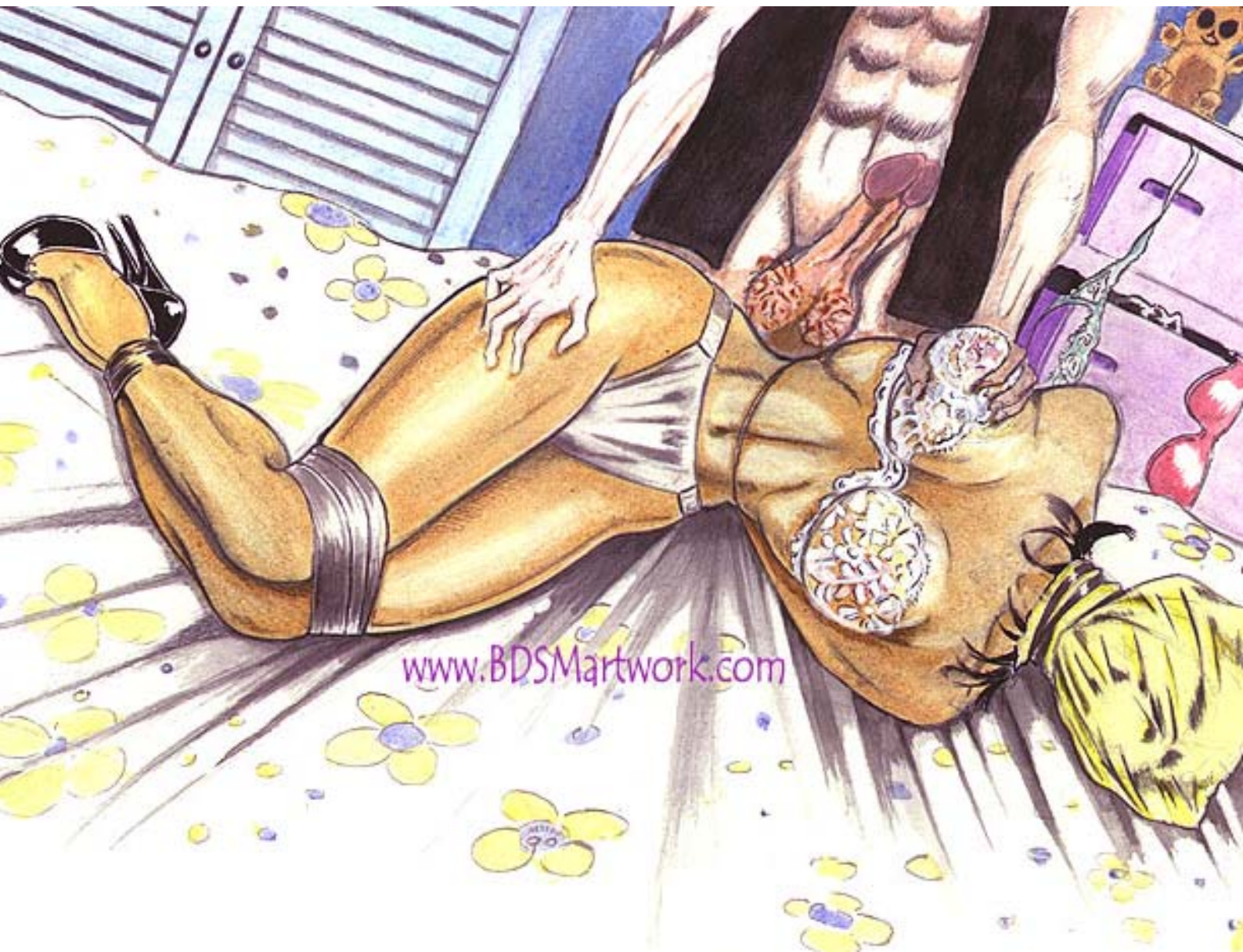


GEOFF MERRICK
Ave de Rapiña

IAW



Ave de Rapina #1

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Illustrated by TAW

PART 1

He watched her as he had for weeks, months, years. Through the night vision glasses he saw her long, silky, chestnut hair bouncing in the wind around a lovely oval face. Eyes that shifted from verdant to violet. That smooth small chin. That straight nose. Those luscious lips over flawless white teeth. The exquisite throat. The elegant eyebrows. And a body that could not be denied, even in the sweater and long pleated skirt.

She didn't notice him. She never did, no matter whether she was at the greenhouse, in the library, or at church. No one did. He was just the man who tended the hedges, swept up after the services, or sat quietly in the reading room. He seemed to blend in with the falling autumn leaves in the late afternoon light of the quiet, winding, residential suburban street.

He had picked a perfect spot, as always, seemingly far removed from the simple colonial house where she lived with her parents, but with a clear view of the door and her window between several other houses, over two curves in the road, and beyond several grassy hills.

His car was nondescript with its windows mirrored from the outside. Everything was perfect. He saw to it. He had plenty of time to plan.

She went inside and closed the door behind her. He immediately shifted the high magnification goggles to her room where he knew exactly where the shade was bent, allowing an inch of opening. From even directly outside no one could have seen a thing, but with these military binoculars, a freckle could look like a planet.

His mouth dried as he saw her enter her room, unawares. She was smiling, serene and secure. Her room was like so many others. A wooden bed by the window, a matching armoire and mirror by the door. A closet beside that. Posters of sports and singing stars on the wall. A book case between the bed and the door, with a stereo system on top. There was jewelry, cosmetics, and perfumes on every surface.

She pulled off her sweater over her head. He found himself holding his breath as he always did, watching her white buttoned shirt swell around her perfect torso. Even after all this time she still made him dizzy. Five feet, six inches tall, a hundred and five pounds if she were an ounce. Dress size, two. Shoe size, seven. Then there was that body....



She started to unbutton her blouse. He stared at her chest in the white lace bra. Thirty-four D -- so rich, so round, so firm, so strong. He saw the belt of the plaid, pleated skirt embracing her waist. Twenty-two amazing inches. The wool dropped from her thirty-four inch hips and along her long legs. As usual, he stared, marveling, at the depression between her thigh and firm rear, revealed by her matching panties.

Oh, that skin. That smooth, not quite white, not quite tan skin. Those long, unblemished swaths of warm, firm, shapely flesh....

His reverie was interrupted by her favorite v-necked t-shirt -- the one with the tiny red cloth rose at the neck -- and worn, form-fitting jeans. She seemed completely unaware that these soft, dependable denims practically made a camel toe between her legs but they looked and felt so comfortable she neglected to notice.

Then on went the white boat shoes. She kept her simple earrings (little hearts) and necklace on, checked her short, lavender-lacquered nails, then bounded out the room. The light went off in her room. Seconds later another came on in the kitchen.

He lowered the glasses, his mouth dry. Even better than her mother, he thought. Much better than her mother, even when she had been her daughter's age. He was anxious, but controlled himself. He had waited this long, he could wait just a few more hours. He looked over his shoulder at the back seat.

The blanket was there. The pillows were there. The straps were there. Rolls of tape lay in the gutters between seats. White tape, black tape, duct tape -- both silver and blue. He checked the small leather bag beside him. The plastic bottle, pulpy cloth pad, pull-ties, bandages, and thinner tape were all there as well.

He checked himself. Dark blue pants and jacket, black walking shoes. He glanced at himself in the rear view mirror. He could have been anyone old enough to be her father, or even grandfather. No matter. He was young enough in every other way....

He sat and waited, knowing it would be worth it. Because tonight was the night. Anne Rutherford leaned down to pull the cookies out of the oven, humming to the song on the easy listening radio station. With this batch, she should have enough for the cake sale this weekend. Even without weekend babysitting to supplement her job at the florist shop, she should make enough so she wouldn't have to ask her folks for anything when they got back from their trip.

She placed the rack on the cutting board, closed the stove door, turned off the oven, stood straight and took a deep breath of the delicious aroma in the country kitchen. Odd.... There was a strange vinegary tang in the air, mixing with the scent of chocolate and sugar.

Her eyes just began to open, seeing her dim reflection in the small window over the sink. Just before she saw the shadow behind her, her world changed.



One wiry muscular limb clinched around her torso, trapping her arms, while the other went around her head, clamping the stitched, pulpy pad over her nose and mouth.

He felt her surge up, back, and against him, exulting in her shape, smell, and the way he was able to overwhelm her. Suddenly the back of her head was on his shoulder, her soft, smooth

hands were clutching his arm, and her delectable body was writhing on his.

For a split second he had worried that her youthful strength might be too much for him, but then he felt how her face was swallowed by the specially prepared pad, and that her hundred pounds was no match for his two hundred, no matter how many years separated them.

Even surprise and panic couldn't feed her what she needed. He felt her struggle and heard her try to scream, but then all he saw was the way her chest thrust against her t-shirt, and suddenly his fingers were there, tearing down.

Her right, filled, bra cup fell out as they fell back against the fridge door. She tried to run forward but he lifted her easily off the floor, drawing her head even further back, her face buried beneath the pulpy cloth.

Her fingers clawed at his forearm, causing him to drop his hand from her chest to reclamp her waist. Her hands sprung off his arm to swing in the empty air. Her chest seemed to fill his vision as he rooted himself against the fridge. His eyes rose for a split second, seeing them both in the kitchen window's reflection above the sink.

Incredible: this beautiful young woman writhing against this dark, coiled steel shape, her silky hair flying, her tits bulging, her radiant face lost under a thick pad which adhered to her like a pulsing squid. It was like a slasher movie without the knife, only much much better.

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. 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.

A car went by outside. From the road the house was totally silent. Even inside the kitchen he could hardly hear her above the radio.

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 thump of her shoes on the tile grew quieter and quieter.

He felt her sag.

He immediately pulled the pulpy cloth from her face, letting her double over, his arm, her silky hair falling down around her face and toward the floor. He swung her over to the kitchen table and dropped her on a chair, making sure she didn't slide off as her head went back. Her mouth was open and her eyes closed.

He took a step toward the counter and tossed the pulpy pad into the sink. He grabbed the leather bag where he had left it by the back door. She half sat, half lay where he left her. He dug through the bag as he approached her, finding the tongue-gag -- a small, hard, iron rectangle with thin shoelace-like leather straps coming off either side.

He stood over her and nimbly shoved the iron rectangle deep into her mouth. It slid down her tongue until it wedged in her cheeks. Then, with her head lolling back and the laces coming out exactly where her lips ended on either side, he brutally tightened the nearly concealed gag around her head, the laces sinking into her honeyed skin.

He heard the welcome sounds of gurgling even as he grabbed her wrists and pulled them behind her. He taped them there, then pull-tied them, then taped them again. He pushed them against her waist, then, with another thin strap, belted them deep into her flesh. Only then did he look up at her -- really look at her.

He could only stand it for a second. He lurched up and swiped the wall's light switch. Suddenly the room was plunged into moonlight, but he could still see her glorious skin and white t-shirt. The only sound was the drool collecting in her cunningly invaded mouth. He staggered back to her, immediately wrenching down her right sleeve to completely reveal her bra, then fumbled for her jeans button and zipper.

Within seconds, her panties were partially revealed, as was her glorious hip and flank. Unable to control himself any longer, he kneeled beside her, grabbed her head like a lover's with one hand while the other snaked and clawed into her shirt and left bra cup. At the moment her magnificent tit filled his palm, he fastened his mouth on hers and started suckling.

All that time, all the planning, knowing what he was going to do, knowing what was going to happen now...it exploded in his brain as his hands spasmodically gripped and his mouth sucked and licked. His body was totally tensed, hers relaxed, and although the music still swallowed the sounds of his assault, it was still obvious that something very ugly was happening to someone very beautiful.

Anne's eyes began to move beneath her lids as he continued slobbering and molesting. Then her lids began to flutter. Her brow furrowed, then her eyes sprang open. The sound her gagged mouth made was like water being sucked into a trash disposal. Her legs spasmed, trying to vault her out of the chair, but she hummed in place, his hands gripping her head and chest as if trying to push her back into a womb.

Anne's feet skittered on the floor. Her body twisted. But he would not let her go or stop slavering on her lips or squeezing her tits.

She tried to throw her head back, but his big hand on her head was like a vise. She tried to scream for help, but was stunned by the wet, useless sound which emerged. Her shoulders and arms spasmed, discovering her bondage. Beyond his horrid lips, she felt the thing deep in her mouth, holding down her tongue.

She stared through the darkness, seeing blotched, tight skin and wire-like gray hair. To her shock, she finally comprehended that some old bastard had her. Some old man with the wiry strength and leathered skin of a mountain climber had her in his grip, his tongue down her throat, her proud tit in his spasming hand.

He felt her lose, as if they had been arm wrestling. It was not that she collapsed or gave up, but, nonetheless, her muscles loosened, her form unavoidably welding to his. His hand wrenched from her breast, pulling it out of the bra cup, and wrapped around her, drawing her even tighter against him, dragging her up, forcing her back.

He bent her back over the counter, his mouth locked to hers, one hand holding her head tight against his, the other arm forcing her body along his. Drool poured out from beneath their lips, dripping down to soak her exposed tit and shirt. Her pink, engorged nipple rubbed along his front. Her fingers clawed behind her, her shoulders working in vain.

Finally she jammed her knee as hard as she could between his legs.

His thighs clamped down on hers, the steel of his protective cup tight on her leg. Then, with her back pressed hard against the counter drawers, he shoved her jeans down to her knees.

She started to shriek and buck again as he held her close. Only when she managed to bite as far as the gag would let her did he drag her groaning head back by her hair and whirl her around.

To her horror, her exposed breast seemed to sink directly into his hand as if magnetized. His left arm wrapped her torso, gripping her right tit like a balloon. His other hand snaked around to clamp over her mouth, fingers sinking deep into her cheek, like quick-drying cement.

They just stood that way for several seconds, her glorious body writhing, her shirt and pants half off, his hands mauling her tit and sealing her working, slavering lips.

"Anne," he whispered, "Oh, Anne. If only you knew how long I've waited for this...."

She bleated in renewed shock at the sound of her name, then mewed in fear as tears gathered in her shining, golden eyes. She suddenly became acutely aware of her proud chest, her tiny waist, her sleek hips and her white lace lingerie against his all-encompassing form, which was attached to her like a parasite.

He wrenched her t-shirt and bra off her buoyant left breast, then went right back to kneading the other as he inexorably pulled her head to the right by her mouth. Then his teeth and tongue were there by her left ear. It poked through the curtain of her silky hair to plunge and nibble and lick and slobber.

Anne started to cry in earnest, shuddering in his iron grip, her tears rolling over his hand as her saliva drooled under it onto her creamy left breast.

"Your folks are away for the weekend," he hissed. "It's just you and me now...."

She started to babble: stop, please, who are you, what do you want ... all that sort of thing, but it was wasted on the cunning gag and his pasted hand. His other hand left her mauled tit and shot under her panty.

Anne's pretty body tautened like a bow and she tried to haul herself away, but his claw-like

fingers sunk into her silken soft tuft and hooked into her. She stiffened.

"Just you and me," he murmured, and then the finger began to move like opening and closing pliers. "How does that feel?" he hissed softly. "Tell me, how does that make you feel? You been a good girl? Saving yourself? Am I doing it right? Tell me, Annie...."

Anne squeezed her eyes shut, her head going back, moaning.

"That's it," he sighed. "Come on Annie, let's go."

Her eyes snapped open as he grabbed her around the waist and started propelling her, stumbling, out of the kitchen, across the living room, and up the stairs. She was so surprised she was halfway to her bedroom before she really even started to understand what was happening now.

But then she was in her own bedroom, he closed the door, whirled her around, grabbed her by the throat and shoved her against the closed portal. Before she could even wriggle his fingers tightened around her neck. She choked, her eyes widening, her mouth opening, and drool poured down her chin like a coursing waterfall.

It splashed onto her chest as she made a gurking sound, coursed between her jiggling breasts, and disappeared into her darkening shirt. With a single step, he wrenched her pants down around her ankles, effectively eliminating any more kicking.

"Now, Anne," he said quietly. "Let's see what we have here." As he held her against the back of the door with one hand -- her tits and most of her sweet, sexy body exposed -- he pulled open the top drawer of her bureau and started pulling out underwear.

It was as if he had kicked her in the stomach. All her bras and panties were mocking her now. She stood in her darkened room, nearly naked, bound, gagged, choking, as piece after piece of black, white, red, jade, purple, and peach poly cotton, lycra spandex, nylon, lace, silk, and satin fell all over the place.

He gripped a red panty in his hand, holding it up to her. "See this, Anne?" he hissed. "Know what it's good for?" He immediately started shoving it into her mouth as if stuffing a bird. He ground it in, twisted it in, shoved it in, damped it in, all while holding her tightly by her throat.



