

Chapter 5 – A Mother Without a Child

Midnight struck as the nurses slammed the doors of the ambulance open. Grabbing the gurney, they carted the wailing patient into the hospital. “You’ll be okay. Just keep breathing. We’ll rush you straight to the delivery room.”

“Ahhhh. I can’t do this. Something is wrong. I can feel it.” Halfway through labour, Jennifer was struggling to breath as her contractions were now rapid fire.

“Doctor Ploughton is our best obstetrician. He will deliver this baby with no problems.” The events of fifteen years ago put Randy Ploughton down a dark and twisted path. One which he both loved and hated, destroyed by his actions but enjoying its results. All triggered by one faithful night working what seemed to be just another delivery.

“Ooooh! Hurry. It hurts too much. Aaaah.”

Rushing Jennifer into the delivery room, the nurses knew that she was dangerously close to giving birth. They could also sense something was wrong about her pregnancy. “Where is doctor Ploughton? Get him in here now!”

Slamming the door open, doctor Ploughton entered the delivery ward with haste in his step. “I’m sorry I’m late. I got here as soon as I could.” He scanned the room seeing his patient crying and wriggling around in pain. Walking up to a nurse who was busy removing Jennifer’s clothes. He rubbed his chin concerned with the situation. “I don’t think we have a lot of time. This much pain isn’t usual for labour.”

“Shall I bring the anaesthetic doctor?”

Placing his hand on Jennifer’s stomach, he could feel the shape of the baby. “No. There’s no time. This baby is in the transverse lie position. I can feel it’s head. It shouldn’t be pressing against the stomach like this. I need to perform an emergency procedure.” Doctor Ploughton was a skilled and highly talented doctor. Known for his high success rate for births in the seventies. However, he had a specific way of working, which was alone. “Nurse. Please keep everyone outside. Especially the father. Try and calm him down. Tell him I’ll have his child with him within an hour.”

“O-Okay doctor. Godspeed.” With a sharp nod. The nurse herded everyone out of the room to allow doctor Ploughton to work alone.

“Aaaah! This pain. It’s unbearable. Please doctor. Can’t you do something about it?”

“I’m sorry Jennifer. It’s too late. We’d have to call the other department. This time of night is very slow. We don’t have time.” Doctor Ploughton was laser focused, not once looking at Jennifer or listening to her cries. He placed a dividing curtain over her midriff so he could work on her stomach and pelvic muscles without alarming her more. Using a speculum, he examined the inside of her vaginal canal, checking her dilated cervix. “Ah. As I suspected. Your baby’s elbow is coming out first. I’ll need to push it back inside and manipulate it back into the correct position. This may hurt. But be assured. You can trust my hands.”

In no position to argue, Jennifer nodded and took a deep breathe in an attempt to relax her pelvic muscles. She could feel the doctor’s large cold hand forcing its way up her vaginal canal. She wailed in pain as his hand made contact with her dilated cervix.

Doctor Ploughton paused for a second as he reached her deepest parts. This wasn’t the first time he delivered a baby in the transverse lie position. It also wasn’t the first time he delivered a baby in the middle of the night. However, the big difference here being those past births were performed under anaesthesia. Something caught his attention listening to how Jennifer reacted to his hand movements. Shaking his head he pushed the baby’s elbow back into the womb with extreme caution and slowly removed his hand. As he did so, he ran his bloody fingers over her swollen labia with subconscious enjoyment.

“Ahh! Is it over. Can I start pushing now?”

“Not yet. I now need to manipulate the head from your stomach.” Placing both of his large hands on her stomach he began to move the baby back into a natural position. A slight grunt escaped his mouth as he took his time, captivated by her reactions to how his hand manipulated her stomach.

A loud roar of pain snapped him out of his trance as Jennifer could feel the baby moving down her vaginal canal. The doctor removed the speculum and began encouraging her to give birth. Jennifer’s screams were causing something to change in the good doctor, a change which caused him to second guess everything he was doing. He started to find her anguish and pain oddly satisfying, guiding the baby out of her vaginal canal. Once visible, he wrapped his fingers around the head and gently pulled the baby out. The baby

sat still in his arms, silent and motionless. The only sound coming from Jennifer, crying and whimpering towards the ceiling.

Doctor Ploughton was holding a still birthed fetus. His mind cracked holding the poor child in his arms. Not giving up hope he quickly clamped and cut the umbilical cord and tried to resuscitate.

“My baby! Where’s my baby. Doctor?”

Jennifer’s cried caused the doctor to pause momentarily watching her expressions closely. He found the anguish and stress she was showing mesmerising. The sound of a machine flat lining brought his attention back to the baby.

“What does that mean? Oh god. Is everything okay?” Sobbing with streams of tears, Jennifer’s expression turned to one of despair as her reason to live slowly slipped away in doctor Ploughton’s arms.

Doctor Ploughton’s sad expression cracked, as a smile crept over his face. He caught himself wickedly smiling and covered his mouth with his arm before walking slowly towards Jennifer. Broke, sad, and spiralling into despair, he looked down at the deceased baby then up at Jennifer’s face. Her expressions were like a Picasso painting, bursting with colour. He wanted to see more, desperate to see more. He always enjoyed seeing his patients’ faces light up when he handed them their child. Satisfied with their happy, joyous expressions, until now. Joy and heartwarming serotonin were quickly burning away into something much more sinister. “Do you want to hold your son? Well Jennifer?”

“Y-Yes of course. Please. I need to see his face. He’s okay. Right doctor?” A relieved smile followed a deep sigh as Jennifer cleared her tears with her wrist. Taking her child from the doctor she looked down with the same mothering look all the other patients gave their newborns. “Thank you doctor. A boy. My baby boy... Doctor. He’s very quiet... Um is that normal? He’s not moving. Or breathing...”

“It’s... It’s a still birth... This child. Died in my hands...” Doctor Ploughton slid his hand into his pocket discreetly. At this moment, there would usually be a burst of serotonin. Watching his patient’s happy reaction holding their baby. Instead, Randy felt a bust of oxytocin filling that void. The look on Jennifer’s face turned so sour, so depressed that the joy was sucked out of the room.

“WHAT! NO! Oh god. Oh no. I can’t. I-I... Can’t stand this. Kill me... Now! I don’t want to live.” Jennifer’s whole body shook as she held the baby, tears running like a waterfall.

“Beautiful”

“W-What?”

“Your expression. It’s beautiful...”

