

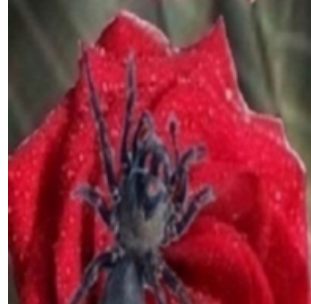
SEVEN SISTERS



NELLIE CAKE

FULL VERSION

SEVEN SISTERS





Nellie Cake

Seven Sisters

Full Version

Her dad and mom would never let her return home, to them she was now used and damaged goods. She was determined to make her way back to the funeral parlor where her first husband, Bobby and his best friend, Rick lived for sensual revenge. Like a Recluse spider, many men who raped and beat her using guns and knives, in her path on her way to her destination were bitten by her deadly revenge and no one ever knew what happened to these men. While she is still young and hot, and after many years of getting beat and raped while hitch-hiking, she was still determined to make it to the funeral parlor to carry out the ultimate sensual revenge that had been boiling in her mind for many years. All men were in danger, her sensuality is a curse on men.

BookRix GmbH & Co. KG
81371 Munich

Seven Sisters Full Version

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Published by Nellie Cake

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Chapter 1

Laura

Laura was a child bride. Her father, Herbert was a Pentecost Oneness Evangelist, a Charlatan that never wanted girls. In his twisted mind all females born are whores. Laura worshiped her dad, but he was the first man to abuse and beat her. He even forced Laura's mom to beat her and her eleven siblings. Five boys and six girls, seven girls counting Laura. Laura was the oldest of the seven girls then Evelyn, Darlene, Carolyn, Harley, Valerie, & Carrieann. Life was violent in their immediate family and as they were growing up the girls developed violent, deadly personalities. Two older brothers, Jr. & Johnny raped the girls daily. Many times Laura watched the boys beating and raping her sisters and many times the boys beat and raped Laura. Jr., Johnny and their own dad Herbert were always robbing and pulling guns on each other. Herbert put most of the kids in prisons, halfway houses, married them off, and some of them ran away. He sent Laura's six sisters Evelyn, Darlene, Carolyn, Harley, Valerie, and Carrieann somewhere, but no one knows where. When she was ten Herbert, being an Evangelist, held a double barrel shot gun on a man and Laura.

He married her off to an abusive man, Bobby. Herbert made them live together in the funeral parlor where Bobby

and his best friend Rick lived. Laura was supposed to marry Rick and was engaged to him for a awhile, but Laura loved Bobby. Bobby and Rick were beating and raping Laura, forcing her to suck their dicks in the funeral parlor. He let his friends beat on her, pour everything in the refrigerator on top of her, painted her body, and made her walk the beaches naked. He instigated his friends to throw watermelon rinds at her to bruise her body and they all tried to drown her in the ocean. Bobby was always fucking his cousin, he didn't want Laura. She asked him for one piece of sausage and he said; "Damn, I have to feed you too?" Bobby and his friends took Laura down town, tied her to a light post and left her. An officer took her back to Bobby, but she wouldn't even go inside the funeral parlor. She sat on the porch looking in the windows watching them all having sex, drinking and doing drugs.

She spent many years hitch-hiking on highways to get away from them. She was getting beat and raped with guns and knives, forced to let them stick their dicks in her coochie and suck their dicks while hitch-hiking on the highways. Most of these men never lived to remember what they did or go home to their families or get on with their lives and get a wife and family or pretend in court they didn't do anything and usually get away with it. Unfortunately for them, Laura had a nasty habit of cutting off cocks and slicing throats.

Her dad and mom would never let her return home, to them she was now used and damaged goods. She was determined to make her way back to the funeral parlor where her first husband, Bobby and his best friend, Rick lived for sensual revenge. Like a Recluse spider, many men who raped and beat her using guns and knives, in her path on her way to her destination were bitten by her deadly

revenge and no one ever knew what happened to these men.

While she is still young and hot, and after many years of getting beat and raped while hitch-hiking, she was still determined to make it to the funeral parlor to carry out the ultimate sensual revenge that had been boiling in her mind for many years. All men were in danger, her sensuality is a curse on men.

She had experience with and witnessed cold, heartless violent men at the age of nine. A man kidnapped, beat and raped her at gun point. The next day the same man kidnapped two of her little friends and her at gun point when they got off the school bus in the country, the remote town of Spencer, Indiana. She had escaped the day before when he kidnapped and raped her alone. Herbert blamed Laura and said she enticed the man, so in his mind his own daughter was a nine year old whore. She watched the man beat, rape and shoot her two best and only friends. Laura's mind was in shock and turned bitter. The law wasn't searching for this man for the beating and rape he did to Laura, they were searching for him for beating, raping and killing her two nine year old friends.

