

The Running Girl

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Of Evilbedtimestories.com*

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Part 1

Garai

The day Garai went after the Running Girl was a day like any other.

The shantytown lay on a rocky slope leading away from the main road. None of the houses were legal, and neither were the inhabitants. They had all, like Garai, come here from poorer countries. They had crossed the border one way or the other, knowing that the pay of an illegal day worker here was far better and much more steady than whatever they could hope for working the barren soil of their own lands or trying to get honest work without connections in their corrupt home cities.

Much of that work was construction and demolition, and that was how the materials for the town were provided. Demolition waste was a perk of the job, really. Garai had build one wall for his home out of discarded blocks of gas concrete, and a particularly nice pair of floorboards held up his roof of broken plastic sheets. The remaining walls were filled out by sheets of whatever Garai could get his hands on; the cardboard in particular needed replacement fairly often.

There was no electricity and no sewers in the shantytown. Food was made over fires of woodcuttings, paper and cardboard. Water had to be carried from afar and was hard to come by. Except during the rain season where there was all too much of it and it would come rushing down the slope to wash away the more poorly constructed huts. It was during rain season in particular that Garai took pride in his gas concrete wall and the care with which he had patched his plastic roof together like a giant jigsaw puzzle.

The town owed its existence to the main road. In the early morning the flatbed trucks of foremen would drive by this, and other towns like it, to collect labour gangs for whatever work was offered. Garai and his fellows would bargain their day there on the side of the road, and the foremen would in turn bargain their truckload of workers to construction sites, big farms and on rare occasions medical trials and paid blood donations. After nightfall, the trucks would return the workers to their homes, a bit of cash in hand.

Of course Garai and others like him did not work these 16-hour days every day. Not that they wouldn't want to, after all that was why they were here, but sometimes it just wouldn't work out that way. Maybe the foremen would not offer a decent wage that morning. Maybe there would be no jobs to be had. Maybe the whole system had hid a snag; a foreman had abandoned a load of workers somewhere or a foreman had been cheated by his workers or the employer, and everything grinded to a stop until some sort of base trust could be rebuild. On such a day the men would stay in their shantytown, maybe repair their huts, maybe hike into town for special supplies, maybe just take a day off.

It was on such a day the Running Girl came. As if she knew that there would be people about.

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Garai was a young man. He could hardly be considered fortunate; but he had no expectation of being so, so he took his condition with an easy manner. Where others of the town might seek refuge in cheap booze or glue sniffing, Garai sought ways to improve his lot, even if he so far had had no great luck with it. His disposition made him popular with the few ladies of the town (that and the gas concrete wall), and currently he shared his hut with Maiba, a nice hard working girl whom he really liked, but who he could not marry thanks to their respective tribal background.

He was tall, lean and shovel handed from hard labour. He smiled often, his head held to one side. His black curly hair was a mess; his pullover and pants perpetually dirty. He shaved meticulously every morning with an ancient razor.

That morning it had been raining, a heavy shower drumming on the plastic roof. All the inhabitants of the shantytown had sought refuge in their huts; as had Maiba and Garai. Maiba was using a knife to shave off pieces of wood from a broken table leg. The chips would later be used for starting a cooking fire. Garai had found a frying pan in a garbage can in town. The plastic handle was broken off, and beyond repair, but Garai was going to use the pin from the old handle to affix a new one of wood to the pan. Then he would try to sell it to some of those new immigrants who came to the shantytown every week, people in need of everything after a long, expensive journey. Garai was occupied with getting the pin loose without breaking it when he heard someone run by outside. He raised his head, but the runner was already past. He looked through his doorway and saw that the rain had stopped completely and that the sun had returned to shine on the puddles in the narrow path formed by the two rows of closely set rectangular huts.

Then he saw fat Bobo stagger by.

Part 2

Only shoes

Fat Bobo held out his hand in front of him, waving it slowly. His eyes were wide and white in his black face. He seemed to speak to someone just down the street.

"Don't be afraid. I'm not going to hurt you. I'll get you free, no worry."