“Y-You’re sick-”

“Oh come now. It’s perfectly natural. Bringing a life into this world or removing it. But do you know where the beauty lies? Your expressions. Yes. Show me more.” A moan like grunt escaped his mouth as he squeezed his cock under his pants.

“I-I need to see my wife. Get out of my way!” Jennifer’s husband stormed past the nurses and pushed the door open stepping into the delivery room. “What? What happened? Jennifer. Are you okay? What happened to our baby?” He looked down to see the still born baby in her arms as tears flooded his face too.

“What are you doing in here. I’m not finished. Get out!” Randy growled at the husband, throwing his hands up in anger.

“D-Doctor. What is the meaning of this?”

“He’s passed nurse. It was a still birth.”

“Clam down. It wasn’t your fault Doctor. Please leave the rest up to us. I’m sure this won’t happen again.” The nurse believed doctor Ploughton anger was coming from his failure to deliver the baby. However, the actual source was the interruption to his pleasure.

From that day forward, Ploughton tried to continue as usual, delivering babies as normal. However, he no longer felt that kick of serotonin when he saw their happy faces. Eventual he craved to see pain and anger on his patients faces and tried to source out difficult births to get off to. The more he begun to satisfy his new addiction, the more he fell off the tracks as a good doctor. Eventually Doctor Ploughton was let go of, his sick hobby led him to masturbate publicly in the delivery room. The medical board made the decision to not revoke his medical license. Basing his actions on trauma from seeing a dead fetus in his hands. Little did they know that Randy had taken a liking to the whole experience.

His mind was broken from that day forward as he travelled from city to city, hospital to hospital searching for the most satisfying reactions. He began experimenting on himself and his patients. Pushing the limits to how much pain and despair they could endure to create the most perfect reaction. He developed a disturbing set of kinks which fuelled him, filling him with newfound purpose. Eventually, he did lose his license ten years later. After

being caught too many times in sickly acts and being reported by staff and patients. Once his license was lost, he stayed under the radar. Working at universities where he knew they wouldn't do background checks. Eventually he met a likeminded person who devised a plan to satisfy his needs. So, he stopped moving around and decided to open his own clinic. One where he could do whatever he wanted in the name of saving lives.

An unfortunate domino effect which had led and ended with Sarah hanging from chains. Bruised, bleeding, and weeping as the blood dripped from her vaginal canal. The fetus laid on the floor between her legs, still attached to the umbilical cord trailing up to her pussy. "Do you know why I'm in this town Sarah? It's for girls like you. To help you of course. But to also help myself. To fill this void in my soul. A mutual benefit. If you like." Randy took Sarah off the hanging chains and threw her, and the fetus still attached to the umbilical cord over his shoulder. He carried her through to a new, clean room and slid her onto the bed. He placed two empty jars on a tray next to her along with other medical equipment. "These jars are for your placenta and fetus. But we'll get to that later."

Sarah's eyes dilated seeing the jars on the tray. Whimpering softly, tears started to run down her face. For a second she considered leaving, however her broken body and mind refused to let her off the bed. The realisation that the jars on the table were for her abortion, was crippling.

"You have such beautiful expressions. For an Indian girl. But relax. I never let anything happen to my patients... Well. Nothing permanent anyway." Doctor Ploughton clapped his hands once with a sharp echoing sound which caused Sarah to jump. "Right! A quick medical exam will tell me exactly what I should do with your body." He chuckled to himself placing his hand on her stomach, rolling his large rough palm over her broken belly. His hand followed the bruises on her skin then down into the inverted space where her baby once was.

Her stomach was tight and tender, her skin purple and red. Sarah gasped and winced as the doctor's hand traced the entirety of her body. The agonising pain keeping her conscious, adrenaline pumping through her veins. She tossed and turned reacting like a fish out of water with even the slightest touch. Her brain was performing a concert of pain as the damaged nerves across her body lit up like fireworks. Where there were once goosebumps from his touch, now laid dead skin cells.

Watching her face closely, Randy had a satisfied smile plastered over his face. His hands explored her body, comparing every detail to the first time he laid his hands on her. "This brings back memories. Do you remember our first medical examination? You were so

shy back then. Hesitant to everything I did. Ah. How far we have come.” He ran his hands over her stomach, hips, and thighs. Mimicking his movements from her first examination. “Your weight gain will slowly return to normal now. As for the bruising. That will take longer to fade.”

As the doctor’s hand glided up her ribs, Sarah gasped with a painful wheeze. “Aaah. It hurts. Aaah. I can’t breathe...”

Randy licked his lips, watching Sarah’s reaction and purposely pressed against her ribs more than he needed to. He loved the way he could make her dance under his fingers. “Oh dear. It seems you have a few fractured ribs. But fortunately. Ribs required no medical attention. They’ll heal nicely on their own.” Continuing up her body, doctor Ploughton wrapped his hand around one of her breasts. He squeezed it watching the milk spray over her body. Unlike the first time, Randy didn’t bother with asking permission to perform these acts. “Your breasts have gotten quite large. Compared to the first time... Lactation is a wonderful phenomenon of the female anatomy. But it will eventually stop without pregnancy or breastfeeding.”

Biting her lip, Sarah closed her eyes shaking her head. The doctor’s large hands caused her great pain with the rough texture of his skin. However, his words were also degrading her, making her feel more guilt and sadness the more he explained that the abortion was over.

“Bear with me just a little longer. I’ll drain your breasts. You won’t need to worry about lactating though your clothes. Without child. This is the last of your milk.” Like his words, his rough hands cupped both breasts tightly squeezing them. His large hands constricted her small breasts to the point of turning red. Milk continued to spray out from her nipples like tiny fountains pooling between Randy’s fingers. He watched Sarah biting her lip hard turning it red as well. Her muffled groans and cries were music to his ears, rubbing his crotch against the edge of the bed. Once satisfied with her reaction, he let go and licked his fingers. “Nothing but a weak spray now. Consider that a personal favour.”

Not allowing Sarah to rest, he gently grabbed her face with his wet first finger and thumb rolling her head cheek to cheek, studying her condition. Her lip was covered in dry blood but a simple touch from his thumb caused the split lip to start bleeding again. “Such a shame. A beautiful face ruined by a single punch... It’ll need a stitch.” Happily in his own world, the doctor wasted no time in taking out his suture kit and threaded the suture.

“N-No no. N-No.” Sarah’s whimpers were drowned out by her denial watching the doctor coming closer to her lip with a needle. She tried to turn away but suddenly felt Randy’s large hand grip the top of her head like a vice.