All the abuse, beatings, killings, and rapes weighed so heavy on her heart and mind that she started doing something about it. She thought, "If men want a twisted mind, they'll get exactly that, starting with my two older brothers." She hitch-hiked to see if Jr. and Johnny would let her stay with them in their apartment in Ohio.

When she got there Johnny held her down while Jr. tore her clothes off and was trying to stick his dick in her. They were going to take turns raping her. Laura thought, "No one knows I'm here and no one will miss them or even me if I

don't succeed." Laura had always imagined different scenarios of how she's going to kill her two older brothers. In this scenario Jr. and Johnny had been doing repairs to their apartment and a hammer was laying on a table near the bed where they were fighting and trying to rape her. The fight went on for a couple hours till she grabbed the hammer and hit Jr. upside his head, then Johnny in the back of his head leaving the claw of the hammer imbedded in his head. Not caring if they were dead or not she ran from their apartment back to the highways. She began a journey hitch-hiking on highways making her way back to the remote town of Spencer, Indiana.

While on the highways she was always planning how to get the ultimate sensual revenge on her first husband, Bobby and his best friend Rick.

A gorgeous Italian picked her up. He showered her with attention and gifts. No one had ever been so nice, complimented or showed her any kindness before. Italian McDreamy, we'll call him, bought her a back pack, three pair of new jeans, three new blouses, three panties, three socks, a pair of shoes, and a kitten. Keep in mind that Laura has not been fucked yet. The man that killed her two friends made her suck his dick, she got away before anything else happened both times. She got away from Bobby and Rick after their attacks and forcing her to suck their dicks. She always got away from her brothers before any sex happened. She never had new clothes before, with that many siblings her abusive, piece of shit parents couldn't afford clothes, underwear or shoes. Italian McDreamy took her to restaurants to eat and even to his business meetings to show off his teen beauty he found hitch-hiking on the highway. Laura treasured, mesmerized by everything he was doing for her and saying. This man had no clue what monster, a poisonous, deadly Recluse spider personality

within Laura that he was now part of creating and actually unleashing on himself.

When night came on the third night they were together, Italian McDreamy fucked Laura many times and forced her to suck his dick. He threw her around the room like a rag doll for three days. The bed, blankets, sheets, pillows, and walls were covered with blood, but it wasn't all Laura's blood. To survive she learned early to always fight for life. It's always going to be their life or hers. When he finally passed out, Laura bashed three lamps over the back of his head and neck. Three! In case the first two didn't stop him. Not checking to see if he was dead, she ran out of that hotel room with her back pack of clothes and kitten. She ran a couple miles before stopping on a side walk to rest. Not being able to feed nor take care of a kitten, she gave it freedom.

Laura was still contemplating her sensual revenge on Bobby and Rick and about how Spencer, Indiana is so far away. She knew now that going home to mom and dad was never an option, it was always obvious they hated her and her siblings. She gathered her strength and thoughts and once again started hitch-hiking on the highways to get back to Spencer, Indiana. Another mile down the road a gorgeous young man with long blonde hair, a real cutie yelled across the street to Laura saying, "Hey baby, want to party?" She had never drank alcohol, never done drugs or even smoked weed and didn't know what a party was.

Remember, she was raised in Pentecost Oneness religion. Pentecost Oneness don't allow women to wear pants, show their ankles, wrist, necks etc.. They are not allowed to watch TV, listen to music or radios, go to movies or any school events. Everthing to them is a sin and taking your mind off

God. So Laura had never been exposed to worldly things and certainly didn't know what a party was.

She was thinking, maybe this adorable dude will let her get some sleep, have something to eat and somewhere to change clothes. Laura thought, "I must be pretty, the cutest dude in the crowd picked her." She smoked her first joint and drank her first beer, a Sterling Big Mouth Jimmy gave her. Jimmy also gave her his huge dick in the back seat of an abandoned car. He fucked her in every position imaginable; inside, outside, and on the abandoned car. He fucked her pussy many times, sodomized her and forced her to suck his cock. She was thinking, "Every man wants the same thing, pussy, a piece of ass and or a blowjob and will take it if I don't give it. I'm going to have to give my body to men all my life in exchange for nothing."

A real trooper Laura was, she put up with this ass-wipe raping and mauling her all night. She was pissed off, furious that this was happening again, venom was rising. She broke the Sterling Big Mouth bottle on the car and rammed it into his neck as he was sticking his dick in her again. After swinging and gashing his body many times with the broken beer bottle, mostly his balls and dick, she escaped, ran back to her old friend, the highways.

Covered in blood she made her way to a service station a few miles down the road without anyone noticing to clean off the blood, wash her hair and body, and ditch the bloody clothes. She was down to three outfits in her back pack and never knew where she was at or where she was going.

