After a quick shower, he headed back to observe Gabriella's house. He parked his black van down the street and set up watch on the house. He arrived just in time to see her two kids board the school bus.**

**A little later rewarded him with the sight of her husband, Glenn, packing his car with several large suitcases. Obviously, he's leaving for an overnight trip.**

**Snuffher waited until Glenn was well gone, then he walked up to her door and rang the doorbell.**

**A moment later, her door opened. Snuffher and Gabriella where standing face-to-face. Snuffher glanced up and down her body. The young mother was wearing her favorite clothes, shredded blue jean short-shorts and a tank top, just as he had imagined she would. And she was wearing glasses. He remembered her telling him that she wore glasses at home, but contacts when out. He liked her in eyeglasses. They accentuated her look of innocence and vulnerability. Snuffher LIKED to make passes at girls who wore glasses!**

**"Hi Gabby, it's me, Snuffher!" he said as she just stood there with a shocked look on her**

face.

**"UUUUGHHHHH!!" she cried as he pushed her inside and shut the door.**

**Once inside, Snuffher put his arm around her waist and pulled her to him. He wrapped his other arm over her shoulders and kissed her.**

**Gabriella was shaking like a leaf. "How did you find me? Oh God!"**

**The young housewife was flushed with fear. "What had I done?" she thought, "Oh God, what have I done?"**

**"Please don't be afraid of me Gabby," Snuffher whispered gently.**

**He unbuttoned her sheer blouse and reached up to touch her breast. She tried to pull away, saying, "Please Snuffher! Don't! I'm married! You must leave now!"**

**Snuffher held his grasp across her shoulders as he gently pinched her nipple between his thumb and forefinger. He continued to fondle her nipple, as it slowly grew erect to his touch.**

**"Oh God! No!" Gabriella pleaded. "You mustn't do this!"**

**He said, "Don't be afraid of me, Gabby. I would never do anything that you don't really want me to do to you. I think you already know that. You said it was your fetish to be raped, to be taken against your will. All our emails led up to this moment. I came to give you what you said you wanted."**

**Then he kissed her once again.**

**"It was just a fantasy, Snuffher!" she pleaded. "I would never be unfaithful to my husband! Oh God, please stop!"**

**He removed his hand from her nipple and placed it around her waist again as he leaned down and began to suck on her nipple.**

**Despite her words, Gabriella moaned and mewed to his oral movements on her nipple. "I have little children!!!!!!!!!!!! Ugghhhhhh!!! God no!!!!!!!!!!!! Ugggghhhh."**

**Gabby seemed to have stopped pulling away, so Snuffher removed one of his arms and moved it ever so slowly down to her crotch where he fondled her pussy from the outside of her cutoff short-shorts.**

**Gabriella moaned to his touch, "Not here! Not here! Oh God! The basement!"**

**Snuffher sighed inwardly, thinking to himself, \_They never refuse. It's a shame, really. Such beautiful women. Willing to cheat on their husbands to satisfy a fetish, even though they can't admit it to themselves. Wanting to be raped. Wanting to be punished for their desires. Wanting to be murdered.\_**

**"You want us to go to your basement?" Snuffher asked.**

**Gabriella was crying opening now, but she nodded yes. She believed that if she allowed him to have his way with her, he would then be on his way. If she fought him, he might harm or kill her and the children when they got home!**

**Snuffher thought to himself, \_This one gave in to me faster than any of the others! She wants us to go to her basement for privacy! She really does want me to have her!\_ As he put his arm under her butt and lifted her.**

**Teasingly, he whispered to her, "What a cheap whore you are, Gabby."**

**Still weeping, she wrapped her legs around his waist and he slowly carried her through her living room to the kitchen hallway and opened the door to her basement. Slowly and carefully, he carried her down the stairs to her basement.**

**Down in the basement, Snuffher set her down. "Nice game room you got down here, Gabby."**

**Once again he reached down and slid his hand under her cutoffs and brushed his fingers against her pussy. "You're so wet for me, Gabby! And I'm so hard for you right now!"**

**"Oh God!" she cried, her body trembling violently.**

**Snuffher dropped his satchel next to her pool table. "Gabby, I'm going to give you the best loving of your life that your lame husband would never imagine doing for you! But you have to get naked first. I've seen you naked in pictures that you've sent me, now let me see you naked before my eyes."**

**"You mustn't make me do this!" the young woman cried. "It was only a fantasy! I didn't mean for you to come find me!"**

