

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE





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DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE #1

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Illustrations by STEVE



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GEOFFREY MERRICK

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She opened the door on my first ring. She was as spectacular as her ex-husband said she would be. Tall ... maybe 5'7" in her flat shoes. A glorious face; big blue-green eyes, a straight, small nose, and wonderfully generous lips that curled naturally into a kewpie-doll smile. A smile that would have been sensual had not her expression so completely exuded honeyed innocence.

She had been very sheltered growing up and in the marriage, I had been told, and looking at her now, I could completely accept that. Here was a young lady who, despite her amazing face and incredible body, had no real comprehension of her effect.

To her she was just a nice person. But to everyone else...especially me...she was something else again. Dark, thick, wavy red hair, which was parted on the left side, swirling down to her shoulders around a strong jawline just made to anchor cloth or tape. But I was getting ahead of myself. Not by much, but still...

"Hi. You must be Randy," she said with no hint of irony, in a soft, modulated, voice.

"I am," I replied, with a hint.

"You're right on time," she continued brightly, as only a sheltered girl on her first big date after a separation from an overly controlling husband could. "Come on in while I get my coat."

The house was as big and well-furnished and empty of other people as he said it would be, and, sure enough, she was dressed as conservatively as he said she would be: in a simple, dark, severe, triangular pullover that went from her neck to her knees like a sheath, and dark, ribbed leggings, ending in flat, leather, ankle boots.

She turned and started to hop up the stairs, the movement just hinting at the riches I had been assured of beneath the pullover dress.

I stepped in, swiftly closed the door behind me, pulled the 125,000 volt zapper from my coat pocket and moved quickly after her.

She reached the landing which joined the bedroom hall with the living room, dining room, and kitchen doorway when I reached under her skirt, jammed the prods against her thigh and thumbed the switch. She went down onto the teak wood flooring like a felled tree.



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Despite all that followed, it was almost my favorite moment.

I stepped up to stand over her, looking down into her lovely face, whose expression changed like upstate weather. At first it was all wide-eyed, open mouth shock -- both literally and figuratively. What had happened? Then her brow furrowed in a painful unspoken question: what is happening to me?

Then came the dawn.



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Watching her try to say or do something and seeing her realize she couldn't was priceless. I could practically hear her brain crying out to her mouth to scream and to her body to react. Stand, fight, run...! But she couldn't do any of it.

Only then did her face scrunch up in child-like frustration, and the tears began to flow... her crying like an abandoned child lost in the woods.

I walked around her cringing, quivering form until I was beside her shoulder. I leaned down, looking into her alternately blubbering and wide-eye-surprised face, then surveying her long, shapely, stiffening legs and twisting, curvy torso.

"Oh no," I said quietly. "Oh no, you're not going anywhere, Erin."

I kneeled down beside her, carefully gripping the zipper at the top of her tunic.

"Do you know how long we've been planning this? Do you know how long this took to set up? Do you really think our meeting in that coffee house was by chance?"

She tried so hard to scream that she started to gasp: great, wracking semi-sobs jerking from her throat as if she were being electrocuted every few seconds. They thrust her chest up, jerking her head back, bending her knees.

I pulled down the zipper all the way to her waist. "Holy Madonna, mother of pop," I whispered.



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Her chest was magnificent. Huge, high, and real: obvious even in the sea and sky blue, lace, scalloped underwire bra with the little blue rose between her breasts.

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DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE #2

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"Your little hubby gave you that, didn't he?" I chided. "Gave you all your lingerie, didn't he? Haven't had time, or the money, to go shop for something less ... sexbomb ... have you?" Her gasps had become long, wrenching, teeth-gritting grunts now, as if she were trying to lift a 500 pound weight.

I merely reached down, curled my forefingers under the bra cups, and pulled them down.



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Her huge breasts bounced free, spreading across her upper chest like two big jello-molds. I nearly caught my breath in my throat. Her aureoles and nipples were accordingly big: like pancake-bathtub stoppers in the lower center of the mounds. I nearly sat on her waist then, my member yearning to ram itself between the molten mountains.

"Nice tits," I understated. No wonder her ex-hub didn't want her free. Then I merely reached down and flipped up her dress hem. There were her glorious gams and hips encased in the ribbed tights. I snaked my hand beneath the elastic waist and felt the soft, warm hair down there. "Nice cunt," I called her.

