

Chapter 4 – A Grave Mistake

The night was rough, Sarah's body was bruised with purple marks scattered across her stomach. Arriving back home in the early hours of the morning was hard enough. However, she struggled with cold sweats the whole night, battling her anxiety. After hours of attempted sleep, she tried to listen to music on the radio, eventually falling asleep with it on. The morning came abruptly, a piercing emergency announcement on the radio rattled her awake.

"Breaking news! Former American boxer Buster Graves has escaped prison. The details of his escape are unknown at present."

Sarah jolted forward confused and disorientated, unsure why there was a man in her room. Focusing on her surroundings she remembered she fell asleep with the radio on. "Wha! Eh-Who's there..? Oh yeah. The radio... What's this news alert thing..? Eeeh ow. Ahh." Groaning in pain, hardly able to lift her arm, she tuned the radio and turned it up.

"Mister Graves has served ten years of his thirty-year sentence. After a series of charges amounting to. Domestic abuse. Aggravated assault. Not to mention intent to kill."

Rolling out of bed, Sarah struggled to wear a loose but comfortable pair of pyjamas and sat at her desk. "Oh god. This man sounds awful."

"His string of violence cut his boxing career short. He was set to compete in the Olympics before brutally assaulting his pregnant girlfriend. An investigation thereafter unearthed many brutal acts on girlfriends and family members. His first run in with the law was at sixteen. When he beat his own mother. His most damming case was his violent acts against his last girlfriend Sammy Jones. Who only woke up from the coma he placed her under a few months ago. She'll never be able to walk again. With the spinal damage caused."

Slumped down on her chair, Sarah struggled to stay awake feeling the lack of sleep. "His own mother? I couldn't even imagine raising a hand to my mother. That poor girl too... How could you live after something like that..."

"We have a striking update. This is breaking right as we speak. We have had an anonymous tip that mister Graves' last victim. Miss Jones. Was a student at the cities university and may return there. Stay safe. Our bright minds attending that school."

"Th-This university? No it can't be. Why would he come back here." Sarah could feel her anxiety kicking, wondering if the terrifyingly brutal former boxer would really come to

the university. "What if the university shuts down. Or the whole city goes into lock down." She leaned back with an agonising groan and rubbed her painful stomach. "I'm sure we'll finish this abortion before that. It won't be long now. So don't you worry... Oh!"

A strange feeling filled her heart as she caught herself talking to the life in her womb for the first time. With a light giggle she smiled warmly and continued to rub her bruised stomach. "Today is the last day we're together. Our pain and suffering are almost over. We'll be free finally... I'm sorry... In a different time and place. I might have kept you..." Tears formed at the corners of her eyes thinking about the events which had led her to today. Using the chair as support, she stumbled to her feet and stood in front of her dressing mirror. She stood side on to the mirror and ran her hands over her chest and stomach examining her body shape.

"Why me..? I liked my quiet life. Why did you have to come to my womb? I'm not a bad person." The tears ran down her cheeks as she squeezed her stomach with pressure. "I had a chance to be a model. I always want to be one. Antoni likes me. I think we could have been dating by now. My grades have dropped. I could have finished top of my class... You know what. I want you gone. Tonight I'll make sure to agree to everything. Have this thing over with as soon as possible." Lifting her fist into the air, she slammed it down into the side of her stomach. The pain was nothing compared to the other men however, her bruised skin made her wince.

Her tears increased with every hit as she slammed both fists into her stomach again and again. She yelled incoherently into the air wishing for it to all be over. With both hands together above her head she drove them down onto her stomach with a sharp thud. The pressure and pain caused her to collapse to her knees sitting on the floor. "I-I just want this nightmare to end. Just please. I need someone to end this..." Suddenly, a sharp knock on her door startled her, falling onto her back. "Ah. Um. Y-Yes who is it?"

"Sarah? Are you okay? I heard screaming." The voice was from one of the other girls living in the dorm.

"O-Oh. Yes. I'm fine... Um what do you need?" Reaching for her chair, she used it as a crutch and climbed back to her feet.

"Right... The councillor is here... She wants to talk to us all in the common room."

"The councillor? What does she want?"

"Sarah! How would I know. Just come to the common room. Jezz..."

“Y-Yes okay...” The sound of footsteps led away from her door fading out to silence. Sarah grabbed a cardigan, pulling it over her pyjamas and gingerly crept her way to the common room. The rest of the dorm’s girls were gathered along with the councillor.

“Oh good. With Sarah. Everyone is accounted for.”

“Why’d you gather us like this lady?” Most of the girls in the room looked annoyed, frustrated by this sudden meeting.

“That’s no way to talk to your councillor. I’m here because I’m this dorm’s gaudian. So it’s my job to keep you girls safe.”

“Yeah right... Safe from what? Pregnancy and alcohol poisoning. I think we’re all good thanks.” A comical blonde-haired girl lit the room up with a sea of giggling.

“Well... I’d expect so... But no. I’m here about Graves.”

“Eh? That ex-boxer prisoner dude?”

“Yes that one. He might come back here looking for more targets. Some of you girls are his type. Young and dumb. Beautiful and gullible. So the university has decided to go into lock down.”

The crowd of girls erupted into a sea of groans and denial. “Oh come on. You can’t be serious.”