**"Do it!" Snuffher demanded. He was losing his patience! Gabby pulled her tank top over her head and tossed it onto the floor. Then she unbuttoned her jeans and let them fall to the floor.**

**"Keep going!" Snuffher ordered as he quickly stripped himself naked. Terrified, the young beauty averted looking at him.**

**Gabriella let her bra fall to the floor. Then her panties. Now she, too, was naked.**

**Snuffher's cock quickly stiffened.**

**Putting his arm around her he put his face to hers and kissed her.**



**He slowly moved lower and lower. Kneeling slightly, he sucked on her left nipple, getting it big and hard, then he switched to her right nipple. Next, he dropped to his knees and began to lap at her crotch. The rubbery flesh parted easily as he licked her already-soaking clit. He slid his tongue in and out, licking her clit with each stroke, and drawing ever more pussy juice into his mouth. After a few moments, she began to quake with every stroke of his tongue over her clit. He could taste her getting wetter and wetter, assuring him that she truly desired this. To Snuffher's astonishment, she was producing so much pussy juice that it was trickling down her legs! Snuffher loved having such control over a woman -- he could evoke a quake in her body with every flick of his tongue, or he could hold his tongue still momentarily, denying her a moment's pleasure.**

**Snuffher stood and put his arm around the back of her waist and slowly leaned her backward onto the pool table.**

**"Please!" she once more begged. "A towel so my husband doesn't find out! A condom, please, I beg you!"**

**\_Wow!\_ Snuffher thought, \_This slut, "who would never, ever even be \*tempted,\* to cheat on her husband," wants me to fuck her so bad that she wants me to use a rubber!\_**

**Snuffher slapped her across the face. "What's the matter, Gabby?" he shouted. "I'm not good enough for you to have my baby?"**

**"Oh God!" she cried, trying to push away from him.**

**As her legs dangled over the edge of the pool table, Snuffher tested the waters once again by touching her pussy. "Oh man! You are sooo wet for me, slut!"**

**Then he slowly leaned forward onto her and slid his rock-hard member into her soaking pussy.**

**He rocked his hips up and down as he fucked her hard, slamming his crotch into hers with every thrust. And with every thrust, Gabriella cried out. He eventually felt a pressure build in his loins, and soon after felt wonderful release as he moaned with every wad of cum he shot deep into her pussy out the end of his throbbing cock.**

**"How does it feel to cheat on your husband, you cheating slut?"**

**Snuffer reached down to his knapsack, which he placed adjacent to the pool table earlier. He quickly pulled out two pairs of handcuffs and cuffed her wrists behind her back then cuffed her ankles together.**

**"What are you doing?" the young housewife asked fearfully. Why are you restraining me?"**

**"So that you can't refuse when I mouth-fuck you! That's why, slut!"**

**"Please don't do this to me!" she continued to beg. "Please leave now! My children are due home any moment!" She was sobbing hysterically now.**

**He quickly reached into his knapsack again and pulled out two lengths of rope. He tied her cuffed wrists to one of the legs of the pool table, then he tied cuffed ankles to the diagonally opposite leg, rendering her body stretched out diagonally across the pool table.**

**"Please stop now! Let me go! I'll never tell anyone!" she cried. "Just leave now!" My children! Oh God, my children will be here soon!"**

**He knew what time her children would be home from school. With his victim safely secure, he reached into his knapsack again and pulled out four shackles and two more lengths of rope. He buckled one shackle on each of her wrists and one on each of her ankles. He tied a length of rope from the leg of the table to one shackle, and he tied another rope to one of the shackles on her ankles.**

**Next, he removed the handcuffs from her wrists, and tied that rope from her free shackled wrist to the third leg of the table.**

**Lastly, he removed the handcuffs from her ankles, and tied that rope from her free shackled ankle to the remaining leg of the table.**

**Gabby was now tied down spread-eagle on her back on her pool table.**

**"Now it's picture time," Snuffer announced. He retrieved his digital camera from his bag of toys and snapped a few shots. He took one from the side of her naked body tied down spread-eagle on the pool table. He shot a close-up of the terrified look upon her face. Then he shot a couple of close-ups of her recently fucked pussy.**

**"May I have your permission to post these on my web site after I kill you, Gabby?" he asked teasingly.**

**"Kill me?" Gabriella cried. "Oh God, no! This has gone far enough! You must stop now! My children will be getting home! I've had enough, you crazy bastard!" But she couldn't hide her terror.**

