

THE KEEPER

Geoff Merrick



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THE KEEPER

a Geoffrey Merrick novel

CHAPTER ONE

Parking near the back corner of the lot was a mistake. Going back to the car alone after the dance class was one also. Staying late was the last. She was pulling on the bulky pink jacket over the leotard top, having already pulled on the dark miniskirt over the spangly flesh-colored leggings. Her three-inch dark red high heels clack-clack-clacked on the parking lot asphalt, accompanying the jingle of her coins and keys as she rooted around her small purse.

She leaned down and put the car key in the door lock, her long, flaming red hair covering the sides of her face ... blocking her view of him.

He came up fast and silent behind her. He grabbed her right wrist as he brought the thick, wet pad, around her head and over her face.

He did it perfectly. He had practiced hundreds of times in the last few weeks. Although his heart was thumping in his chest he still did it as well as he could hope.

The initial grip was tight; and then, yank back with his left hand, and twist back with his right.

His back hit the wall of the community center, hauling her into the shadow around the corner from the intersecting streets. All he could see was the front of her car and the far left corner of the lot. Otherwise there was only shrubbery and walls around.

He felt her writhe in his grip. He felt her back rub his chest. He felt her perfect, small, round, hard ass cheeks rub his groin. He felt himself getting hard.

He felt her surge in his grip, fighting the hold he had on her. But with her right arm twisted almost all the way up between her shoulder blades, she couldn't get much balance. He felt her scream into the pad as much as heard her. The thick cloth covered and closed her mouth. He felt it vibrate as she screamed and screamed and screamed in pain, shock, and fear.

He didn't see her expression because the pad covered it. It blinded and gagged her. It gripped her as much as he did. The aromatic, clinging odor seared to her face and coated the inside of her nostrils, mouth and throat. Already he felt her weakening. Already he felt her tight muscles start to slacken. Already he felt her long, slim, shapely legs, slow her kicks. The clacks of her shoes on the gravel around the buildings grew quieter and quieter.

He felt her sag. He immediately released her arm and wrapped his arm around her waist, still holding the pad over her face.

Only then did he stop looking for possible witnesses, and hazarded a glance at her.

Her legs were together, her knees bending. Her high heel shoes were together. She nodded, her left breast peeking out from her coat, her deep, u-necked light



blue-green eyes under the closed, relaxed lids. He reached over and placed his hand over her covered right breast. He squeezed.

The tit, like the rest of her, was perfect. It filled his hand as if designed to, and gave just enough, the nipple tickling his palm through the span-dex. His hand darted away as she groaned in her drugged sleep. He slipped his fingers over his mouth and tightened them slightly. Her mouth was warm, and wet.

He pulled into the empty parking lot behind a nearby school. He pushed her upright by her shoulder and practically leaped out of the car. He ran back, opened the hatch, and dove in. He grabbed her arm, pulled her between the seats, then hauled her into the rear cargo section. She was as light as he suspected. She couldn't have been over 110 pounds.

He yanked her pink jacket off, threw it back into the front seat, then pulled her legs around so her head rested near the chair backs. He finally stopped to stare down at his kidnap victim.

He found he wasn't breathing. It was no wonder. Her face was sweet and serenely beautiful, as only an nineteen year old's can be. Her breasts

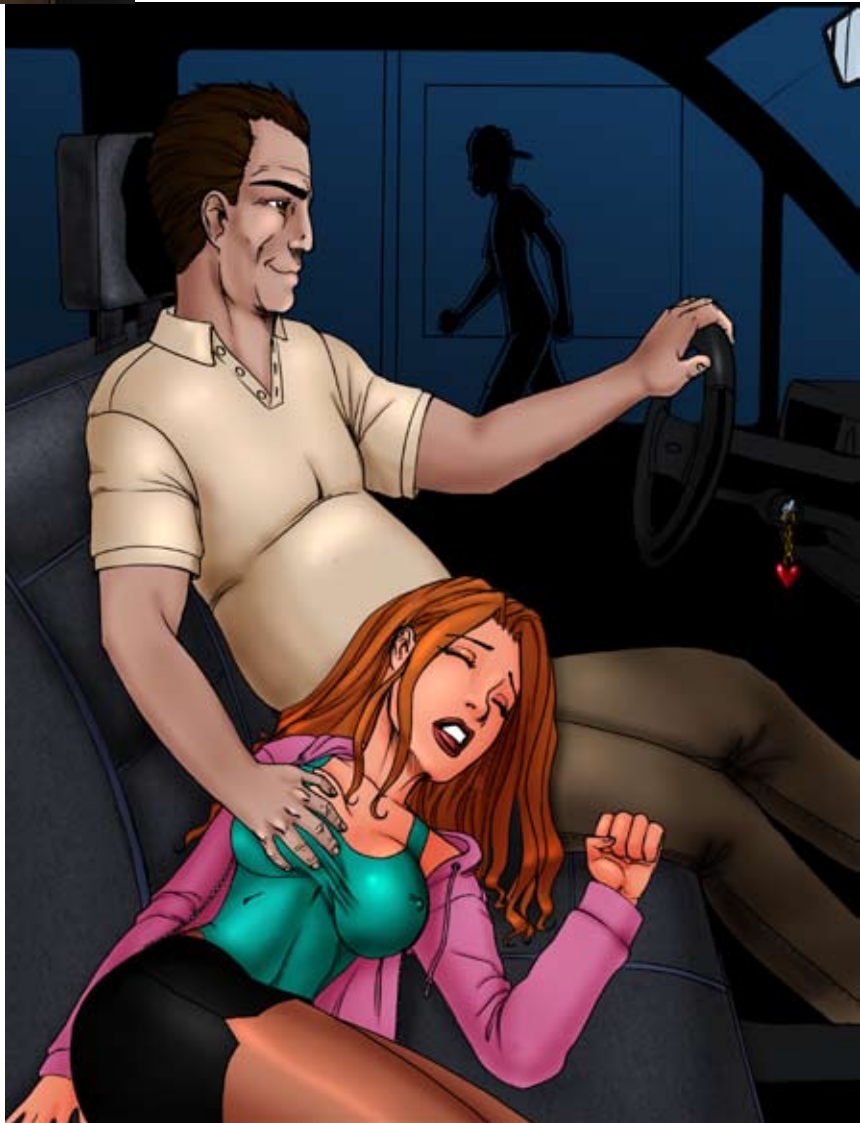
aqua leotard looking painted on. He could see the rounded top of her orb, and the way the span-dex adhered to the rest of it. He could practically see the little round pink circle of her aureole just beneath the material. He could see her hardened nipple poking through like a nub.

He quickly put the pad in his jacket pocket and reached forward to where the key was still in the door lock. He got the door all the way open, lifted her inside, and climbed in after her.

She was a small girl, hardly five foot, four inches tall. Getting her into the passenger's seat was hardly a problem. Her tight high heels didn't even pop off. She drove a Honda station wagon, so there was plenty of interior room. He sat her down, then pulled her head onto his lap. He started the car, pulled out and drove off down the street.

No one else came out of the community center until he had turned the corner onto a suburban street. No one saw him. He kept driving with one hand on the wheel. The other he laid on her flaming red hair. He pushed her head tighter against his hard-on. He imagined her slack, soft, red lips against his pants. He imagined the big

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had spread, making two perfect orbs high on her chest. Her shape was amazing, as her small waist swooped down into perfect hips and legs. The miniskirt stopped amid the top of her thighs. He wanted to go down on her then.

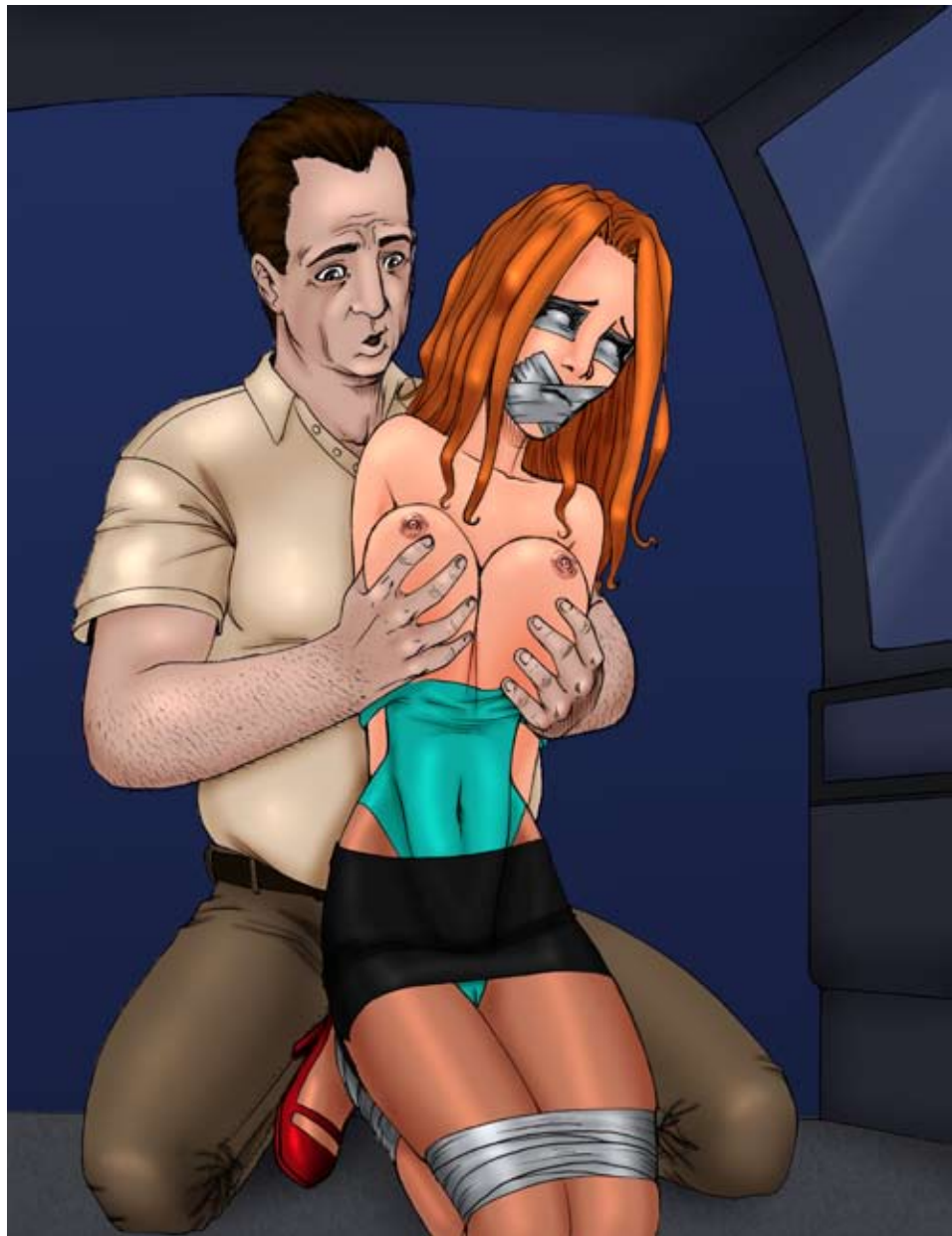
But she stirred and muttered, so he grabbed for the roll of thick, sticky, dark gray industrial tape in his pocket. He crossed her ankles and, without taking off her shoes, tightly wrapped them. He bent her knees, and wrapped her lower thighs. He took a moment to run his hands under her skirt and over her hips and rear. Then he turned her over. He crossed her wrists behind her, then wrapped them vertically and horizontally, as tight as he could.

He turned her back over again. Her eyelids started to flutter. He quickly reached into his other pocket and pulled out the cotton balls. He placed them against her eyelids, then ripped off two squares of the tape to keep them there. She nodded, seemingly trying to knock the blinders off instinctively. Then her mouth started to open and close slightly. He could hear her gasp. The fast acting drug was already wearing off. That was fine: it had already done its work.

Finally he reached into his pocket and pulled out the big, stuffed, almost rectangular pincushion he had bought from the local sewing center. It had rounded edges and was stitched closed. He pushed it against her lips and teeth. He used his other hand to open her jaw. He stuffed it into her mouth until it was pushing down her tongue, blocking entry to her throat and filling her cheeks. Then, careful to push her fiery hair out of the way, he adhered strips of the tape over her mouth in an X and across.

Melissa bucked, as if waking from a nightmare. He backed up, giving her plenty of room. She sat up, and remained perfectly still, as if trying to see through the blindfold. Then she tried to talk. He heard a little, muffled, mumble. Then she cried out, moving her shoulders, and bending slightly at the waist. She tried to pull her hands forward. She tried to separate her legs. Then she screamed. She screamed and screamed and screamed, contorting for all she was worth.

He went behind her on his knees, grabbed either side of her leotard's neckline, and pulled down. The cloth



slid off her chest like a waterfall. The neckline pulled at her nipples and jiggled her breasts. He filled his hands with them, and squeezed. He put one into each of his palms, and twisted. He held her to him, and pulled.

She screamed and screamed and screamed and screamed, her head going back onto her shoulder, sweat covering her brow.

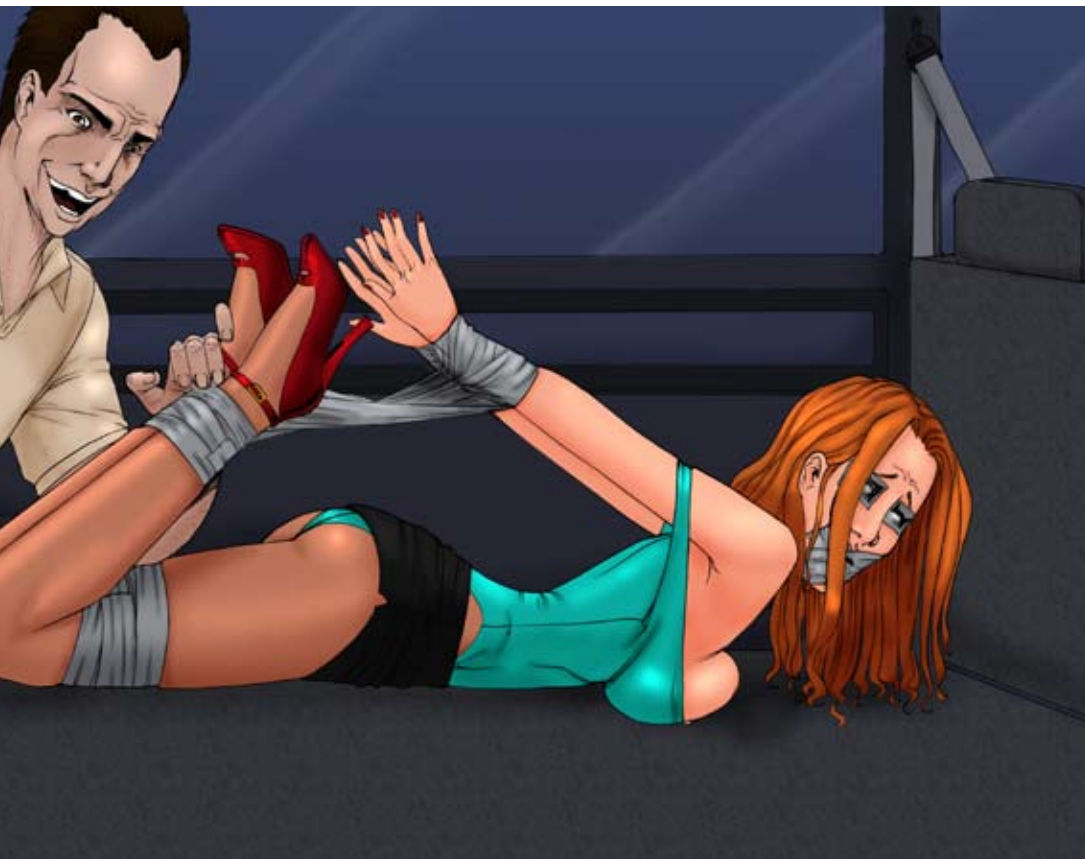
All he heard was a long “aaaaaaah.” He heard a long “mmmmph.” He reached over her shoulder, grabbing the hem of her skirt, and yanking it up over her crotch. He grabbed at her cunt, but it was double layered. She screamed some more, kicking and bucking. It sounded as if she were shrieking through a mile long pillow.

He suddenly let go and moved away. She fell back, her scream becoming a surprised screech. He was on her as soon as her back hit the car floor. He dragged her leotard top up just high enough so it cut across her

tits and nipples.

“Go ahead,” he said, holding her down by the shoulders. “Scream. Scream all you want.”

Then he dragged her up, pushed her down on her stomach, and pulled up her ankles. He wrapped some more tape around them, keeping them tight against her thighs with his body. Then he attached the ankles to her wrists with more tape.



“There’s a good girl,” he said, leaning down and putting his mouth next to her right ear. “Scream.” He nipped at her ear. She screamed. “Kick.” He put his tongue in it. She turned her head away quickly, gasping. “Fight.” He grabbed a handful of hair and slobbered over her neck.

Before she could react, he threw her head down, and scrambled behind the wheel again. He started the car and drove out of the schoolyard parking lot. She cried, pulled on her bondage, and twisted from one side to the other. He heard her try to kick. He saw her fingers reaching, and her arms twisted, in the rear view mirror.

He noted her mid-length, red-painted finger nails with satisfaction. He imagined their light touch on his cock as he drove. He pulled into the driveway of his mother’s house. He let the car roll all the way down to the garage, then he pulled onto the grass, so the passenger seat was close to the basement door. He quickly turned off the engine, hopped out, closed the

driver’s door, opened the cellar door, and went back to the passenger side.

With one knee on the passenger seat, he reached back and grabbed the girl around the shins. She screamed and fought, but there wasn’t much she could do. The ease with which he got her kneeling on the seat surprised even her.

Then he cut loose the hogtie, slit the ankle and knee bonds. He grabbed her by both arms and dragged her out of the car.

For a moment she stood there, wordless, breathing deeply out of her nose -- the only thing on her face that wasn’t taped shut. She inhaled and exhaled deeply, her head down, her chest swelling. At that moment, he directed her over to the cellar door. With a push she was inside. She could feel the warmth. She called out in an agonized question. Then the door was shut behind her.

She was gone.

He grabbed her in a bear hug and carried her down the five steps to the basement. All

had been made ready for her stay. The windows were painted black. Just to be on the safe side, they were also nailed and boarded shut.

Small rugs were hung over them, in addition. The furnace was in the middle of the room, but all around it was her new furniture.

The mattress was in the left corner. The basic, jail-cell-type toilet was along the left wall. The four rings were set in the far wall. The chair was bolted down in the right corner. The big, square, block of wood was in the middle of the right hand part of the section, just beneath the empty, unused iron pipes running just under the eight and half foot tall ceiling. And the bolted down pole was in the shadow of the staircase, just under the door to the kitchen.

He pushed her down onto the mattress. She screamed again, her legs scissoring for balance. Then she put them tightly together, curling them up. He was on her, pushing down her shoulders. The leotard top had slipped to cut across the bottom of her round tits, and



he took a nipple in his mouth, sucking.

She screamed, and writhed and kicked, trying to get a knee under him, but he kept holding her down; licking and sucking her tits. As she started gasping and crying, he grabbed both moistened orbs and ground his palms on them. Her head went back, all the veins on her neck stood out, and she howled in agony. He ignored it, sliding his body across hers and forcing his hips between her legs.

She was young, tight, and strong, but he was much bigger and heavier. She moaned and writhed, but he lay on top of her, his legs between hers. His hands were everywhere: in her hair, over her sealed mouth, across her neck, on her tits, feeling her sides, her hips, her ass, her thighs. Then he was yanking up her miniskirt. Then he was scratching at her cunt, and pushing his thumb against her covered, lower lips.

She started pounding her head on the mattress. He laughed.

“Go ahead. You can’t hurt yourself.” He took her right nipple between thumb and forefinger. “Only I can do that.” He pinched it hard.

She screamed again, her body taut, and stretched as far as she could.

He pushed her down, his hands in her hair, holding her head down. “That’s all right,” he whispered. “That’s all right. Fight as much as you want. Scream as much as you want. No one will hear you except me.” He pressed down on her with his body, feeling every curve. “And I want you to scream.”

Melissa scraped her mouth against the rough wooden bottom of the staircase for the tenth time. Again the coarse wood scratched her face and pulled at the tape adhered across her lips. The cotton balls inside the tape squares over her eyes were soaked with tears. She felt her black, spandex miniskirt adhered across her rump and thighs as if it was another part of her bondage.

At least she felt that. Her hands were as good as gone. She could hardly move them anymore. They just hung limply on the other side of the tightly wrapped tape.

She could still feel her legs, but that didn’t do any good. Her ankles were taped to her wrists again, only this time her thighs were taped together, keeping her legs bent tight. She lay on her stomach, the grit of the dirty floor grinding against her flesh.

Her leotard couldn’t protect her. It was hardly there any more. He had cut the lower part off. He had started by pulling the band which covered her crotch, and cutting that in two with scissors. To get the tail that made out of the way, he pinched a section at her waist and started cutting around her torso until she was left with a spandex T-shirt which adhered to her tits, but left her midriff exposed.

Then he pinched at her flesh-colored tights, which now looked like second-skin pants. He took a piece between her legs between his thumb and forefinger, knife at the ready.

She had heard the slit at the stitching. She felt the cellar’s warm air across her cunt. It started getting wet immediately, against her horrified will. Then his



her cunt lips. Then, with a strong, smooth surge, he had inserted the full length of his hard shaft inside her.

Melissa started screaming. She started trying to sit up. She tried to close her legs or kick. Soon she was crying, with great wracking sobs, as he just kept surging inside her. He held her head, or her shoulders, or took great fistfuls of her wonderful red hair as ballast. His chest squashed her tits, whose nipples had receded deep into the mounds.

Soon all she could do was gasp as he repeatedly pushed. She felt his cock getting bigger and bigger, and warmer and warmer. She felt it vibrating inside her. She pulled and wrenched at her arms, but the tape held. She tried to sit up or wriggle away, but it was no good.

She was sealed inside herself, having to endure the rape without sight or voice.

Explosions went off behind her forehead. Flashbulbs went off behind her eyelids. Her loins broiled. All her muscles tightened to the snapping point. Sweat covered her face and chest. The smell of sex was almost overwhelming as her blood roared in her ears.

thumb was there, digging.

She could do something about it, but none of it was effective. She screamed, but no one heard. She writhed, but she couldn't hit him. Her arms were still behind her, her wrists crossed, sandwiched between the thick mattress and her slim, strong torso. She tried to kick, but her legs were tied down to rings bolted into the concrete floor, set at each corner of the mattress.

He had laid on top of her again, sandwiching her further. He had placed the crown of his penis against her beaver, its head settling between



Her back arched and her fingers splayed as he sank all the way in for the hundredth time. Only this time he stayed there. Only this time he held her aloft by prick alone. Only this time he came.

She screamed one long, horrible scream of violation into the thick packing and sticky, heavy plastic gag. The top of her head scraped the mattress, her long red hair flaming out like sunbeams. Then she collapsed.

He lay there, still inside her, as her cunt instinctively lapped up the gooey cum.

He leaned on one elbow, absentmindedly fondling her right tit. “You don’t know how long I waited to do that,” he said quietly as she started crying again, her

behind the motel. With binoculars. I watched you every night.” He smiled, tickling her nipple. “Thanks for keeping the shade up slightly.” She gasped, still for a second, then started sobbing again.

“I watched you undress for bed every night,” he said. I watched you get dressed every morning.” He grabbed her head and started slobbering her ear.

“I saw you take off your sweaters, shirts, and even your bra. I saw you pull off your pantyhose and panties. I saw you dress up. I saw you go out.

I saw you put on your nighties and teddies. I saw you going to bed in just a T-shirt. I imagined then what it would be like to fuck you.”



head nodding. “I’ve been watching you for weeks. Months. I saw you come out of that health food store. I followed you. I found out where you lived. I was lying behind that little mound of grass across the street,

He held her head back with one handful of hair and started suckling her throat. “It was just as good as I imagined,” he whispered. “So tight, so warm, so wet, so red.” He leaned up, still holding her



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hair. “And no ‘you’re not doing this right, you’re not doing that right, that hurts, I don’t feel anything’ shit either. No,” he said, leaning down over her face.

“You just have to lie there and take it, don’t you? Perfect, huh? Probably the best sex you ever had ... bitch.”

He threw her head down, letting it sink into the mattress. Finally he pulled his dick out of her and quickly set to work making sure she wouldn’t go anywhere, and wouldn’t tell anyone what had happened.

He had put her skirt back on, after he had pulled her tights off. It just covered her ass and cunt, as the cut leotard just covered her aching tits. He also taped her shoes on, so any crawling would be difficult, and any getting to her feet would be impossible. The only thing he didn’t do was tie her to a bolted ring in the floor. Instead, he gave her the freedom of the cellar, and left with a “that ought to hold you.”



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It did. Pull and twist as she might, Melissa couldn't get loose. She could move around, but only an eighth of an inch at a time, and with great effort -- which wasn't aided by the blockage in her mouth, cutting off half her air. Even so, she managed to find the wall in just an hour or two, and spent the rest of her time trying to scrape off her blindfold and gag.

Her shapely little body was still covered in sweat, making the naked flesh of her arms, waist, and legs shine. Perspiration had also filtered into her red mane, but that only made it shine as well. Melissa grunted and moaned as her limbs rubbed against each other with every effort. She felt his fetid semen inside her every time her thighs moved.

She screamed again in torment and frustration, but nothing came of it. She lay still for a moment, her head down, then started rubbing it against the wall under the stairway again.

It may have been the thousandth time that the edge of the tape finally gripped the wall. Melissa was stunned into stillness. Then she tried again. The grit rubbed her skin, but then the tape held again. She moved her head back, and she felt the tape pulling off her cheek. She was too excited, and too weak, so she pulled her head too far back, and the tape snapped off the wall.

She tried again, but the exposed tape was too covered with grit to stick. Even so, she felt the gag give when she moved her mouth. She started chewing the pincushion furiously and tried wedging it out from beneath her teeth.

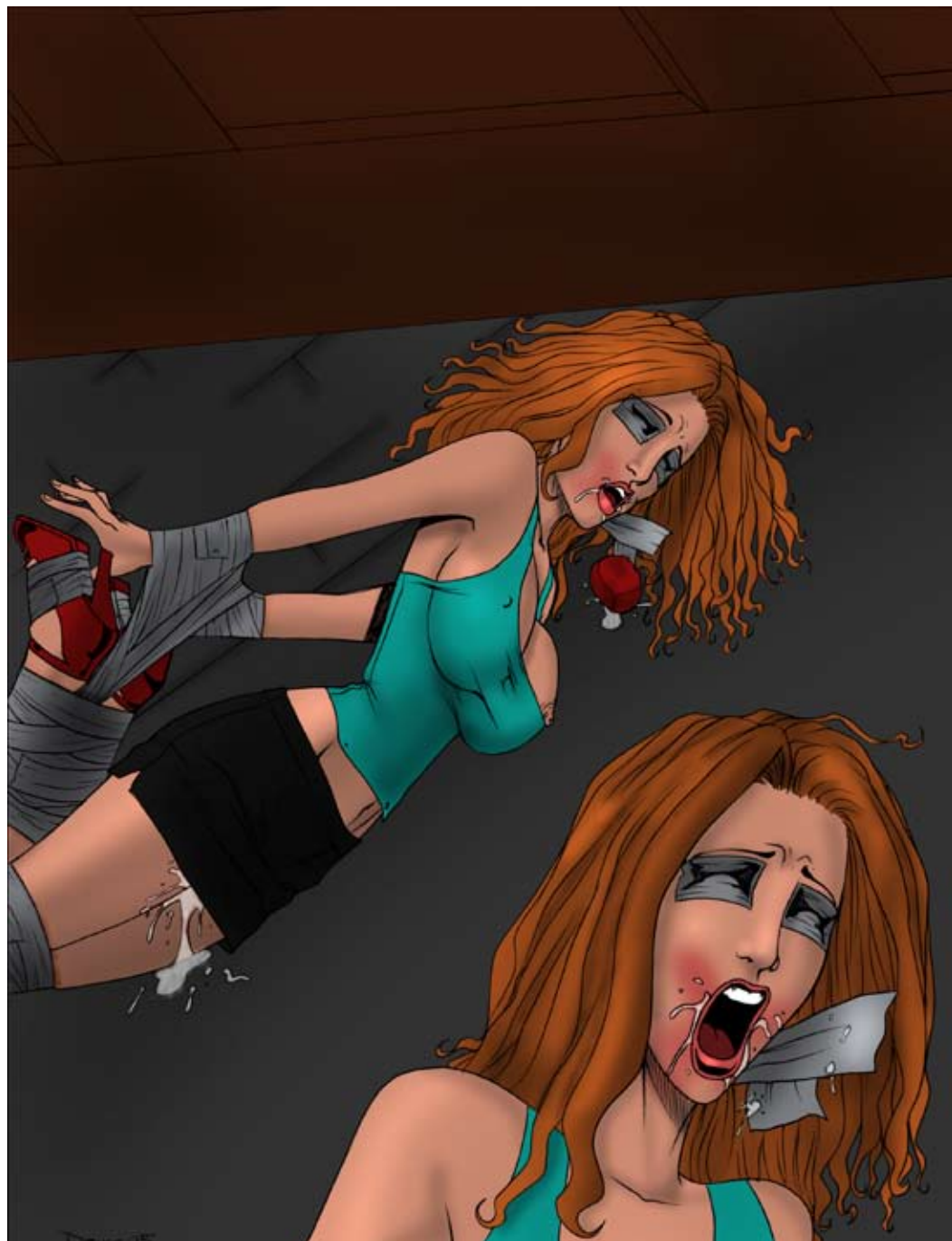
Hours later, it started to work. Melissa kept scraping her face against the wall, and chewing, and pushing with her tongue. The more she did it, the more energy she got, remembering he could come back at any moment. But he didn't come back, and she kept chewing and pushing and scraping until the tape was a quarter off her lips, and the pincushion was halfway out of her mouth.

Choking on excitement, Melissa rolled onto her side, the back of her head and her heels on the wall, shaking her head furiously, and pushing with her tongue. She felt the padding give. She felt it coming out of her mouth like a big, thick, wet, turd. It caught on the tape at the last seconds but with a huge effort, Melissa spit it out of her mouth.

The gag held on, hanging and pinioning one third of her lips, but she gasped, and sucked in breath.

"Help," she called in a little girl voice. Then stronger and louder. "Help! Help! Someone help me, please! Helllp!!"

Melissa kept screaming until she heard footsteps. It seemed like a full minute of solid screaming. Then her words froze in her throat for a split second as the fear it might be him covered her. But then she heard



a door open and a voice say, "Who is it?"

Melissa almost fainted in relief. It was a woman's voice. "It's me," Melissa said. "I'm down here. I'm tied up. Someone ... kidnapped me. Help, please!"

She heard more footsteps, heavy ones, and the woman say "oh my god." Then the woman was standing over her. Melissa could tell by the proximity of her voice. "Are you all right?"

Melissa ignored the question. "Untie me,, please!" she begged.

"Of course, of course," said the woman,, and then Melissa felt her strong, fat fingers tearing at the tape around her ankles.

"My hands...,," the redhead started.

"Of course, of course," the woman repeated, still tearing at the tape around her legs, and making quick work of it. With strong, certain movements, the woman tore and ripped the tape off Melissa's ankles. By making one tear across the back of the tape cinching her thighs, Melissa's legs were completely free.

The woman sat the girl up. "I can't see," Melissa said. "Please..."

"You were making quite a racket," the woman said quickly over her. "I thought it might be a cat or a siren, but then I heard the words"

"Yes, yes," Melissa gasped. "I can't feel my hands...."

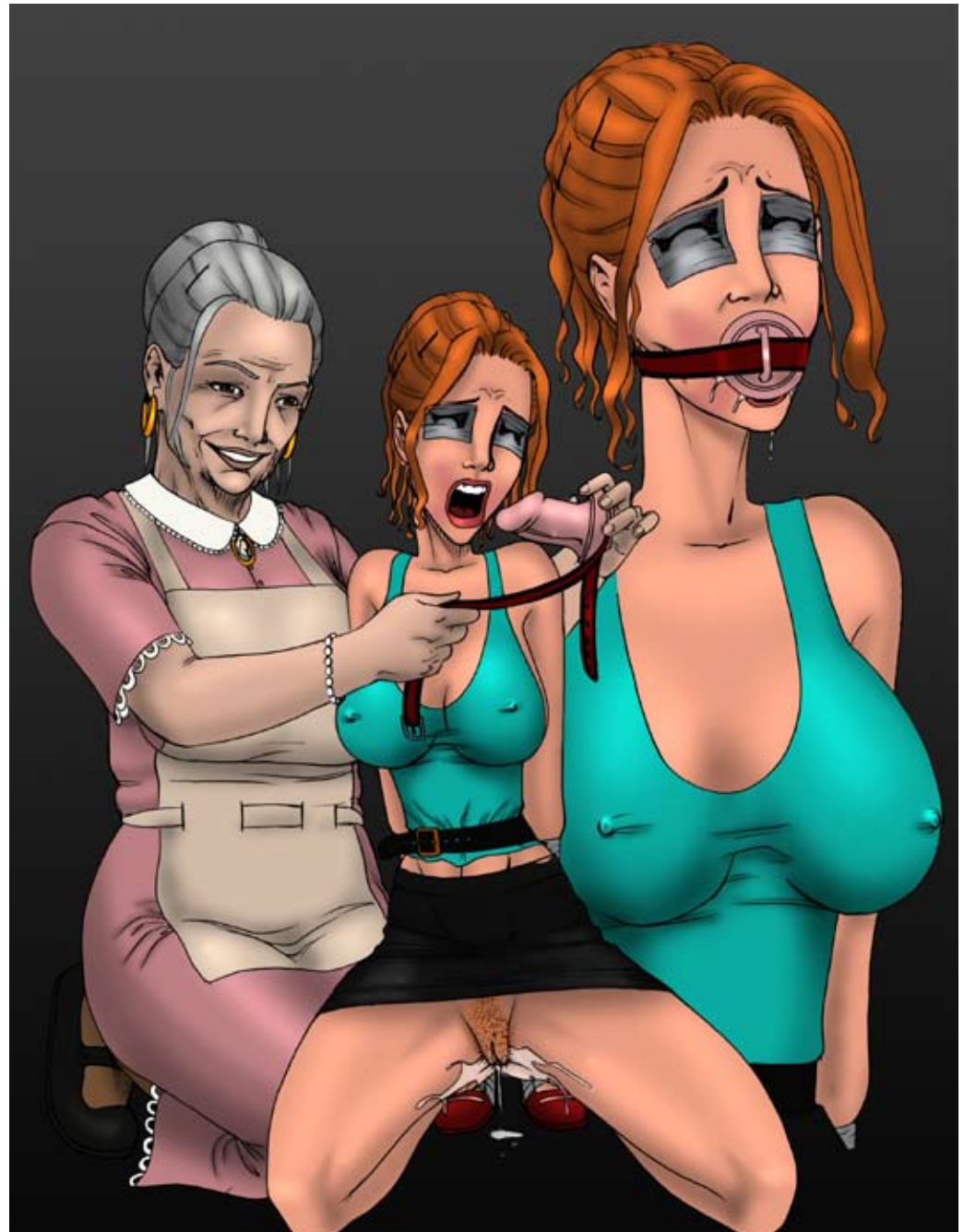
"Don't worry," said the woman. "We'll take care of that." Then she was sitting beside the girl.

"What are you?" Melissa started, but that was as far as she got. That was when the woman started grabbing handfuls of her hair and plunging bobby pins along the back of her head.

"What, what, ow!" Melissa cried, her head down, her hair being affixed on the top of her head, Then the

tape was ripped entirely off her mouth. And something else was plunged in.

Melissa's new cry of pain was cut off by the shaped plastic prod that went between her teeth. She bit down, but it was too late. The prod was all the way in, a padded leather band crushing her lips. Then she felt straps tighten at the back of her neck, unobstructed by her long hair. The prod gag was cinched so



tightly that it felt as if she had been born with it in her mouth,

"Feel that, dear?" the woman said as she pulled out the bobby pins, letting the red hair fall back across her shoulders. "Recognize the shape?"

Melissa screamed again, her head going back, the sound once again muffled, twisted, and obstructed. Yes, she did recognize the shape as her tongue went

all over its underside and it bulged against her upper palate. It was a big, thick, short penis.

Melissa tried to pull away when she felt the woman's hands curling around the hem of the miniskirt tube. Her fat fingers rubbed against Melissa's thighs, holding her close by as she yanked the spandex to the girl's waist,

"Too much noise," the woman said. "You make too much noise, so we're just going to have to occupy you with other things." She put a small black belt around Melissa's waist and cinched it as tight as she could with one hard, sudden pull. Melissa was yanked against the woman's padded side.

"So cute," the woman cooed as she worked. "So slim, yet so firm." The belt had another belt at the back, going down. The woman slipped it between Melissa's weakened, but bending legs, then took the nine inch dildo with its own loop at the base and slipped it on.

"So long," the woman commented, looking at Melissa's agonizingly slow legs.

"So smooth and shapely." She took a handful of Vaseline and coated the dildo with it. Then she ran it along the short second strap until the tip was just under Melissa's cunt hair.

"So thick and red," said the woman, ramming the dildo inside the girl.

Melissa dropped onto her back, shaking her head wildly, screaming, and kicking, but it was too late. The dildo was all the way inside.

The woman tightened the belt immediately, putting the end into the buckle affixed specially for it in front. She tightened it as far as it would go with another pull (knocking the air out of the teenager) then clamped it in place. With a quick flick of the kidnapper's knife, she cut off the remaining tongue of the belt, and quickly pulled Melissa's miniskirt back down, neatly covering the invader.

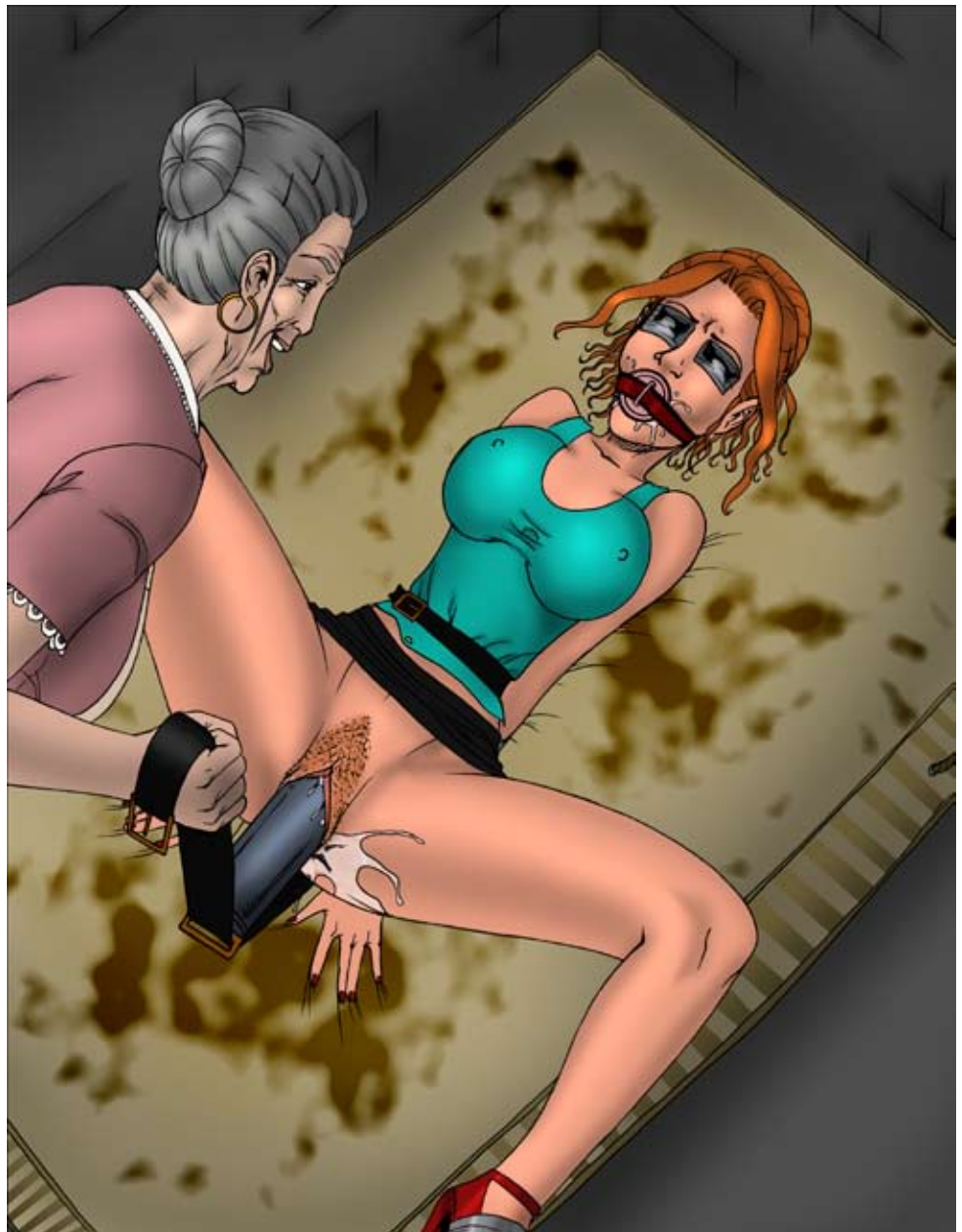
"Now, now, now," said the woman, gathering up Melissa's

legs in one arm. The girl flopped around the mattress like a fish out of water. "Mustn't have you hurt yourself." Then, with a roll of tape in one hand, she pressed the button on the bottom of the dildo. Its batteries went on, and the dildo started to vibrate and surge.

By the time Melissa realized what was happening, the woman had retaped her thighs and crossed ankles. She dropped the long, perfect legs, and moved back on her knees as the girl sat up, rubbing her head wildly on her knees.

Melissa fell onto her side, bending and straightening her legs repeatedly, bleating behind and around the new gag. Her fingers reached agonizingly for her crotch, but the painted fingernails could hardly reach the miniskirt hem.

Her wrists twisted in the iron hard tape as she pulled with all her remaining strength. She kept saying "ah, ah, ah, ah, ah." She started to shake in place on the mattress.



“That’ll keep you,” said the woman, standing up. Melissa tried to scream at her, but the penis gag pried her jaw apart and filled her saliva-filled mouth. Melissa tried to remain still, but the surging, vibrating dildo was scraping her nerve ends. Melissa tried to explode, but the tape held her together. She sat up, and rolled, and kicked, and flailed with her head and torso -- her hair flying around her.

