

# What Do You Fear?

## Book One

by

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This book is dedicated to all you motherfuckers who said I wouldn't amount to shit.



## What do you fear?

Webster Dictionary defines fear as the idea of intense reluctance to face or meet a person or situation and suggests aversion as well as anxiety. Loss of courage, intense apprehension produced by newly perceived awareness of immediate danger, the implication of shuddering or abhorrence or aversion before a sight, activity, or demand that causes fear.

So having defined fear, ask the question of yourself, “What do you fear?” Does that thought make you uneasy? It’s only a question, and questions are nothing to be afraid of— or are they? I guess that would depend on the response, wouldn’t it? And only you know the answer.

Do you understand the nature of your fears? That you cannot hide from them? The fact that you refuse to acknowledge them doesn’t make them any less real or threatening, because they are always with you. Your fears are a physical manifestation of those things that exist within you. Hiding from who you are and what’s in your heart is foolish and ultimately self-destructive, but there are ways to deal with your fears. Act on them, let them guide you to what you want, and all your desires will be fulfilled.



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When desires turns deadly and you conquer your fear, retribution can  
be a beautiful thing.



## Turnabout

Karen didn't feel like having lunch with the girls today. The day was too beautiful, with sunny skies and pleasant temperatures. Besides, the office gossip had gotten old, and she didn't feel like fast food today. She wanted to go home and have lunch with her friend. She liked training days because of the extended lunch breaks, which allowed her and her roommate, CJ, to get together. As Karen pulled up to her home, she got a warm feeling inside, the kind of sensation that comes with knowing this is your home.

Karen thought to herself that, at twenty-four, she'd done pretty good for herself. She was buying her own home, and she had a good government job, a relatively new car, and the best friend anyone could possibly ask for. CJ was almost everything to her. She would die for Karen, and Karen felt the same way about her. At this point, the only thing missing in her life was a steady man. Sure, she could get dick any time she wanted it. She knew how attractive she was. But having a boyfriend also meant putting up with a lot of unnecessary bullshit. CJ was always trying to fix her up, but she'd always pass. So for now, she thought it was okay that she didn't have a steady man in her life.

Karen pulled up to her driveway, parked, and went into the house using the side carport door. Over the past two years, they'd found it easier to come in the house using the side door off the carport. In the warm months, this offered shade and quick access to the kitchen and dining room.

Karen opened the door and noticed the chime didn't go off. Oh, well, she thought, *CJ must have forgotten to turn it back on. girlfriend is always complaining about them and doesn't see the need for them, but I re-*

*mind her that my father installed them so that we'd know when doors or windows were opened.*

Karen closed the door and headed for the kitchen. She figured she had about ninety minutes left before she had to return to work. She went to look in the fridge and saw that their lunch had been prepared, but CJ wasn't home. Okay *I can wait*, Karen thought. *CJ probably had to step outside for a minute.* As Karen closed the door, she looked down the hall and saw the downstairs bathroom door open. She said, "Hey, girl, I thought you were..." and stopped in mid-sentence when she saw a man emerge from her bathroom. Her heart almost leapt from her chest as she turned to run. She was too slow. He grabbed her by the hair, yanking her head back, and threw her to the ground. He raised his foot and brought it down hard on her stomach. The pain shot through her body like a wave. She found it almost impossible to breath, let alone scream or cry. She felt only pain.

"Try to run again, you black bitch, and your fuck'in dead," her attacker said. He reached down and snatched her up by the hair. "Come here, bitch," he said. He got behind her and put his arm around her throat. Karen found it difficult to breathe as he started to choke her. She grabbed his forearm and said, crying, "Please, don't hurt me. I'll give you money, and I promise I won't tell anyone." Please, she cried, "don't hurt me."

Her begging only enraged him. "Bitch, I don't need your fuck'in money." as he said this, he punched her hard in the back. Karen thought, Oh, God, as another wave of pain shot through her. She fell to her knees, but he snatched her up again and shoved her up the steps and down the hall to the first bedroom on the right. As he did this, he said to Karen, "I'm gonna take what I want out of your sweet little pussy and that tight asshole." Karen could only cry as he pushed her through the door and against the bed. "Yeah, bitch," he said as he moved his arm from her throat to her breast. He then put his hand under her skirt and ripped her panties off. He brought them to his face, inhaled deeply, and said, "I'm gonna love this." Standing there in pain and terrified, Karen noticed he had a thick Hispanic accent, but before she could react, he said, "Let me soften up the pussy." He spread her legs and kneed her in the groin. She fell to the bed, the pain numbing her whole body. Her only thought was that she was going to die. He forcefully ripped the clothes from her body and removed his own. He turned her toward him so she could watch him stroke his dick until it was hard. He grabbed her by both legs and pulled her toward him.