With no destination and no one to answer to, she was loving the freedom the highways provided. Once in awhile; throughout her travels she hitch-hiked to Indiana to her parents to see if she could come home, but was always ran

off. Being in Indiana always got her hopes up to get closer to the destination, the funeral parlor in Spencer, Indiana.

She never knew the name or anything about the man who picked her up this time while hitch-hiking through Indiana. He was strong, muscular and handsome, but she wanted nothing to do with sex anymore, only to kill and maim men who beat and rape, took pussy, ass or a blowjob that wasn't offered. He took her through miles of briar bushes and thick forest into the deep remote woods to an empty cabin. Of course she already knew he wanted sex, but this man wanted to play house with Laura. Have her for his own, hidden away in this cabin in nowhere land, not knowing this was a deadly mistake. He beat and raped her so bad that she couldn't stand or even see. He bashed her legs and her eyes were black and blue, bruised and swollen almost shut. He left saying, "I'm going to town, get ready to experience sex on heroin."

Town must have been far away and heroin hard to get because it took him a month to return. There was nothing to eat or drink in the cabin and she had no clue where she was at so she stayed alone, getting horribly skinny and dehydrated for a month, stewing, waiting for his return. He finally did return with heroin in hand, sitting first to tie himself off and shoot this nasty looking crap in syringes into different parts of his body. He handed a loaded needle to Laura saying, "Your turn," but she didn't want anything to do with this adventure. She took the needle loaded with heroin and pushed it into his balls and ran out the door to find civilization or the highways.

There weren't any paths, dirt roads or signs of a city or town. So for many miles she fought her way through the briar brushes and forest. She did wonder how this man had gotten out of the remote woods and went to town for the

heroin, maybe he didn't go into town. Finally from a distance she could see daylight and highways.

Once on the highways she was relieved and felt at home, the concrete loved her whereas no human ever did. Nodding off while hitch-hiking became normal, she was so worn out, filthy and barely any clothes hanging on her body. Only a half shirt, shorts and no shoes. She left her shoes and back pack with the two outfits in the cabin in the woods. Laura never remembered when the last time was that she had eaten food or even had a drink of water.

Periods were always a nightmare and she had to stay around places with restrooms during those times of the month. She wadded up toilette paper and shoved it in her pussy; a poor, homeless person's tampon. Her pants or shorts or whatever she had on was usually soaked and rotting from not being able to take care of this bleeding problem every month.

The sun during the days beat down on the highways and nights were bitter cold, especially during the disabling, unrelenting winter months in the Northern states. She loved being on the highways no matter the weather, hitch-hiking from state to state with no destination and freedom, but was so tired, dirty and hungry. She remembered her destination was always Spencer, Indiana, the Funeral parlor where Bobby, her first husband and his best friend, Rick lived. She got back on track and headed in that direction, but there was another delay.

Two ignorant country boys picked her up with the promise of getting her something to eat, a shower and change of clothes. There was no food, no shower or clean clothes, only a huge empty barn. If these boys have never met up with a Recluse spider, they have now. Revenge on

men and older brothers for screwing, beating and raping women without their consent has never left her mind. She fought these two ignorant hillbillies with everything she had, but was out numbered. For many uncounted days they kept her in the barn ramming their cocks in her pussy and sodomizing her ass. They pulled and held onto her hair to force their nasty, stinking cocks into her mouth. She finally escaped and ran to find a street or highway.

When she got to the highways, soon as she stuck her thumb out she saw their faces, these ignorant hillbillies were in a car trying to run her down. Between these highways in Kentucky were steep hills so she climbed the hills to get to the highway going the other direction. It wasn't long before they were catching up to her again. She knew the back streets and alleys of this small town, just climb over a couple hills, navigate through traffic on a couple streets and there is town and Main St.. She ducked into the local hangout, hole in the wall restaurant on Main St., but they followed her in there too. She ran out the back door, but they caught up with her and drug her to the car holding a gun in her back. They took her back to the barn in the woods where they planned to continue mauling her body. Damn ignorant hillbillies don't know that she's a hillbilly too, but not ignorant, they laid the ground work for this Recluse. She paid attention to where they laid the gun. Soon as they were pulling their dicks out it was that quick, their balls and the entire middle of these ignorant hillbillies were, well a mess. Maybe no open coffin for them. For shits and giggles she stabbed them with the pitch fork laying nearby they used for bailing hay.

Seemed there were no friends or family of theirs around and no one knew they kept kidnapping and raping Laura. Matter of fact, no one ever knew nor cared where she was. She thought, "I suppose I can walk out of here free now, a

piece of mind is always expensive and maybe a little dangerous." Her old friend, the highways weren't far, hell this entire town is hills, mountains, forest, and country. Nothing, but moonshiners, bootleggers, backwards hillbillies, freaks, rapist, alcoholics, and drug addicts. You know, your average town.

