

AUDITION - GEOFFREY MERRICK - STEVE



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## AUDITION #1

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Illustrations by STEVE

Lydia shifted in her seat. Her outfit also shifted. Lydia wasn't sure whether she enjoyed or resented that. Almost immediately she realized that had she been alone, it probably would've been the former. After all, she had worked hard to maintain her looks.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

It wasn't like she exercised until she dropped or starved herself. Her parents' English Rose heredity took care of the big stuff—her flawless skin, her smooth flesh, her wonderful shape, and her soft, serene, and inviting beauty, but Lydia did sweat the little stuff. She took care of herself, got plenty of sleep, and took pains to present herself in exactly the right way.

Hence the outfit. Lydia called it her audition clothes. The minidress was rather costly for so seemingly a simple shift. Sleeveless, v-necked, and ending almost two-thirds up the thigh, it

seemed to almost glow—sometimes black and sometimes dark red, depending on the light. It also adhered to her perfectly—so perfectly that not only was underwear not required, it was unnecessary and, in fact, a detriment. The perfect shape would have been marred by the line of bras, panties, or even pantyhose.

Still, there was no obvious nipple marks. The dress practically fondled her breasts—collecting, shaping, and displaying them without creating the self-consciously distracting nubs. She liked producers looking at her big blue eyes, rather than high on her chest. Still, there was no real chance of that. This producer, at this meeting, for this audition, was a woman.

Certainly a strong, hard-looking woman, but a woman, nonetheless. She, and her wiry, stringy-haired assistant, certainly didn't seem unduly annoyed by their latest auditioner's sexiness, however. Maybe they were lesbians, Lydia considered. Well, this was L.A. ... nothing unusual about sexy starlets or Hollywood dykes. Even female producers wanted their female stars to look good.

And Lydia looked good ... very good. She shifted back as the woman producer returned to her seat in the simple, windowless, wood-paneled office (nothing unusual about that, either—neither producers nor starlets wanted their machinations to be seen from the street).

"Well, thank you, Ms. Anton," said the obviously iron-pumping producer, "for coming to this audi...appointment on such short notice."

"That's quite all right, Ms. Buchler," Lydia replied easily, enjoying the way the woman watched her lips caress the words. She also appreciated that Buchler went out of her way to signal that Lydia was too far along in her career to go on mere auditions anymore. "My agent highly recommended it."

"Ah, yes," said Buchler with a little smile. "Your agent. I appreciate how he's helped us."

Lydia mentally frowned. What was that all about? Even after the relatively short time she spent in the movie capitol, she had become accustomed to every word having extra meaning. "Yes..." she finally said. "I appreciate his help, too." But she meant it. She prided herself on not succumbing to the undercurrents. That may have been one of the reasons she wasn't even further along in her career. That was why she had this new agent. He had convinced her that he would break her career bottleneck ... he assured her that, with him, she would go far ... very far.

"Well, enough banter," said Buchler, snapping Lydia out of her reverie. "We had better get going. May I see your hands?"

Lydia blinked. "I beg your pardon?"

Buchler laughed easily. "I suppose you're used to people asking to see other parts of your body. Not to worry. I've seen the result ... your films and the like. So I certainly don't require you to convince me that you are a beautiful girl...woman. I already know that...I can see that. But in our ... plot ... your hands, and how they look, are very important...close-ups, you know. May I?" Buchler held out her own hands casually.

Lydia paused for only a second. She shifted in her seat again, forward this time. Thankfully the seat was designed so that she didn't have to perch her firm rear onto its edge.

She just leaned forward, still with her back straight, unavoidably giving Buchler a lovely view of her cleavage, if she chose to take it. It was a strange position, made all the more unnerving by the movement in her peripheral vision.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Buchler's assistant, Madge, had taken that moment to move to her own desk. Lydia's attention was divided between Buchler taking her hands in her own and Madge's movements behind her. Lydia felt an odd feeling along her spine. Although she loved unusual projects, this was rubbing her the wrong way, both literally and figuratively.

Calm down, she told herself. Her agent was well known as a reputable maker of major stars. He knew what he was doing. Even so, Lydia couldn't help herself. Even with her hands still held by Buchler, Lydia turned her head to Madge's desk. What she saw there confused her all the more. Madge was coming around her desk holding a strap in one hand and a sodden cloth in the other. She reached beyond the perplexed Lydia's face and plopped the sodden cloth on the edge of the producer's desk. Then she slipped behind the actress again.

Lydia looked back to Buchler just as the woman suddenly gripped the actress' wrists with the fierceness of a falcon.

Lydia winced, then started in surprise as Madge flung the strap across her lap. She opened her mouth, then gasped as the strap was wrenched tight around her waist. Her head whirled to Madge, then back to Buchler as the producer pulled on her arms. The producer saw the big blue eyes get even bigger and the mouth open to finally complain.

That's when Madge snatched back the sodden cloth and clamped it over the lower half of Lydia's face.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Joyce Buchler almost laughed as she tightened her grip and continued to pull. After all, the young blonde's blue eyes couldn't have been any larger above the cloth (and below the chin of Madge Sinclair, who was holding the actress in a head lock).

Lydia couldn't believe what was happening. Her legs immediately snapped open, searching for some sort of balance. Even though her feet were tightly held by black patent leather high heels, she got their spikes deep into the carpet. Even so, she found that she could still get no purchase. She still didn't understand that she had been secured against the chair back by the makeshift seat belt ... and that the chair had been bolted to the floor.

Lydia finally got it. These two were attacking her. Panic, then anger, stabbed through her brain. What was this? Some kind of test? Were they trying to gauge her reaction to an attack for some sort of new female action picture? No matter what the case, she didn't like it ... but they wouldn't find her lacking.

Using the jiu jitsu training she had taken for both self-defense and health, Lydia wrenched her hands over and back, breaking Buchler's grip. Her hands flew back, only to find herself without a valid target. Her fingers slapped into Madge's arms without much effect. She couldn't concentrate for some reason.

Suddenly she became aware of the smell from the cloth, which managed to be sweet and noxious at the same time. She found herself gripping Madge's forearm and elbow uselessly as

tentacles of exhaustion crept up her nose, behind her eyes, and into her brain.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

Lydia felt the strangest sensation between her legs, and even deep in her anus. It was a kind of soft buzzing. It suddenly reminded her of how she felt when her tonsils and wisdom teeth were about to be taken out.

A realization shot through her, stiffening her in place, a momentary flash of panic making her lurch in Madge's grip. This wasn't a test. This was an assault. She was being drugged ... and she could not avoid it.

A split second before the fog rolled in, Lydia felt her dress turn on her. The lycra cotton spandex turned into hundreds of tiny hands which caressed her, fondled her, molested her, as she writhed.

The last thing she saw was a tightly smiling Joyce Buchler coming quickly around the desk....



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

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posted July 11th, 2008

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## AUDITION #2

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Illustrations by STEVE

Lydia awoke with a start. To her amazement, she was still seated. To her further amazement, she was still in the office. The desk was still there, but the producer and her assistant were not.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Lydia tried to open her mouth to say something.

She found that she couldn't. Her eyes, as big as half-dollars, dropped down to just barely see some sort of obstruction below her nose.

Lydia made another noise, finally perceiving that something was in her mouth ... something yielding but pulpy, soft but firm. It felt like a plasticine bag of some sort.

Lydia jerked in place. She suddenly knew as surely as she was looking open-mouthed into a mirror. She knew because she had approached a plastic surgeon about the procedure. He had shown her what thousands of other starlets had seen, and even welcomed inside them.

They had sealed a breast augmentation in her mouth.

Lydia screamed and tried to spring to her feet.

She got halfway out of the chair before losing her balance, making no more noise than a creaking board.

She fell back onto the seat heavily, trying to screech in pain. For some reason, the back of the seat hurt her left arm.

Lydia's head swam, but then she finally got her head far enough above the drug-induced fog to reclaim at least some of her equilibrium.

Lydia sat unbuckled, her legs free. But that was all that was free. A chest implant was in her mouth. Her lips were tightly sealed around it by a tight rectangle of plaster tape.

She tried to reach up to tear the gag off. Her arms jerked like pathetic broken wings.

Lydia nearly soiled herself in fear. Her arms ... her arms...!