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Karen lay there crying and praying that she'd survive this. He straddled her upper body with his knees, holding his dick between her breasts and asked if this is what she wanted. When she only cried and turned away, he slapped her and said, "Bitch, tell me you want this dick." Karen said yes, "Say it like you mean it, whore," Crying, Karen said "yes, baby, I want it." Before he positioned himself between her legs, he said, "I like fucking you pretty bitches," and brutally forced his dick in her. Karen cried out in pain, and that excited her captor. He began to push in harder and harder. As he battered her pussy, he felt her tightness as her juices lubricated his dick. "Tell me you want me to cum in this tight pussy, bitch. Say it."

Karen's response drove him wild. As he pushed harder and faster in the pussy, he watched her reaction to his motion and pushed harder as he felt her pain and himself cumming. He exploded in her, unable to hold back. He let his cum flow into her. Karen was frozen with fright and the pain he'd inflicted on her. He pulled out of her and looked down on her captive form, still unsatisfied with his torture of her, he said.

"Now come here and suck my dick clean." At that moment, he pulled out a large knife and said, "Bitch, if you bite me, I'll cut out your pussy and stuff it down your throat." The thought of what she was being forced to do made her sick, but she couldn't take the beating anymore, and if she did this, maybe he'd leave. She moved toward him, took his dick in her hand, put it in her mouth and began to gently suck his dick. As he stood over her, watching with perverse pleasure as she sucked him, he had to fight the impulse to cum in her mouth. He pushed her off him and said, "bitch, I don't want to cum now. I just want to get hard again." And he smiled with such evil, she knew what he meant, and she cried like a helpless child. He looked down on her and said, "Oh, bitch I'm just getting started."

CJ knew she was supposed to be home twenty minutes ago, but the guy at the market was irresistible. Besides, lunch was almost ready, she just needed the stuff for the salad, so they'd have plenty of time to spend together before Karen went back to work. As CJ entered through the side door, she noticed the chime didn't go off when she opened the door. She thought her girl finally came around and turned those annoying chimes off.

CJ walked into the kitchen and thought she heard voices upstairs. She walked toward the steps and noticed the door to her room was opened. The attacker told Karen to turn around. "Now I want to fuck that ass. Turn over, bitch." CJ did not intend to eavesdrop, but they

were in her room. Even though they'd always respected each other's privacy, CJ thought that it was damn strange and totally fucked up for her to take a guy to her room. They'd have to have a serious talk about this later, CJ thought to herself.

*I'll just leave them alone*, CJ thought as she prepared to leave. At that moment, Karen cried out, "Please, don't do this. Let me finish the other way. I can't take it there." He slapped her hard and said, "Bitch, by the time I'm done with that asshole, you'll be begging for it." He forced her around and pulled her by the waist, he took his dick in one hand and began forcing it in her ass.

Karen cried out loudly, "Please, don't do this to me." She felt him penetrate her asshole, as he brutally pushed his dick in her ass. Just then, with her head turned toward the door, she saw through teary eyes a blur of motion come in the room. As her assailant was pulled off her, she involuntarily cried out as his dick was ripped out of her.

Karen's assailant felt himself being pulled off her. He was grabbed, from behind, and he felt a hand at the back of his neck. He then felt his face was being slammed into the wall. He felt as though the bones of his face had been shattered into a dozen pieces under his skin, and his whole head went numb. He felt himself being lifted off the floor, and he was body slammed hard to the floor. Then he felt a foot crash into his side. He almost passed out from the pain.

Karen stood up on very shaky legs, crying, bleeding, and in excruciating pain. She said, "CJ, he raped me. He hurt me bad." The rage on CJ's face was inhuman as he looked at the broken, bleeding thing on the floor. CJ said, "baby girl, call the police before I kill this motherfucker." Holding on to CJ's arm for support, Karen looked down on her assailant who himself was totally at their mercy. Something happened to her at that moment, something she couldn't explain nor comprehend. She looked up at CJ, and they both came to an unspoken understanding.

Karen left the room. CJ looked down at the thing on the floor curled up in a fetal position, crying, and thought, *In a minute, I'm gonna give you a lot to cry about*. CJ heard loud music coming from the living room. It wasn't loud enough to carry outside the house, but it would mask someone screaming. Minutes later when Karen returned to the room, she seemed unnaturally calm and said, "I called the job and told them I wouldn't be back today." She looked at the thing on the floor. CJ had taken off his sweat suit and was holding his captive from behind and around his throat. CJ said, "What is your name, bitch." "I want to know who it is I'm about to fuck." Stuttering, he tells CJ his

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name is Miguel, he said, sobbing like a baby. Miguel felt CJ's chest and stomach against his naked back. He also felt a large bulge. Karen left the room again.

"Miguel," CJ said, whispering in Miguel's ear in a mock female voice that terrified Miguel. CJ said, "Do you have any idea what you did to my girl motherfucka?" Do you understand how you've fucked her life up? Do you MIGUEL? CJ shouted. Feeling the powerful arm around his throat and hearing the fury in his voice, Miguel could only say he was sorry and cry, as he began to speak in Spanish. He could not comprehend what was going through his mind, the thought of another man fucking him. He tried to pull away, but CJ drove his elbow into the back of Miguel's neck and that took the fight out of him. As he fell back to the floor, he knew he couldn't escape.