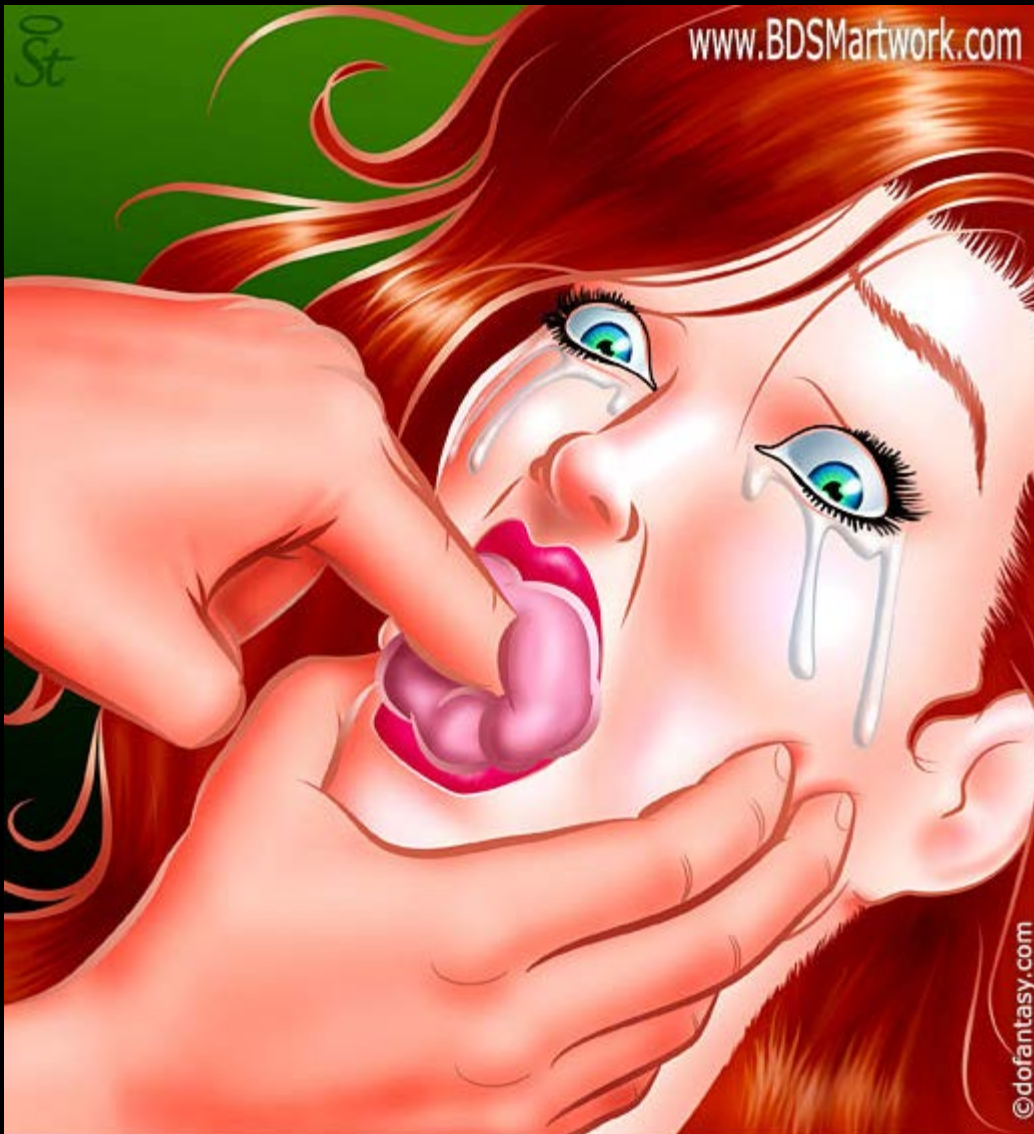


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She started to kean piteously, her head back, her eyes closed, her body rocking side to side. Ah well, I thought, better get down to it. I reached into a jacket pocket and pulled out the big, pink, pliant ball.

I reached up and started stuffing it into her mouth. Her eyes snapped open and the blue-green pupils shot down to the bottom lids. She made this "aw, aw, awwww," noise but then it popped in behind her teeth, muffling the gargling sounds.