Both had been tightly bent so that her wrists were opposite their same shoulders. They had been tightly and cruelly tied with thin rope so that now the limbs looked as if her forearms had been cut off at the elbow. Then, even more horribly, they had been tied again so that her left arm was high up her back and her right arm was over her head.

Lydia couldn't see it, but her left wrist was tied to her left shoulder and her left elbow was tied around her waist—keeping that limb in an incredibly stringent and painful position. Her right wrist was tied to her right shoulder, but in such a way that her hand was behind her head and her elbow was pointing at the ceiling.

It all took a second to sink in, but then Lydia immediately tried to wrench her head around, the fingers of her right hand fluttering to tear at the tape on her face. To her sickened dismay, she ... just ... couldn't ... reach...!

She bolted upright, twisting. She suddenly felt the air across her chest, her arms, and, worst of all, on her legs and up her now incredibly short skirt. She looked down in shock. Her legs stretched down, her stance wide to stay balanced. She found the tight hem just barely covering her thatch of soft, silky blond vaginal hair. As for her breasts, there was no way the cunning dress would be leaving them. Nothing to worry about there.... Now all she had to worry about was discover why she was bound, gagged, and alone in this room.

She heard a click behind her.

She turned quickly toward the door to discover that she was, in fact, no longer alone.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Her agent stood in the open doorway.

#### IV

She knew exactly what was going on. There was no mistaking his expression. Every fear she ever had about Hollywood exploded in her head. Just as she felt sweat erupting from almost every pore, she catapulted herself directly at him, and the door beyond.

It was her only chance. There was no other door. And only a surprise attack had any chance of succeeding.

It didn't work. Despite her terror, anger, and slashing legs, he caught her halfway, driving her back. She screeched, screamed, and bawled, only to gasp, groan, and start to cry as he slammed her against the wall, sandwiching her between him and it.

She heard the door click shut, and then his hand was in her hair.

7/He wrenched her head back, his legs between hers, forcing them wide again. He stood on no other ceremony, his free hand already mauling her chest. "So now you know," he was saying in a hoarse whisper. "Ever since you walked into my office...I knew...I had seen you, you see, on the screen, and I knew...you were the one."



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

Lydia was sobbing in earnest by now, the pain in her arms, across her mouth, and on her scalp, making what he was doing to her left tit through the dress feel like a gentle caress.

"Actresses are a dime a dozen," he was gasping in her ear when he wasn't slobbering across her face and neck. "But you, you were special, you were different. I didn't want any of them...I wanted you."

He slammed his knees forward until they thudded against the wall, forcing her stance ever wider, and the hem of her dress into the sensual groove between the top of the leg and the bottom of the hip. He ground his pelvis against the tuft that was finally just curling over the lycra lip.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

"Come on, bitch," he snarled. "Take it. Come on. Sooner or later, you're going to take it."

The final horror settled on the girl. There was nothing she could do. The silicon and saline sack kept her from swallowing her tongue. There was no window to jump out of. No letter opener to fall on. She couldn't kick or hit him. Even if Lydia knew then the extent of her predicament, it wouldn't have made any difference. The producer and her assistant made sure that her options were next to nil.

Lydia screeched again and somehow wrenched her body out from in front of him. He was instantly facing her again. She backed away, and he came forward. She looked wildly around her...just as Joyce and Madge came in. Lydia looked at them, wide-eyed, jerked in place as she realized that another charge toward the door would be useless, then just kept backing away.

Laughing, they leaped at her.

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Outside, cars drove by the innocuous two story office building without taking a second glance. Since this was L.A. County, in the veritable shadow of Universal Studios, there were virtually no pedestrians, even though there was a small strip mall on the left hand side and a residential apartment house on the other. Besides, there were no breaking windows or riffling shades on the outside. There were no screams reaching the streets.

Inside, a beautiful young woman lay across a simple wooden desk. She wasn't, however, lying the long way across the width of the desk. Instead, her torso was tenuously balanced from the front to the back of the desk. Her delightful, firm, shapely rear was just over the front lip. Her round shoulders were over the chair behind the desk, but only one shoulder actually touched the desk.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

Lydia gasped again as she tried desperately to escape her fate or, at least, gain a comfortable position. Her deadening fingers fluttered, her left digits scratching the edge of the desk as she tried to keep her ludicrously named funny bone from sending electric shocks through her arm as it repeatedly tapped the wood lip. Her right digits patted the sweat-slick nape of her neck as she once again tried to remove the obstruction filling her mouth ... or at least relieve the pressure across her moaning lips.

Her agent and her auditioners were not helping things. Every time her fingers even got close to her mouth, Joyce would laughingly slap or pull them away, taking extra seconds to weave her own fingers among Lydia's, as if they were lovers. Meanwhile, the producer's other hand would rub Lydia's shoulder, arm, or, at worst, slip down below her v-neck to massage the left breast, and tickle her tiny pink nipple.

Her assistant, Madge, concerned herself with Lydia's left leg, longingly stretched out far over the floor—the entire length now exposed, now that her minidress hem was pushed up over her perfect, shapely hips and lay, tightly bunched, around her trim and tiny waist. Madge lightly and lovingly kept the gam achingly up, giving Lydia's leg muscles no respite. A sheen of sweat covered the entire length...in fact, a glowing sheen was a second skin, with beads across her

brow, gathering between her breasts, and dotting the lovely tuft of blond vaginal hair.

Those beads of dew would shake with every savage thrust of her agent as he repeatedly rammed his penis into her. His right hand and arm was wrapped around her left hip, repeatedly jerking her loins up to meet him. His left hand was wrapped around her right thigh, that long leg shakingly balanced on the floor, her high heel throbbing off the floor every time he jerked forward.

His penis surged into her, forcing her vaginal lips wide with his pent-up lust. Lydia threw back her head and screamed again, the sound making no more noise than a muffled bleat.

Joyce's horrible fingers lightly played across her sealed mouth as she lowered her head to Lydia's ear. "Don't worry, darling," she whispered evilly. "He 's been holding it in so long this won't take any time at all."



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

To the sweet blonde's horror, she realized that it was true. She could already feel the hated member getting hotter and swelling ever larger with every powerful plunge.

to be continued

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## AUDITION #3

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Illustrations by STEVE

Suddenly Madge gripped her left leg tighter, wrapping one hand around her ankle and the other arm around her leg. Suddenly Lydia felt her head loll back, unobstructed. To her added terror, she saw Joyce race around the desk and gather up her other leg. At the same time her agent, seemingly by coincidence, moved his hand to encircle her other hip.

The two other women looked at each other from behind her agent's back. Was that a tiny smile and nod which passed between them?

Lydia's eyes got wide and round, her blue eyes going cold, as they pulled in unison—just as her agent gave another monumental thrust.

Lydia screamed as they yanked her onto his impaling pole.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Then they gave her slack as he jerked back.

Then they yanked her again as he thrust.

Lydia's head went back for another scream which was choked off into a horrid grunt.

Then again.

Then again.

Again.

Again.

And again, and again, and again. Again, again, again, again....

Lydia could now only gasp in her gag as the man's face got redder and redder, then purple. His eyes closed, he hunched, but he never stopped slamming into her, and he never loosened his grip on her hips. And, of course, the women never lost their sense of timing, repeatedly yanking her onto his pulsating cock.

The agent started to growl as he thrust, then screech, then moan with increasing intensity.

"Oooo," said Joyce for him. "So tight, so wet, so sweet...!"

Lydia screamed at them, her body coming off the desk, but as her waist curled, her agent suddenly slammed his palms onto her breasts.

She was slammed back and down, choking and crying, as he arched his body over her and drove his cock home—to the very hilt inside her.

The women yanked her legs as one, with the same incredible strength, and at the same perfect angle, as Lydia's head went all the way back and she screamed with every fiber of her being.

But her agent's shout was louder. It was a bellow of released triumph as he splurged an incredibly rich runnel of semen deep inside her being.

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Lydia shook her hanging head feebly, tears and sweat streaming down her nose and onto her thighs.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

Joyce tended to the limp girl who slumped in the audition chair. The producer pleasantly dabbed the drops of cum on her face, in her cleavage and over her beaver with Lydia's own hair and dress hems. Even after her agent's initial delivery, they found there was enough left over so they he could play a little game of target practice.