“Afraid so. You’re all at risk. So no leaving the dorm. Not until the escaped prisoner is caught. Now everyone go back to your rooms and wait for lunch to arrive. We’ll supply free meals for a few days.”

The blonde lady with the attitude piped up again. “This is ridiculous. I have a trip with my friends to the lakes. We’re heading out today.”

“Cancel it. We can’t have you walking around outside.”

Sarah, who was quietly watching in the corner of the room, plucked up enough courage to speak. “U-Um. What if we have a doctor's appointment... Can we still go?”

All the girls including the councillor looked back at Sarah. “No. Absolutely not. If you have a medical appointment. We’ll send someone here... I’m not sure what you’d need a doctor's appointment for Sarah. Are you okay?”

“Oh. Um. Just asking in general... Not for me.”

“Right. If there are no further questions. I’ll take my leave. Sit tight girls. This will all be over soon.” Dismissing the protests, the councillor left leaving two police officers stationed outside the door.

Sarah’s heart was in her mouth, the thought that she’d miss her final treatment and extend the process was killing her. She felt a pit of despair in her stomach watching her future slip further away. “W-What am I supposed to do...” All the girls dispersed back to their rooms leaving Sarah, head down clutching her hair.

A few minutes felt like hours as Sarah stood there trying to figure out what to do. However, her thoughts were soon interrupted by a familiar voice and an even more familiar clumsy force on her shoulder. “Sarah? What are you doing in the common room? Are you feeling okay? What happened last night?”

She looked up to see Brian leaning over her with his hand on her shoulder. She caught his eyes roaming around her pyjamas and pulled the cardigan together flicking her shoulder away from him. “I’m fine. It went fine. It’s going as planned...” Taking a step back she looked up at Brian with a confused expression. “Wait. Why are you here? You’re not allowed into the girls’ dorm...”

“Yes normally. But I got special permission... Um well. Considering the circumstances.”

“You mean the escaped prisoner?”

“Yep. Correct. I brought you a copy of our group report. You know. The project we were working on together. I said I’d do it all on my own... Um well. I wanted to apologise for my behaviour. Can we sit for a little?”

Sarah smiled softly seeing a new warm side from Brian. “Sure we can sit. Could you make us some tea. I would but... Well you know.” She rubbed her stomach before sitting down at one of the tables.

Brian nodded and disappeared to prepare some tea, returning shortly after. “Here you go. So is it over yet?”

“Thanks. What’s over?”

“You know...” Brian scanned the room before leaning over the table to whisper. “The abortion.”

Feeling her eyes tearing up again, Sarah sighed to calm herself down. “No. Tonight was the last. Until this stupid prisoner escape thing put a stop to that.”

“Oh. I see. Well maybe that was a good thing. You see I was thinking-”

“A good thing. How could it possibly be a good thing.” Grinding her teeth, she snapped at Brian thinking he was mocking with her.

“Wait wait. I just mean I was thinking about it. I found another doctor. One who is um... More qualified than doctor Ploughton.”

“What are you trying to suggest Brian. I trust doctor Ploughton. He’s got me through a lot. My treatment is almost over.”

“Yes but. I’m trying to say you can come with me. To this new doctor. I know him well. He’ll help you. I promise.”

“I can’t go to a normal doctor. They’ll put this on my record. If you’re just trying to get me to like you. This is low. Even for you.”

Brian slammed his fist down on the table which caused the teacups and table to clatter. “It’s. No. Sorry... I’m not trying anything this time. Just wait out this lock down and we’ll go see him. Come on Sarah. You can trust me.”

Leaning back in recoil at Brian’s violent outburst, Sarah looked down at his fist then up at his furrowed brow. “I’m sorry Brian. I don’t trust you. Besides. I can’t afford to wait until the end of this lock down.”

“But that treatment. The doctor. Even the way Antoni looks at you. Yeah I noticed... You can’t trust them.”

“Ah. Of course. That’s what this is about. It’s always about Antoni with you. Just give it a rest Brian.”

Brian growled softly under his breath before fixing his glasses. Taking a deep breath his expression changed to a deadly serious look. “I was hoping I’d convince you. Then you leave me no choice. I need to tell you the truth about the abortion clinic. The truth is it’s-”

“It’s not free. The abortion that is. I wonder who paid for Sarah’s treatment. Who paid for Sarah? Brian. Hmm?” The voice of a second man caught Sarah’s ears. The voice of someone she would much rather trust, and a man Brian wouldn’t try to cross directly.

“A-Antoni! You’re here? In the girl’s dorm?” Sarah covered her face then tried to cover her pyjamas before returning to her embarrassed face. Her heart was racing, almost beating out of her chest.

“Of course sweetheart. I needed to make sure my new favourite girl was okay.” Strutting up to them with his hands in his pockets, Antoni smiled playfully leaning against the adjacent table.

“Right...” Scoffing off to the side as if he was watching a cheap romance film, Brian rolled his eyes. “How did you get in? I got special permission. How did a lousy dumbass like you get in.” Brian stopped trying to tell Sarah the truth. As he knew he also paid for a place in the belly punching club to be with Sarah. He couldn’t risk her finding that out, it would destroy any chances he would have with her.

“Ouch Brian. That’s not very kind. I’m not as dumb as you take me for. Also. I’m good friends with one of the cops out there. Who let me in.”