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Then out came the thick, insulated cloth duct tape, in a nice shiny shade of gray. As I had figured, it fit in the valley between her nose and chin as if tailored there, sealing her luscious lips closed. She tried to cry out; it emerged a hum. Her head went back, eyes closing again in despair, but froze in place as I slipped the collar under her neck.

That's a good bitch," I said quietly, tightening the studded black leather around her elegant throat. She choked in amazement, her eyes wide under beautifully furrowed auburn brows.



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DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE #3

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Then I grabbed one of her soft, strong wrists, savoring the girlish nails painted a feminine lavender. Without preamble I rolled her onto her front, letting her breasts squish where they may.

She gave out a muffled bleat of surprise, then her left wrist was dragged to her right elbow and taped there. Grabbing her right wrist, I did the same to her left elbow and forearm, then anchored both further with wickedly tightened plastic pull-ties. Then she was over onto her back again, her tits shaking like dancing balls of liquid mercury. I thought my cock would erupt from my pants like the chestburster in that scifi horror flick. But I managed to hold on long enough to tape and pull-tie her knees before grabbing two pillows from the nearby couch.

My breath coming raggedly, my movements going faster and faster, I tape-wrapped one cushion around her feet. I quickly placed the other pillow under her head before practically leaping into the saddle made by her waist and tits. I looked deep into her horrified, uncomprehending eyes as I clawed at my zipper.

"That easy," I choked out huskily. "That simple, that fast. One minute you're a beautiful young girl...." I glanced at her voluminous chest. "Young woman," I corrected, "with your whole life before you. The next...?" I plopped my erection onto her jiggling tits. "Fuck meat."



GEOFFREY MERRICK

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Erin's scream was cut off by my slapping the sides of her big boobs, literally smothering my cock in her mammary valley. They swallowed my prick up, drowning it in glorious adipose tissue.

And for the next ten minutes we were locked together there, me hunched over her face, furiously slamming my meat between her crushed-together boobs, her writhing in agony and despair, trying to scream, trying to escape, trying to fight -- all hopelessly, her chest heaving, her back arching, her fingers reaching spasmodically.

She kicked, the pillow deadening the sound. She desperately begged me not to despoil her, the gag liquefying the words (but not her pleading expressions).

She sobbed, she shook her head no, she contorted beneath me, the effects of the zapper wearing off.

But it was all in vain. When my cock started throbbing and getting dark, she was still there, her arms tied behind her in the small of her back, her mouth still sealed around a ball with insulating tape that seemed sewn there, her dress was still half off her, her bra still bunched beneath her bulging sex-balloons, and her increasingly heavier legs still muffled by the pillow taped around her boots.

Her excruciatingly lovely face looked up at me with fear and pleading, her eyes filled with tears, just before I erupted. Her head fell back as if shot ... which, in a very real way, she was.

The cum splurged forward, as if from a whipped cream canister, splattering across the gag, into her right nostril, and on up across her right eye.



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She screamed in utter anguish, the gag and collar choking it off into a long, drowning groan, her head sinking into the pillow, her eyes squeezed shut, her face turning. A stream of cum slowly dripped into the fan of her lustrous dark red hair.

I sat, breathing heavily over her, for a few seconds, before even I was able to get my wits about me.

"Great tits?" I echoed huskily. "Amazing tits!" I looked down at her splendor, while she tried to pretend none of it was happening. "But hey," I said. "You ain't felt nothing yet."

And with no other warning, I hopped down to start pulling at her dress, leggings, and knee bondage. What a sweetie ... below her leggings was a French-cut blue-lace panty which matched the bra. Now she didn't have to do that, but in her attempt to double layer, she just made her stripping all the more exciting.... No matter how she squealed, moaned, shook and sobbed, the dress was soon in a puddle on the floor near the sofa and both her leggings and panty were bunched down at her still bound, still pillow-muffled feet.

Now there was nearly all her glory revealed, her soft, dark red, trimmed cunt hair, her sleek, smooth, firm hips, and her long, shapely legs. But I hardly had time to appreciate them before I was wedged between her freed knees and ramming my cock crown against her vaginal lips. Erin reacted to type; surging up in disbelief, eyes wide, and starting to beg again.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

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"What did you think?" I grunted, wrapping my arms around her hips, gripping her hip bones and guiding her onto me. "I'd stop at your fucking tits?" Then I nailed her. Her upper body reacted like a sail flailing in the wind. Her cushioned feet thudded onto the floor again and again. But her loins were locked to mine, my cock corking her, filling her, impaling her. Warm, tight, wet despite herself, our hips remained locked as if born Siamese. I practically didn't have to thrust; the muscles of her rarely used vagina and the need of my member practically didn't need us.