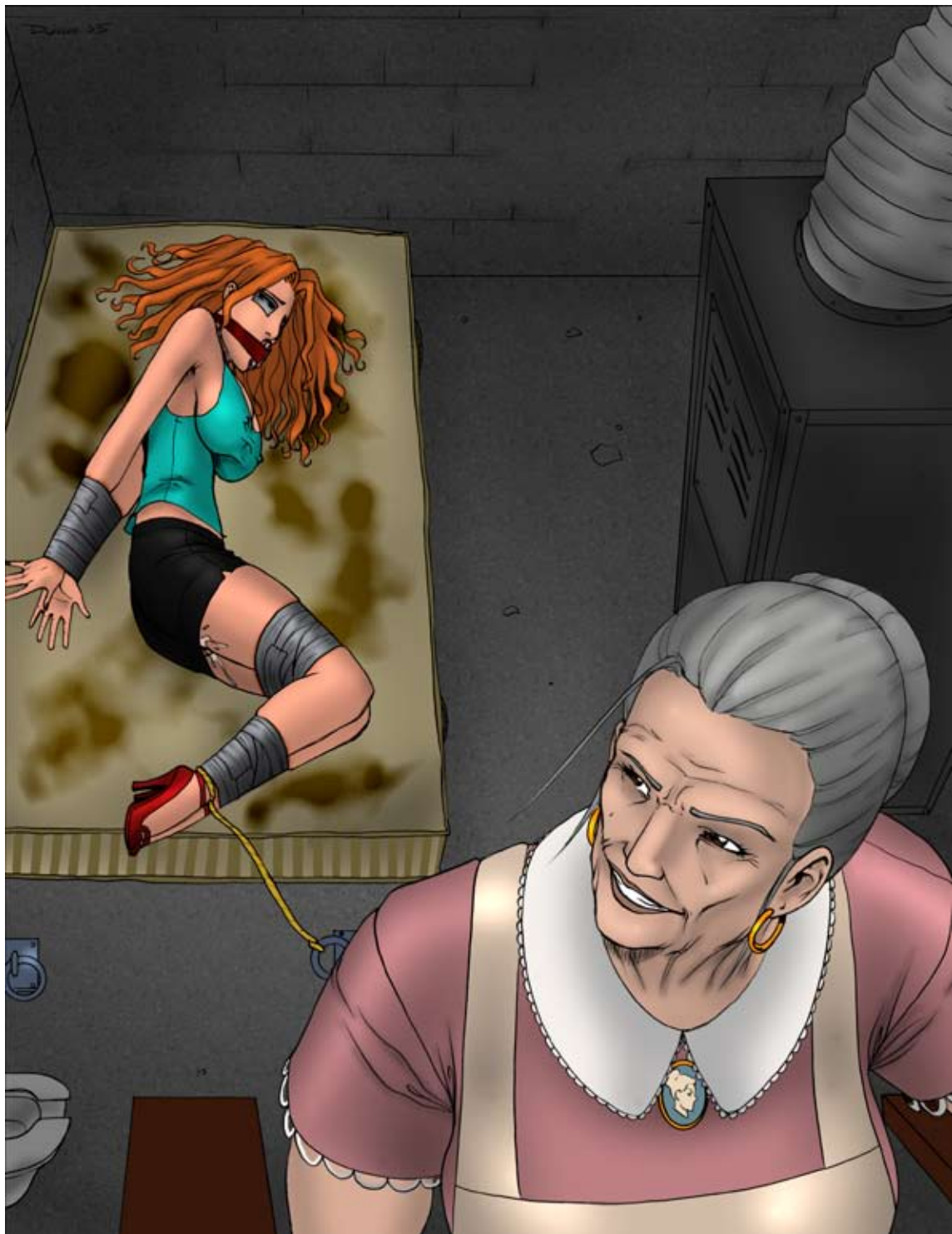
The woman watched her contort for a few seconds, then spied a length of cord still tied to a ring at the corner of the mattress. She nimbly grabbed Melissa’s legs and cinched the rope tightly around one ankle.

“Don’t want you rolling into the furnace,” she com-

mented, then let Melissa continue her contortions.

She watched in amusement for a few more minutes, smiling at the nineteen-year-old redhead’s bondage and sexual torment. She watched her back arch, and her pull on the ankle rope. She watched her curl up into a little ball, and stretch out to the snapping point - - her leotard and skirt just about to snap off her abused tit and cunt. She imagined what it would be like to be fucked in the cunt and mouth while being unable to scream, fight, or run.

“That’ll keep you,” the woman repeated, heading for the stairs, “nice and wet and soft until my boy gets home.” ■



CHAPTER TWO TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS

He watched her get out of the car. As always, she was a colt; longer than Melissa but just as sleek. Instead of a fiery mane of red hair, Dana had a short-cropped shield of dark, rich brown around her head, styled so it stopped and curled in at her shoulders. Instead of round mounds high on her chest, Dana had thick, strong sacks that bounced beneath her silky white shirt.

He watched the strong legs beneath the tight, short, gray flannel skirt, move her unerringly toward the back door of the duplex. Getting in had been no problem for him. Dana, so full of life and energy, never thought anyone would take advantage of the lousy security on her place. Half the time she forgot to even lock the back door.

She was a young businesswoman, fresh out of college. She didn't have enough stuff worthy for a thief to steal. Except herself. And that never even occurred to her.

He had been in there lots of times. He had already gone through her clothes drawers and her closets. He had already searched the house from top to bottom. He knew more about her than she did.

Dana came into the kitchen without a care. She im-

mediately turned on the radio, letting the dance music fill the nearly empty home. Fine with him. Even if he messed up, any cries for help might be camouflaged.

She took off her suit jacket and threw it on a chair as she passed. She checked a hanging plant, and decided watering could wait until after she changed. She started up the stairs, humming and singing along with the radio.

Halfway up she realized she should have kicked off her three-inch dark gray high heels at the bottom of the steps, and decided to kick them off as soon as she got to her bedroom. She hopped up the rest of the stairs on her toes, feeling her stockings swish against each other as her legs scissored.

She stopped at the top of the steps and looked at her bedroom door quizzically. She didn't remember closing it that far this morning. The momentary delay reminded her how bad her eyes felt. She shrugged, made a sudden decision, then headed for the bathroom.

Dana quickly and efficiently took out her contact lenses. He watched from the hairline crack in the ajar



bedroom door. He saw her clean the lenses, and put them away. He saw her head back toward the bedroom. He saw her strong, elegant hands, with their red-painted nails, gripping the doorframes and walls as she went. He carefully watched her dark, deep, brown eyes narrow.



He realized she was nearly blind. He already knew her glasses were on her bed table. She was coming for them. He smiled, not feeling nervous. After all, she was helping him. She was making it easier.

He watched her approach, feeling the excitement welling up in him. Look at that tiny, belted waist. Look at those long, firm, shapely legs. Look at that strong, big, chest bobbing in the frilly bra under that tight white shirt. Look at those lips: full in the center, curving up in a secret smile at the tips. Look at the straight, small nose. Look at those unfocused, unseeing, big brown eyes. Look at the silky hair, ruffling across her head.

Then her hand was at the door. Then it was swinging in. Then she turned left, and reached for her glasses case.

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He came out from behind the door and tackled her. One arm around her waist, the other arm around her head -- the thick, soft, wet pad in his right hand over her mouth.

The scream was muffled as they fell on the bed. He sandwiched her between his weight and the filthy beige bedclothes. They landed, bounced, and settled. She must have thought that she had tripped and fallen deep into the pillows because she didn't move for a second. It took a moment to sink in that she was being attacked.

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By the time she started fighting it was too late. She had already breathed in the drug. But she got a couple of seconds in which to flail with her arms and try kicking. She screamed again, cried out, and then bleated. But then her out stretched arms only flopped on the covers, and her legs bent at the knees and dropped.

It was over in a few seconds. He felt her smooth clothes and skin beneath his. He felt his hard-on between her firm ass cheeks. He reared up on one elbow and looked down at her thoroughbred form. He appreciated her stylish gold earring, her two gold rings, and her elegant gold necklace. Then he reached around on either side of her torso, gripped through the shirt and bra, and picked her up by her tits.

Dana's eyes snapped open. She lay on her bed, unable to see. She looked around her room wildly, realizing she didn't have her contacts in or her glasses on. She dimly remembered falling, feeling a weight, and sinking into her many small, square pillows atop the bed -- but that was all.

She tried to get up. only her legs and shoulders reacted to her brain's order. And even that was strange. She looked down at her legs, but all she could see were fleshy blobs beneath a gray haze. She could see out her small bedroom window, across the street, fine. Being far-sighted, she could see into the distance, but everything close up was an indistinct mist.

She concentrated. Her middle thighs seemed to be stuck together. She tried getting up again, but only her shins and feet moved. She tried to sit up on her elbows, but all she did was jerk in place. Finally she felt the pain at her shoulders.

Dana made a noise. All she heard was a muffled grunt. She said "what the fuck," but all she heard was a distant mumble.

He smiled as her eyes got very big and stared down at the obstructions just under her nose.

Finally she felt all of it: the pain at her shoulders the strain at her elbows, the fire at her wrists, the pressure around her head, the obstruction in her mouth, the pinch across her thighs, and the imprisonment of her feet.

He had been impressed. He discovered that her elbows could touch in back. He had tied them together with rope right off. Then he had tied her wrists palm to palm. He had lifted her skirt even farther, and tied her legs together at mid-thigh. Then he had smoothed the skirt down again. He had taped her shoes on.



He had stuffed a beanbag in her mouth, so her jaw was pried wide. Then he had tightly circled her head with an absorbent, stretchy flesh-colored ace bandage. Finally he had tied another swath of thin white bandage across the middle of that, to keep the beanbag tight behind her teeth.

Dana felt it all. Her back arched, her head went all the way back, and she screamed.

She screamed for help again and again, but the sound hardly left the room. It certainly didn't get through the closed windows. And since she was on the second floor, no one from outside could see her -- even though more and more executives were coming home on the suburban residential street.

She kept her wits about her; he certainly gave her that. Almost immediately, she turned toward the wall dividing the duplex. If she could alert her neighbors to her plight, she could get help. Dana stopped screaming, but not before beads of perspiration started appearing on her brow.

She threw her legs off the side of the bed, and tried sitting up. It took her three tries. She then scrunched her ass around, and sat. She leaned down, moaning, trying to pull her hands free or dislodge the gag. She seemingly begged the wall for help, but that didn't do any good.



He watched with amusement as she tried standing up. She fell back. She tried to kick her shoes off, but they wouldn't go. She shook her torso, like a frisky colt, but nothing gave. The buttons of her shirt were tight around her chest, but they didn't give either. He

could make out the heaving mounds beneath. He almost stepped toward her then, but resisted.

She finally managed to get to her feet, by carefully placing her shoes and anchoring her legs. Then she pushed off with her hands while snapping her torso upwards.

She teetered in place for a moment, then regained her balance. She pleaded with the wall. Then she gingerly, carefully, and purposefully started walking toward it.

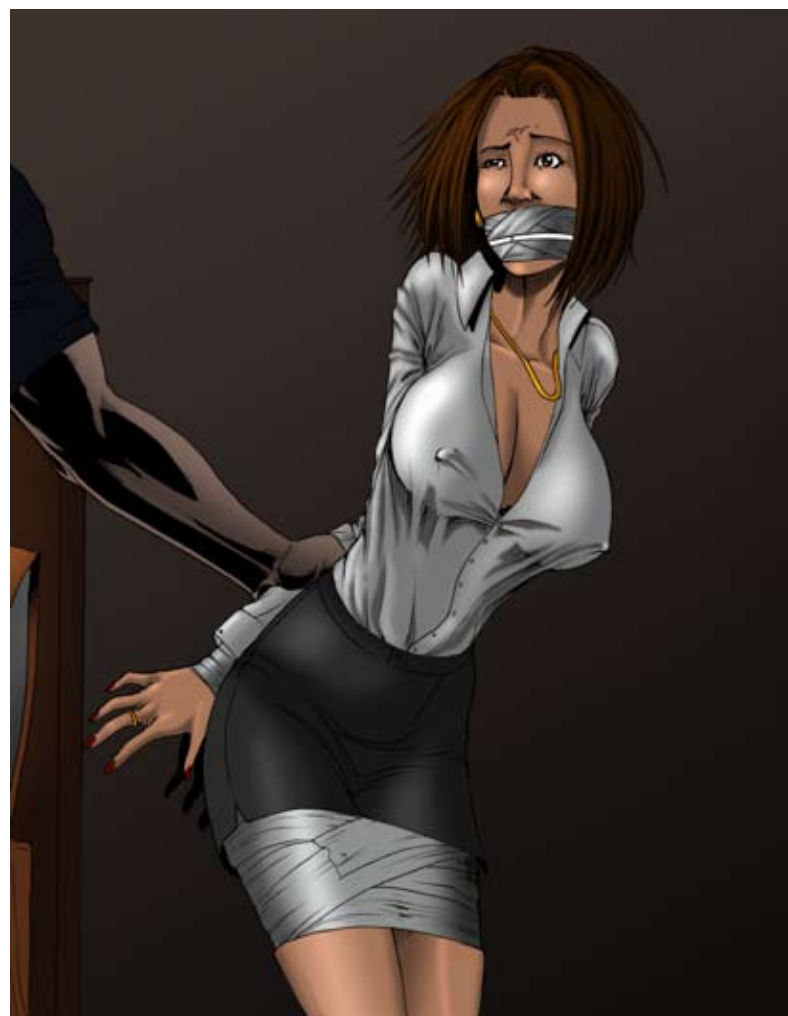
She had to take tiny little steps so she wouldn't topple over, and had to bend down to divide her weight. Her breasts were the biggest danger, since they were disproportionate with her small, belted waist, and long, strong legs. So she had to let them hang in the bra for ballast.

He saw what she was going to do. If she got close enough, she had enough legroom to kick the wall, or maybe pound it with her shoulder. He let her get within six inches, then grabbed her arm, giggling.

She screamed in surprise. She had not seen him there. She wrenched and pulled against his grip, but he didn't let go. He didn't want her falling and maybe hurting herself.

"Oh no," he said. "You're not going anywhere."

She backed away from him, heading for the bedroom window, bleating. Her eyes moved wildly, trying to





She jerked back, making a stunned sound. Then she started pleading again.

“Stay here,” he said, doing it again. She pushed herself back against the wall with an audible thunk, making her tits jiggle. “Good, good, good,” he said, reaching for the same breast tenderly. “Stay here.” He gripped it tighter this time, feeling its heft.

Dana started screaming and banging the back of her head on the door.

He immediately grabbed her by the arms and waist, and whirled her around in the narrow confines of the hall. Her screams became a shriek, and then she was frozen again, on the opposite wall of the hall. The one not connecting the duplex.

He pushed her in that corner tightly with his body, squeezing the tit in earnest now. “No, no, no, don’t do that. Don’t do that,” he chided. “I don’t want to share you with anyone. Give it all to me.”

She cringed as he squeezed, trying to slip down to the floor. Her eyes squeezed shut and tears started dropping out.

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find and focus. Her shoulders strained. She continued to bend from the waist, asking all sorts of questions which couldn’t be heard.

“Oh no,” he said again, regrabbing her. He pulled the struggling, babbling girl toward the door. He let her step out, then pushed her against the wall.

She hit it with her back, then froze in place as her fuzzy vision was filled with his form.

“Where are you going?” he asked quietly, leaning on the wall next to her, pinioning her between him and the bedroom door. “Where do you think you’re going?”

She begged through the gag, her eyes pleading.

“You’re not going anywhere,” he said.

She pleaded louder, with more desperation.

“You’re not going anywhere.”

Her eyes began to get glassy and wet.

“No,” he said, reaching for her shirt. “You’re going to stay here. With me.” He let his thumb and fingers meet around her hanging tit. He let it slip off his closing fingers in a smooth, teasing pinch.

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He suddenly yanked her up by her tit, making her eyes snap open as she gasped; then he grabbed both sides of her shirt and yanked it open, buttons flying.

She started to scream again, and tried to rush past him, but he pushed her back hard against the wall, his hand flat on her exposed chest. He felt her smooth, brown, freckled skin beneath his hand, then let the fingers move around until they slipped under the lacey, scalloped sides of the bra cups.

He filled his hand with her pendulous, full left breast, feeling the brown knob of her nipple tickling his palm. He squeezed and pushed, nailing her to the wall. "That's good," he cooed. "That's nice. Now just take it easy, dear, take it easy. You and me have to get along for quite some time now. Make it easy on yourself. Just relax. Relax...."

She continued to cringe and cry. Her knees bent, but she could go no further. She almost stood there, letting him play with her left tit like a lump of clay.

She stood there, feet as wide as she could get them, high heels anchored as much as possible. Her elbows were still together behind her, as were her wrists. Her fingers curled in, tickling each other palm, as she tried to grip the rope which bound her.

The gag was as tight and secure as ever, adhered to her head -her silky short hair not obstructing it in the slightest. She tried to chew the bean bag, but it rested securely on her tongue, behind her teeth, filling her cheeks -- held there by the white bandage running through the wide, muffling ace bandage.

Her skirt might as well be more rope, the way it gripped the bottom of her thighs, just above her knees. She stood as straight as she could, trying to find a way out.

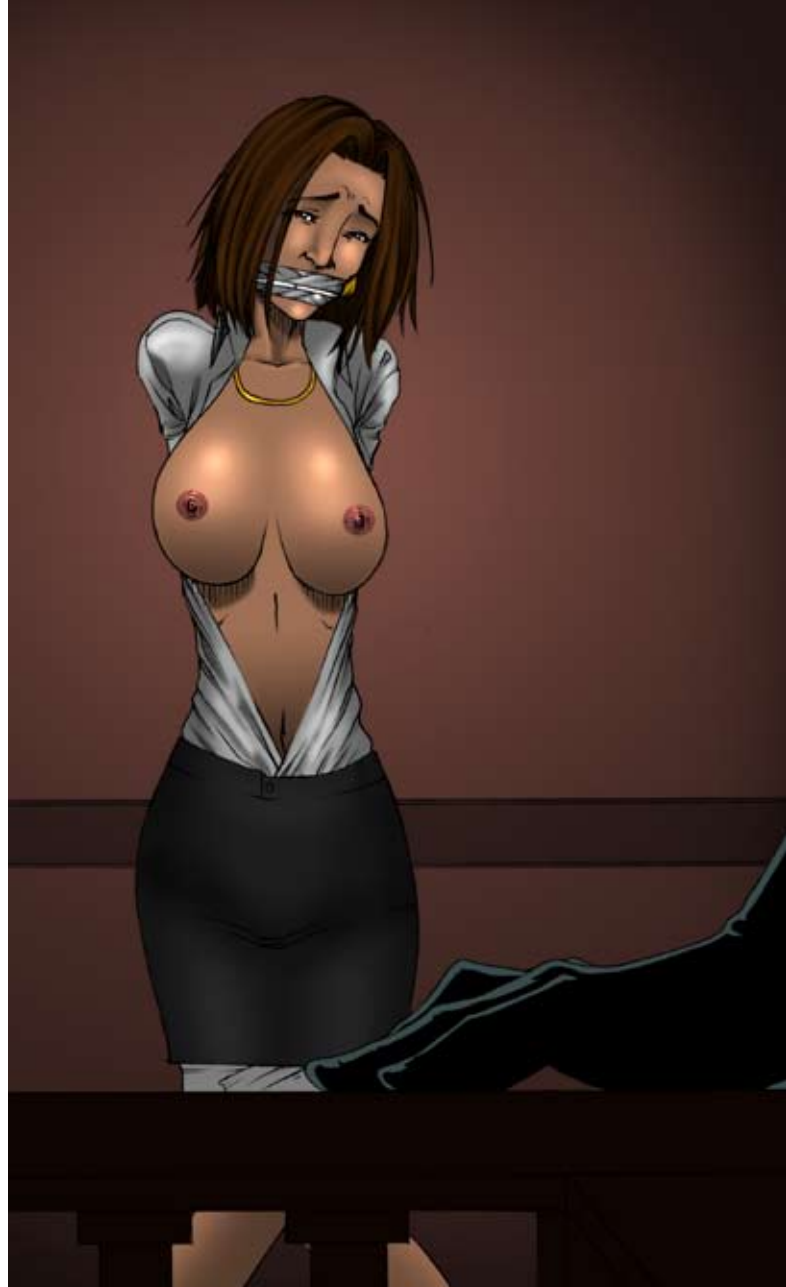
But every time she moved, she could feel her chest jiggle.

He had opened her shirt to the waist. He had kept it tightly tucked under the wide belt and skirt top, so it made a V to her shoulders. Then he had cut off her bra.

Her tits were held by the sides of the shirt opening. They hung, like perfect, flesh-colored water balloons, the tips slightly elevated, the big brown aureoles surrounding the nubs of her erect nipples.

And every time she moved -- even just to gasp or groan -- they jiggled. She blushed for the hundredth time, and bowed her head.

He watched her from the top of the stairs, just to make sure she didn't go toppling down them. He didn't



want her breaking an arm, a leg, or a neck. Not when he had other plans for her. Not when she was about to move in with him. But first he had to wait until the neighborhood was quiet, and everyone was asleep.

Dana stood in the narrow hall, blinded, gagged, her arms and thighs bound. She leaned against the left wall, almost motionless save for her breathing. There was nothing she could do. She couldn't plead, or cry for help, or run away. She couldn't fight. She just had to stand there and let him look at her.

And look he did; at her wonderfully smooth skin, her hanging, quivering orbs, her lovely face, the waist whose slimness was accentuated by the tight wide black belt, and those great legs, which were accentuated by the high, severe heels.

He sighed and stood. "Sooner or later we'll have to move," he said while walking toward her and digging a hand in his jacket pocket. "And you'll have to be nice and tired when we do."

That's when he grabbed her arm and slapped the moist

pad over her nose again. Her head reared back, but it was already against the wall. Her legs shook, but with her thighs cinched she couldn't run, and with her heels taped on her feet, she could hardly kick. She had to stand there, her entire body vibrating, and take it.

She wasn't really aware of the drug covering her brain. All she remembered was the sensation of her naked tits quivering.

When she woke up, she was downstairs. Her elbows were no longer tied together. She sighed, almost crying in thanks. She felt relaxed, calm, and, except for the ropes, almost comfortable.

Then she stiffened, realizing where she was.

She was sitting on her knees, her legs wide. Her ankles (the high heels still on) were tied to the very tops of her thighs. Her skirt was hitched all the way up to her hips. She felt the air caressing her ass cheeks. Her panties -- those lovely, off white lace things -- were missing.

She tried to wrench her arms forward to cover herself or push down her skirt. Those limbs remained in the middle of her back. He had tied her wrists together over one another, her fingers pointing in different directions. Her shirt was still on, still open, still tucked in. Her bra was still off. But now two bands of rope were tied around her torso, above and below her breasts. Her wrists were tied from both.

Not only were her wrists together, but they were hanging from one strand, and pulled down by the other.

Dana reared up, bleating, but she couldn't throw herself off the couch. His hands were on her legs. She was sitting on him.

He was facing the room. She was facing the wall. His feet were on the living room floor. Her shins were deep in the sofa cushions on either side of his legs. He was sitting way back, sloped toward the wall. She was falling face first in that direction. Her tight flesh-colored stockings were now completely exposed, as was the fact that she wore a gray garter belt holding them up. She was a real modern businesswoman, with all the high price lingerie that went with it. He embraced her.

"Back in the real world, honey?" he asked. "How nice."

She felt it before she saw it. The crown of his penis was resting against her thatch of brown cunt hair. He was naked, sitting under her.

She reared back, screaming and shaking her head. The screams, as always, were almost totally swallowed up by the three-part gag which obscured the bottom of her face, held in place





between her jaw and her nose. He held her in place, starting to pull her deeper into the couch.

She felt the cock crown move in between her vaginal lips. She tried to wrench herself back, but he held her. She tried to slam her head into his face, but he grabbed her hair, and pulled her onto his shoulder.

“Come on, baby,” he said, putting his other hand on one tight ass cheek and pulling with consistent pressure. “This is exactly what I was talking about. Too much energy. We’ve got to tire you out, dear. Come on, honey,” he continued, letting gravity move her further onto his hard dick, “Relax.”

She started to cry on his shoulder, her own shoulders wracked, while he moved his cock inside her. They both felt the thick fleshy rod slide in, the sides of

her cunt puckering and shaping itself to him. She felt her breasts rest on his chest and stomach, flattening as she was pulled closer and closer. She jerked her arms, trying to pull her hands free, but the ropes bit and held. She tried to jump away, but all that happened was the tip of her high heel pumps made a little circle in the air.

She choked and coughed as the dick went all the way in. Only then did he let go of her hair.

She threw her head back, the hair flying around the gag, but his hands had moved to her legs, keeping her firmly on his cock. Now he was sunk deep in the old sofa’s cushions, and she was impaled on his lap, her tired legs wide. Now she’d have to bend almost double to hit him with her head.

Instead, she shook her upper body with all her might, like a proud pony unwilling to be broken. She made a noise which was like a human whinny of defiance ... for all the good it did her.

She gagged, her head falling back, limp, as he took her tits in his hands, holding her

on that way. Only then did he start rocking with his hips.

Dana felt the cock move in and up, in and up. She felt herself getting moist from the stimulation, no matter how hard she tried to ignore it. She looked away, to the left, toward the window she knew was there. All she saw was a fuzzy, off-white rectangle. The shades, as always, were drawn. Outside, the families were walking the dog, having dinner, going to the store or the movies. Outside, the sidewalks were covered with oblivious people. Inside she was getting raped.

And she couldn’t even see it. All she could do was feel it.

He was very slow at first, but as the minutes passed, his surging became more violent and insistent. He

do was push and pull his hips. He didn't have to move her at all. Her breath came in gasps and grunts as he continued to plunge into her sopping wet maw. She tried to wriggle away like a snake, but he stayed on top of her.

She tucked her chin in again, trying to see what he was doing in order to avoid him, but it was just a dark blur. Her neck stretched and she ground her head on the carpet in anger and frustration. She pulled at the ropes, but they just moved without letting go or giving way. His body mashed her tits, repeatedly slamming her into the floor.

She lay there as he became more frenetic, her muscles getting tighter and tighter as her nerves responded to his attack. She felt her vagina grip his cock in a frenzy as the heat built to the bursting point. She felt her skin getting hotter and hotter, the heat creeping up her body pore by pore. Her form writhed, glistening, until it felt as if she was covered in rain.

She used all her remaining strength to try pulling out, pulling away, but that's when he did a push up off her. That's when he choked back a cry. That's when his cock shot up all the way

bounced her on his lap, practically throwing her up and down. She shook her head, tucked her chin, and threw her head back as her wrists coiled in the rope, her fingers making agonized fists. Her legs were useless, dead things attached to her shapely hips.

She gasped, choked, moaned, and cried; her eyes widening and screwing shut in succession. She was forced to ride him, the cock slamming into her. Her torso flew back and forth, her tits flailing, as he held her on with his fingers curled around each firm ass cheek. Sweat dripped from her hair, forehead, and nose onto the slickness of her chest above and between her breasts. The skin was an even deeper, shinier hue, and her freckles were even darker.

Suddenly he pushed against her breasts, making her fall back. She screamed in surprise, her eyes snapping open -- but then she was on her back, on the floor. He was right on top of her, still slamming his meat in her cunt as her bent, deadened legs flopped open on either side of his thrusting form.

Down there it was even worse. Now all he had to

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inside her, and spurted.

Dana made one short scream of horror, shaking her shoulders, and tried to sit up. He merely put one hand on her chest and pushed her back down again.

They just lay there for a second, him on one elbow, his cock still inside, breathing heavily. Then she started to curse, shaking her head madly, while attempting to slither away on her elbows.

He grabbed one tit to keep her from going too far. “See what I mean?” he said quietly, almost laughing. “Too much energy. You work out way too much.”

She tried to shrink, to pull her breast out from under his grip, but it was too full, too pendulous too perfect. All she succeeded in doing was pulling it out to its optimum length. They both stared at it as she tried to get away.

“No, no,” he said tiredly, grabbing the other tit and pulling her back with them as she choked and shook her head agonizingly. He pinioned her to the floor with his body, his cock still not completely out of her cunt. “We’ve got to make you nice and quiet,” he told her, putting his finger to his lips. “Shhh. That’s the girl,” he continued, fondling one breast as she tried to grind her teeth beneath the bandages. He looked around the room.

“What shall we do?” he wondered.
“What shall we do?”

A little later that night, the people who had gone out for dinner or the movies were coming home. Dana heard them. She heard their cars drive up, she heard the car doors open, she heard the car doors close, she heard them walk across the lawn, she heard them talking, she heard them opening their front doors, she heard them going inside, she heard the front doors closing. She heard them all, but saw nothing because the shades were still drawn.

They didn’t hear anything either, because the only noises in the room were the radio, their grunting, and the creaking of the couch.

Dana was bent forward over the left arm of the couch. Her ankles (feet still in the pumps) were bound separately to the left side sofa legs. Her skirt was bunched

around her belt. Her arms and wrists were still tied, and she was gagged, exactly the same. Her stockings and garter belt were still adhered to her wonderfully long, shapely legs.

He was holding onto her hips, fucking her up the ass.

He had found the vaginal and petroleum jelly in the bathroom upstairs as she had tried to squirm toward the door. She had hardly made it halfway when he returned. Try as she might to kick him when he undid her legs, they were useless. They only started to tingle again after he had tied her to the couch.

He bent over, laying on her back and bound arms, reaching beneath her shirted torso for her wonderful hanging tits. He gripped them tightly, sighing and cooing, driving his cock into her.

All Dana could do was grunt as her hair hung, wet and limp, from her head, and a pool of sweat widened beneath her face, staining the couch cushions.

She only cried out when it was especially painful: her head coming up, and a loud “mmmmph!” filling the room.





“That’s okay,” he said, squeezing her hanging tits, thrusting again. “There, that’s better, isn’t it?”

Dana heard the television next store in the duplex. He started to scream for help before each thrust. She raised her head, crying help, then choked as he pushed his cock up her ass. She cried for help again, louder. He thrust harder, pushing her forward. She shrieked for help, and he wrapped his arms around her, crushing her tits, pushing her down with his body.

He lay atop her as her face was pushed into the sodden sofa cushion, then stated rutting her like a horse. His hips moved frenetically back and forth, boring into her as she squeezed her eyes shut, tried to bite the beanbag, and maintained one long wail.

Then he came again.

Dana writhed in his grip, trying to shake him off, but he wasn’t going. He grabbed her tits again and held on. She collapsed in rage and pain, his body weighing her down.

“That’s good, isn’t it?” he asked. “Tired yet?”

She was foolish enough to instinctively shout no. Even with the gag he heard it. He held onto her tits, looked down at her red, sweaty, maddened face, and then shook his head.

He slapped her on the ass. “Fine,” he said, getting up. “You asked for it.” He went to the pile of his clothes on the floor, and took the drug-soaked pad out of his jacket pocket. “Come on, baby,” he said; returning to her quaking, crying form. “Breathe deep...” Then he

slapped the cloth over her sweating, screaming face.

When she woke up, he was already fucking her. She lay back on her own bed, her legs wide, her ankles bound to the bed legs. Her arms and hands were bound as they had been downstairs; and the three-layer gag was still tightly in place.

Her skirt and wide black belt were gone. The only thing she was wearing now was her shirt, stockings, shoes, garter belt, and the thin gold necklace.

She rocked on the bed as he thrust into her, uncaring whether she was conscious or asleep.

She could finally see: over his shoulder and out the bedroom window, into the night sky. She could see the twinkling stars as he pushed and pulled his hard, long, cock back and forth, back and forth along her vagina.

Dana gave out a long moan and raised her head. He grabbed a handful of her hair and held her face up -- all without stopping his rape.

“See?” he said. “See what you get?” Then he threw her head back to the bedcovers and pillows as he climbed across her, still plunging his meat deeper inside her. He grabbed her right tit in one hand and suckled on the nipple as he rocked his dick up and back.

Dana shook her head and screamed once. Then he heard a long growl and groan in the back of her throat as she started trying to get her hands and arms free



once again. She pulled on her ankle ropes, shaking the bed. He ignored it, holding her down with his body.

He grabbed her shoulders and started rutting again, forcing her hips deep into the mattress. She tried to hit him in the face again with her head, but he let one hand fall across her visage, and pushed her down. He held her like that until he could get his raw, over-worked cock to restoke some semen.

He kept thrusting rubbing along her vagina, until his cock spurted and drooled. Dana tried to wrench herself free, but the ropes kept her. Her legs jerked in their bonds, and her arms twisted. She tried to scream “no” but the word became a long, loud, insistent hum. She twisted her head out from under his hand, and shook madly.

He slapped both hands onto her tits and ground them. “There,” he said. “Happy now?” Dana screamed again in answer, more sweat popping out across her brow, her face red, and all the tendons standing out on her neck.

He filled both fists with her hair and dragged her head back down, almost pulling her head backward from her neck.

“You want more?” he hissed. She finally broke down, crying, her eyes screwed shut, tears flowing from them. He ignored it, rubbing the length of his cock against her cunt lips. “Is that a yes or a no?”

She shook her head wildly, still in his hands. “No,” she screamed to the wall, the cry becoming a hollow,

rasping gasp. Then she continued crying.

“Ah,” he said in disgust, throwing her head down. He pushed off her, then nimbly untied her ankles from the bedframe. She curled up into a ball and continued crying. Every few seconds her body would shake. He just stood and watched her.

Finally, she pulled one exhausted leg across the mattress and set the high heel on the floor. The other leg curled beneath it. Slowly and carefully she sat up. She could hardly keep her back straight or eyes open. Her head hung down the gold necklace swinging above her shaking chest. She stayed that way for minutes, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

He checked his watch. “Just a little while longer,” he said. “What shall we do to keep busy?”

Her head shot up, her eyes wide, shocked, and disbelieving. She sprang up, running for where she knew the door was, but he was there, catching her. He wrapped his arms around her waist and hugged her to him.

She cried and screamed, trying to knee him in the groin, but he deflected all her weak, desperate strikes. He just held her tighter as she cried, body wracking. She tried to lower her head on his chest, but he turned her around, holding her to him by her squishy, pendulous tits.

She bent over from the waist, and he went with her, lying on her back and bound arms. It took all her strength to remain upright on her high heels. He squeezed and embraced. They stayed that way for



He had gone into her closet and gotten what she called her firehouse shoes. They were the ones she wore when she was on the prowl. The heels were a mind-numbing four and a half inches, with an ankle strap for added secure fit. The heel and toes were completely enclosed so she couldn't slip out or off them. Her foot was imprisoned in a toe-dancer's position.

She raised her woozy head and saw fuzzy red. She tenderly moved her shoulders, feeling pain at her elbows and wrists, and tight cloth on either side of her neck. She recognized all that too.

Her elbows and wrists were bound again, behind her. The cloth at her shoulders was from the satiny, spandex/cotton dance club dress he had also found in her closet.

Dana had loved the thing, but never wore it. It was also red: a minidress whose material molded as well as covered. Barely covered: the neckline was a plunging V which shaped and lifted her breasts, and the hemline was at least a full eight inches off the knee.

Dana tried to move. Her legs stopped only three inches from each other. She could

several seconds, wavering between the bed and the door. Then she felt the single drop of cum sliding down her inner thigh.

All she could hear was a roaring in her ears, which grew louder the lower the cum drop went. Her legs began to shake uncontrollably. She was only dimly aware of his continued yanking on her tits. She tried to step forward, but all she could do was surge -- and he surged with her.

When the drop of cum reached the top of her stocking, she collapsed.

She was laying across the bed when she woke up again. Her head was at the left top corner, and her feet were on either side of the right bottom corner. She was almost immediately aware that she was rebound, regagged, and redressed.

She felt her feet first. She was still wearing shoes, but they weren't the same shoes. If anything, her toes were even more pointed ... her heel even more curved. She recognized the feeling.

Geoffrey Merrick



feel the knots at her lower thighs, her knees, her shins, and her ankles; but she couldn't see the network of ropes which limited her movement.

She closed her eyes. Her head fell back. She curled onto her side with a groan. Her eyelids fluttered, then opened. Her mouth had given in a different way. The beanbag was no longer inside. Something else was in there (she didn't see the open pack of panty shields beside the bed). Although it was just as bad, it didn't pry her jaw apart. Her lips were closed around it ... and her mouth was stuck shut.

She looked beneath her nose, just making out the line of thick, clear plastic tape that now covered the bottom half of her face. She tried to open her mouth, to talk, but all she heard was the crinkling of the opaque gag.

He saw the smeared, flattened lips trying to move beneath the obstruction. He was pleased to hear the lack of volume.

"There we go," he said, reaching down and grabbing her by her now completely free hair. He forced her to sit up, moaning all the way. He then stepped back and admired his handiwork.

Not only were her elbows and wrists tied together behind her back, but more rope connected her elbows to her waist. Not only were her hands facing each other, but he had taped her fingers together in a sticky mitten. And while she could bend her knees, the ropes which crisscrossed there wouldn't allow her to do anything but take careful, dainty steps.

There was a rope tied tight around her right middle thigh, a connecting strand that went down to her left lower thigh, another connecting strand that went to her right knee, then another which went to her left upper shin; and so forth from her right mid-shin to her left lower shin to her right ankle.

He took her by the arm and stood her up. She looked to the ceiling and moaned quizzically. "I think you're ready," he said. "Don't you?" Then he squeezed her right tit -- his thumb on the breast and his fingers kneading through the dress.

All she did was bleat and pull away slightly. No screaming, no cursing, no hurling herself around. Yes, she was ready.

Holding her by the arm, he "helped" her to the stairs. Then he swept her into his

arms. She gave a little cry, then stayed quiet until they reached the main floor. He stood her up next to the closet between the living room and kitchen. From it he took a long raincoat.

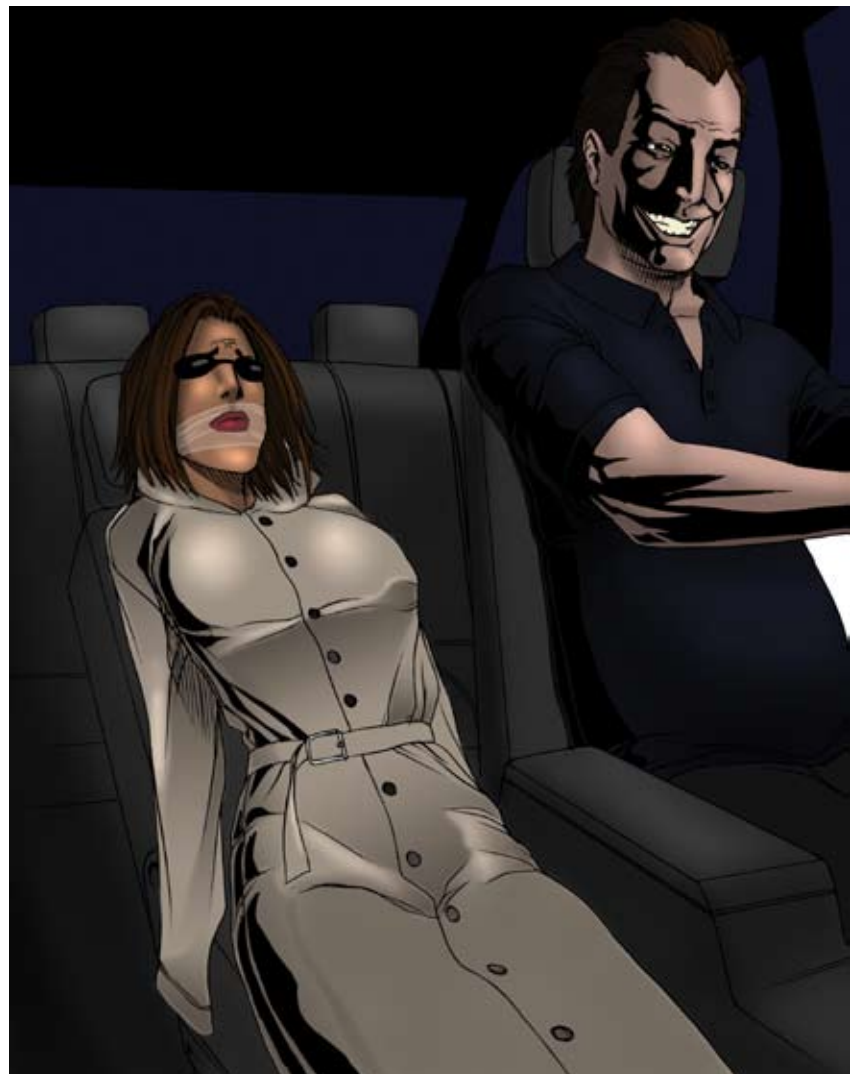
"Here we go, babe," he said, wrapping it around her, buttoning it up, and cinching the waist tightly. It covered her from the neck to her mid-shin. He pulled up the collar, obscuring most of her lower face. "That'll do it."

He "helped" her to the back door,, grabbing a pair of sunglasses from a bowl of stuff on the kitchen table. He pushed her against the side of the fridge, then slipped the shades on. "Bitchin'," he commented, as she shook her head.

"Shut up," he advised, then opened the back door and got her out.

The back stairs were the only real problem, but he got beside her, put an arm around her waist, and "helped" her to the car. She had a small Chrysler, but it was big enough. She groaned and sagged and mumbled, but she didn't try to screech or escape. He began to think she really didn't know where she was.

He sandwiched her between him and the back seat



window on the passenger side, unlocked the door, and hustled her in. Only then did she start to panic, but it was too late. The closing of the door cut off her first, new scream.

As he ran around to the driver's side, she tried throwing the sunglasses off by shaking her head, pounding the door with her shoulder, but then he was in. He quickly dropped her seat back so she was lowered beneath the window. She wiggled and contorted,, but the seat belt held her enough. Besides, it was almost three o'clock in the morning.

The engine hummed to life. He pulled out into the street, and drove away. No one saw him.

Dana kept screaming and struggling for all she was worth, but the sunglasses stayed on and the raincoat stayed closed ... except for the hem, which flopped open to show him all her bound, twisting legs moving just below the red hem of her amazingly sexy dress.

"That's all right, Momma," he said, and turned on the radio.

By the time they got to his house, Dana was exhausted. The gag cut off her air, and the ropes her circulation. She tried to fight when he opened her door and pulled her out onto the sidewalk, but just didn't have the strength to appear anything but frisky.

He walked her up to the FRONT door of the house, and made her stand there (holding her arm) as he wiped his feet. Only then did he open the door and guide/push her in.

His mother was up, watching television. Her chair was in the corner beside the front door. He closed the door behind him. The windows were shaded and curtained, while the door was plain wood. Once it closed, Dana was sealed in. She stood there like a blind girl, her chin pointed toward the ceiling.

"Hello, dear," said the old woman. "Who do we have here?" Dana started in place when she heard the female voice.

"A friend of mine," he answered, quickly undoing the raincoat belt and buttons.

"Really?" the old woman said. "She's

quite attractive, dear. Are you having a relationship?"

Dana started babbling in shock. He ignored the muffled words and crinkling gag. "You could say that," he answered. "Let's just say we're more than friends, all right?" He pushed Dana against the wall, and undid the remaining raincoat buttons. She just stood there, her head back and rocking as she muttered behind the tape in disbelief.

"What a lovely face," said the woman. He threw open the coat. Dana stood there in the clinging, second-skin red minidress; her long, tanned, firm, shapely legs accentuated by the killer high heel shoes. "And what a lovely body!" the old woman continued.

"I'll say," he answered pulling the coat completely off.

"Quite flexible," the old woman noted,, seeing how her arms were pinioned. Her gaze went down her torso. "And buoyant as well!"

Dana started to slide down the wall. He grabbed her by the arms and held her up. "Very flexible,," he



agreed.

‘Let me see her eyes, dear,’ said the old woman. With one hand he pulled off the shades. Dana’s deep, rich brown eyes were wide and unseeing.

‘Contacts?’ the old woman asked.

‘Far sighted,’ he explained.

‘Excellent,’ said the old woman. Dana started pleading with her.

‘What do you have in there, son?’ the woman asked. ‘I can almost make out words.’

‘Panty shields,’ he answered, Dana not even listening. ‘It did the trick.’

‘Yes, yes,’ the woman replied. ‘Shut her up dear.’

He put his hand under her jaw, his fingers vertically over her mouth, and pushed her head against the wall. Not hard: just enough to cut off her hysteria. She stood here, stiffened. He saw goose bumps rise on her arms and chest. She started sucking in deep breaths through her nose, making her ample chest swell in the neckline of the ridiculously tight dress.

‘She’ll be staying a while, if that’s all right,’ he said.

‘Of course,’ said the woman. ‘Is she prepared for it?’

He smiled and curled two fingers around the dress hem. He lifted it just far enough to show the woman Dana’s uncovered cunt. She felt the air on it, but did nothing.

‘Perfectly trimmed,’ the woman commented. ‘Excellent.’

‘I have a bag in the car,’ he said. ‘She has very nice things.’ ‘Wonderful,’ said the woman. ‘Bring her upstairs ... and make sure she is COMPLETELY settled. Can’t have her disturbing me during the night.’

‘Of course, Momma,’ he said, taking Dana by the arm.

‘Then come right down here, honey,’ said the woman. ‘We have to discuss something very important.’

He didn’t like the way she said that, so he took a knife out of his jacket pocket, and cut open Dana’s leg bindings. It wasn’t hard. Her legs were as far apart

as they’d go so she could remain upright. Then he hustled her to the enclosed staircase. He pushed her up the steps as she bleated and cried out, until they reached the door to the attic.



Holding her around the waist, he pulled open that door, flicked on the light, and dragged her up the remaining eight steps.

The area was completely covered in mattresses except for the space the wide brick chimney took up. The ceiling supports were all thick beams of round wood, off of which hung leather and rubber straps, as well as rope. There were piles of hemp, cord, and tape in every corner, as well as more iron rings bolted in the floor. They poked out between mattresses here and there.

He pushed Dana down, wrapped his arms around her ankles even before she had settled or stopped screaming, and went to work.