Brian stood up to use his height and body shape to intimidate Antoni. “Of course you are. You seem to be friends with a lot of older men. Did you give them sexual favours too?”

“Brian! How dare you talk to Antoni like that. That’s so rude. I-I think you should leave. Thank you for the report. But I think we’re done here.”

“Wait. But. Ah. Sarah please. Just consider what I said. Come with me to this new doctor. Please.” With one final pleading look, Brian reached out to touch Sarah.

Antoni caught his large wrist chuckling softly. “Tut tut. You really must respect a lady when she tells you to leave. Now go.”

“Tsk. Yeah I was going.” He rolled his shoulder throwing Antoni’s hand into the air before storming out. “I was just trying to keep you safe Sarah...”

Both Sarah and Antoni watch him leave as Antoni rolled his wrist around feeling a slight pain from Brian launching his hand away. “Huh... Not sure how a brute like him could protect anyone. He reminds me of a book I had to do a report on. Back in school.”

Sighing deeply Sarah pulled herself off the chair to stand beside Antoni. “He’s sweet when you get to know him. He doesn’t mean any harm... Um so what did you mean by. The treatment wasn’t free.”

“Ah yes that. Sit Sarah. Please. You are in pain. No?” Antoni sat down across from the gleefully smiling Sarah. “Don’t worry about it. It’s not important. But I’m sure Brian would love to tell you what he paid for.” Antoni chuckled under his breath looking towards the door.

“Oh... Okay. I’ll ask later...”

“Now let’s talk about tonight. You’re still coming right? We really shouldn’t delay this.”

Sarah’s doubts had melted away by Antoni’s staged kindness. Her head was in the clouds as a group of girls walked past smiling playfully and waving to Antoni before sitting down at the neighbouring table. She snapped back to reality confused by the situation. “How? Lock down has us here permanently. You saw the guards.”

The two went silent listening to the group of girls at the other table who started gossiping.

“I can’t take this. I’m going on my lake trip.”

“You should be scared. Do you not know about Graves?”

“Eh. No. What is there to say. He’s a criminal.”

“He has more counts of violence than you have points in English class. They say the smallest inconvenience could set him off. Like burning dinner.”

“Meh. Typical violent type. Sounds like my ex.”

“They also say his last girlfriend. Was in a coma and can’t walk now. She accidentally got pregnant with his child.”

“Did the child make it?”

“Don’t be an ass. Of course not. The kid was gone before they got her to the hospital. Gone in moments of Graves finding out she was pregnant.”

“That’s brutal... I'd hate to be face to face with him. Anything you say could send him into a frenzy.”

“Yeah. I wonder what his mother and those other girls said or did to piss him off.”

“L-Lets not find out okay. So don’t go to that lake party.”

“Nah I’m going. Been waiting for this a while. I know how to get out too. The bathroom upstairs has a large window. Below is a bike shed. Nice and easy to slip out.”

The girls continue to gossip, changing the topic to what she was going to wear and pack for her lake trip.

Antoni chuckled and smiled widely towards Sarah talking softly to avoid unwanted ears on their conversation. “Well there you go. That’s how you’ll get to the clinic tonight.”

“B-But what about the prisoner... What if he’s around.”

Antoni chuckled under his breath and took Sarah's hand with his. "Trust me when I say. You don't need to worry about him. But I can meet you outside if it makes you feel better."

"Y-Yes that would be nice. Thank you."

"Of course. Tonight is a special night. You should wear your best clothes. Something beautiful for you abortion send off."

"Oh. Something beautiful? That makes sense. I guess. Okay I will."

"Great. See you tonight Sarah. I got to run. I have plans with the boys. Seeing as all the girls are stuck in their rooms." Standing up sharply, Antoni waved Sarah off and left the dorm.

"Wait! Stay a while... Oh okay. Bye for now then..." Pouting and a little confused, Sarah stumbled her way back to her room in preparation for tonight. A night which would mark huge changes for the lives of everyone involved.

Night soon arrived and Sarah made sure to wear her favourite summer dress. It was a classical yellow long skirt dress with a floral pattern and ruffled sleeves and skirt ends. She felt nervous for this treatment like all the previous times however, this time she also had a sense of excitement to finally be rid of her nightmare. Heading to the dormitory bathroom, she struggled to slip out the window catching her dress on the sharp metal lock. Losing her footing, she fell backwards onto the bike shed roof. Her snagged dress ripped from her thigh down to the end of the skirt. The ripping tension softened her landing, dropping down onto the roof with a soft thud. The rest of the descent was a simple climb over the bins at the side of the shed.

Once down, she scanned the dimly lit street looking for Antoni. "This street makes me feel uncomfortable... Oh no. Where is Antoni." She started to walk down the street carefully before feeling a hand slam down on her shoulder. Her heart raced, jumping out from her mouth. "Aaaaah! No leave me alone. Antoni!!!" The first name which came to mind to shout into the street was Antoni.

A soft chuckle emanated from behind her as she turned to face the man. "It's me Sarah. Calm down. You called and I answered. Nice dress by the way. Very sexy. I love the slit skirt." He wrapped his arm around her guiding her towards the clinic.