**"Oh? Not too long ago, you were daring me, and teasing me, and cajoling me to find you. Now I'm a bastard, huh?"**

**Double-checking the shackles and ropes, he reached into his satchel once again and removed a pair of mouth spreaders from his satchel. "Hmmm, should I use the Whitehead or the Jennings?" he asked himself.**

**The young beauty could only whimper and stare at him hopelessly as he prepared his tools.**

**Taking the Whitehead mouth spreader in his hand, he pinched her jaw open and slid the metal appliance into her mouth. He pulled her jaw as wide open as his strength could force it as the ratchet mechanism held her jaw wider and wider.**

**"Uhhhhhhhh!!! UHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!" the housewife moaned pitifully.**

**Glancing at his watch, he commented, "I know that Glenn won't be home until tomorrow, and the kids won't be home from school until around 2, right, love? We have a few more hours to play together!"**

**Gabriella made some muffled pleas for him to stop.**

**His cock was still hard in anticipation of filling her throat with his hot seed. Once again, he climbed onto the pool table, straddling her head between his knees, and laying down on top of her. He lifted his head up and glanced down his body toward her head. His cock was throbbing in anticipation.**

**He lifted his hips and tried to slide his erect member into her mouth. But Gabby was rolling her head from side to side to prevent him from sliding his cock into her open mouth.**

**"Do you have to make this difficult, slut? I am going to really enjoy watching you die tonight!"**

**Gabriella's eyes were wide with fright.**

**He climbed off her and pulled a neck brace out of his satchel. He wrapped the brace around her neck and buckled it tightly so that she could not roll her head from side to side.**

**He mounted her face once again and rested his body on hers. He lifted his hips and then lowered the head of his cock into her mouth until the head of his cock met resistance at the back of her mouth. Her body immediately began quaking and thrashing -- he knew that his cock pressing against the back of her mouth was producing an intense gagging reflex.**

**Still, his cock was only a third of the way in her mouth. He bore down on his hips, forcing his cock past the sharp angle at the back of her mouth and down her throat. A moment later, he had forced his cock in as far as it would go with his pelvis pressing forcefully against her lips.**

**Her throat muscles pinched his cock every time her gag reflex bucked and he soon began flooding her throat with his cum despite having ejaculated only a few minutes ago. \_That's the great thing about mouth-fucking a woman\_ he thought, \_When a man fucks a woman in her pussy, he comes a few times, then it's over; but when a man mouth-fucks a woman, her gagging throat muscles keep massaging and squeezing his cock, continuously milking his cock until his supply is completely drained.\_**

**Finally, she, indeed, drained him. He climbed off her as she coughed and sputtered, struggling to catch her breath despite her mouth spread open wide with the mouth spreader.**

**Snuffher commented again, "Now wait right here, love. Don't go anywhere. I'm a little hungry, so I'm going upstairs to see what's in your fridge and have a bite to eat."**

**Snuffher went up to her kitchen and found some bread and cold cuts in the refrigerator. He also took a bottle of cold beer that was sitting in the back of the bottom shelf. "Mmmm, the good stuff!" he said to himself.**

**He made himself a sandwich and had a beer while he sat in her living room flipping through the channels on the TV. He ate quickly, because he didn't want to waste more time than necessary. Always the perfect gentleman, he put the dirty dish in the dishwasher and tossed the empty bottle in the garbage under the sink.**

**Gabriella watched in fear as he again approached her. She could not speak, but her thoughts were begging him to stop. "Please God! Help me!" she begged. "Oh God, help me!"**

**Reaching into his toy bag once more, he retrieved a cloth and a bottle of chloroform. He**

**poured an amount of the anesthesia onto the cloth and held it against her nose until she passed out.**

**He didn't want to kill her -- yet, so he only used a little. He untied the rope from her wrists and ankles and then cuffed her wrists together behind her back, and cuffed her ankles together.**

**He removed his sperm sponge harness from his satchel and shook it loose. The harness was a homemade garment of Snuffher's own design.**

**He leaned her against the sofa and placed the head harness over her head. He buckled the buckles tightly so that the cock-ring pressed tightly against her lips. The rest of the harness -- the part that he would wear around his legs and hips, dangled loosely from that same cock-ring pressing against her mouth. He stepped into his part of the garment and slid his cock through the cock ring and into her mouth.**

**He buckled the straps around his waist, securely fastening the garment to himself. That same cock-ring that pressed tightly against her mouth also pressed tightly against his groin. His cock, having nowhere else go to, pushed itself past her throat once again.**