By the time he was finished, her face was almost entirely obscured. Only the very top of her hair and her nostrils poked out of the flesh-colored ace bandage he had re-wrapped her head in. Her eyes, ears, and mouth were tightly covered, and more white bandage was wrapped around her mouth. All were tightly cinched and clipped over the mouth padding and tape still in place.

As for her arms, her wrists were crossed behind her and lashed together, as well as to her waist. Her elbows were still tied, but not together. They were tied wide, across her FRONT, the rope straps going just below her tits. That way, she couldn't wave her arms like wings. Tying her that way had been no trouble: when he undid the elbow and wrist ropes, her limbs were so much dead weight.

Her legs were together her ankles tied side to side (with a knot between), then bent up and tied to her thighs. Her lower thighs were tied to her shins. Then, just to

be on the safe side, her ankles were tied to her wrists with a short length of cord.

She could move around slightly, but she certainly couldn't kick, walk, or stand.

He watched her feeble struggles for a few seconds, eyes resting on her heaving chest -- just barely held in by the clinging dress -and her thighs, ass and cunt barely covered by the hem which seemed made from rubber bands. He thought about playing with her for awhile, but remembered his mother's words.

He went back downstairs closing the protective trap door at the top of the stairs, as well as the attic door. "I'll get the bag," he said, striding into the living room. "She has some wonderful lingerie...."

"Wait a minute son," the woman said calmly,, still watching the television. He stopped just inside the front door. "I met your other little friend tonight," she continued.

He brightened. "Yes," he said, smiling. "Quite a little catch,, isn't she?"

"Lovely," the woman agreed. "Very young and vibrant ... with quite a nice voice."

"What?" he said, caught by surprise.

"You're very lucky she is so young," she said pointedly. "A little older and her voice would be deeper and carry farther." He blinked. "As it is, I think any one else would have been certain it was the wind."

He started, coming toward her. "What happened?"

"Very persistent your young friend," said the woman. "Spent all day scraping off tape."

"Damn!"

"Don't worry. She still couldn't see, so she didn't scream as loud as she might -- and besides, no one is home next door. The Scotts are on vacation. Why did you think I told you to do it now?" He smiled at her in thanks. "But I hope you learned a lesson. When you're leaving them alone, you can never be too careful. Understand?"

He nodded. "Understood." She went back to her television, but he continued to consider her. "How did...?" he began. "I mean, what did you...?"

She just smiled at him. “A very pretty young girl,” she said, looking back at the TV. “Quite beautiful, I would imagine, in the best of circumstances. Used to getting her own way. We had a nice little talk. I think I got her to think about ... other things..... His smile got wider. “Are you going to be with her, or your new friend tonight?” she asked.

He stood and stretched. “Pretty busy day, mom,” he said,, thinking of his aching, overworked penis. ‘I

think I may just turn in.”

The woman gripped the arms of her chair and started to get up. “Tell you what, then. You check your sweet, little girl friend downstairs; and I’ll see to it that your new friend is most comfortable. Okay?”

“Okay,” he said, feeling a new thrill, and went to the cellar. ■



CHAPTER THREE

He could hardly see Melissa when he got there. She lay on the mattress a soft, warm blanket covering her from her feet up to her closed eyes. But he could see the handcuff clicked around the ring in the floor, going under the blanket. And he could see the beads of sweat on her brow, and the way her red hair shone.

He reached down and pulled the cover back with a flourish.



Melissa didn't move or wake up. He gasped in delight and wonder. She was completely naked except for black, shiny high heel shoes still wedged on her feet. She lay on her side, her head on a thick pillow. A thick, white, cloth gag was tied between her teeth, prying open her mouth, and knotted beneath her crimson mane, at the back of her neck. His mother was a master at that.

Her arms were behind her, her wrists handcuffed. Her legs were slightly bent, almost side by side, her ankles also affixed with shiny silver steel handcuffs. The final pair of handcuffs reached from the ring in the floor to the chain between the cuffs on her ankles.

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Her skin was slick with sweat, making her smooth, pale flesh glow with an unearthly beauty. She seemed to be a perfect alabaster sculpture. The dewy glimmer of her tiny tuft of red cunt hair only crowned the vision.

He could see she was sleeping the sleep of the totally exhausted. He could just imagine what his mother did to make her this way. Then he noticed the pile of her torn clothes on top of a wet, dripping dildo and two intersecting belts.

He imagined her big blue-green eyes inside the lids moving in deep REM sleep. He couldn't imagine what she might be dreaming of. He replaced the blanket, careful to cover her mouth and nose, then went back upstairs.

His mother was already in her room. He turned away and went up to the attic. Dana had also received the mistress' touch. (Her head was still covered in bandages, but her legs were separate, although each was bound ankle to thigh, shin to knee individually. Momma had pulled a pair of white French-cut panties onto the brunette simply so she could tie a single strand of tight rope over her hips and through her crotch.

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Dana writhed on the mattresses, pulling at her arms, rocking up to her knees, and flopping back down again. Her legs opened and closed, and she kept struggling -- trying to get the rope pushing the cotton panty between her cunt lips away. She moaned and grunted as she twisted and rolled.

He looked closer. Sweat had colored the bandages covering her brow. Her arm bondage seemed exactly the same, but he noticed she was also scraping her chest on the mattresses whenever she lay on her stomach.

He smiled, stepping up and reaching down to her. She squealed as he lifted her by the arms, shaking and nodding her head, begging him to help. With one hand still holding her up, he carefully lifted one side of the dress' neckline.

Sure enough, his mother had cut two small circles of Velcro out from their sheets of the scratchy stuff, and glued them to the inside of Dana's dress --just over her breasts. Now the girl's nipples served as the affixing portion. He saw that the tiny plastic strands of the miracle Fixodent curled in, around and on her tit's nub, pulling and tickling at it -- reluctant to let go.

He let the neckline snap back to her pendulous orb, and let go with his other arm.

Dana flopped back to the mattress, moaning and cringing.

He carefully reached down and pressed the dress where the Velcro dots were stuck on the inside. He pressed them like buttons, letting his fingers sink deep into her tits as she screamed, slamming the back of her head to the mattress, and undulating in place like a captured dolphin.

Then he smiled, left the attic, and went to bed.

He woke up with a hard-on, like he always did. Only this time he didn't wait for it to soften so he could go to the bathroom. This time he sprang out of bed and strode to the upstairs hallway, letting it lead the way. He stopped momentarily outside the attic door, imagining what Dana looked like this morning.

She probably lay, partly on her side and partly on her chest, her cheek on the mattresses. One tit would be scrunched down, despite her exhausted, desperate attempts to keep pressure off the Velcro tormentor on her tit. Her legs would be together, finally.

She would be suffering a fitful sleep, the rope still in place, disappearing through the panty, between her legs. The hip ropes would have dug in, looking like a particularly unmerciful belt, while the other section would look like a gag between her cunt lips.

His hand jumped off the attic door with that thought. He hopped quickly down the stairs, remembering the sexual inequity of his guests. He had fucked Dana three times. That was patently unfair.

He grabbed the handcuff key from a kitchen drawer and ran down into the basement. Melissa was as he left her. That made his cock all the harder and longer. He kneeled gingerly beside her, carefully pulled back the covers, and folded it across her thighs, just under her red thatch of still dewy cunt hair.

He held his breath and looked at the way her thigh curved into her ass, connected by shapely muscle. He saw the way her flat hard stomach sloped down to her cunt, the thick, rich red hair seemingly painted on by a master's hand. Then he forced his eyes to rise, looking at her wonderful torso and the way her strong, vibrant breasts held high onto her chest like perfect





sliding back and forth across the pillow, and her arms were being raised and dropped to the mattress over her head.

Something was slamming between her legs. She felt something gripping her ass cheeks. She tried to kick, but her ankles were close together and something was confining her feet. She couldn't get them more than six inches off the floor.

Then she remembered. All of it.

She cried out, finally feeling the incredibly tight, thick cloth prying open her teeth and forcing her tongue down. The tip of her pink tongue curled up, almost licking the gag, as it sopped up the saliva gathering in the corners of her mouth.

She cried out again, in pain this time, as her hips were struck again. She tried to raise her head, but she was too weak. Then she cried out a third time, as her body was jerked back and forth onto something hard.

She forced her head up, her wild red mane cascading down around her face. She finally got a first look at her captor.

His head was down. His hands were gripping

Jell-O molds.

She didn't wake up when he unlocked her wrists. She didn't wake up when he slipped the cuffs between a ring bolted to the floor at the top of the mattress. She didn't wake up when he recuffed her wrists over her head. She didn't wake up when he pulled the blanket completely off her body.

She didn't even wake up when he spread her knees, and kneeled between her legs.

She didn't even wake up when he lovingly slipped his hands under her wonderfully round, firm ass, and lifted her hips off the padding. She only woke up after he had pushed his cock crown inside her and started ramming his penis all the way in.

For the first time in a day, Melissa's eyes snapped open. They were big and bright blue-green, staring at the ceiling. They were unfocused and wet, the membranes working doubly hard to keep them lubricated -- considering what they had gone through.

She could hardly see anything the way her body was being jerked around. Her head was



her ass. His arms were wrapped around her thighs. He was repeatedly impaling her onto his erect cock with an incredible urgency.

Melissa screamed her head dropping back, the cry being vibrated and diminished by her situation. It seemed to shake and gargle, then get choked off by the repeated ramming.

Her feet were still behind him, clanking quietly in the anklecuffs, jerking by their short tether to the ring.

Melissa yanked at her arms, but those handcuffs were unyielding as well. She was stretched on a makeshift fucking rack. The only thing she had going for her was the new gag. It only blocked her throat and obstructed her tongue. She could still get decent volume if she concentrated.

Melissa tried to ignore his slamming meat. She tried to ignore the invasion into her girlhood. She tried to ignore the lancing sensations as he pushed along her



vaginal canal again and again. Instead she tried to retreat into her head. She demanded that her mouth open as wide as it could, and all her air pour through her throat.

She started to scream just as he pulled down on her again. The scream was cut off. He kept pulling and thrusting. Her wind kept getting knocked out of her in horrid grunts. Finally she went nuts. She twisted and kicked and shook and flailed and screamed.

The scream was interrupted and choked back, but never off. And as she was jerked, it grew louder and louder and louder, until it seemed to fill the entire basement.

Then suddenly, her back slammed onto the mattress. Her entire body dropped, surprising her. She froze for one second. One second too long.

She opened her mouth and sucked in breath to scream again, then he fell on top of her.

The wind came out her mouth in a wheeze, her eyes teared, her head reared up, her face got red, sweat popped from her brow, and all her veins showed. Her eyes were filled with his face as he lay on top of her; his hands working furiously behind her head.

“Ssh,” he was whispering. “Ssh, quiet, quiet.”

She filled her eyes with him, her expression filling with hate. She vindictively filled her lungs with air and opened her mouth to scream louder than she ever had, when the gag knot





gave her no leeway -- nor did the ankle cuffs which kept her legs wrapped around him.

She tried to push him off with her body, but that only pressed her breasts against his. That only rubbed her stomach against him. Melissa tried to bring her fists up to hit him, but they remained stretched over her head. She tried to bring her arms up to dislodge his arms, but the big, fluffy pillow all but pushed her face into his hands.

He kept his fingers and palm tightly over her working mouth and his forearm against her chin -- feeling her Adam's apple bobbing and the tendons in her neck working. He heard her grunts and curses becoming gasps and moans as he continued thrusting.

He felt her body grow wet and hot as he kept at it. He saw her eyes grow soft and unfocused. He saw her head push harder and harder against the pillow. He felt her legs stop trying to kick him, and stretch out as far as the steel shackles would allow. He even felt her hips rise to meet his.

It took a long, long time. Melissa was frozen in agonizing place, her muscles stretched to the tearing point as he thrust harder and harder, faster and faster. Her head moved farther and farther back, until he could

at the back of her head suddenly came loose and he stuffed the entire cloth into her mouth.

Then his right hand was there, clapped over her lips. Then his right forearm was there, jammed under her chin. Then he lay down completely, pressing her body with his.

“That’s better,” he sighed, and his hips started moving again.

Melissa’s eyes widened and widened and widened as she felt his still hard, still stiff prick sliding into her. Then her brow furrowed and she tried to twist her head from under his grasp. He wouldn’t let her. Her mouth was completely full with thick, pulpy white cloth. Her teeth were clamped shut and her lips were pressed down and together. She tried to scream again, but only the most pathetic mumble came out.

And still he kept pushing his cock in and up her vagina. To her mounting horror, it was responding. After all the stimulation of the previous night, her cunt was filling with lubrication, her vaginal walls gripping and rippling across the bulbous penis.

Melissa struggled and cried, trying to kick him, but the handcuffs attached to the ring bolted to the floor



no longer keep his forearm on her chin without choking her. only then did he grab her hair with that hand for balance -keeping the other firmly over her mouth.

Then he thrust one last timer moving up on one elbow, and she started jerking as if she were having a fit.

He felt his thick, white semen ejaculate into her just as her vagina muscles completely contracted. She flopped on the mattress, fingers scratching at the wall, moaning through the gag, sweat pouring down her face, and into her hair.

He collapsed on top of her just as she relaxed, feeling the waves of orgasm sweep through her.

They lay still for a short time, both breathing heavily, his hand still over her mouth. Then he felt her shaking beneath him. He looked up to see her crying; big clear tears rolling out of her eyes as she coughed and jerked her head back and forth on her neck with each wracking sob.

He held on as she stretched her body to the limit, seemingly trying to eject herself from the cellar, or eject the cellar from her. Then she collapsed again, still wracked with gagged sobs.

He crawled up her body, kneeling with his knees on either side of her chest. He let his wet, drooping cock flop between her tits, which sent her into a renewed fit of sobbing.

“Come on now,” he chided quietly, his hand moving around her lips. “Time to gag you again. Time to keep you nice and quiet”

She shook her head, but he grabbed her chin, holding it painfully tight, and prying her teeth open. With one nimble grab, he pulled the sodden cloth from her mouth. For a split second, her lips were uncovered.

“Don’t do this, why are you ... !” she started through her tears, her voice getting more strident and louder with each word as she raised her head. But then his

hand was at her jaw again and she made a gurking sound as he forced the round red rubber ball between her lips.

She gagged as it popped behind her teeth, jerking in place as he held he back of her head with one hand and covered her mouth again with the other. Then he pushed her head back to the pillow, reached with the hand that had been behind her head, then started pushing strips of wider wet, gray tape across her lower face. It was the same stuff he had used on her before.

“Only this time,” he said, “you’re not going anywhere.”

She struggled, but in vain. The tape went over her lips in an X, then he reinforced that with more horizontal strips, going from ear to ear and jawline to jawline.

Then he hopped off her to kneel beside her naked body. He rubbed his hands on the cum which had dribbled on her chest, moisturizing her tits with it as she contorted, screaming uselessly at him.

“There, there,” he said. “That’s





around her neck. That only heightened Melissa's struggles.

He backed off, enjoying her increasingly frenetic pleadings, but he knew something was still missing. He remembered what his mother said last night ... about occupying her with something other than scraping off her gag.

He raced over to the still sopping wet gag cloth, kneeled beside her, grabbed one knee and yanked it up. Then he stuffed the cloth into her cunt, just far enough to keep it in there.

"There," he said. "That ought to keep you busy." Then he watched as she stiffened, tried to see through the pillow cover, then began alternately opening and rubbing her legs for all she was worth. She reared up, her back arching, and her fingers reaching agonizingly for the cloth, but ... she ... just ... couldn't .. quite ... make it.

He watched her collapse then try again, then collapse, then try again. Finally she started opening, then rubbing her legs together.

Smiling, he took the heavy, soft blanket and snapped it up so it floated down, over her entire body. He watched her form moving fre-

much better."

He suddenly moved very fast, unclipping her wrists from the handcuffs, dragging her to a sitting position, and wrenching one arm up her back -- making her gasp in pain and surprise. Suddenly her hands were handcuffed behind her. And then her feet were uncuffed. Before she could react, he threw her face down to the mattress.

She felt him grab her ankles. She heard the handcuffs click again. Suddenly she was lying on her side, the links of the cuffs between each other. She was bent in a backwards O. in a steel hogtie, her mouth filled and her lips sealed. Then he clipped the last handcuff from the joined links between her ankles and wrists to the ring in the floor at the base of the mattress.

Melissa called out and struggled simply to expend the fear and shame inside her. He looked down at the tight, firm, shapely nineteen-year-old with the white skin and full red hair as she shook and twisted and pulled and begged.

"Not this time," he said, pulling the pillowcase off the cushion. He snapped it over her head, then used her tattered leggings to tie the base





He stayed that way for some time, slowly kneading her breasts like bread dough as she moaned and undulated. Only then did he release her right tit and move his hand slowly down to her cunt. He touched the panty right where the rope disappeared into her cunt lips. She jerked in place, and he laughed quietly. The panty was completely soaked through.

He scratched and rubbed that for awhile, his other hand taking turns on her tits, as she trembled in his grasp and wept.

She tried to relieve the pressure in her loins, but the ropes held her ankles to her thighs. She tried to avoid his fingers, but the crotch rope dug deep into her hipbones, sinking them in a groove she couldn't eliminate. It pulled up her dress hem to just over her cunt lips. The panty was nothing but more stimulation now, only protecting her from the rawness of the rope.

The gag hadn't loosened during the night, although the panty shields were nothing more than mulch. But even if all the moisture had loosened the tape, the bandages were just as tight and just as firm covering her eyes, ears, mouth, and most of her nose. Her own sweat

netically under the cover for a few seconds, then headed for the stairs.

"Have a nice day," he said.

Dana was just as he had imagined her. He was filled with consideration and sympathy as he approached her. He gently cupped his hand under her head and over her cheek. He sat down behind her. Then he even more carefully lifted her up and laid her across his lap.

He placed the back of her head on his shoulder and reached around to either side, his fingers gripping the two-inch swath of the mini-short sleeves. With an even tug, he pulled the sleeves down her arms until the Velcro snapped off her nipples and the neckline released her tits.

He felt her start, and wake up. He heard her long, low, agonized call for help -- her back arching off his chest, her head going back on his shoulder. Then his fingers were deep in her succulent tits, his head was lowered onto her throat, and he hugged her to him.

Geoffrey Merrick





practically glued the nearly translucent cloth to her flesh. He had clipped them so well and so much, no amount of grinding her face on the mattresses helped. Nor did it pull the Velcro from her nipples.

Only he did that, and it wasn't much of a respite. Her breasts were achingly full and hard, the nipples full and raw and tingling -pointing like fingers. He just sat there, squeezing them with ecstasy, while sinking his finger into the wet canal made by the crotch rope and her vaginal lips. She was too exhausted to fight, but she couldn't help reacting. She heard her little noises and felt how her body undulated lazily against his -- filling her mind with loathing.

Finally he stopped. He let her slip off his lap and fall to her side. Then he merely forced a rope under her bent knees and tied them together. He looked down at her motionless form, realizing she was already asleep. He turned to the painted, boarded over windows with the rugs hung over them and still saw a hint of sunlight.

It wasn't right. It was day. She should be awake. So deciding, he got another strand of rope. He pulled her dress' neckline back into place, making sure the Velcro circles glued to the inside were in place right over her entire nipples. Even that didn't wake the weary girl up.

So then he slipped the rope under her arms and tied it directly across her nipples as tight as he could, pressing the Velcro barbs deep into her tits.

He saw her head snap up. Then he heard her start to cry out. Then he felt her start to move.

He backed up to get a better view. It was perfect; when she tried to rub her side on the mattresses to get the rope off, her elbows got in the way. When she tried to rub her chest on the floor, her tits got in the way. That is, her breasts were so strong and full and pendulous that the rope dug deep into them, making them into four. The tit flesh on either side of the rope kept the rope deep in the nipple's valley. She couldn't

get them off.

And, when she rubbed her back frenetically on the floor, her bound hands got in the way. She just couldn't get the angle.

Dana started babbling into the gag again, her jaw working frantically. She tried to kick, but all she suc-

ceeded in doing was flopping on the floor, pulling the rope tighter across her tits and in her cunt.

"That's it," he said from the trap door, after enjoying her captive 22" for another ten minutes. "Rise and shine!" ■



CHAPTER FOUR



They were waiting when he got home. He figured his mother would make a special celebration this first day, so he came in and closed the front door quickly.

Melissa stood in front of him, cringing. The old woman was holding onto her left elbow as she tentatively raised one foot, then the other, trying to find out how much room the hobble at her ankles gave her.

The black, shiny high heels were still stuck to her feet. Her wrists were behind her, crossed, and tied with padded black wire. The same rubber-coated black wire was cinched around each ankle. The same coated black wire which stretched for two feet between her legs.

Something was over her mouth. Her jaw was completely distended; everything from just over her chin to just under her nose was covered by a tight band of supple, clinging black leather. But by the way she

painfully moved her head, he could tell that something was prying open her teeth to their greatest aperture.

He smiled widely, feeling even more excitement grow. He had nothing to worry about. His mother had had all day to clean, cleanse, feed, and clothe their new housemates.

Melissa was dressed in a second skin, black-lace cat suit with a deep V-neck. It molded and adhered to her round breasts, her little pink nipples just barely visible beneath the skintight material.

“She had this in her car,” the old woman said. “In case she needed to make a quick change.”

The girl herself could only feel it, since two small patches of black tape were over her big blue-green eyes. She just had to stand there, moaning softly, and tentatively pulling at her bonds as her lustrous hair

curtained her features.

He took a step toward her, then stopped, catching his breath. His mother had spent some time during the day altering the lace suit to her taste. He stared down in rapture between Melissa's legs, where the old woman had cut out an upside down "U."

Melissa's satiny thatch of red cunt hair and a few centimeters of her smooth, alabaster skin was in perfect view.

He put down his briefcase and approached, stopping when he heard a distant grunt from his left. Looking over, he saw Dana sitting uncomfortably in his mother's chair in front of the television.

Her mouth was pried all the way open by a big white ball gag forced behind her teeth; held in place by a leather strap which buckled tightly behind her head. Her brown eyes were wide and wet, her face dappled with sweat.



He had been right. Dana did have a lot of nice lingerie.

She was wearing a fascinating white satin chemise that seemed stitched directly around her. Its spaghetti straps dug into the skin of her shoulders. The plunging V-neck molded her pendulous orbs, and there were oval holes sewn into the bodice, revealing even more chest flesh. The hem rippled just below her cunt line.

All her gloriously long, shapely legs were on view. Her feet were wedged into four inch white high heels with little bows in the back. Her legs were crossed and knees tied with thin white rope. Her right ankle was tied to her left ankle, and moored around her shoes with more white rope. The one foot on the floor was further tied to the left front leg of the chair.

Her arms were behind her, her wrists crossed, tied, and then tied again to her waist ... which pulled the hem of the mini-chemise even higher. She rocked slowly in place, her unfocused eyes trying to see. Unlike Melissa, Dana didn't hear him or the TV. He saw that her ears were stuffed with cotton. She was sealed in her own, uncomfortable world.

He looked front again, his hands up, and continued his approach toward the redhead.

He put one hand in her hair; the other arm around her waist, pulled her head back, and slobbered on her neck.

She gave off a short, gagged scream, and tried falling back -but her captors held her up as he remade her acquaintance.

"I'm quite pleased," said the old woman as he kissed and sucked. "They are both remarkably conditioned."

"I'll say," he gasped as Melissa sagged in his arms.

"Very firm, but very flexible."

Melissa started to shake. Dana cried out, bobbing from



the waist. "Yes," he said, crushing the teenager to him.

"Come along," said the woman, letting go of Melissa's arm. "Time to eat."

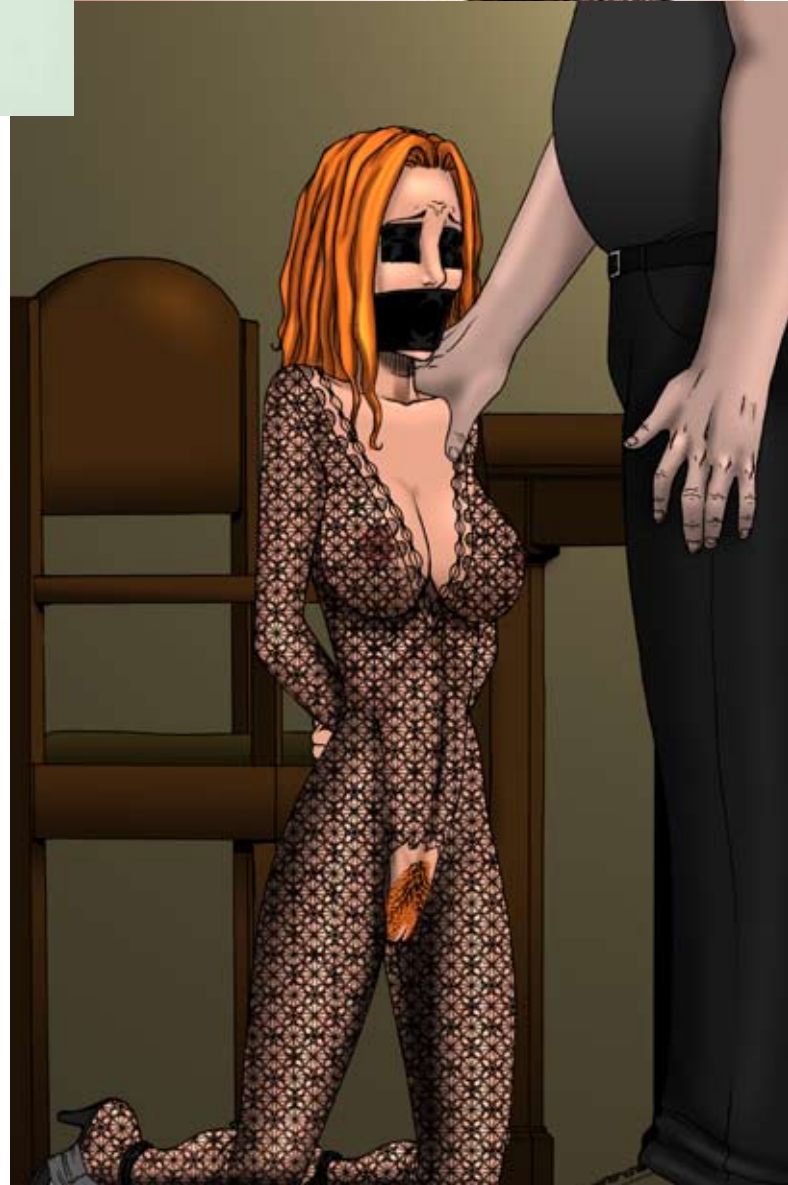
He started in place, then quickly filled his hand with soft, full, lustrous, red hair. He held her upright, then slowly led her into the dining room.

Melissa made little ah-ing sounds of pain as she was directed to the table by her mane, but then he transferred his grip to her lower arm and sat down. The wire hobble kept her from running, and besides, the old woman was already there behind her.

"Kneel," she said. Melissa turned her head and made another ah-ing sound of query, but then the old woman kicked her behind the knees. Melissa almost managed a cry of surprise, but then her heels were off the floor and her knees hit the carpet. His hands were there at her shoulders, keeping her from falling all the way over.

"There, that wasn't so bad, was it?" To add to her comfort, the old woman was pulling up her hair and unbuckling the leather band from over her mouth.

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Melissa struggled and tried to scream, but all she could do was move her tongue to make a desperate gargling noise.

“Yes, yes,” the old woman cooed. “I told you. Time to eat.” He started pulling her head toward him.

Melissa jerked and spasmed and pulled, but they sandwiched her just under the lip of the table edge. She tried raising her arms and spreading her legs, but the woman had her bulk tight against Melissa’s back while her full, lustrous hair was tightly gripped and tugged by the man.

Her sounds became ever more frantic and begging the closer the cock inched toward her chin; her mouth forced open to take it. Her eyes got bigger and bigger and bigger as the penis filled them. Then, just as the crown lightly touched her chin, her eyes screwed shut and tears began to stream out.

She quaked, trying one last attempt to pull away, but now the woman had her hands on Melissa’s neck and back, pushing. His hands shifted to the top and back of her head, pulling. He felt the top of the ring touch the back of his cock.

Melissa started gasping, then cried all the more



He smiled when it was pulled off. Sure enough, there was a large, round, metal ring wedged behind her teeth. On each side was another thin band which went around her head, under her hair, holding it in.

Her soft red lips worked, moving on and off her small white teeth as she tried to dislodge it with her tongue. With her jaw pushed like that, all she could make were the wet ah-ing sounds of effort and discomfort.

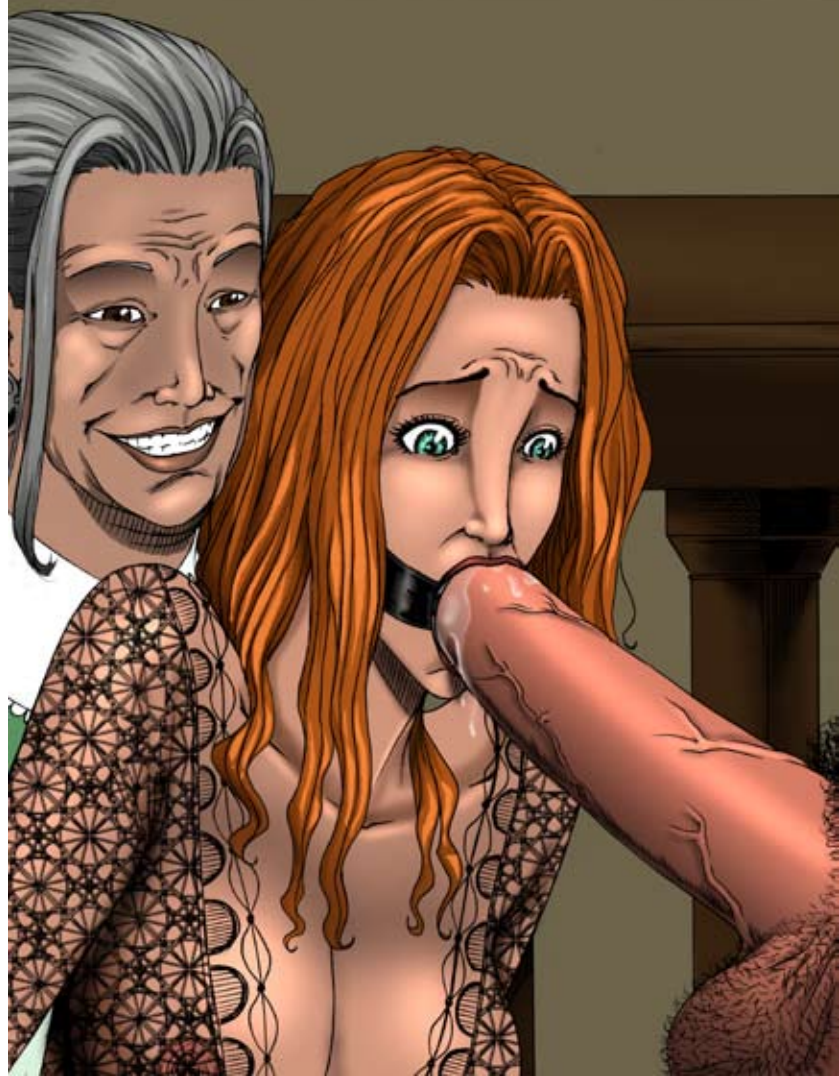
“There,” said the woman. “That isn’t so bad, is it?” Then, with two quick pulls, she tore the black patches off Melissa’s eyes.

Yes, it was so bad. Melissa was kneeling between his legs, facing him. She blinked, trying to get her big blue-green eyes to focus. He watched them clear and then widen.

His pants were down. His cock was hard and erect, close to her chin like a microphone.

She stiffened, and tried to pull back, but the woman was there behind her, blocking the way. And he was there, sitting in front of her, his fingers curling in her hair on either side of her face.

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when both captors redoubled their efforts. He positioned her mouth over his member, then suddenly pushed it inside. Just then, the woman lay her entire front on Melissa's back, grabbing both chair legs to hold the girl in place.

Melissa's scream was filled and then stopped up. The girl choked and gagged, her body shuddering. The woman placed both hands on the back of Melissa's head, as if holding her underwater. He grabbed the sides of her face, letting his fingers cup her jaw.

They just held her there, waiting for the two parts to

Melissa tried to yank herself off again, but it was no use. The old woman's chest mashed against her firm back, sealing her to him. Finally she forced her head down directly over his legs so the penis lay against her tongue and the top of her throat.

She stayed incredibly still, hardly daring to move. Only her chest swelled, trying to take air in through her nose. Her eyes were still squeezed shut against the sight.

"There," the old woman said again. "I knew you could do it. Now," she whispered huskily, directly into the girl's ear, her lips rubbing red hair and pale skin. "Listen to me. It won't end until you get him off. Do you understand? You have to make him come in your mouth. Even if it takes all night. All right?"

Melissa didn't move. Even her chest stopped moving.

"Don't worry," said the woman, laying heavily on Melissa's back. "I'm here to help you. I'll show you how."

Melissa's head began to move slightly, from side to side. She began to plead as best she could.

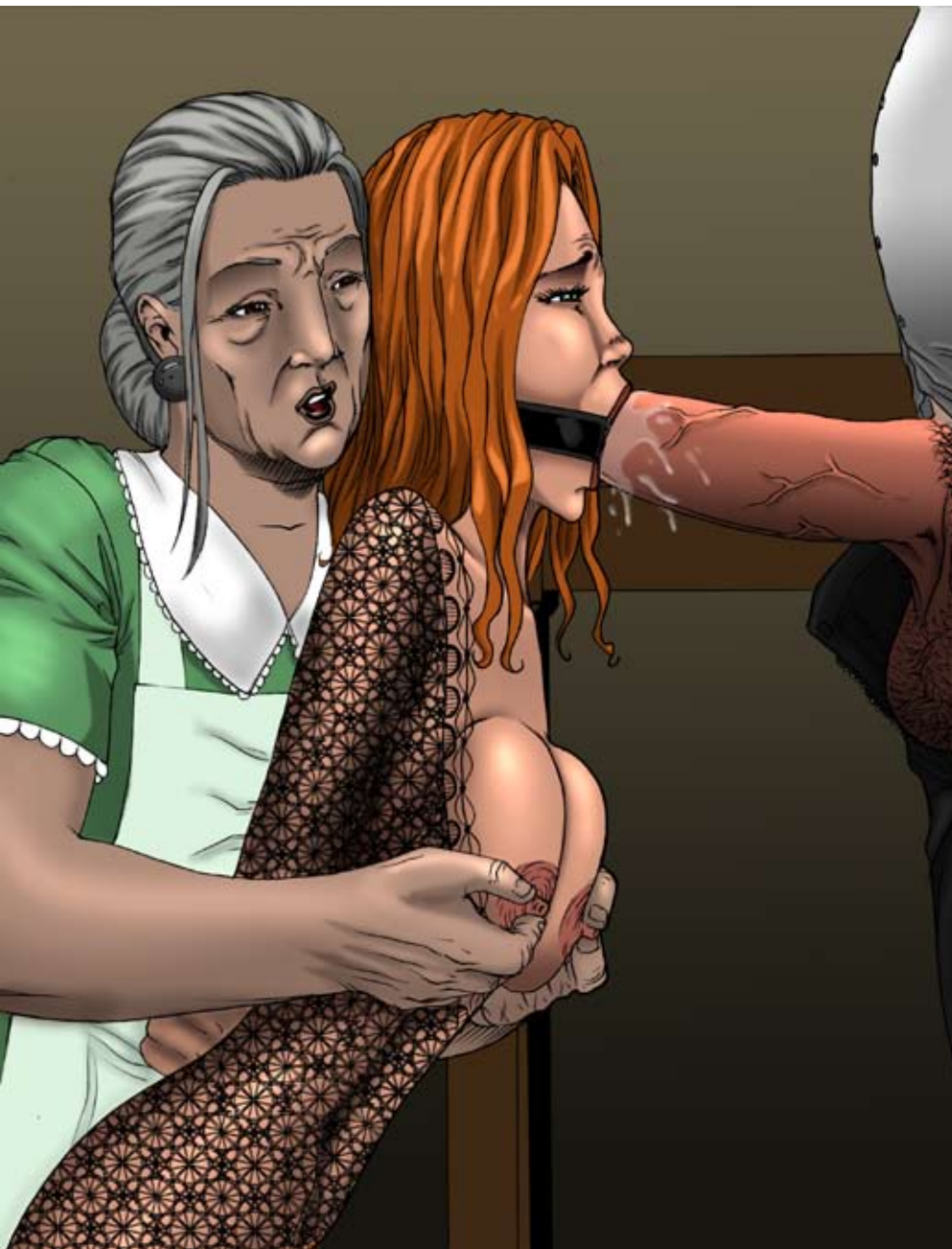
"No, no, no," the woman cooed, taking both sides of Melissa's lace clothing at her shoulders, and pulling down. The teenager's perfect, round, Jell-O-mold tits popped free. The girl whined and cringed. But then the woman's hands were completely covered the orbs, squeezing slightly.

"You have to do it right," she said, lightly rolling the nipples to get them stiff. "I'll be here to tell you whether you've got it right...." She caressed the pink nubs gently. "...or wrong." She pinched them sharply.

Melissa jerked in place, the cock crown scraping the top of her mouth. She mewled, then was forced back down.

"Come on," said the woman, delicately fondling Melissa's breasts as she lay atop her back. "Come on. You can do it."

Melissa suddenly bit down as hard as she could, but the ring wouldn't let her jaw close. He gripped her



adjust to themselves. Melissa coughed and sputtered, saliva and spit pouring into his crotch hair.

"There," whispered the old woman, leaning over to Melissa's ear. "Feel that? It will be there until you're finished, like it or not. So mold it. Get used to it. Get used to it or you'll strangle."



hair tighter, starting in spite of himself, while his mother gave Melissa's tits a savage, twisting pinch. The girl jerked in place, crying out around the cock, then started to sob again.

"That's not right," said the old woman mildly, soothing Melissa's nipples with her soft, open palms. "Try again." She leaned down, even heavier, and whispered wetly into the girl's ear again. "Try dislodging the ring. Go ahead. Try...."

Melissa didn't move, but then again, neither did her captors. He just sat there, his prick still hard in her mouth. The old woman just kept laying on her, her experienced, practiced hands doing a number on her aching breasts.

Finally the girl could take no more. Her tongue darted around inside her mouth, trying to get under the ring. The more she tried to get around the cock, the more she licked it. The more she tried to dislodge the gag, the closer she seemed to get.

Soon her shoulders and arms began to move, jerking, trying to get the proper leverage to pry the ring loose and bite his cock completely off. But the more she tried, the more saliva drooled across the dick and over her lips -- and the more she felt the thing sandwiched between her tongue and the roof of her mouth.

The longer she took, the heavier the old woman got on her back, and the faster the old woman's stimulation of her chest became.

"Breathe," the old woman blew in her ear. "Breathe through your mouth." She rubbed Melissa's tits smoothly.

Melissa tried to pull back again, her eyes shut, but his hands were pressing on the back of her head ... and then the old woman let go of her right breast. Suddenly Melissa's nostrils were pinched shut.

The teenage redhead struggled crazily, but still was unable to get loose. The old woman held her nose closed and pulled her right tit in the opposite direction. The man held her head and cupped her chin. Finally she had to let the cock sink all the way back in.

She sucked in air through her mouth, and around the prick.

"There," repeated the old woman, rubbing her arm against Melissa's chest while still clamping her nostrils shut. "There. That's it." She finally let go of the girl's nose and lay her hands across the top of Melissa's back. "Keep going. That's good. Keep going." She reached around and took a wine bottle off the table.

Melissa stopped dead when she felt something between her legs. She made a little quizzical sound, her head turning as far as the cock would let it. Suddenly the old woman wrapped her hands around the girl's inner thighs and lifted. Then she put her hands on top of Melissa's thighs and pushed down.

The man clamped his hands even tighter on the girl's head as she was invaded. Melissa screamed as the woman put her entire weight on the teenager's back,



Melissa could no longer think. All she saw was exploding stars, all she heard was a roaring, and she felt electric shocks inside her body.

She felt stuffed and suffocated, making her work all the more frantically. It was if she were underwater, swimming toward the surface of the ocean. She stroked faster and faster as there was less and less air.

The saliva covered his thighs and made a puddle on the chair. The shaft of his penis was thickly coated with it. Her tongue was a bun around the sausage, licking and caressing. The ring touched the vibrating crown with each stroke. The strokes came faster and faster and faster, Melissa grunting with each one until the sounds became one long, undulating groan.

Then his back arched. His hips shot up. Then his hands slapped on the back of her head, pushing her down. Then the old woman grabbed Melissa's tits and stretched them forward for all she was worth.

The girl froze in place and nothing happened for a split second. Then her mouth was coated with thick, spurting liquid.

forcing her to sit on the smooth, tapered bottle.

She was impaled, her cunt lips wide, the bottle's long upper section all the way inside her. She practically sat on the wider bottom section. Then the woman's hands were back on her tits, and her mouth was moving against the girl's ear.

"The faster you work, the sooner it goes."

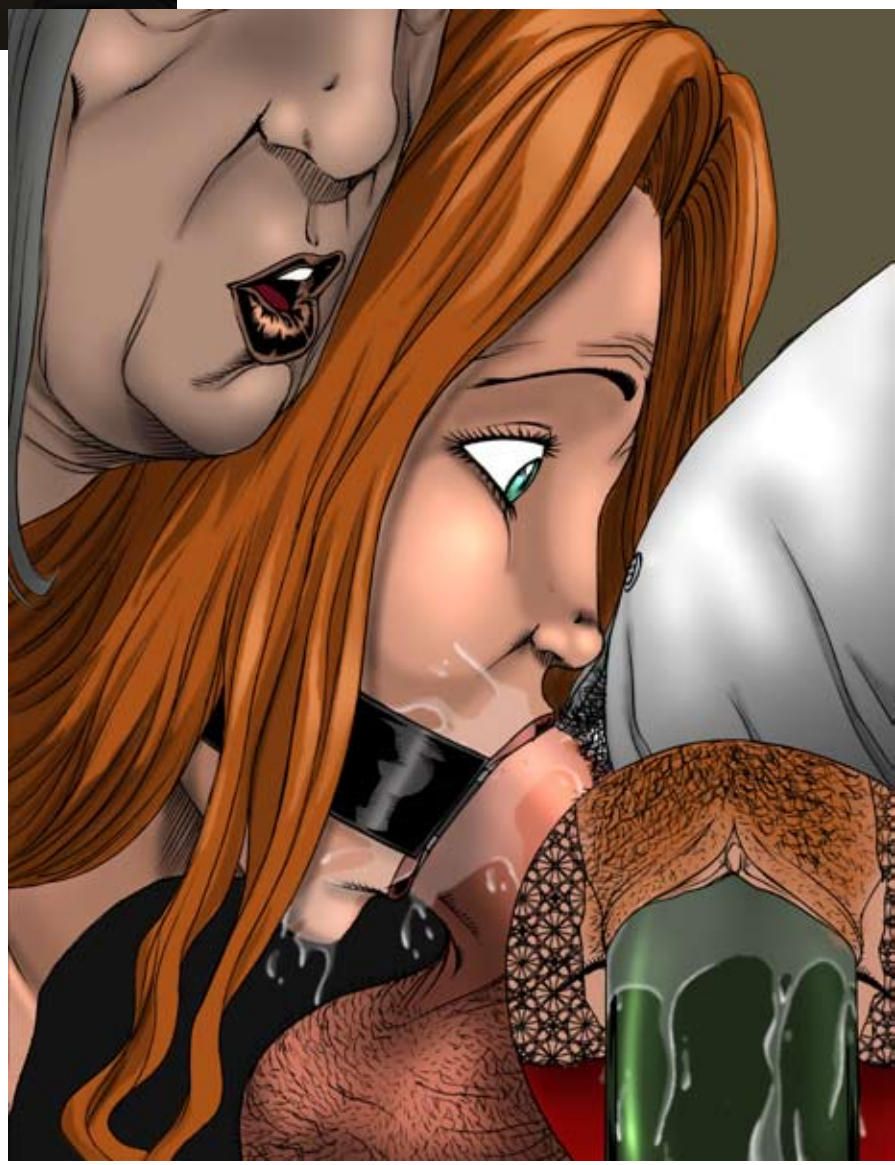
The woman started pulling at Melissa's tits as the girl rocked her head frenetically on his hard-on. She slobbered, breathed through her mouth, and jerked her head up and down.