She choked, gagged, coughed, and cried in hysteria and fear before he hurled her to her bed. He climbed over her bouncing little body, straddled her, and ripped off two pieces of duct tape from a roll in his jacket pocket. He half-slapped, half-pressed them over her mouth, sinking her head deeply into the bedclothes and mattress. He insistently flattened it deep into her skin as tightly as possible over the lace straps of the gag.

"Let's see how much that soaks up," he announced, then rewrapped her legs in one arm while wrapping her shins in tape with the other. When he finally dropped her, she cringed on the bed, her body wracked in sobs. He sat alongside her for just a second, watching her agonizingly contort, then fell on her.

Before she knew it he was sitting on her torso, his meat slammed between her tits, his hands gripping them like pizza dough.

She stared up at his ecstatic face in alarm, but he saw none of it. His eyes were closed and his mouth was in an "o" of rapture. "Oh, yeah," he breathed huskily. "Oh yeah...."

Her legs in the tape and bunched jeans thudded onto the bed clothes. She choked on the iron and balled cotton in her mouth. The tape even tightened as she tried to screech, but his long, thick, slimy, knobbed member kept rubbing the sides of her smooth, succulent breasts until he panted, vaulted off her, violently tore the t-shirt from her body and stood there, by the bed, ejaculating into the shirt.

"Idiot," he hissed at himself as she stared in abject terror. "There'll be no evidence of me here, remember?" He snapped his head over to look at her. "I'll get you for that," he promised, then slapped the semen-soaked shirt onto her lower face.

Anne screamed and screamed and screamed as he tied the sodden thing over her face and hair. Then he stuffed her head between a pillowcase and the pillow to hold it tightly in place before running downstairs.

He got back just as Anne swung her legs over the bedside and was ducking her head to get the pillowcase off. "Perfect timing," he said, grabbing her hair and shoving the still damp pulpy pad over her nose and mouth, winding thin tape around her head to keep it in place.

Anne sat straight up as the noxious fumes began to mingle with the scent of semen, but that didn't even slow him down. He wrapped her face in bandage as tight as it could go, before pulling the pillowcase free and then shoving all her underwear into it.

The girl wrenched this way and that, trying to get the thing off her face but then she felt the vapors creeping up into her brain again. She lurched forward, but he merely wrapped his arm around her waist, pulled her to his lap, then yanked the lingerie-filled pillowcase over her head before tying it off around her neck with more tape.

Finally he released her and stepped back to watch. She sat there on the edge of her own bed, chest exposed, arms lashed to her own waist, her head sealed and her mouth gagged six ways.

She tried to get up, but fell back. The distant sounds coming out from beneath the pillowcase couldn't even be called moans. Her head lolled once, twice, then, on the third time, fell back. She tried to sit up again but failed miserably. She sank into the bedclothes, trembling.

Finally she lay still. He took in her slim shape, proud chest, and long legs in the remnants of her clothes...and life.

"Bitch," he muttered. "Almost made me lose it. Stupid bitch."

His movements were professional. He removed her shoes and jeans. He taped her knees and thighs. He rummaged through her closet. He cursed that he couldn't find any white thigh high stockings. That would soon be rectified. He found her highest heels (black) and wedged them on to her feet. He promised her that she would soon have white ones as well. He looked askance at her chest then snapped the white lace bra cups back onto them.



Taking a last look at her glorious 34-22-32 form in the D-cup bra, high-legged panty, and heels, he wrapped her in the bedcovers, knotted it off, and easily carried her downstairs. He lay the bundle by the back door and went to turn off the kitchen tap, where the hot water had been erasing any sign of the drug remaining in the sink.

He checked his watch. It was well after midnight. Carefully checking out the windows, he saw all the other houses on the block were dark. He carried the bundle out to his car, dumped it silently into the back seat, locked the door, got behind the wheel, and drove away.



Ave de Rapina #2

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Beautiful Anne Rutherford is gone. Chestnut hair, violet eyes, 5'7", 105 pounds, 34D-22-34, gone -- kidnapped from her own house while her parents were away. A wiry old man took her underwear, highest heels, and her, wrapped in her own bedclothes. She lay in the back seat of his nondescript car with the mirrored windows in only a white bra, matching panties, and black high heels -- arms lashed behind her, ankles cinched, and mouth gagged six fetid ways....

PART 2

The package of white, thigh-high stockings fell onto the shapely form in the back seat. It bounced, then slid off onto the floor.

He watched carefully as he sat behind the wheel. He saw a motionless five-foot, seven-inch shape, wrapped in a sheet and a blanket, secured with four seatbelts: one around the throat, another around the waist, a third around the thighs, and the fourth about the ankles. As always when he glanced back there he was tempted to join it. But he resisted.

It was risky enough to steal the stockings. Taking them was no risk -- he could open virtually any lock in town without leaving a trace -- but there was always a chance a single late night patrol car might find his nondescript sedan curious. And it just wouldn't pay for anyone else to see this shape. Not after all the planning.

But he had "promised" her white thigh-highs, so that's what he took from the storeroom. He doubted if the employees would ever notice it missing.

Feeling a renewed pressure in the front of his pants, he started the engine and drove carefully to his house. It was a small one, in the middle of the suburban street, just at the juncture of a "T" leading to another house-lined road. He had chosen it carefully for its deceptively ordinary look. He had been there almost twenty years, and had slowly and subtly altered it to his needs.

He added a fence that was almost six feet high. He had new windows installed. He cultivated his gardens carefully in the front and back. He noted the comings and goings of the street's residents until he knew everyone's schedule better than they did.

He pulled up to the garage and was about to press the door button, but was unable to keep from glancing at the back seat. His finger froze just before tapping the garage door button affixed to the windshield shade. Once they went inside, that was it. Why rush it?

He opened the door and stepped out into the crisp, cool dawn. He looked each way and savored the quiet emptiness of the normal neighborhood. Then he moved slowly to the rear door on the driver's side. He unlocked the door and his breath caught in his throat.

She was still there, wrapped in the blanket and sheet, her shape all the more impressive even obscured. Looking each way again, he deftly pulled open the coverings around her head. He carefully removed the pillow case, making sure that no panty or bra fell out. He knotted off the pillowcase top and dropped it on the rear seat floor.

Her lustrous, thick, silky-soft chestnut hair covered her muffled face. He brushed it lovingly aside to see and feel her smooth skin, her closed yet still elegant eyes, and all that stuff on her lovely mouth.

Quickly yet carefully he unclipped and unwrapped the bandage, revealing the drug-soaked sponge taped to her nose. He slowly undid that as well. The remaining gags were still damp from the constant salivating the iron tab gag created. It pressed down her tongue and its thin straps pulled back her lips to their widest.

He could smell his cum on the t-shirt wrapping her chin. He could see the edges of the tape "X" beneath it, all but steamed off her panty-stuffed mouth. He could hear her sodden, ragged breath as the tongue-pressing gag continued to make her gurgle, even in her stupor.

He stared down at her, knowing that, within moments, she would finally be his. And there was absolutely nothing she, or anyone else, could do about it.

He felt renewed pressure at the front of his pants. With one hand he pulled down the soaked t-shirt and deftly plucked the dry tape away. With two fingers he gripped the edge of the

saliva-sodden panties and drew them slowly from her lax lips. With his other hand he pulled down the elastic waist of his pants and undershorts.

His knobby, curved hard-on appeared in the thin morning light like a long log of excrement. Holding the back of her head, he unerringly directed it, the crown slipping between her moist lips.

"Hey neighbor."

His head jerked up at the sound. He stared over the top of the car to where the fence was. He was alarmed for only a split second, drawing himself closer to block any view of the back seat.

"Hey, Rocky," he grunted, glancing back and forth from the seat to the mild-looking man on the other side of the fence. He knew that Rocky, the perfect neighbor, could see nothing through the car windows and that from his position on the other side of the fence, he had no idea what was going on.

He rarely did. He was, in politically correct terms, trainable. In non-pc terms, slow.

"What are you doing up so early?" Rocky asked as he looked over the fence. "Just getting going or just getting back?"

"Just getting back," he grunted, sliding his cock deeper into Anne's slack mouth.

"Oh, your hours," Rocky said pleasantly. "I couldn't work your crazy hours."

"What are you doing up so early, Rocky?" he grunted, trying not to twitch as her drool coated his member.

"Just getting up. Just getting ready for work. You know. What you doing there? Got a problem with your back seat?"

"Yeah, Rocky," he sighed, fingers sinking in the insensible girl's hair. "Just trying to fix something."

"Stuck, huh? Well, you jerk it. You jerk it good."

He smiled and did just that, snapping his cock deeper into her mouth; once, twice.

"Working?" Rocky asked.

"Oh yeah," he sighed. "It's working...."

Then his cock crown touched the back of her throat. Anne spasmed in her stupor, choking.

He quickly coughed to cover the sound, yanking himself out.

"You okay?" Rocky asked. "What happened?"

He snapped his pants up and quickly pressed his hand over the girl's sweet mouth, holding it there as her bound body convulsed. "It snapped loose," he gasped to Rocky. "Took me by surprise. Nearly cut my thumb."

"Oh, careful," said Rocky. "Be careful, okay?"

"Oh, don't worry," he said, feeling the coughs subside under his hand. "From now on, I will, I promise."

"Good," said Rocky. "That's good."

"Yes," he agreed, stuffing the semen-sodden shirt back in the girl's mouth before pulling the sheet and blanket over her head. "Very good." He closed the door, walked around to the driver's seat and pressed the garage door button. "Have a great day, Rocky."

"You too, neighbor." Rocky walked away at about the moment the garage door started to close behind the nondescript car.

* * * * *

Anne dreamed she had fallen off a huge ocean liner. It was so big no one knew she had gone overboard. She was in her soft, black-velvet chorus gown, the one she wore to concerts. The one with the u-neck. The one she wore with the white panty-hose and the black pumps. The water was warm and thicker than usual, and she floated in it like a mermaid. Although she floated down and down and down, she had no trouble breathing.

But then a tentacle wrapped around her and she was pulled even further down to see a huge

octopus. She opened her mouth to scream, but one of his tentacles went right into it. It filled her mouth completely, but then it kept going. It went down her throat, her mouth opening even further. She didn't choke at all. It was like swallowing a warm milkshake. She felt it in her throat and then her lungs and then her stomach.

Her arms were pinioned to her sides, her head was back, her mouth open farther than it could ever go, and then she felt another tentacle snaking up her legs. She kicked, but that allowed it to slither under her dress. She felt it enter her there as it had entered her mouth, surging without pain or effort. She felt it up inside her, filling her, setting off flashes behind her eyelids and in her pleasure centers.

And then, all of a sudden, the water entered her nose. For a split second, she was drowning, twitching violently on the impaled tentacles. Then she woke up.

She jerked in place. For another split second, relief flooded her that she was not underwater, drowning. Then memory and realization combined to paralyze her, her skin going cold, then flushing hot. Her senses seem to hemorrhage, spinning out of control, flooding her mind with sensations.

She didn't know where she was. She was inside. It was warm and dark. It was musty and musky. There were virtually no bright colors anywhere. There were rusted iron pipes, dark brown cement walls, deep brown wooden beams, thick, dusty, dark red carpets. Dark mahogany shelving. She was on a soft pile of cloth.

Finally her sense fell back into order and she jerked upright. She couldn't quite comprehend herself. The first thing she noticed was her legs. Somehow they weren't even hers anymore. Impossibly long, impossibly shapely, impossibly smooth. She suddenly saw them as others must have -- so incredibly creamy and unblemished. Her feet were pointing, trapped in five-inch black high heels, with straps around her upper foot and ankle. Her ankles were crossed. And they, too, were strapped.

For another moment, Anne's memories of having been assaulted in her own kitchen and room threatened to overwhelm her, but she fought the panic. Instead she realized that she was wearing something impossibly short, impossibly tight, and impossibly low cut. She recognized the sensation. It was lycra and maybe vinyl. It adhered to her like a layer of skin. It felt soft but looked wet and almost shiny. It seemed to clamp onto the very line between her upper thighs and crotch. The v-neckline went down to almost her navel. The thin, armless, shoulder straps just barely covered her nipples and aureoles, the tops of her breasts bulging out the sides.

She tried to pull her arms forward. It was no good. Her wrists were crossed and tied behind her with thin, tight, leather straps and tape. She twisted and pulled on them, but the bondage didn't give a centimeter. Even if her thumbs disappeared, those things were not coming off her wrists.

She didn't make a sound. She couldn't alert whoever it was who did this to her. But she did finally realize that she was biting on something and something was adhering to her lower face like a leech. Her amazing dark violet eyes rolled down to see the thing sticking to her upper lip, lower lip, cheeks, and chin. It was a thick, cushioned leather pad. She felt the strap under her hair and at the base of her head and neck. She felt the pear shaped, padded intrusion in her open mouth. And she felt the incredibly sticky two-way tape on the inside of the covering, sealing it to her face.

It was the kind of tape supermodels used to keep their revealing dresses on their bodies. She had none on her dress, but it was there in abundance on the inside of the padded gag.

Anne's eyes had finally adjusted to the dark. She was in some kind of combination cellar and enclosed back porch. What few windows there were were shaded and high up the low ceiling. But from what light there was she could tell it was mid-morning.

It was a bag person's hovel. Piles of stuff were everywhere. Clothes, boxes, padded envelopes, newspapers, magazines, wrappers, pillows, stuffed toys and unimaginable junk was piled and stacked all over the place. It all had only two things in common. There was nothing sharp or hard and it all looked as if it had been there for a while.

Anne sat up, bending her legs. She stiffened when she saw herself reflected in an old framed mirror leaning up against a mahogany shelf across the area. She blinked. In the dirty, discolored glass was one of the most beautiful, sexy girls she had ever seen, despite the obstruction on her lower face. It was her: so pretty, so shapely, so slim.... She had never dressed like this before, and it gave her a rush of power, then incredible fear.

Not only did she now see herself as others saw her, but she saw herself as she would be if she didn't get out...right now. She looked away and down to her dainty feet, her hands already achingly reaching for the shoes. With just her wrists tied, she could lean down and touch the leather. Her forefinger jingled the tiny luggage lock that cinched the ankle strap. She would not be getting the high heels off.

With another frustrated pull, she knew she still couldn't get her hands free, but her fingers could agonizingly reach the other straps around her ankles. Relief flooded her when she saw no lock or even knots. It was strapped tightly, but even with her blood-starved fingers, she could work the buckle around into her grip.

Within moments she was slick with sweat, blinking it furiously out of her eyes. She held back moans as the leather bit into her leg skin, but finally she managed to unclip the dreadful thing. Her feet and shins tingled as it fell away and she could feel the cellar air on her crotch. She instinctively closed her legs and started to move up to her knees.

She waited until she regained her equilibrium, then brought one foot forward to balance on the severe heel. She felt like a ballerina, but knew she could do it. With a writhing surge of her body, she managed to get to her feet -- stiffening to make sure she made as little noise as possible.

The blood roared in her ears as she fought to control her breathing. It sounded like she was on a respirator as she glared into the dank gloom for any sign of a door. Through the piles of clothes she could see glistening morning light. She moved in tiny steps, careful not to let the heels make a clacking sound but also sure not to lose her balance on any mound of junk.

Snaking between two huge piles of refuse, she blinked through shaded pebble glass at the back yard. The porch was at the bottom of a steep hill, blocking the view of any neighbor, but there was a single door to the right. Anne moved quickly toward it, gripping it in both hands. It was locked. She had a hysterical moment when she felt the urge to hurl herself into it anyway, but she instinctively knew that even if she could break the thick glass or wood, she wouldn't get very far, even if her abductor was no where in the house. He would find her bled to death in the backyard with no one else ever knowing.

Anne looked back into the bowels of the house. She had no choice. She took a step back the way she came, and, shoulders hunched, chest snug in the wet look lycra, kept going.

She found the stairs behind a mound next to where she had woken up. They were in a narrow hall which crossed one landing, and then went up again -- leading to what looked like a pantry filled with plastic garbage cans and bags. She was halfway up the first six steps when something caught her eye. She hazarded a glance. At first she thought they were more refracted reflections in a broken mirror, but then she realized they were photos.

She stiffened and grew cold. They were photos of her. At school, at church, at the greenhouse, at the library, at the mall, at the pool, even in her room. They were lying all over the shelves. Anne almost turned away when the realization hit her. They were all at least a year old ... some going back as far as three years.

She nearly collapsed then, her body jerking in further realization, but she managed to hold on. Almost against her will, she looked back, her eyes trying to see anything but the images of herself -- innocent, unaware, unknowing, vulnerable.... Then she saw another pile of pictures even further away. They weren't of her. She couldn't make them out clearly, but they weren't from the same time or place. And each one pictured an incredibly pretty, incredibly bright, incredibly happy blonde girl....