Perplexed, Garai put down the pan and walked to his doorway. He looked out and to the right, in the same direction as Bobo.

There she stood. Half turned, looking over her shoulder. Her large slanted eyes moved slowly from Bobo to Garai and back. Like she was expecting something from them... but not a lot: she did not seem frightened or excited in any way. Her forehead was rounded; her cheekbones large and slanted like her eyes. Her chin was small and pointed. Her straight auburn hair was parted in the middle; it was thick at the back of her head but sloped inwards at her long neck, only to spread out again at her shoulders.

She was white.

Her skin was tanned and smooth and had a gleam to it; her bare shoulder above the rope seemed to reflect the sun. The rope started just below her shoulder, and had been tied around her all the way down to her elbows. Her lower arms were caught inside the rope, pressed across her chest. She was wrapped tightly; no skin could be seen from just below the shoulders to the end of her ribcage. A thick strand of her hair had been caught in the rope. It buckled against her chin as she stood there with her head turned.

Below the rope she wore nothing. Her slender midriff, narrow hips, her small round buttocks and long legs were entirely naked. On her feet she wore a pair of new, white Reebok running trainers, with no socks. Garai could not see her sex as she stood there, half turned, but all other parts of her had the same, uniform tan... it had to have the same glowing tan, the same healthy shine, it just had to...

And then she was off. She ran, sure of foot, down the empty path between the houses, sending puddles splashing. Bobo lurched after her

"No, wait, wait up!" Bobo said.

It dawned on Garai who she was; what was happening. Those that went after this girl, those that tried to catch her, they never came back, so it was said, they were never heard from again. But Bobo... Bobo was not a bad man at all; he would never harm anyone, let alone a girl. Bobo was a friend. Garai set off after them.

Behind him Maiba wailed:

"No Garai! Don't go after the Running Girl!"

Garai half turned while he ran and shouted:

"You don't understand, I'll just save Bobo, don't worry, it's alright!"

Garai turned from Maiba's teary and desperate face towards Bobo. Bobo was running full speed now, trying to catch up with the nimble girl, but his full speed was less than remarkable. Garai was about to tackle him from behind, when someone rushed past him. It was Rufaro the sad faced woman who lived alone at the edge of town.

"Just let me talk to you, let me explain. We are so much alike, just let me show you how it can be..." she said, not very loudly. Maybe she was talking to herself? Concerned, Garai turned his head and saw five other men running behind him, eyes wide, various strange expressions on their faces. It would be impossible to stop them all. Looking around, he saw that they were leaving the shantytown now; the Running Girl was already striding across the sand-coloured rocky slopes, leading them away from the main road at an angle. There was nothing out here but rocks and thorny bushes, one low hill after the next. The Girl ran easily, and despite the fact that her arms were tied she had no problem holding her balance as she traversed the difficult terrain.

Garai could not stop all these people, could not save them all. But he *could* stop it all; he could stop the Running Girl. No more of this! No more people vanishing! Garai picked up speed, and gained on the girl. Steadily he came closer. Closer to the grove at the small of her back. Closer to her little ass that bounced so firmly with the impact of her feet. Whenever she made a long jump, when one leg was forward and the other bend behind her, he could see the lower tip of her labia, there in the broad space between her slender but muscular legs. Any moment now he would be grappling her, placing his big black hands on her warm silky skin, squeezing her, holding her, feeling her. Her legs, he would have to pin them down with his hands. Her would have to pin her down, lie on top of her and burry his face in her hair and neck. Her thick silky hair that flowed behind her in the wind as she ran as if it was reaching out towards him. Garai was getting short of breath even though they had only run a short while. He felt distracted somehow, and found to his complete embarrassment that he had gained a cumbersome and full erection. Shame and confusion caused him to falter, to lose speed. As he did so, Kokayi, a new guy that Garai did not know well, sped past him. Kokayi was mumbling in time in tune with his steps:

"They always say no... you won't say no... to me in your anus..."