"Oh. Antoni. You're here. Thank goodness. You like my skirt? Huh?" Sarah looked down noticing her favourite modest dress was ripped in such a way that it looked intentional. Her face went bright red showing so much leg. "Thi-This. No it's not supposed- I ripped it..."

“Ah lighten up Sarah. It looks great. Now let’s go. The clinic is not too far now.” Sarah gripped Antoni’s shirt all the way to the clinic arriving a few tense minutes later.

The door swung open, Antoni burst in announcing Sarah’s arrival like a roman messenger. “Hello abortion clinic. Sarah has arrived... Hey doc. When do we start. I’m excited about this one.”

“Good evening Sarah. You’re here too Antoni... How... Delightful. Slow down mister Romano. We need to know Sarah is prepare for the treatment. Our specialist is running late too.” Doctor Ploughton stood up from his desk hiding the tape of Sarah’s previous recorded sessions.

“U-Um I’m okay. Just a little scared of that escaped prisoner. M-May I have some tea. For my nerves.”

“Of course. Please sit. I need you to sign some documents too.” The doctor led Sarah to a table and Antoni leaned against the wall with his arms folded. After a few minutes, Randy brought over some tea for Sarah and sat across from her with a handful of loose papers. “Right. Sign her please.”

“Thank you for the tea... Um what’s this?”

“It’s a release form. To confirm your complete consent. I want you to understand that this is the final treatment. Which means you will leave this clinic without the life in your stomach.”

“O-Oh right. That makes sense.” Sarah looked down at the sheet of paper in front of her while sipping her tea. “Hmm... This tea tastes different. Is this a different blend.”

“Very perceptive Sarah. Yes we... ran out. Of the last blend.” With a soft smile he held out a pen waiting for Sarah to take it. “I want to be completely transparent with you Sarah. This treatment will cause agonising pain. Which you’ve never felt before. But you must understand that enduring it will lead to success.”

“Yes doctor. I understand. I want to finish this. No matter what the process is. It must end today.” She took the pen and scribbled her signature over the blank space.

“Excellent. Here are a few more forms. Just procedure. Sign these too.”

Just as Sarah finished signing the documents, the clinic door slammed open with force. A hooded figure stood in the doorframe, his identity hidden by his coat. Randy jumped to his feet and greeted the mysterious man. “Ah finally. You made it. I hope you didn’t have to much of a problem finding the place. Given um. Your circumstances...”

The man towered over the doctor who was a tall man himself his expression unchanged by the doctor's humour. He took one last look out the door before removing his hood and grunted at Randy. His eyes continued to scan the room as Sarah scanned his profile. He had a large scar running from under his eye down his cheek. As he unzipped his coat Sarah noticed his shirt which was tight against his muscles, especially his biceps. His military styled buzz cut and old worn-out clothes gave him a dangerous demeanour.

Antoni chuckled, walking up to the giant and studied his cloths. "What's with your clothes? Hah. Did you beat up some homeless man on the way here?"

The man said nothing, his only response was to scoff looking down at his fists. He pushed past Antoni butting against his shoulder and walked up to Sarah, who was scared by his sheer presence.

"Huh. Fine be like that." Antoni clenched his teeth and returned to his place against the wall.

"W-Who is this man doctor?" Sarah could feel her legs shaking under the table. The intimidating man loomed over her staring down at her stomach.

"Why there is no reason to be scared miss Bhali. This is your specialist for today. He will finish the job. No doubt." With a wide smile plastered over his face, Randy walked up behind the man and placed his hand on his shoulder. "We're ready to go. Antoni could you lead Sarah to the treatment room for today."

The brutish man turned his head to the side staring at Randy's hand. He let out a deep audible breath from his nose like a bull. "Don't... Touch me." His voice was strikingly deep, his low tone vibrating around the room.

"Well. The beast talks." Laughing, Antoni nodded towards Randy and guided Sarah down the hall to the treatment room. An empty soundproof room with nothing but the usual camera and table in opposite corners of the room. But what was strikingly different was the lack of chair or bed. Only a set of chains and a hook hung in the centre of the room.

"Um are you sure this is the right place?" This room felt much different to the previous rooms and Sarah was beginning to feel that spiking anxiety pain in her side.

Meanwhile, the doctor walked slowly towards the treatment room with the mysterious man. Nearing the door, he threw his hand over the man's body to stop him from walking. Doctor Ploughton discretely handed him a stack of money, whispering softly. "Now remember our deal. I want you to go extra hard. Don't stop until the job is done."

The tall man scoffed at Randy's gesture taking the money into his coat pocket. His expressions were hard to read, always with the same stoic neutral look. He furrowed his brow and wiped his nose with his wrist. He nodded once in agreement and placed a hand on the doctor's chest pushing past him. The strength in a simple push planted Randy against the wall with an audible gasp.

Once the man entered the room, Randy fixed his jacket and chuckled to himself. "I'll take that as a yes then. This is shaping up to be quite interesting indeed." Rolling his shoulder, he followed behind smiling wickedly watching everyone in the room. "Alright. Let's get this show started. Sarah. We'll start by getting you comfortable."

"C-Comfortable? How? There isn't a bed or chair..." Sarah didn't take her eyes off the mysterious man, watching him take off his coat and prepare himself.