Anne trembled, her high heels beginning to buckle. She leaned against the wall and breathed as deeply as she could. Her head cleared and she forced herself to keep going. She made it to the landing, slipping through soft boxes and envelopes. She stiffened again. She recognized the return addresses on the packages. They were from lingerie, shoe, and clubwear companies. Two packages were open. She looked at herself and had no doubt she was wearing what had been in them.

She looked around her. There were dozens more packages. All filled. All unopened.

Anne barely managed to keep herself from running, screaming, or collapsing. With one more purposeful step, she kept quietly going. She made it to the pantry and out into a tiny kitchen. She stepped out of the kitchen and stood in a combination dining and living room. Before her was a picture window centered over a big, old, heavy, lumpy sofa.

Anne stood in the carpeted, dank, messy, pile and package-filled room, and stared. It was as

if she had been punched in the stomach. She recognized the neighborhood. She was no more than six blocks from her own house.

The street was far from full, but there were one or two cars on the road. There were dogs running and children playing. She wanted to scream to them, but choked it off. She stood there, willing with all her might for them to look at her, but they didn't even glance in her direction.

Anne cringed in the sexy dress and shoes. Her eyes began to fill with tears. She straightened, yanking at her wrists, and concentrated on the door beside the picture window. She took a first step toward it, coming around the corner from the kitchen. What was on the wall next to the front door stopped her again. It was a collage of more photos. Of her. From the past year only.

One showed her leaning down in the greenhouse to get something, capturing her hanging breasts in her bra. Another showed her reaching up at the library, showing how the side of her breast could be seen in the loose sleeve of her t-shirt. A third was her in a mall changing room, glimpsed through a curve in the curtain. Then there were shots of her in her room, about to get into bed. There was even one of her kneeling in church that had markings making it look as if her wrists and mouth were taped....

Anne felt herself trembling. She felt beads of sweat coming down her forehead and cleavage. She started to turn back to the door when she saw it. There was one picture in the center of all the others. It was the only one older than a year. At first she thought it was one of her with her father, somehow dated with a computer or markers. But then she looked closer. It wasn't her. It was her mother when she was Anne's age.

The man with his arm around her was unmistakable, even though the picture had to have been taken decades before. It was the man who had attacked her....

Anne Rutherford thought she would go insane. With a terrified moan she wasn't able to quell, she fell toward the door, her hands gripping the knob spasmodically, and twisted with all her might. Even before she fully understood that it was locked, she hurled herself at the picture window, not caring what happened.

She bounced off it as if it were made of plastic. She fell in a kicking, twisting heap on the bag-covered floor. She rolled over onto her haunches and prepared to vault up again. She froze in place.

He stood on the bottom step, looking down at her. They stared at each other; her in the heels and stunningly tight micro-minidress. He was naked, his erection extended to its full eight and a quarter inches.

Before she could lose her mind, scream, or scramble away, he had her by her hair and throat. He pulled her to her feet as if she were made of straw. He twisted around and slammed her into the corner beside the front door. He pulled a rubber-coated wire noose from the top of the front door sill and snapped it under her chin, away from her throat. He tightened it with a sharp pull, bringing her painfully up onto her toes.

"There, baby," he grunted, quickly kneeling to noose one ankle to the back leg of the sofa, and the other to the bottom bolt of the door. She teetered on her toes, her legs spread four feet wide. "Now do you get it?"

He stood straight, directly in front of her, his face and body no more than six inches from hers. He rested one hand on her hip. He gripped her bound wrists, her hands flailing, with the other. His cock vibrated in front of her hips, glistening like a snake. Anne babbled behind the gag in abject dread.

"Shh, shh, shh," he soothed, caressing her face and hair, the noose keeping her from doing anything about it. "It's time, Annie dear." His hand moved inexorably down to her chest. "You did well," he whispered as tears poured from her eyes and his hand snaked into the dress. "Even after all I did to you, you got up here pretty fast."

He took a moment to pick up a remote control from a sofa cushion and pressed a button. Across the room a small TV flickered on. There, through widened, disbelieving eyes, Anne saw a videotape of herself being unwrapped from her bedclothes, undressed, redressed, rebound, and re-gagged.

His hand was back, squeezing her buoyant, bulbous left tit. His mouth was on her throat, slobbering, whispering wetly into her right ear. "You were so beautiful, so sexy, so hot in your new clothes.... I got them just for you. Every month, every year, dressing you in my mind,

imagining what you would look like, imagining how you would feel.... And now, you're finally here...." He suckled her throat and licked her ear.

Anne shuddered and gurgled, her leg and arm muscles tightening. She stiffened again when she felt his fleshy knob at her lower lips.

"You ever wonder what happened at the prom?" she heard him hiss. "At the library retreat? Why there was only a goodnight kiss?" Anne's disbelieving eyes rolled over toward him. "Yes, dear. Your old uncle gave those boys a word to the wise. Now you're all mine...."

She started trying to scream "no" over and over again, her head back, her legs straining to kick or run, her arms trying to punch or push, but he just continued as if she were still drugged. He ever-so-slowly thrust up and in with his hips -- his knobby, brown cock, coated thick with ointment, kept disappearing into her, her vaginal lips spread wider and wider.

Suddenly he tore open her dress top, her amazing tits surging free, then pulled up the back of the dress to grab her firm, high, butt cheeks. Then his speed returned to the slow, deliberate pace as his cock continued to gradually, unceasingly, enter her.

Anne started to gasp, then choke, her eyes wide. Her hands clawed at him. He jammed his own arms through hers, half-circled her back, and clamped down on her shoulders and collarbones.

"Easy," he said, still deliberately rising up into her. "Easy...."

She finally looked at him, her expression and sounds begging and pleading for pity and mercy.

"All right, all right," he sighed. Then he jammed his cock all the way inside her.

Anne grunted as if punched, but the noose did not allow her to double over. But even if it weren't tightened around her head and chin, she wouldn't have gotten anywhere. He abruptly crushed her against the door, her tits mashed against his chest -- his cock thudding repeatedly into her like a jack hammer. He grabbed her ass, he pinned her head to the door with his sucking lips, and he fucked her brains out for thirty seconds, then sixty, then ninety, then a hundred and twenty....

Anne wailed incomprehensibly behind the gag in agony, the back of her head thudding against the door, her fingers scraping the wood, her ankles twisting off her heels.

Outside the one-way glass and soundproofed walls, the rest of the neighborhood heard and saw nothing.

Inside he was growling and roaring, his hands mashing and wrenching at her tits, his hips thrusting ever harder as he leaned further back. Anne shrieked repeatedly behind the gag until she gasped. A knife was in his hands. She screeched in fear, but it cut the wire noose. As she staggered, the wires were cut at her ankles. She stumbled forward in surprise, slamming to the cloth, paper, and plastic bags littering the floor.

Even before she settled, he was on her, one hand under her chin, pulling back, and the other inside her dress, clawing at her left breast. He bent her back like a bow, then his cock was inside her again, curling up from behind like a jai alai paddle. She moaned in anguish in time to its impaling her, her creamy legs kicking uselessly for several more minutes.

Then, grabbing her by the hair and waist, he forced her to kneel, her face deep in the carpet. He continued thudding into her from behind, her tits swinging like pendulums. Finally, with a growl, he dragged her up by her hair, hurled her onto her upper back on the sofa, and wedged himself between her legs. He gathered up her hips, nailed her cunt like a piston, and fucked her in a frenzy -- her knees bent and her high heels scraping on the floor.

She stared, blinking in shock, at the ceiling as if she had slipped down from a sitting position. She was wedged on her back, her head pressed against the base of the sofa back, her ass and legs hanging over the seat lip, bound arms crushed beneath her, held in place by his coiled steel arms and throbbing cock. Every other second his mouth was there, biting, suckling, licking. Every other moment, his hands were there, gripping, yanking, clamping.

She writhed and contorted with the invasion, wailing into the gag, overwhelmed. Her heels scrambled in the carpet, her finger clawing, as she felt him coming.

He jammed down onto her, filling his fists with her hair. He slammed his meat as far and as tight as it would go. He looked directly into her petrified eyes and whispered "Now." Then, with one more violent thrust, he erupted.

It was seventeen years of planning. It was eighteen years of preparing. It was nineteen

years of panting up. He came and came and came and came into her, her fingers tearing slowly across the sofa cushion, the high heels stabbing into the carpet, her creamy legs spasming.

Then his hand and mouth were suckling one breast while milking the other. Anne sobbed, shuddering, as he lay atop her.

"Don't worry, my dear," she heard him say. "I only shoot blanks." He gave her tit a squeeze. "But I have a lot of blanks."

She began to cry in earnest as he picked up the pack of white lace thigh-highs.

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Ave de Rapina #4

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Anne Rutherford (5'6", chestnut hair, violet eyes, 105 pounds, 34D-22-34) is the bound and gagged, repeatedly violated, captive of a man rejected by her mother before she was born. After playing with her in his house, yard, and car, he has secreted her shapely, straitjacketed, and muzzled form in his place of employment: a padded room in a rundown sanitarium....

PART 4

"Holy shhhhh...!" breathed the orderly.

He stared down at the girl on the floor of the padded room. Form-fitting black vinyl covered her from her head to her hips. A thick strap was adhered where her panties should have been. The new-style straightjacket forced her to embrace herself, but he could see the swell of her strong, full, bosoms beneath her shapely arms. He could tell her legs were even more shapely, even though a thick band affixed them in a totally bent position; the back of her shins tight against the back of her thighs.

The words hadn't even finished hissing out of his mouth before he was kneeling beside her, his clipboard dropped to the mats, his fingers pulling at the buckles and laces adhering the leather hood across her head. He couldn't even manage words when he peeled back the cowl and her extraordinary face emerged, a mane of thick auburn hair curtaining it. The skin shone from sweat while the deep purple eyes were smoky and glassy at the same time. Her luscious lips were slack and soft, drooling around the plastic knob affixed deep in her mouth.

"There...there was no one listed in this room," the orderly finally managed to blurt as he grappled with the dental device designed to keep electroshock patients from biting or swallowing their tongues. "Who...who the hell are you?"

Anne couldn't answer. She tried, but her mouth gaped open, her eyelids lowering. How long had she been cramped in there? How long had she writhed in the darkness, her mouth stuffed, her face covered, her limbs trapped, and the clip on her clitoris clamped down by the leg strap?

"Uh...uh...," she finally managed as the orderly hastily undid her legs. "Ah...!" she gasped as her glorious gams finally stretched out.

"Where are you from?" the orderly muttered, hands on his knees. "The college?" Anne writhed piteously, moaning. "Those aren't standard issue hospital garments," he gaped in understatement.

"H-help me," Anne managed to whisper, straining, undulating, in the vinyl constraint. "Please...."

"Shiiiiit!" The orderly finally managed to complete the word in wonder and confusion. He stood by the comatose girl. She heard him start to shout for the ward nurse just as the darkness returned. Then, in her stupor, she felt the straightjacket straps loosening. She felt the air on her naked form. She even heard a gasp from a woman as the clip between her legs was finally revealed.

The last thing she heard, in fact, before her body retreated into sleep, was a feisty woman's voice. "Now this," she heard, "is totally fucked up!"

Anne Rutherford woke slowly. To her relief she was in a soft bed in a sunlit ward. She could see an open window looking out onto the rolling hills of her town, the white curtains fluttering in the late afternoon breeze. She looked slowly down at herself. Her young, shapely, firm body was enclosed in a soft, cotton, hospital gown, but was otherwise unfettered. She stretched luxuriously, then stiffened as memory splashed back.

"Ohmigod," she choked. "Him! He might come back!"

Suddenly a round, kindly nurse was by her side, a reassuring hand on her arm. "There, there," she said. Anne could tell by her voice that she was the nurse who had freed her. "Nobody's going to hurt you any more...."

"But...!" Anne started, her eyes tearing as she started remembering all that had happened.

"Now, don't worry, dear," the old nurse soothed, patting her arm. "We know. We know all

about it. He can't get you here. There are guards on the door. The police have been called. They'll get all the information and evidence. I know it was horrible, but it's all over now. You're finally safe."

Anne started to cry, but in relief. The nurse stayed by her side, rubbing her back and making comforting sounds.

"Now, now," said the nurse. "That's all right. Would you like something to help you sleep?"

"But, the police..." Anne managed through her tears.

"Don't worry," said the nurse. "We'll wake you when they get here."

"Uh, no," Anne finally decided. "No, thank you."

"All right, but do get some rest, my dear," the nurse suggested, helping her lay back. "You need to regain your strength."

"Yes," Anne said quietly. "You're right. Thank you."

"No problem, darling child," the nurse said, smoothing the covers across her. "That's what I'm here for. Now you just relax and as soon as the police arrive, I'll bring them right in..."

The nurse walked to the door, taking just one moment to glance back. She was pleased to see that Anne Rutherford's tired eyes were already beginning to close. She smiled in satisfaction and left ... locking the door behind her.

At about the same time the receptionist – the one who had been on duty when Anne Rutherford had been brought in as a head case – was talking to the man who had admitted her.

"She's in a private room," the big woman hissed. "Can you get here before...?"

"No," he said. He was in his car, watching people beginning to enter an industrial-looking banquet hall set amidst car repair and stereo installation shops. "The schedule has gotten tight. How she look?"

"As good as ever," the woman replied in impressed disbelief. "She gives new meaning to the term 'ravished beauty.'"

He grinned tightly, staring at the station wagon which was pulling around back. He got a glimpse of blonde hair and white lace as it disappeared around the corner of the squat concrete building.

"Good," he grunted.

"Hey," interjected the woman. "You're not going to let them catch you, are you?"

"No way," he grunted. "I'll be miles away by then."

"Good," she said. "Well, okay then...."

"You got nothing to worry about," he assured her, glancing at the seat beside him. The bag was there, filled with tape, straps, and packing. "Good luck ... and by the way? Thanks."

He imagined her conspiratorial smile as he ended the call and started the engine. He slowly drove his car past the "Wedding Show Tonight" sign and toward the banquet hall's fire escape. He parked by the side door as he had for the last two weeks and waited to make sure all his planning had paid off. Even though he had spent years preparing, there was no sense taking any chances now. Taking and defiling the brunette had gone without a hitch, but that was no reason to get...well, cocky.

Even so, there were no surprises. The "no exit" sign he had affixed to the other side of the side door was not questioned, and the event staffing was so nominal that no one checked the building's perimeter. He quietly emerged from his car, wearing the same nondescript, dark outfit he had worn to kidnap Anne. Holding the bag, he started up the fire escape to the changing room....

Mindy Hollister had the corner room. It was only right, since she was the last girl to go on tonight. The organizers had taken one look at her and unanimously decided that she was their curtain call. The people who ran these wedding events tried to be fair – after all, it was the relatives of all the local amateur models who usually filled the hall, bought the expensive refreshments, and placed orders with the attending retailers – but there was no denying the logic of having Mindy close the show.

She looked in the full length mirror again, excited to start seeing what they saw. Soft, real blonde hair around a sweet oval face. Blue-green eyes, pink lips, perfect teeth, straight nose, and a bright, natural, unaffected smile. 5'3" tall, with a body to kill for. Her breasts had grown full, high, round, and firm throughout puberty while her waist remained slim, her hips sleek, and her legs shapely and seemingly long, despite her height. As her father used to say before the divorce: "You're all girl, and then some."

Mindy almost giggled at the memory of how she "aw shucks" them, and how hard the whole family had worked not to let her beauty go to her head. She prided herself on not letting it change her too much or make her treat people different. Sure, she was aware of how she looked – especially by the way other people looked at her -- but she refused to let it make her spoiled.

So even this event thrilled her instead of serving her vanity. She had even shooed her mom out of the room when she threatened to gush too much. So now she had the vision all to herself. And even she had to admit it was really something. The white corset was magnificent: hook-and-eye-clipped up the front, laced up the back, the whale boning bringing her already trim waist down to a impressive twenty-one and a half inches. The specially reinforced cups balled her creamy round breasts to a thirty-six D size. The shoulder straps were barely there and perfectly tailored.

She reveled in the lingerie beneath the floor length skirt: the matching white satin g-string panty, the garter belt, and the lace-topped thigh-high white stockings, tucked into pearl-colored, burnished, four-inch high heels. Even she could hardly take her eyes off her. She could just imagine how she'd smile when she stepped out onto the runway downstairs. Tonight was her night. She was going to light up the place.

Then it got dark. She smelled something. She felt something on her face. It was as if the roof were made of pillows and it had just fallen in. She finally felt something clamping onto the back of her head. Her hands raised to investigate but then it was gone. She blinked, tottering slightly on the heels, and dully stared back into the mirror. It looked as if she had suddenly gotten drunk. Mindy leaned forward, putting one small hand, complete with light pink nail polish, on the plain table in front of her.

What had just happened? Had she suffered some kind of stroke? She was studying to be a nurse so she knew it wasn't impossible, but...