He let his head fall back, his hands just resting on her hair now, smiling.

Melissa's arms moved under the woman's bulk. Her fingers splayed, then tightened together. She tried lifting her haunches, but the old woman just bore them down.

Suddenly her whole body was rocking: her mouth around the cock and her cunt around the bottle as the woman yanked on her tits like bread dough.

Geoffrey Merrick





Melissa reared up, the old woman leaping off her back, and the man throwing his arms wide. She tried to scream, her blue-green eyes wide open, but the ring and cum made it a horrified gargle.

The semen splashed out of her pried-open mouth as she yanked her tight body aside, splattering her hair as it cascaded over her face and shoulders. The wine bottle tipped over with her, hardly sliding out of her cunt. She hit the floor on her side, her right arm taking much of the brunt. Her red, raw, molested tits

jiggled painfully as she hit.

She moaned softly, in shock and pain, then moaned again -- longer and louder this time -- as she stretched her aching limbs and turned her face toward the floor ... the milky cum drooling over her lips and into the covering mound of her shining red hair.

He stood, gripping his stiff member, and jerked the last few drops across the floor to splatter on the little girl's side. Melissa didn't even feel them. What she felt was the old woman kneeling at her feet, gripping the wine bottle, and slowly pulling it from her vagina.

"That's a good girl," the old woman sighed, holding the lubricant-smearred bottle in one hand, and gently cupping one of Melissa's cum-splattered tits with the other. "You did just fine." She looked to her son, who still held his stiff member. He jerked his head toward the living room.

The old woman nodded. It was time to trade places.

Melissa jerked up in shock as the old woman's fingers suddenly clawed deeply into her tit.



Melissa sat where Dana had been sitting. Only the teenager's feet weren't touching the floor. The only thing touching the floor beside the easy chair were her black high heels; finally off. Melissa's legs were tucked under her, her ankles tied to her thighs and her knees tied together -- all with the black wire.

Her wrists were each tied to each ankle with the same wire, and her elbows cinched as close as they could go behind her back. To keep her from scratching or getting at the knots, each hand was enclosed its own black rubber mini-mitten, which forced Melissa's fingers in fists. They also cinched around her wrists.

Her face was likewise enclosed. Her red hair had been pulled through a hole in the top of a black rubber hood which covered her entire head and cinched around the very top of her throat. The only opening was for her nostrils. A round pear gag was bolted on the inside, filling her mouth. Pads were over her eyes and ears.

An itchy wool blanket had been tightly tucked around her, covering her body from the neck down. Beneath, her black lace leotard was still pulled



kitchen. Rope wrapped her wrists, which were bound side by side and pulled behind her head. Her elbows bent and more rope affixed her wrists tightly to a steel peg under the table, just below her neck.

The piece de resistance was the rope tying her elbows together under her head. It made her elbows and upper arms her pillow, upon which her skull rested. It forced up her face, so her chin was almost resting on her chest.

Then there was the big ring gag ... which was now in Dana's mouth, prying Dana's teeth wide, distending Dana's jaw. She was for to stare down at herself ... for all she could see.

"You see?" the old woman told her son. Her arms hold her head forward." She tilted her head to look at Dana's shaking chest. "It is also the most lovely position for her boobs."

She reached down, grabbed the sides of the chemise's bodice and pulled them down to the breast's base. Dana's tits jiggled and bounced as Dana complained sharply. Her groan stilled as her tits did.

down to her waist. The wool covering was then stuff under her arms and as deep between her legs as it would go. It all wrapped her.

She hummed, gurgled, and shook. She rocked back and forth, twisting -- her turn to be sealed in her own world.

Dana had taken her place at the table, but she was not kneeling, nor was she eating. Both girls were only fed once a day. Same with him: he had a big lunch in preparation for his first night with his new roommates. Melissa's main course had been him. His main course now Dana.

She lay across the table. The old woman had bought it specifically for this purpose. It was heavy and solids as well as small enough to do the trick. Dana's shoulders lay on one end, facing the shaded, curtained, shuddered windows. Her hips were on the other facing the kitchen.

The ropes that held her down were white, small, and incredibly tight. Rope clinched her ankles, affixing them wide to the table le facing the

Geoffrey Merrick





“There,” said the old woman, satisfied. The tight lingerie, still ballasted by their spaghetti straps, pushed Dana’s pendulous orbs together. She tried to pull her legs free, but the rope held, and the heavy table didn’t move. She tried to speak, then moaned at the mush which emerged from her widened mouth. She sucked in the drool that was collecting between her tongue and lower teeth.

“Very good,” he agreed, and started climbing on top of her.

Dana started to repeatedly cry no. But her mused words were cut off when he put his knees on either side of her waist and sat up on her stomach.

She made a huh-ing sound, trying to focus on him. But he was a huge blur above the fuzzy peaks of her exposed, vibrating breasts.

She stared at her chest with unfocused eyes and felt a sudden pang of dread. She knew what he was going to do. She tried to slide off or kick, but to no avail. He took out his prick and wedged it between her chest mounds.

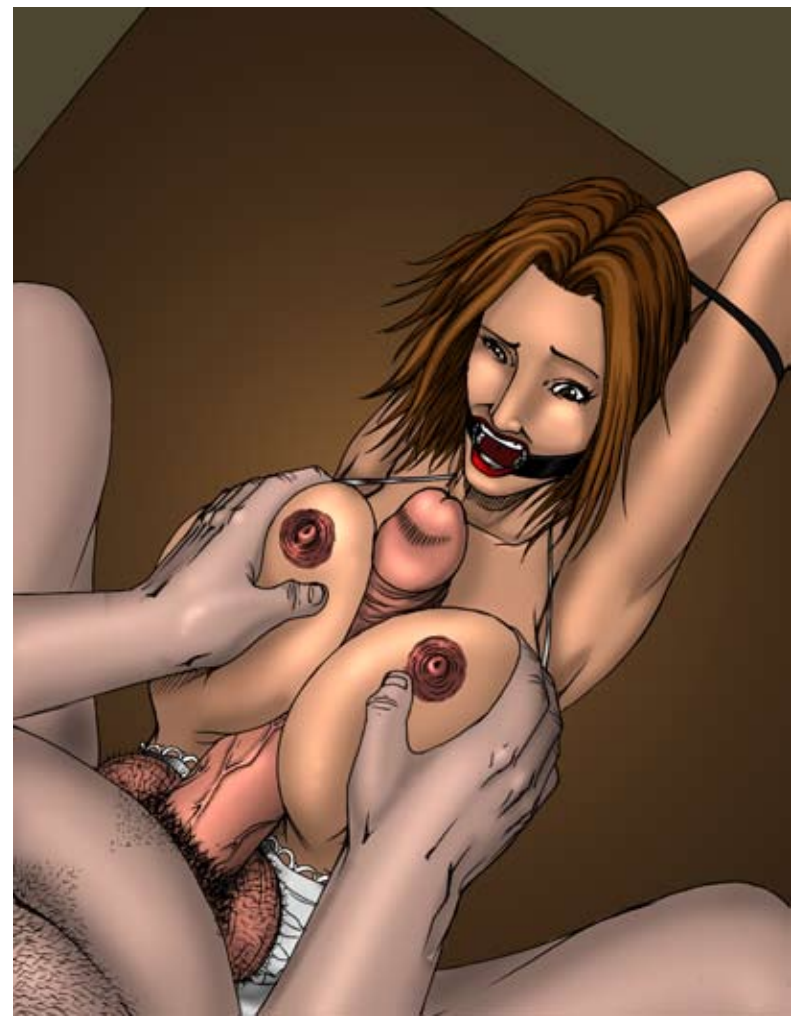
Dana groaned and tried to turn her face, but her upper arms were pressed tightly against the sides of her head. She closed her eyes.

When she opened them again, she saw a little fleshy eye peek out between her breasts.

Dana’s brow was suddenly covered in lines and her

silky brown eyebrows furrowed together. Sweat dripped from every wrinkle, burning her huge, deep eyes. She forced herself to look down as far as she could; to the ring making her wide open mouth a giant target.

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Dana started yelling no again.

He merely pressed on the sides of her breasts, pushing his cock through her cleavage again and again.

Dana jerked at the ropes holding her wrists under the table. She pulled on her legs and twisted her hips, but none of it had any effect on what was going on at her chest.

The cotton was out of her ears so she heard the refrigerator door closing. Into her fuzzy sight came the shape of the woman, who was holding all sorts of things in her hands. He ignored it and just kept rubbing his cock along the sides of Dana's pressed together tits.



Dana heard an ice tray crackling, sending her eyes rolling, more sweat pouring down, and her tongue wagging. Then there was the old woman, leaning over the table gently lowering some cold, clear, dripping thing toward her.

The touch of the ice on her nipple was electric. Dana jerked in place, moving neither him or the table.

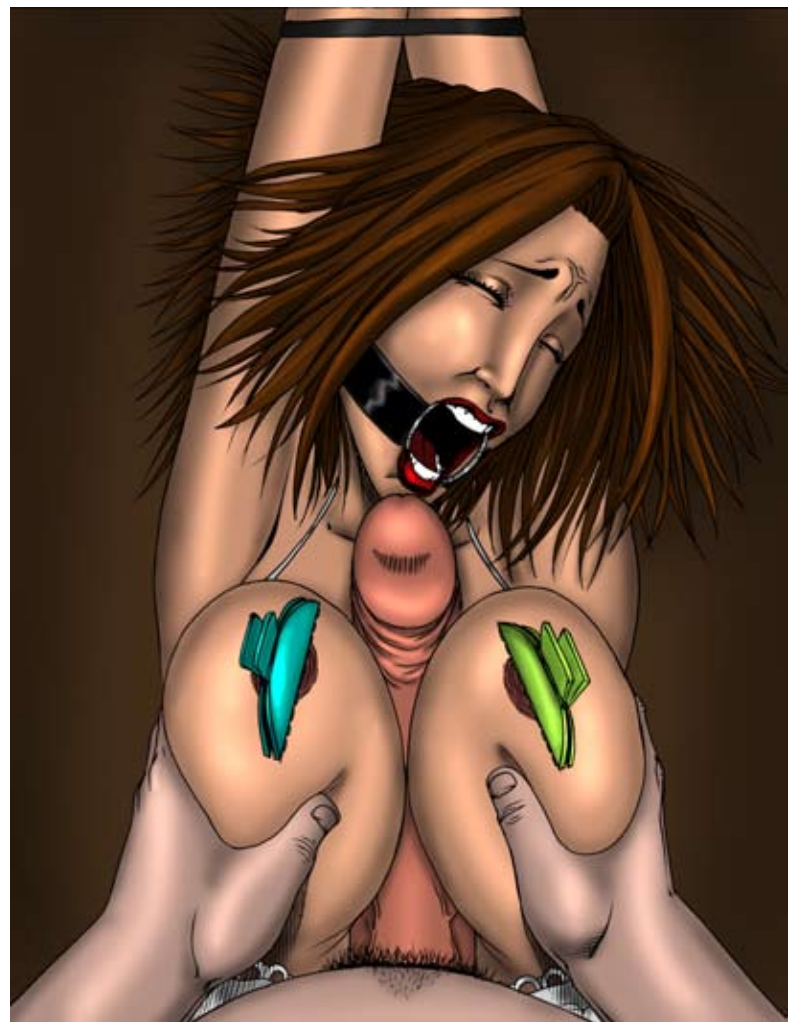
The woman stroked, stroked, and stroked again, watching the thick brown nub rise and stiffen. Then she brought the cube to Dana's other tit. She pressed

the melting ice hard against the mound, making it bunch in her son's gripping hand. Then she lightly drew around the nipple, inflating it as well.

Then, with practiced strokes, she clamped a colorful plastic bread-bag freshness clip onto the erect right nipple.

Dana jerked in place again, howling. Then she jerked one more time. And another, and another, as the aqua blue plastic pin held on and bounced. The woman took a second clip -- this one a sickly green color -- and lowered it slowly toward Dana's left tit.

He slowed his thrusting only long enough to grab Dana's left breast in both hands and squeeze, so the nipple was stiff out the top. The woman rubbed it once with the clip's plastic teeth, as Dana writhed, then rubbed it twice, then finally affixed it in place.



Dana screamed so loudly even Melissa heard it, banging her head on her arms. But abruptly the woman grabbed Dana's hair, twisted her head to the side, and stuffed a dishtowel through the ring.

Dana's voice rattled in her throat, and her head fell back, exhausted.

She just lay there for a while, limbs lax, as he rutted between her tits, his vibrating dick getting red and



eyes were screwed shut again. The breath came out of her nose in ragged bursts. The ends of the dishtowel lay on her throat, soaking up the milk and honey that had collected in the pool of her slim, shapely neck.

“Just going to tough it out, eh, dear?” the woman asked. Dana didn’t respond; her every muscle tightened, her every limb stiff. The old woman looked behind her boy, to where the hem of Dana’s chemise was pulled up to her waist. “Oh no, you’re not,” she murmured.

Dana felt soft, pulpy hands on her knees. Her head jerked up, her chin dipping in the milky honey, as her legs were pushed even wider. But

all she could see was his shape, still on her stomach, his prick still pushing through her mashed-together breasts.



Instead, she felt it. She had felt the titfuck, but only in a purely physical way. It was not stimulating her the way it stimulated him. Only now, there was a new ingredient in her torment. There was something else

purple. The woman stared at her closed eyes and slightly averted face for a few seconds more.

“Ah, don’t be like that,” she complained before grabbing a bottle on the shelf beside her.

The old woman slowly, purposefully and carefully raised it over Dana’s oblivious face. Then she tipped it over her chest.

The cold heavy cream drooled all over her mounds and his hands. Dana’s eyes snapped open and she wailed some more, staring at the fuzzy white liquid coursing over her skin.

The clamped nipples raised to attention again as she yowled and kicked. The man didn’t let go, or stop thrusting. Instead, he just leaned down and sucked up the sweet stuff. He licked her solid tits, letting his tongue scrape her aureoles.

Dana repeatedly tried to yank herself from under him and off the table, but the solid construction hardly moved.

“See?” he said happily. “Very enthusiastic.”

“And strong,” she concurred, grabbing a new bottle. The honey was warm, slow, and sticky. “But not strong enough....”

Dana groaned, trying to arch her back, her eyes screwing shut. He just grabbed handfuls of the gooey stuff and massaged it into her breasts.

The woman put both hands on the lip of the table and watched her son’s cock moving back and forth between Dana’s bunched tits -- like a rod being pushed between two wet rollers.

Dana’s head was back as far as it could go and her

involved.

A tongue. A quick, wet, expertly manipulated tongue.



Dana began to vibrate on the tabletop, her eyes wide and unseeing. From behind the dishcloth came a rapid-fire uh-ing sound. Then suddenly she tensed, screaming, stretching as much as she could, all her tendons sticking out and her entire body suddenly covered in perspiration.

Still, it didn't stop. He kept rutting, her legs were still being pushed wide, and the tongue kept licking and pushing and probing.

Dana screamed again and again and again, twisting and kicking for all she was worth, but the table remained anchored, and so did she. She stiffened again, goose bumps raging across her form. Then she jerked again, screaming.

He merely slapped the sides of her tits and kept thrusting. The tongue kept flicking. Dana blinked in unison with it, twisting her head on her upper arms, mewling.

She jerked and gasped. She screamed, her chin up, the sound swallowed by the dishrag.

Finally he stopped slapping her tits. Now he grabbed

them tightly, pushed them together as hard as he could, and leaned in. Dana cried out in pain, finally feeling the long, hard cock tearing across her skin.

The tongue immediately stopped, and the dishtowel was pulled out of her mouth. She tried to take advantage of both to scream again, but then he started rutting as fast and as hard as he could, shaking her on the tabletop.

Her scream became a confused, vibrating yodel as he groaned and gnashed his teeth, his sweat dropping on her face.

The beads of perspiration made her blink. She found herself staring at the very tip of his cock, just inches away from her face. She couldn't see it clearly, but she could actually feel it throbbing on the sides of her breasts.

She suddenly pulled herself off the table as far as she could and started to shout, but then the penis spurted, the cum splattering her face and going into her mouth.



She made a horrible noise of revulsion and tried to twist her head away, but she couldn't. He sat up, letting the ejaculation spray her neck, chest, and cleavage. It mingled with the cream and honey to make an

awful glue.

He laughed, shaking her with his hips, and rubbed the mixture into her chest and across her manhandled breasts.

That's when the doorbell rang.

Before Dana was even sure of what she heard, he had hopped off her torso and pressed one hand deep into her solar plexus. She grunted, losing her air, her eyes bulging. He was already off her, pulling up his pants.

His mother immediately grabbed Dana's hair, yanked her head up, and cut the ropes at her elbows. Dana's head thudded on the table as her arms sprung wide.

Without pause, the old woman grabbed the girl's elbows, pulled her back, and forced her head off the edge of the table.

Once Dana was looking backwards, at the front window shades, the old woman stuffed the dishtowel back deeply into her mouth.

He went to answer the door as the woman started twisting Dana's silky soft hair around her fingers.

He glanced at Melissa, who sat still and quiet, her hooded head against the chair cushion. He thought about turning up the television, but thought better of it. It was at a perfect volume. Then he answered the door, careful not to let whoever it was see too far inside.

It was Mr. Scott from next door. He and the missus were back from their vacation, and wanted to thank his mother for her consideration.

He was going to pass on the word with thanks, but then the old woman was at his side.

"You go finish up now, dear, she told her son. "It's all ready now."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Mr. Scott. "Was I interrupting your dinner?"

"It's nothing," she assured him. "Just a little dessert." She looked back at her son, glancing at an oblivious Melissa over his shoulder. "You just take care of it, won't you dear?"

"Certainly, mother," he said, and went around the corner to the living room while his mother and Mr. Scott talked about how respectful and polite he was.

Dana's head was still over the table edge, as were her

lower arms. He looked under the table lip, seeing that his mother had twisted the young woman's hair into a tight ponytail and tied that to the knots around her wrists. It stretched her legs so she could hardly kick, raising her chemise hem to her slim waist, exposing her cunt for all to see.

He had to make a quick choice. He chose the right, walking over to stand in front of her head. He undid his pants and let them fall to the floor. He pulled out the dishtowel, and inserted his still slightly stiffened penis into her open mouth.



Dana tried to scream, but his dick was always in the way. Her tongue lolled all over it. She tried to pull her head away, but the pain at her scalp was too great. She tried to scratch or hit or kick or make enough noise to drown out the TV, but Mr. Scott just kept talking while he pushed his cock deeper into her mouth and absentmindedly kneaded her abused tits while listening intently for any sign of trouble.

Dana gargled helplessly, her legs rising slightly and falling back to the solid table. She tried kicking the

table legs with the back of her heels, but the shoes made only a minor ticking sound. She jerked on her arms, but her hands remained tightly cinched in the ropes.

Finally the front door closed and the old woman came back to see her son moving his hips back and forth just below the table edge while swirling and folding the bulbous, pendulous orbs tight in his grip.

The old woman smiled. "How many times have I told you," she said. "Not to play with your food?" Then she went back to lick Dana's cunt dry.

The next day...

When he walked inside the house, the neighbors were already there, having tea. His mother looked up with an expression that said she was glad to see him ... and more.

The window curtains were open. The window shades were up. The late afternoon sunlight streamed into the living room. The neighbors turned their heads toward him, the cups near their lips. They said hello to him. He said hello to them.

He listened very carefully for any sign of any other presence. It was not all silence. He heard the house moan and creak, just like any other house on the block. He looked at the neighbors again. They had returned their attention to their tea and cookies.

"Well, it was good to see you," he said. "Mom, if you'll excuse me, I'll go up and get changed."

"Certainly, dear," she said. "You run right along. Take your time. There's no rush. You just make sure everything fits ... nice."

He almost ran up the stairs, getting more and more excited. He only tensed and slowed when he reached the attic door. He opened it very carefully, making sure the neighbors didn't hear the lock creak. He also wanted to make sure he wasn't letting any other undue sound out. But as he listened intently as he let the door

swing wider, there was nothing for the neighbors to hear.

When he reached the top of the attic stairs he saw why. Dana was not sitting. She was not standing. She wasn't even on the floor. Instead, she lay in mid-air, spread-eagled by straps tightened around her wrists, ankles, and waist.

The wrists and ankle straps stretched off to support posts in all four corners. The thicker waist strap hung from a support beam in the ceiling. They were all so tight they might as well have been second skin. On her feet were dark red high heel pumps. Her fingernails were painted the same color. Covering her body was a sinfully tight, sleeveless, v-necked, dark red, soft cotton dress.

The skirt was fairly long, considering what they had been dressing her in, but it was just tight enough to adhere to her stretched-out legs. It was backless, and he could see her pendulous orbs quivering beneath the cloth, the mounds rippling to either side.



That was more than Dana herself could do. Her entire head was covered by a stitched up hood, complete with ear and eye padding, nostril straws, and a big pear gag prying her Cupie-doll, succulent, mouth open to its widest aperture. She was sealed in her own world, unaware of both the neighbors, and his, presence.

It wouldn't be that way for long. He moved slowly around her, watching her chest rise and fall as she took even breaths, and as her fingers reached agonizingly for something other than air. He moved slowly up between her legs, watching her limbs disappear into the clinging soft cloth skirt.

She started when he touched her shin. Her head moved up and she grunted. Then she screamed as he started rolling back the dress hem.

"Shh, shh, shh," he cooed uselessly as he revealed her firm, round, shapely thighs. "No one can hear you. I can hardly hear you."

But she kept screaming into the gag-hood, which swallowed up the sounds like a pillow.

She was naked beneath the dress. The strap around her waist made any other arrangement awkward. He rolled the dress up to the strap, and reached for his zipper as she twisted and rocked....

"Everything all right?" his mother asked as he came downstairs in jeans and a T-shirt.

"Everything's great," he answered. "You did fine, ma."

The neighbors looked quizzically at each other.

"The boy works so hard," his mother explained. "The least I can do is prepare everything for him."

The neighbor woman smiled and nodded. "Oh, I see," she said. "Laundry and the like."

The old woman nodded, her smile widening. "And the like," she agreed.

"Well, I better get moving if I want to finish everything by tonight," he interrupted.

"Oh?" said his mother. "Are you going out.?"

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He nodded with satisfaction. "Yes. I did some scouting during lunch. I think I've found the perfect ... thing. Just a little more research and it'll all be set."

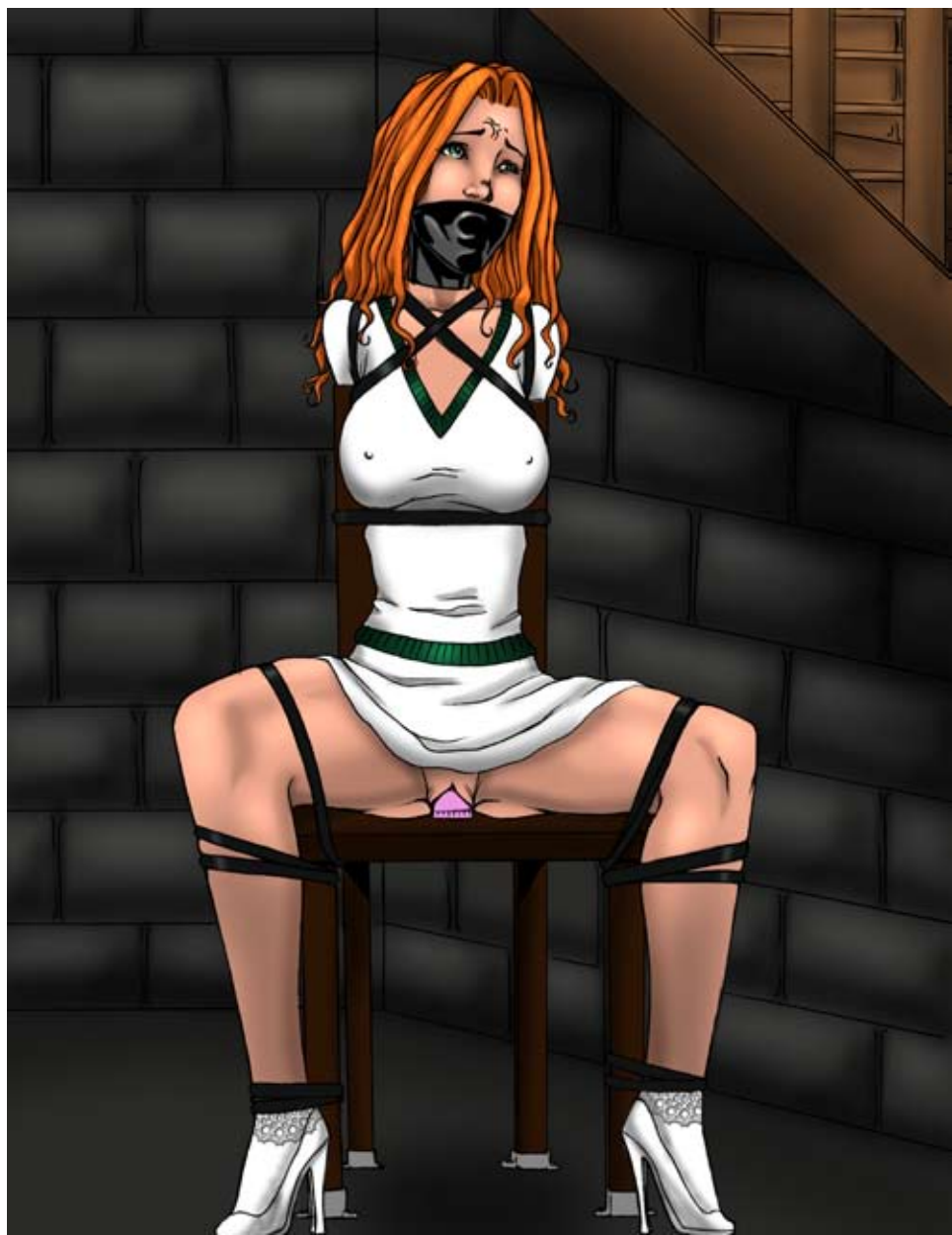
"I can admire that," said the neighboring man. "It's good there are still some young people willing to do their homework. It'll pay off, son, believe me."

"Don't I know it. So if you'll excuse me again, I'm just going to do a little more work on my project in the basement before I go. It was good seeing you again."

After he left the room, the neighbors couldn't help saying what a responsible, conscientious person he was. And his mother couldn't help but agree.

He didn't take as much care with the cellar door as he had with the attic. After all, the neighbors were expecting to hear it open and close. But he was quick about it, and with good reason. As he stood at the top of the basement stairs, he could hear the furnace humming, but he could hear other humming as well ... high, strident, desperate, young female humming.

It grew even louder and more strident as he came



down the steps. Unlike Dana, Melissa was well aware of his presence. She was positioned so she could see whoever came downstairs ... for all the good it did her.

He sucked in his breath at the sight of her. She was sitting on a solid, square, wooden chair, its legs bolted to the floor. Her legs were wide, her shins and ankles wrapped around the chair legs, the toes of the severe white high heels just barely touching the ground. He could see her trying to close her legs, but the incredibly tight rope around her knees and ankles didn't give a manometer.

Her arms were wrenched behind her, her wrists and elbows tied viciously to the opposite sides of the chair back. It was a masterpiece of rope bondage. Her shoulders, neck, upper chest, and waist were also wrapped with unbelievably tight rope, affixed to the chair back. She couldn't nod, shrug, or bow.

Instead, she had to sit there, her green eyes huge, her glorious red hair fanned out, as he stared at her amazing black gag. It was like a skintight leather bustier for her face. It started just below her nostrils, cupping her cheeks like breasts. A pear gag distended her mouth, but the gag's "neckline" sealed her lips in. It molded to her chin and covered the top third of her throat. It was tightly strapped, with three buckles, at the nape of her neck.

His eyes moved down her body with glittering appreciation. She had been dressed in the tightest, lowest cut cheerleading outfit his mother could find. The v-necked sweater stuck to her, showcasing her pert, round tits. There was at least an inch of flesh between the sweater and the skirt. The skirt was pure white, with tight pleats, and just long enough to cover her crotch. To complete the picture were white lace socks.

She was a cheerleader for the University of Sex.

She screamed, moaned, sweated, and choked as he approached. She rolled her eyes, trying to look away, as he pulled the v-neck aside, revealing the white lace, underwire, push-up bra sinking into her flesh.

He let the sweater go, and curled a finger under her skirt hem. Melissa shook as he raised it to see the simple plastic vibrator lodged in her cunt. She couldn't get off the chair high enough to let it slide out. Now her sounds were sobbing, begging ones.

"Happy to oblige," he said, starting to undo her knee ropes.

His mother didn't hear or see him leave. But when the neighbors finally went home, she checked his handiwork. Melissa was still on the chair, but not in the same position. Now her arms were together, tied from the elbows to her wrists. They were still hanging over the back of the chair, however -- only this time, a tight rope stretched from her wrists to her ankles under the seat.

Her ankles were crossed and tied, as were her knees. She was stretched like a little bow across the chair, a



rope around her throat, just under her chin, keeping her head back against the chair top. The gag was still in place, but the sweater was gone -- one sleeve tied around her eyes as a blindfold. The bra was pulled back just enough so the cup edges dug into her pink,

erect nipples.

The skirt was still on, but the vibrator lay at her feet. He didn't want anything between her and his semen.

He had undone her knee ropes, pulled her hips forward so her cunt lips rested on the edge of the seat, and forced his shaft all the way inside her. He had fucked her that way -- her arms and ankles wrenched back, her back bent, and her tits aching toward the ceiling.

Melissa moaned, cried, and shook.

Dana just lay there, still hanging spread-eagled from the ceiling, her head still covered by the gag hood. The only evidence that he had been there was that half her dress was gone. Most of the skirt had been cut off, so now she wore a micro-mini skirt which just barely covered her silky brown tuft. Her v-neck

bodice had been ripped open, so the cloth just barely covered her round brown aureoles.

There was a small damp stain on the floor mattresses just below her hips. He had stood between her legs, placed his cock crown at her crotch, then pulled her onto him. He just kept doing it, no matter how she arched her back, pulled at her arms, or tried to kick. Her hip bones, the sweep of her thighs, and her ass were practically handles for him. It was so much fun he only occasionally felt the need to reach around the waist strap, and fill his hands with her tits.

But no matter how tight and juicy she was, those rich, thick pendulous orbs could not be denied. Even now, the old woman very slowly, very carefully slipped her hand into Dana's shirt, and smiled as she squeezed.

Not even Dana heard her long, agonized, answering moan. ■



CHAPTER FIVE

He found himself holding his breath as Barbara appeared in the doorway of her high-rise dorm. No one else seemed to notice how she stood out in the small crowd on the sidewalk of the University. She was no younger, no taller, and no more full of life, but her blue eyes twinkled, and her blonde hair was real -- unmarked by coloring or tint.

-- until his excitement ebbed, and his intensity heightened. He parked the car close to the rear exit of the dorm, took his leather satchel, and stepped out into the asphalt-covered lot. He stood facing the waterfront, watching the sunset. The golden and deep purple colors washed over him.

He felt the cool air of the early evening, smiling at the thought of the nearing night. He knew that by the time she got out of class, it would be dark ... and he would be in her sixth floor room.

Barbara put the key in the dorm room lock, turned it to the right, and twisted the doorknob. She pushed the obstruction inward, and turned immediately to the left. After the first semester, she all but ignored the room. It was the same small rectangle with the desk and bureau in front of the windows on the far wall, the closet door behind the entrance door, the tiny fridge and chair on the left wall, and the steel and wood bed by the inside wall.

Barbara had tossed her book bag onto the bed, and was about to continue moving toward the fridge when she was slowed by something nagging at her mind. She slowed and straightened, trying to figure it out what it was, but without stopping. She was vaguely aware of the door automatically clicking closed behind her as she realized that the venetian blinds were down and completely closed over the windows.

The full realization stabbed into her brain like a knife. She hadn't left them like that when she left...

Barbara stopped still in the middle of the room, staring at the wall over her desk and bureau. For all intents and purposes, she didn't even feel the cosh.

He saw it as if in slow motion. He had hit her exactly right at the crown of her head, mussing her cap of pure yellow hair as if running his fingers through it. He heard the dull thud, and then her head went back slightly, her knees bent, her back arched, and she started to go over.

In a word, Barb was pure. She wore blue jeans, a black turtleneck sweater, sweat socks, and white running shoes. But they couldn't disguise her marvelous body, and wonderful teardrop shaped breasts which bobbed beautifully high on her chest. They, like her form, were incredibly firm, but not muscular. She was smooth, tight, and curved all over.

He waited until she was gone, then waited some more





plete with a base beat. She awoke to find the music and massage were all too real. The sound of loud, insistent rock music was coming through the walls. Hands were gripping her sweater. Fingers were sinking into her breasts over and over again, pulsing.

The first thing she was aware of was that her bra was gone. Her solid, wide breasts were moving freely under the thick, tight, clinging, ribbed black cotton. The second thing she was aware of was that her jeans, socks, and sneakers were gone. Her firm, shapely, smooth, long legs were completely uncovered.

And they were wide.

The third thing Barbara was aware of was the man sitting beside her thin, curved waist, squeezing her tits.

She surged up to fight; ready to punch, scratch, scream, and tear.

The fourth thing she became painfully aware of was the rope.

Her head came up, her throat thickening as her tendons and veins stood out, but her movement was braked before her head was

He dropped the padded black cosh on the floor and wrapped one arm around her waist. Just to be on the safe side, he slipped his other hand over his mouth as she collapsed.

He nearly gasped at the feel of her firm richness. Her lips even felt sweet. They were warm and cool at the same time. Her facial skin was so soft, it felt like solid cream. He could hardly contain himself; his member about to rip through both their jeans. But somehow he managed to get her over onto the bed.

Containing his enthusiasm, he rolled her over onto her back. He nearly gasped again. She looked so ripe and innocent with her eyes closed, and her mouth slightly open, that again he had to visibly control himself. Still, he couldn't resist placing his hands over her contained orbs and testing the material.

The little catch in her breathing snapped him out of his idolatry. He quickly grabbed for his satchel under the bed, and went to work.

Barbara's big blue eyes snapped open. She had been dreaming of floating in a caressing nothingness, com-

Geoffrey Merrick





even a foot off the pillow. The muscles at her shoulders were horribly yanked as sweat popped off her brow. She blinked it out of her sparkling eyes as she fell back onto the pillow again, her wrists writhing in their bonds beneath her.

Not just beneath her, but beneath the bed as well. That was what was stopping her. Her arms were yanked back, and down, and affixed to the metal frame beneath the mattress, underneath the bed.

He smiled as he thought of her short, red-painted fingernails reaching for some sort of purchase.

Though still in shock, Barbara tried to twist away from him, finally becoming aware of the tight, thin, cruel ropes around her ankles, affixing them to the opposite tops of the baseboard. They were pointing up slightly, as if on display.

And, finally, she became aware of how her feet were cramped and her toes pointing in the severe, shiny, black high heels wedged onto her. Her eyes raced

down her naked limbs, her head getting hot as she saw the tiny oasis of pure white between her legs. Her g-string panties were still on, but there were no skintight jeans to cover them.

Barbara writhed, screaming -- then stopped dead, stunned at the small, forsaken sound which managed to emerge from her widened mouth. Her big blue eyes rolled down in their sockets, just taking in the incredible truth.

She was still wearing the skintight black turtleneck, only its hem was pulled down to her thighs, and its neck was rolled up over her mouth.

An incredibly tight band of thin white was just under her nose, right between her lips, and tight around her throat. It kept her breath short, her turtleneck up, and the big ball of sweat socks filling her entire mouth.

She screamed again, writhed, shook from side to side, and kicked with all her might. When nothing happened, she stopped in terrified amazement. She stared at her captor in growing horror as he merely continued to squeeze her buoyant,

teardrop mounds.

“Don’t want to disturb your hard studying neighbors,” he whispered sarcastically.

She screamed; the resulting noise giving the muffled rock music no competition whatsoever. Her head went “back, then snapped up again, her eyes staring angrily at her captor, her chest heaving with the effort. He merely squeezed once more, considering.

“Got to keep you quiet,” he mused, rubbing his hands on her breasts, then squeezing them together. “Got to let them get some work done, huh?”

She struggled beneath his grip, more purposefully this time. Her wrists and ankles twisted agonizingly ... to no avail.

“Got to keep you occupied until it’s time to go,” he whispered, scratching at her covered nipples. She mewled and tried to sink into the mattress. One of his hands reached down until the fingers curled around



the inside of her firm left thigh.

He leaned in until his face was no more than an inch from hers. "Got any ideas?"

The rape was astonishingly slow.

Barbara just lay there beneath him, quietly sobbing and choking in disbelief. She would shake her head, her fingers would claw, her hands writhe, and then her head would sink into the pillow, her eyes seeking the headboard for some sort of blank respite. Tears would stream out from the corners, making them an even brighter blue.

His hands were under her shoulders, making her arm bonds even tighter. His body completely covered hers, his ass between her spread legs. Occasionally her ankles would twist in their bonds, but mostly they just lay in the crooks of the baseboard, the high heels' black patent leather shining, her smooth, silky limbs gleaming in the dark.

And all the time he was inside her. The black turtle-

neck was still on, but the panties were off, revealing her tuft of soft, thick, full, yellow public hair. The hem of the sweater lay just above it, sandwiched between them by his torso.

Deep in the fluffy cunt was his long, stiff, hard member -- moving slowly up by centimeters. For what seemed like hours he had been pushing it in and pulling it out in super slo-mo.

"Can't have the neighbors thinking anyone's home," he had whispered after climbing on her, and cutting off the soft cotton g-string. "These dorm beds are notoriously creaky. So we'll just take it nice and easy, all right?"

So saying, he had set himself up on her, ignoring her contortions. He did a push up, placing the crown of his penis against her tuft-covered vagina. And he stayed that way until she stopped screaming and writhing around.

She lay there, trying to breathe, since the multi-layer gag cut off so much of her air. He looked down into her sweat-covered, fresh, youthful, adorable face, waited a full five seconds, then spoke.

"Be vewy, vewy quiet. I'm hunting pussies. Heh-heh-heh-heh."

Even as she writhed anew, he carefully, purposefully, forced his cock inside her. And then slowly, smoothly, millimeter by millimeter, he let it grow inside her. He kept going, slow and steady, like rock-hard molasses, no matter what she did. He just pushed, bit by tiny bit, until his entire length filled her tight, warm, wet cunt.

He only stayed there for a nanosecond. And then he started the slow, awful trip out again. It seemed to take minutes, Barbara going slowly crazy as he ignored all her pleading and twisting. But just as it seemed he would exit her completely, the cock crown stilled at the very tip of her girlhood, then moved slowly back in.

Barbara's head came up, her covered, packed mouth pounding against the crook of his neck and shoulder. His chest mashed her covered breasts, pressing them down into her chest. Her tight buttocks clenched and unclenched again and again, almost against her will, as his unaltered, unchecked snail's fuck continued.

It did go on for hours ... literally hours, until he seemed



Her toes pointed, her legs rock hard. Her fingers snapped wide, and her head went all the way back, the turtle-neck nearly coming off her top lip.

And then she came. The orgasm exploded inside her like napalm, ripping up through her crotch, across her torso, and bursting inside her head. She jerked, bucking and groaning beneath him, her hips thrusting repeatedly up against his. She nodded and shook her head, trying to find a way out of the conflagration, her wrists grinding against

practically asleep on top of her wonderful form -- except for his hips, which kept moving at the exact same, agonizing speed, as if hydraulically powered.

His head was turned away from her, but his hands were still wrapped on her shoulders, mooring him to the spot. Beneath him, Barbara was going insane with enflamed stimulation. Now, every eighth of an inch he moved would stoke the fires higher and hotter. Now, no matter which way he was going, she was covered in heat or wracked with chills. All her muscles would tighten spasmodically, then jerk as if twanged.

Her sweater was soaking wet, making it even more of a second skin. The turtle-neck practically didn't need the tight white band now, since it stuck to her flesh as if glued. Her eyes widened in amazement with each second, and her nostrils quivered, as her body responded without conscious control.

Her hips jerked in rhythm, trying to force him along or out. Her breath came in ragged gasps. She felt her breasts getting hard, the nipples trying to stab him through the black cotton. She heard her little moans coming faster.

She closed her eyes, trying to escape in deeper darkness, but she saw the passion building there in a white-hot ball. Her eyes snapped open, but it was too late. She was blinded by the white. It pulsated and grew in her vision like a sun going nova.

She stretched, trying to scream, but the sound was choked off, and the movement anchored by his body.

the rope.

Then, suddenly, as quickly as it detonated, it was gone. Barbara lay blinking up at the ceiling, wondering why no one else heard the explosion. She was still bound, still gagged, still beneath him. Except for her ragged exhaustion, nothing had changed. Nothing.

Because, finally, she became of the last dorm horror. He hadn't stopped. He hadn't even acknowledged her orgasm. His hips continued to move as slowly, as completely, as inexorably as ever. And she felt the stimulation start all over again.

Barbara screamed and screamed and screamed, trying to get out from under him.

In the room next door, a coed studied with headphones on. In the room on the other side, another coed watched television. out in the halls, coeds walked to and from the elevators. On the floor of the foyer, a boom box sent out a steady, loud bass beat.

But inside Barbara's room, the firm, smooth, curvy nineteen year-old blonde sank into her mattress, weighed down by the man who had pinioned her arms, spread her legs, and stilled her cries. Inside this room, a gorgeous little bound and gagged girl in a skintight black turtle-neck from pert little nose to firm tight thigh was being silently and oh-so-slowly raped for the second time that night.

It was after three in the morning in the darkened University dorm. Almost everyone was asleep inside their rooms, and the ones who weren't would be staying at their boyfriends' tonight. But not Barbara. Barbara didn't have a boyfriend. She was too picky and independent for that.



No, Barbara stepped out of her room, guided by her new lover. She needed that guidance, because she was blind, mute, and crippled. The sunglasses covered the squares of clear thick tape which kept her eyes closed. More patches of the thick, clear tape sealed her ruby red lips shut. The thin white straps which had been around her head and neck were now around her elbows and wrists.

They were over her long-sleeved black turtleneck (which now served as a micro minidress), but it was all under the long canvas coat he had gotten from her closet. He belted it around her waist, and turned up the collar to further obstruct any view of her sealed mouth. A cap covering her trademark blonde curls was the finishing touch to her disguise.

Anyone who might stumble out at this time of the morning might think it certainly wasn't Barbara who was weaving toward the exit with her new lover. Not with the four inch black high heels affixed to her feet.

Barbara didn't wear killer high heels. No, she was more practical than that. And she certainly wouldn't wear a skirt that short. No, that wasn't lovely Barbara's style at all. Sure, she'd wear the long coat, but she'd never let anyone see those flashes of long, firm, shapely, leg coming out as she took careful steps.

He got her into the exit stairwell with no incident. Now all there was to do was get her downstairs, out the exit, and into the car. After that, no one would have Barbara to ogle at anymore. No one but him.

He gripped her arm tightly, and she stiffened, her head going up. He took a casual glance at her from the stairway, just seeing the edge of her blindfold squares beneath the shades, and just seeing the multi-layered top edge of the gagging tape over the turned up coat collar. She was so cute, so fresh, so alive, and so helpless he couldn't help himself.

Instead of dragging her downstairs, he started pulling her up. Barbara bleated and balked, trying to keep upright and balanced. He ignored her resistance, all but carrying her up two more flights to the top floor landing. Once there, he backed her against the cold, solid, thick green metal banister overlooking the stairwell. She felt it pressing against her bound arms as he quickly unbelted and buttoned the coat. He tore it off her, as well as the cap.

"This is what it's all about, isn't it?" he whispered as he lifted her bound wrists over the edge. "It's time to get some things done." The banister pressed into the small of her back, molding the turtleneck even more, as her hands clawed and twisted in the open air.

"YOU ... just ... take it easy," he grunted, quickly wrapping the thin, coarse cord around her forearms; affixing them to the banister. "Enough about you," he said, "time to consider my needs." He crouched and grabbed one ankle. Barbara started in surprise, but by the time she had anchored herself enough on the teetering high heels, her left ankle was already bound to a bolted-down banister support.

She started to bleat again as his fingers wrapped around her other ankle. She screeched as he pulled

it wide and roped it to the banister support almost a yard down from the first. She had to twist her feet in to stay secure, and cringed, testing the limits of the new bonds.