"This final procedure requires you to be in the upright position. A natural position isn't possible with a chair or bed. Now let's get you undressed. Okay?"

"R-Right. I guess that makes sense."

"No. Leave it on." The towering man crossed his arms as his shirt struggled to contain his biceps. He had no interest in seeing Sarah naked. He just wanted to hit her for the pleasure of hurting her.

"Oh. Very well then." Grunting in disagreement, Randy picked up the bindings from the floor and wrapped them around Sarah's wrists.

Watching the hook descend from above, Antoni and Randy helped put the chains of the bindings over the hook and raised it. Her body now suspended by her arms with her feet barely touching the floor. Her pregnant belly on perfect view for everyone in the room. "I-I know this is the end. So I'm prepared this time. Bring on whatever you can doctor."

Doctor Ploughton smiled widely with her words. "That's perfect. Then we should formally introduce you to your specialist. Sarah. Meet Buster Graves. Somewhat of a local celebrity here in our town."

Sarah's eyes dilated, her mouth went dry and her heart started to beat out of her chest. "N-No. No. No." She struggled to talk or breath as her anxiety and fear washed over her, downing in despair.

"Ahh. So you know of him? Good."

"Yeah of course doc. The whole university is in lock down because of him." Antoni leaned against the wall with one foot up. "Tsk. Annoying really. Had plans with girls volleyball team."

Graves pushed past Randy once more sending him stumbling backwards. With an annoyed huff the doctor left the room. The former boxer looked down at Sarah studying her features and clothes. He placed his hand on Sarah's stomach pressing against her womb.

Sarah winced at his presence, flinching at his touch. She whimpered, quietly terrified by the intimidating aura radiating off Graves. He didn't speak often but the way he carried himself was inhuman. Staring up into his eyes, Sarah could sense his beast like energy. This man had no remorse or kindness in his eyes. She could tell he had no regret for the women he beat.

With a quiet scoff, Antoni grabbed a small box out of his pocket and threw a piece of gum into his mouth. "You agreed to this. Your own free will. No need to be so scared. When your own choice lead you here." He tried to act calm and in control however, he knew things were starting to slip off track.

Closing his eyes, Graves used his touch to understand how far her pregnancy had developed. His large palm covered her stomach as he rolled it around her belly with small circular motions. He slid his hand under her stomach, cupping her baby bump then stretched his fingers as wide as he could. Gripping down on her stomach, Graves applied a fraction of his strength. However, even this much force was enough to make Sarah gasp in pain. He was holding her stomach as if he was opening a jar. "I can feel the baby inside you. But not for long."

The way he gripped her stomach pushed her womb forward as the life in her body was now visibly pushing against her belly. She looked down to see the shape of her womb for the first time. The fear set in accepting what really would be the end for the life in her body. "W-What's this? My baby? I-I'm scared. Let me down." Sarah kicked her feet trying to gain even a centimetre of distance.

Stepping back, Graves chuckled and started to crack his knuckles walking around in small circles. He was excited like an older brother about to break the younger brother's favourite toy.

Chewing his gum loudly Antoni closed his eyes smiling playfully. "You're in for a sure-fire abortion technique Sarah. A former boxer. Graves could knock out his opponent in a single punch. Let's not forget all those women too."

"But more importantly. Mister Graves has successfully achieved an abortion before." Doctor Ploughton reappeared holding a large cassette player and placed it on the table in the corner of the room. "Here's that item you asked for. Most of my specialist ask for medical equipment. But a cassette player? Strange."

Walking up to the table, Graves pulled out a cassette tape from his coat. Pushing it into the player, he pressed rewind as the sound of screeching tape filled the room briefly. He paused for a second twitching his head to the side. The sound of chewing annoyed him, slamming his hand down on the table staring directly at Antoni. “Kid. Spit that shit out before I beat it out of you.” Graves wanted the room silent apart from the sound of Sarah’s cries and his music.

His deep droning voice sent shivers down Antoni’s spine. Nearly choking on his gum as Graves stared the death into him. As much as Antoni loved being the alpha pack leader type. He placed his ego aside feeling a slight kick of fear. “Huh. Fine. But you aren’t the boss here. Just do your job.” He spat the gum onto the floor and walked to the other side of the room to watch comfortably.

The room fell to silence except for the whimpering sounds Sarah was producing. She struggled with her bindings, swaying back and forth in denial. “I can’t do this doctor. I’m scared...”

“Don’t worry Sarah. Everything will be over soon. Remember your goals. Your dreams. Stay focus... Huh? What’s this music? A new band?” He turned to face the boxer who had started the cassette player. Walking over to the table, Randy picked up the empty cassette box. “Hmm. Guns and Roses. Never heard of them. Sounds good though.” He looked back at the boxer for a response however, Graves ignored him continuing to be silent with no reaction at all.

“Nice dress” Graves eyes followed Sarah’s dress from her neck to the bottom of her skirt.

Hearing the doctors reassuring words combined with the little compliment calmed her nerves slightly. “O-Oh. Thank you. It’s my favourite-”

“Reminds me of my whore girlfriend. She liked wearing provocative things too.” He lifted her skirt with one hand suggesting the rip exposing her leg was intentional. He grinded his teeth snarling at her for showing so much leg.

Feeling her heart beating against her chest, Sarah gasped for air. “I-I. No. It’s ripped. I swear. I don’t like wearing that sort of thing.”