She raised her head with a slight effort, then stared at herself in the mirror again. She was looking better, but still a bit unfocused and confused. She couldn't think straight. She tried to concentrate, noticing how deep and dark and beautiful the sunset was in the mirror's reflection.

She lowered her head to catch her breath. Then it happened again. She was blinded. Something was over her face. A brutal pressure was on the back of her head. Her upper body trembled as if something, or someone, had shaken her slightly. She smelled something awful, something sickly sweet.

Then it was gone again. Mindy staggered, a fuzz around her normally bright eyes. She stumbled forward, trying to focus on the door. She opened her mouth to call her mother but only a strange sigh emerged. She just managed to grab the doorknob with one hand, but didn't twist it open. No, she used it to regain her balance. She looked down at her hand, trying to think. But all that appeared in her mind's eye was the instruction: "remember to put on the long gloves."

She stepped back, grabbing the table to stay upright. She felt the long, silky gloves beneath her fingers. She absently slipped them on, then stiffened. She had heard someone giggle.

She tried to turn around and scream, but he was on her again before she could do either. This time he held her longer, the thick pad soaked with anesthetic tight over her sweet little face. After Anne, she was practically a living doll in his strong arms. His eyes widened as her bulbous breasts swelled in the corset cups, threatening to burst out. He now knew she had sucked in the drug. His lips came off his teeth as her small, gloved hands weakly gripped his forearm.

He stepped forward, slamming her stomach into the table edge. He bore her torso over and down, the sodden pad still tight over her vibrating face. It acted like a pillow as her head hit the table top with a soft thunk. Then one hand was digging in his pocket for a thick elastic band. With a nimble move he snapped it into place, keeping the drenched pad over her nose and mouth. Then his hands shot for her uselessly waving wrists.

He wrenched them back and spun the thin, white medical tape around them both over the small of her back. He quickly dropped them and yanked the small brick of taffy-like caulking out of his other pocket. He wrenched the drugged pad from her face, allowing the elastic band to fall to her throat. But even before it settled, his entire weight was on her back, his mouth next to her ear as they bent face first on the table top.

"You never stood a chance, Mindy," he hissed as he started stuffing pieces of the caulking into her lax, drooling mouth. "The anesthetic barbisol works instantly. I didn't even have to put it over your nose and it would've done the trick. They use it to make psychotic patients cooperative during operations." Mindy's brow furrowed, her eyes drooping, as she tried to comprehend. "This stuff? New plastic. Non-toxic. Swells to gently fill spaces. Deadens sound." She heard something rip and then felt a swash of tape pressed violently over her lower face.

"Nice," she heard him whisper. "Matches your dress. Now come on." He half-dragged, half-slid her along the table to the back, holding her head tight to its top. "Widen your legs. Come on, widen them." She felt him kicking at her ankles, then felt him taping them to the table legs with the same tape he used on her wrists. As he rose, he gathered up the wedding dress' skirt with him. "Ah yes," he breathed, as she felt the air caressing her thighs above the stockings. "That's more like it."

She tried to scream again when she felt him tear off the g-string with one sharp pull, but then he suddenly grabbed her hair, slid the drug-soaked cushion under her head, and pushed her face into it. Mindy moaned, trying to drag her face off of the cloying sop, but then he was on top of her again, his chest to her back, his legs along hers, his mouth by her ear.

She jerked beneath him as his fingers slid into the corset cups and squeezed, but before she could respond further, she felt something even worse. He was ready. As his cock forced open her vaginal lips, his right hand snaked around her mouth. It clamped there, pressing deep into her face flesh, as his hard-on surged inside her, and his left hand started kneading.

"Can't wait, Mindy dear," he hissed. "Oh no. Waited long enough. You think I'd let those others see you like this? No, this special day is for us, and us alone...." He mauled her succulent left breast, as he jammed her onto him by her triple-sealed mouth. He laid atop her trapped, dazed, form, pumping insistently, and almost silently, again and again and again.

Mindy blinked in disbelief, feeling the vile impalement. She looked around, trying to find a way out or any kind of understanding. But, to her horror, she saw her reflection in the full-length mirror instead. She stared back at her stunned, agonized, sweating face around the deep, clamping fingers. She saw the way her beautiful round breasts surged in his fingers and the corset. And she saw the way he mercilessly, unceasingly rutted.

"That's it, Mindy, give it to me," he whispered hoarsely, incessantly fucking. "Give it all to me. I've waited so long and I knew, for so long, that it would be like this. The moment I laid eyes on you, I knew. But she wouldn't let me visit, would she? Oh no, you were the daughter of her new husband, not me. No, I was all in the past...."

Mindy stiffened beneath him, his words like a broken shard of glass in her head. It tore open a hole in the gauze wrapping her brain. Mindy saw herself as a child in the attic, discovering some letters. They weren't from daddy, but suddenly, now, a decade later, she finally knew what they meant. And the full horror of what was happening fell on her.

"Nooooo!" the little blonde girl tried to scream. Her incredibly sexy little body bucked like a terrified pony. But he just gathered up her mouth, slapped his other hand tight across her forehead, and held her tighter ... and thrust into her harder.

Downstairs, the ladies applauded as the first of thirty models appeared for their minute on the runway....

Just then, Anne Rutherford awoke with a start. The room was dark and quiet. She could see the lights of the town in the distance out the window. She even managed a tired smile as she felt the cool night air caress her face. Then she stopped. Shouldn't the police have been there by now? She looked around for a nurse's button. She only stopped her search when she saw the door open.

The nurse who had soothed her came in. Behind her was another nurse. It was only the size of the second one which made Anne realize how large and strong the first one was. Anne didn't know why she was troubled for a moment ... until she noticed that neither nurse had turned on the light.

"Are the police here?" Anne asked, her voice still hoarse and weak.

The nurses kept approaching the bed. "Not yet," said the first. "Any second, though."

"Do you have any idea what's taking them so long?" Anne asked, her voice getting stronger, the words getting faster.

"Got to have their donut and coffee break, I suspect," said the second nurse. The first one giggled.

Anne's growing disquiet was tempered for a split second by her brain grabbing onto the second nurse's voice. Where had she heard it before?

She remembered just as the two reached the bed. "'Shit, you know what to do," she had said when Anne had been dragged into the hospital. "'You been here long enough.'"

She had been the receptionist in the ER. She had let him keep her prisoner here.

"What...," was all Anne managed to get out. They were on either side of the bed by then. The big one grabbed the girl's wrists and laid atop her as the other one jammed the big, soft, tan-colored prod into Anne's working mouth.

It was what they affixed to the faces of patients with throat surgery. The prod filled their mouths without setting off the gag reflex, while the clear plastic shield mashed their lips and sealed their lower face. With a tug, twist, and press, the nurse had it affixed to Anne's head like an alien parasite.

The brunette struggled and tried to scream, kicking like mad, but it was no contest. The receptionist laughed softly as Anne thrashed about on the soft bed. "Oh you shoulda seen your face, missy," she chortled. "You shoulda seen your face!"

Oh, he was right," grunted the nurse, gathering up the bedcovers around Anne's flailing legs. "This is what makes it all worthwhile." She dragged Anne over as the receptionist locked the contorting girl's arms behind her back. "Now come on, you little bitch," she spat into Anne's pain-wracked, hysterical face. "Time to get what's coming to you."

One moment, the hospital hall was dark and empty. The next moment three figures scuttled across. Two held the third between them, her shapely female body rising and falling as if exercising in mid-air. There were sounds of a scuffle and muffled bleats. Then they were gone.

Inside the supply room, the two big women dragged Anne back to the furthest corner. She watched, wide-eyed, as they went by piles of scrubs and drugs. As they rounded the corner of the last shelf, Anne wailed in their grip. Waiting for them, in the corner, was a sex nest.

There were piles of blankets, rolls of bandage, rubber gloves, face guards, and even condoms. And sitting in the middle of it, his pants off, his cock already hard, was the orderly who had "rescued" her.

Anne screamed in despair as she never had before. Yes, she had been kidnapped and held captive and raped. She had been tricked into thinking her attacker was letting her go only to be fucked again within sight of her own house. But even though he had done all this to her and more, she never expected such a sick trick.

It happened quickly. The receptionist retaped her wrists tightly behind her as the nurse wrapped a bandage tautly around her lower face. Anne trembled as she felt the orderly's cold fingers creeping up her thighs to grip her hips, pulling her toward him.

Her head rose to try another scream as they forced her to kneel, but the cry was choked back by pain. The receptionist and nurse were kicking at the back of her knees and stepping on the back of her shins as they pushed her shoulders down.

She wrenched uselessly in their grip as the orderly cupped her tight, firm, excellent ass and drew her inexorably toward him. The receptionist had gripped her head in a full nelson, one hand tight over her stuffed, bandaged mouth. The nurse started wrapping her ankles to her thighs with surgical tape. Anne tried to burst from their grip as her haunches hovered agonizingly just above his quivering cock crown.

Then they all heard a bell. It was the device left at the reception desk to alert the staff that someone needed service. Anne's eyes rolled back, straining to somehow see through the wall. But the receptionist took the diversion to slam Anne hard on the top of her head, sending her deep into the orderly's arms.

There was a soft thud and then the others heard the big woman say softly: "Keep her quiet. Keep her occupied...!" The next moment she was gone, the supply room door shut tightly behind her.

The nurse grabbed Anne's wobbling head again as the orderly placed her cunt directly over his erection. "Come on now, bitch," he murmured. "I've been waiting all day for this...!" His hard-on stabbed into her and then sunk deep as the nurse forced her down.

The condoms went unused.

His cock surged up inside the lovely brunette like a scimitar in molasses. As her head raised to moan, the nurse slipped an elastic tube around her throat. She pulled it tight, sandwiching the girl between her attackers' bodies.

"You think this is it, whore?" she hissed in the girl's ear. "Oh no, the best is yet to come...."

Anne stiffened as she choked. She bulged in their grip like a sex toy about to burst, her eyes so huge and pleading they practically shone in the closet gloom. For she heard the receptionist's voice again ... only hers was not the only voice. Right outside the supply room door, the big woman was chatting with a pair of cops about "a series of petty burglaries."

Anne's nostrils flared, air snorting out as she tried to call to them. The nurse pulled the elastic tube tighter and the orderly had one arm around her face, and the other hand atop her head, pressing down. She tried to shriek, to kick, to make any noise at all, but all she succeeded in doing was throb in her captors' grip like an erratically beating heart. The only sounds she could make were swallows and snorts and burbles.

Her muffled, choking, gasping, gurgling noises, mingling with the wet, searing, slopping sounds of his knobby cock surging into her cunt filled the enclosed space. The receptionist even thought she heard it once or twice. But the cops didn't say boo as the nurse checked the tape affixing Anne's ankles to her thighs, keeping her in a seated position. This stuff held wounds closed, so it would certainly do the trick for their exhausted victim.

"Look at these," the nurse whispered to the orderly as she slowly, almost soundlessly, started tearing the cotton gown over Anne's chest. The orderly held his breath as her buoyant, jutting, trembling tits appeared. Daring to take his hand off her head, he gripped the right one tighter and tighter. The nurse quickly held Anne down as he both kneaded and rutted. They pressed her shuddering, nearly naked, body between them as the receptionist led the cops away, none the wiser.

As soon as their footsteps faded, the orderly threw Anne to her face, yanked up her hips, and mounted her from the rear. "Now you'll know what fucking's really about," he hissed, gathering up both her tits. Anne turned her head to try to scream one last time, but nurse was there, pressing the girl's face into a hemorrhoid pad.

Just at that moment, Anne's original abductor came in Mindy Hollister. Ten girls had had their moment on the catwalk. There were nine more before it was Mindy's turn. But by then she had just become a trapped body and stunned face beneath his shape and hands. She had heard every round of applause and cheer from downstairs as the only sound in this room was of flesh thudding against flesh, the table creaking, and her mewling grunts.

She moaned in agony, twisting in his grip, as he came – then stiffened when she heard the footsteps on the stairs. But even as she tried to turn her head to see if he had heard, the moistened pad was back over her squealing face – the elastic snapped back to hold it there. She felt his hands at her taped ankles as she reared up, wailing. But just as her legs were free, his arms crushed her throat and face.

The last thing she heard was the knock on the door. She didn't even hear her name being called. The cutting-edge narcotic had redone its work by then.

Mrs. Hollister opened the dressing room door. Her daughter wasn't there. She looked around to see the empty space and the darkness out the windows beyond. She shrugged, figuring that Mindy had gone downstairs and was watching the show from off-stage. She closed the door behind her, not noticing the one area of discoloration on the wall above the left window ... the place where the "Fire Escape" sign had been.

Outside that window, on the fire escape, he lay between the blonde and the wedding dress skirt – one hand clamped over the drugged face cushion, the other deep inside her left corset cup, and his legs scissored around hers. He jerked his hips so his cock divided her tight buns, and fidgeted until the crown was wedged just inside her. It made the soft sound of lips smacking.

He heard the distant noise of applause, and resisted the temptation to do her again right there. He had to force himself to think of the long term. She knew who he was and he had fucked her, so it was time for the next step. He grabbed his bag and the skirt section of the

dress, dropped it over the side of the fire escape, then lifted Mindy Hollister in his arms.

She was a small, light, shapely figure in his grip – a true blonde doll come to life. The white corset, stockings, garters, and high heels were delectable perfection, as was the body within them. He quickly went down the steps and lay her on the passenger side of his car's front seat. He threw the dress and bag into the back and slid behind the wheel. He took only a moment to lay her head on his lap, then started the engine.

He slowly, quietly, let the car roll out from behind the banquet hall as he slowly, quietly slipped one hand inside her corset top. As he made his way through the parking lot, he felt her right breast fill his fingers like rising dough, and her little pink nipple tickling his palm. He hazarded a glance over at her.

The drugged pad had slipped out from the elastic. Her sweet face slept there, her bright eyes closed, her lower face sealed in shining white. Her arms were behind her, her wrists crossed in the small of her back. The balls of her chest swelled with each breath. Her lovely legs lay half on the seat, her dainty feet in the softly coated high heels laying on the floorboards.

His cock threaten to rip his pants as he turned into the street ... with not a single person witnessing his exit. Despite the fact that Mindy Hollister lay there, he couldn't help thinking back to when he had Anne Rutherford in the back seat. He wondered how she was doing now....

Now, Anne Rutherford's fingers spasmed, reaching desperately, as the orderly's cock impaled her repeatedly. He gripped one wrist as the nurse grabbed another. They held her clawing hands as she was brutally fucked on the closet floor.

"Oh man," the orderly breathed as he felt her tight, warm, wet cunt. "Oh man, oh man, oh man...!" His fingers tore away from her tits to grab the gown, all but tearing it off her splendid shape. He filled his palms with her chest once more, never pausing in his pumping.

Suddenly, the nurse pushed Anne's head to the floor, and sat on it, pressing the girl's face into the plastic pillow. They stayed that way until the orderly came the first time. When the receptionist returned, they had Anne on her back. The nurse was rubbing the girl's gagged face against her own cunt while twisting her nipples. The orderly was doing push-ups off her, his wang thudding back into her again and again as her still bound and bent legs lay on either side of him.

"Oh baby," the receptionist breathed. "Can I get some of that action?"

They waited until the orderly came a second time, then lay her back on his prone front. That way he could fuck her up the ass while the receptionist toyed with her clit and the nurse saw to her tits. Anne shuddered again and again, wracked with tremors. Her beautiful body was covered with beaded, drooling, and coursing sweat. The orderly sucked on her throat and tongued her ears as he violated her.

By the time they were done with her, she just lay there, her naked body all but glowing in the gloom, the tape at her legs and wrists dug in, and the bandage over her stuffed and sealed mouth dark with slobber.

The orderly stood above her, his cock drooling. "You think she's ready?" he asked.

The nurse smiled, holding up the white lace bra, thong, and thigh-highs. "As ready as she's ever going to be." She glanced at the receptionist, who only stared at the fallen girl. But there, in the big woman's hands, was what the other one had been looking for: a small, polyester, specially prepared nurse's uniform.

When they dragged Anne out, she was wearing it. The "special preparation" was obvious. It was now a minidress and the top two buttons were nonexistent, showing her wonderful tits bulging in the push-up bra. Her legs were free of bonds, but simple white nurse's shoes were wedged on her feet.

Each woman held one of Anne's arms as they hustled her down the hall. But the elastic tube was now tied tightly around her head, holding in her mouth a big cotton ball. Anne Rutherford was hardly aware of it. Her lolling head and drooping eyes even missed the small wall sign they passed as they half-led, half-dragged her down the corridor.

"Warning. Psychosexual Ward Ahead. Authorized Entry Only."

The receptionist smiled as she thought of the men incarcerated there. She smiled as she looked down at the comatose girl beside her ... somehow even more lovely in the abbreviated nurse's outfit and the minimal gag. She smiled as she remembered the orderly giving her a

special sponge bath back in the closet – lovingly molesting every centimeter of her with a specially medicated washcloth, designed to make her skin all but glow with health. She smiled as she retrieved the plastic pull-tie from her pocket.