I was able to drop down, cupping her shoulder, gripping her hair and slobbing onto her tit.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

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Only once did I look up, deep into her big disbelieving, tortured eyes above her sealed mouth. "It's like knowing yourself for the first time, right?" I whispered hoarsely.

"I bet, all these years, you were wondEring why that face, this body, that hair, huh? Why you, right? Well, now you know."

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DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE #4

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Then I stopped talking and started ramming like a jackhammer, my hand squeezing her left tit like a juicing grapefruit and my mouth suckled onto the side of her neck like a leech -- her hair a cushion around my head.



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DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

By the time the phone rang she had stopped crying, stopped struggling, and stopped pleading. She was on her face now, her eyes closed, her cheek flat on the teak, her hips up, on her knees, her legs spread -- each foot now pillow-wrapped.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

Her fingers were either fluttering weakly or bunched into fists as I surged into her again from behind. The only reason her tits weren't suctioning the floor was that my hands were filled with them, yanking and squeezing as I fucked her doggy style.

Her eyes didn't even snap open at the phone call. They opened slowly, the once bright blue-green now smoky and exhausted, her throat covered in black and blue hickeys.

She made one low, soft moan before the answering machine went to work. "Hi, this is Erin," came her calm, normal, lovely voice. "Leave your name, number, and message after the beep."

Beep. "Hi, hon," said a comfortable, casual, chipper female voice. "Look, I know you're out on your big date, but I wanted you to know that I'll be right here, waiting for the report, as late as you wanna call, okay?"

I could just imagine the caller; one of those ex-school spirit types, now into macrodiets and gym aerobics. But I was utterly gratified by her conspiratorial finish. "...Even if you can't call until tomorrow morning...! Here's hoping you lucked out! Let me know. Bye!" She giggled and hung up.

I waited until a few seconds and several slow, powerful thrusts had passed, before leaning down to her ear and giving her tits an especially strong squeeze. "I guess you could call this getting lucky, huh? Huh, baby?"

I gripped her bulging tits like claws and jammed my cock into her like a spike.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

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She grunted and moaned, her eyelids fluttering. It was not like before. When I first came into her you'd think she'd been executed. She screamed until hoarse. She stiffened until every muscle seemed ready to snap. Tears poured from her eyes, mucous poured from her nose, and she was covered in sweat.

It didn't change anything. I was still on my knees, gathering up her hips, with only her feet, shoulders, and head still on the floor as I kneeled, worshipping and defiling, spraying her sugar walls.

She had collapsed, sobbing, shuddering, acting like it was finally over. But when I disengaged and immediately turned her, she seemed to go into shock. By then she knew she couldn't get her hands free. She knew she couldn't scream no matter how much she drooled or sweated.

The tape would ooze streams of gray glue down her chin, but it would not come off. It didn't matter. I didn't care what she did. My job was not to make her join in. My job was to show her what a mistake it was to try divorcing her husband. I leaned down her wonderful back, kneading her tits like udders and plugging her again with a thrust of my hips.

"So I guess that means we've got all night, right, babydoll?" That did it. She tried to drop onto her smooth, flat stomach. She tried to screech out "NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

She tried to writhe away, twisting like a bird with its wings clipped. I just dragged her back by her tits, ramming my cock deep inside her like a skewer. "Yeah baby," I cooed. "All night...."



GEOFFREY MERRICK

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I came in her a second time, crushing her to me, reveling in the youth, firmness, creaminess of her body, and the volume of her extraordinary orbs as she moaned in agony through the stubbornly sticky gag.

"Now come on, babe," I said, gulping breath. "Time for phase two...." Before she could react I dropped her. She thudded to the floor like a marlin on a dock, with a solid thunk and reactive cringe. I immediately turned her over onto her back -- once more enjoying the way her glorious mams spread across her upper chest -- and clicked a thin steel-enforced leather leash onto the collar...

to be continued..

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DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE #5

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...**W**ith a strong pull, I dragged her off the floor, kicking at her shins until she stumbled upright, staring at me in pain and disbelief. Her whoppers hung down like punching bags on her smooth, creamy chest, and I couldn't help but raise my eyebrows in respect.