"There," said Joyce with satisfaction. "Now all anyone will think is that you're wearing some lotion or gloss. What a lovely sheen jism gives you, my dear."

Lydia groaned, her head lolling back, her unfocused eyes blinking.

"Now, now, dear," Buchler told her subtly pleading face. "No need to look so imploringly. You

know you were asking for this. The delicious irony of it all is that had you only taken on your proper role of sex kitten, rather than trying to work only in challenging roles, you would be too visible to disappear. But, no," she continued, caressing Lydia's sticky cheek, "you had to disappear for months at a time, seeking out reputable parts..."

..."Now," she finished, her tone becoming childishly mocking, "your best parts from now on will be these!"

And then she suddenly attacked Lydia's tits, shooting her fingers beneath the actress' neckline and pinioning the pink nipples between her deadly red fingernails.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Lydia screamed and jerked in place, her still free but weak legs desperately seeking purchase on the carpet.

Both women froze as the door opened and Madge stuck her head in. "He's brought the van around."

"Excellent," Joyce chirped as if nothing had happened. "Help me get our new superstar ready, will you, dear?"



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## AUDITION #4

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Illustrations by STEVE

The agent waited impatiently behind the building, tapping his foot, and looking in every direction every few seconds. Suddenly the back door opened out and his eyes flashed. He was not disappointed by what he saw.

Lydia stood unsteadily between the two other women, wearing a long, thin, polyester raincoat, her hands in the pockets. The collar was up, obscuring the flesh-colored plaster tape still tightly adhering her lips. Her hair was mussed, much of it further obscuring her face.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

"Here, dear," Buchler said to Madge, drawing Lydia over behind a dumpster until her back was against the building wall. "Please see to it that our new leading lady is well occupied while I prepare her ... limousine," she said to the agent.

The agent was more than happy to put his hands on Lydia's belted waist and hold her there in the narrow shadow between the dumpster and the back door. "She looks great," he breathed. "How did you secure her arms like that?"

"Oh, they're not secured," Joyce said casually as she moved away. "They are just asleep, I suppose. For some reason the blood was completely cut off for minutes."

The agent looked down in surprise, looking at the hands in the coat's pockets with renewed respect. "And her legs?" he asked Madge quietly.

"Supportive," the wiry girl replied. "Just barely." He looked at her. "Well, she was so tense after her ... audition ... that we thought it best to let her smell a little something that would ... calm her down."

The agent looked deep into Lydia's eyes. The blues were now smoky and the lids drooping.

The two captors grinned at each other as Madge's hand snaked between the coat's buttons and the agent quickly lifted the coat's hem. He curled his fingers under the skirt's lycra lip and pulled it up until the golden tuft appeared again.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Lydia vaguely felt the cool air caress her privates. Suddenly, warmth spread across her chest and she felt an intrusion poking at her vaginal lips.

Then she was impelled against the building wall and a shaft slid into her.

Lydia's legs trembled, but she could not draw them in. She needed to maintain her stance just to keep upright. She implored her arms to defend her but they could only shiver inside the sleeves and lay heavily in the pockets. She tried to tell him to stop or cry for help, but all her throat would do was moan.

The agent carefully kept raping her, being careful not to get so carried away that any errant neighbor would notice movement behind the dumpster. All he did this time was sandwich her against the wall and thrust his hips like a veteran rap master.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Meanwhile, Madge kept a careful watch as her hand did a number on Lydia's breasts, careful to give little or no sign outside the coat top. She kneaded them, rolled them, and bunched them like a master baker, never pausing for a second, never allowing the sensations to stop washing over the overwhelmed little blond.

Lydia felt increasing alarm as her agent's fetid dick went back and forth deep inside her. And, to her dismay, she felt her drugged body responding. She felt her muscles tightening on the intrusion. She felt moisture ooze down to protect her vaginal walls. She felt the fire growing from between her shaking legs. They teetered on the high heels as he continued to pound up, faster and faster.

It took longer this time, but Joyce Buchler waited patiently, smoking a cigarette, as she watched through the shaded windows of the big grey van. She waited as the two figures kept moving their arms and hips furtively, rapidly, insistently, incessantly. She waited until the blonde's jerking hands popped out of her coat's pockets, fell to her sides and started to dance in place.

Then Buchler was out of the van and walking briskly to Warren the trio. She quickly hugged Lydia's waist, containing both the girl's arms, without infringing her fellow captors' machinations. "Come along, children. Let's wrap this up as quickly as possible, and get this show on the road." "Just ... a ... couple ... more .... seconds," the agent grunted, cupping Lydia's firm, perfect rear and thrusting even faster. Even Madge's movement grew in intensity. Lydia started to cower among them, mewling in pitiful dread.

Suddenly the agent spurted inside her again, arching his back, and grunting with effort. Then he just as suddenly grabbed her head. "Let me," he said passionately. "Let me!"

Joyce knew exactly what he wanted, and she answered by having her hands fly to Warren Lydia's face. The next second the plaster tape was torn from the girl's face, the drug dulling the incredible pain. Even so, Lydia's head shot up and back. The very next nanosecond, Joyce's fingers were rammed deep into Lydia's open mouth, tearing at the saline bag. It fell to the parking lot ground with a wet thud.

And then the other women's fingers were clamped onto Lydia's head and jaw, forcing her weakened mouth opened just right. The agent crushed his beautiful client to him, sucked his mouth onto her lips and plunged his tongue down her throat.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

For several seconds, nothing seemed to move. But on closer examination, you could see the way Lydia's cheeks would ripple and inflate as the tongue slobbered in every crevice of the cavity. You could see her knees trying to buckle as the women kept her upright. You could see the tears crawl out of her tightly shut eyes. You could see her body quiver uncontrollably by the incredibly subtle ripple of the raincoat.

And then it was over, and the three were practically running the sobbing blond toward the open side door of the van. The agent jumped into the driver's seat and gunned the engine.

Joyce threw the still weak and in-shock Lydia inside before leaping on top of her, her hand immediately clapping over the girl's frantically working mouth.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Madge merely hopped in nimbly after them, crouched, turned on a dime, and, with a sly smile, slammed the door tightly shut as the vehicle spit gravel.

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## AUDITION #5

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Illustrations by STEVE

The agent drove to Warren West Hollywood, obeying all the laws of the road. He could see clearly out the windshield of the van, and anybody who cared to could look in.

What they couldn't see was that, at the base of the front seats, there were rubber and plastic-coated chains linked around the far legs of the auto chairs.

And attached to them were straps that were tightly buckled around the ankles of a beautiful young blond actress.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

Lydia's ankles squirmed in their new bonds. They also squirmed in a new wardrobe. In the rear corner of the van, Lydia's torn, ripped, sliced, and cut dress was thrown in a tiny, pathetic pile. Now imprisoning her dainty, perfectly shaped feet were four and a half-inch, black, ankle-strap high-heels. Caressing her legs were sleek black stockings, topped with delicate lace.

There were no garter belts. There was nothing to obscure her hips until the merry widow started. That particular piece of costuming was as severe as any the agent had ever seen and Lydia had ever worn, even in the costume dramas she was cast in. It was all black satin with murderous stitched-in metal slats to make her waist even smaller.

But what really took her breath away, both literally and figuratively, was the way it gathered, cupped, and thrust her three-quarter naked breasts into the air—the tiny pink nipples arching forward like accusing fingers. Much to her chagrin, her nipples were achingly erect because Joyce and Madge saw to it that they were.