He grabbed her waist and pressed up against her as her head lolled back. "Don't need no rope here," he said, his fingers digging into the cloth. "I'll keep you standing." Then he was slobbering on her face and grinding a hand on her breast.



Barbara tried to scream and kick, but the restraints were working too well. Still, for a split second he disappeared from her sensory world. For a moment she was alone, sealed inside her firm, but soft, form. But then she heard the zipper, and he was on her again.

His hands moved quickly down her body, shaping her skin like clay. His breath was hot in her ear. "That was pretty good for you, wasn't it?" he hissed. "You got off, what? Three times? Four? Yeah,, pretty good for

you all right..... Then his fingers were on her thighs, curling under the turtleneck hem, pulling it up like gift-wrapping. "Now it's my turn.....

Barbara was about to contort, she was about to scream, but then his cock was inside her, slamming up all the way. The twisting contortion became a jerking spear, and the scream became a sudden cry of surprise and pain. But then she didn't have time to think anymore. It wasn't anything like last time. This wasn't slow at all. Almost before she conceived the first thrust, he did it again ... and again ... and again.

It wasn't slow, no, but it was just as purposeful as before. Only the purpose had changed. Last time he had been trying to make her crazy. This time he just wanted to fuck her brains out.

He jammed into her again and again, faster and faster, harder and harder, until she was almost glad she was tied down. If not, the rape would have thrown her over the edge. He sank his fingers into her tight ass cheeks, slamming his meat home over and over again as she jiggled and moaned.

He held her ass tighter and tighter as her muscles clenched, making it harder and harder. Her spine arched and her head went further and further back as he kept thrusting. Suddenly her feet were off the floor, her ankles twisting in the rope. Saliva coursed down her throat, tears wetting her blindfold. Somehow the sunglasses stayed on.

He paid attention to nothing but his need. He held onto her magnificent ass cheeks and buried himself in her tight, wet, warm soft, undulating cunt. It gripped him like fingers, taking him on with more fervor every time. He stared down at the pure, smooth, creamy alabaster flesh of her flat stomach, her magnificently long, perfect legs, then up at the black cotton which furred her shapely form and molded tits.

Her face, her hair, all was perfection as he watched her soft, round, red lips work under the tape. That's all he needed. He felt the eruption coming, and held on for dear life.

He grabbed her ass cheeks even tighter, thrust all the way up, and grunted as his cum exploded. Barbara was all the way up on her tiptoes, her back bent all



And they stayed that way for a minute or two, the perfect blonde girl, bound to the thick metal banister, shivering against her embracing rapist and captor as he “soothed” her ... and she tried to scream around the swashes of gooey tape which sealed her lips.

He knew he truly had her when they reached the back exit door. As he was about to take Barbara out, someone was trying to get in. He immediately pushed the blindfolded, bound, and gagged girl back first against the wall, keeping one hand on her throat. Barbara just stood there, knees together, head down, the coat and cap back on.

He was suddenly pressed tightly against her, his arm against her throat, his hand tight over her already taped mouth. She felt his breath hot on her face as she heard the back exit door opening inward. Then, incredibly, she heard the voice of someone she knew.

The other coed and her date came stumbling into the stairwell, more than a little sloshed. The door swung wide, shielding Barbara and her captor from view, but then automatically swung shut behind them.

Still holding the blonde by the neck and mouth, covering her form with his own, he turned his head to see the other girl trying to get to the stairs while

the way over the banister, her head hanging over the stairwell as he came inside her.

She couldn't believe it. She wasn't in an alley. She wasn't in a cellar. She was in the stairwell of her own dormitory. She had been raped twice right in the middle of dozens of other girls, and no one knew about it but her.

Then she started to sob, her body wracked with pain and horror.

“There, there,” he muttered, one arm curling around her. He reached forward with the other, getting a fistful of her sweater, and dragging her torso up. He hugged her to him with one arm, and ground her left breast with the other. “There, there”

He let go of her tit just long enough to pull her sweater hem down to the very top of her thighs again -- only he didn't pull his cock out. He let that stay, throbbing deep within her, as he covered her wonderful, small, round, tight ass with the black cotton.

“There we go,” he whispered, putting the hand on the back of her head, and forcing her face onto his shoulder. “All nice and even now, aren't we? Fair is fair.”

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sucking face.

The new pair gasped and smooched and hugged and kissed all the way, laughing and making all the wet, smacking sounds lusts make. He watched them until they reached the stairs, then he turned back to the blonde.

“Ssh, ssh, shh!” the new girl told her boyfriend, holding onto the banister to stay upright. “Don’t wanna ... don’t wanna wake anybody up.” Then she straightened shakily, narrowing her eyes. She peered over to the exit door, beside which were two others. They seemed to be doing the exact same thing the new couple was.

The guy had his back to them, holding his girl tight, while the girl in the cap and canvas coat undulated and contorted like a hula dancer in molasses. His mouth was wide, sealed over the lower half of her face like a suction cup.

“Hey, hey, hey,” the new guy laughed. “They have the right idea.” Then he grabbed his girl, and pulled her to him.

While he slobbered, the new girl tried to recognize the other pair. At first she thought the girl might be someone she knew, but then her coat fell open and the new girl saw the incredible leg -- all of it ... the sweater hem just barely covering her crotch.

Any thought of recognition went out of the new girl’s fuzzy mind at the sight of the shiny black high heel. No one she was thinking of wore anything that sexy.

Then her boyfriend’s lips had found her face, and she forgot about the other couple. “Come on, come on, come on,” she whispered, laughing. “Up to my room. We can’t be caught here.” She started to drag him up, but he took the time to turn around.

“That’s the ticket brother!” he said, egging the other couple on. “That’s the way to do it!”

Barbara desperately tried to shout, or kick, or force him off, but he was too strong. The tape was too tight. The straps were too secure. The other couple was making too much noise. He had her against the wall, bent back by his horrid kiss, his arms gripping like a vise.

She struggled one last time, almost getting her knee in his groin, and twisting like a snake.

That did it. He had to shift to stay balanced. His grip loosened, and the coat fell off her shoulders. It

dropped to her feet, revealing her sleek, micro mini-skirted form.

Suddenly he could see her arms joined as one behind her. Suddenly he could see the glint of the thick, clear tape over her lips. Suddenly she stood straight, her chest thrust out, her high heels anchored on the cement floor.

And the other couple was gone.

He looked over his shoulder to make sure. The staircase and first stairwell was empty. Only then did he slam his body against hers, with one hand behind her head, and the first two fingers of his other hand shooting up between her legs.



He rooted around inside her for thirty seconds, until she was mewling and bawling like a new born kitten, then held her by the throat until the canvas coat wrapped her like mummy bandages. He dragged her outside, still

sobbing, and threw her up against the side of his car.

Within seconds, he had forced her inside, closed the door, and went around the other side. She was already bucking, shaking, screaming, and kicking when he got behind the wheel. But, blindfolded and bound like that she couldn’t find or get to the horn.

He shoved her back, grabbed a roll of thick white tape from the glove compartment, and roughly bound her lower thighs together. Then he wrapped more around her neck, taping her to the headrest. She choked and gurgled as he buckled her in, then touched the seat back button.

Barbara was suddenly lying flat, choking even more: Her high heels were anchored to the floorboards, her arms sandwiched between her and the seat. She struggled anew as he started the engine, and slowly drove out of the parking lot.

By the time he reached the highway, she had twisted so much that the coat was bent way out of shape. He watched her undulations with a smile, then let one hand off the wheel.



He undid the belt. He undid the buttons. He flipped the coat wide. There she was, in all her splendor, the turtleneck hem midway up her tuft of soft blonde cunt hair, the rest of the garment sculpting her. He could see her nipples poking up in the middle of her quivering high chest domes.

That didn't stop her. If anything, that made her struggle all the more. By the time he reached the rest stop, he couldn't take it anymore. He pulled off the highway, parked in the furthest corner of the highway res-

taurant parking lot, and grabbed a knife from between the seats.

Barbara stiffened when he grabbed her sweater front. She completely stilled when she felt the cold steel on her leg.

"That's it," he admonished quietly. "Don't move a fucking muscle." Then very carefully, and very expertly, he lifted the sweater from her breasts and made a slit in the material from side to side just over her chest. Then he quickly put the knife away, started the car, and got back on the highway.

Within a hundred yards, Barbara was already writhing as he reached inside the slit and started kneading.

By the time they reached his house, Barbara wasn't moving. The cap was off. The sunglasses were off. The coat was almost completely off. The sweater hem was around her waist, and the slit had become a wide hole with plenty of cleavage.

As soon as he had parked in the driveway, he attended to her expertly, with little emotion. He yanked down the sweater hem (making the chest hole even bigger ... but not quite exposing her round, pink aureoles, or nipples), carefully cut the tape around her neck, and pulled it completely off. Then he sat her up.

Making sure the car windows were tightly closed, he pulled another toy from the glove compartment, and started peeling off the tape from her mouth. He didn't say a word, nor touched her blindfold, knowing the mystery would quiet her more than any admonition. Any word would only rise her panic ... which his constant molestation had actually quelled.

Even so, she had to try. She made a satisfied, frightened sound of relief when the last swash was pulled from her still soft, ruby wet lips, but then she twisted her body around blindly.

"Please, I ...!"

But he already was jamming the big red ball against her mouth, forcing it behind her teeth. Taken by total surprise, and exhausted, the ball snapped behind her pearly whites almost immediately. She clamped down on it, gurgling. She twisted away, in panic, which only allowed him to tighten the ball gag's strap behind her head, beneath her short yellow hair.

"Okay," he said, pushing her back against the seat and cutting off her thigh bonds. "We're here." Then he snapped open the strap around her elbows.

Barbara gasped in relief, sinking into the seat, as he



quickly got out and came around to her side. Then, before she could adjust to the new freedom of her arms, and the new prison in her mouth, her door was open, and he was pulling her out by the arm.

“Come on,” he said, half-leading and half-dragging her along the sidewalk, up the steps, and to the front door. By this time she was getting pretty good with the shoes ... for all he good it did her. She bounced like a frisky colt in the night, and then, with two twists,

two pushes, and a pull, he had the door open and her inside.

He stood in the front room in triumph. He held the blinded, bleating, balking Barbara by the crook of one arm. Facing him was his mother. on either side of her were the two others.

Melissa was wearing a new cheerleading uniform ... the kind the pro teams used. It was sparkling blue spandex with completely no back, a molded u-front,



“Welcome to the wonderful world of sex slavery,’ he said, and tore the last square off.

The blonde stared from the brunette to the redhead, who stared back, then both started wailing. The brunette skittered away, panic-stricken by the sounds, hitting the wall on her side.

Melissa started to collapse. The old woman let go of the brunette, and all but tackled the youngest girl, bearing her down to the carpet. Melissa was on her back, throwing a fit, as the old woman abused her.

Melissa shook her fiery mane, screamed, begged, and babbled as the old woman fell on her. Barbara stared in shock, looked over at the brunette who was slowly sliding down the wall while crying quietly, then suddenly kned him in the groin and dove for the front door.

“Catch her ... !” the old woman cried needlessly, for he had already gripped the blonde’s elbows, and was yanking her back, away from freedom. Barbara screamed around the ball as she was thrown to the floor, and barely had time for another breath before



and a frilly blue micro-miniskirt. On her legs were sparkling flesh stockings, held up by blue satin and lace garters on her mid-thigh. Strapped on her feet were bright yellow four-inch high heels. Her wrists were tied behind her with rubber-coated wire, and the ring gag was in her mouth.

Dana was in two pieces of a three piece tailored business suit. She only wore the vest and skirt of a gray pinstriped outfit, the form tightened so her breasts bulged out over the straining buttons, and the latter shortened until the hem cut into the very tops of her thighs. Her legs were bare, and on her feet were blue high heel pumps. Handcuffs were around her elbows and wrists; and a back penis prod gag was in her mouth.

He surveyed the scene as the nearsighted brunette tried to see, and the agonized redhead started to pull away and moan. Barbara heard the sound and started to fidget. He merely smiled wider, and started pulling the tape from her eyes.

her ass hit the plush, and he was all over her”

“Here, here,” he cried, rubbing her hands all over his crotch. ‘Feel that? Feel that? Of course I’m going to wear a cup on dates with you!’ The old woman laughed, and dragged Melissa up, wrapping her arms around the red head. She held the girl on her lap, and placed her fetid head on the youngest captive’s shoulder, so she could watch her son rip open the perfect little blonde’s sweater.

The two captors sat on either side of the foyer, each holding a girl against their chests. Barbara moaned, bawling, as he gripped her tits. Melissa gasped repeatedly through her tears as the old women nimbly pulled down the spandex front and played with the redheads bobbing breasts.

Then, as if dared, he reached down, and pulled Barbara’s sweater hem further up ... just to show off his new prize. The blonde tried closing her legs, but he merely wrapped one of his around one of hers, and pulled it slowly wide ... her high heel scraping on the carpet.

The old woman saw what was down there, then carefully took a paring knife from her housedress and held it tightly against the side of Melissa’s throat. “Open...,” she whispered with a tight smile, pressing the blade tighter against the taut flesh. ‘Open...’ she repeated warningly.

Slowly, as if powered by rusty machinery, Melissa opened her legs. He watched as his mother slowly revealed her handiwork. In the middle of the affixed panty section of the cheerleader outfit was a crotch slit -through which the girl’s luxurious tuft of auburn cunt hair was clearly visible.

Barbara’s big blue eyes got even bigger, until it seemed they would pop out of her head. Then she went ape-shit.

He just laughed, gripped her tighter, and bore her to the floor. He just lay on top of her until her bucking, screaming, and kicking slowed from lack of breath and strength.



Meanwhile, the old woman took a fistful of Melissa’s hair from just over her brow, pulled back, and lowered the knife until the round back of the blade rested between her cunt lips. Melissa was frozen as if paralyzed.

“Let’s see what we have here,” the old woman whispered as the redhead couldn’t help but gurgle. “Let’s just see what we have....” ■

CHAPTER SIX

The old woman wanted a nice, sweet, fresh-faced blonde to warm her son's bed, and that's exactly what she got. Barbara was spread-eagled on the bed, her limbs like stretched rubber bands. Her turtleneck was gone. The shoes were gone. She was entirely, and gloriously, naked, laying there with every limb outstretched.

They had tied her perfectly. There was absolutely no slack in the ropes. She was all but hovering over the firm mattress and tightly tucked sheets. Her head rested on a white, fluffy pillow.



Sometimes her foot would point. Sometimes her hands would reach. Sometimes her head would raise, and she would cry into the ball gag -- now covered with bands and bands of ace bandage tightened at the side of her head (where she couldn't scrape it off). But mostly she just stretched there ... a perfect blonde bed warmer.

Downstairs, Dana was on her stomach, her head all the way up. Her legs were bent double, with ankles tied to thighs, and knee to knee. Her wrist cuffs were



roped to her ankle bonds in a tight hog tie, so he could see her tits partly mashed on the floor. Her hair had been put in a ponytail which was also affixed to the hog-tie, so she couldn't duck.

She just lay there in a tight bow as Melissa slobbered on his penis.

He was sitting in the easy chair in the foyer, watching Dana's tits, and television while holding a fistful of Melissa's flaming red hair. She gasped and sucked and licked through the ring gag on one bent knee, while her other leg was straight out behind her. She had to. The old woman was still resting between her legs, the paring knife blade carefully placed between her vaginal lips.

Every few minutes they had her change her position slightly, to make the exercise more difficult. First on her right knee, then on her left, finally on both knees, with her feet off the floor. And all the time, the old woman kept the knife steady.

Finally he motioned his mother back. "I've got an idea," He said, lifting Melissa's head off his hard on. He held her up by her hair as his mother pulled the knife out. He looked her straight in her wet, wide, green eyes.

"I bet you'd like to get that gag out, wouldn't you?" he asked. Melissa just stared. "For the first time in days, to have your mouth actually free. That would be nice, wouldn't it? Wouldn't it?" He shook her head for her. She squealed, grimaced, and screwed her eyes

shut. "Well, you're going to get your chance." Then he dragged her head onto his lap and started to unbuckle the ring gag.

He yanked it out before she could even comprehend what was happening, but then she was upright, on her knees, her mouth completely free. But then, the old woman was on her, one fat, mealy hand over her mouth, the paring knife at her throat.

"But understand," the old woman hissed. "You make one sound above a whisper, and you're dead."

He took a handful of her hair tightly but gently. "Believe it," he told her. "Now that we have that sweet young blonde thing upstairs, we don't really need you now do we? What do you think? She better looking than you? Her tits are better. Her body's better. You're shaped, but she's curved. You're tight, but she's smooth. So what do you think?"

The old woman jerked the young girl's head. "You know what to do." Then all the hands were off. Melissa just kneeled there, her head slightly askance, her lip trembling.

The old woman touched the blade to the back of her head. "Come on. You don't have all night."

"Please," she started in a raw, tiny, sweet voice. "Can't you.... Please...."

He leaned forward and smiled. "You have a very nice voice." Then he grabbed a handful of her hair. "We really must have a talk sometime." Then he really got things going by dragging her face down to his erection.

She started babbling. "You really...," came her girlish voice. "... want me to.... No, please, no, I...!"

But then her lips touched his cock crown. They automatically parted, the penis went into her mouth, and she started sucking, licking, and slobbering all over again.

"Ahhhh," he said leaning back, his hand still gripping her hair. The old woman kept one hand flat on Melissa's back, and the knife slowly returned to its place between the redhead's legs.

The young girl started at its touch, then redoubled her efforts.

"That's better," he said, glancing over at Dana, who was becoming more agitated -- pulling on her ponytail, and making her tits jump. She was making sloppy begging sounds around the penis gag.

"Oh no," he said quietly. "Not you. You'd try to take it off. You're suicidal. We have to keep you still and



quiet for your own good...." And then he couldn't talk any longer since Melissa's mouth exulted in its freedom.

Her hands twisted in their bonds, making fists, but her tongue and lips were amazing. He got harder and taller as she went, until he couldn't help grabbing her head in both hands to control the speed of the oral sex.

He made her go fast three times, then achingly slow once; fast three times, then agonizingly slow. "That's it, that's it," he cried. "Don't rush. Don't rush....!"

The old woman moved the knife up her vaginal canal another centimeter. "Don't rush," she warned.

Melissa stilled and slowed immediately. She looked up with her big green eyes, then did the proper head movement herself.

"Yeah," he sighed. "That's it."

And she kept doing it until he looked up suddenly and nodded at his mother. The old woman immediately pushed Melissa's head all the way down, he grabbed her hair in both hands, held on tightly, thrust his hips



Carefully, tentatively, Melissa placed her knee all the way in back of the seat cushion, beside his left hip. Still holding her hips, he looked up at her. “This is how it’ll go. Whenever your mouth is free, you use it. No teeth, no words, or you’ll never have to worry about talking again.”

The old woman let go of Melissa’s throat, and raised the paring knife to her sparkling green eyes. “I’ll cut your tongue out, dear,” she whispered into her ear so softly not even her son could hear it.

She stiffened and stared at him in horror. He just held her thighs. “Do you understand?” he asked quietly. The old woman pressed the knife to her back, and she nodded.

up, and ejaculated a mighty wad into her mouth.

Melissa writhed like a fish on a hook, before he suddenly let go. She reared back, cum streaming out of her groaning mouth, and slammed back into the old woman. She expertly caught the young redhead, clapped a hand over her mouth, and used the other to stroke the redhead’s throat. Suddenly, other than that movement, the two were as motionless as a statue.

“Swallow,” she whispered into her fiery mane. “Swallow....”

He watched in wonder as she screwed her green eyes shut, her nostrils flared, and she did that very thing. He took some semen which had splattered on her hand, and massaged it carefully into her tits as she swallowed the very last drop of his jiz.

“Okay,” he said, his fingers spidering around her hips. “Stand up.” The old woman “helped” her until they stood before the chair, one hand still on Melissa’s lips, the other tight around her throat. His hands rested on her round ass cheeks, reminding him of the blonde’s tighter ones. But, after all, variety is the spice of life.

He pulled her toward him. “Come on.”

Melissa hesitated, her brow furrowing, little noises coming from behind the old woman’s hand. The old woman pushed. ‘Don’t be stupid. That was just the start. You know what’s next.’ She kicked at the back of the girl’s knee. “Kneel on the seat. You know how.”

“Let’s go then,’ he said, pulling her closer. “The sooner you get me off, the sooner you’re done.’ He helped her get her other leg up, until she was kneeling on the seat, facing him, his legs between hers. The old



woman still held the redhead's mouth (the knife at her throat) as he placed the crown of his cock through her auburn tuft and between her vaginal lips. Then he gripped her ass again and pulled her to him.

He slipped all the way inside as she gave off a short bleat and strangled squeal. He waited until she stilled, then snaked one hand up to her tit and wrapped the other behind her neck.

"All right," he said. "Let's get going."

Immediately the old woman let the girl go, and he crushed his mouth to hers. Melissa's eyes snapped all the way open, and her hands opened all the way out. Her bound arms started swinging like a warning sign, and her hips started jerking up and down, then side to side.

His tongue was deep in her mouth, and his lips seemed glued to hers. Just as she started to react, she felt the knife blade resting on her back. Her eyes shut and she fought back, but only with her own tongue.

They would stay that way for minutes, and whenever his mouth came off hers, the old woman's hands were there, clamped over Melissa's lips, and holding the knife to her throat, as he suckled her breasts and jammed his cock deeper and deeper inside her.

Then his hand would be back behind her head, and the old woman would release her like a thoroughbred. Soon she didn't even have to push. Melissa's head would snap back with an audible pop, right into the old woman's mitts, and then slam down with frenzied abandon.

She had been molested and stimulated so much that even this horrible perverted version of passion was enough to consume her. After all the incredibly stringent bondage, the fact that only her wrists were bound made it seem she was not restrained at all.

Soon, Melissa was riding him, flinging her head this way and that, while gulping in huge balls of air. She was gasping and drooling, perpendicular to him, when suddenly the old woman grabbed her head, and he grabbed her tits.

The old woman cupped her jaw, clamped her hand over her mouth, and held Melissa's head tightly against her torso. He grabbed and pulled at her mounds like taffy, stretching her between them.

And all the while, his hips kept thrusting, pushing his penis insistently inside her, rubbing her vaginal canal raw.

It only served to remind the young girl who and where she was. As her cunt was doused with lubrication, she

started screaming in agony, twisting her head in the woman's grip, and trying to straighten her legs.

Melissa all but vaulted off the chair, pushing even the old woman back.

Just then he ejaculated again.

Suddenly the entire room was still. Melissa stood several feet away, panting in the old woman's arms. The old woman stared at her son's dribbling member.

Even Dana didn't move, feeling the tension in the room.

Finally he stood up, staring down at the sweating, hunched, exhausted, treacherous redhead.

As he approached, the old woman pulled the captive's head back further and further so he could look directly into her eyes.

He just stood there, staring at her frightened, trapped eyes, for a full thirty seconds. And then he simply took her dainty skirt frills gently between his fingers, lifted the hemp up, and carefully reinserted his penis all the way into her cunt.

Melissa's green eyes stayed wide all during that. It was only when the old woman made her grind on the cock that her eyes screwed shut again, and the tears started.

"That was a mistake. That was a terrible, terrible mistake." The words echoed over again and again in Melissa's brain as she lay in the cellar. Yes, it was a mistake. Better she should have taken his cum than suffer this.

Her arms were wrenched behind her, everything from her elbows to her wrists tied together. One leg was bent, her ankle tied to her thigh, and then spread wide by rope affixing it to a ring in the floor. The other leg was straight, tied to a ring in the floor so it was stretched in the other direction. Her shoes and stockings were still on, but the cheerleader outfit was gone.

They didn't need it. The straps covered her body well enough. All were attached so tightly they might as well have been under her skin. One was atop her nipples, crushing her tits. One was around her waist, taking inches off her already slim measurements.

And one was affixed to that, going between her legs, holding in the pump.

It was more than a hydraulic dildo. A tube went from its base between her legs to a small tank. Inside was a thick, lubricated liquid. The eight-inch rubber penis surged to ten or eleven inches, inflated so its rough-



easy chair now, holding Dana's arms (while her wrists were still cuffed). Half the brunette's body was on the old woman's lap -- the back of Dana's waist resting directly on the chair edge. Her ankles were still tied to her thighs, but her high heels rested on the floor, her toes on the carpet, taking her entire lower weight.

And his, because he was kneeling between her legs, embracing her, thrusting his cock into her cunt.

He didn't need to raise her skirt hem. The spreading of her legs was all it took. She, like Barbara, was naked underneath. Her vest was only open enough to spill her pendulous mounds out. He would suckle and squeeze them when he wasn't holding her to him.

She groaned, grunted, and squealed into the new, thick, round, padded, stirrup gag which pushed her jaw down and stretched her mouth back. Even so, he still kissed and licked her lips as she tried to turn away. But no matter how she struggled, the rutting never stopped.

Finally the old woman wrapped one arm around both the junior executives and put

ened exterior scraped her insides, and then spurted every fifteen minutes.

Melissa moaned, shaking, and tried to sit up. She couldn't, because a strap was around her throat, holding her down to a third floor ring. She then tried to scream. She couldn't because the bustier-gag was back on her lower face, only now the penis gag was electric too. It too moved up and down, and inflated. It too was attached to a tank -- filled with a mix of oils, saliva, and active cultures. And every other fifteen minutes, it too spurted.

A huge puddle encircled Melissa's hips. Oils drooled down Melissa's throat while the bile spewed out her mouth, over the gag, and into her sopping wet hair. Every time she could think straight, she tried to wrap her fingers around the ass band and pull the plug from her anus, but everything was just too tight.

And then the dildos would start surging again....

She just had to lay there, hysterical, crying, twisting in her bonds, taking it.

Upstairs, Dana was being a better girl. She hardly had a choice. The old woman was sitting on the



her other hand tight on Dana's forehead, forcing her head back. Finally he grabbed Dana's hips and thrust even harder and faster. Finally he wrapped his hands around her legs and lifted her completely off the floor, still rutting.

Finally, before her wide, blind, frightened eyes, he came again, ejaculating deep inside her.

Immediately the two dropped her, letting her hit the floor on her back with a thud. Then they just stood over her, watching her cry, her body wracked by sobs -- her back arching, her breasts shaking.

He looked over at his mother. "It's been a long day."

She nodded. "Yes. I suppose your bed will be warm enough by now."

He sighed, and looked back down at the slowly struggling brunette. "and a long night, I suppose."

"To rest," his mother said sagely. Perchance to plan."

He looked at her with interest. "Plan?"

"Of course. These are three extremely pretty, beautiful young ladies. The little red headed one may be missed from her dance class. The serene, sensual brown haired one will already be missed from her job. And the lively, lovely blonde will be missed from her school." His expression became concerned as she continued casually. "If we are to keep these darling girls ... in the manner to which they have become accustomed ... then we must be sure they will not be seen ... or heard."

He looked at the old woman, and smiled. "But of course."

Dana was back in the attic, lying on the thickly padded floor. Her ankles were crossed and bound, then bound again to a ring in the middle of the floor. Her knees were also tied. Her wrists were tied and tied to another ring behind her, so she had to lay on her side. Her elbows were also tied.

She was wearing a red, French-cut bikini, showing off her breasts and legs. Over her head was a red leather hood gag, laced up the back, filling her mouth with a pear gag, and covering her eyes and ears with padding. She lay there,

so simply dressed, so simply bound, and so simply gagged that the entire effect was of captive elegance.

She could hardly move, yet she kept trying, her head filled with the words. "We have to make sure they are not seen .. or heard.' They echoed in her head, and then she tried screaming for the thousandth time. And, for the thousandth time, all that emerged was a long, low groan.

In the cellar, Melissa quivered, then her lower body arched completely off the floor, liquid sloshing out of her cunt. She jerked twice, then her butt-hit the sodden mattress heavily, and she lay still.

Five minutes later, her upper body arched, her head went back, and liquid all but exploded out from under her gag, burbling up her face and dripping into her shiny wet hair.

She groaned wetly, started to cry, then lost consciousness again ... resting in a dark sleep ... waiting to be awakened by the next hydraulic alarm.





Barbara looked up sleepily when he came into the room. Her blue eyes snapped wide and she vibrated into the ropes as her head came up. She babbled into the gag as he casually sat on the edge of the bed and started to get undressed.

Then she started pleading, and crying, and begging, and finally just screaming. He ignored it all, and she abruptly stopped as he crawled on top of her. Then she made little disbelieving noises as he put his hands on either side of her ribs, pushed his cock into her



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wide open cunt, and started fucking her.

To her stunned shock, he hardly paid attention to her as he fucked and fucked, and kept fucking until he was about to come. Only then did his back arch, while her head went back, scraping the pillow. He gave one long exclamation as she screamed, and then he was spent.

Her eyes were wet when she looked up, but he ignored that too.

“Goodnight, dear,” he said, crawling beside her. He pressed one arm under her head, laid his other arm across her otherwise untouched breasts, and curled a leg between hers.

With a squeeze of her tit, he fell asleep.

In the cellar, a beautiful eighteen-year-old red-head was sexually tortured. In the attic, a beautiful twenty-one year old brunette writhed in bondage. And in the bedroom, a beautiful nineteen-year-old blonde was forced to sleep with her rapist.

Outside the house, it was quiet. No one saw or heard a thing. ■



Geoffrey Merrick

CHAPTER SEVEN



He awoke with a hard-on, like always. But Barbara was not where he had left her. No, not exactly. She was still in bed, but not in the same position. Obviously, a bondage fairy had been there last night.

The beautiful blonde was lying on her side, facing away from him. She was wearing a black lace shirt and panties. She was completely untied and ungagged. She was asleep, her hands near her head, breathing evenly.

He smiled, almost laughing. He could imagine his mother coming in, putting the drug-soaked pad over Barbara's face ... maybe the blonde even struggled a little ... and preparing her. He wasn't about to disappoint his mother.

He put his hand gently on Barbara's shoulder. "Honey?" he said quietly. "Honey?" When she didn't react, his hands wandered down her body until they rested on her thigh. Carefully and quietly he rolled the panties down her leg. She hardly stirred, even when he leaned down to pull the underwear completely off her.

"Honey?" he said again, rolling the panties into a ball. "You up?" Holding the ball of lace in one hand, he reached under his pillow with the other. Sure enough, there were strip upon strip of plastic pull-ties. He reached gently over and rested his hand on Barbara's

arm. "Come here, darling...."

The blonde's eyes snapped open when she felt the ball of underwear being stuffed in her mouth. Before she could fully react, a thin strip of plastic was forcing it in, and tightening at the back of her head.

Barbara tried to leap up, but hands were restraining her. He laughed, dragging her to him. She felt softer, smoother, and sweeter than ever in the morning light. And now her hands were affixed behind her, and her panties were filling her mouth.

She kicked and scissored her legs, but he kept her in a bear hug, then dove his own heel between her thighs. Still laughing, he embraced her to him, back to front, one arm around her waist, the other around her upper chest.

Barbara threw her head back and started to scream, but then his hand was there, both slapping and clapping over her stuffed mouth. He dragged her back, her head over his shoulder and on the mattress.

"Where do you think you're going?" he asked, holding her taut and tight. "It's time for a little morning delight." Only then did he drag her under him. She screamed and kicked, but he forced his body between her bent knees and pressed his arms across her throat and over her face.

She had to stop when she lost her air. But there he still was, hand crushing her lips, and forearm on her windpipe. "Let's see what we have here," he whispered, then slid his entire length up into her.



Barbara groaned and arched, her feet fluttering weakly in the air. But just like before, he kept surging, with perfect control and aim. She was trapped under him.

He held her that way for a half an hour, watching her flesh redden and heat, the sweat coat her skin, her eyes grow fuzzy and unfocused, and her screeches turn to moans. He brought her to a fever pitch, until her legs no longer kicked. Instead, they spread and bent -- trying to relieve the pressure inside her.

Finally, he quickly brought her to orgasm, thrusting like a piston. She tried a final panicked escape, her voice rising to a scream, but then her biology took over, wracking her with exploding passion.

Barbara stiffened, choking with fury, then wildly kicked at the bed with her heels. Her neck stretched,

her head going all the way back, but he kept his hand tight over her mouth until it seemed she would tear herself apart.

Only then did his arm on her neck shift, strong fingers reaching for her arteries. In the midst of her reaction, he cut off the blood to her brain. Barbara suddenly sighed and stilled, rendered unconscious. But still her body reacted, the nerves jangled by his assault. Her cunt sucked at him, trying to get him to ejaculate.

He leaned up on one elbow, looking down at her perfection, now swathed in black lace, then thought better of it.

Still, it took him another forty-five minutes before he came downstairs. He sat at the table, smiling.

"Everything's copacetic," he called to his mother. "Although maybe you had better double check, just to be on the safe side."

"Can it wait until after breakfast?" she called back from the kitchen.

He thought of Barbara sitting up there beside the bed, her legs bent wide, ankles affixed to thighs, calves to knees, all with plastic pull-ties. Her arms behind her, wrists to elbows, forearms to forearms, with more plastic straps that were so tight they'd have to be cut off. Then more over her tits, and more under her tits. And more around her mouth, holding in the top and the panties.

He thought of her awakening, weak from the drug and orgasm, trying to force the obstruction out, clammy with the cum he had covered her with. He had tied her first, sat her up against the wall, and masturbated on her three times. The jiz was in her hair, across her face, and dotting her tits. He had even sprayed some across her mouth.

"Yeah, I guess so," he answered his mom. "Why?"

"Look what we have here," he heard, even closer than before. He turned to see his mother in the kitchen doorway, holding Melissa by the arm. The little red-head was glorious. Her hair and body had been freshly washed and dried, making her mane and skin glow with health (especially with all the orgasms she had survived the previous night).

Her wrists were crossed and tied behind her with rubber-coated wire, but she wore white. There was a strapless underwire bra, and a matching, pure white ruffled micro-miniskirt. On her feet were tiny white ankle-strap high heels. Over her mouth was a single wide patch of thick, sticky, blue duct tape. Her look of helplessness and desperation was almost more than

He looked at his mother in surprise, and she positively beamed. Melissa just hung her head and continued to softly sob. He looked back at the chastised young girl, and brought her to him. Ignoring her tears, he sat her on his lap, facing him, wrapped his arms around her, and gently kissed her, full on the mouth.

She continued to cry. He kissed her again. He kept kissing her gently, fully, as the tears streamed out of her glistening green eyes. As the old woman watched, the kisses became more insistent and firmer. Then they became fierce, and passionate, her little hands stretching in her bonds.

Finally they were gagging her, his arms crushing her to him. Melissa's legs began to swing, trying to find purchase (but pointedly not trying to propel her back).

Then finally, he grabbed a handful of her hair, and wrenched her head back. She gasped in surprise, her mouth wide, her legs still swinging, as the old woman jammed a handkerchief in her mouth.

"Well, I wasn't going to," he said savagely, "but since you asked so nicely ... !" Then he



he could stand.

"Your little friend wants to tell you something," said the old woman, pushing the redhead forward. The old woman held Melissa in front of him by her hair, then slowly, and painfully, pulled the swath of tape off her soft pink lips.

Melissa gasped, licked her lips, then tried to speak, looking down.

"What do you have to say for yourself?" the old woman snapped, pushing the young girl.

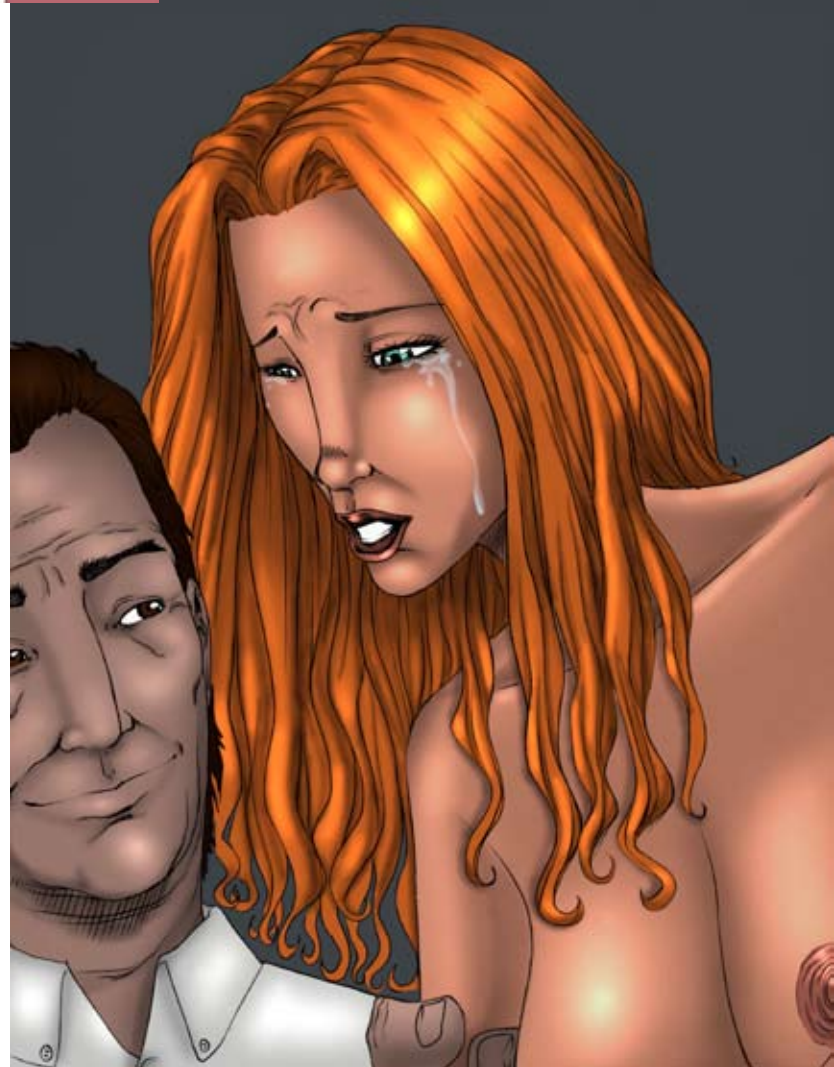
He took her arm, pulling her even closer to him, as she tottered uncertainly on the severe shoes. He was again reminded of a tentative colt, practically broken. All she needed was one more ride.

"Please," she breathed, her red mane masking her down-turned face. "Please," she said again in her little, lost, sweet voice. "Will you please...?"

"What?" he said, pulling her closer by her arm. He leaned his ear closer to her mouth. "What?"

"Will you please...," she started breathlessly, "F... fu..." She kept trying to say it, then started to softly cry. "Please have sex with me?"

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was tearing at his pants.

The old woman jerked the girl off her son's lap for a second, then helped her back down as he still held her head, making her stare, teary-eyed, toward the ceiling. She felt the penis go in, felt her knees buckle, felt it fill her, and then the handkerchief was yanked out, and his tongue was there.

His lips burned her face as he fucked her once more. She gasped and tried to breathe as her body was twisted by his passion. Suddenly she was flat on her back on the butcher-block table, her tits being crushed, her lips mashed, his tongue down her throat, and her legs flailing.

The bra snapped off, and was yanked away by the old woman. The skirt became little more than a belt. He slammed her to the table with his mouth and hands and cock again and again. Still, she couldn't stop crying.

Finally his hands went into her hair, his mouth popped off hers, he stood straight up, dragging her chest off the table, made a growling roar, and shot his load inside her.

Melissa shook as if electrocuted; her legs kicking and her head flailing. She felt the

stream of cum sloshing across her vaginal walls, wadding up like the balls they forced into her mouth. Her groan became an aching yodel as the old woman grabbed a handful of her flaming red hair --just as the man dropped her.

Her head thunked to the table, and her legs fell over, useless (the back of her knees on the edge). He sat down heavily on his seat, watching her continue to cry and quake as his mother pressed her other hand onto Melissa's mouth while "helping" her to her feet by dragging her up by her strawberry mane.

"Come on, come on," she chastised. "The job's not over yet," Melissa cried even louder. The old woman



wrapped her arm around the girl's head, recupping her wet, raw mouth. "Ssh, ssh. No, no. You know he has to go to work in the morning. Clean him off. Come on, clean him off. You don't want him to go to work all wet and sticky, do you?"

So saying, she forced Melissa to her knees in front of his chair, and, as she sobbed, her lips quivering, the girl took his cock into her mouth.

"Lick," the old woman told her. "Suck. Clean."

Melissa did as she was told, her eyes closed, her lar-

ynx making strangled humming noises. The thing grew in her mouth, moving farther and farther down her throat. Still, all she did was service him, concentrating only on the task at hand, her soft pink lips and warm wet tongue caressing his cock.

Suddenly she was roughly pulled off by her hair, her head thrust back, a hand clamping her jaw shut, and more duct tape was tightly affixed over her mouth. Then, before she knew what was happening, she was turned around, tripped, and thrown to the floor.

She landed on her firm butt, jiggling, and then the old woman was there, roping one ankle to the same thigh, then taking the other ankle, and tying that to the ankle roped to the thigh. One leg was doubled, and the other was bent in an "L."

Suddenly Melissa found herself sitting, bound,



gagged, and blinking, as if the whole thing hadn't happened.

The old woman pushed the girl over with her foot, then accompanied her son to the door. "Have a nice day, dear."

"You too, mother," he said, about to kiss her on the cheek, then thought better of it. "See you tonight."

"Indeed," said the old woman. And then he was

gone.

The old woman closed the door behind him, locked it, then returned to the dining room, where a ravishing young redhead lay on her side, her ankles crossed and together, her wet cunt exposed under the ruffled micro-mini, her freckled front heaving, her face covered in sweat, and the tape puckered, rippling over her working mouth. She stared at her captor with anguish and effort, her arms wrenched behind her back.

“That’s all right, darling,” said the old woman. “Plenty of time for the spermicidal foam. And then we’ll see what your sisters are up to”

He was surprised by the call to the front desk. He was even more surprised by the message.

“Visitor waiting for you in the lot,” grunted the desk man. “Something about a pick-up....”

His step was stiff and quick as he moved outside and into the parking lot out back. Sure enough, there was his mother -- standing beside a van. His heart leapt for a nanosecond, but the expression on her face was calm and pleased. His smile too got wider as he got nearer. He looked in every direction as he approached, seeing only a lining of trees, a grassy knoll, and a tall stone fence.

“Hello, mother,” he said, taking her shoulders and kissing her on the cheek. “What brings you here?” he asked with barely concealed excitement.

“Well my dear,” the tough old woman answered. “You left so quickly this morning you forgot something.”

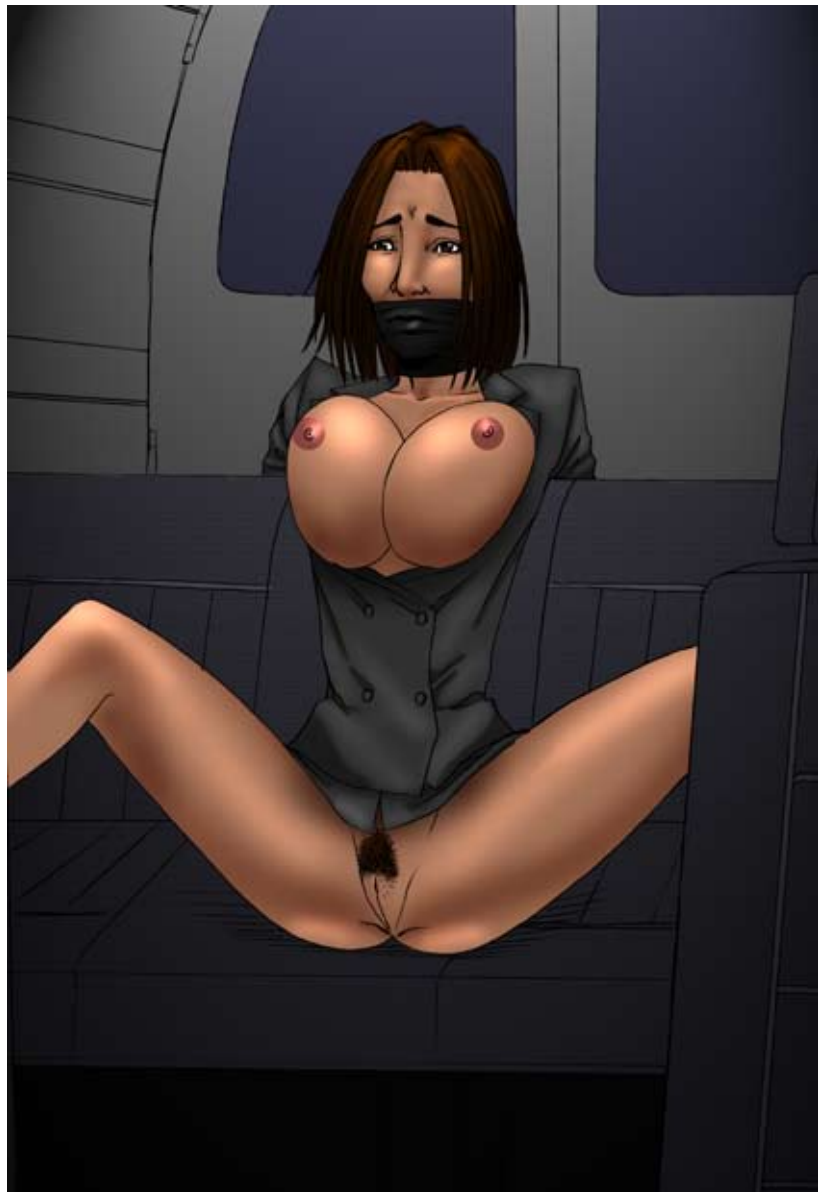
“Forgot? Forgot what?”