"Now we're going to have to do something about that," I clucked, and almost as soon as I finished saying it, I had brutally cinched her elbows together behind her with a tan, buckled strap. Her chest instantly thrust up as if saluting, while she made a little mewling sound.

I immediately stepped back to admire the change. "Amazing tits?" I breathed. "Astonishing tits!" I corrected. I then did the same for her knees. "Now let's go," I said, pulling her toward me and the hallway beyond.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

"Let's go, let's go, let's go..." Much to my delight, she followed. Not willingly, but she didn't start kicking and screaming and running around either.

It was very safe to say she was in shock -- the kind of shock a sheltered, pampered girl went into when faced with her own voluptuousness... and what it represented. But that was the problem all along, apparently. This one liked to be appreciated, complimented, even worshipped... but as a work of art, not as a human who got all sweaty and soiled.

You could tell that was so from the top of her magnificently thick, lustrous red mane to the tip of her manicured, painted toe. But now she was bound, gagged, collared, nearly naked and twice fucked. Still luminous, but the innocent certainty of how her life would be was a trifle shaken to say the least.

And then we were in the bedroom, her standing uncertainly behind me, her breaths coming in gasps -- her voluminous boobs either quivering or quaking with big dramatic breaths. we both

stared at the overwhelming girlishness of the place. Canopied bed off to the right. Big walk-in closet to the left. Pink vanity mirror and makeup table directly ahead. Little decorating touches everywhere.

Standing on no ceremony I merely dragged her around and shoved her on the bed.



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DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

She landed on her back, bouncing on the thick coverings, then settled with a sob -- her boobs spreading across her entire chest, her aureoles looking like fried eggs with a gumdrop on top.

"Now, now, now," I said, looking over the room. "There's no need for that. It's already too late for you, isn't it? I've already marked you, haven't I? You're filled with my cream, aren't you? You're mine now, right?"

She pleaded through the gag, more exhausted than hysterical, rubbing her legs as if trying to force out the cum.

"Too late," I repeated, going through her closet. "Way too late now...."

What was this? The stuff in her closet was practically drab. Jeans, pantsuits, sweaters, demure dresses, flats, winter boots....

"This isn't the stuff your dear hubby bought you," I said, seeing her eyes widen in fear then flicker instinctively toward the other end of the room.

There I found them. In a big box behind the door. Erin started to cry out in fear, writhing as I reapproached her, turning off the lights as I got near. When it was all said and done, only the low-wattage bedlight was on, basking her in a, dare I say, romantic light as she kept trying to

plead through the gag.

But the begging had a much better sound to it now that she was redressed in an astonishingly low-cut, scoop-neck, skin-tight micro minidress, complete with garter belt, stockings and matching four-inch ankle strap high heels. The dress was made of space age polymers, the kind that could hold up her boobs like offerings to the emperor.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

Tears streamed out of her blue eyes as she sat on the edge of the bed beside me, shivering, totally aware of how stunningly sexy she was, how monstrously attractive, and how incredibly helpless.

Hands retied behind her with tape and rubber-coated wire.

Mouth stuffed and lips sealed.

Ankles loosely affixed with a plastic pull-tie.

"Okay, hon," I said quietly. "Guess what happens now." Her head went back to wail so I simply plunged my fingers into either side of her mane and continued her motion back. I imagine, if you watched it from the doorway, you wouldn't think twice about the struggle. It was just two forms moving on the bed in near silence -- the only noise being of bodies rubbing on bedclothes, the thick mattress on the heavy, solid frame hardly squeaking.

The falling back practically yanked her skirt up and u-neck down for me. Then all I saw was her achingly beautiful face contort in dread, and all I felt were my legs forcing themselves between hers. I may have even felt the moment the ankle strap snapped. But on this well-cushioned bed,

it didn't matter how much she kicked. No one else would hear a thing.

Her mams squished up as I slammed my meat into her, her neck tendons snapping into view, and her eyes flashing in agony. I clamped my hands on her waist and hips, making sure I was sunk in all the way, then started fucking her brains out like never before.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

This one was different. The first time was to take her. The second was to mark her. This one was to teach her. To teach her what the physical act was. It didn't matter that she was bound, gagged, and terrified. All that mattered was biology and sexual research.