Laura hung out in town for awhile and picked up a couple sugar daddies to survive, eat, and get a shower, but she had to give them pussy, a blowjob or both. Soon as she was fed, showered, got some clean clothes, and a few bucks in her pockets, her thoughts were back to her destination, the funeral parlor in Spencer. Most of her sugar daddies wanted to marry her. What, make an honest woman out of a deadly spider? She did leave them a present before heading out onto the highways again. In a generous mood, they got to keep one ball and their old, limp cocks.

Laura went to the local hole in the wall bar on Main St. to get a beer and hot dog with the money sugar daddies so generously provided. Three girls were sitting at the bar started talking to her. They all went to a lot of bars, fucked and sucked band members, fucked & sucked owners of bars for liquor, money and drugs, and knew a lot of sugar daddies wanting to fuck & suck who are looking for a cute, young blonde. The other girls were brunettes and red heads, most sugar daddies want a blonde. All you gorgeous brunettes and red heads out there, I'm just kidding, they'll take any hole they can get.

The question Laura was thinking all this time was, "Wow, these sugar daddies haven't been deballed yet?" Nope, most of them got to keep their balls, except one of them didn't fair so well with their encounter with the Recluse. The girls set her up with a lying bastard who told Laura he would make her a star. Laura, growing up in a Pentecost prison

was still naive in a lot of things in life. She believed this fat, nasty idiot who can't get his dick hard, even after sucking on it for hours on end it was still soft, nasty, stinky, and little. He had her hair twirled and twisted in his hands forcing her to suck his limp cock when she got brave and chomped down hard on one of his balls. She wasn't getting anything for this pig gig, he lied so she had no money, had not eaten in a long time and hardly any clothes on her back. Taking the open opportunity while he was screaming, though not knowing the location, she ran til' the highways were under her feet again.

She had to stop at a lot of stores and gas stations to ask for the name of the town. Also to use their restrooms to clean the highway dust from her body and hair. After a few miles she recognized that she was near the little town she had just left. She went to Main St., but went to the bar on the other end of Main St. away from the old gang. She was drinking beer with three girls who invited her to go party with them. There was an equal amount of men for each women coming with them, except Laura didn't want the one they hooked her up with. She didn't want any of them, but did want to go party in the woods with the girls. She was getting lonesome and wanted to make friends, but after this episode she never wanted friends or anyone again. Only longing for the highways and get back to her destination in Spencer.

The other girls were fucking and sucking willingly. Laura thought, "That's bullshit, they don't have to suck and fuck anyone unless they wanted to, that's on them." While they were all fucking and sucking the men they were with, the man they chose for Laura grabbed her hair and drug her deep into the woods. He tied her to a tree and sodomized her, but made a serious mistake when he thought she liked it and let her loose. Pissed at getting beat and raped all the

time, Laura had finally bought a knife in town. She turned to pretend she was liking this and hug him, but cut his cock almost off. She started at the bottom of his balls and went upwards with the knife.

She never went in the direction these dumb ass girls and dudes were in. Instead, she went through the woods, wading through many creeks for miles that seemed to never end. She didn't mind though, she was alone and had a bottle of cherry vodka in her jean pockets. Night fell a few times, cold as a witch's tits and she had not found streets or the highway yet, but had vodka to keep her company and warm. She made sure she got the knife out of this ass-wipe's body. She was always in her own mind and on her own anyway. If it wasn't for needing material things and food to survive she would prefer to stay in the woods alone. Some of the creeks had waterfalls, good for a quick whore bath, so to speak.

Took a few days of traveling through the woods to realize she was traveling alongside the Kentucky River and now knew where she was. Laura always kept one back up sugar daddy she would never hurt and he never knew much about her. Only that she sucks a mean dick, has tight pussy and his cock is so big it barely fits in her coochie. She needed at least one person she could go to for sleep, food, clothes, and money.

While hitch-hiking down Kentucky River Rd. she stopped in a little country store and started a sexual conversation with the owner, George. Well actually he started the sex talk by complimenting her saying, "If I had something that looks like you laying next to me, I wouldn't go anywhere." Laura was thinking, "He wants to be my sugar daddy, let's see where this goes. If he takes good care of me maybe he'll live." George said; "Would you be interested in trading merchandise for a screw or blowjob?" Laura said; "What

does this include?" George said; "Gas, a car to put it in, smokies, food, personal items, weed, cash, and well, almost anything."

He put a closed sign in the window and George gave her everything he promised up front. They went to the storage room, George unzipped his pants and pulled out his big cock. He bent Laura over a table and pounded her pussy for a couple hours. Customers started beating on the door so they separated and she ran out the back door.

Laura never had a drivers license and the car wasn't legal so she stole a tag off a vehicle the ole' man had parked out back of the store. Something being illegal never stopped her from doing anything.