“Not what, dear,” his mother answered, turning toward the van door with a key. “Who.”

She opened the passenger door, which was beside the stone wall, and pulled herself in. “I was so concerned that I rented this lovely vehicle,” she continued pleasantly, turning around in the driver’s seat. “Now that I’ve tested it, we might think very seriously about buying one.”

He pulled himself in after her, his eyes taken with a vision in the back seat, bolted to the metal floor in the middle of the windowless cargo area.

Dana was sitting there, bolt upright in the padded seat. She had little choice. Her arms were wrenched behind her and the seat back, the elbows and wrists lashed tightly together, forcing her shoulders wide and her chest to thrust out. Her upper and lower arms were



then tied to the metal seat frame itself. Her legs were spread and knees bent, the ankles lashed to where the top of the rear seat legs and rear seat came together. On her feet were black patent high heels.

She wore an incredibly tight, double-breasted, gray pinstriped business suit without shirt. The skirt was micro-miniskirt length with a slit up the front. Her breasts were bunched in the cleavage opening, and heaving as she struggled to breathe.

Her lower face was covered with the half-hood bus-tier-gag which cinched around her throat and clung to her cheekbones. From the way her face was flushed, it was obvious that her mouth was completely filled, her lips crushed, and the entire lower part of her face padded.

Her brown eyes were wide and unseeing as always, as she tried to change her position, or scream.

He looked quickly back to his mother, his expression mixing joy and disbelief.

“You did everyone but her,” the old woman explained.

“She felt left out....”

He nearly choked on the words. “The others...?”

His mother held up a hand. “Don’t concern yourself. Your concern is here....”

His other concerns had concerns of their own. Melissa was down on the cellar mattress, her head covered in a hood, her red hair pulled through a hole at the top and tied to a ring bolted into the floor. Her torso was in a straight jacket, further anchored with straps on the outside.

Her ankles were tied to her knees, and her shins to her thighs, then her legs were tied together, and stuffed into a duffel bag which was cinched just over her hips and under the jacket.

Her mouth was filled, her ears plugged, and her eyes covered. Just to be on the safe side, she was also rendered unconscious with his kidnapping drug. Upstairs in the bathroom closet, Barbara was in similar distress. In the narrow confines, she lay on a mattress, her wrists in metal cuffs behind her back, affixed to a bolt in the wall, and her ankles in another pair of handcuffs, their links also nailed to the opposite wall.

Over her head was a similar hood, likewise deaf, dumb, and blinded. The only difference was that her naked body was only covered with incredibly tight black straps which crushed the center of her tits, cinched her waist, and went down between her legs ... holding plugs in the orifices there. To further restrict her movements tape was around her thighs, knees, and shins.

Back at work, his mother kept a strict eye on the parking lot, using the van’s many mirrors. The super shock absorbers kept the vehicle from rocking unduly as he labored in the cargo area.

Dana’s legs were still spread, only now they were straight, her ankles tied to the far legs of the driver’s and front passenger’s seat. That put her firm rump on the edge of her seat, pushing up the micro-mini even more.

The point was moot in any case, because he then yanked the skirt up even further, until it was bunched around her hips. She wore nothing beneath.

Only the lowest jacket button remained in its eyehole, and it was straining to pop out of that as well. The lapels were pulled wide, tight on her upper arms. One of his hands was in her hair, pulling her head back, while the other was grinding and squashing her luscious left tit. Their pelvises ground together, whirling and twist-



ing like oil drills. His pants were around his ankles.

Dana grunted and burred and hummed and gasped as he continued to stick it to her, no matter how she contorted and shook. No matter what she did, the ropes were always there and his cock was always deep inside her -rubbing and rubbing and rubbing the sides of her vagina, which was swelled bulbous with blood.

“No,” she tried to cry, her face, chest, and thighs slick with sweat, which shone in the shadowy recesses of the van. But all that emerged was a tiny, muffled cry as he pushed all the way inside her again.

Suddenly her head lolled back and he gripped the chair top on either side of her. He lay his body on hers, and pressed. Then, and only then, did he start thrusting in earnest. At first slowly, powerfully, purposefully; and then with increasing vigor.

Dana jerked with each thrust, at first her fingers twisting, her head coming up, and her upper lip trying to work out of the clamping pads and thick black leather. But then her head fell back again, a low moan coming out of the half-hood, and her firm, glistening body

grew slack in the bonds.

He flicked open the last jacket button, and threw her garment wide. He lay back on her totally exposed front, wrapping his arms around her head and back, and kept thrusting. Her face was pressed against his shoulder and neck, her mounds crushed against him, but her brain was filled only by the buzzing in her cunt.

Finally he felt her quiver, then shake, then stiffen. Finally he thrust up hard, froze, then ejaculated inside her. Realizing what he had done, she started to twist, but he merely filled his hand with one of her orbs and let it ooze through his fingers.

“There,” he said quietly. “All’s fair.”

Then his mother was suddenly there beside him, pulling him off her. She gave Dana a sudden, sharp punch in the solar plexus. The beautiful, ravished brunette’s head came grunting up, her skin red, her veins prominent and pulsing; but then her eyes grew unfocused,

her eyelids fluttered, and she went limp.

He said goodbye to his mother at the front gate. She waved back, then waved at the security man in the little guardhouse. He waved back. On the floor of the cargo space, Dana tried to scream, but it was impossible. Her neck was nestled against the rear seat leg, her throat roped to it -- the half-hood gag still on.

She lay on her chest, hogtied, her ankles crossed. Inside her jacket ropes crushed her tits. Under her skirt ropes cinched her waist and cut deeply through her vaginal lips. With every bump and pothole, coarse hemp dug into her breasts and cunt. The old woman was expert in finding every speed bump and road construction crew.

“There,” she murmured, taking the long way home. “That’s better, , isn’t it?” , isn’t it?” ■

CHAPTER EIGHT

When he came home from work, the front room was clean as a whistle... and empty—save for his mother, who sat in the easy chair by the shaded window, sewing. For one dizzying moment he thought all three girls were gone for good, but then he noticed what his mom was stitching.

It was a midriff-baring, super-small sweater with two slits in the front...where the breasts would be.

“My, my, son,” she chided, not looking at him. “You went white as a sheet. You looked like you lost your best friend.”

“For a second I thought I had.”

“Don’t be silly,” she said pointedly, without missing a stitch. “I would never leave you. I only did some shopping on the way home....”

“Shopping?”

Only then did her movements still. “Yes, shopping... but we don’t have to talk about that now.” Finally she looked at him. “Don’t just stand there paralyzed. Go hang up your coat. Stay awhile.” Then she went back to her needlework.

Smiling in spite of himself, keeping an eye on her from over his shoulder, he slipped off his jacket and slid open the front room closet door.

The flash of white and black out the corner of his eye alerted him, as did an unsealing sound.

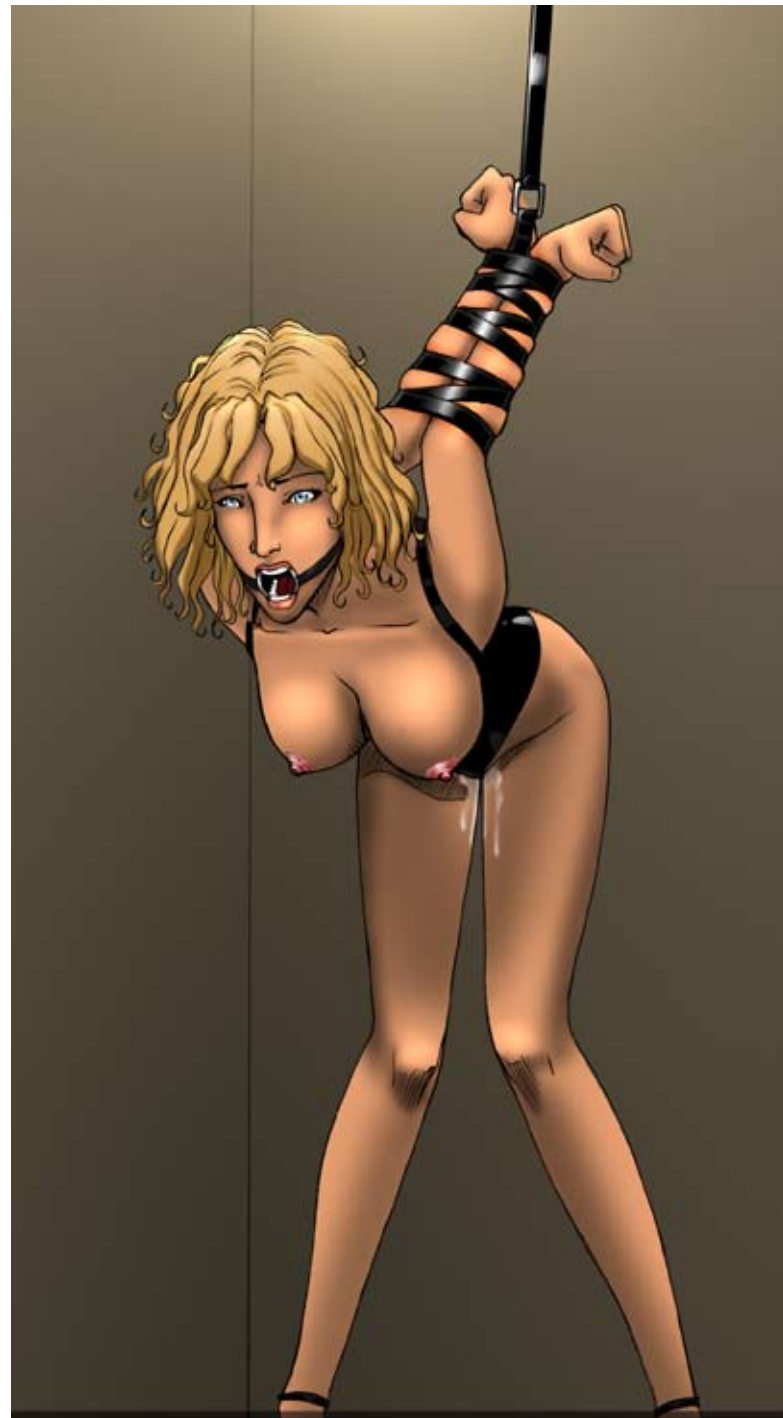
The closet had been padded that afternoon; a rubber seal completely fastening the door to the closet frame.

Barbara stood there, groaning.

Perhaps “stood” was not the proper word. She was bent over forward, teetering on five inch black high-heels, her arms wrenched up straight behind her, wrists crossed and elbows cinched together with black straps, hung on a hook at the very top of the closet ceiling.

Drool poured out her moaning mouth from the huge ring gag wedged behind her perfect, pearly white teeth. Her strong, round breasts hung down, revealed by the frontless, French cut, shining black rubber leotard which adhered to her firm, curvy shape and set off her blue eyes and pure blond hair.

Her pure blond tuft was not revealed below because the leotard’s thong crotch was obviously holding in a



buzzing, throbbing, humming, twisting dildo.

He drank in this sweating, drooling, creamy vision before looking back at his mother with a huge grin.

She didn’t look back—merely murmuring; “And all day I worried about you...unable to clean yourself after lunch hour....”

His smile grew wider and more savage, then his head twisted back to the front room closet. Dropping his coat on the floor he undid his zipper while grabbing a handful of her short, silky hair. Dragging her comatose head up, he shoved his already erect cock into her

pried open mouth.

Her choked, jerking reaction was gratifying as she clopped around the closet floor like a reluctant, gagging pony—one long, shapely, creamy leg bending, then the other, the cruel shoes tap-tap-tapping on the drool-moistened floor.

“Hiumm, hium, hiummmm,” was the sound that emerged from her soft ruby lips mashed against his hairy crotch. He dragged her head up and down on his shaft while reaching down to claw at her prime left breast. From his mother’s vantage point, it looked like a hairy beast mouth-raping a smooth-skinned



fairy princess.

Then he suddenly grabbed her head with both hands, jamming his hips up while pushing down. The old woman heard the noise of his exploding ejaculation and her asphyxiated reaction.

Barb tried to scream, tried to swallow, and then there was a moment of horrid silence as her body stiffened, her tiptoes stabbed the floor, and her arms practically tore out of her shoulders. The cum had filled her throat,

blocking it. The drowning sensation blocked out the pain at her shoulders, arms, and cunt. Barbara’s eyes snapped open, widening as far as they would go, and then....

His cock was gone. An air bubble popped in her throat, and jism exploded out of her mouth and nose like a huge sneeze.

He laughed as she tried to collapse, her slim hundred-and-five pounds on her wrenched-back arms, her gloriously long, glossy legs just barely standing. Cum drooled out of her mouth and nostrils over her quivering upper and lower lip. It beaded down her chin and dripped onto the floor between her dainty feet.

Suddenly his mother was there, pressing a heavy cloth over the blonde girl’s lower face, holding her lolling head onto it like a broken melon. “There, there, dear,” she said to her son. “Your day’s been hard enough. Why don’t you go into the backroom and relax? I’ll call you when dinner’s ready.”

He smiled down at her. “Very well, mother.” Taking one last look at the groaning teenage blonde bound in the closet, he turned to go.

“Oh, one more thing,” his mother interrupted him.

He froze. “Yes?”

She smiled. “Hand me those clips next to my chair, would you dear?”

He practically ran to get the alligator clips, which were attached by necklace chains. The old woman carefully took one long chain, while he watched appreciatively. His mother neatly imprisoned Barbara’s red nipples to the chains which ran down to wrap her ankles. This would keep her bent over even if her hands had been freed from the hook.

The blonde gasped and started with each clip, but only instinctively. Otherwise she seemed too far gone with aching—both physical and sexual—to react consciously. Shaking his head with wonder and pleasure, he headed for the back room—his saliva-slick cock swinging free like a cheerleader’s baton.

The back room, like the front room had been, was empty. He turned on the television, headed to the sofa, then slowed when he noticed the closet in the tiny hall. It connected the kitchen to the back room. It was directly across from the downstairs bathroom door.

No longer particularly interested in the news, he walked slowly but purposely to the closet, gripped the doorknob and carefully opened the partition.

Dana was inside, wearing only her tailored suit jacket,



buttoned at her tight waist.

It took him literally seconds to comprehend it all. Her big, round breasts bulged in the plunging v-neck front of her jacket. The hem of the jacket just covered the dewy thatch of her soft brunette tuft. Her firm, tan thighs were on either side of a gleaming, gun-metal impaling pole which seemed to missile up between her legs.

Her legs and the pole continued down to the closet floor where the shaft was bolted and Dana's feet were jammed into shiny, red, five-inch highheels, her well-turned ankles strapped to the pole base with shackles.

Her head was up and her wrists twisted up her back. Both her neck and arms were tied by soft, wire-reinforced rope to the closet hanging pole, which was perfectly installed just behind her rubber-banded

head.

The tan rubber bandage was adhered across the bridge of her nose and over her lower face, holding in untold mouth stuffings. He could tell by the way her unseeing, smoky eyes would rise to half-mast, then close again, how much her mouth, not to mention cunt, was filled.

In a slow, rhythmic fashion, he unbuttoned her jacket, reaching in to cradle her bulbous mammaries as his lips descended deliberately to her left ear. Dana's neck craned even further back, her eyes squeezing shut as he mauled and suckled her, his hips pressing insistently at her impaled vagina, her lower labia lips wrenched open as Barbara's mouth had been by the ring—only the brunette's invasion continued up her a full six inches.

Dana's head, wrists, and ankles jerked in their bonds, but it was useless. He kept slowly, luxuriatingly slobbering on her head, neck, and chest, squeezing her boobs and ass, and rubbing himself against her until he came across her torso and thighs.

Rebuttoning her jacket, being sure to press the cloth against the sticky cum, he then purposely scooped her tits from the neckline, and clipped one brown nipple to the other with a two inch device his mother had let him keep.

Dana screeched behind the muffling gag, this assault like a buzzer in her chest. Her tits were now yanked together, their tortured nipples stretched toward one another. They looked like a light brown, freckled balloon toy.

“Thanks babe,” he said, responding to her anguished cry. “But I just had you this afternoon. Maybe later.”

Then he slowly closed the door, deciding to luxuriate in the knowledge she was just inside, rather than get all hot and bothered watching her struggle. After all, he had to keep some strength up. Besides, her best holes were already plugged.

Good old ma, he thought as he returned his attention to the TV. Always trying to be fair to all guests of the house....

Dinner occurred without incident. Good old ma—apparently she realized he needed uninterrupted sustenance as well...although he couldn't tell how much oyster juice was in the seafood casserole. She headed to the back room as he adjourned to his room.

He stopped by the front room closet. Unable to resist, he took a peak inside. Barb was no longer standing.



cided to cut them off by marching directly over and sliding open the door.

Sure enough, Melissa was there, wearing only a virginal white lace garter belt, matching hose, five inch white highheels, a half-cup bra, and fingerless white lace gloves which reached to her smooth upper arms. Her fiery strawberry red hair fanned out from a face stuffed with a huge red ball gag, and her fiery red-painted fingernails clawed at the closet ceiling as she hung, spread-eagled with wire-reinforced cord.

Her green eyes widened at the sight of his leering face and erection. Then he was inside and on her, his hands filled with her tight ass cheeks. Within a nanosecond his cock head had spread her vaginal lips and was surging all the way inside her. She screamed, babbling into the ball gag, then—as his log and one arm lifted her up—his other hand clawed into her red hair, dragging her whinnying, then sobbing, head back.

Within moments he was doing what he had been waiting for all afternoon: raping another remarkably pretty, naturally sexy, extraordinarily unwilling, stringently bound and totally gagged young girl. And he

She was hogtied on her side with tight black straps, blindfolded with a padded, buckled strap, and had a huge prod gag deep inside her mouth. She was motionless, breathing easily, apparently unconscious.

Looking quickly toward the dining room, he slid inside the closet with her, silently sliding the door closed behind him.

In the dark and claustrophobic space, he found the heady feeling of secrecy and possession nearly overwhelming. Exulting in the sensation, he masturbated over her twice in rapid succession, splashing cum on her head and chest. She did not react at all, and even that was exciting.

Breathing heavily he hurriedly left the closet, closing the door quietly behind him. He moved as fast as he could upstairs. Sure, he knew his mother would see the cum eventually, but for now it was fun to pretend that he had snuck a cookie, as it were, and had gotten away with it.

He tried to be cool entering his room, but the first place he looked was the closed door of his big, walk-in closet. Images flew by his mind's eye, so he de-

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ing up a glassful of cream.

Then, as he embraced her, his mouth falling onto her left tit like a closing bear trap, he grabbed a drug-soaked handtowel from the top of the narrow bureau behind her and plopped it over her babbling, crying mouth.

She stiffened in mid-air—his mouth still sucking her breast and his cock still plugging her—as the sickly sweet smell invaded her mind. “No!” she cried to herself. “No, not again!” But then her green eyes grew clouded, her strength was gone and she felt his cum crawling through her like a parasite.

She felt him cut her down, her arms falling uselessly to her side. She felt the strap at the back of her head come loose, the ball being forced out of her mouth to fall wetly to the floor. And all she could do, all ninety-five pounds of her, was hang there in his arms and murmur, drooling. She felt his strong hands on her sweat-slickened skin, and then she was over his knee, her arms behind her.

“There there,” he said, retying her wrists with white tape. “There there.” A stitched leather beanbag was stuffed in her mouth

was doing it a wall away from an ordinary residential street, with cars full of oblivious people passing by every few minutes. And, try as she might with all her might, there was nothing this little miss could do about it.

He fucked and fucked and fucked her soft crimson tuft, bouncing her up and down on his cock—her forced-forward tits scraping against his chest, the high heels snapping against the clothes-strewn closet floor, and her bound arms up as if crying hal-lelujah.

As he got closer and closer to coming, he slapped a hand over her burbling, crying, hysterical mouth while still gripping her mane with the other. Bending her back, her lean body jiggling, he kept thrusting. “Shut up, bitch,” he hissed, wanting the exact opposite to occur. “You know the routine. You’re my fuck toy. Your cunt is mine forever...”

Then, as her eyes became saucers and she tried to writhe away, he came up into her like a cannon. She threw herself back, but all that happened was she hung in midair like a floating, falling beauty, her skin shining, her hair cascading, and her cunt suck-



and more white tape went over that—from nostrils to chin, and from ear to ear. “There there.” He stood her up and drew her over toward the bed by her tiny waist and cupped breast. She walked like an exhausted pony trying its legs for the first time.

He dropped her on the bed on her back and crawled atop her. “Finally,” he breathed, his breath thick on her face. “Alone again.” He pinched a pink nipple, the other hand finding her firm ass cheek. “Just you and me, dearest...the man you never looked at and the sweetest, happiest, liveliest little dancer...” He began to grind her tit in one hand while fingering her anus with the forefinger of the other.

Melissa started, whining, but he merely began kissing her face and neck...all the while still talking. “...The one with the cutest face...the most glorious hair...the sexiest body...the best legs...the greatest ass...!”

And then the finger was all the way in, rooting around. Melissa arched her back, letting out a high pitched, nearly silenced wail, but he held her down by her breast and by biting her earlobe.

She fell back heavily onto the padded mattress and heavy bedclothes as he wrapped an arm around her throat, snuggled beneath her and reached across to the light switch.

“Goodnight dearest,” he whispered wickedly. “Sleep tight.” And then she was in darkness, his cock up her ass.

Downstairs, his mother looked up from her sewing. Only glancing at the front room closet, she then looked toward the kitchen where, behind the cellar door and down the stairs, Dana was secured to the mattress. Her throat and one ankle was attached to the floor rings while her other leg was doubled, its ankle strapped and taped to its thigh. Her micromini slit suit skirt was back on, just barely covering the crotch rope which was deep between her vaginal lips and anchored on her fine hip bones.

Above her waist, he suit jacket was missing, but the nipple clamps were still in place. Her arms were behind her, in the small of her back, strapped and taped at the wrists, forearms and elbows. The rubber bandage gag was replaced by a black ballgag, reinforced by a drug-soddened sheet, tied so tightly around her head and under her hair it looked like tape.

The old woman shook her head, then turned toward the television, picking up the remote. Switching to channel 91, she saw what the infrared remote camera in her son’s room saw. Looking down at the bed,



there was the redhead, one leg straight out, the other bent, seemingly trying to propel herself off the man's form.

As her eyes bulged, her hair wild, her breasts thrusting toward the lens secreted in the ceiling, the old woman could tell that her son had found a new place to keep his manhood warm.

The old woman picked up her sewing again and went back to the sweater, accompanied by the sweet sounds of a comely teenage redhead in lovely white lace lingerie screaming repeatedly into a mouth-sealing gag.

He awoke the next morning when he felt Melissa being pulled from him. His eyes snapped open to see the exhausted redhead in the grip of his mother. The teenager was still lovely, her chest heaving, her half-mound breasts filling the half-cup bra, and her long, shapely legs moving to keep her upright in twisted and torn white lace hosiery.

His mother held a thick pad over her lower face and gripped under her arms, leading her to the bedroom door.

"Breakfast?" he asked.

"Waiting," she replied, looking over the girl in her hands with a certain distaste. "I'm taking this one to the bathroom. Have a bite to eat then drug the others, would you dear?"

Now he was fully awake. "Drug them?" He wasn't used to this. After his initial abduction, he left the details to her. All he usually did was rape them every chance he got.

"Of course dear," she said obliviously, moving into the hall. "I have to prepare them for tonight."

"Tonight?" he echoed, hopping off the bed. "What's tonight?"

She turned in the bathroom doorway, looking analytically at the redhead's tiny, tight rump. "Tonight's the night, dear. The last night."

Melissa began to bleat and struggle, causing the old woman to get her in a choke hold, holding the teenager against her as she continued talking over her shoulder to her son. He stared at the struggling, semi-naked form of the beauty as he listened to his elder's words.

"Well, you didn't think it would last forever,

Geoffrey Merrick

did you, dear? I've already nosed around quite a bit. This little one was missed from her dance class and her home." She looked down at the wide-eyed choking redhead and spoke to her in a cooing, sing-song voice. "Oh yes, you were...."

Then her attention returned to her son as she held onto the girl as if she was merely a struggling pet. "Our sultry brunette business bitch was missed from her job. And our sexy little blonde co-ed was missed from her classes and dorm. Reports were made, son. People are looking."

"So?" he asked.

"So?" she repeated, tightening her grip. The redhead in her arms started kicking wildly, her face getting as red as her hair. The old woman didn't speak again until the half-naked girl's actions started to slow. "So they mustn't be found here... true?"

Melissa slumped in the old woman's arms as her rapist came over, his cock like a microphone by her comatose, tape-covered face. "True enough, I suppose," he mused, looking down at the luscious little belle. "What do you have in mind?"

The old woman placed a hand tenderly on his cheek.



“Do as I ask, dear, then go to work. You’ll see, my darling. Have I ever let you down?” Then, knowingly, she started to pull the tape from Melissa’s face.

As the naked redhead stood insensibly in the shower stall, her wrists handcuffed above her to the spigot, early morning cum drooling out of her still slack mouth, he trudged up the attic steps. There he found Barbara shivering on the mattress-covered floor, her entire body in vulcanized leather save for holes around her flaxen tuft and her buoyant breasts.

Her head was covered in a stitched-up hood with only two straws for her nostrils. He knew that, inside, her mouth would be filled with a pear-shaped plug. Her covered arms, complete with gloves, were twisted up her back and affixed to her shoulder blades with buckled straps. And her legs, encased in six-inch high boots, were bent double and strapped at the ankles, knees, and thighs. Then, plunged deep inside her, was a black dildo with an exposed speed knob. He heard it hum as he stood beside her.

Kneeling, he knew that inside the cat suit it would be all sweat, but outside, in the early morning chill, her exposed breasts were covered in goose-pimples and her red nipples were inflated and erect.

“Good morning, my love,” he whispered before settling his hot mouth on her right breast, which quivered on his tongue. She moaned, agonizingly, as his hand sought the dildo knob, switching it to its highest setting before turning it off. She shook and jerked before dropped fully to the mattress with a mouth-filled sigh.

He marveled how wonderful her body looked in the form-fitting leather, then snapped open the straps holding her thighs and knees. He pulled the dildo out from her cunt, forced himself between her legs, encircled his arms around her thighs, lifted her hips off the floor, and replaced the plastic with his own humming rod.

Barbara screamed uselessly into the hood gag, then just had to hang there, shoulders on the padding, as he fucked her yet again. Her legs, though now affixed only by ankle straps, were useless after a night of more thorough bondage. And her arms...? Her arms were lost to her.

But her cunt? Her cunt was still dark and warm and wet, fortified by the gruel the old woman fed them every day...the medicinal paste that kept them alert, coated their nerves, and sparked their libidos. They felt their muscles remaining

firm and flexible, their hair remaining lustrous, their skin remaining smooth, and their breasts swelling, as if they were lactating without milk.

So the blonde coed felt it...felt every sensation his horrid invasion elicited from her. Despite the bondage, despite the captivity, despite the continuous assaults, she felt the bolts of electricity slicing from her crotch to her brain. Her cries of “oh no stop,” became just sounds of desperation...sounds which only spurred him on.

He grunted, grabbing her hips like handles, jamming her on him, then came, spurting inside her. She felt that too, as if someone had slathered a thick layer of ointment within. Then, before her moan of agony could completely emerge, the air was cut off—replaced with a sickeningly sweet smell.

He had plopped the drugged pad over her nostril straws just as he came.

Barb’s head rolled back, scraping against the mattress, trying to pull away, but his arm followed her movement, still plugging her with his cock, still embracing her 22 inch waist with his other arm. She started screaming like a banshee under a pillow, but by then it was too late. The screams became cries, which became groans, which became sighs.



She collapsed to the padded floor, his cock finally popping from her dewy crack.

“Hello baby,” he said to Dana, sitting on her stomach and forcing his erection between her nipple-clamped breasts. “Time for your morning tit fuck.”

Only then did she become fully awake, trying to focus on the fuzzy white shape atop her in the cellar. She tried to scream, but the ball and sheet gag still worked, despite the cloth having dried overnight.

“Now now,” he said, masturbating himself with the dark, smooth sides of her mams, “is that anyway to talk? I could have undone your crotch rope and fucked your brains out, you know...”

She shouted epithets at him, her head up as far as the throat rope would let her, her eyes blazing, but all he heard were burbles and bleats and muffled exclamations.

“Yes yes,” he soothed, not pausing a millisecond in his self-gratification with her impressive mounds. “That’s right. You’re going to have a hell of a day.”

The leg anchored to the floor ring kicked, her fingers clawed behind her back, and her bent leg shook, but it was all useless. When he came, he spurted onto a sodden pad he was holding in his right hand. Then, smiling down at her, he held it aloft.

“You know what comes now, don’t you?” he asked with a wicked grin. Before she could react, he tugged down the cloth covering the ball gag and slammed the thick pad over her lower face.

She literally didn’t see it coming until the cum and drug splashed into her nose, cheeks, and lips. But then it was there and his other hand was fisted in her chestnut hair. She jerked and contorted as best she could but it was already over.

She stilled beneath him and he just lay atop her for awhile, enjoying her outstanding shape. Raping Melissa was like popping a sweet sex kitten, making her aware of her innocent, vibrant sexiness. Raping Barbara was like stealing a virgin bride, a freshly risen rose at her most precious, and keeping her where no one else could find her. But raping Dana was like ruining a female at her optimum prime...holding her back from freedom by her own sex.

Undoing her crotch rope, he slipped his erection inside her and just lay there, feeling her breathe, her thighs on either side of his, and her abused breasts bulge against his chest. He undid her ball

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gag and slobbered on her soft mouth, sticking his tongue down her throat. Then, when he finally came for the fourth time that morning, this time in an unconscious girl, he stuffed the cloth sheeting behind her teeth and tied it in place with the crotch rope.

Taking a last look at her sleeping, defiled form, he went upstairs to get dressed for work.

He had a hard time hiding his erection all that day. Every few seconds he thought about what was waiting for him at home and the finality of it all. Expecting the unexpected, he was still surprised to find a note from his mother in his inbox after lunch. The instructions in it were clear, and thrilling. It only made the bulge in his pants all the greater.

Still, he managed not to hurt himself while completing the reconnaissance and the minor construction. Despite his anxiousness, he only managed to get back home by sunset. Leaving the wood and velvet structure he had made behind him at the front door, he took a deep breath and stepped inside. As before, the front room was empty. Only this time, the closet was empty too.

So was the cellar, the back room, and the attic. Unable to find his mother or their guests, he had to wonder:



did his mom have second thoughts and decide it best to take the girls away while he was out? Was that possible? Was that wise? Was that fair?

Grinning in spite of the thought, he finally went to his room.

And there they were.

Barbara was on her back on the bed, her arms crossed behind her in the small of her back. She wore a stunning black lace microminidress with a plunging v-neckline which barely held in her teardrop breasts. Her legs were wide, her ankles tied to the top of the baseboard corners, her feet pointed in wicked six inch t-strap black highheels.

Dana was standing in burgundy red highheels, knees



bent, feet apart, thighs bound wide to the bed frame, her back to the left upright at the corner of the bed. Her arms were yanked back, wrists and elbows cruelly tied on either side of the metal upright, her shoulder blades practically clipping the pole. Her throat was also tied to the pole. All of it served to thrust her mighty breasts up and forward, practically bulging out of the stunning sleeveless, burgundy, velvet,



open-front microminidress held onto her front by two straining shoelaces tied mid-tit and just above her innie. It just covered her nipples while exposing two big round swashes of lovely tan flesh.

Melissa was also standing, but in blue high heels and with her tiny waist tied to the metal top of the baseboard—facing Barb, her arms twisted all the way up her back and tied to her shoulders. She wore a spectacular, blue, nylon lycra micromini which shoelaced from her navel to her neck in four “X” shapes, exposing almost her entire front, her half-moon tits bulging on either side, nipples holding on for dear life.

All their lower faces were covered with some sort of fine mesh that went beneath their hair and affixed behind their heads. It seemed glued to their flesh. And their mouths seemed filled with something slightly pliant yet unyielding—as if their tongues had ballooned to four times their normal size and they were struggling to handle it.

As if that were true, they kept trying to chew it with little groans, grunts, and gasps, heads back, cringing, expressions of agonized despair and disbelief on their beautiful, sweat-sheened, wet-eyed faces.

This mesh also wrapped their wrists behind them, and their hands twisted while their fingers reached in vain.

Melissa and Barbara stiffened when he entered, Dana twisting her head around as far as the neck rope would let her go. They all started whining and calling out, so he turned on both the stereo and the television before he crawled on top of the writhing, screaming blonde, his erection finally freed.

The redhead simply had to stand and watch as he pulled Barb's black lace neckline aside, her fine tits bouncing free. Grabbing one and her hair, he jammed his scythe-like cock inside the barely covered blonde tuft and started thrusting.

The music and electronic commentary all but drowned out the sound all three made—Barb crying out in pain, Melissa crying, Dana raging—while the expertly made and anchored bed swallowed up the sounds of struggle and sexual assault.

It didn't take long, given the long day of expectation, so, within minutes, he spurted in her while holding her head back and squeezing her breast as if trying to tear it off.

Laughing, he left her there—neckline yanked back and hemline across her hips—and hopped back to sit before the redhead. "You might be wondering why you were tied that way," he said, ignoring Barb's bitter sobs behind him. Of course it was now obvious by the way his shaft stood up at the bottom of her vision.

Her brow furrowed in dread, he grabbed the back of her neck and drew her jerking head down toward his log, his finger hooking under the mesh over her mouth like a tick burrowing into her flesh. "You know what happens to you and these two if you do anything stupid," he said casually, tearing the mesh from her face.

It seemed reluctant to go, like a burrowing farm of worms which had taken residence beneath her skin, but, finally, it was off, and then, a bigger, wriggling tongue-like thing actually emerged from her mouth, plopping wetly down on the bedclothes like a plastic



croissant filled with hard jello.

"Please," she gasped in a tiny croak. "You don't have to ki...!"

But then his cock was in her mouth, his hands in her hair.

"'Ki' you?" he joked as she choked. "Why, we wouldn't 'ki' you. Not now...not here...!" He reached down, his legs wide, and clawed at her front until he could pull her mounds out between the "X" laces. He played with them while forcing her head lower onto his crank...until he felt clean enough to continue.

Expecting to eventually feel his come down her throat, the little redhead was surprised when his fist yanked her hair back and the big, tongue-like chew-gag was stuffed back into her mouth. Then, incredibly, the mesh covering sunk into the slobber which covered her lower face. She stood blinking, off balance, her tits cruelly mangled by the unforgiving dress' laces.

Even before she finished blinking, he was off the bed and walking over to survey the brunette. Dana stared

at him in pain and hate, her thighs vibrating. He noted with pleasure that the position forced her auburn cunt to peek out just below the velvet hem, like a tank waiting to be filled. Standing on absolutely no ceremony, he wedged his body against hers and undid the top lace of the dress.

Her left breast practically popped into his waiting hand and his cock slid into her cunt like a sword into a scabbard. She snorted and tried to kick, but he was already thrusting, staring directly into her angry, unfocused eyes.

“Wouldn’t you like to say something?” he grunted, not pausing in his surging. “Tell me what you think of me? Curse me? Beg me? Wouldn’t you like to scream or yell or call for help? Wouldn’t you like to spit in my face? Well,” he continued, giving her tit a deep, powerful squeeze, “you can’t. And you won’t, and never will. Because your mouth, like the rest of you was made only for invasion...or abuse.”

He pressed his thumbnail into her nipple as far as it would go. Her head went back in spite of herself and she moaned in anguish.

“Oh, and one more thing,” he said, thrusting as hard as he could. “Receival.” And then he came as she shook against the bed pole, eyes squeezed shut.

Finally, he walked casually around the bed, slapping a hand to Melissa’s fine, firm rump. “I bet you’re wondering why I didn’t cream you,” he said merrily, taking her ass in both hands as her head whipped one way and then the other, trying to see what he was going to do. “After all, you were my favorite...my first. You were the one who started this whole thing by being kind enough to get kidnapped without a trace.”

He carefully noted how her minidress didn’t quite cover her butt cheeks, especially after he had pulled her forward. He could just see tiny red strands of pubic hair between her long, young legs. “And then, once I raped you that first time and nobody stopped me...I knew I could take you....” He looked at Dana. “And you.” He glanced at Barb. “And do the same.”

They all started to cry: the redhead unabashedly, the brunette reluctantly, and the blonde bitterly.

“Because,” he continued, carefully positioning his cock behind Melissa, “when you come right down to it, all you really are are sex receptacles—designed to attract, excite, stimulate, and then be filled.” With that, he entered Melissa from the rear.

“Without my seed,” he said, jamming her on him as she twisted, wailing, “your cunts and tits have no biological purpose. They exist to first arouse and then be

fucked. It’s not a question and can’t be argued. It’s the truth.”

He reached forward, fingers crawling up Melissa’s front as he lay on her bobbing back. He grabbed her tits and kept thrusting. “And you three, especially,” he continued, “with your bodies and faces...! Well, what could I do, huh? What else could I do?”

They tried to tell him...tell him they were human beings, too, that they existed to find their own happiness...that this was a criminal, monstrous aberration of the genetic imperative which was designed to propagate the species with love...that lust was designed to be controlled until true caring was mutually created...!

Or something to that effect, but that was what the mouth plugs and lip-mashing mesh was for...to keep them sex things to be used...and then discarded...?

“No, no, no,” he said, grabbing Melissa’s haunches and jerking her faster and faster on his cock. “That’s why there are three of you here. That’s why there are so many beautiful girls out there. For this.” He reached over to squeeze Dana’s right boob. “For this.” He spit a perfect loogie on Barbara’s face. “For this,” he said, jamming Melissa onto his shaft as he poured cream into her.

“That’s what you are for!” he said triumphantly as he pulled his satiated dick out of the redhead’s beaver and slapped her on the back side. Only then did he open his closet door and pull out the small hospital tank with the skull and crossbones etched on its side.

Only Dana could really see it, and her eyes bulged, her body stiffening. Noticing her reaction, he walked over and untied her neck. “Wouldn’t want you to strangle yourself,” he murmured, then stepped back to twist open the tank’s nozzle. It hissed, a light white mist beginning to fill the room.

“Nice knowing you girls,” he said lightly, taking a long last look, drinking in their youth, beauty and pure sexiness. Then he quickly left the room, closing the door firmly behind him.

Dana started to scream and struggle as she never had before, hysterical tears streaming from her deep brown eyes, sweat pouring down her face, body, and legs. Drool filled the mesh mouth covering, building up, thickening, and sticking there like glue.

With incredible effort, Barbara sat up on the bed, just managing to see the spewing tank between her bound feet. She threw herself back and then from side to side, screeching in terror. Melissa turned her head all the way back, her green eyes widening in wonder.

Then she fell back, held in midair by the ropes, jerking frantically in torment.

He and his mother watched them on channel 91 downstairs. They watched in rapt attention as the girls' exposed breasts shook and trembled and jiggled. They watched as the sexy things used all their youthful energy and strength trying to escape their cunningly tied bonds and all but cemented gags.

They watched as the mist crept over them and into

their nostrils and through their bodies.

They watched as the girls' expressions turned from abject terror to unjust agony to fearful weakness to peaceful stillness.

He looked at his mother with a strange, sick expression. "World's Sexiest Snuff Videos, huh?"

She snorted out a laugh. "Alright now, son," she said. "Let's get to work." ■

CHAPTER NINE



Dana awoke on the floor of the front room.

Much to her amazement she was alive and, as well as she could tell without her glasses, alone. Also, as near as she could tell, she was dressed in virtually the same outfit she was wearing when he had kidnapped her originally. It was a tailored gray suit with a slit miniskirt, a v-necked beige silk shirt, and gray, three-and-a-half inch highheel pumps.

“Accident,” she immediately thought, not even comprehending how alert she was. That’s why she was re-dressed, she decided. They weren’t going to take the chance her body would be traced back to them...they were going to come out with a reasonable explanation for her disappearance, so the authorities wouldn’t investigate further. A car accident...!

Dana tried to sit up, discovering she still wasn’t free. Damn! The mesh was still over her mouth and around her wrists. By the feel of it, it probably required some kind of solvent to loosen...but then, once it was gone, it probably wouldn’t leave a trace.

She tried to get to her feet, only to find that something still wrapped her ankles. Curse the luck; they couldn’t have her feet flopping free until she was truly doomed. But after surviving binds that had secured her chest, elbows, neck, waist, thighs, and knees, this was practically a mere seat belt.

But try to get out of a stuck seatbelt...!

Dana jerked her head up, listening intently. She heard nothing. Maybe they were out preparing the car. Maybe they were dumping the others somewhere. Whatever the reason, she was alone.

She jerked her head toward the front door. She had been in this room enough to know it perfectly—near-sighted or not. She knew every inch of this damned house...and its occupants as well.

She knew them both because, every moment she wasn’t being raped, she was being cleansed and strengthened and trained. The enemas, the i.v.’s, the forced exercises, the drugs, the potions, the creams, the makeup, the clothes, the shoes....

The ointment which froze her vocal chords for the feedings...the glue which went inside the shoes so she couldn’t kick them off. The pushups or her ass would be whipped...the sit-ups or her breasts would be lashed. The blindness...the brainwashing...!

And now they were done with her...but she wasn’t done yet. Dana began to crawl toward the door, all hundred and fifteen shapely pounds of her writhing like a snake across the carpet toward the front door.

She felt her throbbing breasts surging in the containment of some strict underwire push-up bra. She heard the quiet swish of stockings rubbing against each other. She breathed deeply through her nose, feeling the thick warm velvet of her mahogany hair on the back

of her neck as she surged with untold strength toward the partition.

Then she was there, her breath coming in silent, heaving gulps, the shirt straining to contain her ample chest. She tried to focus on the doorknob but it was still all a blur to her. She tried her ankle bonds. They gave. It seemed to be a simple rubber strap, like a rubber band with delusions of grandeur.

Without waiting, she pulled her feet under her, balanced on the less severe heels and stood.

The doorknob all but slid directly into her hands. She refused to relax. Instead, she felt a sudden stab of panic. To be so close now...! Her wrists twisted in the mesh. The panic turned to a nearly overwhelming feeling of release when the doorknob moved. It was unlocked.

Now, no matter what happened, she would be outside. There was a chance...a very good chance that there would be a passing car...that someone would see her...that someone would help her...that she would be rescued....

But even if she wasn't...even if they discovered her and grabbed her and dragged her back inside...even if they fucked her again...! She would know that she had made it outside. For one brief triumphant second, she had made it outside....

She swung the door open and fell into the darkness beyond.

The black velvet bag worked perfectly. The wooden frame pressed against the door and held as Dana fell amongst the folds of the material. In the darkness, no one on the street would see anything. And from her nearsighted perspective, it just looked like starless night.

Either way, it was over in seconds. She was bundled up in the cloth—her limbs further constricted and her muffled cries of panic and confusion further silenced—carried over to the car, and dumped into the padded trunk.

Dana screamed and struggled like mad, but the heavy duty shock absorbers took it all without flinching. The car pulled out into the dark, nearly empty street, and drove west with a hysterical girl unknown and out of sight.