They turned the corner and there it was: a short hallway with solid metal doors on either side. They stopped by the first one. A chart was hanging from a nail next to the door. The nurse just glanced at it as the receptionist crossed the girl's wrists behind her and tightly affixed the plastic cuff with a sharp tug.

"Okay, now don't say we didn't give you a fighting chance," the nurse whispered into Anne's ear as the receptionist started undoing the door's locks. "With only that one pull-tie, I bet you could reach the gag if you strained hard enough. And if you scream loud enough, it might actually be heard out here. So that's what I suggest you do first...."

She glanced at the door again as the receptionist was just about to get the last bolt undone. Her eyes unavoidably crossed the chart again, the words "sociopathic", "violent", and "depraved" burning into her brain. "Oh, of course," the nurse continued flatly, "with your nice, long, smooth, legs free, you might even be able to kick a little, but I really do suggest that you try to get your mouth free first. Who knows? If he doesn't see you right away, you might have a few whole seconds before he's on you...."

The nurse will never forget it. Just before the receptionist got the door open, she felt Anne return to full consciousness. Her lowered head stilled, she seemed to vibrate, and then, at the last possible second, she looked up at the woman who had fooled her. Her lustrous hair parted like a curtain from her face, then the girl's amazing purple eyes locked with the nurse's gaze. The look of astonished dread, the sight of her cotton stuffed mouth held in by the tan rubber tube, and her young vibrant beauty was powerful.

But then she saw the swelling cleavage aching in the bra and shirt, the fabulous legs in the thigh-highs and heels, and the firm, sleek ass just under the stretched uniform hem.

"Good luck, bitch," seethed the nurse as the receptionist grabbed Anne's other arm and they hurled her into the room.

They slammed the door behind her, locked it tight, and ran toward the video room to check the ward's security monitors...

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Ave de Rapina #4

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Anne Rutherford (5'6", chestnut hair, violet eyes, 105 pounds, 34D-22-34) is the bound and gagged, repeatedly violated, captive of a man rejected by her mother before she was born. After playing with her in his house, yard, and car, he has secreted her shapely, straitjacketed, and muzzled form in his place of employment: a padded room in a rundown sanitarium....

PART 4

"Holy shhhhh...!" breathed the orderly.

He stared down at the girl on the floor of the padded room. Form-fitting black vinyl covered her from her head to her hips. A thick strap was adhered where her panties should have been. The new-style straightjacket forced her to embrace herself, but he could see the swell of her strong, full, bosoms beneath her shapely arms. He could tell her legs were even more shapely, even though a thick band affixed them in a totally bent position; the back of her shins tight against the back of her thighs.

The words hadn't even finished hissing out of his mouth before he was kneeling beside her, his clipboard dropped to the mats, his fingers pulling at the buckles and laces adhering the leather hood across her head. He couldn't even manage words when he peeled back the cowl and her extraordinary face emerged, a mane of thick auburn hair curtaining it. The skin shone from sweat while the deep purple eyes were smoky and glassy at the same time. Her luscious lips were slack and soft, drooling around the plastic knob affixed deep in her mouth.

"There...there was no one listed in this room," the orderly finally managed to blurt as he grappled with the dental device designed to keep electroshock patients from biting or swallowing their tongues. "Who...who the hell are you?"

Anne couldn't answer. She tried, but her mouth gaped open, her eyelids lowering. How long had she been cramped in there? How long had she writhed in the darkness, her mouth stuffed, her face covered, her limbs trapped, and the clip on her clitoris clamped down by the leg strap?

"Uh...uh...," she finally managed as the orderly hastily undid her legs. "Ah...!" she gasped as her glorious gams finally stretched out.

"Where are you from?" the orderly muttered, hands on his knees. "The college?" Anne writhed piteously, moaning. "Those aren't standard issue hospital garments," he gaped in understatement.

"H-help me," Anne managed to whisper, straining, undulating, in the vinyl constraint. "Please...."

"Shiiiiit!" The orderly finally managed to complete the word in wonder and confusion. He stood by the comatose girl. She heard him start to shout for the ward nurse just as the darkness returned. Then, in her stupor, she felt the straightjacket straps loosening. She felt the air on her naked form. She even heard a gasp from a woman as the clip between her legs was finally revealed.

The last thing she heard, in fact, before her body retreated into sleep, was a feisty woman's voice. "Now this," she heard, "is totally fucked up!"

Anne Rutherford woke slowly. To her relief she was in a soft bed in a sunlit ward. She could see an open window looking out onto the rolling hills of her town, the white curtains fluttering in the late afternoon breeze. She looked slowly down at herself. Her young, shapely, firm body was enclosed in a soft, cotton, hospital gown, but was otherwise unfettered. She stretched luxuriously, then stiffened as memory splashed back.

"Ohmigod," she choked. "Him! He might come back!"

Suddenly a round, kindly nurse was by her side, a reassuring hand on her arm. "There, there," she said. Anne could tell by her voice that she was the nurse who had freed her. "Nobody's going to hurt you any more...."

"But...!" Anne started, her eyes tearing as she started remembering all that had happened.

"Now, don't worry, dear," the old nurse soothed, patting her arm. "We know. We know all about it. He can't get you here. There are guards on the door. The police have been called. They'll get all the information and evidence. I know it was horrible, but it's all over now. You're finally safe."

Anne started to cry, but in relief. The nurse stayed by her side, rubbing her back and making comforting sounds.

"Now, now," said the nurse. "That's all right. Would you like something to help you sleep?"

"But, the police...," Anne managed through her tears.

"Don't worry," said the nurse. "We'll wake you when they get here."

"Uh, no," Anne finally decided. "No, thank you."

"All right, but do get some rest, my dear," the nurse suggested, helping her lay back. "You need to regain your strength."

"Yes," Anne said quietly. "You're right. Thank you."

"No problem, darling child," the nurse said, smoothing the covers across her. "That's what I'm here for. Now you just relax and as soon as the police arrive, I'll bring them right in...."

The nurse walked to the door, taking just one moment to glance back. She was pleased to see that Anne Rutherford's tired eyes were already beginning to close. She smiled in satisfaction and left ... locking the door behind her.

At about the same time the receptionist – the one who had been on duty when Anne Rutherford had been brought in as a head case – was talking to the man who had admitted her.

"She's in a private room," the big woman hissed. "Can you get here before...?"

"No," he said. He was in his car, watching people beginning to enter an industrial-looking banquet hall set amidst car repair and stereo installation shops. "The schedule has gotten tight. How she look?"

"As good as ever," the woman replied in impressed disbelief. "She gives new meaning to the term 'ravished beauty.'"

He grinned tightly, staring at the station wagon which was pulling around back. He got a glimpse of blonde hair and white lace as it disappeared around the corner of the squat concrete building.

"Good," he grunted.

"Hey," interjected the woman. "You're not going to let them catch you, are you?"

"No way," he grunted. "I'll be miles away by then."

"Good," she said. "Well, okay then...."

"You got nothing to worry about," he assured her, glancing at the seat beside him. The bag was there, filled with tape, straps, and packing. "Good luck ... and by the way? Thanks."

He imagined her conspiratorial smile as he ended the call and started the engine. He slowly drove his car past the "Wedding Show Tonight" sign and toward the banquet hall's fire escape. He parked by the side door as he had for the last two weeks and waited to make sure all his

planning had paid off. Even though he had spent years preparing, there was no sense taking any chances now. Taking and defiling the brunette had gone without a hitch, but that was no reason to get...well, cocky.

Even so, there were no surprises. The "no exit" sign he had affixed to the other side of the side door was not questioned, and the event staffing was so nominal that no one checked the building's perimeter. He quietly emerged from his car, wearing the same nondescript, dark outfit he had worn to kidnap Anne. Holding the bag, he started up the fire escape to the changing room....

Mindy Hollister had the corner room. It was only right, since she was the last girl to go on tonight. The organizers had taken one look at her and unanimously decided that she was their curtain call. The people who ran these wedding events tried to be fair – after all, it was the relatives of all the local amateur models who usually filled the hall, bought the expensive refreshments, and placed orders with the attending retailers – but there was no denying the logic of having Mindy close the show.

She looked in the full length mirror again, excited to start seeing what they saw. Soft, real blonde hair around a sweet oval face. Blue-green eyes, pink lips, perfect teeth, straight nose, and a bright, natural, unaffected smile. 5'3" tall, with a body to kill for. Her breasts had grown full, high, round, and firm throughout puberty while her waist remained slim, her hips sleek, and her legs shapely and seemingly long, despite her height. As her father used to say before the divorce: "You're all girl, and then some."

Mindy almost giggled at the memory of how she "aw shucks" them, and how hard the whole family had worked not to let her beauty go to her head. She prided herself on not letting it change her too much or make her treat people different. Sure, she was aware of how she looked – especially by the way other people looked at her -- but she refused to let it make her spoiled.

So even this event thrilled her instead of serving her vanity. She had even shooed her mom out of the room when she threatened to gush too much. So now she had the vision all to herself. And even she had to admit it was really something. The white corset was magnificent: hook-and-eye-clipped up the front, laced up the back, the whale boning bringing her already trim waist down to a impressive twenty-one and a half inches. The specially reinforced cups balled her creamy round breasts to a thirty-six D size. The shoulder straps were barely there and perfectly tailored.

She reveled in the lingerie beneath the floor length skirt: the matching white satin g-string panty, the garter belt, and the lace-topped thigh-high white stockings, tucked into pearl-colored, burnished, four-inch high heels. Even she could hardly take her eyes off her. She could just imagine how she'd smile when she stepped out onto the runway downstairs. Tonight was her night. She was going to light up the place.

Then it got dark. She smelled something. She felt something on her face. It was as if the roof were made of pillows and it had just fallen in. She finally felt something clamping onto the back of her head. Her hands raised to investigate but then it was gone. She blinked, tottering slightly on the heels, and dully stared back into the mirror. It looked as if she had suddenly gotten drunk. Mindy leaned forward, putting one small hand, complete with light pink nail polish, on the plain table in front of her.

What had just happened? Had she suffered some kind of stroke? She was studying to be a nurse so she knew it wasn't impossible, but....

She raised her head with a slight effort, then stared at herself in the mirror again. She was looking better, but still a bit unfocused and confused. She couldn't think straight. She tried to concentrate, noticing how deep and dark and beautiful the sunset was in the mirror's reflection.

She lowered her head to catch her breath. Then it happened again. She was blinded. Something was over her face. A brutal pressure was on the back of her head. Her upper body trembled as if something, or someone, had shaken her slightly. She smelled something awful, something sickly sweet.

Then it was gone again. Mindy staggered, a fuzz around her normally bright eyes. She stumbled forward, trying to focus on the door. She opened her mouth to call her mother but only a strange sigh emerged. She just managed to grab the doorknob with one hand, but didn't twist it open. No, she used it to regain her balance. She looked down at her hand, trying to think. But all that appeared in her mind's eye was the instruction: "remember to put on the long gloves."

She stepped back, grabbing the table to stay upright. She felt the long, silky gloves beneath her fingers. She absently slipped them on, then stiffened. She had heard someone giggle.

She tried to turn around and scream, but he was on her again before she could do either. This time he held her longer, the thick pad soaked with anesthetic tight over her sweet little face. After Anne, she was practically a living doll in his strong arms. His eyes widened as her bulbous breasts swelled in the corset cups, threatening to burst out. He now knew she had sucked in the drug. His lips came off his teeth as her small, gloved hands weakly gripped his forearm.

He stepped forward, slamming her stomach into the table edge. He bore her torso over and down, the sodden pad still tight over her vibrating face. It acted like a pillow as her head hit the table top with a soft thunk. Then one hand was digging in his pocket for a thick elastic band. With a nimble move he snapped it into place, keeping the drenched pad over her nose and mouth. Then his hands shot for her uselessly waving wrists.

He wrenched them back and spun the thin, white medical tape around them both over the small of her back. He quickly dropped them and yanked the small brick of taffy-like caulking out of his other pocket. He wrenched the drugged pad from her face, allowing the elastic band to fall to her throat. But even before it settled, his entire weight was on her back, his mouth next to her ear as they bent face first on the table top.

"You never stood a chance, Mindy," he hissed as he started stuffing pieces of the caulking into her lax, drooling mouth. "The anesthetic barbisol works instantly. I didn't even have to put it over your nose and it would've done the trick. They use it to make psychotic patients cooperative during operations." Mindy's brow furrowed, her eyes drooping, as she tried to comprehend. "This stuff? New plastic. Non-toxic. Swells to gently fill spaces. Deadens sound." She heard something rip and then felt a swash of tape pressed violently over her lower face.

"Nice," she heard him whisper. "Matches your dress. Now come on." He half-dragged, half-slid her along the table to the back, holding her head tight to its top. "Widen your legs. Come on, widen them." She felt him kicking at her ankles, then felt him taping them to the table legs with the same tape he used on her wrists. As he rose, he gathered up the wedding dress' skirt with him. "Ah yes," he breathed, as she felt the air caressing her thighs above the stockings. "That's more like it."

She tried to scream again when she felt him tear off the g-string with one sharp pull, but then he suddenly grabbed her hair, slid the drug-soaked cushion under her head, and pushed her face into it. Mindy moaned, trying to drag her face off of the cloying sop, but then he was on top of her again, his chest to her back, his legs along hers, his mouth by her ear.

She jerked beneath him as his fingers slid into the corset cups and squeezed, but before she could respond further, she felt something even worse. He was ready. As his cock forced open her vaginal lips, his right hand snaked around her mouth. It clamped there, pressing deep into her face flesh, as his hard-on surged inside her, and his left hand started kneading.

"Can't wait, Mindy dear," he hissed. "Oh no. Waited long enough. You think I'd let those others see you like this? No, this special day is for us, and us alone..." He mauled her succulent left breast, as he jammed her onto him by her triple-sealed mouth. He laid atop her trapped, dazed, form, pumping insistently, and almost silently, again and again and again.

Mindy blinked in disbelief, feeling the vile impalement. She looked around, trying to find a way out or any kind of understanding. But, to her horror, she saw her reflection in the full-length mirror instead. She stared back at her stunned, agonized, sweating face around the deep, clamping fingers. She saw the way her beautiful round breasts surged in his fingers and the corset. And she saw the way he mercilessly, unceasingly rutted.

"That's it, Mindy, give it to me," he whispered hoarsely, incessantly fucking. "Give it all to me. I've waited so long and I knew, for so long, that it would be like this. The moment I laid eyes on you, I knew. But she wouldn't let me visit, would she? Oh no, you were the daughter of her new husband, not me. No, I was all in the past...."

Mindy stiffened beneath him, his words like a broken shard of glass in her head. It tore open a hole in the gauze wrapping her brain. Mindy saw herself as a child in the attic, discovering some letters. They weren't from daddy, but suddenly, now, a decade later, she finally knew what they meant. And the full horror of what was happening fell on her.

"Nooooo!" the little blonde girl tried to scream. Her incredibly sexy little body bucked like a terrified pony. But he just gathered up her mouth, slapped his other hand tight across her forehead, and held her tighter ... and thrust into her harder.

Downstairs, the ladies applauded as the first of thirty models appeared for their minute on the runway....

Just then, Anne Rutherford awoke with a start. The room was dark and quiet. She could see the lights of the town in the distance out the window. She even managed a tired smile as she felt the cool night air caress her face. Then she stopped. Shouldn't the police have been there by now? She looked around for a nurse's button. She only stopped her search when she saw the door open.

The nurse who had soothed her came in. Behind her was another nurse. It was only the size of the second one which made Anne realize how large and strong the first one was. Anne didn't know why she was troubled for a moment ... until she noticed that neither nurse had turned on the light.

"Are the police here?" Anne asked, her voice still hoarse and weak.

The nurses kept approaching the bed. "Not yet," said the first. "Any second, though."

"Do you have any idea what's taking them so long?" Anne asked, her voice getting stronger, the words getting faster.

"Got to have their donut and coffee break, I suspect," said the second nurse. The first one giggled.

Anne's growing disquiet was tempered for a split second by her brain grabbing onto the second nurse's voice. Where had she heard it before?

She remembered just as the two reached the bed. "'Shit, you know what to do," she had said when Anne had been dragged into the hospital. "'You been here long enough.'"

She had been the receptionist in the ER. She had let him keep her prisoner here.

"What...," was all Anne managed to get out. They were on either side of the bed by then. The big one grabbed the girl's wrists and laid atop her as the other one jammed the big, soft, tan-colored prod into Anne's working mouth.

It was what they affixed to the faces of patients with throat surgery. The prod filled their mouths without setting off the gag reflex, while the clear plastic shield mashed their lips and sealed their lower face. With a tug, twist, and press, the nurse had it affixed to Anne's head like an alien parasite.