“Hold still Sarah. This will be very quick. I promise.” He offered Sarah no form of numbing solution which meant she could feel every second of the burning pain as the needle penetrated her skin. The wriggling sensation of the thread being pulled under her skin. The agonising tension of the two parts of her lips being pulled tightly together. Of course, this was all intentional as doctor Ploughton watched her eyes closely as he sutured her split lip closed. Her reactions were priceless to him, causing a bulge in his pants. “Oh yes Sarah. Very good~” Cleaning her lip and hands of blood, he placed the suture kit on the tray and walked over to her legs. Placing one hand in his pocket, he ran his other hand up the inside of her thigh, gently spreading her legs open. Unlike the first examination, he used no dividing curtain this time, instead he allowed Sarah to see everything he was doing.

Her lips trembled as her blurry eyes focused on the doctor’s movements, watching him hover over her private area. Her pain receptors were so overwhelmed that even his fingers pushing her legs apart was agonising. Terrified by her overstimulated senses, she laid motionless like a deer in headlights.

“Look at the fear in your eyes. Wonderful... Relax Sarah. I need to make sure the abortion was successful.” The previous time Randy examined Sarah’s uterus, she couldn’t feel or see it. This time it was all she could focus on.

Up until now, the fetus was still attached to the umbilical cord which disappeared into Sarah’s body. With the placenta not visible, Randy decided that he would have some fun with his extraction. “Okay Sarah. I need you to trust me here. I’m going to remove the fetus. Which is attached to the placenta still inside your body.”

“W-What. Oh. Okay. I do trust you doctor. Will it hurt?”

“Place your faith in me. This will all be over soon.” Taking the visible part of the umbilical cord, doctor Ploughton ran his fingers over it, squeezing it. He grabbed a device on the tray and clamped it down. Taking his time to enjoy the texture, he cut the umbilical cord and held up the fetus for Sarah to see. “Fascinating things aren’t they. Huh. A boy...” He smiled with a wicked expression watching the torment behind Sarah’s eyes.

Processing what she saw, her mind refused to accept what he was holding. Eventually the broken gears in her head started turning as she broke down in tears once

again. “H-He was in my body? No. Oh no. I can’t believe it. What have I done... I’m so sorry...”

“No need to apologise. It’s perfectly natural to feel that way. This was the life you were carrying after all.” Each of his words were intentionally designed to raise a reaction from her. The excitement in his eyes was burning brightly as he watched Sarah’s mind slipping away. He gulped down his saliva in anticipation for the expression he’d witness next. “Here. Hold your baby. I always let the mother hold their child. At least once.”

Sarah looked at the fetus then at her hands then back at doctor Ploughton. Her eyes wide as she whimpered hysterically. “What! N-No. No no no. I can’t. I won’t. I-I killed it... I don’t- No.”

“Calm down Sarah. You made the decision to remove this life. So the least you could do is hold it. Just for a few seconds. I’ll take it back as soon as you feel uncomfortable.”

“O-Oh. Okay doctor... You’re right.” Sarah’s trust in Randy was still strong, even after the things she endured and saw. She was still timid and gentle but something in her mind had snapped. She now associated the doctor as someone more trustworthy than her own family. With a shaky nod, she held out her arms taking the fetus into the palm of her hands. Just for a second she seemed content, or rather disconnected. Her body began to shake tears dripping over the fetus. “What have I done to this poor life... I can’t live with myself after seeing this.” Wailing with tears flooding down her face, hysteria causing her to scream and cry at the same time.

Randy wiped his mouth as he rubbed his semi-erect cock through his pants with his hand in his pocket. He spoke under his breathe grunting quietly. “Oh yes. What an erotic expression. More. I need more. Mmm~” Evasively, Randy placed his hand under Sarah’s left breast and squeezed it tightly as a small weak spray of milk squirted over the fetus. “A mother should always feed their baby after birth.”

With a furrowed brow, Sarah looked at the baby in shock before looking up at Randy. Her expression was troubled, she was angry at the doctor but also confused why he bothered to go this far. “What’s the point? I don’t have any milk left and this... This life is gone.”

Randy sighed, shaking his head softly., “That’s very disrespectful Sarah. That was once a life. It may be years before you have another child. So the least you could do is. Respect it’s passing by giving it a taste of motherhood. Consider it a test run for the future”.

Her heart sank to the floor thinking about how inconsiderate she was being towards her own son's life. She was brought up to respect all life regardless of how little they have. She smiled softly as the tears flowed down her cheeks. "Drink mommy's milk. Sweet little baby." Mimicking the doctor's actions, she grabbed her own breasts and pinched her nipple. The weak spray dripping over the baby's mouth.

The glee on Randy's face was pure evil, his enjoyment through the roof. He could never of imagined those words coming out of Sarah's mouth given the situation. He clutched his cock though his pants tightly, hardly able to hold back his desire to masturbate. After composing himself and fulfilling his enjoyment, he took the fetus from her hands and placed it in one of the jars. It sat on display on the tray as a reminder to Sarah of the life she agreed to end. A way to trigger her emotions periodically every time she glanced over at it. Randy was using her as a farm, milking her for emotions and reactions. His produce was his own kicks and pleasure in the form of oxytocin.

Closing his eyes, he focused on the delightful soft cries Sarah was producing. He slowly walked back down the side of the bed and placed his hand on her thigh once more. "Now. On to the placenta removal." His wicked grin was hard to hide, his excitement written all over his face. With the umbilical cord cut in two, the piece attached to the placenta in her womb was left. He playfully wrapped the visible end poking out her pussy around his fingers watching how his touch made her react. The harder he pulled the more she whimpered and gasped.

A bubbling pain caught Sarah by surprise, like trapped gas in her intestines. What started as a light pain soon turned into a sharp electrifying stab. She felt uncomfortable and unpleasant as she felt the contents of her womb wriggle like a worm. That uneasy feeling amplified as the doctor forced her placenta out of her womb. However, the force caused it to trap in her recovering cervix, throwing her uterus down her vaginal canal. The soft round shape of her cervix crept out of her pussy, visible between her labia.

"This is the cord of life. Carrying the nutrients from your delicate insides. To your little baby.... which now sits in this jar." Tapping the jar lid softy, his hand shifted to the lid of the empty one. "Now let's jar your placenta too." Once he had a firm grip on her umbilical cord, he violently yanked her placenta out of her gaping pussy and prolapsed uterus.