Within the trunk Dana screamed, her head shaking madly, her legs like pistons, but it was like trying to escape a wickedly made bed. What the velvet enfolds didn't still, the padding swallowed up.

Within minutes the car had stopped, the trunk was open, and the velvet sheet was lifted out again. Even past the shrieks inside her head and the surging of her bound body, she heard a door shut behind her and feet walking on tile. Then another door opened and she was being carried down a flight of stairs.

She was slammed up against a standing beam of some sort. Before she could collapse, some sort of wide belt was strapped around her waist. Then another was tightened at her thighs. Then another went around her torso, just under her heaving chest.

Incredibly she was strapped upright inside the velvet bag—still blinded, still captive—without a single word. She was trapped inside her darkness, in a silent, musty place, her mind spinning, her muscles spasming....

In the distance she heard a door close, and then another, and then a third—the last one being a car door. Then, she heard it back out into a street and drive away.

After that, nothing...save the sound of her own fevered breathing in the darkness of her own basement...beneath the floor of her apartment...just six blocks away from the house where she was kept captive.

Barbara awoke in the back room, her arms behind her, her ankles strapped side by side. She was half on her side and half on her front, the mesh still over her mouth. She blinked down at herself. She was wearing a sexy satire of a school uniform: a tight white shirt, a plaid pleated miniskirt, anklesocks and two tone saddle shoes.

Her blue eyes wide, she checked out the room, her mind working. She, too, was alone, except for drug paraphernalia. There were pristine, unused spoons and vials and candles and needles all around her. Realizing that they were going to dump her somewhere, the “victim of an ‘accidental’ overdose,” she started crawling toward the back door for all she was worth.

She didn't care whether they didn't know she wasn't dead, or what. All she knew was that if she didn't get out of there, she soon would be. She didn't stop to reason or theorize, she just headed for the nearest exit; the sliding glass doors at the very back of the room.

The heavy drapes covering them didn't deter her, nor did the basic bondage. Using her feet, she swept the curtains aside. Backing herself against the thick, unbreakable glass, she slid up to stand between the cloth and the pane. Her lissome fingers found the latch and



clicked it open as if firing a gun.

She didn't question her vitality or clear-headedness. She didn't dare dwell on what she had been through. She was young—she could survive anything.

The door slid open and the cool night air hit her. Her nipples immediately swelled and then a bag was yanked over her head.

Suddenly there was a darkness and a distant thumping. Her knees buckled and she felt herself being half dragged and half carried down the back steps. She fell heavily onto a car seat. She distantly heard a door close and another open.

Then a cold hand was on the back of her neck and an engine was throbbing to life.

A seatbelt was wrapped around her neck and buckled down, pinning her head to a lap...a male lap. Then a hand was in her shirt and under a bra cup.

Barbara kicked and struggled, but it was no use. She was stunned and dazed. She thought she was clawing for the window, but her arms were behind her, her elbows slamming the seatback. Her bound ankles prevented her from getting leverage or height to her kicks. All her soft saddle shoes hit was the area beneath the dashboard.

And the wicked mauling of her swollen breast didn't help either.

By the time the car stopped, she was nearly insensible. The belt around her neck had tightened with her

struggles and the bag over her head was almost like a shroud. The hand had left her chest and crawled under her skirt, snaking into the pure white panties there.

By the time the buzz in her loins and head quieted she realized that arms were clenched under her breasts. She was being half dragged/half carried across some sort of open space. Before she could completely absorb that, she was thrown down.

She landed on the back seat of a car, only she instinctively knew this wasn't the same car. The smell of rust and mold filled her head, even under the bag, and the padding beneath her contorting form was thin and ripped. But then another car door slammed behind her and she was alone.

She sucked in air desperately, ignoring the acidic feel of it, dimly hearing the sound of retreating steps. She heard another car screeching away, it's tires smoking, and then nothing but the distant sounds of a highway.

Wrenching at her wrists and ankles she found the mesh as unforgiving as always. She reared up, trying to kick again and scream as loud as she could, but, much to her horror, her blackened vision became gray and grainy. She felt light-headed. Ohmigod, she realized, I'm going to fai....

The blonde coed fell back, collapsing on the rear seat of the stripped, abandoned car in the middle of the garbage-strewn empty lot at the edge of a downtown slum....



Melissa woke in the cellar, where she had begun. To her terror, she was wearing a dancer's, deep red, push-up bra-type top and a matching miniskirt which exposed most of her torso. On her legs were leg warmers and on her feet were tight, five-inch red patent highheels.

Her wrists were strapped behind her with plastic as were her elbows, ankles and knees. In her mouth was a disgustingly pliant penis-prod gag which crushed her lips and cheeks, and secured tightly beneath her hair at the base of her head.

She lay on her side on the mattress which reeked of sweat and semen, but her ankles weren't secured to the floor ring, nor was her neck. Other than the straps which held her as if she were a package, she was free...free to crawl. Using her dancer's body and muscles, she slithered off the mattress and across the cold concrete floor.

Her cheek against the bottom cellar step, she twisted around until she could place her dainty hands against the stair top and lift her tight ass onto it. Within minutes she was on the landing halfway up the stairwell, leaning against the door, gasping for breath, sweat pouring down her chest and thighs. Drool covered her chin and neck, slipping down between her rammed up, forward, and together mounds.

Beginning to take another surge upwards, the door on

the landing opened and her top half fell outside with a muffled bleat.

She looked up, just catching a glimpse of a dark figure towering above her before a thick, padded cloth was clamped over her lower face.

Melissa screamed and bucked and writhed, but within seconds she felt very, very tired. She felt herself being lifted up. Her ankles snapped free and then her knees. She felt something being wrapped over her shoulders and head. Its flapping nearly drowned out words.

It may have been "Gotta make it tougher for the tiny dancer," but then she was being led away, like a novice nun just accepted into the order. She fell into the back seat of a car and a burly shape pushed in beside her.

She lay resting, her head on a substantial lap, as the car moved. She dimly remembered that she always slept on long car trips when she was a little girl. She slept on her mommy's lap...

Some time later the car stopped and she emerged from the thickest part of the fog. She became aware that something was being pulled out of her mouth, then a quiet voice said "We're home," and she was being carefully pulled to a sitting position.

"Can't I just stay here?" she moaned, almost surprised to hear her own tiny voice.

“Oh no, no, dear,” whispered another voice immediately, suffocating her surprise. “We have to go in. Your sister and brother-in-law missed you....”

“Brother-in-law...?” she muttered, eyelids fluttering as hands pulled her gently from the car to stand on wobbly feet in the driveway. What was it about that name that set off a distant alarm...with a bell that seemed pressed tightly under two pillows in the back of her mind.

But then a wet pad was placed firmly over her mouth and under her nose, and arms beneath hers led her up a path she knew so well....

They only stopped a moment on the porch and then she was standing in the musty warmth of her family’s front room. The familiarity and relief was so great that Melissa’s eyes sleepily opened for a split second. She was looking straight into the mirror above the coat hooks in the entry way.

What she saw was a lovely young girl in a hooded raincoat, sandwiched between a man and an older woman. She almost noticed what they looked like but was distracted by the girl’s beautiful mane of wavy, deep red hair; her sweet, fresh, pretty, sleepy, face; and her amazingly sexy, trim, sleek, kittenesque body—with the tiny waist; long, tapered legs; and a surprisingly impressive chest.

The jello-mold orbs were high, strong, and firm on their own, but the way the dance top rammed them together and up...! “Who’s... who’s that?” Melissa murmured into the cloth, wishing she looked that way.... But then the cloth was pushed more firmly onto her face and she felt herself being led through the living room and up the stairs.

Dana couldn’t believe it when the velvet hood was pulled from her head. She stared, horrified, into the face of the ugliest man she had ever seen. His skin looked like torn, boiled sand paper. His eyes were red and livid. His hair was like burned and matted ash across his livid, scabbed skull. His beard was gray and thick and overgrown—stained with spittle and crumbs.

And his breath...!

“Here,” he croaked. “Over here. Look at this, would ya?”



Dana tried to stare beyond him, but all she saw in the gloom was shambling, fuzzy, hulking shadows.

What they saw was a petrified young brunette strapped to a cellar upright, her arms behind her and her mouth covered with some sort of gluey mesh. Otherwise she was as naturally lovely as any of them could imagine. Her suit jacket was wrenched open, the top two buttons on her shirt had popped off, and they could all see her ample boobs swelling in an expensive, light gray, satin, lace scalloped bra.

“Hey baby,” slurred the man in front of her. “What ya doin’ here?”

“Help me,” she said at him, the words mangled by the gag. “Hep muh!”

“What’s that on your mouth, babe?” he said, scratching at it. Dana tried to push her head closer but the

sight of his lacerated finger—complete with a torn diseased fingernail—looming into her vision was more than she could take. She jerked back, cringing, pulling on the straps with all her might.

“Hey baby,” he drunkenly complained, “don’t be like that...!” And he immediately pressed himself against her writhing body, embracing her tightly with one dirty arm, his face pressed to within an inch of hers.

She thought she was going to vomit, just barely controlling her lurching stomach. She couldn’t choke now, not after all this...!



And then a whiskey bottle appeared in his right hand. “C’mon baby,” he drawled. “Have a drink with us, okay? Have a drink with us and then we’ll get you down.”

He didn’t wait. He merely gripped her head and poured the cheap hootch across her mouth.

She shook her head madly, bleating in agony. The liquid stung and foamed...but then her jaw moved.

She froze. The alcohol was undoing the mesh. She was suddenly chewing and moving her jaw like mad, feel-

ing the glue of the gag bubbling and coming loose.

“Hey, good, huh?” said the derelict pressing against her. He took a swig of his own before offering it back to her. But instead of her going for it, something wet and fetid and undulating emerged from her mouth as if it was being born.

“What the fuck...!” he yelled and jumped back as the tongue-gag splattered to the floor like a skinned hamster.

“Please,” she croaked, her voice a husky, dis-used crackle. “Please, help me.”

The man looked at her pleading, lovely face...with the smooth, wet, red lips....

“Well, I’ve been trying to help you, baby,” he complained, taking a step toward her. “Have a drink....”

“No!” Her cry of anguish froze them. She realized she was close to hysteria and fought with all her remaining strength to stay calm. “Can’t you see I’m tied up? I was kidnapped. They did horri....” She shuddered in spite of herself, almost stuttering, flashes of memory nearly doubling her over. “...Horrible things. Please... untie me...get help....”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” said the bum, grabbing the belt beneath her breasts and pulling himself forward over the bunched velvet covering, again. “I’m trying to help you girlie, but you just gotta have a drink with us, okay?”

He pushed the bottle awkwardly against her lips and clenched teeth.

“No...you’ve got to...!” And then Dana wrenched her head away and started to scream in agony.

Faster than she could ever imagine her head was slammed back and a dirty rag was jammed deep into her mouth. Her eyes were covered in a blinding blur of light, and, when it cleared, his eyes bore into hers, one hand in her hair, his arm across her throat.

“I said have a drink with us,” he slowly croaked with barely contained fury. “Is that so hard...bitch?” He stared at her for a moment as her eyes widened and then her face began to crumble into despair. “Why, you’re just like all the rest of them, ain’t ya? Too good for me and my pals, huh?”

Dana shook her head quickly, her eyes widening again.

“No?”

She shook her head again, her expression apologetic and eager.

“Oh, now you ain’t too good for us, huh?”

She pleaded with her eyes and body, pressing her torso to him.

“Okay, okay,” he croaked, the rage gone as if it had never been. “Take a drink, take a drink....”

He dragged the cloth from her mouth and poured the bottle between her lips. She seemed to accept it readily, even hungrily.

“See? That wasn’t so bad, was it?” he said, turning to his rummy buddies with a leer.

As he did so, Dana wrenched herself to the other side, jamming her wrists out as far as she could, and spit the booze onto the mesh binding her hands.

“Oh please,” she breathed, staring at the ceiling, yanking her arms back and forth. “Oh please, please...!”

And then her hands were free.

They snapped beside her like cracked whips, one accidentally hitting the derelict on the arm. He spun

back to her.

“Thank you,” she gasped at him, trying to distract him as she tore at the belts around her stomach and thighs. “Thank you so much for helping me. I’ll reward you. I’ll give you all the booze you want. I swear. Just let me go get it...!”

And then she stepped up, out of the velvet wrapping, the top of her flesh-colored thighhigh just peeking out from under the slit gray miniskirt. Her gray highheel clacked unsteadily to the basement floor and suddenly she was moving away from them, toward the backyard door.

“You were great,” she babbled, backing quickly away from them, bent slightly over, unaware of how her breasts flounced in the bra between the open shirt sides. “I’ll get your reward...just wait here, okay...I’ll go get it right away...!”

She spun and ran...directly into the arms of another vagrant. She was stunned when he clinched her. His arms were like iron, his torso like coiled chains. He forced the air out of her with one squeeze and then they were all around her.

“No baby,” wheezed the derelict with the bottle as she hung, feebly kicking, her mouth weakly opening and closing like a beached fish. “You don’t get it. You’re our reward....”

The bag was torn off Barbara’s head. She blinked up into the face of a tall, muscular black man. They seemed equally amazed to see each other, but their reactions were completely different. The blonde college student reared up, trying to talk, begging him to untie her and get her out of there. The man pressed his hand on her shoulder, pushed her down, and looked in every other direction.

Then, without a word, he pulled down his zipper, pulled out his schlong and tore open Barbara’s shirt.

She tried to scream but she was suddenly flat on her back, her shirt wide open. The frilly white bra lasted as long. He yanked it down and slapped his hands on her creamy white breasts, mashing them like butter squash. She tried to scream again, but the mesh and mouth packing was having none of it.



He slapped one big hand against her face and dove down with the other to position his cock.

“Hey, Tyrone,” came a voice. “What is it?”

“Shut up, Willie,” he hissed, taking just a second to look behind him. “It’s a white girl.”

“What?!” Willie’s face appeared against the night sky,

The girl started to writhe, trying to kick and scream.

“Sheee-it,” Willie repeated. “Her mouth stuffed but good. Look at how red she getting...how her cheeks all puffed out. She chewin’ on sumting all right.”

“Shut up, Willie, man.” Tyrone let go of her head, needing both hands to tear open her panties. Barbara reared up, begging the two not to do this.

“Listen to that mush mouth huh?” Willie breathed, then grabbed her left tit. “Propa!”

“Get her down!” Tyrone hissed, tearing at the strap around her ankles. “Anybody else see her want her?”

“Yeah, you got it bro.” Willie pushed his own hand against the girl’s face, forcing her head down to the seat.

And then Tyrone was on her again, body between her legs, his hands on her hips, his face over hers. “Must be snatched or sumting,” he muttered. “But you dumped, huh? No one supposed to find you, huh? Not til it too late. So why not take a taste?”

Her feet kicked but all they hit was the rear seat back and the back of the front seat. They may have been ripped, but there was enough padding left to silence her feeble limbs.

“Okay, baby,” Tyrone breathed and then he thrust.

Barbara thought she would be cut in two, like a split log. His erection had to be a foot long, a quarter as wide, and hard as a spike. The big black cock slammed in quarter of the way, then half, then three-quarters, then, much to her total horror, it surged all the way in.

over Tyrone’s shoulder.

“It’s a white girl,” Tyrone grunted again, holding her face down as she stared up at the Willie, her blue eyes huge between the gripping fingers. “She all tied and shut up.”

“Sheeeee-it,” Willie whispered as Barb jerked beneath Tyrone as if she was being electrocuted every few seconds. “Look at her, boy. She fine.”

“Real blond,” Tyrone said in a hush, looking down as he tore at her panties. “When we get another fuck like this?”

Her vaginal canal took him. Not only took him, but gripped him, pouring out juices to protect itself.

The medicated paste...the fucking gruel the old woman had force fed her...!

Barb writhed on the torn seat, screaming in agony for all she was worth.

“Now her mouth not da only ting good ‘n’ stuffed,” Tyrone breathed. Willie snorted with mirth and held up his hand for a high five. Tyrone gave it to him, then returned his attention to the curvy blonde under him.





“It tearing off?” Tyrone grunted, still thrusting like an athlete.

“It coming off,” Willie said with certainty, scratching.

He finally got an edge and it did come off, as if exposure to the night air negated its grip. It peeled off her flesh like plastic wrap.

In spite of the attack, her head turned to the left and the tongue gag emerged like a rubber-coated liquid leech.

“Fuck!” Willie said, then started unzipping his pants.

“No,” Barbara gasped, looking pleadingly up at him.

“Yes,” Willie said, jamming the knife against her tender throat.

“Please,” she started to sob.

“Thank you,” he said, yanking back her head and jamming his cock into her mouth.

Within seconds she was filled up top and down below. Tyrone’s thrusting forced Willie’s log down her throat. Willie grabbed one tit, Tyrone the other, and the

He began to thrust.

From the outside, it just looked like an abandoned car with a black man’s sneakers sticking out one open door. Inside Barbara’s head was back, her eyes bulging as if she was being strangled, her body jerking up and down on the seat, tormented grunts coming out of her runny nose and bulging, sealed mouth with each lurch. Her breasts jiggled in rhythm and her feet hit the seats like out of control kites.

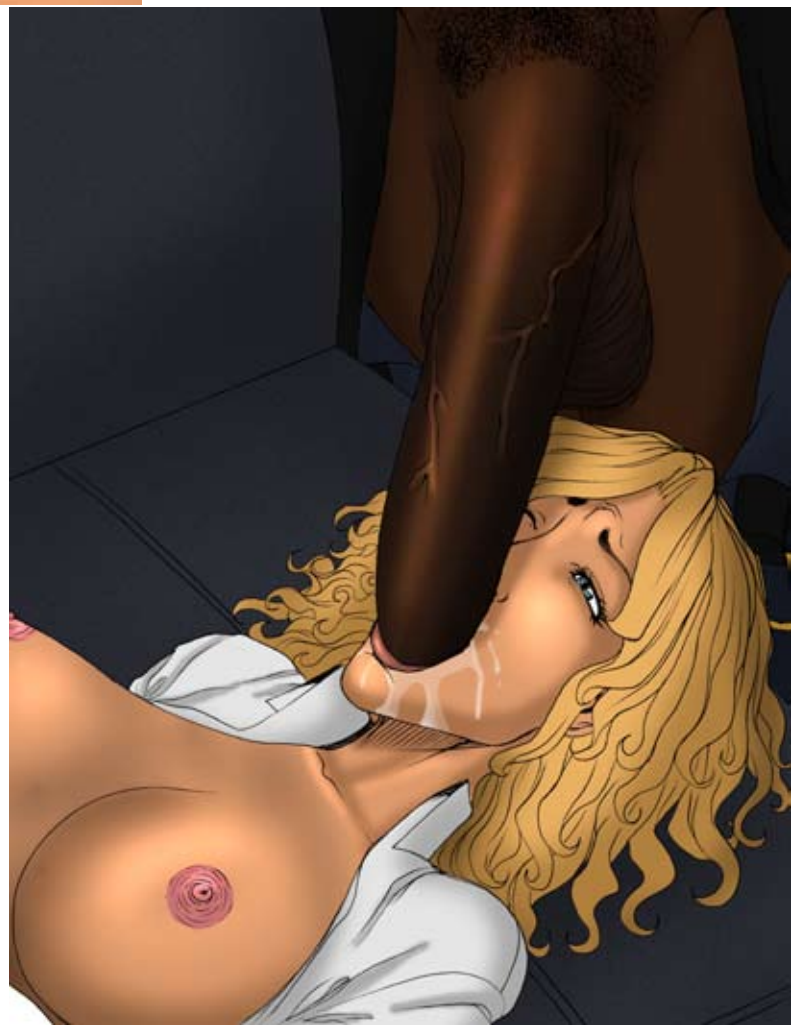
“Oh man, she good,” Tyrone cooed, arching up off her. “She so good...!”

Willie could no longer contain himself. “All right, cunt,” he said, scrambling over the seat as he clicked open a knife. “You blow me, okay? You make a sound and I cut you, right?” Then her head was between his thighs and he was tearing at the mesh over her mouth.

All she saw was their heads and the rusted roof of the car. The sensation below her waist overwhelmed whatever pain was at her cheeks.

“What the fuck is this stuff?” Willie muttered.

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knife gleamed at the alabaster curve of her neck.

Hands still tied behind her, she lay in an abandoned car getting fucked by the biggest cocks she had ever felt in her life—the remnants of a schoolgirl uniform and pubescent underwear laying around her sleek, shapely form in shreds.

Across the street an old woman glanced outside from her room. All she saw was the same empty lot with the same old burnt-out wreck of a car lying amid the broken bottles, bricks, and garbage. Was one of the doors open before? Was it moving?

She shrugged. Who cared....

Melissa woke up, the morning sun on her face. She blinked, then opened her eyes a little. Ah, her beautiful, frilly, thick bed clothes...her soft, deep, overstuffed bed...!

She stretched luxuriously, still not completely awake, feeling the firmness of her body and the pliancy of her muscles.

Her arms dropped down over the bed clothes. Man, she felt terrific! Better than she had since she could remember. Her skin felt so cool and smooth... her hair felt so thick and luxurious...her legs felt so long and shapely...and her chest...! She seemed to have grown a cup size overnight.

Roiling in place, she sensed it. Before they were just there: this morning they felt strong and high and full on her upper chest.

Unable to accept the day just yet, Melissa's lips curled upwards in a closed-eyed smile and her arms sought the warmth beneath the cover for a few moments more. Innocently, dreamily, she let her palms move over her shape, feeling the wonderful thighs, brushing by the soft, silky strawberry thatch, coursing across the magnificent hip bones, contouring the tiny waist, pressing the flat stomach and then....

And then the breasts: firm, soft, and wide.... Absently she gave them a slight squeeze. Wonderful.

Her brow furrowed slightly. What did that remind her of?

She squeezed slightly again, just a little

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deeper this time.

A flash went off behind her closed eyes. And in the light she saw something.

Her lovely hands with their perfectly painted red fingernails gripped her chest spasmodically.

She saw her breasts being squeezed in her mind's eye again...but not by her hands....

It all came rushing back like a bucket of ice water. The attack outside dance class. Waking blind, crippled, and mute in the back of a car. The erection plugging her. The cum inside her. The basement mattress. The old woman. The battery run dildo and cum-spurting mouth plug. The forced head. The drugs. The skintight outfits. The vicious high heels. The stringent bondage. The throat stuffing muzzles. The rapes...!

Melissa surged up in a blind panic... nearly strangling herself with the cord tied from the brass headboard to her slim throat.





Dana tried desperately to keep from choking or losing consciousness.

Her eyes were squeezed shut in agony, her hands spasmed, and her legs twisted as they held her down, spread-eagled, on the dirty cellar floor.

The vagrant who had attacked her first now held her head down tightly with his fist brutally clenched in her hair, while slopping booze on the rag stuffed deep into her pried-open mouth.

“You wouldn’t drink it before,” he cursed, “so you gotta take it now, bitch.”

The man who had grabbed her before she could escape lay across her, mauling her breasts and slamming his flaccid meat against her crotch. “C’mon, you gotta take this too, cunt,” he growled, slamming her hips uselessly.

The others stared at her tuft, forced into view just below her skirt hem by the way they held her ankles wide. The remaining two also stared at her lovely hands as they curled in their savage grip.

The liquid scorched her throat as it dripped, dripped, dripped from the sodden rag. It slid down, burning, into her empty stomach, making her dizzy and weaker.

But even so, there was no mistaking the new sensation between her legs as the bastard finally stopped trying to make his drunken member work.

Her deep brown eyes snapped open and her head jerked, sending electric shocks of pain into her scalp as her initial attacker’s grip didn’t slacken.

“Yeah, bitch,” he grunted. “You gonna get off the way we do....” He looked down for her, to where the other man was shoving his bottle deeper and deeper into



her vagina.

“Feel that?” the second man hissed as he slid the tapered top in and out, deeper and deeper. “That you can feel, huh, cunt?”

Dana tried to scream, but only got a muffled cry out before the man at her head quickly covered her rag-stuffed mouth with his festering hand. “Fuck, bitch, ain’t nobody gonna hear you,” he cackled. “Not even your nearest neighbors.”

He stared down into her shocked, pain-wracked eyes as she kept trying to scream. “Shit, I been waiting years to get somebody like you...all dressed so nice and special and alone.” He looked at her bountiful chest exposed between her torn open shirt and jacket; and the way her long, tan legs twisted in his friends’ grip. “ ‘N’ the fact yer so young and sexy and stacked and good-looking only adds to it. I sure as hell ain’t gonna let you get away now...!”

Her ass cheeks tensed and came off the cold floor as the bottle slid halfway into her, spreading her vaginal lips into a shocked circle.

Holding her chin in a claw-like hand, the man started pouring booze wholesale into her rag-filled mouth. “If you wanna come, well then you just go right ahead, sweetie. We’ll get you off yet...!”

And the men crawled at her, bringing her limbs with them, bending her legs, holding her arms, putting their knees on her elbows, embracing her shins and thighs...all while grabbing at her tits, twisting her nipples, slobbering in her ears, or scratching at her beaver like kids tormenting a captured pet.

The closer they got, the more she struggled, but the more useless it became. She was locked in the middle of their huddle, light-headed, a wine bottle deep in her snatch, clutching at their soiled clothes, making drowning, ever diminishing sounds.

“Anybody got a hard-on yet?” the pourer asked, clamping down on her head and mouth, forcing her teeth to squeeze every last drop of the whiskey down her throat.

They each looked at each other while clasping her all the tighter.

“Bottle’s almost in,” the one at her crotch grunted.

“Shit, man,” the first complained. “We gotta fill her. She gotta get what she deserves...!” He looked to each and finally started pushing them away. “Fuck, I’ll do it...!”

Pushing her down to the ground with his hand clamped over her lower face, he twisted around until he had

climbed on top of her. By the time she realized what was happening, he was between her thighs and the others had pressed her arms to the floor.

His rough, coarse cheek stubble was pressed against her smooth, tan face and his fingers were wedged, like fat worms, across her lips as the bottle was slid from her vagina. In her stupor she knew what was going to happen and began to wail like a little girl who felt herself falling off a swing.

“Shut up, stupid,” he hissed, dragging out his virulent cock. “Man, you sound just like my step-daughter did...!”

She screamed and screamed as it went in, her body spasming, her arms twisting, her head scraping the floor.

“Wow,” he breathed. “Feels like her too...”

She started to sob as he started to thrust, and then it all became a body-wracking blur as fingers tore at her thighs, face, and chest.

“I’m coming,” she heard in the distance. “I’m coming...I’m coming...!”

Then came another voice. A voice so low and clear it cut through her intoxication like a knife.

“No, old man...you’re going...right now.”

And the bottle that was in her cunt exploded against her rapist’s head.

Dana shut her eyes and averted her face as the man was torn from her. Her survival instinct exploding forth, she covered her face and spun away, hurling herself off the floor.

Still, the booze and assaults had done their work, tripping her up and causing her to slam against the wall. She clutched at the bricks, trying to stay standing, feeling her boobs flouncing free in the night air.

And then she was able to focus. What she saw seemed too incredible to be true. Two men and a woman were beating the six old derelicts mercilessly. The man who had been raping her had gotten a knee in the face, was then kicked in the balls, and finally slammed head-first into the wall.

The man who had invaded her with the bottle had one broken across his face, with the broken end cutting him from stomach to scrotum.

Dana watched in drunken amazement as the remaining four were punched and kicked until they lay motionless on the cellar floor. It had all taken less than two minutes.

She tried to focus in the cloudy darkness, but all she could see was the three remaining rescuers standing just a few feet away, barely breathing heavily.

“Here,” she heard the tough woman say, and then a small stack of folded material hit her. She instinctively clutched it to her before it fell, feeling the softest of black leather.

“We’ll wait outside,” one of the men said, and then two figures retreated while the third grew nearer.

“Here, here,” said the tall, flat-faced dirty blonde, dressed in jeans, boots, and a leather jacket. She tenderly pulled Dana’s shirt over her hanging orbs. All the brunette could do was stare wide-eyed, scarcely able to believe it was over.

“Who are you?” she whispered in wonder, still hunched over.

“We were just passing by,” said the older woman.

“We heard something going on, so we came in to investigate.”

“Cops?” Dana gasped, hardly daring to hope.

The woman snorted. “Just concerned citizens. Now get those torn, dirty clothes off, dear...I got some that I think’ll fit you....”

Dana was still in shock, and a bit stoned, when she emerged from the cellar...or else she might have wondered why the clothes were so sexy and why they fit so perfectly.

She now wore black leather, lace-up shin boots with four inch high heels, a black leather miniskirt that laced up the sides, and a sleeveless black leather vest that was so tight the zipper was only able to close mid-chest, balling up her breasts and stuffing them into the very top of the opening.

“Hey baby, you look great,” said one of the men quietly. “Almost like you were never gang banged at all.”

Dana answered in a confused, little girl voice. “I wasn’t....”

“You weren’t?” asked the other softly.

“I wasn’t,” Dana said dreamily, as if realizing it herself for the first time. “They never...they never came.”

“Well,” said one man to the other with a big smile. “We’ll have to do something about that.”

It was a full second before that sank into Dana’s addled mind. Only then did she fully note the motorcycles parked in her back yard and the tattoos on her three “rescuers” bodies. “What...?” she murmured.

One man came forward and gripped her by the arm. “The old lady said you were something and she was right.”

Dana blinked, trying to understand this. Her eyes went to the other pair, who were leaning against a high octane hog, his hand deep into her pants. “Now you’ll never hafta be lonely again, Zeke,” he said.

“Lonely?” Dana echoed in a tiny voice.

“We paid plenty for you, bitch,” said the man holding her arm. “So there was no way we were going to let these bums get you first.”

The situation finally cleared inside the young brunette’s mind. In the pitch black of the



“You okay, miss?” one yelled as he crawled into the opening.

“No!” she cried. “Get them, get them, they were raping me!”

One shouted at the other to cover him, but all Barbara saw was the policeman kneeling by her, pulling her shirt closed and helping her up. “It’s okay, miss,” he said. “We’ve got you now.”

And then she was bawling, shaking against him, unable to make any more sentences. “Oh god, oh god,” she wailed. “Kidnapped...rape... they gagged...shoes...others...!”

“Take it easy, miss, take it easy. Let’s get you out of here, okay?”

That’s when she realized that, while he was holding her, she wasn’t embracing him. My... my arms,” she stuttered. “Please...untie me, please....”

But before he could, his partner was back, framed in the opposite door. “Too fast,” he said, out of breath. “Go too far...suicide here.”

“Understood,” said the other cop. “Let’s just get her out of here quick, before anybody else sees her.”



night, on the quiet residential street, her lovely brown eyes widened. But before she could scream, his hand was over her mouth, his arm was around her neck, and they were dragging her back into the garage.

The police siren sounded like the trumpets of heaven to Barbara. Tyrone and Willie reacted as if they were the fires of hell.

“Shit, shit, shit, I ain’t cumming!” Tyrone grunted, jerking back, his huge cock still half in her.

“But I’s going!” Willie shrieked, vaulting out the door backwards behind the blonde’s head, his cock yanked from her mouth.

Barbara gasped, choked and screeched, her head twisting as the cop car lights strobed across the inside of her slum prison. Then there was an audible smooch as Tyrone’s cock crown leapt from her saf-ron snatch, and he, too, was gone.

“Help!” she screamed. “Help me, please! Here, here! Please hellllllp!!!”

Then the cops were there, flashlights swinging, guns drawn.

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Barb was so amazed that she didn't even hear them. "Please...untie me...please!"

"What is that on your wrists, miss?" said the second cop, leaning down behind her. "It's like nothing I've seen. What did they tie you with?"

"Not them," she managed. "It's some kind of glue and mesh...."

"Later, later," said the first cop. "Let's just get out of here, quick."

They helped her out of the abandoned car and into the back of their squad car. "Please," she said, looking down at her front. "I can't...the bra, the shirt...."

"Maybe when we get back to the station," said the second, younger cop. "The matron...."

"Oh, for pete's sake," said the first, taller cop. He quickly, nimbly, flipped open her shirt, pulled down the bra to contain her fine, full breasts, and buttoned the bottom three buttons of the six button white shirt.

Barb was so relieved to be covered she didn't even complain that you could still see her cleavage and some of the underwear through the remaining shirt opening. "Thank you," she said.

"No problem, miss."

"Can you cut my hands free?"

The second cop's hand went to the back of his belt, but came away empty. "No knife," he said sheepishly.

"Let's get out of here!" the first cop insisted, jumping behind the wheel and gunning the engine.

The second cop jumped into the passenger seat and the car took off into the street...deeper into the slums.

Within a few seconds, the first cop glanced into the rear view mirror, taking in the sweet, young, despoiled blonde in the back seat...and the way her arms were wrenched behind her back, thrusting out her breasts, the way her fine chest shone with sweat, the way her natural blonde hair wildly covered her head, the way her blue eyes shone, and the way the pleated miniskirt rode up her pantyless thighs.

"I'm sorry miss, but that is one of the worst places in the city. If we had stayed there too long, cop or no cop, we might've bought it."

"I'm just glad you found me!" she exclaimed, leaning forward. "I was...."

"They might have killed you," interrupted the second, glancing around at her.

"I know," she answered. "But they weren't the ones who...."

"Do you think you could identify them?" the first one interjected.

"I, well, yes, but...."

"Could you or couldn't you?" said the second.

"What?" Barbara blinked.

"You seemed unsure. Sometimes that happens, especially after an attack. Are you sure?"

"Yes, but please, listen...!"

"Save it," said the first flatly.

"What?!"

"Save it for the station, miss," he said apologetically. "There's no way it's gonna be admissible if you spill it all out now. Some smart lawyer will twist it around, tear you up, and spit it out. We gotta wait 'til we get back to the hospital where we can get physical evidence, and then your statement on tape and on paper."

"But...."

"Go over it carefully in your mind, miss," the second cop suggested. "Go over it three ways from Sunday, until you've got every fact exactly right, then go over it again. We gotta make sure it sticks. We can't let these guys back on the street to do it to some other poor girl."

Barbara was stunned. She fell back against the seat, her mind reeling. Was this what the justice system had come to? She almost moaned in anguish until she realized that the buildings she was seeing out the back window were not the ones she was supposed to be seeing.

"Hey," she cried. "This isn't the way to the hospital!"

"We're going to the station, miss," the one behind the wheel said immediately. "They'll be an EMS gal there."

"What station?" she demanded.

"Regulations," the second cop said quickly. "It would be our heads if we didn't try to spot those guys immediately. Once they get too far into the hood, there'll be no finding them."

"But...." Barbara stammered, eyes filling, pulling on the mesh around her wrists. "But I've been...I've got to...THERE THEY ARE!"

It was the cops turn to say "What?!"

"There! There!" she cried, nodding feverishly with her head. "At the side door of that building! Willie! Tyrone! The two men who attacked me!"

The car immediately jumped the curb and hemmed in

the two young men. “Get down!” the driver instructed, hitting the brakes.

Stunned, Barb still managed to keep her seat as the first cop launched out his door, gun drawn, shouting.

“Aren’t you going to call for backup?” she asked the second cop in a frightened, shaking voice.

“Here, in this neighborhood, it’s okay,” said the second cop, his gun also out. “My partner can handle it. Now do as he said, get down.”

“But....”

“Get down!” he bellowed.

Barbara immediately ducked, crawling as best she could between the front and back seat, her head on the cushion. She listened intently, her eyes twisting up to the windows, but she saw nothing but darkness.

She felt her knuckles on the flesh of her ass, realizing this position was pulling up the already short skirt. Trying not to straighten, she pulled the light, pleated wool as far down as she could.

She heard the front door opening and the quiet voices of the men. Then: “Miss?”

She half sat up, blinking. “Yes?”

“Miss?”

She sat all the way up to look at the first cop, who had a strange expression on his face. “What is it?”

“They didn’t finish.”

She just stared at him...then looked at the second cop, who had the same bland, blank expression.

When she didn’t speak, the first cop continued. “They said they didn’t finish.”

She kept staring, a ball of thorns beginning to build inside her.

“If they didn’t finish, there’s no physical evidence,” said the second cop. “No hospital, no EMS worker.”

“Just your word against there’s,” said the first.

“And there are two of them,” said the second.

They stared at her, almost accusingly.

“Take me to the station,” she said, her voice like a tiny cry a half world away.

“Sorry,” said the first cop, opening the back door. “There would be no point.”

“Uh-uh,” said the second, unlocking the other door. “They have to finish.”

They were on her as she screamed—her head slammed to the seat, a black cock deep in her wrenched-open mouth, and muscular hands on her hips as a huge cock was rammed into her cunt.

She lay there—a beautiful, bound white girl on the back seat of a cop car—deep in the ghetto at three o’clock in the morning—gagging and spasming as they finished, a police revolver pushed threateningly deep in her left tit. ■



CHAPTER TEN

“Good morning, mother,” said Melissa’s brother-in-law as he passed his mother-in-law on the way from the bathroom. He wore only a towel and was toweling off what was left of his hair. “What are you doing up so early this fine morning?”

The woman stopped where the hallways intersected, looking soulfully into her youngest daughter’s empty room. “Going to the police station,” she said in a small voice.

The man looked where the woman was gazing, taking in the frilly, empty, brass bed, the stuffed animals all over it, and the strewn reminders of feminine youth everywhere—the little piles of pink clothing, the frilly undergarments, the boxes of jewelry, and the masses of makeup.

“Again?” he said in a slightly wheedling tone. “Come on, mother. You have to accept it. She’s gone.”

The woman stiffened, eyes tearing. “I can’t...I can’t believe that,” she said in a hush.

“Now, mother,” he said patiently. “You know all the signs were there. How happy she was when she was going out...talking to more boys on the phone...dressing so provocatively....”

“She did NOT dress provocatively!” the woman insisted.

“Come on now, mom,” he said with a disbelieving smile. “The heels so high, the skirts so short, the shirts so tight....!”

“All young women dress like that today,” she said decisively. “That doesn’t mean...!”

“Sure, mom, sure, all girls dress that way, but not all of them had all the rules she had....”

“Are you saying...!”

“All I’m saying,” he interrupted in a conciliatory tone, “is that it’s natural she’d want to sew some wild oats while she can.”

“Her older sister..your wife...didn’t,” she said icily.

“All the more reason,” he countered casually. “You know how different sisters are, especially ones with such a big age difference. And heck, even I have to admit that little Missy was the one who won out in the ole genetics department.”

The woman stared at him in shock.

“Hey, you know I love my wife deeply, but come on, you’d have to be blind not to see the differences. My love is like a good, steady fireplace. Melissa’s like fireworks!”

The woman looked off toward the room again. He could see by her expression that even she was silently acknowledging the reality of it.

“You shouldn’t chase after her,” he admonished gently. “You know what the old rhyme says; ‘leave them alone and they’ll come home, wagging their tails behind them....’”

“Melissa did not run away...,” she said intently, but her gaze was already wavering.

“No, no, not ‘run away,’ mother,” he agreed with a supportive smile. “A little sabbatical, maybe. An extended holiday after dance class before school starts again, that’s all....”

“I...we...,” said the woman shakily, then turned away from the empty bedroom, looking down the stairs, carefully avoiding her son-in-law’s gaze. “We’ll be at the police station if you want us.”

Then she was gone, down the stairs, closing the kitchen door firmly behind her.

The man shook his head with a wry smile, then calmly waited until he heard the front door close and the family car pull out. Only then did he continue down the back hallway to the sun-filled bedroom in the very rear of the rambling, narrow, low-ceilinged house.

His wife sat beside the exact twin of the other bed, holding an ice shard against the pink, painfully erect nipple of her naked younger sister, who was brutally bound to the brass headboard.

Melissa’s nude body took her brother-in-law’s breath away. The skin so smooth and clean, the limbs so shapely and sleek, the waist so small and tight, the breasts so firm and perfectly molded, the nipples so pink and sweet, and the face so fresh and pretty.

That fresh and pretty face was also now so groggy and pained as her wrists slowly twisted in the cord that held her crucified to the headboard and her head lolled against the fat, drug-sodden towel affixed to her lower face by a wide rubber strap across her mouth.

He looked reprovably at his heavy-set, unattractive wife. “How many times do I have to tell you? Don’t tie her up with arms wide. She can use all her strength

75,000 watts—more than enough to paralyze a 95 pound, 17 year old girl.

“Oh, baby, she would stiffen like a board or jerk in place, her big eyes bulging, drool flying out of her mouth.... And her face! Her face was like ‘why are you doing this to me?’, you know?” The older sister looked down at her helpless sibling, her eyes getting flinty. “So I told her,” she continued in a whisper. “‘You’re such a pretty little girl,’ I told her. ‘You come 16 years after me, just when I need our folks the most. But no... they had to take care of you.... And you get the hair and the face and the body, while I get nothing...nothing! So now...I’m going to take care of you. And you’re going to take care of something for me....’” She blinked and looked back up at her husband. “That was right, wasn’t it?”

He just stared sardonically at her for a second more. “And who said anything about ice?”

She looked at him in shock, then at the erect pink nipple of the comatose girl beside her.



that way. Tie her with her arms bent up behind her back.”

“I did what you said,” she immediately whined. “I slapped the towel over her face as soon as she woke up. Like you figured, she was clawing at her throat, choking, so I pushed her down to the mattress. It was easy! She grabbed at my wrist and lower arm, but there was nothing she could do, nothing!” She looked at the gorgeous little naked red-head sitting beside her, licking her lips at the memory. “Not when the drug started working on her....”

He looked over as well, eyes focusing on the triangle of soft strawberry between her lax legs. “And what did you do then?” he said, almost accusingly.

“Like you said,” she defended. “I tied her up, and then, everytime she started to get feisty, I zapped her with the thing.”

“The thing” was the hand-held electric shock device which could be bought out of many a sportsman catalog. This one, laying on the chair beside the older woman, was good for

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“Well, she IS my sister,” the woman maintained.

“What does that have to do with anything?”

“Well, I was soothing it, wasn’t I?”

“Soothing it?”

“Well, that’s where I zapped her,” she told him. “On her tit...her sweet little upturned nip...three times...!”

When he stopped laughing, he managed to straighten up, wiping the tears from his eyes. “Your folks are going back to missing persons,” he informed her portentously. His gaze moved over to the creamy form of the nodding, moaning redheaded teenager. “They’ll be gone all morning....”

She stared at her husband, her gaze lowering to the bulge in the towel over his loins. She glanced guiltily over to the bed, then quickly got up. “I’ll get the motorhome ready,” she said as she walked quickly past him.

He let her close the door behind him before he undid the towel from his waist. It fell to the hardwood with a barely audible thud.

trunk over to the door. He was a strong man, ex-military, with a construction worker’s experience. It made for a very handy, very macho man to have around. She waited until he lowered the locked trunk inside before shaking her head.

“Nothing,” she admitted. “They’ve found no trace.”

“Hey,” he said with a big smile as he came over to put his arm around her shoulders and led her to the front porch. “Don’t worry about it. I’m sure she’s having the time of her life.”

She was: crammed inside the small steamer trunk, bound stunningly stringently into a fetal ball. She was bent completely at the waist; neck tied to knees; legs tightly bent, ankles bound to thighs; arms wrenched behind her back. The thin cord sunk deeply into the tender flesh of her wrists, elbows, chest, stomach, thighs, knees, and ankles—the knots so tiny and tight they would have to be cut.

Clothespins were tightened on her zapped and iced nipples, and her lower face was completely covered in dull silver construction tape—the kind they used to secure pipes...the kind that would have to be removed with a liquid unsealant.



“Any luck?” he called out to his mother-in-law as she parked the car in the driveway alongside his motor home.

She got out sadly, watching him haul a small steamer

trunk over to the door. He was a strong man, ex-military, with a construction worker’s experience. It made for a very handy, very macho man to have around. She waited until he lowered the locked trunk inside before shaking her head.



youngest daughter's panties were gone. Some of them were in her mouth, sewn tightly together in a mouth-filling ball by her older sister. The rest were shoved in around her as packing.

And had they looked, they would have found out that her pink, ribbon laced, steel capped, ballet toe shoes were also missing. One was wedged deep into her cunt, the pink ribbons that were used to tie around her shin were now trailing out her vagina and against her thighs.

It plugged up his cum, the cum he had been collecting since his wedding night... the night he had discovered that his wife was frigid... and she discovered he liked it "rough." Divorce was out of the question. He liked the elder sibling's money—it bought them this motor home and all the tools he could find—while she was pathological about maintaining a "happy home life."

