

THE
VIOLATION
OF
MISS
WHITE



Credits and License

Codes: MF, rp, viol

Copyright © John D 2012

John D has asserted his right to be identified as the author of this work in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1998.

This piece of work is fiction and is adult entertainment, and therefore contains material of an adult, explicit nature. If you are under the age required to view this legally in your jurisdiction, or are easily offended by sexual explicit content or language do not continue reading.

The characters in this story are fictitious and any similarity to any persons, alive or dead, places or situations is purely coincidental. The actions described in this story are not endorsed or condoned by the author.

It should be noted that the age of consent in the UK is sixteen and therefore there are no graphic descriptions of any sex act containing characters younger than this age. There may be some characters under the age of sixteen in the book, but any sexual activities they may partake in, are not described in any detail so there are no underage participants in my sex scenes. It is on this basis, that this work is released so that it complies with all relevant legislation, but may not be uploaded to certain websites due to more stringent regulations.

This work is released under the Creative Commons license Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported (CC BY-NC-ND 3.0), the full text of which can be obtained from the Creative Commons website. The story may be freely distributed unmodified and with the foreword and these credits attached. The story may not reproduced for commercial purposes, or for profit, without explicit permission from the author.

The front cover for this book has been purchased from 123RF and is used under license. The photographer is Kirill Zdorov

Preface

This story is an additional tale of the “Growing Pains” universe; one of around 40 short flash stories designed to introduce characters and provide back story where required. Not all of the characters will be familiar instantly, but it will all tie in at the end!

The “Growing Pains” universe is a set of stories that centres around the life of Andy Williams and all those who got to know him as he grows up. While everything may not be totally clear, it will be the time the Universe is all released. For a fuller explanation please see my website.

This story takes place in June 1990 and describes the rape of barmaid, Helen Anne White. This was the last attack the perpetrator conducted and although he was not caught for over a decade, when he was finally ensnared by the police, it tore apart his family and devastated his wife and children who could not understand how he could have committed such acts.

I shall try and keep to a regular posting schedule and will upload to StoriesOnline.net, asstr.org and my website. Completed stories will also be uploaded to Amazon Kindle, Smashwords and FirstyFish, where their internal policies permit.

Please provide feedback to me, either by e-mail, Twitter or website review, whether you enjoyed it or not; I like to be told and it is the only payment I ask for.

Kind regards,

John D

Email: johndstories@gmail.com

Web link: <http://www.johndstories.co.uk>

Twitter: @johndstories and #johndstories

The violation of Miss White

His heart was pounding. He could see the petite girl coming down the road, and she couldn't see him. A few drunk football fans had wandered past earlier, still talking about some penalty miss and stumbling into the highway. Clearly 1990 was not to be England's year either but he was not worrying about football, he was concerned about the beautiful barmaid who had served him the day before and whose movements he had followed.

He scanned the road again. It was a busy road out of Bromsgrove, as it went towards Kidderminster, but the broken street lighting and adjacent park made it ideal and he had thought about the moment he came to the town. He slid his hat over his head to hide his face and waited.

He got a good glimpse of the girl in the soft light that existed. There were no cars on the road and not another soul in sight. She was wearing a short skirt, heels, a red-coloured crop-top. She had long brown-red hair, and had a coat over her shoulder, although it was not done up; it was a warm night.

She looked in her late teens or early twenties, and he licked his lips; she would be the prettiest girl to date. Of course, this wasn't the first time he had done this. In the last six months, he had attacked in Carlisle, Manchester, Skipton, Hull and Nottingham; his nomadic existence meant that his attacks were never linked and five separate police forces were chasing him.

They were never going to find him, he was sure of that. He ensured that he always wore a condom so that they never had any evidence and as he never stayed in one place for long, very few people knew him or his name in Bromsgrove. He was as safe as he could be, but he didn't want to be caught and scanned the road one last time.

She was along side him and he took a deep breath. She clearly had not seen him crouching in the bushes, his hood was doing its job. He waited until she had just passed him, his heart pounding furiously in his chest and he leapt out of the bushes.

She screamed in shock and fright but he had his hand over her mouth instantly and he threw her into the undergrowth before jumping on top of her. The knife went to her face instantly. "Be quiet or I'll slice your throat," he warned in his Northern accent and reached under her skirt. "What's ya name?" He asked and looked into her eyes, filled with terror. There was no response from the terrified girl. "I said, what's ya name?"

"Please. Please don't do this to me. Please let me go." The attacker moved the knife closer to her face so the cold blade touched her cheek. "My mum will know I'm missing," she pleaded. "I got money, I got ..."

"Name? I wantta know ya name," the rapist barked.

"Helen," she whispered and closed her eyes, sobbing and pulling her legs as close together as she could. The blade made a slight nick in her skin, but the rapist was ready. The drop of blood was washed away with her tears, and this made her far sexier to him.

He parted her legs and removed her knickers as she wept, begging him not to continue. He ignored her and pulled down his loose trousers, sliding a trusty Durex onto his erect cock one-handed. "I'm gonna fuck ya," he told her. "And then I'm going to let you go."

She gulped and shook her head. "Please," she cried and struggled against his hands but he pushed the knife into her flesh. Helen closed her eyes and the attacker rammed his cock into her unguarded pussy, breaking her hymen.

She squealed in shock. She wasn't ready for penetration and her tight opening was not lubricated in the slightest. She was in agony as her attacker made silent grunts and thrust his cock into her with unnecessary force and gusto.

The rest of her body felt numb as he grunted and toiled on top of her. His weight bore down on her body and her sex felt as if it was tearing open.

The attacker needed to hurry up: he longed to take his time and savour it, but there was no time. He could be spotted at any moment. The girl was crying; he liked that. He felt himself nearing the edge. He wanted to come. He needed to.

With a final, vigorous angry thrust, he pushed his cock deep into her and unloaded into the rubber sheath. He stayed for a moment, the faint sound of the trees whistling through the woods only added by the quiet sounds of the crying barmaid. He looked around him. "Listen love, I'm going now. And I'm sorry."

With that her attacker went, taking the condom off when he reached his car parked several streets away. He would burn it tomorrow, just to be sure, confident that he had left as little evidence as possible.

This wasn't quite true. If the rapist had checked he would have noticed that there was a tear in the rubber sheath, no doubt caused by excessively vigorous thrusts when Helen was dry and unprepared for such assaults on her loins. A tear – and half of his semen – was enough to leave behind enough evidence for the Police to go on.

It wouldn't change much to begin with. He wasn't local and he wouldn't be caught by the initial investigation but it would be crucial in the end.

Justice would be done.