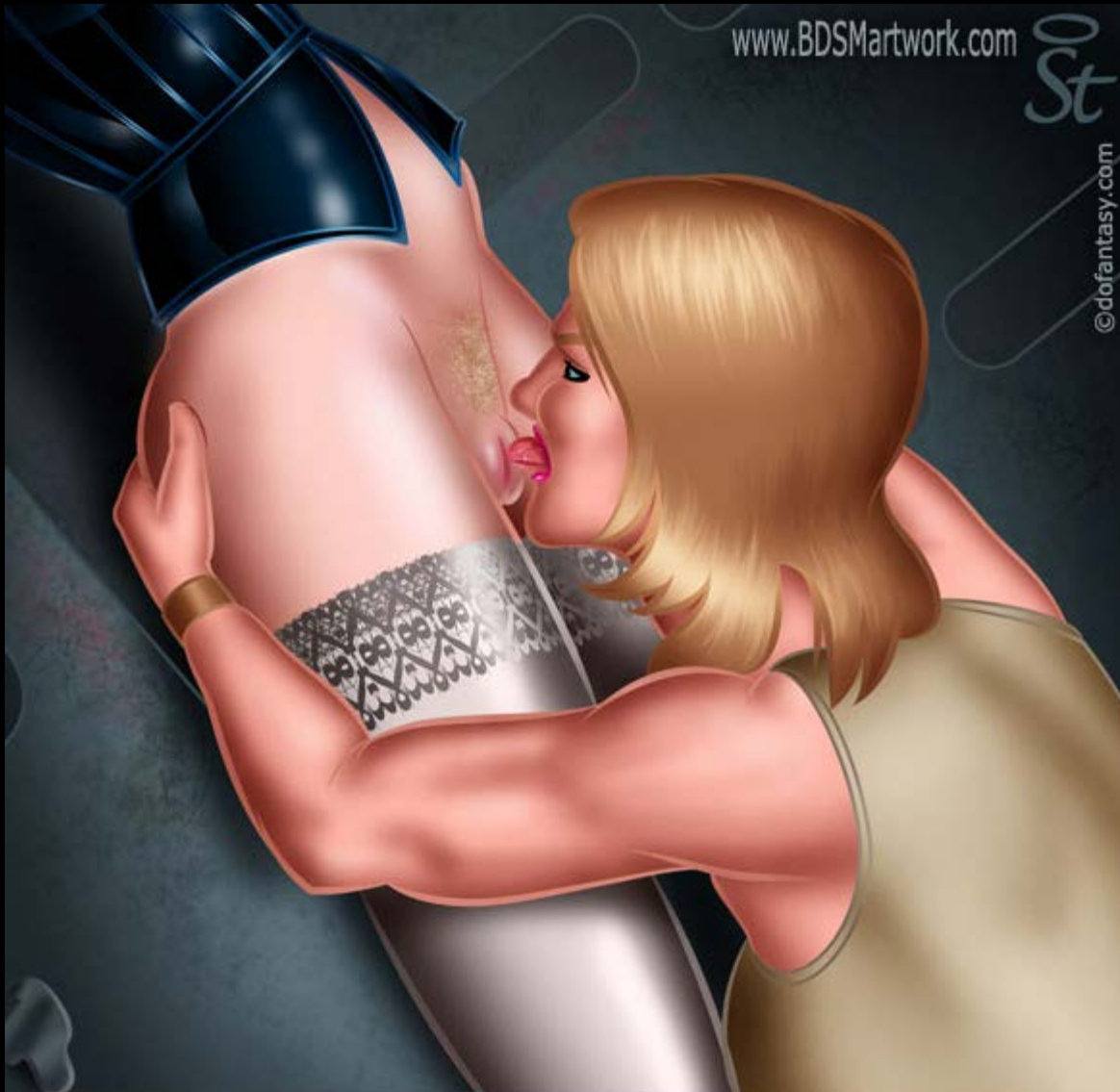
Her fingers reached out agonizingly for the thousandth time, held back by the straps which stretched from clamps soldered in both side walls of the van. She gurgled for the millionth time, trying not to choke on the bile which the huge ball strapped in her mouth and filling her cheeks created. Drool coursed down both cheeks as Madge did maintenance to her breasts and Joyce saw to her privates.

Both were incredibly skilled at what they did. It suddenly dawned on Lydia through the buzzing sexual haze that both women were lesbians and were totally dedicated to giving her more painful pleasure than she ever had in her life. It was totally different from what her agent had done, but it was just as awful because she was strapped spread-eagled to the floor of a moving van and

totally restrained from escaping or calling out.

Lydia doubted that she even could at this point.

Joyce's tongue set off lightning and even fireworks. Anything the captive did to avoid the inevitable only made it worse. Soon her hips were rolling and surging of their own volition as she moaned, groaned, and dribbled helplessly.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

The rockets Madge set off only made it worse. What she did to her tits were like firecrackers going off inside her torso while Lydia sucked on the ball which pushed her mouth open to its widest aperture, and the van rolled inexorably on.

Madge kept one hand on one of Lydia's breasts, using her pointed, sharp fingernails to pinion the nipple, while her lips and tongue sucked, teased, and tickled the other teat.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Lydia shook her head madly, hair and sweat flying this way and that. This movement, like any other, did nothing to slow the lesbians' machinations. Joyce's tongue and fingers continued to assault Lydia's womanhood, and Madge's mouth and fingernails continued to suckle and pinch her mammaries.

Suddenly Lydia was miles away. In her mind she was no longer pinioned spread-eagled, to the floor of the van, where no passing motorist could see her. She was no longer locked in the severe merry widow which created a glorious hourglass from her firm, shapely, sleek body...

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posted August 22nd, 2008

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## AUDITION #6

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Illustrations by STEVE

...no, she was naked on the beach... the tide rolling in between her legs.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Back to reality, Lydia started to shudder as Joyce's tongue did its work. She moaned horribly, her back arching off the floor, the merry widow forcing the air out of her nose. Taking her cue, Madge suddenly reared up, pulling on Lydia's chest by both her pinched nipples. Joyce did not

stop; instead, her tongue and hands urged the captive ever on. Lydia's arms and legs strained against the straps holding them wide. She quaked once, then twice, then again, hardly feeling as her nipples were pulled by her movements. Even her agent felt compelled to glance around at her plight. Lydia's flesh contracted, the blood flowed through her tissues, setting off the natural cataclysm.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

Lydia screamed in denial as she came, every muscle straining against her imprisonment. Joyce merely sat up and shoved her fingers deep into Lydia's vagina, hooking her like a frustrated fish. Madge flattened her hands across Lydia's aching tits, then shoved her down unceremoniously. Lydia shrank and squirmed, then started to sob.

"I'm taking the exit off the highway," the agent said flatly. "Maybe you should play it safe."

"No trouble," Madge replied sneeringly, looking meaningfully at the quaking captive. "Nothing's going to sneak out from behind the beach ball in her gob."

"Still," Buchler mused, her hooked fingers still rooting around, "we're gong to need her a little more tired if the next part of the operation is going to come off." She straightened, straining to look out the van's front window. "Stop at that car wash," she advised. "I know just the thing."

---

Even in her addled state, Lydia couldn't believe what was happening now. Madge had placed a folded towel over her ball-gagged mouth, and her agent had turned into the extra-long car wash building. Joyce had climbed into the passenger seat and Lydia had heard her conversing with the

help. The captive's eyes had rolled, but all she could see was the towel pressed on her lower face. She had strained to raise her head, but Madge forced it back down to the mattress-covered van floor.

The sound of the car wash drowned out what pitiful noises Lydia could make, and the spraying water and soap clouded what of her could be seen through the windows. Then, incredibly, the rear door of the van opened.

Lydia's head went back, and her blue eyes widened like full moons in the night sky.

The sun out the back of the car wash was blotted out by two of the biggest black men she had ever seen. One was wearing sweat pants and a t-shirt bearing the logo "Sinbad." The other was wearing coveralls with one shoulder strap undone. Both were powerfully muscled and expressionless. And both stepped up into the van without batting an eye.

Then the doors were closed again, and the car wash slowly, agonizingly, continued.

Madge scrambled up to the front of the van, perching herself between the seats. Her expression reflected the other two who sat there; sardonic, sadistic, anticipation.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

"Tire her out, boys," Joyce Buchler said simply.

Within seconds, Lydia was unstrapped from the sides and seat-legs of the van. Moving her around like an inflatable doll, they twisted her arms behind her and used the straps to tie her wrists together, and then to her waist. The ankle straps were wrapped around her thighs so that she sat with legs bent, and wide.

The cover-all man cupped her chin in his meaty hand and looked deep into her eyes. His own eyes were dark and dead, like a shark's. "She has pretty lips," he said to no one in particular. Just then the man behind her removed his sweat pants.