I shifted my hips, my fingers found her clit, my other hand pinched her left nipple, and my mouth sunk onto her neck. It was the size of the ship and the motion of the ocean.

I spent a half hour stimulating, then fucking, then stimulating again. I brought her close to orgasm twice, then backed off. I made her gasp by playing with her nipples and clit at the same time, using different rhythms. I used my tongue and fingernails. I saw her eyes flash, head raise, nostrils flare, and watched as she held her breath time and again, each time merely squeezing her tit like bread dough until she started to cry...

to be continued..



posted August 4th, 2006

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE #6

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Only then did I play in her ear and on her throat with my tongue and lips while masturbating her again. Finally, only after she sighed and her back instinctively arched up, did I remount her, slam my hands as hard as I could into her tits, clawed my fingers shut (her mams squeezed between my digits like ice cream), and fucked her so brutally that she only managed to scream twice before the sound became a ragged throttling.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

When I finished, her breasts and inner thighs were bruised, her eyes only showed white, her wrists were bleeding, and the dress was ripped almost entirely from her voluptuous body. Her breathing was uneven and coming in shudders. Perfect. She woke up when my phone rang. Not that she could do anything about it. "Yeah?" I answered. It was her ex-husband, as expected.

"Yeah," I repeated. "Everything going according to plan." I glanced over at her on the floor.

She was redressed in a wickedly tight lace-up black corset (tits bulging above the demi-bra top), stockings, and lace up granny-style ankle boots with four inch heels. She was bound in a murderous hog-tie. Her hair was tied to her cinched elbows, holding her head up, and her wrists were tied to her ankles. Clamps bit her nipples, and between her legs was a strap, buckled to another strap around her waist, holding in a battery-powered, eight-inch studded dildo which vibrated, throbbed, and surged to ten inches before spinning around.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

I had regagged her, too. Replacing the ball and tape was a prod gag which strapped over her head as well as under her chin, covering her ripe mouth with a big rectangle of sunk-in leather.

Her face was priceless. Trying to remain in her post-fuck stupor, the dildo kept snapping her awake, causing her eyes to open, her expression to panic, and her boobs to jiggle -- which created even more lightning bolts to her brain -- all accompanied by little gasps and grunts.

"She's fine," I lied. I closed my phone and slipped it back into my pocket, never taking my eyes off her glory. As I watched the show, my mind started to work, inspired by how my log had started to restiffen.

"Time to get this show on the road," I murmured. You could barely hear her gagged screams in the bedroom, but it was empty. They dimly filled the hall, kitchen, and living room, but they, too, were unoccupied. You could hear her moan along the back stairs but there was no one there to listen. The house was empty. We were in the garage. She lay on the back seat of her own SUV, her elbows and wrists tied behind her with rope and tape, her mouth pried open with a big

ring gag forced behind her perfect teeth. I was just finishing tying her ankles to her upper thighs. She wore only a strapless bustier which shoved her glorious boobs practically up to her clavicles, and a matching microminiskirt which held onto her smooth, shapely hips for dear life not a centimeter above the top of her beaver and not a millimeter below. The high heel granny boots remained on her feet because I liked them.

My penis was in my hand. My other hand was in her hair. "This is how it's going to go," I said, shoving my prick between her yanked open lips. I forced her mouth up and down on my shaft with both hands as I continued. "I'm going to cum coat you," I gasped, feeling the warm wetness. "For three reasons. First, you deserve to be cum coated. Second, it should be your natural state. And three, because you're so fucking luscious!"