Sarah's ass lifted off the table with heavy resistance, her hypersensitive body had her recoiling in pain. The force was so great that the placenta broke apart inside her, leaving a trail as the doctor placed what he could into the empty jar. Panting softly, she rubbed her blurry eyes trying to focus on the contents of the two jars. Her interest was cut short as she

slammed her head to the other side of the bed averting her gaze. Desperate to unsee and forget what was sitting on that tray beside her.

Placing his large bloody hand over her stomach, Randy smiled softly with a reassuring tone. "You're doing great. Far exceeding my expectations. This job can be very taxing on the mind and soul. But you know what. You reminded me why I love this job. How lucky I was to find you Sarah. You're quite special to me. You know. So exotic. So different. So impressionable. Out of all the girls that I've had the pleasure of working with. You are by far my favourite."

The real meaning of Doctor Ploughton's words were dark and twisted. Soaked in personal gain but sugar coated in reassurance. Sarah took a deep breath feeling her mind easing with each endearing compliment he said. "I-I really did that for you doctor? I'm glad. But I should be the one saying thank you. I was so fortunate to find you. It was really a stroke of good luck."

"Well Sarah... I don't believe in fate or luck." Covering his mouth, Randy chuckled to himself with a fake happy expression. Luck had nothing to do with Sarah landing at his door. Bad luck had nothing to do with her mysterious pregnancy either. But as much as he wanted to explain all this to Sarah and witness her complete and utter helplessness. He knew there was a time and place for these things and the reaction would be better if left longer to cook. "Let's just say someone has been watching over you for a very long time..."

"Oh. Like an angel?"

Taking a speculum off the tray, the doctor examined it. "Hmph. Sure. Something like that." Showing the device to Sarah, he smiled softly once again. "This device will allow me to see the condition of your vaginal canal and womb. Although evasive. It's very efficient."

"Oh... Right. That does look professional. But I don't know if I can take any more..."

"Don't be concerned about the pain. You need to push through it. We wouldn't want your womb to be infected. If that happened. You could lose the ability to have children in the future."

A flash image of Antoni holding their children relaxed Sarah's body. She nodded silently and watched the doctor's every move as he pushed the speculum passed her loose swollen labia. The blood soaking her vaginal canal acted as lubricant as the speculum slid in with little resistance. With wide eyes, fear and disbelief set in as the device disappeared into her pussy. The pain was sharp as the cold metal began to stretch her hole larger than

anything else she had endured. She screamed and moaned, tossing her body from side to side in an attempt to gain even a second of pause.

However, this only fuelled Randy more, this was the reaction he was trying to provoke. A small burst of oxytocin, washed over his body grinning from ear to ear as he stretched her pussy wide enough to fit his fist. Leaning over her leg, he visually examined her vaginal canal and cervix. "Oh no. This isn't good. It looks like the abortion wasn't completely successful after all." He placed his hand over his mouth to hide his enjoyment, licking his lips in anticipation. "There seems to be some dangerous remains left inside. If not removed. Your uterus could become infected. Leading to the loss of your womb or worse. Death." Of course, the dangerous remains in her vaginal canal were the cause of him roughly tearing out her placenta.

"W-What? No that can't be true. I don't want to lose my womb. I don't want to die. Please doctor. Is there anything you can do?"

"Hmm... Yes. We'll see about that. I have two methods. One is the traditional way. A vacuum aspirator. It's fairly new technology and doesn't always work. The other method... No. I shouldn't try it..."

"Try what? Try what doctor?" Sarah felt uneasy. The possibility of death had her thoughts spiralling out of control. "Please tell me. I'm scared..."

"Don't be scared Sarah. The second method is absolutely assured to clean your body. It's what will happen to me which is concerning." Doctor Ploughton leaned over Sarah's body, rubbing her stomach with a concerned expression. "You see Sarah. I developed a method which can guarantee a clean extraction. It's my own serum. The most efficient method I know. But it will cause my body great strain. I do hope I'm not forced to use it..." Randy grabbed one of Sarah's hands with a reassuring smile. He gently patted the top of her hand with his palm, sighing deeply. "Even though it's highly dangerous to use on myself. If the vacuum fails. I will put my body at risk for you."

With a tremble in her lip, Sarah looked down at the doctor with empathy in her eyes. "You'd do that for me? T-Thank you doctor..."

"Of course Sarah. You are my favourite patient after all. But let's hope it doesn't come to that... Now let's prepare your uterus for the vacuum." Slipping his hand back into his pocket to gently touch himself, he slowly forced his other hand inside her. Intentionally being clumsy, he explored her loose hole with two fingers poking and prodding at her walls. Eventually arriving at her cervix which was still loose from dilating and leaking blood. He

pushed his two rough fingers inside her womb and ran them along the walls, checking if anything was left inside.

The beating which Sarah received from the former boxer was so devastating that even the inside of her uterus was bruised. Doctor Ploughton's clumsy touch made her jolt and jump in pain like an electrical current passed through a dissected frog. She struggled to speak, the hell like agony had no end.

To doctor Ploughton, this was all so beautiful. Watching her reactions was a heavenly sight, stringing her emotions on like a theatre production. He pleased himself loosely under his clothes, delighted with how easy she was to manipulate. With one sharp and forceful move, he raked his hand out of her uterus. Which caused Sarah to push up from the bed with tremendous force, screaming in pain. Randy looked down at his hand removing his other hand from his pocket to grab a towel. He cleaned the blood of his fingers chuckling to himself quietly before looking up at Sarah. "Deep breaths Sarah. The more tense you are. The less likely it is that the vacuum aspirator will be successful."

Closing her eyes intermittently, Sarah tried to focus on her breathing while following the doctor's movements. Her body was stiff and tense, her aching muscles refusing to relax. Anxiety had begun to creep up on her watching the doctor prepare the vacuum.

Randy's words were all designed to make Sarah spiral into a ball of anxiety. He was quietly enjoying every second of this torment. Placing the device against her hypersensitive labia, doctor Ploughton began roughly forcing the tip down her vaginal canal. Once he felt an unmovable resistance paired with the agonising wails, he knew he had reached her womb.

Even though the pain was torturous and her anxiety was kicking at the door. Sarah did well to calm herself down. The doctor's reassuring words and caring tone, had her body finally relaxed.

Doctor Ploughton was displeased by her ability to relax her body. As it went against the script he had written for her. With Sarah's eyes closed, focused on her breathing, Randy dropped his smile to an annoyed frown. His face twitched as he devised a new plan to break her calm and toy with her more. "You've come so far. Truly I mean it. So many hands have been placed on your stomach since we started treatment."