So when the old woman from the next town over made them a deal, they decided to kill two birds with one

stone...or more accurately, fuck one younger bird with one cock-in-law.

And he had... ramming into Melissa's tight thatch like a hydraulic hammer, embracing her hips as her auburn mane cascaded on the mattress. As she screamed into a pillow case he had knotted deep in her mouth, her newly bound arms wrenched up her back, he pumped pints of dammed semen into her while lifting her off the bed and slamming her back down repeatedly.

Finally awake, writhing torturously with his cum deep inside her, she had looked up in total pleading desperation and disbelief, but still he wasn't spent. Dragging her up by her fabulous hair, he had rammed her on his hard-on, her back to his chest, crushing her mouth and nose with one meaty paw while squishing her tits with one hairy arm.

There he had wrenched her up and down on his cock, her bent legs on either side of his lap, until they heard the unmistakable sound of the old family car coming up the street. Melissa's eyes desperately sought the window as he reached

over to the chair beside the bed

He touched the zapper's metal prod to her nipple at the same moment he came again, ounces of thick jism spraying up into her as he mashed her face and chest to him.

The hysterical convulsion she had before she collapsed almost made him come a third time.

Finally, after taking a moment to exalt in the wonderful body lying across him, he threw her comatose form to the mattress and started expertly knotting her limbs—ignoring the thin trickle of blood which drooled ever so slowly out her nose.

It was still there, that single tiny stream of scarlet, moving in painfully slow millimeters across the dull silver of the industrial tape which sealed her lower face.

As it passed what would have been her upper lip, her



green eyes opened slightly—the orbs now a dull verdant. Her head came up off the trunk bottom a centimeter, and her hands, arms, legs, and feet seemed to move. Inside the box, totally imperceptible outside the wood, there was a soft wet sound—the sound vaginal juices make against a satin-covered invasion.

Melissa's teeth tried to tighten on the cotton, lace, and lycra filling her mouth, but failed. A silent sigh came from her nose. Her head drooped. Her eyes closed.

The only thing that moved inside the tiny steamer trunk were her lungs and the small, single drop of blood. ■

EPILOGUE

The old woman stopped reading her Sunday paper when the bikers pulled into her driveway.

There were two big hogs, with all the chrome and padding you could want, and two riders on each. The tough man and woman on the one nearest the street casually stepped off, pulling their visored helmets from their heads, while the couple on the one furthest down the driveway stayed put.

“Well, isn’t that sweet?” the old woman said, walking slowly across the lawn toward the latter pair. “New lovers, huh?”

“How did you know?” laughed the skinny, boney, flat-faced dirty blonde as the three encircled the other bike, where a helmeted girl sat back against a burly man.

“Well, look,” said the old woman knowingly, “at the way he’s pressed against her...the way he has his hands over hers on the handlebars... the way she rubs against him...and the sexy way she’s dressed.”

“Oh, yeah,” said the first biker appreciatively.

The second woman was indeed dressed sexier than the first, which was fitting, because she had the far superior body. Her laced up leather miniskirt just barely covered her tight ass and crotch; and the short leather jacket just barely contained her ballooning breasts.

“Notice the workmanship?” the flat faced blonde asked.

“Yes, indeed,” said the old woman admiringly, leaning down to expertly pick out the thin, nasty wires imbedded at the ankles of the sexy girl’s boots and wrists of her gloves, as well as the way they attached her limbs to the bike’s bars. “Very effective.”

“Best helmets money can buy, too,” said the man sitting behind the straining, helmeted girl. Blocks out all wind, rain, and bugs.”

“And keeps anyone from seeing in, too,” the old woman commented. “In fact, all you can see of this sweet lass’ head is the nice chestnut hair hanging down her back.”

“Look familiar?” asked the first man. “Well, just so there’s no mistake....” He flipped up the girl’s visor.

Inside Dana continued to stare helplessly out at her captors, making a despairing sound of sexual anguish behind the dull gray tape that seemed imbedded into her skin from ear to ear and from her chin to her nostrils.

“Plaster tape work well?” the old woman inquired casually.

“Like cementing her mouth,” said the dirty blonde.

“Anything in there?” the old woman asked.



“We gave her a handball,” the biker behind the secretly bound and gagged brunette admitted. “You know, the kind they use to strengthen your grip?” He looked down at the cringing captive. “She’s not having a lot of luck with it.”

“I can see that,” said the old woman. “She try to stand up?”

The standing biker shook his head. “Hard to tell.” He lifted Dana’s short jacket, showing another wire—rubber-coated this time—tightly encircling her slim waist, then attached to the second biker’s belt.

The old woman’s eyes went from it down to where her ass met the biker’s lap. “Spiked?” she inquired quietly.

“Hammered!” the second biker declared, thrusting with his hips—eliciting an eye-rolling moan from the ex-business school graduate turned unwilling biker’s bitch.

Her fingers clawed and twisted under his, just as the city cop car drove slowly onto the lawn.

To their credit, the bikers didn’t panic. The first guy quickly but easily flipped down Dana’s visor, sealing in her expression of bulging-eyed desperation, then he and his flat faced girlfriend calmly walked back to their own bike, putting their helmets on as they went.

The cops got out, their own attitude approaching the cool of the bikers, one slipping his nightstick into its holster hole as he went.

“Ma’am,” the first one said to the old woman, nodding in greeting. He then looked at the bikers, who were throttling their machines. “Folk,” he said.

“Officer,” the first biker replied, nodding in return.

“Friends of yours?” the second cop asked the old woman.

“In a manner of speaking,” she said with a secret smile.

“Okay, okay,” said the first cop. “You hanging around?” he asked the biker.

“Movin’ on,” the biker replied as his girlfriend climbed on behind him, clicking down her visor. “Chill coming in.”

The second cop surveyed the four, eyes remaining on the brunette on the other bike. He seemed fascinated by the way she moved. “All right then,” he chimed in. “Then you better get

going. Big boobs/tan thighs over there seems especially interested in getting it on.”

The bikers gunned their engines, drowning out the sound of Dana screaming in frustration and anguish.

“And hey!” said the first cop. “No farting your mufflers all down the street! Don’t disturb the citizens or we’ll run you in sure as shit.”

“Yes sir,” said the first biker, unmistakably lowering his throttle to a throaty purr, pulling in front of the cops as the other biker jammed his hips up and jerked his torso back, effectively nailing and knocking the air out of the brunette...as well as clearly saying to her: “fuck you.”

The first biker continued his turn, moving his gaze across the back window of the cop car. He noticed someone in the back seat. His seasoned eye instantly took in soft, saffron, natural blonde hair and a youthful head, neck, and shoulders.

Then he kept his eyes on the road as they pulled out into the street. The cops kept their eyes on them as they drove away, carefully keeping to the speed limit.

The old woman, of course, kept her eyes on the helmeted, visored girl sitting in front of her man. Did



“Well gentlemen, to what do I owe this pleasant surprise?”

The second cop shrugged. “Just wanted to make sure everything was okay.”

“You know how things are nowadays,” said the first.

“I certainly do,” said the old woman, noting the figure in the back seat of the cop car. “Taking in a perp?”

The cops looked over as if surprised. “Just trying to help,” said the taller of the two as they all began to saunter over. “You know how it is...kids nowadays....”

They stopped by the window, the old lady bending down to look in. There, a undulating, pain-wracked Barbara sat, seatbelted around the waist, wearing a black, thin rubber, stunningly tight, foundation garment—the kind with a top that matched the bottom, like a mirror reflection from the waist. The top had a deep “U” neck which barely covered her red nipples, while the bottom had a deep upside-down “U” which barely covered her crotch—the tops of the “U” serving



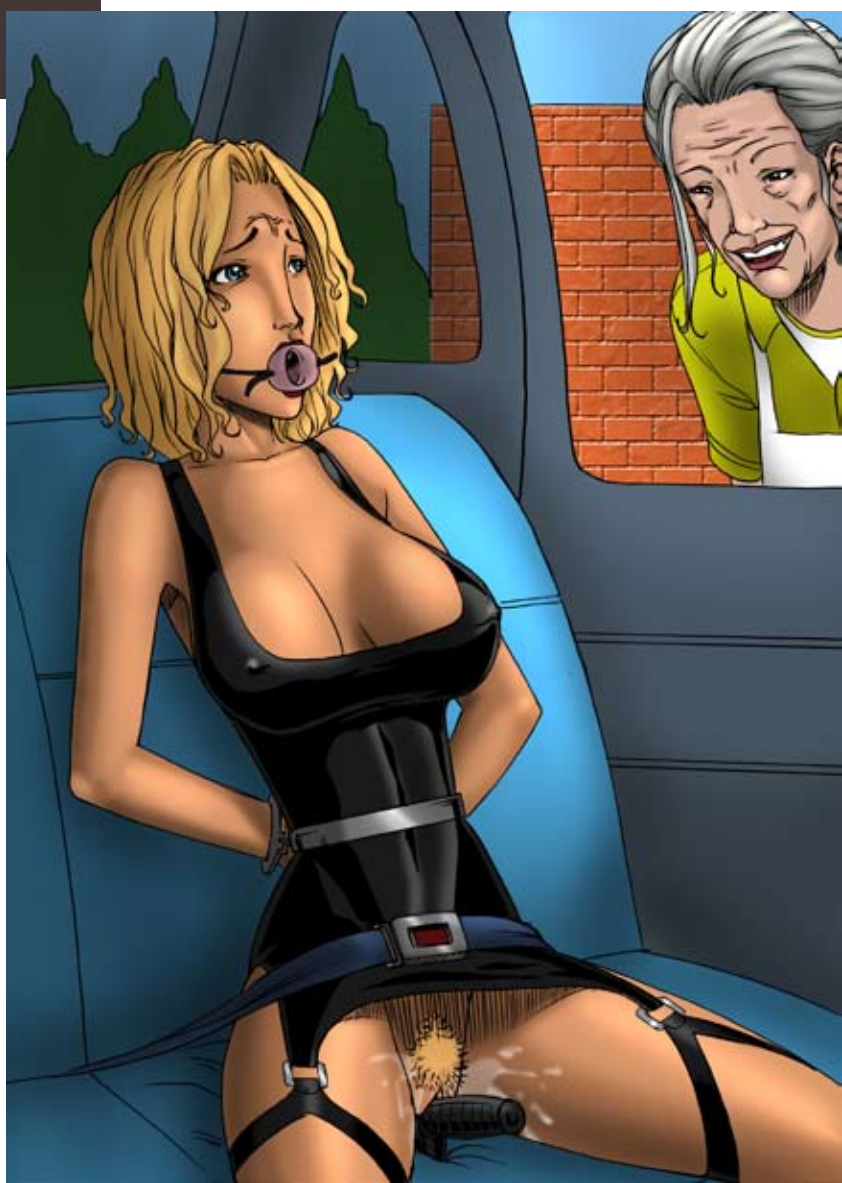
her head drop back as if she were wailing to the sky? Did her wrists twist in seeming torment? It was hard to say, since the bikers were already gone—the image of the helmeted girl’s amazing chest and fabulous legs the only things that really remained in the memory.

She could imagine the poor girl the previous night, flat on her back in her own duplex’s garage getting cunt and tit-fucked by the bikers as the dirty blonde held an oily red rag in her mouth. Then she could see the same flat faced girl holding a rusted blade to the overwhelmed brunette’s throat as she cleaned their cocks with her mouth before getting bound and gagged yet again for the long trip to sexual hell.

She could imagine what it would be like: frustrated, foiled, and fucked at every stop by her three “companions.” Secreted in sheds, sleeping bags, and ditches; mammaries mauled while her mouth and cunt were filled at every opportunity. Restrained, silenced, abused, and hidden with possible rescue sometimes only millimeters away....

The old woman finally turned back to the quiet policemen, a smug grin on her wizened face.

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as garter belts, holding black stockings on her great legs.

On her feet were six inch ankle strap high heels, twisting and digging into the carpeted floor. Her arms were bare, her wrists twisting in the tight shackles attached to the standard police issue silver cuff belt, which was tightly affixed around her sexy waist. The old woman had seen them before on news and cop shows, when the officers didn't want an alleged perp to damage himself or others.

Stuck deep up her cunt was the second cop's nightstick, held in place by the way its perpendicular handle was wedged against the front of the seat.

Barbara looked back at the old woman in terrified recognition and agonized realization, wailing into the clear plastic plug that pressed against her lovely lips and down on her tongue.

"What's that in her mouth?" the old woman asked, not taking her eyes off the coed.

"Standard hospital issue," said the shorter of the cops. "Held on by rubber tubing tight under the hair and around the neck. Keeps 'em from swallowing the tongue during electroshock therapy."

"Testing its street use," added the other cop. "Keeps skels from disturbing the peace or inciting riots during arrest."

"She a skel?" the old woman asked sweetly.

The first cop shook his head sadly. "Too bad. Sweet college kid. Fell in with the wrong crowd. Found her servicing gang bangers...."

Barb writhed in anguish.

"Every night," added the second.

"Guess she likes the big meat in her sweet little sandwich...."

Barb screamed in denial, wrists twisting.

"Had a good effect on the hood, tho'...."

"Nice 'n' quiet...."

"No rumbles...."

The first cop shook his head again. "Such a shame...."

The beautiful blonde tried to tear herself out of the car, or at least force the nightstick from her cunt. But, no matter how she writhed and wrenched, she remained

trapped, shackled, and impaled—her breasts bulging against the rubber and her cheeks bulging from the plastic bulb in her mouth.

"Every night, huh?" the old woman echoed after Barbara collapsed back to the seat, panting. "Where is she during the day then?"

The first cop frowned. "Old holding cell."

"Back of our station," said the second.

"Blocked off after a renovation."

"Forgotten."

"For her own good."

"Gotta be fed."

"Bathed"

"Rested."

"Lubricated."

"Lubricated?" the old woman asked knowingly.

The first cop looked away, distracted. "If she's gonna soothe the savage beast," he said, remembering. "She



hasta be ready.”

Barbara was crying so hard by this time she was doubling over her lap then falling back to stare out the back window, tears blinding her bright blue eyes. The memory of them fucking her on the cement floor, on a cot, and against cell bars, while, just on the other side of a padlocked door hidden behind a false panel, the place was crawling with oblivious honest cops, was almost too much for her to bear.

And every day; police issue handcuffs, prison issue shackles, EMS restraints, outfits they got off arrested hookers, and bondage equipment they secured as evidence. Then, every night; left at a different gang’s house, stashed in the boss’ bed, gang banged, viciously molested by the woman, used as a prize in sick contests, then left bound and gagged in a garbage can or

“Well, we’re keeping her to the diet.”

Finally the old woman looked back to them, thinking of the paste that fortified, sustained and stimulated them, even during the worst of the captivity. “Well, you know, that brew won’t work forever,” she mused.

The first cop shrugged. “The program is working so well, there’s some talk of putting it to use elsewhere.”

“Elsewhere?”

“On the road,” explained the second.

The old woman looked at them quizzically.

“There’s a lot of prisons throughout the country that have some serious interpersonal issues,” the first cop said carefully. “Dissatisfied wardens...guards...pow-



dumpster for the cops to retrieve in the morning.

The only kickback? A videotape of the previous night’s festivities stuck between her tits.

The partners would watch it together during her forced enema and feeding, then dress her up in that day’s outfit before reliving some of the inspiration for themselves.

“Looking pretty feisty for all that,” the old woman commented as the young blonde grieved.

erful prisoners with demands...you know...”

The old woman looked back in wonder at the beautiful blonde girl in the back seat...imagining her wonderfully strong young form on a warden’s desk, in a guard’s barracks, or secured in a connubial visit bed.

Or running—hands tied with sheet strips behind her back—panic stricken, her blue eyes huge above a handtowel tied over a washcloth stuffed in her mouth, through the laundry as workers chased her.

into traffic. The old woman watched carefully as they drove away. Did the blonde slump? Did she slide over, out of sight? Did the cop's hand move, settling someplace at chest level?

It was hard to say.

She turned around as the man got out. "Howdy," he said.

"Heading south?" the old woman inquired, admiring the well built vehicle.

"You bet," said the man. "Winter's coming soon, and all our older friends want some young blood down there."

The old woman smiled thinly at his double meaning. "You really think so?"

"Now, now darling," he said, leaning in and whispering. "You know it for yourself. Little beach bunnies strutting around, ignoring 'em, treating 'em like crap. Somebody's gotta pay And, in this age of viagra, all fair in love and war. Right?"

The old woman smiled back, using her teeth.



Or being led by a collar from cell to cell, naked save for handcuffs and a leather bit.

Or simply left in solitary confinement, handcuffed and ball gagged, as a different felon was thrown in with her every night....

The three were distracted by the honking of a horn. Pulling into the driveway was a motorhome, driven by a squat, solidly built, balding man, who sat next to a plain middle-aged woman

"Well," said the first cop briskly. "We best be heading back to the station."

They began to walk to the front seat as the girl craned to look behind her, out the back window, her blue eyes huge and pleading.

Without so much of a pause, the second, smaller cop got into the back seat with the bleating blonde and calmly embraced her in a choke hold.

The taller cop got behind the wheel and revved the engine as Barbara gasped, choked, and writhed in his partner's expert, unremitting grip.

She stayed that way as they pulled out

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“Right.”

“Well, all right then,” he said, straightening. “Come on in to see how nice we’ve done this baby up.”

For anyone who might have heard him, even in passing, they would have assumed he was talking about the motorhome’s interior design. And, it was very nice, indeed. But the best thing was leashed on the bed in the back.

Melissa lay, seemingly in some sort of stupor, on her side. She wore only a pink cashmere, midriff-bearing, wraparound sweater which tied off into a deep v-neck (exposing one fine tit while molding the other, its nipple poking into the material). On her legs were matching fuzzy leg warmers which came up to her thighs. On her throat was a thick, wide collar, with a ring at the back of her neck which attached to the handcuffs which kept her wrists high up her back.

Her crotch wasn’t completely exposed. Instead there was a belt which was tightened around her tiny waist,

cum and cunt juice. The ribbons were bound tightly around her ankles and shins.

Her lower face was covered with the industrial tape while her upper face reflected an expression of nightmarish agony. To her surprise, the old woman couldn’t quite place it.

“What drugs are you using on her?”

“Drugs?” he said with surprise. “Only the gruel you gave us.”

The old woman motioned toward her slowly undulating form. “Then what is she on?”

The man looked toward the pretty little girl on the mattress in confusion, then brightened. “On me, darling!” he finally answered. “She got one of them plastic fabric softener balls in her mouth. You know, the ones they advertise that leak fluid every couple of minutes? Only this one I emptied and refilled with my love juice, you know?”



buckled to a matching belt that went between her legs (the “V” between her firm thighs leaving a perfect space for it). That strap held in the dildo and butt plug that was deep in those orifices. The belt sunk attractively between her tight butt cheeks.

On her feet were her point shoes, one stained with

The old woman looked back. That would explain the dazed sex kitten’s chewing, coughs, chokes, and occasional desperate swallowing, but not her torpor. “No, not that,” she pressed, more interested in knowing the secret for herself rather than any concern for the redhead’s well-being. “Her state... her mental state....”

“Her mental...,” the man was saying as his wife suddenly appeared.

As the plain woman walked noncommittally by, she said quietly, “I don’t think anything really prepared the little dear for the intensity of my husband’s ‘love-making’....”

Then she went into the vehicle’s tiny bathroom and closed the door behind her.

The old woman looked in growing wonder from the shapely teenager on the bed to her brother-in-law. For his part, he beamed like a proud poppa.

“Yeah, I guess she was a bit taken aback,” he admitted. “But when I love ‘em, I love ‘em!”

The old woman stared at her, remembering everything her son and she had done to the dear, then trying to

imagine what this man could have done to reduce the strong, young redhead to this state of insensibility.

“You’ve GOT to videotape it for me sometime,” she said.

“Well, okay,” the man shrugged, thinking back to how he had moved around the motorhome’s interior, practically using his sister-in-law’s cunt like his own hand, masturbating himself with her as if she were light as a thighmaster—jamming her repeatedly on his hard-on as if jack-hammering— while slamming her torso to the wall, floor, and bed as her wrists writhed in the bonds and she gasped into the gag.

His wife, her sister, came out of the bathroom. “Time to get going,” she said.

Looking back at the moaning figure on the bed, the



old woman followed them to the front of the motorhome.

“Can’t really be seen from toll booths,” the man assured her. “Even if she could, I don’t think they could make out the stuff on her mouth or wrapping her legs. Besides,” he shrugged. “The little woman here’ll be driving through the most populated areas while I catch up on my recreation....”

The old woman looked at the woman, who, for her part, only looked sheepish. “I haven’t been keeping up with my wifely duties,” she admitted with a guilty murmur.

The old woman immediately imagined Missy under the sheets as the vehicle moved along with the traffic; her knees bent, legs wide, tush off the mattress, arms high up her back; his hand clamped tight over her mouth and his cock deep inside her, her breasts mashed to his hairy chest...screaming her head off as he fucked her brains out while the rest of the world drove alongside, oblivious, for hundreds and hundreds of miles....

“Well, have a good trip,” the old woman said simply. “Drive safe.”

“You bet,” said the man, heading for the back, then stopping. “Hey, your son around? I was just wondering if he’d like to say goodbye or something....”

“Or something?” the old woman asked.

“Well, you know,” the man said with a grin. “None of this would’ve happened if he hadn’t...if she wasn’t so...if you didn’t....” He breathed deep and started again. “Well, after all he did, peeping and stalking and everything...I was just wondering if maybe he’d like a...well, you know, ‘farewell fuck’ or something.”

“An ‘au revior rape’?” the old woman immediately thought, but what she said was; “That’s very thoughtful of you, but my son’s not here right now.”

“Oh,” said the man, apparently disappointed. Obviously he wanted to watch as his sister-in-law stared in horror at him while being assaulted by someone else. “That’s too bad. Oh well, maybe some other time.” The man took another step, but couldn’t give up the desire. “Is he...do you think he’ll be back soon?” he asked, turning around yet again.

“Not very likely,” the old woman admitted. “You see, one of the nice things about the boy is that he lets bygones be bygones. He moves onto other things.”

He missed her point. He wanted to watch so bad he pressed on. “But,” he said, motioning toward the cruelly bound and gagged teenage redhead who lay, in-

dolently contorting, on the bed. “After all she’s meant to him....”

But the old woman shook her head. “I couldn’t disturb him,” she maintained. “You see, tonight’s his first date since he left her....”

He watched the Amerasian carefully as she walked toward her car in the very rear of the Chinese buffet parking lot. By now he knew her movements very well.

The way her shapely, five foot-two inch frame moved in the three inch highheel shoes. The way her lustrous black hair swung across her lovely straight back. The way her long legs strode in the dark, skintight polyester slacks all the teens were wearing. The way her round, firm, perfect breasts moved in the off-white, shortsleeved, French-cut, u-necked t-shirt—the kind all the sexy teen TV stars were wearing.

And the way her almond eyes shone in a face that was breathtakingly pleasing. The kind of innocent sweetness that only an unaffected Asian girl could project.

Sure, he had gotten Melissa, Dana, and Barbara before they became cynical, sardonic, or world-wise, but this one, unbeknownst to him, had a protective family that promoted kindness, gentleness, and respect.

Only they couldn’t protect her on the short walk from the kitchen door to her car. After all, it was still daylight....

She stepped sideways and slipped between her car and the van that was parked on an angle, blocking her view of the kitchen and its view of everything except the rear of her car.

She bent down to put her key in the door lock. He moved out of the bushes, through the hole he had cut in the back fence, around the dumpster her car was parked in front of, and hit her on the head with the padded cosh.

She literally did not know what hit her, having not even seen him.

He grabbed her on the way down, his embrace mingling with her sigh.

Pausing just a split second just to make sure no one heard, saw, or knew, he wrapped his arms tighter under hers and dragged her back. Within seconds she was through the hole in the fence and into the bushes. Staring down into her angelic face, her breasts spreading and swelling in the deep u-neck, he nearly ejaculated right then and there.



through the handcuff links, and knotted it around her slim waist.

Kneeling over her, he pulled the drugged pad from her face, balled her pantyhose, and stuffed it in her lax mouth (feeling the wet warmth there). Rolling a thin, coarse motel handtowel around a cord, he stuffed it between her teeth, tying it deep in the orifice with the brutally tightened rope.

Then, taking only a moment to pull down the neckline of her shirt and the cups of her sheer, seamless, ivory-colored nylon/spandex bra, he grabbed her bulging breasts and climbed atop her.

A second later his cock was inside her. Moments later he was raping her in earnest. A second after that her eyes fluttered. A second after that her eyes opened. A second after that she tried to sit up. A second after that she tried to bring her arms forward. A second after that she threw her head back and tried to scream.

A second later he had taped a drug-soaked pad over her mouth and nose. A second after that her hands were cuffed behind her and her ankles were taped. A few moments later she was in a drab olive duffel bag along with coils of cord, rolls of tape, and balls of cloth. He took a quick look at her driver's license, then threw her purse in after her.

A second after that she was on the floor of his car, which was behind the supermarket which kitty-cornered the fence behind the restaurant she had stopped at.

He drove away a moment after that.

Some minutes later he stopped at a cheap motel. Moments after that he was inside a small room with his "luggage." A second after that he had drawn the shades, closed the curtains, and turned on only the bathroom light. In the gloom, he dumped her out of the duffel, immediately cutting loose her legs and pulling off her shoes, pants, and pantyhose.

Taking a second to admire her trim, black, silky snatch, flat stomach and wonderful hip bones, he tied her ankles wide to the bed legs, tied a rope

Geoffrey Merrick





It hadn't taken long.

He sat on the edge of the bed and went through her wallet. Math freshman. Just started college. Hometown far away. He pocketed her money.

He looked back at her, marveling how she combined the best of both Asian and American girlhood. Then he secured her tits back in her bra, tore off the bottom of her shirt, exposing her midriff, cut her pants into short-shorts, forced them on, and started tying her up even more.

Moments later, she was back in the duffel bag across the back seat. Inside, the drugged pad was tied in her mouth and taped over her nose. Her legs were bent double, knees cinched, her thighs tied to her ankles with rope and tape. Her wrists were still cuffed and knotted around her waist, only now ropes embraced her arms above and below her tits as well. Seconds after that, he was back on the road.

Just enough time to get to that hospital parking garage before the late shift, he thought. Park near the car of that incredibly cute, incredibly stacked little black nurse he had seen by happenstance at the luncheonette earlier.

Moments later he was thrusting like a madman as she sobbed uncontrollably, twisting and jerking and trying to kick.

Moments later he came, pushing up off her horrified face with one hand and crushing her left tit with the other.

A second after that he collapsed on her trembling form, diddling her round dark aureole and slobbering on her ear while keeping his cock deep in her snatch.

"Hello, Kim," he whispered, reaching under her head. "You're mine now."

As she stiffened he clamped the drugged pad back over her nose, holding her tightly as she bucked and screeched.

Moments later she stilled. He just lay there in the darkness, feeling her even breathing, drinking in her glory, reliving the sensation of her sex. It was true what they said about Asians: tight, hot, and bottomless.

He couldn't believe it when he had seen her, alone, shopping at the mall. He had been instantly obsessed. Then it was just a matter of following her until he found the right moment.

Geoffrey Merrick



Followed her, too. Saw where she parked. Five foot, four maybe. Incredible big, dark eyes. Cute button nose. Rich red lips. Light, smooth, milk-coffee skin. Stupendous bod with big whoppers. Nice legs....
Sure, grab her, and still get back by daybreak. Maybe

A motorhome going south nearly sideswiped him, yanking him out of his reverie. He jerked the wheel over to give the lumbering roadhog room. "Pick a lane and stay in it, asshole!" he bellowed, then immediately calmed, shaking his head. He had too much to



he'd use the old "my fiancé's sick," routine to lure her over. After all, why waste a raped, drugged beauty in the back seat...?

do to get worked up by idiot drivers now....

"Watch where you're going!" yelled the husband as he thudded into his teenage sister-in-law from be-

hind as she lay face first on the motorhome's kitchen table—her long, smooth, creamy legs jerked off the floor with every violent thrust.

be that tough to find one in the cities nearby....

Two motorcycles roared by, giving him a flash of flesh as they went. Geez, he thought, freezing the image in



He decided to keep the Asian in the attic and the nurse in the cellar. Maybe he'd try to find a European Indian or Latino to complete the new trio. The former had great jugs and the latter incredible bodies. It shouldn't

his mind. Speaking of incredible bodies...! How big were those tits and how long were those legs?

He immediately shook the image from him, replacing it with the picture of a sleek figured, strong chest-



ed Amerasian in form fitting velvet lingerie, arms yanked behind her, mouth filled and covered, crawl-

ing away with fear in her eyes. Then came the image of an impish, button nosed black girl, chest bursting

out of white lace bustier, trying to hurl herself off his erection as her arms strained in rippling rope and his fingers clasped onto her twisting lips as if welded there....

He smiled. That was far more satisfying than the image of a hardened, coarse biker chick, no matter how

great her bod. No, he preferred the sweet, innocent, unwilling types....

He drove north, as a police van drove south toward the local prison, a naked blonde coed straightjacketed inside, her blue eyes huge over a face-clamping muzzle.... ■

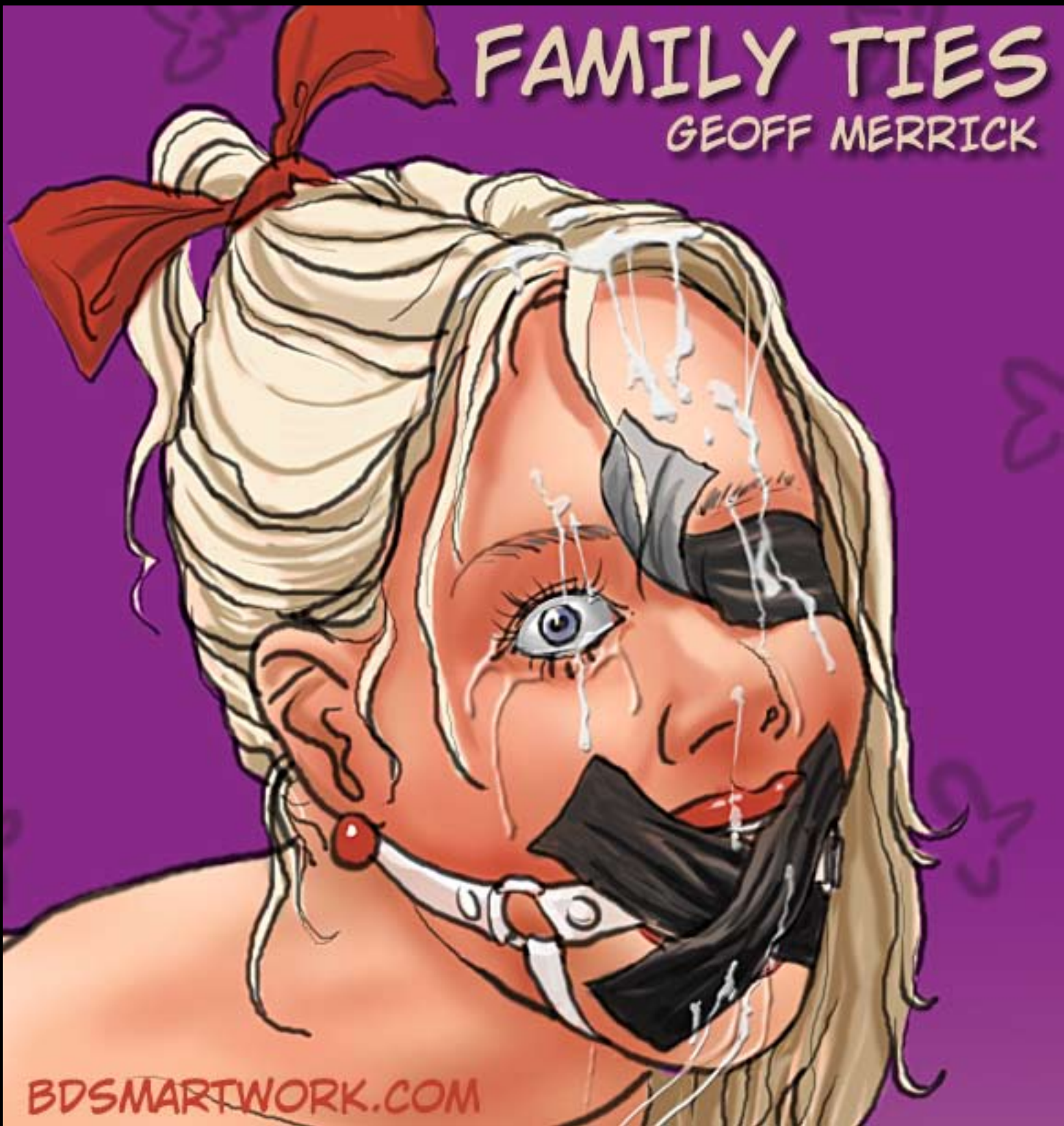


THE END

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FAMILY TIES

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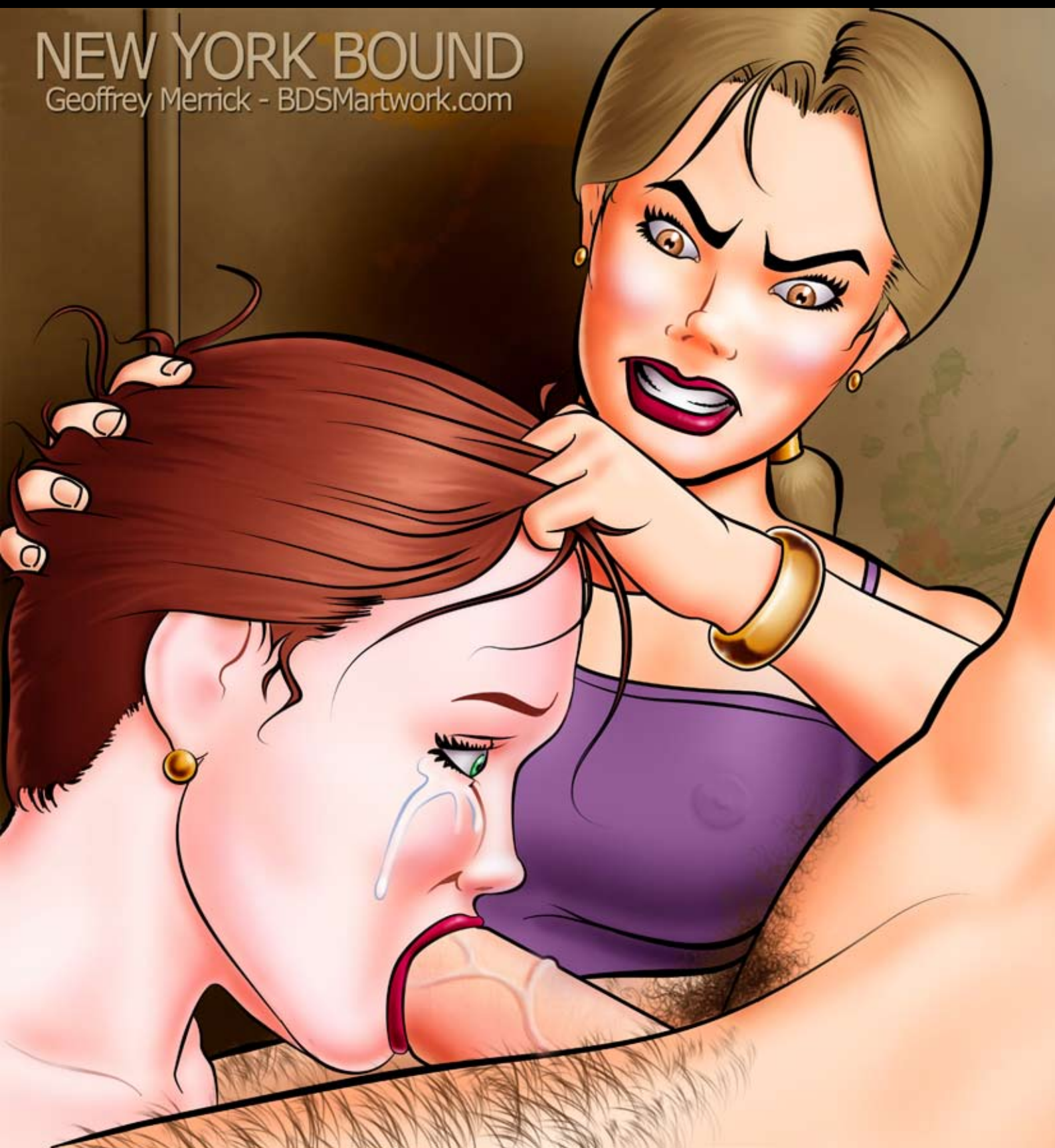


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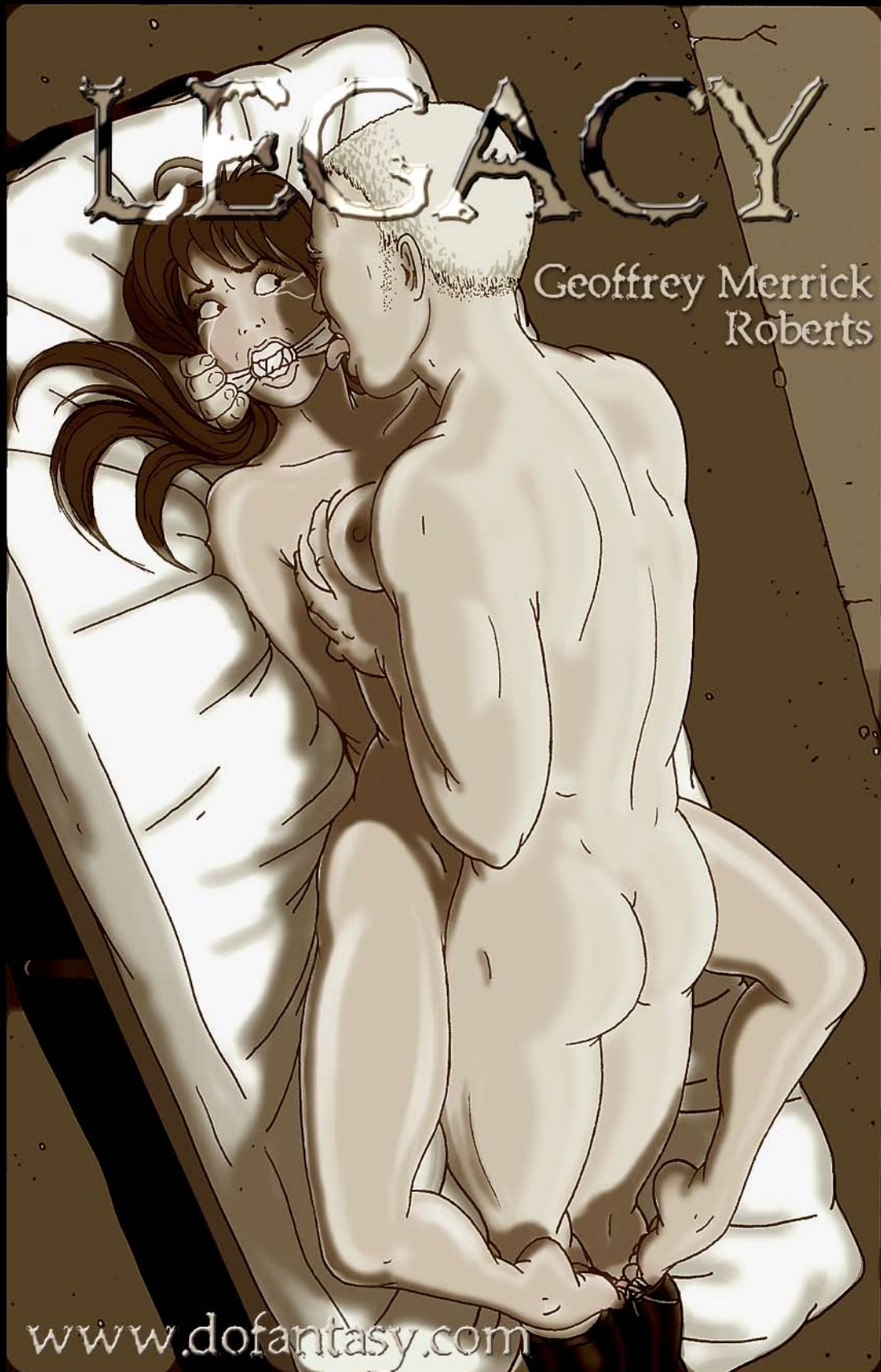
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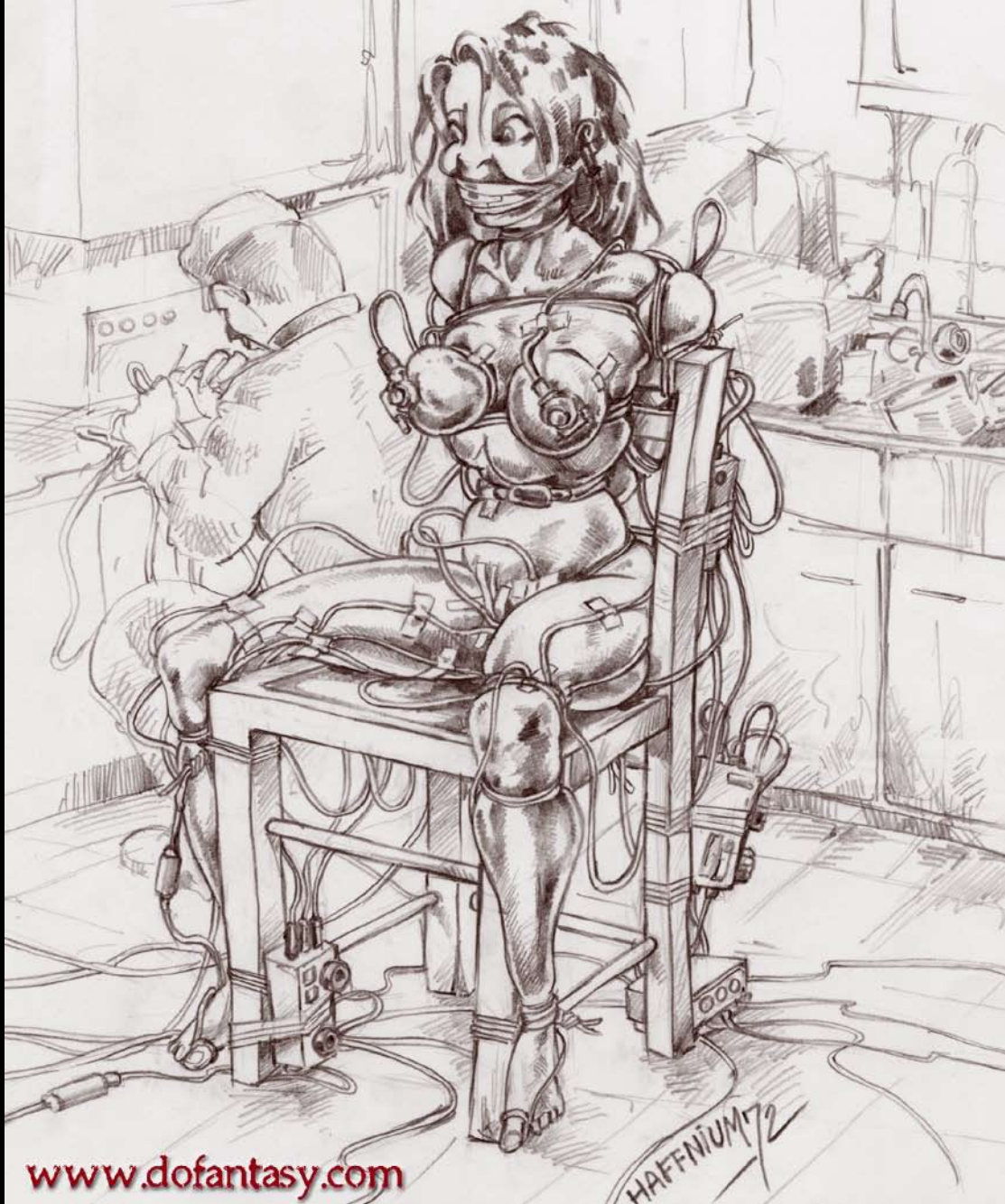


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