Why did he say that? Did he want to shove his finger into her ass? To explore? To find whether her sphincter was as toned as the rest of her muscles? To find whether she was as silky smooth inside as on the outside?

"In... inside..." Garai said and redoubled his efforts. He put one hand on Kokayi's shoulder and pushed, nearly sending him sprawling. Garai felt his heart soar as he took the lead again. He thought he might have heard one or two out-of-wind whimpers behind him, but he could not be sure. He was ahead! That was all that mattered.

And soon...

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But the Running Girl was not easily caught. They were now far out of sight of the shantytown as she led them over and around rocky hills and fields of gravel and bush. Even though the workers were all fit and used to hard work, her light frame and vastly superior shoes made it hard to keep up with her. Sometimes, it seemed as if she slowed down a bit when the flock of panting immigrants got to far behind. Or was it when Garai got to far behind? Did she do it for him? Did she want *him* to catch her? His mind reeled, and he scrambled with a mixture of hope and desperation.

The heat of the day was returning after the rains, the last moisture and freshness being banished by the merciless sun. The steps behind him were becoming heavier, the breathing ragged, the

begging incoherent. Garai felt it too, the hopelessness, the knowledge that his burning legs and heaving lungs would soon give in to fatigue. That he would miss his chance as he fell to the ground to watch her vanish in the distance. How would he be able to live with that? To see her slip away? Did she know that he was about to collapse? Couldn't she just give him a chance, a tiny chance? He would have asked her, shouted out, but he was out of breath, incapable of speech. He just staggered on miserable and drenched in sweat.

Ahead, an old dirt road crossed the landscape on a ridge of packed gravel. On the road stood a peculiar heavy flatbed truck. The flatbed was caged in by a heavy wire mesh of rusty steel bars. The back of this cage stood open, and a wooden folding stair led up to this open door. The Girl ran towards the truck, and into the cage. Garai's heart sang with joy: this was it! He had made it! He sprang up the steps even as a folding grid of metal slammed down from the ceiling isolating the Running Girl in the third front of the truck body. There was a wooden crate propped up against the drivers cabin and the girl calmly sat down on it, facing the door of the cage. Her legs were casually spread as she began to wriggle her way out of the ropes. Garai stared at the hairless place between her legs. It was everything he had imagined and more. The metal grid had large holes in it, holes large enough to put a single arm through. Garai stuck his hand through, reaching for her. He felt he could almost make it. She had snuggled out of the ropes now to reveal small tanned perky breasts, breathtakingly fresh and inviting. She leaned sideways and picked something up from the floor. Garai was pressing his cheek against the metal grid in order to get his hands as close to her as possible. He felt the weight of a body on top of him, as Bobo scrambled over him to try the same, then a sharp pain in his calf as Rufaro thoughtlessly planted a knee on him in her effort to push her way to the grid, to push her way to the Running Girl. Soon, the wagon was shaking with sweaty desperate bodies tumbling around, trying to get to the front of the cage. Because he had been first in, he was now the low man getting trampled. Momentarily distracted from the Girl by his plight, Garai suddenly felt the cold click of metal around his wrist; the Girl had picked up a pair of handcuffs and put them on him. Because he had his arms through different holes in the mesh, he could not get free. As he fought to get out from under the press of men and women, the Running Girl proceeded to handcuff all the outreached arms. Soon they were all trapped, and the Girl sat back on her crate. Again she reached down to her side, this time finding a water bottle. She unscrewed the cap and formed her delicate lips softly around the tip of the bottle and, her face in profile, drank the sweet water from the bottle. A tiny drop ran down her chin. At the back of the truck the cage door was slammed shut, and the wooden stair swung up with a clang. Then the diesel engine of the truck started up. The Running Girl put down the bottle. Her expression relaxed and indifferent, she rested her arms on her legs. She spread her legs wide. Garai stared wide-eyed as the truck lurched into motion and drove off.