Lydia's head whirled around in dread as Joyce opened the glove compartment and handed a small, circular canister to Coverall. What she saw made her heart sink and thud at the same time. His organ, even in its drooping state, was the largest she had ever seen...t he largest she could even imagine.

"No," she started to choke, shaking her head. She looked for Warren again, screwing her eyes shut, shaking her head. "No...."



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

When her eyes snapped open again, the canister was held directly in front of her face. For some reason, it set off some sort of memory alarm. "Look familiar?" Coverall inquired quietly. "It should. They just used this stuff in that movie *Houseguest*...."

Then he dipped his fingers, now encased in a rubber glove, inside the can, and slathered the blue-green gel on Lydia's jaw.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

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posted August 30th, 2008

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## AUDITION #7

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Illustrations by STEVE

*Houseguest.....* Of course. She had been offered the demeaning role of the "beautiful girl with bad teeth." She had turned it down, of course, but now she remembered seeing in the script the scene in which the star, trying to impersonate a dentist, covered his hands in liquid Novocain, thinking it was soap. It was real; the stuff was real, and it was now being smoothed over her entire jaw line....

Lydia felt its heat sinking deep into her flesh, caressing her jaw muscles, and unclenching them like a hypnotizing massage. "No," she tried to say again, but it came out as just so much mush as her cartilage seemed to unravel like unknotted rope.

Then the situation really got bad. Sweatpants suddenly gripped her under the arms and lifted her up like so many feathers. Coverall gave the canister back to Joyce, then took the bound and gagged girl into his own arms as Sweatpants lay beneath her on his back. He began to masturbate as Lydia tried to yell.

Only her jaw wouldn't work. It hung there, amazingly, so that it even fell away from the bottom of the gap-filling ball. Drool poured over her flaccid lower lip, spilling out all over the thighs of Sweatpants.

"Oooo, baby, that's the way," he cooed, still firming his massive black dick, using the liquid like Vaseline.

Lydia squirmed in Coveralls' grip, her bent, bound legs swirling in the air as if they were the limbs of a paraplegic cut off at the knees. The heels of the severe shoes cut into the backs of her thighs and the air sluiced up between her legs and down her décolletage.

Then, suddenly, too quickly, they were lowering her onto him. To her shock, she felt his wide, thick shaft opening her vaginal lips. She tried to rebel, but there was absolutely nothing she could do—in her present state—against the law of gravity.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

The cock crown was in her, and then the shaft started.

Lydia felt as if she were a damsel in a cliff-hanger. But instead of tying her to a log being circular-sawed, they were lowering her onto one, impaling her on it.

Then, despite the tranquilizer and sedative, she reared her head back and screamed, the sound being squeezed off into a high pitched squeal too high for almost anyone but a dog to hear.

It was in her, it was all the way in her...but it just kept going. Lydia's head was thrown all the way back, her neck stiff, every tendon bulging out. Her fingers gripped the air tightly, and all her muscles tensed.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

She whined like an emergency broadcast signal, her nostrils flared and stayed there, and the drool coursed down her front like a coat of paint.

Then, finally, her knees touched the mattress on either side of Sweatpants' body. She didn't relax. She stood there, on her knees and high-heeled feet, stiff and erect.

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posted September 3rd, 2008

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## AUDITION #8

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"Now, come on baby," said Sweatpants, resting his big hands on her hips. Meanwhile Coveralls had reached around and unbuckled the ball gag. The silencer came out of her mouth like a baseball out of a lobbing machine. Her mouth hung open like a comedian doing an "amazement take."

Then Coveralls unclipped his outfit's other shoulder strap. His coveralls fell to the van floor. Another shaft filled Lydia's vision.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

"Ungh, ungh," she gurgled, beginning to rear back. Sweatpants took that moment to bear down on her hips, forcing her down completely on his erection.

Lydia screamed silently, lurching forward. At the same moment, Coveralls aimed and thrust his cock into her open mouth.

The new log shot over and along her tongue as his hand raced around to the back of her head.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

With a tug in unison, the two black men locked her to their members: one all the way inside her vagina, and the other all the way in her mouth and down her throat.

The agent giggled as he watched Lydia's torso turn this way and that, her beautiful hands grabbing at nothing. Madge smiled as she watched Lydia's eyes widen, then close, then widen repeatedly. Joyce nodded as Lydia gagged and choked and burbled and drooled around the fleshy obstruction.

Then Sweatpants began to move his hips rhythmically, still holding onto her. Then Coveralls filled his fingers with her silky blond hair and began to yank her head back and forth along his shaft.

The car continued on its slow, agonizing way through the car wash. No one noticed as it began to shake, faster and faster, on its industrial strength shock absorbers.

Lydia couldn't breathe. Her head was being yanked back and forth like a paddle ball. Coverall's cock was sliding in and out of her throat like machine gun bullets. Sweat pant's cock was being rammed into her like a hydraulic press. Her breasts were shaking like jelly in an earthquake. She jerked on her bonds to absolutely no avail. She couldn't scream, she couldn't even pass out...!

Then cum filled her. Without any out Warning sign of their imminent ejaculations, the two black men, in unison, spurted an incredible amount of thick, gooey liquid into both her main orifices. She choked, she started to drown, and she recoiled from the repulsive intrusions. But it coated her insides, it coursed down her throat, and it shot into her cavities like thick, clotted cream.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

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posted September 5th, 2008

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## AUDITION #9

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Illustrations by STEVE

She managed to make one sound: a combination of revulsion and shock. Then Coveralls' cock was out of her mouth and being shoved down her cleavage. Sweatpants was pushing her off his erection and shooting the remainder of his wad at her anus and up the back of the merry widow.

Then, laughing, the two lesbians leaped forward, engulfing the surging Lydia in their arms.

As they lay atop her amid the black men, Joyce looked down into the face of their captive.

Lydia's mouth was lolling wide, her mouth still coated with gobs of semen. Smiling, Joyce slowly closed Lydia's flaccid jaw, and carefully sealed her lips on the jiz with her own bony, unbreakable fingers...just as the agent pulled the car out of the car wash and into traffic.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

The lesbians pulled the tight black dress around Lydia's body. It had a subtle design of tiny little flowers on it. It reached to her knees and its dress was fairly wide though slightly clingy to her

legs. The waist was bunched, and adhered relatively tightly to the merry widow still clipped impossibly tight to her torso. The décolletage was chirred and bunched about her breasts nicely, like dozens of tiny cloth fingers clutching at the swell of her bosom. The sleeves were short and puffy.

Madge made sure all the clips down the front were well attached, as Joyce took Lydia's still weakened jaw in her fingers. Lydia's lids were half-closed, her blue eyes smoky from shock and ill use.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

"Now listen, dear," Buchler said quietly, as if they were the only two in the now somewhat crowded back of the van. "You know what to do. We are going to visit a friend of yours. You must get your friend to come into the van. Tell her you accidentally hit a dog, or a cat—if your friend is a cat lover—and that the poor thing is lying hurt in here. Understand?"

Lydia's head lolled on her neck.

Buchler suddenly grabbed her head and yanked on her hair. "Understand!?"

Lydia moaned, her head sinking forward.

"Oh yes," said Coveralls, kneeling beside her, casually putting his hand down her dress. He filled his hand with her tit, pulling it up and out of the corset. "You understand." He squeezed. "Don't you, darling?" Lydia mewed and cringed.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Joyce got up in disgust. "Make her understand, boys," she said to Sweatpants. Lydia suddenly did her best to scramble up and begin to screech, but Coveralls quickly put his hand over her mouth and yanked one arm high up her back....

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posted September 23rd, 2008

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## AUDITION #10

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Sweatpants just as quickly removed his namesake and slid under her, only this time in a sitting position. The two men forced her to sit on his lap, her back to his front, as the agent slowly drove around the L.A. neighbourhoods, watching out for the actress they knew would be outside at about this time.

Sweatpants grabbed Lydia's right tit through the dress and clapped his other hand over her mouth as Coveralls knelt alongside, holding both her wrists in one giant paw, his other hand going from her face to her left breast to her thigh.

She gurgled as the shaft moved up inside her once again, the billowing skirt covering this new assault. The jerking started, her head held tightly against his shoulder as they both grunted in rhythm.