"Huh? Y-Yes I suppose so." Sarah opened one eye to watch the doctor.

“Indeed. Touched in areas you’d only keep for the one you loved. You know. My past specialists talk highly of you. They say such wonderful things about your body.”

“Um. They did? But why?”

“Because they only see you as an object. A toy to admire. Not me Sarah. I value you much higher. I see the woman you are. Every expression and every reaction.”

Sarah opened her other eye as a small shock of oxytocin elevated her heart rate. “W-What. That’s disgusting... Thank you doctor. You’re not like other doctors. I-I really appreciate you. You’re more than a doctor.” Blushing, she rolled her head onto one cheek looking away from Randy.

“Oh? Is that so? Well. I always take extra good care of my favourite patients.” Randy smiled with a lethal grin cracked over his face. He had her back where he wanted her feeling more resistance on the vacuum aspirator. “It’s okay Sarah. You can trust me with everything. No matter what it is.”

The reaction he raised from her body as she thought about all those slimy men touching her, caused the vacuum to slip out of her body which tensed up once more. With only a small amount of the placenta and other substances removed, he knew he could move into the final act of his show. His excitement was hard to contain, playing the long game and waiting for so long to arrive at this moment. His lust and desire were about to boil and bubble over. Clutching his chest, he took a deep breath and composed himself for his final theatrical display. “Sarah... I never wanted it to come to this. But it seems that the vacuum failed to remove everything...”

“Oh no... Does that mean. The serum? But you said it was dangerous.” The fear in her eyes said it all. She was stuck in an anxiety of quicksand and slowly sinking. She shook her head violently refusing to accept it.

“It’s okay Sarah. No need to be worried. For you this will work. For me. Well. We’ll see if I survive it... I need to remove the dangerous fetal scraps. But...”

“But what?”

“I... No, it’s too dangerous. It could hurt you too. You see. The formula will cause me to lose my emotions. I’ll lose empathy and the ability to understand limits. I could break your body. Let’s just say I live up to my surname.”

Biting her lip, Sarah rubbed her legs together as the thought made her feel a slight kick of excitement. "But you said it will work. Please doctor. I'm willing to endure the pain."

"Well. If you're sure. This formula that I developed was designed to understand aggression in the most violent prisoners. By triggering their rage and removing limiters like emotions. If you were to inject that into me. I will grow larger and clean you out entirely. There's just one complication..."

"What's that?"

"It's where and what we must inject. I'll need you to inject it directly into my testicles. My penis will grow large and act as the instrument to finish the job."

"Y-your c-cock?" The shock on Sarah's face could light up a lightbulb.

"Now I know it's a bit unorthodox. But there's no time. We must use my penis to finish the job."

"B-But. T-That means we'll have to... You'll be..."

"Sexual intercourse Sarah. We'll be having sex."

"I don't understand. Is there really no other way?"

"We've tried everything. At this stage. The only solution left. Is for me to penetrate your uterus and clean you myself. From the inside out."

"B-But I've never had..."

"I find that hard to believe. But if you insist. That's about to end. I'm going to fuck you Sarah. I'm going to fuck you very deep. Trust me."

"A-Are you sure..?"

"We don't have time for doubt Sarah. We must finish this before the infection starts."

"I.... I trust you. Doctor."

"We're closer than that now. Please. Call me Randy." Like putty in his hands, Randy knew he had full control of the obedient Sarah. He carefully handed her a syringe filled with a clear liquid which had a green tint to it. The tip of the needle was sharp with a droplet of the serum. "This formula took me many years to develop. I risked my career testing it. But it

was worth it for these results. Be warned though. I'll wash out your body with my sperm. But it will burn. Trust me. I know that from experience."

"Your sperm? Won't I get pregnant again?"

"It's a low chance. But it's a risk we must take. If we want complete and utter success of your abortion. As your doctor. Allow Me to worry about the details."

"I understand. I'll do it." Unbeknownst to Sarah, the contents of the syringe that she held was far more dangerous than she was told. Her hands shook as she looked down at what she thought to be the last option she had. "U-Um... You said your testicle. Right? How am I supposed to do inject them?"

With a low grunt, Randy gripped his pants and underwear with both thumbs. He slowly removed the bottom half of his clothes, revealing his semi erect cock. Randy had used his formula many times, and the side effects were beginning to show. His cock was thin and withered with a nasty smell as the veins bulged with a yellow hue. "Start by holding my testicles. Then gently aim for one. As soon as you feel the resistance diminish. Start injecting." Doctor Ploughton took Sarah's hand with a soft smile and placed his balls in her palm. "Now listen very carefully. Do not go past the black line on the syringe. If you inject more than that max level. I'll become a monster and won't be able to control my rage. If you do. Your body could be destroyed by my cock."

The doctor's towering presence over Sarah intimidated her. His sudden action to drop his pants and place his balls in her palm scared her stiff. However, she felt compelled to agree, following his directions to free herself of this nightmare. But she also felt a strange lustful desire bubbling up inside her the more she looked at the syringe and the maximum marker on it. She hesitantly and cautiously took a hold of his balls and lined up the needle with a shaky aim. "I trust you doctor. Here I go." She pressed the needle against his left testicle and penetrated the skin. Once the resistance stopped, she began injecting the serum which mixed into his seed. She squeezed the partial mixture into his balls then stopped at the marker staring at it. Randy looked up at the ceiling battling the pain, which gave Sarah an opportunity to inject more. She was about to pull her hand away however, she instead sprayed the entire load of serum into his testicle without him noticing.

Randy felt his heart suddenly pump loudly which knocked him off balance. He stumbled backwards throwing his hand onto the tray for support. The jars fell over, shooting the other medical equipment off the tray. Clutching his chest, he took a deep breath and composed himself, finding his balance. He grunted, smiling manically looking down at his

cock. Like a quintuple dose of viagra, his member stood on end, the veins down his shaft pumping and throbbing. His cock grew doubling the length and width, not just his shaft changed, his whole personality shifted. The bright safe façade he always had diminished as his real personality surfaced. His true self, dark and twisted. “This felling. It’s such a strong burning sensation. How much did you inject into me?”

“Wh-What are you talking about... Doctor? Are you okay.”

"What have you done? Now. I won't be able to stop myself. From becoming apathetic..."

“Oh no. I-I didn’t mean to... Doctor?”