The End

Part 3

Afterword by the Author

The idea of this story has been haunting me for quite a while. There were many reasons not write it, though. The female lead is a complete cipher, something I rarely like. The story is too short to demand any kind of money for. The interracial and exploitation of third world labour aspects carries a sting.

But then it struck me; there are many reasons not to follow the Running Girl. Yet here we are.

Part 4 Free Samples

Needles

A short story by August Renfelt

When a rich wife discovers the true face of her husband, desperation will force her to turn to the sinister Vipada Lee for help. Now, with the clock ticking and hundreds of millions at stake, Vipada Lee must use acupuncture, brainwashing and orgasm control to break the husband... a resourceful man used to having his way with women... and the world.

Motivation Treatment

Ray awoke when a sharp smell hit his nostrils. Vipada had held something there, a vial of some sort. Now she casually threw it in the dustbin by the desk. Time must have passed, for she had changed her clothes. Gone was the Armani business suit, now replaced with a tight black dress. It had long sleeves, a high neck, and it ended high on her deep gold nyloned thighs. Her body so clearly visible under fabric was stocky but shapely and obviously very fit. Belatedly Ray realized that she watched him watch her; that she was letting him watch her.

He tried to get up. It proved impossible. The pain behind the ear was gone and with it his dizziness. But now he simply could not move. He still lay on the black leather surface of the bench. He was in a recovery position: sideways with one leg before the other, right hand under left cheek.

The only thing he could move was his head. He looked down his body to see what was wrong, but nothing restrained him, and he could see no reason why he could not move or get up. He could, however, see his dick hang out of his pants, fully erect. And he could clearly see three acupuncture needles protrude from the base of his cock.

“What!?” Ray shouted.

“Mr. Parker.”

She said. Her voice was very deep and commanding.

“**Look at me.**”

He looked at her. Her dark eyes looked straight back with an intense stare.

“**You are about to become Motivated.**”

In her right hand she held a red pincushion covered with acupuncture needles, in her left hand she held an enormous clothing scissor.

She walked to him with determination, and set down the pincushion right next to his exposed cock. He felt his eyes bulge in disbelief as he saw her carefully stick a needle into his scrotum. It did not hurt, but he felt a slight annoyance in his left testicle. She stuck another needle into his nutsack, and the annoyance began in his right testicle as well.

“**This is what you want,**” she said fixing him with her stare.

“**To be part of team Vipada.**”

She took the big scissor to his trouser leg and deftly cut open his 1200 dollar pants along the seam.

“Hey! What do you think you are doing!?”

She took out another needle and inserted it in his jaw muscle. His jaw went slack, and his mouth fell open. There was no pain, but he could no longer speak coherently.

“You need **motivation**.”

He struggled in vain to get his mouth to work. Drops of spittle pooled under his cheek. Vipada went back to cutting his clothes up: pants, underpants, jacket, shirt: all was turned to large shreds and dumped in the wastebasket. Soon he was completely naked. Vipada placed a hand on his buttock and squeezed.

“You are getting **ready**. You **like** it.”

Then she moved down to stand by his knees. She picked up several needles and began inserting them painlessly in his kneecaps. Ray stared wildly around the room. This can't be happening, he thought, it makes no sense. He felt her hand around his cock, rubbing it.

“Stay with me, **baby**.”

He closed his eyes. *Not happening. I'm on some sort of acid trip...*

“Right **here**, baby!”

He felt one of the needles leave his cock, and then a rushing feeling: her hand was about to make him come. Reluctantly, he opened his eyes to look at her. She stood working his penis with her left hand. In her right she held out a double length acupuncture needle for him to inspect. He watched in horror as she reached for his naked chest with the needle. She felt an area between two of his ribs and slit it in, just a little. She left it hanging there and went back to his cock. She reinserted the third needle at the base of his cock, and he felt his orgasm begin to recede. Then she reached up and pushed the needle into his chest. With revulsion he felt it sliding deep in to him.

“So **exciting**. You **love** it.”

His heart start to hammer, to pound out of control.

Then Vipada pushed the bench. It rolled on little wheels out through a backdoor in the office and into a dark room.

