How to rape a cop #1

*The story of a veteran policewoman getting the tables turned on her.*

Rape, NC, Violence, anal, torture

 The police sergeant glanced around the basement. Nothing, which she expected, the search for the perv had the whole department in an uproar and the city seeing him behind every bush. Which is why she was looking around a half abandoned building instead of doing real police work. Personally she thought after being free over 72 hours with a security guard’s wallet and just cashed paycheck he was halfway across the country.

 She was a striking figure in her blue uniform. 5’ 8” 135 pounds, auburn hair with a matching complexion and extraordinary bright blue eyes that had hardened over her 25 years on the NYPD. She knew she was attractive but police work was as hard on women’s relationships as male police officer’s and she had two divorces to prove it.

 The basement was almost empty; one light bulb for illumination, boxes everywhere, one metal bed in a corner with a no doubt flea infested mattress. Hot as Hell. It didn’t have the stink or humidity that usually went with basements in New York for some reason. Without even using police codes, she tiredly called in on her radio and relayed that the report of a prowler fitting the description of the escaped rapist was another false alarm and as an afterthought reported that she would be taking lunch break and didn’t give a time when she would be back on the air.

 And then everything went black.

 When she woke, she found herself laying on the bed a throb coming from swelling on the back of her head, with her hands over her head instantly realizing she was handcuffed. She glanced around and saw no one. Years in uniform instantly communicated to her although she was still wearing her gunbelt; her cuffs, pistol, utility knife, tear gas, and radio were all gone. Again she looked around and saw the missing items (except for the handcuffs which were presumably on her) and her pistol on a box halfway across the room. She calculated for a moment and her blood felt as if it had literally gone cold; she called out and her answer was the most terrifying possible. Without saying a word a tall lean figure in a white jumpsuit stepped out of shadows. It was the perv, serial brutalizer and rapist of women, diagnosed psychotic, and mental ward escapee. She remembered the description Caucasian, 6’ 5” 210 pounds, 30 years old, black curly hair worn long, and the darkest eyes she had ever seen. He was smiling, with genuine friendliness; this too fit the description of his many victims who were haunted by his friendly demeanor and tone of voice. He spoke; “I hope you are okay officer. I was afraid I had hit you too hard. But you have a hard head, my hand is going to swollen for a month.” Shaking his hand for emphasis. “You have been out for about 15 minutes, in case you were wondering.” The policewoman glared at him without answering and then coldly spit out, “Mr. you are in one Hell of a lot of trouble. If I don’t call in in the next few minutes this place is going to be crawling with cops!” He smiled and in an almost lilt answered, “Oh I don’t think so. You called in and said the building was clear and you were going to lunch. And as a sergeant I don’t think anyone is going to be calling you to hurry back. So I think we have at least a couple hours before anyone comes here looking for you don’t you think?” Knowing he was correct, she answered with the same cold glare.

 “Well, let’s get to know each other shall we?” This seemingly innocent phrase sent a wave of terror through her. Those were the exact same words that he always used on his victims nor did she forget that his MO had been to knock his victims out and tie them down before raping, torturing, and occasionally killing them, usually by strangulation. She was no helpless little girl though and when he approached her; she spun halfway off the bed throwing a scissor kick at him. With lightening reflexes he calmly stepped back just out of range, grabbed her legs and threw them back on the bed and plopped down beside her, pinning them down with his hands. She tried to kick free but with extraordinary strength he easily held her. “That was predictable Sergeant, but fun just the same.”

 “Ordinarily I would enjoy a good struggle but I’m not feeling it today.” He said as he reached into a pocket and pulled out her service automatic and placed its muzzle directly between her eyes. “So it’s going to be like this, you are going to do exactly what I say, when I say it or I will kill you instantly. Understood? Nod yes if you understand.” She nodded. “Good, now you do want to live, don’t you?” Again she nodded. She understood what was coming and that her only chance of survival was cooperation. “Glad to hear it, the one I beheaded said she would rather die, so I had to oblige her. Fucked her first anyway of course. So let’s get started.”