Chalking his hands, Graves chuckled beginning to bounce from one foot to the other. He held his hands up over his face, as a boxer would. He closed his eyes listening to the music and Sarah’s whimpering, allowing them to combine as a symphony.

“Oh boy here we go.” A crooked smile cracked over Antoni's face listening to the music. The song was building up to the chorus. Antoni and Randy had their hands already in their pockets touching themselves in excitement.

As soon as the chorus started, Graves unleashed a powerful two-hit combo straight into Sarah's tender stomach. The first jab was aimed at her belly button, followed by a right hook to her left kidney. The force so powerful it shocked everyone in the room. Graves' large fist drove into Sarah's belly so deep that she could feel it rattle her spine. Her body shook uncontrollably, her eyes rolled back in her head, and a wet stain suddenly appeared on her dress. The dark stain slowly spread down her skirt from her crotch. She had pissed herself. Her body shook, convulsing in the chains as a strange shocking sensation spread across her body. It was similar to when she climaxed for Antoni. However, this orgasm felt so strong that her mind exploded with endorphins. She climaxed from feeling the full force of a rage-filled beast without an ounce of compassion. His heavy dry fists left her speechless, paralysed in fear and shock. Graves laughed through his nose with an audible exhale watching her dress soak in piss.

Antoni and doctor Ploughton looked at her soaked dress then at each other, wondering if they had made a mistake. But it was too late now. Their little Indian princess was at the mercy of a real monster, and there was nothing they could do to stop it. Despite their regrets, they chose to continue watching both pitching tents in their pants.

Gasping for air, Sarah felt her lungs trying to escape her body. This extreme was something she never felt with the other men. Something she never felt because of the drugged numbing tea doctor Ploughton kept giving her before today. Without the tea, her body was in agonising pain from the very start causing her to choke on her own saliva. She wanted to scream, but her twitching stomach stopped the sound from leaving her mouth. Her mind was yelling stop, but her body was changing, telling her to continue. She was beginning to like the pain, made clear by her overwhelming orgasm, yearning for more.

Shaking his arms he looked down at his fists annoyed with his first two punches. His anger started to stir realising he was rusty after being in the prison's isolation for so long. Bending his knees, he lowered his stance and raised his fists again. Closing his eyes he listened to the music and the sounds of Sarah gasping in pain. Releasing a thunderous punch, he drove his right hand through Sarah's midriff. The shattering blow struck just under her ribs with an echoing slap. Her body swayed back and forth as the chains holding her up rattled together like wind chimes. “Hmph. Better...”

Sarah wailed and twitched, the wind taken out of her sails. The devastating punch disabling her diaphragm momentarily. Tears ran down her face wanting to audibly cry

however, the pain and lack of air made it near impossible. This explosive feeling had her body close to another orgasm. Something was urging her to continue, an addict to pain wrapping around her body.

A strange sound started to loop coming from the cassette player. Graves' tape had hiccupped causing the song to screech to a halt. Sarah was gifted a small pause as the boxer went over to the device to reset his song. This brief moment allowed Sarah's lungs to remember how to function as the sound returned to her voice. "Ahh. Aaah. S-Stop. Please. Oh god..."

"Tsk." Graves stared back at Sarah with a deadly look as he hit play on the cassette player. He marched back towards her cracking his neck with a low growl. "You believe in God?" He firmly placed his hand on her shoulder stopping her from swaying in the chains. His clutch tightened crushing down on her.

"Aaah- I believe a higher power exists. Yes. Aaah ow. P-Please stop... I don't think I should continue." She looked down at her soaked dress understanding her body was changing. She felt conflicted, her moral compass was begging for this to be over and the abortion complete. However, a new lustful side of her began to shine, never wanting it to end.

He grabbed her by the neck with a sudden movement causing her to choke on her saliva gasping in shock. He hated religion and anyone who followed it. He spat at her face snarling at her response. "Where was your god when you got pregnant. You disgusting Indian whore."

Both Randy and Antoni were masturbating to the scene they orchestrated. Only three hits in and Sarah was looking like a Vietnam veteran. The sudden rush of excitement had the doctor close to the edge admiring his work. Antoni was lost in the music of Sarah's whimpering stroking himself softly. They were both feeling satisfied until Graves grabbed Sarah's throat. The man was a trigger happy, out of control monster just waiting to explode like a time bomb.

The fear in Sarah's eyes could swallow the light in the room. Dilated like a deer in headlights. "You're right. Please let me go. I'm just a delicate. Loving girl. Like.... Like your own mother." She thought she could connect it him on a sensitive level, but in reality she stepped on a land mine.

"Who are you. To speak about my mother. You know nothing about her. I hated that whore" Graves had many domestic violence cases stacked against him, all ignited by a small insignificant detail. His tolerance to people was non-existent and Sarah was no different. Her words sent him beyond reasoning and the slight enjoyment creeping over her

face angered him more. He was enraged by her assumptions about his mother and wanted to make her pay for it. While holding her neck with his right hand, he strained his fingers imitating the action of crushing something. His fingers shook until balled up in a tight fist. Suddenly, from close range he shot his left fist across her face. The blunt force split her lip which bled down her chin. The impact so devastating and excruciating it caused her ears to ring.

