

DUGS

"Upon my soul", the Duc observed, "I find the conclusion of that man's operation very reasonable indeed, and I too have never been able to believe that teats were intended for anything but bum-wipes."

"One may be certain", said Curval, who at the moment was rather brutally handling those belonging to the sweet and tender Aline, "one may be certain indeed that a tit is a very infamous object. I never catch sight of one without being plunged straightway into a rage. Upon seeing these things I experience a certain disgust, a certain repugnance assails me ...only a cunt has a worse and more decided effect upon me."

D.A.F. de Sade, '120 Days of Sodom'

beverly washington age 19 was a prostitute. Now she is nothing but a short, fat black slut who sits on a stool at Chicago's criminal court building trying to elicit sympathy from a jury of bored, middle-aged insects. she is the main witness in the people's trial against Robin Gecht. Gecht, who is charged with mutilating young beverly-for-sale's dugs, sits across from her, staring acerbically.

Wearing large breasts of silicone gel in a white flowered print and stereotypical black's dress, beverly speaks in a sick, broken and slurred mumble. she cries as she recalls her poor little life's story of pain and degradation. How she was forced into a life of street whoring and diseased cock sucking by the man she loved. And how her lover-cum-pimp conned his way into her naive young heart with promises of love, marriage and forever-togetherness. The insects lower their heads at such obvious pain, while a few court observers twitch excitedly, though careful to check their elation as bev sobs between the words that convey her many agonies.

beverly met Richard Marks when she was just a young thing going to school and living at home with her parents. Marks confided to bev his dreams of building a lovely home with her, of raising wonderful children, and no doubt, of

growing fantastically old and forever collecting welfare together. But, he lamented, in order to live a life of bliss in today's miserable white world, niggers needs money; and the best and easiest way for him to get it would be for little darling beverly to sell her little darling fuck-hole. So, her mind dancing with phantasms of sunshine, flowers and endless food stamps, bev dropped out of school and moved out of her family's home into the street. There, she filled her mouth and gaping cunt with hairy cocks to earn the money they needs for their assured bright future. Sadly, most of her clients were probably unaware of the slut's honest, virtuous ideals as she swallowed their cum and licked their balls. They were also unaware of her young age because at 19, plopped there on the witness stand, beverly already looked old, used and worn out. Like an old worn out black shoe, she was a young, stepped on fucked cunt. her pimp was clearly an accomplished manipulator who completely understood the magnificence and marketability a ploy such as love holds and exploited it to the utmost.

But, as incredibly enjoyable as bev's torrid past was, the court was soon to see that it was but a mere tease for the main event yet to come. The black harmed innocent turned her attention to one particular night when it was her grave misfortune to meet Mr. Robin Gecht, a good looking white man from Chicago. Robin drove up to bev's street corner and offered her more money than she had asked for. The impressed money-hungry slattern climbed in the red Dodge van and off they drove. bev, being an ignorant female made more stupid by her blackness, assumed Robin was being careful to avoid cops and kept her reservations about leaving her area to herself. Arriving at a dark car-park near Chicago's lake front, Robin instructed the whore to get in the back of the van where she could comfortably suck his dick. bev lumbered between the front swivel seats and kneeled down on the carpeted floor in the back. she turned and faced Robin, who had climbed in behind her, and waited for him to stick his cock into her gaping thick-lipped whore's mouth. But instead, Robin produced a gun and a large butcher's knife and commanded



Tribune photo by Frank Hanes

Robin Gecht, on trial for stabbing a prostitute, waits in a squad car Thursday as jurors look over his van at a police auto pound.

her to remove her clothes. Frightened and obedient, bev quickly undid her blouse buttons, exposing her large brown breasts and wide blackish nipples. she stripped off the rest of her garish street shit clothes and trembled naked, awaiting her uncertain fate. Robin bent down and began to visciuously manhandle her big dugs. Squeezing and tugging at them like tough breadloafs, Robin grabbed their full weight with his hot excited hands. Digging his nails into the taut brown flesh and pinching her big rubbery nipples. He pulled out a long rubber rope and lasciviously tied the slut's large tits around and together. bev started to cry. Robin, not wanting to hear her female noize, told her he only wanted to make her saggy tits harder and look bigger and beverly stupidly quieted down. The incorrigible libertine then handcuffed her hands behind her back and cuffed her ankles together to a wooden pole erected at the side of the van. bev began to bawl again, her thick breasts

brutally bonded and turning red from the furious beating and tight ropes. Robin forced a handful of blue pills into her mouth and splashed coke down her throat to make her swallow. He told the miserable bitch to quiet down, that the pills were only to make her horny. Robin knew that bev would build up typical naive hopes and he enjoyed watching her despair as he tore each one down in slow succession. Unfastening his pants, Robin liberated his large erect penis and slammed it violently into bev's pleading mouth. He rammed it in all the way till it hit the back of her throat. bev remembered it made her want to vomit. His balls hit her nigger chin and he pumped her head back and forth, his hands squeezing her black, wiry haired temples. bev choked, spattered and gagged, tears of pain falling down her flat nose and washing Robin's throbbing hot tool. Robin fucked her fat face for nearly ten minutes. He pulled his still hard dick out of her mouth and pushed the cheap cunt down against the pole so she was lying flat. her hands cut against the shackles. Pouncing on top of her, Robin grabbed his cock and wrenched it between her fat black thighs. His spit and tear soaked hard on entered her slimy black afro-cunt and he began to pump. This act was truly a mirror of Robin's bravery, as judging from her state in the witness box, beverly could have had quite a few diseases swimming around in her fuck-hole. He slammed her ugly female wound for another ten minutes, pushing against her naked quivering flesh, with her abused tied teats pressing against his chest. Finally overcome by the pain, fright and the pills, the whimpering little bag of sweaty meat and grease passed out. Robin's libertine prick still hammering her withered hole (IN-OUT, IN-OUT), using her still body as his tool and plaything. beverly remembered nothing further.

The next morning the fucked slut was found by a garbage picker who heard her moaning. Sprawled behind a metal factory in the dirt, bev was naked, covered in blood and barely conscious. her dugs had been deliciously and brutally mutilated. The left tit had been completely cut off, leaving deep cuts that criss-crossed her chest.

Police investigate tips of Manson-kill

Blood was caked thick in the wounds and her entire body was awash in the slick red liquid. Her other heavy tit was mangled, left hanging from her torso by some thin layers of stretched and bloody skin. The blood had stopped gushing from her wounds and had formed thick, wide pools that mixed with the gravel and dirt surrounding her body. she looked like a fat dark red worm bathing in it's own excrement. The paramedic who treated her scars later testified that he had to clean alot of street debris out of the cuts and gashes and this is fittingly appropriate. Appropriate too, is the fact that a garbage picker found her -found like the rest of the garbage, flung in dirt just like the shit she and her entire race and gender is.



Robin Gecht

NEXT ISSUE: More on Gecht. Details from his second trial, including the testimony of a sixteen year-old slag that says Robin forced her to slice into her own little tits! Also news from Edward Spreitzer's murder/mutilation trials.