

Death by E-Mail II

(MF, v, bd, sn)

By Hungry Guy and Romangirl

Authors notes: This story was written by two authors working together. It is a continuation to Death By Email that was previously written by the same two authors.

-Gabriella-

Some people can't even handle fifteen minutes of fame, and Gabriella, already in her world of violent erotic fantasies, certainly couldn't cope with the several weeks of publicity that followed her harrowing experience with Snuffher! Here was a beautiful young housewife, mother of two, who was abducted, raped, and sodomized by a crazed serial rapist-killer! The press ate it up! The public ate it up! Her name became a household word for a while, and soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan kept pictures of her as pinups. Crazy sex fiends plastered her image on their walls, wishing they had had their at bats with Gabriella!

But sooner or later, fame fades away, and Gabriella tried to move on. The problem is, she moved on in a drastically different direction!

Maybe her husband Glenn had something to do with it. For a while, he treated Gabriella like a wounded goddess. Then, the fact that his sexy young wife was victimized by a rapist-killer excited him. But finally, as some men will, he began to wonder if maybe Gabriella hadn't dressed too sexily, or maybe even flirted with Snuffher when he rang her doorbell.

Maybe even invited him in!

Glenn tried to push these thoughts aside, but Gabriella sensed the coldness and occasional remarks. She withdrew more and more into the computer, conversing for months with several writers of rapist-snuff stories. Her favorite writer, now that Snuffher was no more, was BadCop, an online porn writer who told her via e-mails that although he was a policeman, he enjoyed writing violent sexual stories. He sounded like an intelligent guy. He would constantly counsel her on the dangers of making online contacts.

When BadCop eventually told Gabriella that he was black, she started thinking about him in a different way. She started sending him pictures, first of herself in clothes. When he

sent her a picture of himself in a bathing suit, Gabby stared at it, then fingered herself to a climax. BadCop was a young good-looking law Enforcement college graduate with a lightly coppered muscular body. Gabriella made the first move, sending a photo of herself naked. And BadCop returned the favor. Their e-mails got hotter and hotter, and she told him she said she had never been fucked by a black man, but got very excited thinking about it. He said he understood, never having fucked a white woman. He lied.

But Gabriella honestly tried to suppress her erotic fantasies, and stopped sending e-mails to BadCop for awhile.

She told Glenn she wanted to get a breast implant. His reaction: "What the fuck do you need larger breasts for? Your tits are plenty big! Who are you trying to attract? You don't even want sex with me anymore!"

"Are you trying to attract more crazies?" he screamed. And then it all came out. No longer able to contain himself, he accused her of being a slut, and inviting Snuffher into her house, then luring him into sex. Gabriella was devastated, but not totally surprised.

They continued to live together under the same roof, but slept in separate rooms. She wanted out. But where could she go?

And then Gabriella found a new love. She had always been bi-curious, but had had no bisexual encounters. Then, one day, she noticed a young hot blonde flipping through a book at a Barnes and Noble bookstore. Gabriella started up a conversation. Divorced, and childless, the woman fittingly called herself Blondie.

Gabriella never did get the breast implant, and resumed her correspondence with BadCop.

> FROM: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com
> TO: BadCop@webmail.com >
> BadCop, I know it has been awhile since
> I "talked" to you, but I've been busy.
> I've been having a lot of problems with my
> husband. I won't go into details right
> now. But I want you to know that I squirt
> when I read your story,
> "The Case of the Missing Soccer Moms."
> I've asked several other online
> authors to write a rape and snuff story
> about me, but they just want me to send
> nude pictures of myself, and never do write
> a story. They all want to meet me. What I

> like about you is that you've never pushed
> for that! Please reply soon! I've missed
> our online chatter!

-BadCop-

> FROM: BadCop@webmail.com
> TO: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com
>
> It's good to hear from you again Gabby. I
> hope you're careful about who you tell about
> this fantasy to. You know there are a lot
> of kooks who would take you seriously that
> you want someone to find and rape you. There
> are even real serial killers lurking on the
> internet who would even kill you. Be careful,
> Gabby! --BadCop

-Gabriella-

BadCop didn't seem like the other online porn authors she wrote to. He was always cautioning Gabriella to be careful. A Philadelphia policeman, he seemed like a genuinely caring guy! Never once did he ask Gabby for a nude picture, but politely complimented her on her beauty when she sent him pictures of herself naked. But she would never, EVER make the mistake of using the wrong e-mail address again!