Antoni jolted forward pulling his hand out of his pants. He was angry that Graves had damaged Sarah's pretty face. With such big plans for his little third world girl, Antoni was not happy. He knew Graves had already gone too far but chose to let it continue. Now desperate to stop him, he threw up his hands and stared over at doctor Ploughton. "Doc. We have to stop this... Hey Graves-" Antoni was a manipulative man driven by control, losing it made him furious.

"Antoni. Quiet. We both knew this would be a violent scene. Let Graves work in peace." The doctor shook his head slowly, his hand deep in his pants. He was loving the turn of events, the violence, the fear, and the visible damage. It was all a beautiful masterpiece for Randy. Seeing the shy little Indian girl he and Antoni picked out for their project being ruined. Watching her lose her sanity and concede to depravity. Watching her delicate body crumble under Graves fists. As far as he was concerned, this was the perfect outcome. His oblivious illusion of control had him feeling comfortable despite the unexpected turn of events. "Relax Antoni. You wanted her broken as much as I do. So now she is. We can do whatever we want now. Enjoy yourself." He grabbed his cock under his pants and pulled it out, masturbating freely.

As the sound returned to Sarah's ears, she looked up to see the doctor masturbating in the corner of the room. She couldn't understand why the doctor would do such a thing. This man was someone she trusted with her life. She expected him to intervene and stop Graves. But instead, he was busy getting off to the sight of her hurt and crying. Her wavering resolve finally snapped swapping her gaze to Antoni who was starting back at her, not moving to help either. She thought to herself, maybe this is good. She liked the attention she was getting, especially from Antoni. There was no need to deny that she was feeling something pleasurable from being punched.

Graves cut her view, stepping back and circling around the room. He waited for the chorus to hit before repeating his first two punches. One to her bellybutton and one to her kidney. He then rose his fists, slamming his sixth punch into her midriff. He had a process, a series of precise punches all placed in time with the music. He was an artist composing his masterpiece and every single note needed to be perfect, or he'd start again. The whimpering and choking combined with his cassette tape like a duelling ballad. This music

was flowing through his fists as he launched a devastating strike at her liver. The force shook the chains above sending Sarah's legs limp momentarily. His next two punches belted off the sides of Sarah's baby bump simultaneously. The joint force from both sides lifted the fetus in her womb, pressed against her stomach lining. Flexing his wrists Graves continue with a gut-wrenching uppercut to the visible outline in her womb.

Hit after hit, Sarah's body was being blended into a smoothie. Graves' pounding assault was near equivalent to being hit by a car. The pain so high she gagged, coughing up stomach vile then vomited over her dress. Trying to look at Antoni, she realised she had gone cross-eyed from pain, barely able to focus on Graves standing in front of her. Struggling to breath, see, and hear, Sarah was now convinced that if Graves could do this to her. There was no doubt it would destroy the life in her womb. Drooling blood and saliva over her chest, she licked her lips speaking softly. "This is it. It will all be over soon. Goodbye little one... I-I can finally live my life again." A warm motherly smile brightened Sarah's face for the first time. She was content seeing this life disappear. However, she also felt sad, not for being a mother but for no longer being punched by all these men. She had developed a kink over the weeks, one which filled the empty void in her mind left behind by her diminished resistance.

Catching her gaze, Graves snarled realising she might be enjoying his onslaught. The current song ended allowing Sarah's cries and whimpers to perform a solo concert. Graves kicked her limp feet spreading her legs open slightly. Waiting for the next song to pick up he made sure to position Sarah in a way for the most damage. As soon as the chorus hit, so did he. In time with the beat, he launched his fists into her womb. One, two, three, four, and pause, then repeat. These punches were from closer range and crippled her skin and the fabric of the dress. Which frayed and ripped due to the immense force. By the eighteenth hit, his knuckles were bloody and Sarah's stomach was bruised from midriff to pelvis.

Releasing nothing more than a wheeze, choking with no sound left in her mouth. Sarah swayed back and forth with her legs lifted off the floor recoiling from his destruction. However, her toes were curled up and her feet twitched violently. She was so close to a second orgasm, feeling frustrated not reach it. Graves' damage paired with Antoni's dildo technique the previous night had finally sealed the deal. Her destroyed dilated cervix gapped wide as the rose-coloured pussy juice running down her legs soon turned into a stream of blood. Her piss-soaked panties soon stained red. She had finally let go of the life in her stomach which dripped off her climax twitching toes.

"Oh. Oh yes. Mmm Marvelous. Fuck." Watching with grotesque enjoyment, doctor Ploughton got close to an orgasm, edging himself. "Aaaaah. That smell is wonderful. Good job Graves. It looks like her abortion was successful." Fixing his pants, Randy walked

towards Sarah to help her down like he did for every other treatment, bringing an end to the day.

With a sharp grunt, Graves turned away from Sarah and walked over to the cassette player. She watched him go, so close to another orgasm and could feel it slipping away from her. Her body was screaming at her to say something, anything to get Graves to turn around and keep beating her. "I-I still feel it. The baby. It's still inside me. What would your mother think. Finishing a job half done."