Laura drove the car to the big city to get a strip dancing job. First club she came to sent her to a bigger club they owned. The first time taking your clothes off in front of a crowd of men normally is uncomfortable for a newby, but not for Laura who wasn't ever shy. George came to see her dance and gave her a .357 magnum to carry for protection. Perfect present for a killer huh?

A lot of the girls had been getting caught out back of the club or they were lured there after getting off work and leaving for the night. There had been some recent stabbings and shootings. It was getting scary to work there and Laura wanted to kill these monsters. She wasn't going to stay employed there and no one knew her real name. She went by a stage name, Vegas because she has a set of dice tattooed on both cheeks of her ass. One set rolled to snake eyes, two ones and the other rolled to seven, a five and a two.

George showed up one night to take her to a hotel for a couple days, but she didn't plan on coming back to work here. Before she left the strip club that night she lured a couple men out back who had been with the dancers that were stabbed and shot. She shot them and left with George. They weren't the only men to lose their lives to this vial female Recluse. Some nights while working there men took her to hotel rooms to fuck her silly, but only Laura left the rooms alive.

George stayed relentlessly up her ass and pussy literally every day and night, not wanting her out of his sight. He made a fatal mistake taking her freedom so she took his balls with her. She left George laying in the storage room bleeding out and left in the car he bought her. This bitch even filled the gas tank at his store then loaded the back and trunk with food, smokies and necessities.

After the gas, food and money ran out she had to abandoned the car, it's too hot, the law will be looking for it soon. She drove a lot of miles down a long creek that eventually runs into the Kentucky river. This was everyone's old party spot back in the day. We were all called "River Rats." Everyone used to drive their vehicles a lot of miles down this creek to do heroin, coke, acid, mescaline, drink alcohol and fuck & suck. Problem with this is Johnny Law started driving through the creek too and raiding our parties.

She drove the car far down the creek and left it. Kentucky river road goes a long way, only two ways in and out, but comes out on the old or new Boonesboro highway. It was a beautiful, quiet, peaceful walk on the long Kentucky River road. She had to get to the highway to get back on track with her destination.

Sensual revenge is something you do to someone who hurt you in every way possible. First gain their trust again, then rub your pussy against their cocks, dry hump and pretend sucking his dick for hours. Don't let them have actual sex, blowjob or let them get off. Get them almost there, close to cumming then quickly sneak out any door available. This is sensual revenge, except she doesn't want to sneak out any door right away this time. She wants to maim or kill them. Laura knows now what Bobby and Rick wanted back then was raw, rough sex. Now she's a gorgeous babe and hopes they'll be sorry they beat, abused, raped, and threw her away. She doesn't plan on them being able to have any type of feelings when she leaves this time.

Took a couple days walking from the Kentucky river creek to the new Boonesboro Rd. She passed the old Boonesboro Rd. a few miles back. Took a day and a half walking the new Boonesboro Rd. into town. The entire time she started out to dump the car there was always a bottle of cherry vodka in her back pocket to keep her company.

In this little town the cops aren't shit. When they pick up a female they will surely fuck her before arresting and taking them to jail. The jail is a small building with windows broken out and no bars, a joke, so is the old jailer, ole' Jim. No one is scared of going to that jail, most women from the streets climb out the window and knock on the front door to get back in. Street women are more scared of the cops who fuck them before taking them to the jail. Being drunk in this little town is just a fuck opportunity for the law dogs.

Laura made it to town to get up with her sugar daddy to suck his dick and let him have some pussy for money so she can get something to eat and alcohol. Ole' Bert was always parked on Main St. watching out for her when she was in town and always willing to take her out to eat. She would

never hurt Bert, he was the only good man she had ever met up to this point. His dick was hard for her to handle because it was huge, but he was gentle. After servicing Bert he took her to buy clean clothes and to a hotel to get a shower. Now she had enough money to go into the hole in the wall restaurants and bars on Main St.. Though he can't help her when she runs off or runs off with strangers, Bert took his spot looking out for her parked on Main St.. He knew there was no taming or marrying this wild child, but he loved her. There were several old men, sugar daddies in this town who fucked certain girls and looked out for them the best they could and when they were within their sight. These old sugar daddies even sat in the bars and restaurants quietly in case his girl needed money or just to watch out for them. They actually cared about them.

All the servers, cooks and bartenders in the local hole in the wall bars and restaurants knew all the street girls by name. Hell they even partied and fucked them too. It goes without saying that this town is S.T.D. infected. The local health department picks the girls up once in awhile to give them shots, tests and check ups. Laura has been treated a lot for many S.T.D.'s. The nurses always tried to become friends with the street girls to get them to come in regularly on their own.