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

> **TO: BadCop@webmail.com**

>

> **BadCop,**

>

> **My husband and I barely talk to each other.**

> **We sleep in separate beds. And I've fallen in love**

> **with a beautiful girl named Blondie. I've never been**

> **with a**

> **woman before. I'm not a lesbian! I just think a**

> **woman can get excited by a woman as well as a man! Blondie**

> **is so different! She is everything that I've never**

> **been! She likes to act like she's a slut, a prostitute!**

> **She is so exciting! The poor helpless men twist and**

- > squirm and try to hide their bulges when they talk to her!
- > We're gonna spend the entire month of July down at
- > Myrtle Beach, SC, mostly hanging out at Surfer's Bar.
- > Maybe we'll entice some guys and make some money!
- > Just kidding (.....or not!). Here's a picture of me
- > and Blondie.
- > Do we make a nice couple? Hey, don't get me wrong! We
- > both still love men very much!!!!
- >
- > Wanna meet us there? Bring a friend, too!
- > But.....we'll be expensive! Ha Ha, just
- > kidding (.....OR NOT)!
- >
- > Gabbygirl

-BadCop-

- > FROM: BadCop@webmail.com
- > TO: Gabbygirl@Hotstuff.com
- >
- > Yeah, my main man and I will be there!
- > It's a date! --BadCop

The following day, BadCop and Trooper had stopped for breakfast at Dunkin' Donuts. Parked in their patrol car, Badcop said, "How'd you like to do some white women, bro?"

Trooper took a bite out of his jelly donut. "What white women? Where?"

Their

radar gun started beeping and lit up 57 as a white Cadillac drove down the boulevard past the donut shop.

BadCop reset the radar gun. "I got this email lady friend. Likes dark meat! She wants us to meet her at Surfer's Bar in Myrtle Beach."

"Yeah? I been there. Cool place."

"Then you in?"

"What's these women look like?"

"Trust me, bro! They're both hot!"

"Sure, what the fuck! I'm in."

Just then the radar gun started beeping again and lit up 105 as a red Corvette screamed by.

BadCop gunned the gas and the patrol car shot out of the parking lot in a hail of dust. "Hoo-eee! The county's going to take the bling bling from this one!"

-Gabriella-

"Are you sure those guys are gonna show up, Gabriella?" Blondie asked nervously.

The Surfer's Bar was a place where rough surfers and girl-hungry tourists hung out. That's why Gabriella liked it. They repeatedly turned down offers by men.

"Should we be doing this?" Blondie asked.

"You've always been the reckless one!" Gabriella replied.

"After what you went through with that madman! And the octopus! You talk about me being the reckless one!"

Gabriella turned towards Blondie and flicked her tongue over Blondie's lips.

"Yeah! Yeah baby!" A few men in the bar gave shouts and whistles of approvals!

BadCop

- BadCop -

BadCop and Trooper had requested a few days off, and had checked into their hotel the night before. Even fresh out of Police Academy, cops make damn good money. They stopped in to the rental office pay, with cash, for the small yacht that they had reserved a few days before.

It was a short walk down the boardwalk to Surfer's Bar.

"Tell me again why we're meeting these women so damn early in the morning, bro?"

"So we have all day out on the water with them, and all night back in our room, my man!"

The bar was relatively empty at 11 AM as the two young black cops sauntered in. An older couple was sitting at the bar, and a couple of skinhead rednecks were sitting at a table off in the corner nursing their drinks. BadCop recognized Gabby immediately and pointed them out to Trooper.

"I told you they were hot!"

"Which one you want?" Trooper asked.

"Shit!" BadCop replied. "I want both of their white asses! Don't you?"

"Yeah!" Trooper agreed. "Share and share alike."

"Are we gonna pay the sluts?" Trooper asked.

"We'll see! Maybe they'll pay us!" BadCop laughed.

"You know what really turns me on?" Trooper said.

"What?" BadCop replied.

"Hurting them. I've always wanted to hurt a white girl. Not really hurt them. But hurt them enough to make them cry and beg me to stop...even though they're dripping on the floor! White sluts love black men to dominate them."

"I'll buy that!" BadCop agreed.

The two black men greeted the two women at the Surfer's Bar. "Right on time!" Gabriella said, flashing her panties one last time. BadCop and Gabriella hugged and squeezed like two lovers who had been away from each other for too long. BadCop's shaft became very hard and poked insistently at Gabby's belly button.

"We said we'd be here at 11 a.m., Trooper said as he eyed Gabrielle. He was already getting hard watching the two hug, and it showed in his shorts. Gabrielle was staring wickedly over BadCop's back at Trooper's dark muscular thighs. Blondie grabbed Trooper and gave him a hug, redirecting his hard-on.