“Please. Call my Randy. Playing that crappy doctor role gets so tiring.” He cracked his neck with the aid of one hand with a soft sigh. “No more lies Sarah. You’re enjoying this too... No need to deny it. I could see the enjoyment in your eyes as Graves dealt that final punch. I could see the love in your eyes when Antoni made you cum. Your secrets are on display. No need to hide them.”

Sarah’s heart was racing out of her chest, the embarrassment and denial too much to hold down. She started to shake, the idea of someone finding out she was enjoying it broke her further. “P-Please doctor. Don’t tell anyone. Especially Antoni. It’s just... It’s just the idea of you... Destroying me. It turned me on.”

“Ahhh. How wonderful it is to finally hear those words. Of course. You have my word as a reputable degenerate doctor... Now do as I say. The longer we wait the less human I’ll become.”

Anxiety spread across Sarah’s body, witnessing the struggle doctor Ploughton was going through for her sake. She leaned forward with the last of her strength and threw her hands up, offering support to the good doctor. “I’m listening. What do you need me to do?”

Grabbing the jar of placenta with a shaking hand, he opened the lid and showed her the contents. With his other hand, he placed his engorged cock in her outstretched hands. “We need to prepare the instrument to enter you. We don’t want to spread infection. Rub your placenta over my penis. This will coat it with your stem cells.”

“Oh... I see. If it will help you doctor...” Sarah looked into the jar and gagged, the vile sight and smell caught her senses like rotting meat. With tears in her eyes, she pushed her hand into the jar and cupped some of the mixture in her palm. She struggled to breathe, coughing and whimpering as she smeared the fluid onto Randy’s cock. This was the first

time she had ever held someone's cock or at least remembered holding. The texture of his veins, the softness of his tender skin, and the heat radiating off his shaft, his cock captivated her. Squeezing gently, she stroked it almost instinctively, biting her lip. Her mind was a blur, caught on crossroads. She was terrified of what might happen if this thing entered her body. However, she believed it necessary to save her life. But somewhere deep inside her, something else was fuelling her decisions. A small flame of excitement, a burst of oxytocin, a growing lust. As much as she wanted to deny it, Sarah couldn't help but be turned on.

Looking down at Sarah's hungry eyes, Randy grabbed her hand forcefully, throwing it away from his cock. "T-That's enough... We can't delay treatment any longer." Grunting with quiet moans, Randy looked down at his engorged cock covered in placenta. It throbbed and leaked precum from the swollen tip like a tap. Walking to the edge of the bed, he grabbed Sarah's legs and yanked her towards him. He slapped his cock down on her stomach which threw precum over her body. The tip of his cock sat just below her navel. He grinned rolling his neck side to side watching Sarah's eyes dilate in fear. Removing the speculum caused blood to trail up from her pussy which he rubbed against the tip of his long member.

Pinching her labia against the tip of his cock, he toyed with her swollen lips. Using them to soak his cock in her fluids, even just the tip was larger than the entrance to her vagina. The pain shooting up her labia caused Sarah to gasp and groan rolling her head around. Her whimpering expression had Randy ecstatic. Teasing her more, he pushed the head of his long member into her vaginal canal gently. The resistance from Sarah's pussy stopped it from entering which turned Randy on more.

"W-Wait. Doctor. St-Stop. I changed my mind. It's too big. I can't take that thing. This was a mistake." Her whole body felt like it was being pulled into deep water by chains. She gasped for air, clutching her chest as she fell into a panicked state. The pressure knocking against her heart felt like she was about to die. Closing her eyes she tried desperately to focus on something positive to calm herself down.

Her anxious pleas to stop couldn't reach Randy who had lost all ability to feel sorry for Sarah. He couldn't stop now, or more accurately, he refused to stop. "Good. I enjoy that expression very much Sarah. You can't stop this. Get comfortable and keep that pussy of yours tight and tense. Try not to pass out on me." With his cock now lubricated further by her bodily fluids, he pushed the head back into her pussy. This time he forced the tip inside her pulsing hole and stoked his shaft. He looked up at Sarah with a wicked grin staring into

her scared eyes. "Come on Sarah. Calm down a little. Don't be so dramatic... What can I do to help you calm down?"

"S-S... Stop. Stop stop stop..."

"Hmm. That's a good suggestion but-" Suddenly he rammed his entire length deep into her pussy with tremendous power. He threw his head back moaning loudly before slamming his fist down on her stomach. "No. I think not."

The force caused Sarah to gasp in shock, the air exhaled from her body as she screamed with no sound. Her eyes closed as the pain was so great that she arched her back wailing around. Struggling to breathe, she opened one eye looking up at Randy with tears running down her cheeks. Her expression was a mixture of anguish and exasperation, hatred and guilt of excitement. She bit her lip trembling with the slightest movement his cock made inside her.

Doctor Ploughton finally had Sarah exactly where and how he wanted her. He began to laugh wickedly, slowly gripping her legs tighter and tighter. His cock twitching and throbbing inside her, his fire lit by her reactions. "Mmm~ What a wonderful expression. It suits you..." He leaned over her and grabbed her chin with one hand and whispered into her ear. "This process will take some time. So why don't we both enjoy it while it lasts. I know deep down you wanted this. You're different from the other girls. Special even. Relax. It's just you and me here. No one will hear you moan or scream. So let go." Releasing his grip, he repositioned his feet and with one deep breath, started force his thick cock deeper inside her.

The overwhelming size of Randy's cock scraped its way up Sarah's vaginal canal. It quickly reshaped her walls with a tremendous pain. Gasping in terror, Sarah staggered a breath trying to regain the slightest piece of composure. Her body was on fire, the pain made her numb, her mind dissolved, washed away by his humiliating words. Finally remembering how to breathe, she threw her arms over her face. One to hide her embarrassed expression, the other to muffle her moans. Unable to deny it any longer, her body began to soak in oxytocin, stronger than any drug.

Randy's entire enjoyment relied on seeing his patient's face, their expressions, their reactions. Watching Sarah cover her face infuriated him beyond belief. He clenched his teeth together catching the corner of his cheek which cause it to bleed. He rammed his huge cock as deep as he could and let go of her legs. Grabbing her arms, he threw them

away from her face leaving a red ring around her wrists. “That’s not beautiful. That’s not what I want. I need to see your face Sarah. Don’t make this mistake again.”

Holding her hands to the bed, Randy started to move his hips, slowly picking up speed. His long hard thrusts had Sarah moaning gently as she battled with the pain and pleasure. She battled to stop one from overcoming the other. However, it was a one-sided fight as her body begged for more or both, turned on by the shocking pain and melting pleasure. It’s often easy to mistake endorphins for oxytocin. The body releases endorphins when in pain which can excite some people. However, in Sarah’s case she wasn’t confusing anything. Her body craved both, her mind dissolved by the double overdose. Nothing comes close to the combination of hormones she was feeling in that moment.