The brunette struggled and tried to scream, kicking like mad, but it was no contest. The receptionist laughed softly as Anne thrashed about on the soft bed. "Oh you shoulda seen your face, missy," she chortled. "You shoulda seen your face!"

Oh, he was right," grunted the nurse, gathering up the bedcovers around Anne's flailing legs. "This is what makes it all worthwhile." She dragged Anne over as the receptionist locked the contorting girl's arms behind her back. "Now come on, you little bitch," she spat into Anne's pain-wracked, hysterical face. "Time to get what's coming to you."

One moment, the hospital hall was dark and empty. The next moment three figures scuttled

across. Two held the third between them, her shapely female body rising and falling as if exercising in mid-air. There were sounds of a scuffle and muffled bleats. Then they were gone.

Inside the supply room, the two big women dragged Anne back to the furthest corner. She watched, wide-eyed, as they went by piles of scrubs and drugs. As they rounded the corner of the last shelf, Anne wailed in their grip. Waiting for them, in the corner, was a sex nest.

There were piles of blankets, rolls of bandage, rubber gloves, face guards, and even condoms. And sitting in the middle of it, his pants off, his cock already hard, was the orderly who had "rescued" her.

Anne screamed in despair as she never had before. Yes, she had been kidnapped and held captive and raped. She had been tricked into thinking her attacker was letting her go only to be fucked again within sight of her own house. But even though he had done all this to her and more, she never expected such a sick trick.

It happened quickly. The receptionist retaped her wrists tightly behind her as the nurse wrapped a bandage tautly around her lower face. Anne trembled as she felt the orderly's cold fingers creeping up her thighs to grip her hips, pulling her toward him.

Her head rose to try another scream as they forced her to kneel, but the cry was choked back by pain. The receptionist and nurse were kicking at the back of her knees and stepping on the back of her shins as they pushed her shoulders down.

She wrenched uselessly in their grip as the orderly cupped her tight, firm, excellent ass and drew her inexorably toward him. The receptionist had gripped her head in a full nelson, one hand tight over her stuffed, bandaged mouth. The nurse started wrapping her ankles to her thighs with surgical tape. Anne tried to burst from their grip as her haunches hovered agonizingly just above his quivering cock crown.

Then they all heard a bell. It was the device left at the reception desk to alert the staff that someone needed service. Anne's eyes rolled back, straining to somehow see through the wall. But the receptionist took the diversion to slam Anne hard on the top of her head, sending her deep into the orderly's arms.

There was a soft thud and then the others heard the big woman say softly: "Keep her quiet. Keep her occupied...!" The next moment she was gone, the supply room door shut tightly behind her.

The nurse grabbed Anne's wobbling head again as the orderly placed her cunt directly over his erection. "Come on now, bitch," he murmured. "I've been waiting all day for this...!" His hard-on stabbed into her and then sunk deep as the nurse forced her down.

The condoms went unused.

His cock surged up inside the lovely brunette like a scimitar in molasses. As her head raised to moan, the nurse slipped an elastic tube around her throat. She pulled it tight, sandwiching the girl between her attackers' bodies.

"You think this is it, whore?" she hissed in the girl's ear. "Oh no, the best is yet to come...."

Anne stiffened as she choked. She bulged in their grip like a sex toy about to burst, her eyes so huge and pleading they practically shone in the closet gloom. For she heard the receptionist's voice again ... only hers was not the only voice. Right outside the supply room door, the big woman was chatting with a pair of cops about "a series of petty burglaries."

Anne's nostrils flared, air snorting out as she tried to call to them. The nurse pulled the elastic tube tighter and the orderly had one arm around her face, and the other hand atop her head, pressing down. She tried to shriek, to kick, to make any noise at all, but all she succeeded in doing was throb in her captors' grip like an erratically beating heart. The only sounds she could make were swallows and snorts and burbles.

Her muffled, choking, gasping, gurgling noises, mingling with the wet, searing, slopping sounds of his knobby cock surging into her cunt filled the enclosed space. The receptionist even thought she heard it once or twice. But the cops didn't say boo as the nurse checked the

tape affixing Anne's ankles to her thighs, keeping her in a seated position. This stuff held wounds closed, so it would certainly do the trick for their exhausted victim.

"Look at these," the nurse whispered to the orderly as she slowly, almost soundlessly, started tearing the cotton gown over Anne's chest. The orderly held his breath as her buoyant, jutting, trembling tits appeared. Daring to take his hand off her head, he gripped the right one tighter and tighter. The nurse quickly held Anne down as he both kneaded and rutted. They pressed her shuddering, nearly naked, body between them as the receptionist led the cops away, none the wiser.

As soon as their footsteps faded, the orderly threw Anne to her face, yanked up her hips, and mounted her from the rear. "Now you'll know what fucking's really about," he hissed, gathering up both her tits. Anne turned her head to try to scream one last time, but nurse was there, pressing the girl's face into a hemorrhoid pad.

Just at that moment, Anne's original abductor came in Mindy Hollister. Ten girls had had their moment on the catwalk. There were nine more before it was Mindy's turn. But by then she had just become a trapped body and stunned face beneath his shape and hands. She had heard every round of applause and cheer from downstairs as the only sound in this room was of flesh thudding against flesh, the table creaking, and her mewling grunts.

She moaned in agony, twisting in his grip, as he came – then stiffened when she heard the footsteps on the stairs. But even as she tried to turn her head to see if he had heard, the moistened pad was back over her squealing face – the elastic snapped back to hold it there. She felt his hands at her taped ankles as she reared up, wailing. But just as her legs were free, his arms crushed her throat and face.

The last thing she heard was the knock on the door. She didn't even hear her name being called. The cutting-edge narcotic had redone its work by then.

Mrs. Hollister opened the dressing room door. Her daughter wasn't there. She looked around to see the empty space and the darkness out the windows beyond. She shrugged, figuring that Mindy had gone downstairs and was watching the show from off-stage. She closed the door behind her, not noticing the one area of discoloration on the wall above the left window ... the place where the "Fire Escape" sign had been.

Outside that window, on the fire escape, he lay between the blonde and the wedding dress skirt – one hand clamped over the drugged face cushion, the other deep inside her left corset cup, and his legs scissored around hers. He jerked his hips so his cock divided her tight buns, and fidgeted until the crown was wedged just inside her. It made the soft sound of lips smacking.

He heard the distant noise of applause, and resisted the temptation to do her again right there. He had to force himself to think of the long term. She knew who he was and he had fucked her, so it was time for the next step. He grabbed his bag and the skirt section of the dress, dropped it over the side of the fire escape, then lifted Mindy Hollister in his arms.

She was a small, light, shapely figure in his grip – a true blonde doll come to life. The white corset, stockings, garters, and high heels were delectable perfection, as was the body within them. He quickly went down the steps and lay her on the passenger side of his car's front seat. He threw the dress and bag into the back and slid behind the wheel. He took only a moment to lay her head on his lap, then started the engine.

He slowly, quietly, let the car roll out from behind the banquet hall as he slowly, quietly slipped one hand inside her corset top. As he made his way through the parking lot, he felt her right breast fill his fingers like rising dough, and her little pink nipple tickling his palm. He hazarded a glance over at her.

The drugged pad had slipped out from the elastic. Her sweet face slept there, her bright eyes closed, her lower face sealed in shining white. Her arms were behind her, her wrists crossed in the small of her back. The balls of her chest swelled with each breath. Her lovely legs lay half on the seat, her dainty feet in the softly coated high heels laying on the floorboards.

His cock threaten to rip his pants as he turned into the street ... with not a single person witnessing his exit. Despite the fact that Mindy Hollister lay there, he couldn't help thinking

back to when he had Anne Rutherford in the back seat. He wondered how she was doing now....

Now, Anne Rutherford's fingers spasmed, reaching desperately, as the orderly's cock impaled her repeatedly. He gripped one wrist as the nurse grabbed another. They held her clawing hands as she was brutally fucked on the closet floor.

"Oh man," the orderly breathed as he felt her tight, warm, wet cunt. "Oh man, oh man, oh man...!" His fingers tore away from her tits to grab the gown, all but tearing it off her splendid shape. He filled his palms with her chest once more, never pausing in his pumping.

Suddenly, the nurse pushed Anne's head to the floor, and sat on it, pressing the girl's face into the plastic pillow. They stayed that way until the orderly came the first time. When the receptionist returned, they had Anne on her back. The nurse was rubbing the girl's gagged face against her own cunt while twisting her nipples. The orderly was doing push-ups off her, his wang thudding back into her again and again as her still bound and bent legs lay on either side of him.

"Oh baby," the receptionist breathed. "Can I get some of that action?"

They waited until the orderly came a second time, then lay her back on his prone front. That way he could fuck her up the ass while the receptionist toyed with her clit and the nurse saw to her tits. Anne shuddered again and again, wracked with tremors. Her beautiful body was covered with beaded, drooling, and coursing sweat. The orderly sucked on her throat and tongued her ears as he violated her.

By the time they were done with her, she just lay there, her naked body all but glowing in the gloom, the tape at her legs and wrists dug in, and the bandage over her stuffed and sealed mouth dark with slobber.

The orderly stood above her, his cock drooling. "You think she's ready?" he asked.

The nurse smiled, holding up the white lace bra, thong, and thigh-highs. "As ready as she's ever going to be." She glanced at the receptionist, who only stared at the fallen girl. But there, in the big woman's hands, was what the other one had been looking for: a small, polyester, specially prepared nurse's uniform.

When they dragged Anne out, she was wearing it. The "special preparation" was obvious. It was now a minidress and the top two buttons were nonexistent, showing her wonderful tits bulging in the push-up bra. Her legs were free of bonds, but simple white nurse's shoes were wedged on her feet.

Each woman held one of Anne's arms as they hustled her down the hall. But the elastic tube was now tied tightly around her head, holding in her mouth a big cotton ball. Anne Rutherford was hardly aware of it. Her lolling head and drooping eyes even missed the small wall sign they passed as they half-led, half-dragged her down the corridor.

"Warning. Psychosexual Ward Ahead. Authorized Entry Only."

The receptionist smiled as she thought of the men incarcerated there. She smiled as she looked down at the comatose girl beside her ... somehow even more lovely in the abbreviated nurse's outfit and the minimal gag. She smiled as she remembered the orderly giving her a special sponge bath back in the closet – lovingly molesting every centimeter of her with a specially medicated washcloth, designed to make her skin all but glow with health. She smiled as she retrieved the plastic pull-tie from her pocket.

They turned the corner and there it was: a short hallway with solid metal doors on either side. They stopped by the first one. A chart was hanging from a nail next to the door. The nurse just glanced at it as the receptionist crossed the girl's wrists behind her and tightly affixed the plastic cuff with a sharp tug.

"Okay, now don't say we didn't give you a fighting chance," the nurse whispered into Anne's ear as the receptionist started undoing the door's locks. "With only that one pull-tie, I bet you could reach the gag if you strained hard enough. And if you scream loud enough, it might actually be heard out here. So that's what I suggest you do first...."

She glanced at the door again as the receptionist was just about to get the last bolt undone. Her eyes unavoidably crossed the chart again, the words "sociopathic", "violent", and "depraved" burning into her brain. "Oh, of course," the nurse continued flatly, "with your nice, long, smooth, legs free, you might even be able to kick a little, but I really do suggest that you try to get your mouth free first. Who knows? If he doesn't see you right away, you might have a few whole seconds before he's on you...."

The nurse will never forget it. Just before the receptionist got the door open, she felt Anne return to full consciousness. Her lowered head stilled, she seemed to vibrate, and then, at the last possible second, she looked up at the woman who had fooled her. Her lustrous hair parted like a curtain from her face, then the girl's amazing purple eyes locked with the nurse's gaze. The look of astonished dread, the sight of her cotton stuffed mouth held in by the tan rubber tube, and her young vibrant beauty was powerful.

But then she saw the swelling cleavage aching in the bra and shirt, the fabulous legs in the thigh-highs and heels, and the firm, sleek ass just under the stretched uniform hem.

"Good luck, bitch," seethed the nurse as the receptionist grabbed Anne's other arm and they hurled her into the room.

They slammed the door behind her, locked it tight, and ran toward the video room to check the ward's security monitors...

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Ave de Rapina #5

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In Parts 1 thru 4:

"The Vulture" has abducted Mindy Hollister, (5'3" blonde, blue/green-eyed, 36D-22-33) the daughter of his ex-wife from a bridal show. Meanwhile Anne Rutherford (5'6", chestnut hair, violet eyes, 34D-22-34), the daughter of an ex-girlfriend, has been thrown into the Psychosexual Ward by his sanitarium accomplices.

PART 5

Wham.

The two nurses watched it on the security monitor again and again. A young, beautiful, slim, big-breasted, long-legged brunette stumbles into a private room as a metal door slams shut behind her. She is wearing a stunningly tight, low-necked, micro-mini polyester "nursie" outfit, push-up bra, and sensible shoes. She slides to a stop, immediately ducks her head down and agonizingly reaches for a rubber tube which is tied around her head, holding a big cotton ball in her mouth. What should have been easy is complicated by the tight plastic pull tie cinching her wrists together behind her back.

Whump.

"Ewww!" the squatter of the nurses grimaces as the taller one freeze-frames it, then rewinds it again.

She slides in, stops, ducks, reaches, and...bam. A fast moving figure comes out of nowhere and slams into her like a football tackler. He hits her high, one arm over her left shoulder, the other at her right hip. Her feet swing out from under her. Her lustrous auburn mane flies out like an explosion. Her frightened cry, even from behind the cotton and plastic, is rendered into a stunned grunt.

They slam into the wall together, his hands scrabbling across her like a disturbed nest of spiders. The nurse freeze-frames the image again, paralyzing his hands midway down her top and up her skirt.

"Doesn't stand on ceremony, huh?" said the first nurse.

The second nurse shook her head, then rewound it to watch the capture once more. But this time, however, she let the tape play out in the otherwise quiet, dark sanitarium security room. Both nurses watched silently as the attacker hurls into the girl again, slams her against the wall, and, even before bearing her to the floor, hauls her right breast free of the bra to lodge it in the outfit's neck opening. He then jams his hand between her legs.

The dazed girl suddenly rears up from her slide down the wall as she reacts to his right hand's invasion. She kicks and lurches up frenetically as his fingers slash into her pudenda. But then his right hand is on her diaphragm, pushing intensely. The nurses see that the girl has lost all her air, and while she struggles to breathe, he is tearing at her.

Within seconds she is on the floor, the nursie outfit torn open, the shoes hurled away, and the stockings pulled off. Then, all they can see is his figure hunched down on her prone form, her legs scissoring wildly, until his body stretches out beside her.

The nurses marvel at his skill. She is still wearing the outfit, but in a completely different way. With a maniacal strength that was nearly impossible to comprehend, he had rendered it into long strips of material.

She was only completely revealed to the security lens for a moment. The nurse freeze-framed it. Anne Rutherford's deep brown eyes were wide in astonishment and horror. Her cheeks

bulged over a strip of material tied around the tube and stuffing so tightly it was hard to believe.

Her pull-tied wrists were no longer scrambling in sight on either side of her waist. Another strip of material was sunk deep in her already trim and firm stomach, holding her wrists in the small of her back. More strips attached her ankles to her thighs so severely it looked as if she had been born without lower legs.

But then he was sitting on her stomach, frenetically bunching her tits like a pizza maker kneading dough. A pizza maker on speed.

The nurses marveled at the intense range of his rapid molestation. His hands dancing on her chest and between her legs. The nurses actually saw goose bumps rise on her flesh. She was sweating profusely, her skin glowing, her mane shining.

She was writhing shortly after, grunting and panting through the gag. They watched incredulously as she was wracked with orgasms even though they had already had her raped by an orderly in the supply closet. They soon realized that it was nothing compared to the expert treatment she was getting now.

He didn't care where he ejaculated. As he tested her responses (because that was clearly what he was doing), he spurting on her tits, in her face, and across her thighs. He'd occasionally wipe himself in her hair before returning to her private parts.

When he finally rolled her over, face first, on the floor, and mounted her from behind, it was almost anticlimactic. But not for long. Only after he entered her, reaching down to grab one breast and pulling her exhausted face up with a palm on her forehead, did her eyes snap open and her expression reflect renewed amazement.

The squat nurse free-framed on that incredulous, terrified expression, then switched over to the live camera.

They saw his lower body moving like a jackhammer, while his hips rotated and his forefinger played her clit like a telegraph. Her skin reddened, even more perspiration poured off, she started to contort, her knees scraped the floor, and her elbows jutted like clipped wings.

Finally they heard her try to scream. Before it had been muffled moans, whimpers, snorts, and gasps. Only now was she desperately trying to scream. But then his spasming hands were over her already gagged mouth and gulping throat as his hips never paused in their surging.