"Drinking already, this early?" BadCop asked.

"No, stud," Gabriella replied. "We've just been nursing sodas and waiting for you."

"You got cash?" Gabby checked.

"How much ya gonna pay us, white girl?" BadCop asked in a mock black voice.

"Just kidding!" he smiled.

"Ready for a boat ride?" BadCop asked.

"Am I gonna go for a boat ride or a BadCop ride?" Gabriella asked.

"You are gonna get the best ride of your life, palepuss!" BadCop boasted as Gabriella smiled at his hardened cock. These were the best looking white ho's they had ever seen, and they were going to fuck till they were dry.

"After we get sea sick," Blondie quipped, are you gonna let us rest in your room?"

"Yeah, but don't expect much rest," Trooper promised.

As they left the bar and headed towards the yacht basin, still wearing their slutty dresses, the girls knew that all male eyes were on their asses, but two white guys from Mississippi, Lee and Jeb, were muttering disgustedly.

"Those two sluts are going off with the niggers!" Lee said.

"Yeah, and they're the hottest sluts I've ever seen!"

"You thinking what I'm thinking?" Jeb drawled.

"Yeah, I can read your mind," Lee said.

"I think those whores need to be punished. Badly punished!"

Jeb continued, "When we get them we'll fuck their eyeballs out!"

"You serious?" Lee said.

"Yeah, I'm serious," Jeb growled.

"I'm getting hard already!" Lee smirked.

The cabin cruiser that the black men had rented barely got out of the "No Wake" zone when BadCop accelerated to top speed. Now the boat was bouncing noisily on the swells as the girls shouted gleefully. Trooper grabbed hold of both of them, his hands finding his favorite female places. They reached a spot far enough out that the high rises of Myrtle Beach seemed tiny. They dropped anchor and the men wasted no time with formalities.

For a moment, Blondie and Gabrielle wondered what was next, but as soon as the anchor hit bottom, the men were all over them. In seconds, the women were naked and the men were inside them.

"Uhhhh!!!! Uhhhhhhh!!!!" Gabby moaned as she bounced up and down on BadCop's huge black cock. She glanced over at Blondie, who was on her knees, about to swallow Trooper's cum.

"You are so damn big!" Gabrielle cried out as BadCop's penis swelled inside her.

The men passed Gabrielle and Blondie back and forth, fucking them in their mouths and vaginas.

They never did settle on a fee, but Blondie did blurt out after swallowing cum for the third time, "This is gonna cost ya!"

By the time, they reached the Myrtle Beach Marina, the women were exhausted and catnapping. Trooper and BadCop dropped them off at their room and told them to be ready in a few hours with lots of sexy undergarments!

"But you haven't paid us yet!" Blondie complained, with one foot on the boat deck and one foot on the gangplank.

"Yeah, the free ride is over," Gabriella added. "If you want more, it'll cost you!"

BadCop and Trooper both opened their wallets and each pulled out wads of \$50 bills and handed them to the girls.

"How's this?"

"Oh," Gabriella shrugged. "It's a start."

"Plus, we don't have sexy underwear!" Blondie said. So they all checked out a Victoria's Secret store and the black men picked out sexy undergarments for their sluts.

After BadCop put \$200 worth sexy underwear on his Discover card, they all headed to the girls' motel room.

As they entered the room, BadCop told them to get ready for more action.

Upon entering the room, the girls said, "We'll be right back, guys" and headed into the bathroom together with their shopping bags.

A few minutes later, the girls reappeared in their new frilly sexy undies.



BadCop picked up Gabriella and carried her onto one of the two double beds, while Trooper did the same with Blondie.

BadCop fell on top of her and reached down to fondle her pussy. "Ohhh, you'se so wet, slut!"

Parting her crotchless panties, he slid his hard member between her legs and began pumping feverishly.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" BadCop moaned in pleasure. The young woman cried out in ecstasy.

BadCop fell in exhausted pleasure on top of Gabriella.

"Hey," Gabriella said into BadCop's ear. "How about you going down on me for a change?"

"Ha!" BadCop laughed. "You want me to eat you, then you got to pay me, slut!"

"No deal!" Gabriella answered in mock shock.

"Very well," BadCop answered. Still, he wanted more. They had both brought a few pairs of their police handcuffs and restraints with them.

BadCop reached behind Gabriella's back and cuffed her wrists behind her back. Almost on cue, Trooper did the same to Blondie.

"Hey!" Gabriella yelled. "What are you doing?"