One nurse hunted for Laura a lot. Laura even cleaned house and baby-sat for her in exchange for looking out for her. People who are good to Laura are in no danger. The small town jail is well known to have crabs on the blankets from diseased street women. This nurse always came to the jail when Laura was there to make sure she wasn't in the cells where crabs and diseased street women were at. She had spent many years looking out for Laura and wanted her to stay clean and disease free, but it was hard to keep track of her. She had a habit of hitch-hiking from state to state

because she never had a job or home. She had no skills, no schooling, no trade or even knew she was supposed to work for money, food, shelter, and clothes. Clocking into a nine to five was a concept she never knew about.

She chose to leave the beatings and rapes in the family to the beatings and rapes from strangers. Beatings and rapes from strangers most times gave her freedom later, whereas if she stayed with her parents the beatings from them would never stop and the beating and rapes from her brothers would never stop. They would never let her come home anyway so it didn't matter to her and the fact that they never taught her how to work for a living didn't prepare her for anything.

All the kids in her schools pushed and shoved her, boys made her show them her pussy, they laughed and made fun of her and even made horrid drawings of her on paper they wadded up and threw at her. She wasn't allowed on the school bus, the bus driver went along with all the kids yelling bad names at her. She thought during those times, "Why even bother just go to the highways, the concrete loves me." School and home were never an option.

In the restaurant some street girls were telling Laura there was a huge party going on out on Lexington Ave. going towards Lexington, Kentucky. They said; "You know most of the people, you should go." Parties usually provided not only drugs, alcohol and unwanted sex, they provided a place to sleep or pass out and sometimes food and a shower.

A man Laura didn't know offered a ride to the party. Everyone in the restaurant, including servers, cooks and the manager said they knew the man and it was safe to accept a ride. During the ride they talked a lot and at first he was

going in the right direction towards the party, but didn't go down Lexington Ave., he turned onto Paris Pike. A well known country road that leads to a lot of State parks and remote wooded areas.

Laura confronted the man and said; "This is Paris Pike, it's no where near Lexington Ave., why are you going the wrong way?" He put his hands on Laura's coochie and said; "Your not getting out till I get me some of that pussy." She grabbed her knife that was always in her boots or in her back when she didn't have boots on and stabbed his dick and balls three times. She opened the door and jumped out while the car was going 60 miles an hour.

She laid in the ditch on the side of the road knocked out for a long time. When she came to the new outfit Bert bought her was covered in blood and blood kept filling her hands. She thought it was a bloody nose that wouldn't quit. She couldn't see herself, only the blood that kept coming and was covering her. She was knocked out, laying in the ditch for a long time and didn't hear the man crashing into a light post a few feet down the road after she stabbed him. Blood kept pouring in handfuls, she kept swiping it with her hands cuffed catching the blood and slinging it to the ground. She was still out of it and confused and didn't know the blood wasn't coming from her nose.

She didn't know where she was at and there wasn't much traffic on this country road, but every time someone passed she threw her thumb out asking for a ride. A lot of people slowed down, stared and screeched off. A nice married couple finally picked her up and took her the hospital. There were many stitches put in the top of her face, nose, hands, and side of her stomach. It was months down the road that she thought about why everyone speeded up instead of

helping her was because she was covered in blood and they didn't want to be involved in whatever happened.

Laura never believed anyone anymore after everyone told her that this man was safe to catch a ride with. The huge party was still going on a month or so later and Laura still wanted to go so she got with her sugar daddy to get money and called a cab. She was happy to see that the cab driver was a friend of her dads, a preacher man so she felt safe getting a ride from him. He was another ass-wipe rapist. He pulled into an alley, got on top of her and tried to fuck her, but she pulled her knife, stabbed him a few times in his stomach and left him parked in the alley.

It was still on her mind to make it to the funeral parlor in Spencer, Indiana. A couple of the girls at one of the local bars and Laura hitch-hiked to the party and split up once they reached it. Most everyone that partied in this little town was at this huge shin-dig. There were trailers set up all over the place handing alcohol and drugs to all the women for free. Laura wasn't into drugs, but loved the free alcohol. She stayed and partied with everyone for a couple weeks.

Coleman was there at the party, her child-hood love she chased when she was young for a long time, but because of his playboy ways she didn't want to end up with him. She didn't want to be with any of the men she knew, had fucked or had been in love with. They were only emotional hurt she avoided to keep from getting stuck in a no where relationship with cheating schmucks.

People were screwing all over the place at this huge party. In cars, trailers, inside and outside the barn, but a lot of women were getting raped as well. Two men made the mistake of their lives by dragging Laura by her hair to the wooded area. Once deep in the woods out of everyone's

sight, quick as a spider bite she sliced their throats and cleaned her knife with leaves and dirt. She threw off the bloody jacket before leaving the woods.

Laura rarely remembered the last time she slept or ate anything besides drugs and alcohol. The only place she could see to get some sleep would be in the top of the barn where no one goes so she climbed up the rafters, found a quiet corner and slept for days while the big party was still going on below.