They saw and heard him cut off her cries as she shuddered in his grip, now acknowledging why he was kept here. He had been there for months, maybe years. It was as if he had been waiting all that time planning, thinking, practicing in his mind for her.

At the very least, he had a lot saved up.

He jammed all the way into her, thrusting mightily, pulling back on her mouth until she was in a tight "U" with only her thighs and waist on the tile floor.

The nurses could see by both their expressions that he was coming, but could only imagine how hard and how much...at first. Because then he used her like a pump.

One second, his cock was half out and he lowered her head slightly the bottoms of her voluminous breasts flattening on the floor. The nurses almost laughed when they saw Anne's relieved expression. Because, in the next second, he had quickly yanked and plugged her back up obviously ejaculating again, if the stunned look on her face was any evidence.

He did it again, then again, then again. By the last time, Anne was shuddering in revulsion and exhaustion, her body practically shimmering in sweat. Finally he dropped her. It was clear by the way the glorious brunette settled, she thought it was again over, but before her hair even spread completely, he had grabbed her by her tits and hauled her up.

Even through her flowing mane, the nurses could see her disbelieving, frightened eyes. But then he had her bent back over his bolted steel slat bed's "baseboard" her head and arms on the mattress and her knees hovering over the tile.

She shivered when his face slopped into her thighs, his mouth over her crotch. The nurses couldn't believe it either. They thought he'd at least get a tit fuck...maybe even go for her mouth. Instead, he gripped her hips and his head practically vibrated.

Anne's reaction was gratifying. She tried to wail, but choked. Her torso shifted jerkily, her breasts jiggling, as her bound legs fluttered. Within moments, her body was arched, her head agonizingly back, the already tight gag almost tearing open her spread lips.

Her orgasm was wrenching, nearly making her faint. The nurses saw, way before Anne did, that was his intent. Because, as her eyelids fluttered, he was on her again, pinioning her in the center of the bed, his erection filling her like an inflatable hook.

One fist was in her hair, the other hand tight over her mouth. His chest was mashing her tits. Yet his hips never stopped surging, like a wind-up toy whose spring never loosened. He pressed her into the mattress, fucking, fucking, always fucking.

The nurses watched her try to beg, try to scream, try to cry, try to even go mad. But nothing worked. They watched him come into her again, then screw some more, then come a third time.

Only then did they finally go to the ward. He didn't even look up when they came in with a tazer and club. Anne did, however, with a mix of total misery tinged with reviled relief. Her look froze when all they did was close the door, lean on the wall, and continue watching.

With one last burst of strength, Anne Rutherford started really trying to scream, sob, and struggle.

He didn't even seem to notice. He just kept rutting like an animal, pressing her bound and gagged form deep into the cushioning. Seconds, then minutes passed. Finally, he came into her a fourth time.

By then, blessed unconsciousness had nearly come over the girl her eyes rolled back into her head, jism streaks slowly drying across her lovely face and in her sweat-soaked hair

Naturally, that was when the nurses came cautiously forward. But to their surprise, he didn't turn on them. He didn't even turn around. Instead, he only said six quiet words.

"Do you have the smelling salts?"

Across town, the man who had originally attacked Anne Rutherford in her family home before taking her to his house, and then his place of business, didn't need or want smelling salts. He looked out a tiny window to a house across a quiet suburban yard.

It was dark. Obviously no one had come back from the wedding show yet. He wondered what they had done when the "star" of the show hadn't appeared, and they had found her dressing room empty.

It didn't matter to him. All that mattered was that no one had thought to look for her here and he knew where she was. She was under him, wearing just a stunningly tight, bone-white, shining velvet corset, matching high heel shoes, and virginal white lace stockings.

The only noise was the sound of his cock squishing in and out of her cunt.

Her gorgeous blonde hair was fanned out beneath her sweet face what he could see of it, that is. Everything below her pert nose was obscured by a thick, tight, black, padded prod gag adhered to her head by six buckles three on either side of her mouth. It pressed down, hard, sealing her mashed lips around a large pear shaped obstruction which filled her oral cavity.

Her blue/green eyes were closed, since she was still in a stupor from the anesthetic he had used on her back at the show, on the fire escape outside her dressing room, and in his car. So, even without the black straps that now held her wrists and ankles to her thighs, he had no trouble getting her from the car seat to where she was now.

They were in her playhouse, left abandoned out in the yard since she came of age. Yet it still nestled in the far corner, virtually forgotten once her breasts started growing. Then it had

been big enough for her and a childhood friend to sit down for tea inside. Now, it was big enough for him to crouch atop her.

He considered the main house for a moment more before returning his gaze to her comatose face. Her full, succulent left breast was popped out of its corset cup and into his right hand the little pink nipple tickling his palm as he mauled it thoughtfully. The rest of the wedding dress was bunched in the small of her back, jutting her perfect hips up to meet his.

He leaned down and slowly started suckling her throat without pausing in his slow kneading and fucking reveling in the satiny feel of her sleek thighs. He only looked up again when he heard the cars pulling into the driveway not fifty feet away.

He watched the cops follow Mindy's mother up to the porch and into the house. When he looked back down at the sexy, semi-conscious girl, his face was a dark mask of memory. After all, he had been married to the woman for three years, and when he looked at Mindy, he saw the other...only younger, prettier, and better endowed.

He started to rut faster, squeezing tighter.

Mindy came to full consciousness slowly. Swimming into her sight was her own house. The image should have given her comfort, but it only served to make her aware of what else she was seeing and feeling.

Her own reflection was superimposed over the house, but something was obscuring her lower face. Something white and viscous was dripping from her chin into her cleavage. Her arms were behind her, strapped parallel to one another in the small of her back. Her legs were bent double, each ankle strapped to each thigh. Her feet were pointed in viciously tight high heels.

And she was sitting on something. Something rough and hard...and hairy.

Mindy's beautiful eyes snapped wide. She jerked in place, feeling hands tightening in her hair and on her shoulder. That's when she noticed the police cars in the driveway.

"There, there," she heard the rough, low whisper in her right ear. "Easy there, Mindy. Everything's gonna be all right..."

But it wasn't going to be all right. She couldn't fight. She couldn't cry out. And most, horribly, she felt something beneath her. Something thick and gnarly and hard and wet. And it wasn't against her...it was in her. She was impaled on it.

Her wail was cut off by fingers squeezing her lovely throat.

"Easy," he hissed pleasantly in her ear. "Best you just relax, dear. Nothing you can do about it now..."

His hand went from her neck to her jutting right breast. He inexorably pulled her head back to his shoulder by her hair with one hand and squeezed with the other. She groaned as he ground his hips up, moving her slowly around as if she was on a child's hydraulic horse outside a supermarket.

"They've been in there for about ten minutes now," he murmured into her trembling ear.

"Looking for clues to your whereabouts, no doubt." He rolled her full, juicy breast in his hand. "You want to tell them, Mindy? Better tell them...before it's too late...!"

She went for it. But as she surged up, so did he, his right hand slapping over her already adhered mouth, and his left arm encircling her throat like a boa constrictor. Then the hydraulic horse went into overdrive.

Inside the playhouse, the sounds of him thudding into her were louder than her choked-off pleas. Outside the playhouse, the wind swallowed the muffled sounds up a few feet from the door.

Inside Mindy's room in the main house, a cop glanced out the window when he thought he saw movement in the corner of his eye. He found himself staring at the playhouse in the far end of the yard. He peered carefully. Was something shifting inside?

When he couldn't tell for sure, he shrugged and went back to searching for clues. It must've been the moonlit shadow of tree limbs in the wind...

At that moment, his hand went from Mindy's gag back to her right tit. Its bouncing, as he fucked her, was too much for him to let alone. His fingers sank deep as he jerked himself up into her once more. She only managed a grunt into the padding as her chin bounced on his left arm and the back of her head hit his shoulder.

He leaned in like a vampire and started suckling her neck, all while watching the troops gathering in the kitchen. The window there reminded him of his first assault on Anne Rutherford in her own kitchen...and the thought of her only made him harder. He suddenly grabbed the blonde's tit like a football.

Only the first part of her squeal managed to get past the gag and his constricting arm before her jerked her back even farther. His squeezing hand now held her tit only inches from the playhouse window, as if it were a water balloon about to burst.

He finally let it go as the police appeared on the porch. To his delight, they were carrying boxes of her stuff. Given that no one had heard or seen anything at the wedding show, and that there were no obvious signs of a struggle in her dressing room, they hadn't bothered checking for any hint of sexual assault.

So any of crotch hair lost during his first rape of her on the dressing room table had, no doubt, long since blown away. Maybe one or two were even on the bottom of these cops' shoes...

"Look, look," he hissed at her. "They've got your diary. They've got your emails. No mention of me in there, huh? They obviously think you ran away, you naughty girl." He jerked her head toward the little window. "Better tell them no," he urged. "Better tell them now while you have the chance..."

Their faces were side by side, their eyes bright. Her face was twisted in effort and despair. His by something else. The noises she managed to make were amazing in their yearning and desperation as the cops put the boxes in their cars' trunks.

Then both he and Mindy froze in place. While the rest of the officers were wrapping up, the one who had looked through her room window turned to stare directly at the playhouse.

"Hey," said his partner as he started across the yard.

"Wait a second," he called back. "I just want to check something."

Mindy screamed and screamed and screamed...through the gag, and into the thick, sodden towel he was viciously pressing her face into, holding her head just below the window sill. He didn't dare use the zapper. Even holding it behind her would create a flash the cop would see.

Instead he looked from the cop's progress across the yard to the way her breasts swung just over the playhouse floor.

"Come on, man," said the cop's partner as she started to get behind the wheel of their car. "We've got to get going."

"Just a second, would you?" he called back, stopping and turning toward her. Just at that moment, something clearly passed by the inside of the window. But his partner was too far away to see it, and he was looking in the wrong direction.

The next moment the cop was at the window, peering in. He could just make out the dark interior. He was surprised by how much room there was inside, and the funky small-scale furniture in the darkness.

Naturally, below the sill, just out of his sightline, Mindy lay unconscious her mouth sealed, her arms and legs brutally bound, her breasts gleaming in the starlight, her inner thighs shining in the refracted moonlight, and the white stockings like police outlines on her wonderful legs.

To the left of the window, her kidnapper's slimy cock crown was wagging like an accusing finger just at the edge of the glass' frame. He watched and waited holding the rest of the

wedding dress behind him.

"What?" the cop's partner called impatiently.

"All right, all right!" the cop complained, turning away. "I just had to make sure, that's all."

At that moment, something spurted by the inside of the window. As the cop walked back to the patrol car, the cum splattered across Mindy's face and chest.

As the patrol car backed out of the driveway and drove away, her captor leaned down to carefully rub it deep into her smooth, creamy skin.

Hours later, he lay atop her, his cock corking her, waiting for the bowels of the night. By then, much more jism was coating her chin and face. He had taken the time for a good tit fuck for starters with or without her awareness.

When he decided it was finally late enough, he pulled his log out of her warm snatch and unrolled the night-camouflaged duffel bag. He strapped her knees together. After making sure her arms were still affixed firmly to her torso, he wrapped the wedding dress around her lower face, then tightened a pillow case over her head before sliding her inside the duffel.

He was tempted to add a vibrator to the mix, but had foolishly left them in his own car, which was parked on the adjoining street just beyond the Hollister house fence. Keeping a close watch on the dark and curtained house windows, he slipped out of the playhouse, dragging the bag behind him.

Then all he had to do was step behind the overgrown dollhouse to where he had cut the fence links just enough to slide through. He went out the way he had brought her in, leaving her in the bushes until he made sure the coast was clear.

Then back into the front seat she went, bag and all. He didn't even go around to the driver's door. He crawled over her instead, got behind the wheel, started the ignition, and drove away.

It took less than a half minute. No one saw anything. At the first stop light, he had reached inside the bag and started kneading.

The videotape was waiting for him when he got her home.

He didn't watch it in the privacy of his musty over-stuffed living room until he was ready. Which meant when Mindy was readied. By then the drug had begun to wear off, so she was weak, but aware of the red, plaid, pleated microminiskirt which just barely covered her haunches, and the black, demi-cup, balcony, needlessly push-up bra which thrust her already full, buoyant tits even more up and out.

He thought about adding some black, thigh-high woolies to the ensemble, but her legs were so wonderful that he left them bare. Her feet were not so lucky. On them were his favorite: extreme, granny-style, lace-up, ankle boots black to match the bra with five inch high heels. They all but made her "en pointe."

That was not the absolute worst. There was the bondage. Her lovely arms were wrenched behind her, tied at the wrists, then affixed to her waist as well. Her upper arms were tied to her torso above her breasts. Each leg was roped, above the boots, to her thighs, forcing her to kneel.

Even that wasn't the absolute worst. The worst was what was on her head and in her mouth. He had ordered it off an internet dental supply site. From either side of her newly coifed ponytail, it looked like forceps, but it was, of course, a stainless steel mouth spreader to keep the teeth open during throat surgery complete with ratchets and a leatherized rubber strap in back to keep it tightly in place.

Completing the ensemble was a lovely pearl decorated choker, which lived up to its name.

Mindy Hollister kneeled facing the sofa, between his legs. One of his hands was firmly gripping her head, holding his cock deep in her gaping mouth. The other hand held the VCR remote control. As he forced his ex-wife's gurgling, drooling, moaning daughter to blow him, he

watched what the sanitarium patients and staff did, and were doing, to his ex-girlfriend's daughter.

At first he saw almost nothing in the dark, grainy images on the screen...but he heard things even beyond the sound of the desperate blonde's slurping. He heard a humming he well recognized. He heard the sound of flesh on flesh, and fetid muscle spreading moist sinew.

Then the pen light came on, and there was Anne Rutherford. He jerked, momentarily choking the blonde, when he saw her. The brunette's eyes were closed and her face, what there was of it, was deep in torment. The orderly holding her head in two meaty limbs was smiling, however, as he wrapped the shapely girl's forehead with one arm, and clamped over her mouth with the other.

He nodded downward, quietly urging the camera to explore Anne's predicament. The view shifted accordingly, the lens slowly turning down to reveal the way her arms were bandaged hopelessly tight behind her otherwise naked body.

But that was incidental to the orderly. What he really wanted to capture was the way his cock was deep in her anus, while another was in her crotch. The camera slowly rose to reveal the cunt violator. He was the psychosexual patient, who was not just fucking her but expertly manhandling her chest as well.

They had her inside the psychosexual cell's bathroom, which was roughly the size of a coffin. She staggered on her tippy-toes as the men kept her legs open with their own.

"What you say, bitch?" the orderly kept asking her quietly, jerking her head with his arms as he thrust up with his hips. "I can't hear you." He glanced over at the camera. "What's wrong with this ho?" he asked. "Cotton mouth?"

He heard the nurse behind the camera say, "You got it, ace. Bandage too. She ain't telling nobody about nothin'. Right, bitch?"

Anne didn't reply, and the men kept rutting until they were done. Then the image jumped, flickered, and suddenly the brunette was on her back, across the bed, the orderly kneeling between her legs and the patient sitting on her stomach, his dick between her mounds.

Her head was sunk over the edge, but he could see that everything from below her nostrils to her chin was completely covered by surgical tape. Her arms were wrenched behind her, disappearing beneath her body. Her ankles were spread and each tied to a bolted-down bed leg. That scene continued, again, until they were finished.

The scene jumped. The brunette was huddled on a wheelchair, an IV in her arm, a surgical gas mask over her nose and mouth, obviously sedated. The camera showed her nude body before a surgical gown was draped over her chest and a blanket was put over her waist and legs. Then she was wheeled out into the hall.

The next scene showed her in the gynecological room, strapped to the examining table, her lower face bandaged. The nurses took turns making the groggy girl orgasm.

Then the camera was at the front desk, just as a beat cop came in for a nightly coffee. The nurse on duty chatted with him from behind the admitting counter. Sitting beneath the counter, just out of sight, was Anne Rutherford, wearing a patient gown backwards, so the laces revealed her sagging cleavage and dewy tuft.

Although she was obviously still semi-conscious, she was viciously hog-tied with twine and gagged with both tape and bandage as the patrolman chatted just one width of pressboard away from her...

The blonde's head surged in his grip. He looked down in surprise to see he had rammed her onto his cock with both hands and was already splooging deep inside her mouth. He let go and Mindy Hollister fell back, gagging, semen streaming from her slobbering lips.

He watched her drop onto his refuse-strewn floor, her frog-bound legs jerking, her hair flailing, and her tits flouncing in their black lace enclosure. She coughed and choked and tried to spit the cupful of cum he had filled her throat with.

Then he was on her, his hips forcing open her legs, one hand yanking down the bra, while the other found a penis-shaped gag on a pile of newspapers. He anchored her down, his still firm erection finding her cunt lips just under the pleated skirt's hem like a magnet, as he neatly pushed the plastic prod where his flesh had just been.