"You made us pay for your 'services'," BadCop answered. "So we want our money's worth! Don't worry, we ain't going to hurt you. Not too much!"

With the girls securely restrained, BadCop flipped Gabriella onto her stomach and slid his huge member between Gabriella's ass cheeks and up her tight white puckerhole.

"No you bastard! Not in there! It hurts! It hurts, you fucking nigger!"

Enraged at the racial slur, BadCop slapped Gabrielle in the mouth, drawing a tiny trickle of blood, and clamped his hand over her mouth to stifle a scream.

Trooper was having his own fun with Blondie, mounting her face and sliding his own huge black cock into her petit white mouth and deeply down her throat.

But then she, too, protested loudly when he flipped her over and rammed his huge cock into her anus.

The girls were now bona-fide sluts. They protested, but stayed around for more action.

True to their word, BadCop and Trooper released the girls after they had had their pleasure, and the four of them snuggled together for the night, BadCop with Gabriella, and Trooper with Blondie.

In the middle of the night, as the two black men were sleeping soundly, Blondie quietly slipped out of bed and tapped Gabriella on the shoulder. "Hey," she whispered.

"Huh?" Gabriella grunted still half-asleep.

"Wanna switch?"

"Uh, sure," she agreed.

The two women assumed the other's positions in bed, to the surprise of the men who, when they woke, found a different woman in their arms than with whom they originally went to bed.

The rest of the weekend was filled with fucking, and boating, and fucking, and dining out, and fucking...

Yet, the cops couldn't stay more than a few days, so on Sunday night, they headed back home and to work. Now the girls were once again on their own. The black men had made good and paid the girls well. They were feeling very comfortable portraying prostitutes. No, in fact they now were genuine paid whores.

Yet, with BadCop and Trooper gone home, Gabriella and Blondie had dressed more casually a Surfer's Bar, wearing jeans and a loose shirt tied in a knot in the chest.

- Lee & Jeb -

Lee and Jeb had plenty of time. They were in Myrtle Beach doing some subcontract construction work. They had earned plenty of money, and would entice the girls with it. But when they had their way with the sluts, they might even have more money. The women would have no need of any.

The rednecks were clean, wore their best casual clothes, and were very polite when they approached the women.

After a couple of drinks, they each showed the girls wads of money and invited the girls to their motel room for some recreational activities.

At the room, Gabrielle asked "What do you want us to do?"

"As a start," Lee drawled, "I know you two are lovers. We want to watch you two in action, and videotape it!"

"Oh, I don't think so!" Blondie protested. "The video could wind up anywhere!"

"I promise you it's only for our enjoyment!" Jeb said soothingly, setting his camcorder on a tripod.

Watching Gabrielle and Blondie undress each other and begin kissing and touching made both men very hard. The two men quickly removed their clothes and moved into the two bisexual beauties.

"Uhhhh!!!!" Gabriella cried out as Lee crushed her breasts and pulled her away from Blondie. "You're hurting me! Too rough! I'll scream!" But she wasn't really afraid. She enjoyed making a man rock hard.

"Wanna go for a ride?" Jeb offered. "We've got a cabin not that far away!"

"What for?" Gabby asked.

"For some real down-home fucking!" Lee replied.

"I'm not sure," Blondie whispered to Gabriella. "It might be dangerous!"

"Oh, c'mon!" Gabriella whispered back. "It'll be fun."

"Yeah, c'mon," Lee urged.

"Yeah," Jeb added. "We got's a couple of Harleys parked outside."

The four squealed out of the motel parking lot on the two souped up bikes ad sped down the street out of town. As they sped past farms and deserted stretched of road, the scenery became more heavily wooded.

The two rednecks slowed past an old wooden railroad bridge and turned onto a narrow, dusty, dirt road.

A mile later, they stopped at a ramshackle cabin in the woods with a rusty old Ford pickup truck loaded with firewood parked alongside.

"Hey Bud!" Lee called out as a big black dog wearing a red bandanna around his neck came running and barking out of the cabin.

After Lee got off the bike, Gabriela leaned back on



the bike to warm herself in the hot sun that filtered through the trees.

"Lookin good," Jeb drawled gawking at Gabriella's sultry pose on the motorcycle.

"Yeah," Lee whispered to Jeb, "What a shame about them."

Jeb walked over to the bike and began to fondle Gabriella's belly and quickly made his way up to her chest.

"What about me?" Blondie asked in a pout.

Lee walked over to Blondie, picked her up, and carried her into the cabin.

There he tossed her over a sawhorse and quickly tied her spread legs by the ankles to the legs on one side of the sawhorse.