When she woke up, looking through the broken wood she saw Angel with her best friend Sherry. Sherry and Laura were best friends when Laura was around, but they rarely saw each other anymore. Sherry and her sucked and fucked, sharing men in the past at a lot of parties, but she never knew about Laura's violent side. Laura yelled from the top rafters from a square opening in the barn saying, "Give me a minute or two to climb down." Angel was young, gorgeous with slanted eyes like an oriental though he wasn't. A lot of women wanted to be with Angel, but he was picky. Sherry, Angel and Laura agreed to leave together early because soon the law will be setting up road blocks down each road pulling and busting everyone that leaves the party.

Sherry drove us to an abandoned building in the small town not far from the Lexington party spot. There was running water, but nothing else, no electric, no blankets, no beds or curtains to hide from people while they were fucking and sucking. This abandoned building was on Main St., but we came and went through the back door. This was good for Laura since her sugar daddy, ole' Bert was always parked on Main St. she could get something to eat, drink and clean clothes. They survived in this nasty building for a couple months, but Laura still wanted to get back on the highways

to get to her destination in Spencer, Indiana. She never forgot she was still on a vengeance quest.

We ran into some old party buddies and went to their house in the country and got really fucked up on acid, whiskey and beer. Their friend's truck was loaded with hay so Angel and Laura got in the back to fuck the shit out of each other. Sherry and their friend drove the truck through town, right down Main St. while Angel and Laura were fucking in the back. No one saw their faces, only asses flying up and down. Laura felt she had spent enough, too much time literally screwing around with Sherry and Angel. They all hugged and cried, sad she was leaving.

She went back to the highways to start making her way hitch-hiking once again, determined more than ever to make it to the funeral parlor. She was carrying a back pack Sherry gave her, but didn't know what was in it. A man picked Laura up, but pulled over a couple miles down the road. He wanted to know what was in her back pack before he took her any further. She reached into the back pack to pull out whatever Sherry had put in it, but the man thought she going to pull out a gun or knife and quickly held a large chef's knife to Laura's throat. A trucker saw this happening because they are up higher than trucks or cars and can see inside most vehicles. The trucker pulled in front of the man's car almost jack knifing his truck and ran to the man's window and rammed his head against the door of the car and told Laura, "Get in my truck, I'll give you a ride." The only thing that was in the back pack was a black Bible.

The trucker kept telling Laura that she was now going to be his girlie-friend and do what he tells her to do." He drove for a long way, almost half a state away then parked in the back of a truck rest stop and told her to get in the back on his bed. He wrapped her hair around his fingers and hand

and pushed Laura's head down to make her suck his cock. It was small, soft and nasty tasting. Laura was thinking, "This isn't the first time and maybe he'll cum quickly and get it over with and let me go on my way." Two hours into sucking his dick he was still soft and no signs of getting off, but still had hold of Laura's hair and pushing her head. This went on for another hour then Laura pulled her knife from her boot and cut his soft, stinky dick and ran from the truck while he was screaming.

Truckers shouldn't make the mistake of thinking they can pick up any woman and have their way with them, beat and rape them, but this one didn't get the luxury of going home to family, if he had any, with his cock in one piece. She didn't know where she was and had to walk a lot of miles to find a store where she could ask where she was.

At a bus stop in one of the towns close to Indiana a lady offered her a baby-sitting and housekeeping job and she took it. When the lady went to work her husband tore the top of Laura's blouse in an attempt to rape her. He chased her all over the house while their son and eighteen month old baby were screaming and crying. The little boy was screaming, "Daddy, please stop, you'll hurt her." Neighbors heard the boy and Laura screaming and called the law. When the lady got home she blamed it on Laura saying, "You enticed my husband, your a slut."

Before the lady got home Laura had put the eighteen month old in the tub for a bath. While the lady was screaming and with all the commotion going on, she went to the bathroom to find the older boy trying to pull his eighteen month old brother out of the water, but the baby drowned. In her anger, while chasing after Laura she fell down the stairs and lost the baby she was carrying.

In knee deep snow in the middle of winter Laura had to leave and find the nearest highway. For a couple days she hunkered down under a picnic table then one day saw a red hand in someone's window. Up North a red hand in the window usually means they will help anyone that needs help. Laura knocked on their door and asked if they had an old blanket or coat they could spare. They gave her a mildewed curtain, but she took it, used it and was thankful for something to cover up with though the cold, bitter Northern winters have no mercy.

One morning at daybreak she went to find the highway and was back to hitch-hiking. A man picked her up and took her to a sink or swim bar, pay five bucks and drink till you sink or swim. Laura was blind drunk and had no idea he had taken her to his trailer. The man held Laura down while he let his sixteen year old son get his first piece of ass. The boy himself told Laura the story the next morning. Laura tried to leave out the door, but the man pushed her to a chair and held a butcher knife to her throat. He said; "You don't want me, you only want my son now that you've had him."