Impregnator

A science fiction short story by August Renfelt

Robert Hague has to make his way to Earth Colony One. On an Alien transfer station he meets a friendly seeming creature who would like to... help him.

The Eggs

When he woke up he felt like he had slept too much and too little at the same time. With no way of telling the time, both might be true. His mouth and throat was dry. Trying to sit up on the bed he felt dizzy and heavy. Very heavy. He looked down and screamed. His belly was swollen to enormous size, firm and bloated like a beach ball pumped to the max. Sitting there on the edge of the bed he started to pull at his hair with both hands. His breath came out in irregular sobs. He could not look away from the thing that had happened to him.

Lizzie woke up beside him.

“Robbie, Robbie-baby, it's okay.”

“Don't call me that!” He shrieked.

She sat up behind him, a leg on each side of him. With one hand she reached around his throat to hold his opposite shoulder, with the other she began to caress his bloated belly, massaging it.

“There, there.” Absurdly, he felt his panic dissipate. By rights he should be screaming himself hoarse, but he felt himself calming down.

“There, there.” The caressing, massaging hand on his belly worked its magic. He tried speeding up his breathing, but he just couldn’t. It was like he couldn’t control his own emotions.

Lizzie kissed away a tear from his cheek, “I’m here. I’m here with you,” she whispered in his ear.

“Oh god” was all he could manage, as his head leaned back to rest on her strong shoulder.

“You must be famished,” Lizzie declared. “A bowl of maternal gruel, double size,” she said out into the room. One of the small metal table plates in the room started to move. It slipped into a slit in the wall, and a moment later it came back out of a small door with a huge, steaming pile of off-white gruel. A large spoon was stuck in the warm food. Lizzie let go of his belly, grabbed a spoonful and moved it to his mouth.

“Open up.” He did. Spoonful after big spoonful of warm, thick stuff went into his mouth. He tried to protest, but Lizzie kept his mouth full until the bowl was empty. All the warm food made him sweat all over. He felt it bubble inside him, and he couldn’t help but belch. Loudly.

“That’s that taken care of,” Lizzie said behind him as she reached around for the pillows. She build them up behind them, and pulled him back, so he lay semi-reclined and on top of her. Once again her hand slid over his belly, but this time it went all the way down and found his cock. She held it gently. Ever so gently. He responded. He responded to her irresistible fondling. He felt far too faint for sex, but this was nice. He just needed a moment of calm, and then he could collect himself...

“Oh god.” He was rock hard now. She kept working his throbbing member. He just needed a moment... to figure out...

“OH GOD!” Lizzie had all the time in the world, but his time was up. With a powerful shudder he came, the orgasm sending spasm after spasm though his sweat covered, ravaged body.

His head was heavy as lead. Just for a moment, he closed his eyes...

Part 5

About the Author

August Renfelt is the pen name of an anonymous civil servant in northern Europe.

Why anonymous you ask? Well. One day sexual alignments, such as a love for fem-dom erotica, will be accepted by the public at large without rude comments, uncomprehending stares, and concerned suggestions about “getting help”. One day a man’s personal life will not be used to damage himself and his employer in order to cloud the actual issues or gain advantage. One day... one day we will have flying cars powered by safe nuclear reactors, and we will fly them across the sky in our spandex jackets.

When pressed August Renfelt confesses that he looks forward to the thing about the flying cars way more than the thing about total acceptance of humanity’s differences. Because all this secret identity stuff makes him feel kind of like Batman, and a flying car would go well with that.

As an Author, Renfelt writes about unconventional female domination, that is to say other sides of female domination than "a guy and a leather-clad woman have fun in a dungeon, the end." Not that there is *anything* wrong with that. It just seems a tad safe for stories that are supposed to be a little frightening. So enter femme fatales, seductive gold diggers, sinister aliens, and soul-devouring snake goddesses. And enter guys who are not just waiting to meet a nice dominatrix and get a spanking. To get some conflict going, a bit of tension, maybe some doubt as to where the story will end.

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