 He stood up and kicked his institutional slippers off and slipped out of his jumpsuit. He was strikingly wiry and hairy with a long veiny cock that was already rock hard. He caught her staring at it and smiled as she jerked her head away and closed her eyes to the horror to come. He sat next to her and asked, “Going to close your eyes? Not a problem.” He stared at her, imagining the body beneath the uniform. He began to run his hands over her, over her stomach, up and down, inside and out her thighs, gently stroking her hair and face. She swore to herself that she wouldn’t cry but tears began to run down her face, bringing a smile to his face. “This is going to be so good.” He thought. He reached for the buckle of the gunbelt, undid it, slipped it off of her, and dropped it on the floor. He undid the belt to her trousers and pulled them down to her ankles leaving them there and her boots on and revealing long and muscular legs and a pair of old fashioned “granny” panties. Starting at the bottom of her uniform shirt he slowly unbuttoned it and even more slowly pulled it open revealing the most magnificent pair of tits he had ever seen concealed in white bra made of thick heavy material. She began to sob out loud now. He stopped and stroked her and tried to reassure her to no avail, “You’re doing fine, just fine, this is going to be so good.” He stood up and looked at her. Pants down around her ankles and blouse open. He walked over to the box with her equipment, put down the pistol and picked up her utility knife; walked back sat down again and ran the blade up and down her legs, across her stomach, and across her face. “You know I could kill you now, or cripple you, or fix your face where you would give little kids nightmares don’t you? Don’t you?” “Yes,” She whimpered. “Do you want me to do that?” “No please,” She half sobbed, half whimpered. “Good.” He replied. With one effortless motion he cut her bra open and tossed the two sides open exposing her big, perfect, all-natural tits. Smooth, no sag, no wrinkling, no tan line, no sun worshipper her, she came by that complexion as naturally as she did those tits, perfect, he thought. Let’s take a look at her cunt, he thought as he sliced off her panties, deliberately scratching her in the process and getting a satisfying cry in return. He almost cried out in joy when he saw she had her pussy cleanly shaven, guessing correctly that it had been done that very morning. He stood up and stepped back and drank in the sight of the beautiful policewoman lying before him. Now the fun starts he thought and stepped toward her.

 He sat next to her and without warning rammed four fingers up her cunt. She cried out in sudden pain pleasing him. He began ramming his hand in and out of her tight dry pussy as she sobbed in pain and humiliation. He kept this up for a couple of minutes before pulling his hand out and grabbing her by the jaw. He lay on top of her and began kissing her on her tightly closed lips. She kept her eyes closed and desperately tried to escape the horror of the moment but she couldn’t wish away the feeling of his body on top of her. “Whore, whore.” He whispered. “You fucking whore. I bet you love dick don’t you whore. I bet you sell it don’t you whore?” She shook her head no but that only brought a hard slap across the face. “Say you sell it whore, tell me you’re a whore.” He demanded. “I’m a whore, I sell it.” She whimpered. “Good whore, you’re a good whore.” He replied. “Now take my dick in your dirty little cunt whore.” He stared at her face as he aimed his cock at her pussy and slammed it up her. She screamed and lifted up almost throwing him off her as pain shot through her body. “God he was big.” She thought as he slammed in and out of her in fury. It felt like her cunt was being ravaged by a large sharpened stake as he fucked her. The agony and horror almost drowned out his voice calling her a whore, a cunt, a slut, a tramp. With a sudden grunt he came in her, shooting a load of come that felt a fire burning in her. Panting he grabbed her face and told her to open her eyes. When she complied, he smiled at her and complimented her on the quality of her pussy and demanded she thank her master for raping her. “Thank you for raping me master.” She whimpered in reply. He stood up, reached for the keys to the handcuffs that he had left on the floor, unlocked her and told her to stand up and strip. She shakily arose and removed her uniform. He ordered her to stand at attention and slammed his fist into her stomach when she complied. She dropped as if shot and lay on the floor gasping for air. He yanked her up by her hair and half dragged her to the middle of the room, making her stand, he re-handcuffed her, retrieving a rope he had found earlier, tied one end to the handcuffs and slung the other over a crossbeam in the cellars low ceiling and tied it off. He stood there for several minutes drinking in the sight of the beautiful, naked woman with her hands tied over her head. “You didn’t really think it was over did you?” He mildly asked as he picked up a length of worn electrical cord.