Ramming long but sharp, the doctor licked the blood of his lips with a menacing smile. “Out of all the girls I’ve had the pleasure of breaking. You are by far my favourite. Who knew Indian women were so fragile. But also so erotic. It’ll be a shame if I don’t see you in my clinic again.”

By this point, Sarah was beyond broken, her mind much like her body, ripped beyond repair. The look in her eyes was that of prey as the predator pounces. However, her body reacted differently, melting in the excitement and the thrill of having her pussy pounded until numb.

Randy loved every moment, enamoured by Sarah’s reactions. Her expression caused his cock to throb leaking precum deep into her vaginal canal. The head of his shaft raked out the contents left in her pussy. However, he was only able to remove as much as his cock could reach. The tip of his long hard member slapped off her cervix with each thrust, knocking on the door. But it wasn’t enough, the formula coursing through his cock wasn’t enough to make it long enough to reach into her womb. He also knew that this satisfaction wasn’t enough to reach a climax either. Violently ramming his cock out of her pussy, he slapped it down on her lower stomach with a light pant. Her bodily fluids smeared across her skin with precum and pussy juice.

Leaning forward with tears in her eyes and a shaky touch. Sarah looked at Randy with a confused expression, wanting him to continue. “W-Why did you stop? Is it over? Did you finish the cleaning?”

“No. I would like to. But... Well I just can’t. My cock isn’t long enough to remove the last of the dangerous matter from your womb.”

Sarah's body moved on its own, rolling his cock over her thighs almost subconsciously. She looked down at his cock and briefly thought to stop the treatment. However, she was too far gone after coming this far, she craved his cock and the pain of something even more devastating. There was no need to fight it anymore, everything had a purpose and Sarah believed that this was hers. To be destroyed by men in brutal and destructive ways. "W-Would a second injection make it longer?"

"Huh. What? My cock? Well yes I suppose so... I could."

"Then it's the only way. Right doctor. Just like you said before."

"I couldn't image a tiny body like yours would want more of this. Most of my patients are begging me to stop or pass out. Very repetitive reactions. But you. I live for reactions like this." He smiled wickedly licking his lips and placed a second syringe from the tray into Sarah's hands.

As soon as Randy walked within reach, she grabbed Randy's right testicle and slid the needle into it. With no hesitation, she shot the entire formula into his balls completely ignoring the safe level marker.

Struggling to focus, Randy's eyes when numb as he grabbed the syringe from his balls. Throwing it to the ground he groaned in pain, roaring towards the ceiling. His cock itched and ached as it expanded beyond anything he had ever tested before. The sheer amount of blood circulating around his shaft was enough to make him lightheaded and dizzy. "Aaaah... Y-You're as sick and twisted as I am. Aren't you..." Pushing Sarah back down onto the bed, he placed his huge cock on her lower stomach like before. Except now the tip of his raging erection was sitting well past her navel. He looked down at Sarah's tiny body with a wicked smile. Judging from the female anatomy, his cock would surlily reach her womb now.

Looking down at the monster cock with one eye open, Sarah gasped in horror realising her actions had created something inhumane. She knew there was no way that it would fit inside her. No direct route to her womb without extreme pain. However, she was excited and turned on by the thought. Ready to throw her broken body into the fire once more.

Playing with the tip of his cock against her labia and clitoris, Randy licked his lips. He salivated like a cornered dog looking at its last meal. He was no longer himself, a dark persona forced out from the depths by the formula. Grinding his cock against her pussy he grunted and sniffed loudly. "I used to inject something similar into my patients. To see their

reactions. But they were never satisfying enough. So I started injecting myself. Yes. Then I could break them like a toy. Those were the most satisfactory results. You are no different. Just more exotic than most of my toys.”

“I-I’m a toy to you..?” Sarah’s eyes narrowed with slight sadness creeping over her face. However, the thought of being used like a toy excited her. An excitement far beyond her own knowledge.

“Yes. A very beautiful toy. Such a delicate body. Such perfect skin. Just like a collector’s item. Nothing can replace you Sarah.”

“I’m that special to you..? Do you really think I’m beautiful?” Sarah’s thoughts were running wild with desire, upset, and lust. She couldn’t read the doctor’s thought process, unable to understand his motive but willing to be his toy. Knowing how highly he saw her, she couldn’t help but melt under his words. Randy’s cock stimulated her clitoris roughly snapping her out of her thoughts. “Aah. Mmm~ Why are you telling me this? I don’t get it.”

“Because in my experience. A true cleansing requires you to fear me. You need to be as tense as possible to hug my penis until destruction.”

“I don’t understand. I trust you doctor. Why would I need to fear you?”

“That’s precisely why you must fear me. By trusting me. Your body won’t narrow your organs. A deer can’t escape a wolf if it doesn’t fear it.”

Unable to think straight with the doctor’s cock pleasuring her. Sarah bit her lip looking around the room. Her gaze landed back on the jar which held her fetus. She had forgotten briefly why she was on that bed. Overcome with pleasure her mind wasn’t functioning properly. The jars were a sharp reminder that a job still needed to be done. “Ooh. Mmm~ How can I do that doctor?”

“You must beg me to destroy you. Beg me to carve out your insides like a bitch in an alleyway.”

With a sharp gasp, Sarah looked up at the lack of emotion in Randy’s eyes then down at his throbbing cock. She bit her lip before finally giving in to all her desires. "Well... I guess there's no other option. Fuck me harder Randy. Fuck me like you're actually raping me. I'll be scared. I promise."

With those crude words which came out of a gentle girl with a delicate body, Randy grabbed her stomach with both hands. He forced his large thumbs into her delicate skin.

The pressure from his touch and Sarah's willingness to be scared and fucked harder caused her body to tense up. Rubbing the tip of his oversized cock against the entrance to her pussy, Randy could feel the resistance of her vaginal canal refusing to let him in. He licked his teeth as a euphoric smile plastered over his face. This was it, the golden expression and reaction he longed for. A body so tense, so scared, and so beaten, that even a finger wouldn't fit inside her uterus.

Arching his head back, he forced the tip of his cock inside her tight hole. Sarah gasped sharply at the pain of this forced entry. Which caused her vaginal walls to loosen just enough for him to notice. He ploughed his cock deep inside her with a single long thrust. Burying half his shaft into her narrow hole which slammed against her cervix once more.