Laura didn't remember anything that had happened. A neighbor or someone knocked at the door and this got the man's attention off the knife and he let it down for a minute. Laura grabbed her knife from her boot and cut his arm and ran out the door while the neighbor or whoever was holding the door open.

A day and a half later she found the highway and hitch-hiked back to the small town where she knew her way around in hopes to get some sleep in an alley, under a bridge or an abandoned building. She was two cities away from the small town. When she made it to the small town some of the street girls were at the local hole in the wall bar, the Green Lantern. They told Laura, "We left an old man

loaded with money in a hotel room, he wants a blonde not a red head. Do you want to go?" Laura didn't know they were setting her up and she was supposed to fuck this old man, she truly thought he was just being nice. He gave Laura money to go buy clothes and food, which they all did together.

While they were all out, these girls got up with some men out of nowhere. Laura didn't know any of them, only the girls. The guys drove them back to the hotel, but Laura stayed in the truck. She saw them taking tire irons and chains, but didn't catch onto what they were going to do with them. They beat that old man to death with the tire irons and chains. When they came back to the truck the tools were covered in blood. They killed that old man and the girls set him up all over a few bucks. Now this murder Laura didn't do or have anything to do with.

The men and the girls had tents set up in the woods so we all went there. The men paid Laura a thousand dollars to leave the state and not come back because they didn't want the law to get hold of her as a material witness to the murder of that nice old man. Laura left, but not with just what they gave her to leave on. When everyone passed out on the night she was leaving, she cut the girls throats, snuck into the men's tent and cut their throats and ran out of the woods with all of their share of the money too. Only stopping to clean the knife with leaves and dirt and throw her outer layer of bloody clothes off. No one knew she was involved with this murder because no one ever knew where Laura was or cared.

She was so scared she was frantically running through the woods to find a path to a road to lead to a highway and town to get something to eat. Seems every vine was catching her and every thorn was tearing her skin all over

her body while running. After hours of running she finally realized there can't be anyone chasing her because she cut all their throats so she slowed the pace down. It was beginning to seem she was too far away, but eventually she did find a path that led to a dirt road that led to the highways.

Once again on the highways, the concrete that always welcomed her back, where she felt safe, her only love. After hitch-hiking for a couple days a man picked Laura up and took her way off her course and she didn't know where he was taking her. He was a very nice, well mannered and behaved like a normal man. He told her he was taking her to his house to let her get some rest, clean clothes and something to eat. Where ever he was taking her to was a long way. He took her across Kentucky's state line into Tennessee.

When they arrived at his house in the country, he was telling the truth. His wife and him were separated or this was story he was giving her. He fixed her a huge breakfast then let her pick out some his wife's clothes which she supposedly left behind, which happened to fit Laura very nicely. Since he fed and clothed her she felt kind of safe with him and he was being very gentle with her. They spent many hours talking on into the night then he told her to get some sleep on his bed. She finally fell asleep and slept for a couple days. When she woke up the man was sitting in a chair next to her with a gun in her face.

Laura is not stupid, street smarts are her thing and she's very familiar with dealing with violent men. She said; "Did you think I wasn't going to give you any sex though you picked me up on the highway, I went with you willingly knowing there may be sex involved. You don't need a gun to get what you want. I'll give you a blowjob and screw you if

this is what you want." That was smart on Laura's quick thinking. The man put the gun in the drawer next to the bed then got on top of Laura to rape her. He didn't get his dick inside of her before she got hold of the gun and splattered his brains. His head exploded everywhere, a real mess. Thank goodness there were his wife's clean clothes for her to change into.

His body was upstairs so she stayed in the bottom part of the house for a few days because she knew it was a long way to get back to the highways, she stayed till the stench of his body started getting bad. She stole his car and parked it when she could finally see the highways. Now walking back on her true love the highways she soon found that she was in Tennessee and would have to back track to get to Kentucky to get to Spencer, Indiana.

Two men picked her up and promised to take her to the Indiana border which would be at least in the right direction towards Spencer, Indiana. They were good to her and offered her a safe place to stay in Tennessee. She knew then that they weren't taking her to the Indiana border, they were taking her to their house in Tennessee. When they got to their house in the country, go figure, they fixed her breakfast. Later they made dinner and tried to make her feel comfortable with them. They weren't pushing sex or even suggesting it...yet.

Their first night together they all cuddled and sometimes it was with one of them, then the other. Still never asking for sex, they continued making breakfast and dinner for the threesome. She never wondered why they happened to have women's clothes that fit her, it wasn't that strange considering her experiences she's had in life so far. They lived together and cuddled and satisfied each others sexual needs for almost two years and it was like both men were in