**He sat there, wearing her like a sex toy, while he flipped through the TV channels. After about 15 to 20 minutes, she began to stir.**

**Upon coming out of the anesthesia, she began gagging and choking on his cock once more. "You'd best get over that gag reflex, love. You're going to be my sperm sponge for a time."**

**Snuffher ignored her throes as he searched the channels. He found a game on \_ESPN\_ that had just began.**

**Her gagging reflex had finally subsided after about a half-hour. As the Bulls scored another touchdown Snuffher glanced down at his crotch into Gabriella's terrified eyes. "Oh my," he said, "that beer I had a while ago wants to get out." He relaxed and let his bladder slowly empty, causing her to resume bucking once again.**

**Her gag reflex massaged his cock so well that she evoked yet another orgasm in him, causing him to flood her throat with cum yet again.**

**After the Bulls beat the Jets 14 to 7, Snuffher began to switch channels once more. He stumbled upon an episode of \_Star Trek\_ just beginning.**

**After Captain Piccard saved the Federation from yet another interstellar menace, Snuffher checked his watch. "Oh my, it's past 1:00 already! It's getting on time to leave, Gabby!"**

**The housewife felt a surge of relief. He would be leaving her soon! "Thank God! But**

**please don't let him harm me!" she prayed.**

**Snuffher stood and walked over to his satchel, dragging Gabby's head in front of him by his crotch. He poured some chloroform onto a cloth once again and held the cloth to her nose.**

**"Nuhhhh!!!!!" she gasped.**

**With Gabriella safely unconscious once again, he removed the sperm-sponge harness, discovering that she was bleeding from the mouth. "Yuck!" he muttered and wiped the blood off his cock with her blouse.**

**Then he removed the mouth spreader and neck brace from her, and put them back in his satchel.**

**He quickly dressed and went upstairs to her bedroom. "Better dress her up to go out!" he thought as only a madman can think. He looked through her closet and picked out a blouse and skirt. He returned down to the basement and removed all her restraints while she was unconscious from the chloroform. He dressed her in the skirt and blouse and pulled her off the sofa.**



**Then, after slinging his satchel of toys over his shoulder, he carried her limp body upstairs and outside. He carried her down the street to his parked van where he placed her in a bare, wooden, coffin-like box against one wall of his van and locked the lid down with a pair of padlocks.**

**Shortly afterward, he was driving to the outskirts of Lincolntown. It wasn't long that he began to hear her muffled screams and knocking from within her box. He turned up the radio and continued driving.**

**He checked his map and turned onto a dirt road leading into a heavily wooded area. He drove several miles into the wilderness and stopped in a clearing by a trickling stream.**

**Unlocking the box that contained Gabby, he lifted her out and set her, face down, on the carpeted floor of his "fun van."**

**He soon had her chained down spread-eagle on her stomach on the floor of his van. Using a knife, he sliced her clothes off and tossed them in a can full of oily rags.**

**He removed his clothes once again. Then taking a squeeze of KY jelly, he knelt between her legs and spread her ass cheeks apart. He smeared the jelly onto her anus, then he lowered himself onto her, letting the tip of his cock touch her back door. His cock was rock-hard yet again at the anticipation of the super-tight feeling of fucking a woman in the ass.**

**He pushed a little bit harder, then a little harder, then a little harder still, until it finally slid in.**

**"Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!" Snuffher moaned as her anal sphincter tightly pinched his cock.**

**"God, please don't!" she cried in excruciating pain.**

**He began pumping her ass. Having come several times already, he had to work at it for a while, but the tight pressure on his cock eventually brought forth yet another orgasm as he filled her rectum with his hot seed.**

**He fell off her, totally drained.**

**"It's almost time for you to die, Gabby."**

**Gabriella writhed helplessly in the van.**

**He cuffed her, placed her back in the wooden box, and locked it.**

**He got dressed and started the van. It was still early, but it was a long drive out of the woods, and back to the hotel.**

**He slid Joe Cocker into the cassette player and began to sing along with the song, "My baby, She Wrote Me A Letter."**

**But singing made him hungry, and since he hadn't eaten since morning at Gabby's house, he was hungry again. He parked the van behind the hotel and went up to his room to take a shower. He had built quite a sweat with all the sex he had had since morning.**

**He then went down to the restaurant to have dinner. He ate slowly, letting a good hour pass while he enjoyed his appetizer, salad, main course, and then finished with dessert and a cup of coffee.**