He dispassionately looked down into her huge, horrified blue eyes while he snaked into her mane with his free hand.

"Swallow," he urged quietly. He forced her head back with the gag and soothingly rubbed her graceful throat. "Swallow... That's it, that's it. Get used to the taste..."

The blonde started to cry, her body shuddering beneath him, so he held the plug tight, filled his free hand with her left tit, and started fucking again.

As he slowly thrust in and out, absent-mindedly rolling her succulent breast, he stared back up at the TV screen where the lithe and supple brunette was back in the psychosexual patient's bed, lying spread-eagled on her face, with him under her.

Her wrists and ankles were firmly affixed to each metal bed post with hospital restraints, and an electroshock therapy mouthpiece was strapped to her face so she could neither speak nor scream.

She was, essentially, the psycho's human bed sheet. He lay beneath her, his cock in her cunt, one hand milking her left breast, while the other just managed to reach far enough to finger her anus.

As the psycho's tongue flicked into Anne's ear, her kidnapper felt something beyond the sensations of his new captive's clit and chest. Despite nailing the incredibly sexy blonde who was helpless to do anything about it, he felt an emotion he knew well. A white hot jealousy that knew no bounds.

It was a sensation he hadn't felt since first clamping his hand over Anne Rutherford's soft lips. But now, notwithstanding Mindy's tight, wet, warm, cunt and undulating shape, it was back...with a vengeance.

Pushing off Mindy's body, he rammed into her until she was bunched by the wall, with only her shoulders on the floor. Then he grabbed her hips, pulled her up still all the way inside her and swung back toward the couch as she tried to screech.

The penis prod stayed screwed into her mouth, however, as he fell atop her. Pressing her deep into the cushions, still rutting away, he held the prod all the way in with one hand and reached for the phone with the other.

Holding her mouth shut, he pressed a speed-dial button as his hips kept thrusting. He felt her wonderful tits mashed against his chest as the desk nurse picked up.

"Bertha?" he said. "I need you to do me a...wait a minute." Before Mindy knew what was happening or could even start trying to cry for help, he had jammed himself all the way up and ejaculated again.

Then he mashed a sofa cushion over her horrified, wailing face, and told his sanitarium collaborator what he wanted...

Deep in the night, within the psychosexual cell, Anne Rutherford's extraordinary eyes opened. To her amazement, nothing was in any of her orifices. She looked down to see her torturer lying with his eyes closed and mouth open. She looked up to see her right hand halfway out of the restraint.

For a moment, she didn't know what to do. The next moment, instinct took over completely. With a caution born of near hysteria, she twisted her arm until her hand came free.

She looked down again, certain she would stare into open, insane eyes. But she didn't. He was still dead to the world, drool coursing out the corner of his mouth. Anne twisted her remarkable torso so it lay beside him.

She waited only until the strength had returned to her free arm enough to get it up at the buckle holding her still shackled wrist. She concentrated with everything she had, and, in a few endless moments, was rubbing her left wrist.

Then she had to do the impossible. She pushed up on either side of the rapist and kneeled, leaning back, to undo her ankles. She would have been flatly astonished that he didn't awaken during the whole process if she hadn't been so desperate.

But there she was, naked, but untied. She reached back and started working on the gag's straps, refusing to allow despair to overwhelm her as she neared the room's door. She stiffened as she saw it was ajar.

It was too good to be true, but what could she do? Go back to the bed, the lav, the supply closet? Rutherford peeked out. The hall was empty. The clock high on the wall read 4am. She moved carefully out, retracing her steps. She poked her head around the corner, then jerked back when she saw the receptionist far down the right hall.

She went left instead, staying in the shadows. She only slowed when she reached the supply closet. She desperately fought off hysteria as she remembered what had happened inside, but then she realized that she couldn't leave naked. Her story would never be believed if she was found that way.

Steeling herself, she slipped into the closet, searching quickly for any covering. Much to her dismay and frustration, all she could find was children's sizes. She just barely got a v-necked top on over her chest, but then had to knot a small towel around her waist to cover her crotch.

When she left the cupboard, she looked like a club girl, with the second-skin top exposing her midriff and the makeshift microminiskirt slit all the way up to the knot on one leg. Still no one saw her, no one caught her, and when she made it to the far exit door, no alarm went off.

For the first time in days, maybe weeks, she was outside. The town yawned out around her. She felt the chill of the night and her mashed nipples hardening into the abortive top's cloth. She felt an incredible urge to start running and screaming, but then it would be child's play to convince anyone that she was an escaped lunatic.

Instead she walked purposefully, but carefully, away from the hospital, toward the road. Her house was in the opposite direction, but she couldn't risk passing by the sanitarium's entrance. So she went into the darkness instead, hoping for a patrol car she could approach or a house she could hide behind until it was early enough to alert someone sanely.

She kept her legs moving, amazed that she could walk at all. Despite her ordeal, she hadn't been beaten, only repeatedly restrained and defiled. Unbelievably, that had somehow sustained her in the asylum. But what sustained her now was the obsession to escape.

She turned the corner and there it was. A pay phone beside a street lamp in front of a closed garage on an otherwise empty stretch of road. Anne ran as fast as her deadened legs could take her, praying that the secluded device would work.

She grabbed the receiver and almost fainted when she heard the dial tone. She quickly pressed the buttons for a collect calling service, then looked around nervously while waiting for the connection. Shrubs, trees, rocks, hills. Nothing else around or behind the ramshackle garage.

The automated service asked her to dial her number. She did as fast as she could. She waited, then, finally, the phone rang. Then rang again. And again. Just then she realized she should have called 911, but before she could comprehend her choice, she heard the receiver click and a sleepy voice say "Hello?"

You know what happened then, don't you? But even Anne Rutherford was not prepared for the violent strength of the way her mouth was clamped, her right arm was wrenched up her back, and her body was hauled backwards.

"Hello?"

Anne was slammed to the ground on her front, her left hand clutching at the fingers holding a thick, wet pad over her mouth and nose as pain ripped up her right arm and into her brain.

"Breathe...", she heard a horribly familiar voice say. "Breathe, Annie..."

She kicked. She cried. She clawed.

"Who's there?"

She tried to surge up to answer, but he was flat on her back, gripping, twisting, kneeling her...

"Who is this?"

"It's meeeeeeee!" she screamed beneath the wadding, but it was, of course, swallowed up by the cloth, and set up the gut-wrenching sob which sucked the sedative deep into her lungs.

Her eyes were drooping as he stuffed the padding into her mouth. Then he was gathering up both her wrists in the small of her back with a plastic pull tie. Then he rolled her over onto her back.

She looked up at him with a hopelessness that was all the more powerful for her expectation. Somehow she knew this was all going to happen from the moment she woke up on the bed. It couldn't have happened otherwise. It was just another, literally, fucking set-up.

That didn't make any less awful.

"Hey Annie," he said. "I missed you." Then he grabbed her legs and dragged her into the bushes as the pay phone began to emit the piercing, lonely sound of disconnection.

Inside the shrubbery he ripped open her top and grabbed her tits. With his erection already poking out of his sweatpants, he surged beneath the tiny towel to find her snatch. Then one hand was over her mouth again, holding in the pad as he made up for lost time.

It was only a matter of minutes, then he had dragged her deeper into the woods and lashed her to a tree until a phone company truck had shown up to replace the receiver. Since no ransom had ever been demanded for either missing girl, no authority had seriously considered the truth. So it was a phone company van, not a posse of investigators.

He sat behind her, mauling her tits with one hand while clamping her mouth shut with the other, until the vehicle disappeared from sight. By then the sunrise had barely started.

After undoing the ropes around her waist, he cinched her ankles and replaced the drugging cloth with a big white ball gag. He then carried her even deeper through the forest until he came out the side...where his car was parked.

He dropped her on the front seat, looking to all the world like a female Tarzan, because the hand-towel was still knotted on her hip. When he got behind the wheel, he immediately leaned over and dragged her to him so he could press swash after swash of tape over her mouth. Then he taped over her nipples and pushed a dildo deep within her vagina.

Her eyes snapped open at that point, but it was already too late. He was tightening the thin waist and cunt-lip straps just as she started writhing. It was fairly easy then to cinch her knees as well before dragging her over in a sick satire of courtship. He forced her head onto his shoulder by leaning on her hair, put one arm around her and filled his hand with her right breast.

"Well, what do you say, darling?" he jeered. "Let's go home, shall we?"

She nearly made him crash the car twice once with a kick and once with a headbutt but she was too weak and he was too strong. He had her by the throat, her head against the seat and his thigh, as they rolled up his street. It was the only way to control her hysteria as they drew ever closer.

She nearly snapped the industrial strength pull-tie with her thrashing as he parked, but he grabbed her arms just in time, and wrapped tape from her elbows to her wrists. Pressing her

back against the seat, he leered into her sweating, enraged face.

"I've been waiting for this," he said just before he jabbed the zapper into her side and thumbed the switch.

He shoved the twitching girl into the same duffel he had used on Mindy, and dragged her inside the house. He only glanced over to the sofa where the blonde lay on the floor on her side, head encased in a lace-up leather hood complete with pear gag. Her ponytail, which emerged from a hole at the top of the hood, was knotted to the couch's left leg, wrists tied behind her elbows cinched to the center leg, and her ankles lashed knees corded to the end leg.

She wore only the tightest and smallest of the modern, seemingly sprayed-on, black lycra/spandex bustiers, with the thinnest of shoulder straps tightly holding up the deepest of bulging cleavages ending with two garter belts just below her navel, clipped to black, lace-topped, thigh-high stockings. On her feet were five inch ankle strap high heels. Slung low across her hips and deep into her hip bone grooves was a "V" shaped vinyl thong which both revealed the top of her thatch and held in a surging, twisting, knobby vibrator and butt plug.

Despite this "encouragement," her 101 pounds couldn't budge the screwed-down sofa.

"Don't worry," he told her as he dragged the bag up the stairs. "The batteries'll run out in a few more hours."

When Anne returned to her senses, she was in the shower. Despite lashed wrists and a plastic mouth plug, she tried to surprise him. But even before she raised her knee or lurched toward the door, he had her around the waist and was clutching her back to his front ... an anesthetic-soaked washcloth clamped over her nose.

When she awoke again, she was alone in the room where he had first "let her go" ... only to grab her again in the front yard. When she saw what she was wearing in the reflection of the one window's bullet-proof, one-way glass, she couldn't stop crying for almost a half hour.

It was a shiny red, body molding, latex rubber microminidress that was so absurdly low cut that her proud breasts were barely contained. On her feet were fire engine red, ankle-strap high heels, complete with a delicate but unsnappable hobble chain.

Her arms were encased behind her in a red, lace-up single sleeve. In her mouth was strapped a red, combination ball and prod gag. The part that showed was the ball. The part that didn't held down her tongue and muffled any sound.

He stepped inside and beamed down at her. Even without makeup and after all she had been through, she was still breath-taking.

"Come on," he said, reaching down to grab her hair and breast. "I want you to meet someone."

He dragged her down the stairs where the television was playing the tape of her hospital stay. She stared in horror, but he just pushed her on. "We can watch that later," he promised.

He propelled her down the cellar steps where she had crawled the first time she awoke inside the house. And there, between the steps and the laundry room, was the blonde.

Her latex rubber micromini was black, with a zipper opened all the way down to her belly button. Her bondage sleeve, ball/prod gag, and heels were also black. She lay on her back, her shins strapped to her thighs, her body arched. Semen drooled down her inner thighs. He had fucked her while Anne cried.

The brunette looked away, wondering if she were finally insane. But everywhere she looked were pictures tacked up on the wall, scattered on the floor, and even taped to the ceiling. They were them, in every walk of their lives for the last five years, up until they both vanished.

He introduced them, told them who they were, and how he knew about them. He said, *"I'm gonna do to you what your mothers never let me do to them...!"* Then he pushed Anne down

beside Mindy and went to work.

Some time later, the doorbell rang. He answered it, knotting his bathrobe, to find his mentally challenged neighbor, Rocky, on the stoop. "Hey, how's it going, neighbor?" he asked, standing aside so Rocky could step in.

"Good, man, good," Rocky replied, looking around the quiet, dark, living room.

"What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing. I just stopped by to see if you were okay. Haven't seen you around much."

Well, you know," he replied. "Been busy."

Deep in the undercellar, below the laundry and photo room, Mindy Hollister screamed for help with all her might. But the padded, six-buckled prod gag and the thick, wide leather collar only let a small, but extended, moan out.

She tried to run, but the steel ankle cuffs held her feet, in the ankle strap high heels, down to the rings in the cement floor. Her fingers spasmed, the cuffs affixing her wrists to the clip at the bottom of the back of her collar not allowing her hands anywhere near her mouth nor her crotch.

She was affixed to an impaling pole by attached hip bone straps topped with a curving vibrator which tapped her clit as it trembled her inner canals.

She tried to rear up, then cringed as the nipple clamps, hung tightly from the clip at the front of her collar, sang just above the black lace waist cinch.

Her juices drooled down her inner legs and across the black lace thigh high stockings. But she had to alert the neighbor she saw coming through the small, one way basement window. If she didn't, the nightmare of bondage, forced feeding, evacuation, washing, and sex would continue.

She screamed again and again and again and again...

"Sure," said Rocky. "I understand. Well, if you ever need anything, you just be sure to ask."

"I sure will, Rocky, thanks." He led his neighbor back to the door but stopped when he had it half open. "Uh, Rocky..."

"Yeah, neighbor?"

"You ever have a girlfriend?"

The man reddened. "Me?"

"Yeah, you. You're a big strong guy. Don't tell me you've never wanted a little action...!"

The man grinned sheepishly. "Well, sure, heck...but, you know, girls ain't interested in a guy like me..."

"Oh, come on, you're kidding!"

"No," Rocky said, suddenly serious. "I...tried a couple of times, y'know, just to be friendly-like, but they...they..."

He could see the humiliation and embarrassment on the man's face. "Now, come on, Rocky, don't you worry about them. They weren't right for you. Come on, you can tell me. What's your favorite type?"

Rocky hemmed and hawed awhile, but his neighbor could be very persuasive. "Oh, all right, I'll fess up. I have to admit...I like them little blondes."

"Yeah?" he asked, his expression unreadable.

"Yeah," Rocky admitted. "Like them dolls, you know?"

"Oh yes," Rocky's neighbor said. "I know exactly what you mean, believe me. And someday, Rocky, you know what?"

Rocky shook his head.

"I promise you, you'll have them right where you want them."

He showed Rocky out, then stood in the living room, staring at the stairs to the cellar, making mental plans for another little surprise ... someday. Finally, he walked up the stairs, unlatched and unlocked his bedroom door and stepped inside.

Anne Rutherford lay naked, spread-eagled, on the bed, face down. Her ankles and wrists were attached with padded steel cuffs. A rubber-coated mouth spreader was affixed under her hair, complete with an inflatable gag wedged inside.

He took off his robe and sat on the edge of the bed, admiring her flank, her ass, her legs, her back, her mane, and the way her tits puddled onto the bottom sheet.

"Good evening, Annie," he murmured, laying a hand where her waist met her hip. "Hope that enema wasn't too much for you, but I don't want any accidents tonight."

Then he half-slid, half forced himself under her. Later he would change positions so his cock would go into her mouth while he played with her clit, but for now he wanted the feel of her boobs crushed on his chest or in his hands, and his crank all nice and warm inside her.

Her eyelids fluttered and her amazing violet eyes darkened then rolled as he gripped her hips, positioning himself. His mouth found her throat, one hand found a breast, and the other pushed his cock crown between her vaginal lips.

Tomorrow he'd go to work with Mindy in the trunk and Anne on the floor of the back seat. The blonde would be in a low-cut, micromini cheerleader outfit. She'd be hogtied with rope, sucking on polymer, her lips sealed with glue and tape. During the shift she would serve as therapy in the psychosexual ward, but not the brunette, oh no.

She'd be lashed to the underseat, a plug in her mouth sealed in with bandage which would also cover her eyes.. She'd be wearing only pasties and a black leather version of the knotted towel she had on last night. She'd serve time in the off limits padded cell again, nicely silenced in a hood and stilled in a straight-jacket until it was time to go home. No more sharing her, with anybody.

He jutted his hips, his member sinking deeper into Anne Rutherford as she unwillingly shivered. He thought of the blonde downstairs and imagined her in a nice wraparound cocktail dress, handcuffs, and heels, on her back with Rocky between her hobbled legs, holding her mouth shut around her panties.

Then he wrapped his arms around his ex-girlfriend's daughter, forced his cock all the way in, and thought of no one else for the next eight hours.

THE END

WEBMASTER'S NOTE: We're working on the new, illustrated version of this story.

Please check what's new for further notice

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