"There she is," the agent softly exclaimed. Joyce tore her attention away from the captive's rape to hop in the passenger seat and look out the driver's window.

There she was all right: walking down the long driveway to her car: five feet six of serene, dark brown-haired beauty—her lips full in the center and curved along the edge, her brown eyes shapely and deep, her nose perfect, her chin strong, and her swan-like neck regal.

And what a body. Encased as it was in a tailored suit, fittingly double-breasted with no hint of a shirt in sight, and a miniskirt slit up the back. It was a darkish tan color, almost cocoa cream, which matched the high heel pumps at the end of those long, tan, perfectly shaped legs.

Joyce glanced back at Lydia before returning her attention to the matter at hand. As she surveyed the shape walking outside she decided it was almost a shame to waste her car wash companions' talents on the moderately endowed Lydia when such a grand presence awaited.

"Wrap it up," she hissed at them. Sweatpants did not have to be told twice. He quickly grabbed both Lydia's tits through the dress, as Coveralls put one palm on the back of her head and pressed the other against her mouth. Then, as her eyes snapped to total aperture, Sweatpants slam-jerked his full length all the way inside her and spurted a quarter-cup of cum in the deepest recesses of her chamber. Lydia surged up, but the worst, believe it or not, was yet to come. Sweatpants held onto the girl's tits, and jerked her off his erection. Coveralls was not idle, either. Reaching quickly behind the victim, he took a long rubber and plastic dildo from Joyce.

Lydia saw the dreadful thing as Coveralls pulled it past her face.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

She tried to hurl herself away, but Sweatpants was having none of it. He tightened his grip on her tits and yanked her back.

He practically lay on his own back, dragging Lydia with him. Much to her chagrin, her legs scissored as she tried to maintain some sort of balance. Her mouth opened to yowl, but Madge was there, skittering over, her hand unerringly finding the girl's lips.

Coveralls instantly took advantage of the situation by hurling up Lydia's skirt and slamming the dildo home...like a samurai sticking his sword expertly back into its scabbard.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

He pressed the dildo against her left leg and let it guide him in. But his speed and force were masterful. The dildo crown kissed her vaginal lips, then immediately forced them open and rammed itself all the way in.

Before Lydia could even completely comprehend what they did, Joyce was already handing off yet another item. It was small, shiny and black, but it seemed to flatten and grow in Coverall's hands. He reached down and she distantly felt something along both legs. Then, suddenly, Sweatpants was reaching down and yanking something up over her hips.

Lydia's big blue eyes pinballed down to see the dress' skirt up around her waist and something incredibly tight, incredibly slick, and incredibly black covering her loins like a second skin of liquid metal.

Lydia 's head screwed around her neck, a hopeless yowl drooling out from behind Madge's gagging fingers. They had shoved a dildo all the way into her and then locked it there with a stunning polymer/rubber panty that adhered to each buttock like thick paint.

Suddenly everybody let her go. Lydia hit the mattress with a small thump as the others circled her like an audience at a mini-theater-in-the-round. For a moment, she blinked and gasped, stiffening.

And then she felt it ... between her legs .... inside her.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

The dildo was vibrating!

Just as she reared back, her hands streaking down, they fell on her again.

Madge grabbed her head, stilling her cries. Sweatpants grabbed one arm and shoved her hand into one of the dress' nearly invisible pockets. Her agent did the honors on the other.

The dress' pockets were slit open at the bottom. Her palms were flat against her thighs. The men taped them there. Coveralls taped her thighs together, just a few inches above her knees. And Joyce took her own sweet time slapping two squares of tape against the dirty van floor before yanking down Lydia 's dress and cruelly adhering the grit-patches directly over Lydia 's aureoles and nipples.

She snapped the dress' bodice back with a flourish, then gripped the girl's jaw, and spoke directly in her ear.

"Get your friend over here. Scream, and you both die. Run, and you both die. Even fall over, and you both die." Then she shrugged. "Your choice."

Faster than she ever thought possible, Lydia was standing outside the van...



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

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posted October 14th, 2008

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## AUDITION #11

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Illustrations by STEVE

She blinked. For a nanosecond she thought it had all been a terrible dream. But then she realized that her hands were in a dress' pockets and she couldn't pull them out. Her thighs were together and she couldn't separate them. And there was a terrible, wonderful buzzing inside her, between her legs, that she couldn't force out.

Lydia tried to cringe, but she couldn't even do that. The merry widow was still on, forcing her erect. She almost started crying then, until a brunette vision swam into her vision.

"Rebecca," she breathed.

Rebecca. Sultry, luscious, shapely, ample Rebecca. Her friend. The friend that was now pausing by her car, looking at Lydia with a quizzical expression.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

"Oh my god," Lydia whispered. "Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god!"

"Lydia?" Rebecca said, beginning to step forward. "Lydia, is that you?"

Lydia jerked forward, tottering on the severe high heels.

"Lydia, are you okay?" Rebecca was coming forward, faster now.

Suddenly all Lydia could think about was the van behind her. She jerked forward again.

"Rebecca," she choked out. Then the more statuesque of these two young women was holding the shivering blond by the shoulders.

"Lydia, what are you doing here? You look ... so flushed, so ...!" Rebecca's deep brown eyes searched Lydia's face, her neck, her cleavage. "...I don't know, dreamy. Have you been south? Are you using a new skin cream? You must give me the secret." Lydia's eyes searched her friend's tanned face, but Rebecca was looking down at her outfit. "That dress really becomes you. Have you lost weight? You look spectacular."

Suddenly their eyes locked. Rebecca stopped talking and her expression became confused.

"Run," Lydia croaked, her legs giving way. "Don't ask anything, don't do anything else, just run!"

"Lys ...?"

"Run!"

The blonde's expression did it. Rebecca looked as if she had just stared into the face of a mad dog. She backed away, her creamy high heel pumps carefully seeking balance. Then she turned to run.

Lydia fell back, an incredible rush of relief and dread filling her. No matter what happened to her, at least they wouldn't get Rebecca. At least Rebecca wouldn't be assaulted, invaded, and despoiled. At least they wouldn't have their way with Rebecca...

That's when Lydia heard the cough. It came from behind her, from the window of the van. It was a small, polite sound, which seemed to move from the back of Lydia's head to the back of Rebecca's neck.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Then, as if she were no further than an inch from Rebecca's smooth, elegant neck, she saw the dart.

It was tiny, it ended in a little pale tuft of cut feathers, and it was sticking in Rebecca's skin, its' drug already sapping her strength, already closing off her senses....

Lydia closed her eyes. That was all she could do. Her world was no longer the real world. It was the world between her legs, sealed in with polymer rubber, vibrating with insistent regularity. There was no other meaning. Her hands were locked, her legs were locked, and her body was locked.

Mercifully she finally lost consciousness.

Unmercifully, it was all too brief.

---

Lydia dreamed of her childhood. She dreamed of holidays with her parents in England . She dreamed of the Yule log candies she always had in her Christmas stocking. She remembered how she had always tried to take the whole thing into her mouth at once. She remembered it filling her cheeks, distending her jaw. She remembered how her family laughed and laughed and laughed....

She woke up with it in her mouth again.

Lydia's face was full of cloth. Her mouth was full of cock, her jaw forced open by a ring gag. The dress was still on, but the bodice was ripped. Her knees were taped. So were her elbows. She was kneeling on the floor in front of the passenger seat. Her agent was sitting there. Her head was seat-belted onto his lap.



St  
GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Lydia 's eyes rolled right. Madge was driving. "She's awake," she said.

"So I see," the agent said pleasantly, resting his hand on the back of Lydia 's head. "So I feel...!"

Lydia jerked in place, this way and that, trying to see how far her arms would reach, how much give the seat belt allowed, and whatever else she could discover.

She discovered the dildo was still in, and on.

She jerked again, complaining, causing the agent to slouch and coo. "That's it, baby," he sighed, caressing her hair. "Talk all you want."

"Enough," Joyce interrupted from the van's rear. "Get her back here before she starts clawing the window."

The agent immediately unclipped the seatbelt and dragged Lydia off his lap by her hair.

"Wouldn't want any passing trucker to call this in on his radio band." He held Lydia 's head up for a moment, admiring her flushed, flaccid, yet still angelic face. Then he put his forefinger in her forced-open mouth and played the tip around her tongue and cheeks.