 The cord had once belonged to some electrical appliance; it was badly worn with the thin copper wires showing in almost as many places as they were covered. He swished it through the air and teasingly swung it at her pulling it back just short of contact. “Oh God no.” She begged in terror. “Please no, I’ll do anything, anything.” “But you’re going to do anything I want anyway.” He laughingly replied. He moved behind her and said, “Here catch.” And whipped the cord across her back. She screamed in a pain that she could never have imagined. Again and again he whipped the cord across her back, each stroke bringing an incredible scream of agony and leaving the thinnest streaks of blood. Her screams amazed him, far louder than any he had heard before, if not for the massive cellar walls he thought she could have been heard from a mile away. He moved around to her front, she pleaded for him to stop. But he smiled and answered her with a stroke across the tits, she screamed again and struggled against her bonds and was rewarded with a stroke across her stomach. Repeatedly the cord exploded against her beautiful body. He brought it down over and over. She screamed one last time and collapsed, hanging limply from the handcuffs. He walked over and lifted her head by her gorgeous red hair and stared into her face. Her eyes were glazed over in semi-consciousness. She wasn’t out he noted but no longer conscious enough to feel pain. He dropped her head and stepped back and walked around her admiring his handiwork. She was soaked with sweat, her hair hanging down, her incredible body covered head to toe with long thin red stripes of blood that looked so perfect they appeared to be painted on. “What next?” He wondered, “What next?”

 He untied the rope and when she collapsed into his arms he carried her over to the cot, laid her face down, unlocked the handcuffs and relocked them to headboard. He then tied her open legs to the foot of the bed with the rope. He shook her semi awake. He was fully erect again and ready for action. He told her to turn her head so he could see her face, she obeyed and pleaded, “No more.” “Yes more.” He answered. He pulled the belt off of her uniform trousers and asked her if she had ever been fucked in the ass? “No, not that please.” She begged. He brought the belt down across her ass. She bucked up and screamed in agony and collapsed on the bed, virtually all her energy spent. Brutally he whipped her with her barely able to respond with weak cries of pain. “Would you like me to stop?” He politely asked. “Yes please.” She whimpered. “Then beg me to fuck you up the ass.” He ordered. “You keep begging, you stop begging, I start whipping. Understand?” “Yes.” She answered with a whimper and a weak nod. “Please fuck me up the ass, please fuck my ass, please.” He dropped the belt and got on top of her. He guided the head of his cock to her virginal asshole and brutally shoved it up her. She threw her head back, screamed and collapsed unconscious. Annoyed, he realized immediately what had happened but his cock was already buried in her and he wasn’t going to stop. He slammed in and out of the unconscious policewoman’s ass. “God it was so tight!” He thought. The pleasure was incredible and as hard as he held back with ten minutes he shot his second load of come in her. He tiredly got off of her and wondered what to do next. It had been over an hour and a half so someone would be coming looking for her soon so he hurriedly dressed. He thought about killing her but she was out so it would bring no pleasure and besides he had always loved thinking about how his victims were going to be haunted by their experience with him which was why he rarely killed.

 He released her bonds and dragged her over to a pillar and sat her down handcuffing her hands behind her back. He badly needed to take a leak before he left so he pulled out his dick and let loose a long piss concentrating on her face and head wetting down her hair so it was plastered over her face. And he zipped up his jumpsuit, emptied her wallet and walked away.