"Hey..." Blondie shrieked.

"Shut up, whore!" Jeb spat back and slapped her ass that was pointing up to the ceiling.

She struggled to stand, but Jeb was around the other side of the sawhorse in a flash, and quickly had her wrists bound to the other side of the sawhorse.

Taking a rusty old knife, he sliced her slacks and top off. Without delay, Jeb's hard cock was up her inviting pussy.

As Jeb's cock was enjoying Blondie's pussy. Lee carried Gabriella, naked, into the shanty, and forced her down on her hands and knees. Seeing how Blondie was tied, Gabriella tried to get up, but Lee's strong hand kept her down. A moment later, Lee let out a whistle and called out, "Bud! Here boy! Come get yours!"

The dog came pattering in and Lee led him up to the terrified Gabriella's waiting pussy. Doing what dogs do, Bud sniffed at Gabriella's bare ass, then clawed his way up her back, straddled her body and started humping her furiously, in only that way a dog could.

His little doggy dick slid easily into the shrieking woman's wet pussy and he quickly got his rocks off.





Bud finished quickly and jumped off Gabriella.

"Good boy, Bud!" Lee patted the dog on the head and the dog let out a bark and ran back outside to see if there were any rabbits to chase.

In the meantime, Jeb had just finished filling Blondie's cunt with his seed. He had stepped up on a block, had spread her ass cheeks forcefully apart, and had plunged his still-hard member up her tender anus. Once again, he was humping her as he moaned in pleasure while the woman whimpered in agony.

Lee untied Gabriella from the floor, dragged her outside the shack and flung her against the wall. In swift motions, he tied her spread-eagle to the log walls of the cabin.

Jeb then finished his turn at Blondie, and also dragged her across the floor and also tied her spread-eagle to the wall a few feet down from Gabriella.



Lee and Jeb went out to their truck and spent the next half hour unloading the firewood from the back that they had picked up in town the day before.

That chore done, they returned to the waiting women hanging on the wall of their cabin.

Each redneck binding each woman and releasing them from the wall, the men dragged the two women out to the truck and pushed them into the back, slamming the tailgate up with a bang!

The two men quickly got in the cab and drove off deeper into the woods. About 20 minutes later, they stopped by a clearing with a hole dug in the ground and a coffin-sized pine box laying on the ground.

Grabbing a shotgun from the window rack Jeb got out and pointed it at the girls.

"Get in the box!" Jeb yelled at the two cowering women as they held onto each other in terror.



"Yeah!" Lee shouted from the other side of the truck. "Get in the box, sluts!"

In fear for their lives as Jeb waved the gun menacingly at them, Gabriella climbed in the box and lay on her back. Blondie then got in on top of Gabriella facing her.

Lee and Jeb set the cover on top of the box and, taking a pair of hammers and a coffee-can full of rusty old nails, loudly nailed the lid onto the home-made coffin.

Gabriella and Blondie, held each other tightly. The noise of the hammering was intense inside the sealed dark coffin. The girls screamed each time that Lee or Jeb whacked a nail with the hammers.

"What a shame," Lee said as he and Jeb tied ropes around the tightly sealed box and then to the rear bumper of the truck.

Jeb got in the truck, and slowly back, lowering the coffin into the grave.

The two men untied the rope and, with shovels, began filling the hole.

Gabriella and Blondie were sobbing, "No... Please... No..."

They felt the bump as the coffin they were in settled to the bottom of The grave. A moment later, they heard the dirt falling on top of the box.

As more and more dirt covered the box, the sound gradually became softer and more distance, until they were finally lying in dark silence together. Blondie began thrashing about frantically in the tight box, crushing Gabriella's breasts.

"Let me out of here!" Blondie screamed into Gabriella's ear, tears running down her face into Gabby's mouth.

"Help! Someone help us!" Gabriella managed to scream. And then they both stopped making a sound, as if they were in a rehearsal.

The air in the small box containing both their bodies was quickly becoming unbearably hot, smelly, and stale.

Gabriella lost track of how much time had passed as she began to feel light-headed from lack of oxygen. She could no longer feel her body, or that of the now-still Blondie lying on top of her.

Then in the darkness, she thought she saw a light. She squinted to try and make it out clearly, but there was nothing there.

A moment later, she saw it again. As it grew closer, she made out a face. Snuffher! Like a ghost, Snuffher was slowly drawing closer and closer.

When the apparition had approached to face Gabriella, she heard him say, "Welcome home, Gabby."

Some people never do learn.

-THE END -

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