"I said enough!" Joyce barked.

"Just checking for obstructions," he said lightly, then started dragging her across his lap.

He handed her head to Joyce, who kept dragging her back. Lydia flopped onto the van floor, her hands windmilling, her feet kicking. Joyce sat on the van floor, her back against the driver's seat rear. She pulled Lydia onto her lap, forcing her to face the compartment.

Lydia 's eyes got as wide as her lolling mouth, then she cringed, groaning. She already knew it was inevitable; what else had she expected to see?

Rebecca, of course, was there. She was sitting on her knees, each ankle bound to each knee. Her arms were wide, strapped by the wrists to the opposite walls of the van. Her shoes were still on. Her suit jacket was still on, but opened wide. Her skirt was still on, but bunched around her waist. Her grey silk garter belt was still on, as were her stockings.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Coveralls was under her, his huge cock all the way inside her. Sweatpants was standing before her, his cock all the way in her pried open mouth. The Novocain can was on the mattress. Their hands were inside her bone-grey lace underwire bra.

Lydia 's back arched as Joyce started kneading her tits. She shuddered and shuddered, then, much to her amazement, lost consciousness again...

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posted November 7th, 2008

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## AUDITION #12

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Illustrations by STEVE

When Lydia awoke, Rebecca was lying on her back, but not on the van floor or mattress. She was lying, back to front, on Sweatpants, whose jelly-covered cock was all the way up her ass. Coveralls was, in turn, lying front to front on top of her, his shaft all the way inside her cunt.



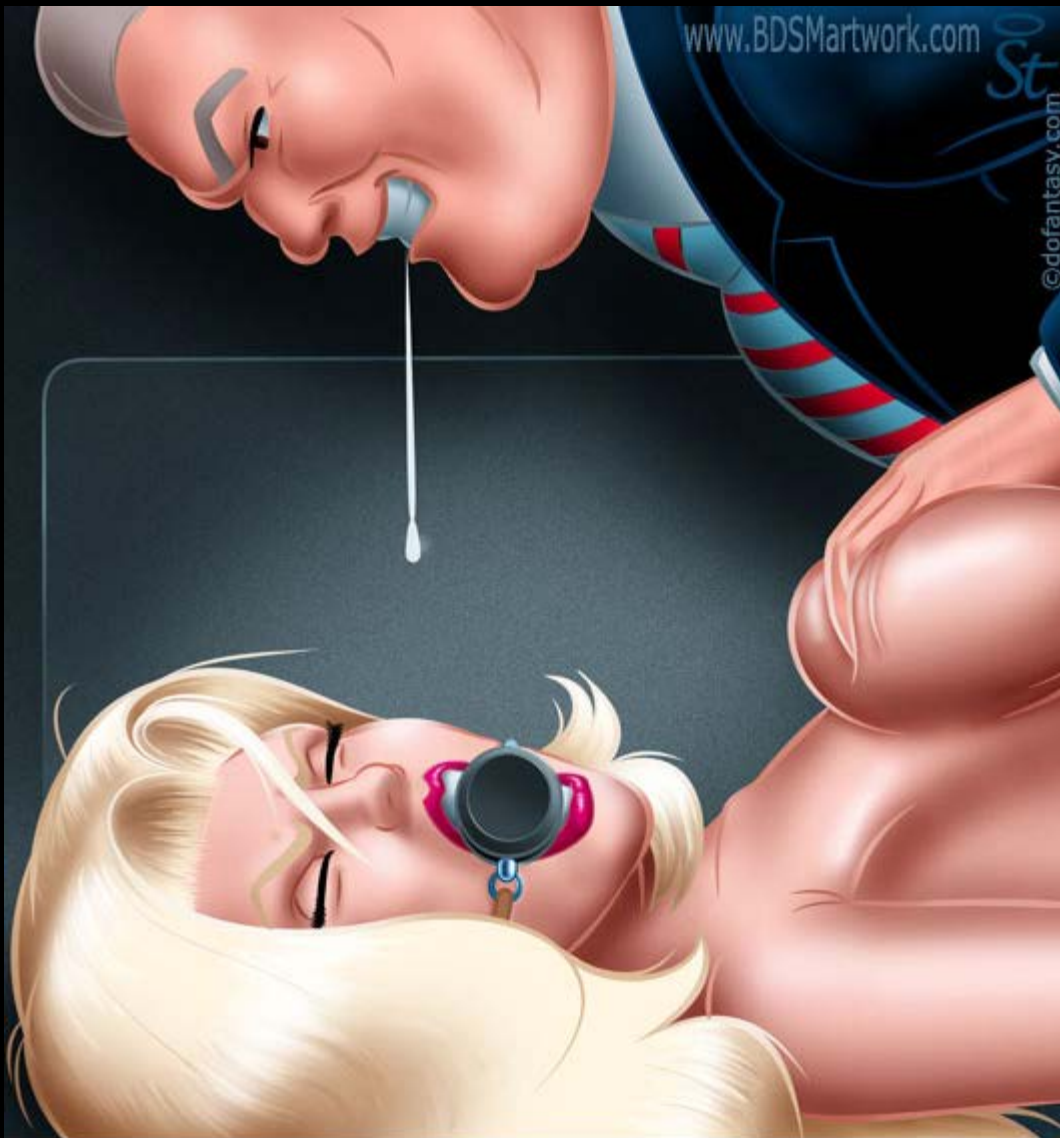
Her wrists and legs were strapped wide, to opposite corners of the van. In her mouth now was strapped a huge red ball gag. Her eyes were closed as they rutted, and her breath came out of her nose in bursts each time they rammed in unison. Her jacket, skirt, stockings, shoes, and garter belt were still on, but her bra had now joined the Novocain can on the floor.

Lydia felt hands still on her breasts, but suddenly she realized they were not female. She also realized that the dildo, rubber panties, and patches of gritty tape over her nipples were gone as well. She looked down in surprise, and then up as her agent suddenly threw her off his lap.

"What's the matter, darling?" he hissed with supreme pleasure, "jealous?" He pushed her down on her back alongside the pair of huge raping blacks. Only then did she realize that her legs were untied and there was a huge, velvet-covered, rectangular (yet oval) wedge completely filling her strapped mouth.

As the agent tore open the tattered dress, suddenly Joyce was there, grabbing Lydia 's ankles and strapping them to the van's ceiling on either side of the agent's torso.

44/The agent filled his hands with the blonde's breasts and did a reverse push-up on her chest. He lay across her body as Buchler considerably undid his belt and pulled down his pants for him.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

"I missed you," he whispered with a smile as she turned her head away and choked on a scream. "After we arrive at our destination, I won't have much chance for an encore performance, so I better take advantage now ... of your greatest role ever."

He positioned his already stiff prick between her cunt lips, and forced it in against her shrieking, tightened muscles. He grabbed her hair and pushed it all the way in.

Lydia 's eyes popped open as she felt something else. Something ... something ....! She felt Buchler's jelly-covered fingers sliding into her alongside the agent's shaft, coating her vaginal walls, creaming the way.

Then they were gone, and there was only her agent's pulsating prick, now welcomed by her sex.



**GEOFFREY MERRICK**

**AUDITION**

Lydia's head stretched all the way on her neck, twisting. An inhuman sound came from behind her gag. Her strapped elbows contorted below her back, the hands flopping. Her legs shook in the ankle straps once, then again, then again.

Rebecca's eyes fluttered open, filling with Lydia 's plight. Then she became aware of her own, and her eyes closed again. Her body kept jerking as the two blacks stabbed and stabbed and stabbed into her again and again and again—the one under her holding her head back by her hair; the one on top of her mashing her bulbous breasts.

Madge turned around in the driver's seat each time the captives screamed into their gags. She knew a cum-shriek when she heard it. And she heard it once, twice, three times. Each time Madge filled her eyes with the scene in the back of the van. Each time a beautiful young woman was straining with all her might against a horrible intrusion...to no avail.

Finally, Madge turned back toward the road with a smile ... and kept driving west.



posted November 21st, 2008

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No actual toons were harmed in the making of this site.

## AUDITION #13

by Geoff Merrick. All rights reserved.