**After dinner, he returned to his room to wash up a bit, then he returned to the van.**

**The van was as hot as an oven when he returned, so he opened the box to check that his octopus food was still alive. He sighed a breath of relief that she was still alive, though drenched in sweat.**

**He locked the lid of the box again and headed toward his final destination, the National Aquarium in Washington, DC.**

**It had turned dark, and the aquarium had closed by the time he had reached it.**

**He pulled up to the rear service entrance and got out. It was an easy job to break open the flimsy padlock from the flimsy gate.**

**He parked behind one of the loading docks leading to the basement of the building and removed Gabby from the box one last time.**

**He shoved an old cloth in her mouth and tied it around the back of her head. Then, taking a longer length of rope hanging in a coil on one wall of his van, he tied her legs tightly together, and tied her arms tightly together behind her back.**

**He carried her bound and gagged body over his shoulder into the back entrance of the aquarium building.**

**The basement of the aquarium was dark and foreboding. This was the part of the aquarium that the public never gets to see. Fortunately, the maze of corridors was labeled with plastic signs.**

**He soon found the stairwell leading up to the tank of the giant octopus. It was hard carrying her struggling form up two flights of stairs to the top of the tank, but he made it. He couldn't see the giant monster in the murky water below, but he knew it was in there. He set her struggling body on the cold, wet concrete floor and pulled his video camera and tripod from his knapsack.**

**Careful not to fall on his ass on the slippery wet floor, he set up the camera, pointed it into the tank, and hit the record button.**

**He removed his clothes so he could jerk off while his victim struggled vainly against the powerful, hungry monster.**

**He then returned his attention to the whimpering Gabby. Drawing a sharp knife, he lifted her up and quickly slashed the ropes that bound her wrists and ankles, and shoved her into the tank.**

**The naked woman, shocked by the icy cold water, tried to swim back up to the shelf, but Snuffher kept pushing her back. Suddenly, the monster emerged from its hiding place in**

**the rocks, and wrapped its tentacles around its beautiful prey!**



**Snuffher had to record the scene. As he leaned over the shelf, pointing his camcorder below, he lost his footing and plunged into the tank. The loud splash alarmed the octopus, which instinctively released the girl and retreated to its rock lair.**

**But if we can say that the creature "reassessed" the situation, the octopus re-emerged and saw two items of prey, one swimming very quickly towards the top, the other, flailing helplessly on the surface, his head barely above the water. The "choice" was easy.**

**"Gabby!" Snuffher screamed at the woman, who had now pulled herself safely onto the shelf. "Grab my hand!" I never would have harmed you! It was all an act! To thrill you!"**

**The woman reached out to his hand. How could she let another human being die such a**

**horrible death!**

**But then, she remembered. "You pushed me in, you sick son of a bitch! Go to hell!" And then Snuffher slipped below into the crushing tentacles of the hungry beast.**



**The water around the feeding octopus turned a bright crimson as Snuffher's blood mixed with the salty water.**

**Sobbing hysterically, Gabriella threw up. Then, for some reason that she would never be able to explain, the woman picked up the camcorder to finish recording the scene, as the monster picked and tore, slowly reducing Snuffher to a skeleton, with just a few strands of flesh still clinging and oddly, one eye still staring from a bony socket.**

**The paramedics rushed Gabriella to the hospital, where she was treated for a broken rib and collapsed lung, as well as the injuries related to her assault. But she survived, and was able to unite with her family once more!**

**She never did tell anyone how Snuffher had come into her life. Only that he showed up at her door, raped, and abducted her. As soon as she got out of the hospital, she returned to her PC and erased all files relating to Snuffher.**

**It took several months for Gabriella to return to normalcy again. Her children were happy to have their mom with them, and Glenn was more attentive. But still, he had his business trips.**

**Then one day, while all by herself, she sat down at her computer. She stared at it for several minutes. "Oh God! My God!" she cried. "Please help me! Please stop me! Free me from this addiction! This horrible sin!"**

**Sobbing loudly, yet thankful for being alone, Gabriella stuck a hand under her panties, and with the other hand began typing.**

> **FROM: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com**  
> **TO: BadKop@just4badcops.net**  
>  
> **Badkop, I just wanted you to know that I really**  
> **enjoyed your story, "The Case of the Missing Soccer**  
> **Moms," and I was wondering if you could write a**  
> **story for me."**

**- TO BE CONTINUED -**

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