Karen re-entered the room wearing a blue robe and sat down in a chair facing both men. She noticed her assailant crying as he was being held down by CJ. Karen screamed, "How does it feel to be the victim, motherfucka?" "How does it feel to know you're about to be raped?" Karen kicked him in the stomach as hard as she could. Miguel coughed and wanted to double over, but CJ wouldn't let him. Karen said, "Pull him up now CJ. Play with your dick, bitch. I want to see if you can get it up now motherfucka."

Miguel was sobbing like an infant and shaking uncontrollably. CJ grabbed him around the throat and said, "You heard her, Bitch. Jerk it off for her. Miguel took his soft, little dick in his hand and started to stroke it, but as scared as he was, getting it hard wasn't on his mind." Oh, poor baby can't get it up for us. maybe we can help. "Karen grabbed the knife Miguel pulled on her and said, "Maybe if you suck a real dick, your little shit will get hard."

CJ smiled and said, "Get two belts from the drawer behind you and tie his hands." Karen tied one hand to the leg of the bed and one to the dresser. CJ moved in front of Miguel, who was on his knees. Karen positioned herself so that she had a side view, kneeling at Miguel's side, holding the knife he threatened her with. "Now bitch," Karen yelled. "Suck his dick. And if you bite him, I'll shove this knife in your ass."

Karen put the tip of the knife against his asshole. He knew she meant what she said. CJ said, "Open your mouth, bitch." Holding his huge dick in Miguel's face and wiping away Miguel's tears with it, CJ said again, "open your mouth, bitch." He opened his mouth and took the head of CJ's dick in his mouth. Karen's anger grew more intense. "Suck his dick like you mean it, bitch," Karen said. "Suck it the way you wanted me to suck your little dick." Miguel took more of CJ's dick in

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his mouth, and CJ helped him by pushing it in further. Miguel started to gag, and CJ pulled out, wiping his dick across Miguel's face. "Maybe he'll get better after I fuck him," CJ said.

Miguel cried and pleaded for CJ not to do that, speaking in Spanish and broken English, but they would hear none of that. CJ position himself behind Miguel and laid his dick on top of Miguel's naked ass. "Baby girl give me that KY on the dresser," said CJ. Karen smiled as she handed the liquid to CJ and watched as he lubricated his dick. She felt no sexual desire for his penis, but she thought, *that dick is gonna split his ass wide open*, and she smiled. Miguel tried to struggle against his bonds, but Karen punched him in the face with everything she had. "No bitch, you're not going anywhere. By the time we're done, you'll be begging to suck that dick."

Miguel screamed and began speaking in Spanish as CJ started to work the head of his dick in his asshole. Karen watched as the veins and muscles in Miguel's neck strained and bulged as the dick went in slowly. CJ strained and began to sweat as he pushed in and out, working his dick in Miguel's asshole. He said, "I've never had a ass this tight" and smacked Miguel's right cheek so hard Karen could see a hand print form.

Miguel made strange crying noises as he felt it being pushed farther in. Tears streamed down his face in rivers as he felt his asshole tear with more dick in his ass. Karen said, "Come on, CJ. I want all twelve inches in his ass." "OK, baby girl," CJ said as he repositioned himself behind Miguel to put it all in. "Oh shit, baby girl. this tight ass is good." As CJ fucked him for the next hour, Karen said "Enjoy it baby" as she looked at Miguel, who was as red as blood. She said, "Say you like that big dick in your ass, bitch. Say it, motherfucka."

Karen grabbed his face, but he could only scream and cry as CJ shredded his ass. "Say you want his dick in your mouth, and we'll give your asshole a break." CJ pushed his entire massive dick in Miguel's ass and came just as Karen finished talking. "Oh shit, baby girl" CJ said, and he closed his eyes as his cum pumped into Miguel's ass. CJ held Miguel's tight against his dick, which was completely in Miguel's ass. CJ hollered as he came again, sweat dripping down his face and onto Miguel's back. "Did you like that, bitch?" Karen said as Miguel collapsed to the floor, crying and bleeding. His pain was so great, he couldn't think or speak, blood and cum running down his ass and legs.

CJ pulled out very slowly, breathing heavily he took a towel and started to wipe himself. Karen stopped him and said, "He's gonna suck your dick clean." Sobbing uncontrollably, Miguel laid on the floor, his

legs bent close to his chest, his arms stretched out and his head resting on the floor. With his eyes closed, he managed to say, "Please, God, no more. I'm sorry. I'm..." he couldn't stop crying. As he looked at CJ, Karen was stroking CJ's blood stained dick, getting it hard again. They both looked down on him, and with the most evil smile he'd ever seen, Karen said "come on bitch, suck this dick now. We're just getting started. But soon you'll be dead."