Illustrations by STEVE

The man who had engineered the abduction and paid for everything stood in the doorway between his dining and living room. He smiled as he looked at the table. Rebecca was lying there, naked.



GEOFFREY MERRICK



AUDITION

Her arms were wrenched around, her wrists and elbows tied tightly to the table's two front legs. Her

ankles and knees were tied to the two back legs of the heavy piece of bolted-down furniture.

The agent's prick was all the way in her beaver. Sweatpants' cock was deep in her mouth. Coverall was sitting on her torso, his knees on either side of her incredible waist, giving himself a tit-fuck with her creamy, succulent breasts.

The engineer turned to look into the living room. Madge and Buchler had just about finished preparing Lydia .

Getting them from the van to his place once they reached San Gabriel was no problem. Both women had been so exhausted that prepping them inside the vehicle had been no problem either. Two trenchcoats with pockets slit went around their limp bodies. Hands were taped to thighs. Thighs were taped together. Severe ankle-strap high heels were lovingly placed on their dainty feet. Mouths were sealed with flesh-colored plaster tape. Trenchcoat collars were pulled up. Sunglasses were applied after eyes were shut with squares of tape. Hair was mussed over faces.

The two blacks sandwiched Rebecca on the way across the yard and up the stairs. Madge and the agent sandwiched Lydia . Joyce Buchler trailed them, the dart gun clutched in her pocket.

Now they were inside the heavily insulated and sound-proofed place, but they were taking no chances. Lydia was gagged stunningly tight, with a pad filling her mouth, white tape adhering to her head, bandage wrapping that, finally followed by black tape, which set off her blond hair and huge blue eyes—now both sharp with renewed terror and smoky with strain.

Her arms were twisted behind her, each wrist tied to the opposite elbow. Her forearms were also tightly strapped with tape. Otherwise her luscious body was encumbered only by a new dress.

It was an impossibly tight, wet-look, backless, sleeveless outfit of hot pink, which both crushed and outlined her breasts—the nipples only partially covered by the deep, plunging U-neckline, her pale pink aureoles almost camouflaged by the neon dress ... but not quite.

The hem clung to the very tops of her thighs, almost marking the border where the leg met the hip. The soft, gentle, delightful curls at the very end of her vaginal tuft just managed to grip the tight skirt bottom...like tiny filament fingers clutching a rubber sheet top.

The pink high heels were four and three-quarter inches long, strapped deeply at her ankles. Her legs were otherwise unrestrained. What kept her from bolting were Madge and Buchler, sitting on the stuffed chair's arms on either side of her.

"How did we do, Chief?" Buchler asked with a smile.

The engineer smiled back, without taking his eyes off the cowering blond. "You done good," he said. "You deserve credit." Then he came forward, reached down, and took Lydia 's arm. "Come along, my dear." He carefully, gently helped her to her feet. She tottered there, then fell against him. He held her, looking down into her frightened, questioning eyes. "There, there," he said. "You'll get used to it." He began to lead her to the bedroom. "The best parts are still to come."

Joyce and Madge watched him drag the now bucking, kicking and screaming girl through the doorway to his private chamber.

The door slammed behind them.

Eventually they heard the distant sound of bed springs ... for three hours. By then Rebecca was secured in the guest bedroom, her wrists tied to opposite ends of the headboard, her hands filled with thick, long, black cocks—the kitchen knives at her throat making clear her instructions to make them spurt ... or else.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Their two free hands were in her hair, holding her head up as the agent used her ripe melons to aim his engorged dick at her pried-open, ring-gagged mouth.

Madge was between Rebecca's spread-eagled legs, her tongue hard at work.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Joyce Buchler smiled and shook her head at her team's antics. She turned to go and collect what was left of Lydia 's dress before heading back to the office. Behind her she heard a start and a gurgle. She turned around just in time to see all the men's cocks erupt at practically the same moment.

Sweatpants hit Rebecca in her left ear with a long spurt of cum. It deafened her and made her head jerk. By then the knives had been pulled back, so all her action did was ensure that Coveralls' jism drenched her already sweat-soaked hair, and slapped her across the right cheek.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

BDSMartwork.com

Joyce smiled pleasantly at Rebecca's bad luck and the kismet of the three-prick salute. Because she jerked her head, the agent's tit-fucked ejaculation leaped directly into the opening of the ring-gag and splashed sickeningly onto her quivering tongue.

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posted November 28th, 2008

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## AUDITION #14

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Illustrations by STEVE

Rebecca shook her head wildly—making hysterical, choking noises—as the men just laughed, pulling their penises from her mauled breasts and aching hands. Hardly missing a beat, they moved around and over the bed: the agent walking on his knees toward her face, and Sweatpants pushing Madge away and crawling up between Rebecca's vibrating legs.

The agent filled his left hand with her hair and pushed his dick in her pried-open mouth, just as Sweatpants stretched her already abused vaginal muscles as he shoved his much grander staff all the way inside her.

Madge tumbled off the bed, just as Coveralls forced himself under the spread-eagled beauty—only unbalancing the agent and Sweatpants for a moment. Then his hands were gripping Rebecca's breasts like footballs and his cock unerringly found her anus.

With a shove and a grunt, all three were installed as Rebecca gurgled and tried to scream around the obstructions. Instead she found herself rolling on a sea of rape, her fingers open in supplication. She momentarily had a vision of herself as she had been—beautiful, shapely, elegant, serene, and rich—before she saw in her mind's eye what she was now: naked, sweat-drenched, sodden, trembling, shuddering, molested, abused, assaulted, stretched, bound, gagged, and invaded.

The men thudded into her as Joyce left the room.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

Before she left the apartment, however, she snuck a peek into their clients' boudoir. There Lydia was, on the floor, on her knees.

The only reason her face wasn't on the floor was that her torso was being kept parallel to the carpet by her arms—which were behind her, wrapped (by binds at her crossed wrists) around her rapist's body.

For his part, he was kneeling behind her, his cock all the way up her blonde tuft of golden beaver, his hands filled with her tits. Her dress had been pulled down so her breasts hung free, and her hem had been yanked up so her wonderful ass was revealed. But her sweat made the dayglo pinkish-yellow fabric cling to her like an eighth layer of skin.

Her pink high heels scrapped across the carpet like clawing fingernails and her hands alternately stretched in desperation and clenched into tiny rocks. Joyce saw that liquid was coursing from her face onto the floor like a leaky faucet. Just then Lydia's head raised slightly and Joyce saw how that was possible.

Perspiration drooled down her forehead, mingling with her tears. Sweat dripped off her nose. Mucous drooled out of her nostrils. In her mouth was the biggest red ball gag Joyce had ever seen, which had been forced so far into Lydia's mouth and behind her teeth, that her lovely soft pink lips almost sunk into it, letting pints of drool slobber toward the floor.

The blonde's beautiful blue-green eyes were unseeing, their lids drooping over the smoky orbs.

She made a sound: part grown, part moan, part pleading.



Then the head fell again and liquid darkened the carpet. More dotted the rug as their client thrust forward once more. Lydia jerked like a reined pony—which was little more than what she now was—then shuddered as she came.

Suddenly images danced in Joyce's head. Instead of Rebecca tied to the other room's bed, she saw the star of that sitcom where they sat in a coffee shop talking about their love lives all the time. You know, that one on the cover of this year's Fifty Most Beautiful People issue. And, instead of Lydia, Joyce saw strapped to a client the girl on that lame sitcom—the one the studio was promoting so heavily on that new network—the one who always wore the tight turtlenecks, flouncing micro-miniskirts, and thigh-high socks....

Yes, Joyce thought, feeling an electric shock of excitement going through her. This could be the start of something. There were more clients where this one came from, and many more starlets.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

There were more arriving every day...fresh, sexy, bouncy brunettes to play the new tool time girl...simple, pretty, shapely young women to play doctors on all the new medical shows...sultry, sensual wide-eyed actresses struggling for exposure now that their quirky drama series had been cancelled....

Joyce Buchler hurriedly left the apartment, visions of bound and gagged ingenues dancing in her head.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

AUDITION

She'd come back later to see how Rebecca and Lydia were faring, but, for now, she had a lot of work to do. It seemed as if every shapely young actress' best parts were still to come...and come...and come again...!

THE END

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