A deep audible growl emanated from Graves as he clicked rewind on the cassette player. He slammed his fist into the table storming toward Sarah. He put his hand on Randy's shoulder then shoved him back. "Stay in your corner doc. I ain't finished." The rage in his eyes was so great it even intimidated Randy who stumbled back. Graves was feeling increasingly frustrated and angry at Sarah. He was sickened by her enjoyment spitting at her feet. He stared into her eyes trying to intimidate her but the look she gave back was much different to his usual victims. Her eyes said, do it. They had a strange fiery passion begging to be hit one last time.

"You can't be serious. She's nothing but pulp now. Stop." The doctor tried desperately to regain control of the situation. He clutched his chest from where Graves shoved him feeling a slight spiking pain. Looking at Sarah's busted lip, the blood running down her cheek and legs he knew he had made a huge mistake inviting Graves here. "Sarah. Please tell this man. The abortion is finished." He pleaded with Sarah before looking over at Antoni. However, Antoni had left the room leaving him alone with Graves.

She considered stopping, following the doctor's guidance like she had every over day. However, she was still feeling a high and wanted to climax again. Her broken mind had melted away by a selfish lustful fire. She turned her head with embarrassment, facing away from the doctor and remained silent.

Graves started laughing, his echoing roar filled the room. He grabbed her dress lifting it and snarled at the sight. "No need to look so concerned doc. She's enjoying it." Grabbing her panties, he ripped them off her body in one swift move, making sure the fabric dug into her wet pussy before falling to the floor. Her creamy rose cum stuck to the fabric and trailed off them from her labia to the floor. Her secret enjoyment finally exposed. He grabbed her face with one huge fist and walked behind her. His arm wrapped around her head as he smothered her mouth and nose. With his thumb and first finger, he pressed against her temples with crushing force. The rewinding cassette suddenly stopped dropping the room to silence. "Hush now. I want to listen to your body." The room froze, nobody made a sound nor movement waiting in anticipation for what Graves had planned.

Instantaneously, he released his most devastating attack. The move which got him suspended from the junior boxing division. He swung a right hook deep into her stomach, from her back. Pummelling his fist just to the side of her spine. The silent room erupted with the sound of skin bruising and flesh bending.

The murderous punch sent Sarah's body flying. She tried to scream through Graves' hand holding her mouth closed. Sarah was terrified as the feeling left her legs, frozen by the memory of his last girlfriend left unable to walk. She prayed that she would follow the same fate. Graves soon let go of her mouth allowing her to wail in torment. With one last punch, he slammed his fist into the other side of Sarah's spine. The devastating force sent her into a spasming frenzy. The pain was unbearable as she almost passed out, her limp legs kicked back to life. However, she was kept conscious by the pleasure as she squirted violently. Graves' final punch paired with her explosive body shaking orgasm loosened her pussy. So much so, that her fetus was pushed down her vaginal canal. She felt something moving down her uterus, the size of a golf ball. Looking down she could see the head of the fetus. Fear returned to her eyes realising what she was looking at as a sense of shame washed over her climaxing body. She couldn't stop herself, even feeling the guilt for what she had done. Her whole body was shaking and convulsing as her womb released its contents. A disturbing feeling of losing part of her. Which hit the cold hard floor with a squelch between her twitching toes.

The room was shocked, Sarah's crying moans where the only sound and sight everyone was focused on. "Hmph. Now we're done..." Graves marched over to the table not looking back, he whipped his hands with a small towel in his coat pocket and removed the cassette from the player. Without a word he nodded to Randy and took his leave heading towards the exit.

Antoni was in the clinic lobby and placed the phone down smiling towards Graves. "Hey Graves. Head to the abandoned flyover. Under the old bridge is a good place to spend the night."

"Thanks kid." Just before leaving, Graves paused at the door glaring back at Antoni. "If this is a set up. I will find you and I will kill you." Slamming the door open, he disappeared into the night.

Antoni chuckled to himself hearing distant police sirens and threw his arms behind his head. "Ooo. Scary. You psychopathic freak. Go rot in a cell." He walked back to the treatment room to see the gruesome sight the doctor was trying to clean up.

The doctor sighed deeply seeing Antoni and shook his head. "Well... The abortion was successful. But damn it Antoni. This went out of hand fast. We never should have invited a criminal. He needs to be back behind bars..."

"You sure? Last time I checked you were enjoying this. Well. No need to worry. I tipped off the police. Looks like I'll be cashing in on a fat bounty reward tomorrow."

"Good. But you need to watch your back. He won't be happy once he finds out who reported him. Now get out of here. Sarah will be staying the night... So I can fix her. I am a doctor after all." He ran his hands over her skin feeling her bruises as she quietly whimpered to herself.

"Yeah yeah. I got big plans for Sarah so get her looking pretty again." Antoni pulled out his box of gum and slammed everything single piece into his mouth. Chewing as loud as he could, he left heading back to his home.

The damage done to Sarah mentally and physically was irreversible. An abortion was successful however, at what cost. Antoni's tip off to the police resulted with Graves being arrested that night. He knew that having him arrested would be dangerous if he found out. But he also knew that the bounty was a huge pay out. He would also be seen as a hero to the university and all the girls. Stepping into the roman emperor role he always dreamed of. The university was now his and Sarah was now Randy's to do with as he pleased. The final operation before releasing his exotic toy back into the world. "It's been a long road Sarah. But this is the end."

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