"Stop. You're hurting me. I'm not acting. You're really scaring me." Her tight tense walls tried to push his cock out as it entered. But the shear force alone broke any resistance her muscles tried to create. Not a single part of her body could fight back against the monster leaking inside her. Every organ in her lower body shifted and churned as if hit by the impact of a car. The overwhelming destructive force ripped her pussy further which caused immense pain. With mind and body broken, she began to squirt violently. Her sparkling liquid sprayed up like a fountain raining down on her body. She screamed and moaned with such velocity it echoed around the room.

Not allowing her a moment to breathe or come down from her climax. Randy continued to push his member deeper. He felt her cervix holding him back, exactly what he hoped for. Itching for more he repositioned his feet and edged his cock through her cervix. Once dilated and destroyed by Antoni's dildos, her recovering womb entrance tore and broke further. The formula surging through Randy's instrument of destruction gave him increased strength on top of his apathetic behaviours. He struggled for a few minutes working his way inside her womb. Once he gained a centimetre, he pulled back two and slammed into her again. Repeating this technique, he carved out enough space to entre and with his last thrust his cock broke through into her womb like busting down a door. His thick head slammed against the lining of her womb. Reshaping her organs as a visible outline of his cock could be seen from her stomach.

"Oh yes. Wonderful. That look on your face. I've not seen such a wonderful expression before." The complete submission, the broken empty look, the absolute lust. Randy had finally found the thing he was chasing for so long. He raked out what was left in Sarah's womb, his cock throbbing and pulsing. Her cervix held on to his cock, hugging him

as he thrust. Her uterus prolapsing each time he pulled his cock out to the tip. He knew this was the perfect finale, something he could orgasm to. Feeling the tip of his cock swell, he knew he was close too. "You are truly something special. Maybe I should breed you again. Right now... It would be a shame not to see you in my clinic again so soon."

"Aaaah! Oooh. Yes. Yes! Breed me doctor. Let me have more babies for you! I want to be a mommy again."

Her body was now overstimulated from cumming. Every motion and every touch, the tiniest details now felt like entire chapters of pleasure. Her body would not come down, buzzing from her climax.

The absolute dissolved personality of Sarah was the last push for Randy. He had taken this sweet girl and grounded her down into dust. Not something he often achieved with past patients who would break too easily and beyond repair. He slammed his cock as deep as he could causing her stomach to inflate from the force. He suspended her hips off the bed hanging off his shaft. Dropping her to the bed, he looked up at her face which was rolled backwards, motionless. "Huh. Guess you're not so special after all..."

"B-B-B-B... Breed me... I need. Bred... Make me a mommy." Sarah gasped for air, her diaphragm collapsed from the force, the wind removed from her sails. However, she was still awake and melting in the overstimulation.

"You still conscious girl? Hah. Hah hah." The doctor laughed hysterically, finding her resilience charming and exhilarating. "Yes. I should never have doubted you. You and I. We are the same. Sick freaks who need more than just sex." Grabbing her legs, he threw them over her shoulders, folding her body in half. He grabbed her throat tightly with an evil grin. His cock pounding away at her womb as blood mixed with her cum dripping onto the floor. "Hold that expression. Right there~ Oh fuck." Grunting through his heavy breathing, he tightened his grip around Sarah's windpipe watching her gasp for air. The final expression which carried him across the finishing line, was the life starting to leave her eyes under his thumbs.

With an erupting roar, Randy began shooting his thick hot load straight into Sarah's womb. Releasing her neck, he pumped shot after shot, coating her uterus. He gasped and groaned as the formula in his balls and seed emptied into Sarah.

Gasping for air, Sarah held her throat wincing in pain as Randy's hot seed filled her insides. His load burned her womb and uterus like the strongest spice. Overflowing around his cock, it dripped out of her pussy with a rose colour, pooling on the floor. She could feel

the space which Randy's cock filled slowly being replaced by cum. His cock had started to slowly return to its normal size.

Hunched over her like a shadow of his former self, Randy sighed deeply. "The interior cleansing was successful..." Slowly applying his weight to Sarah's legs, he lifted himself off her and slid his cock out of her pussy. Which was acting as a plug as chunks of placenta, blood, and cum flooded out from her womb. Stumbling backwards, he fixed his clothes and composed himself by rolling his shoulders and neck. The life slowly returned to Randy's eyes as the formula wore off, however it would be some time before his empathy returned.

Unable to speak or move a muscle, Sarah nodded her head slightly with dry eyes. Her tears had run dry from crying so much that she was left looking like a well-used store mannequin.

"You're lucky to be alive Sarah." Cleaning her legs and vulva, he worked quietly with a bright satisfied smile on his face. Taking his time with every part of her body, running his fingers across each bruise one last time. His Indian princess was finally about to leave. He needed to make sure that every part of her body was etched into his mind to never forget his crowning achievement. Finally releasing his load in Sarah was the best ending for Randy. After spending so long with her to reach that climax. Content with his work, both in her womb and body. He wiped his hands and continued to help Sarah off the bed.

She stayed quiet, shivering as the adrenaline faded away leaving her with nothing but pain and sorrow. Her body and mind broken and empty, her muscles and organs heavy as rocks as she stood up.

Throwing her his jacket, he smiled warmly. "You're free Sarah. A single lit candle once again. Not even a shred of evidence that you carried a child. Your dreams can finally come to fruition. Now. What was your dream again. Something about modelling?"

With a shaky hand, she wiped her brow and caught her wrist with her other hand. She had relief written all over her face accompanied by a strange sense of determination. "No... Not anymore. I-I have new dreams." She smiled with a gentle mothering expression and looked down at her stomach rubbing her belly.

"Huh. Well doesn't that sound exciting. I hope to see you again soon Sarah. With that lock down is still in effect. I can walk you home without anyone seeing us."

Reaching a conclusion, the events of that night brought an end to many things. Sarah's dreams and opinions changed due to being broken so violently. The abortion finally completed after so many customers paid Randy to beat Sarah. The belly punching club was put on hiatus until their next victim surfaced. The lock down was removed the next day as Graves was reported back in jail. But most importantly, Sarah's hopes of returning to a quiet life was far from realistic. There was no turning back from what she felt and witnessed over the weeks that she was pregnant. Most women would crack and fall into a deep spiral of depression. But not Sarah, she had found new legs to stand on in a sink or stand situation. With her mind twisted beyond repair, her university life would be far from normal from that day forward. A mother without a child.

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