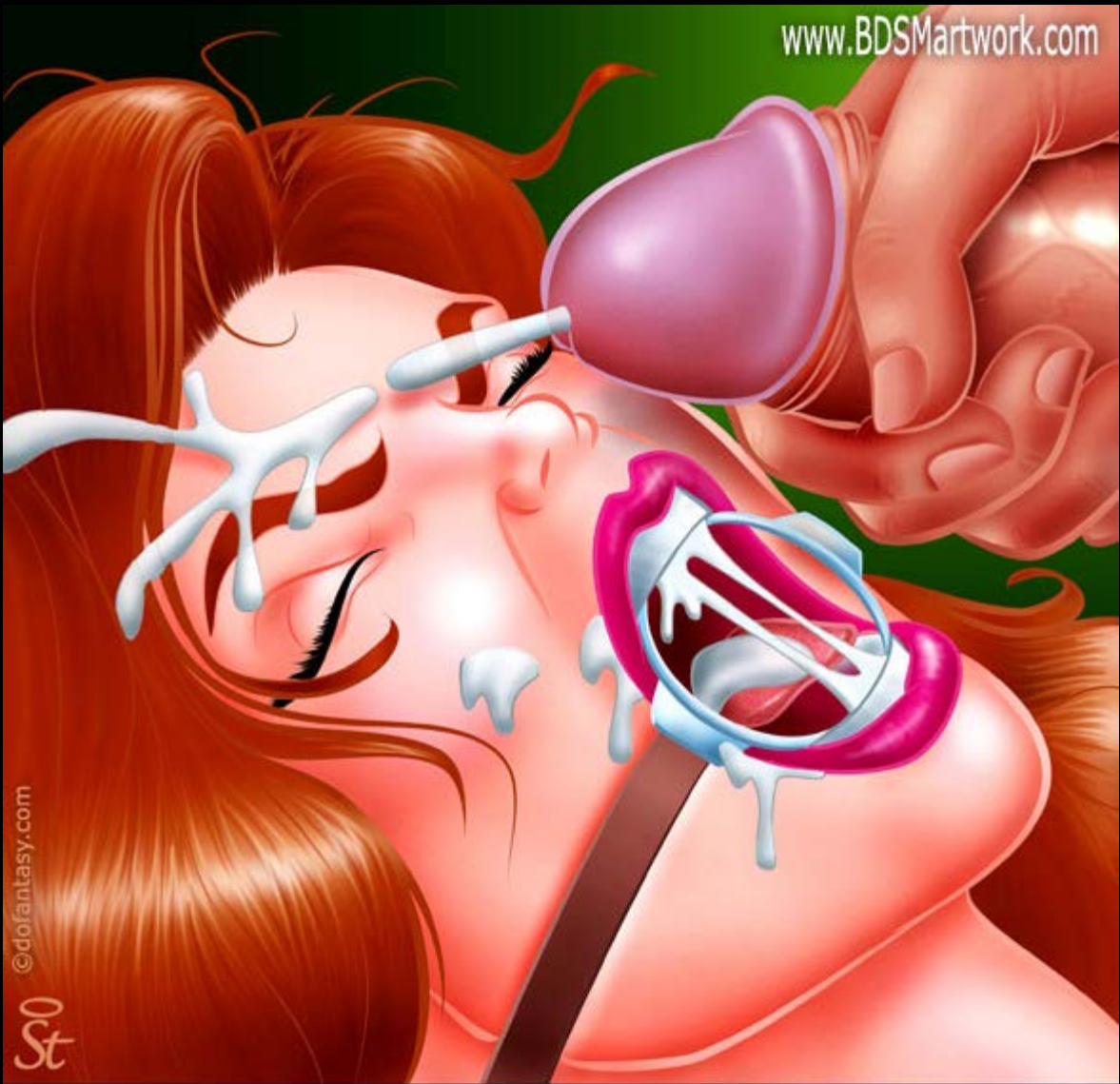
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I came into her face and hair. She moaned, gargling, then choked in surprise as I rammed my log right back in. She gagged, spluttering, as I used her head again like my own masturbating hand. "Why here?" I grunted, luxuriating in the sweet glory of her mouth. "Because I don't want my seed all over your house for just anybody to find. I was careful the first couple of times. Now it's not about being careful...!"

I yanked my log out of her mouth and shot another wad onto her forehead and hair.

Before she could cry out again I shoved a bathtub sponge into her open maw, then stepped back and started jerking myself off.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

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"I want to see this," I hissed through clenched teeth, then watched as I shot a load into her navel, letting it seep down under the skirt. Then I jumped up to kneel over her head, pounding two blasts into her bustier cups as she writhed and squealed. I was just shoving the bra down as tight as I could, squishing the cum all over her orbs, when headlight beams raked the garage windows. She immediately tried to rear up, screaming. I immediately slammed my hand into her face, bearing her down to the SUV floor, wrenched the ring gag from her lips and clamped my hand over her working mouth.

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DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE #7

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My body sank onto hers, the cum squishing and sticking, as my fingers sank into her face cheeks and her lips were mashed by my palm. She tried to scream just once more, but then my forearm was on her lovely throat.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

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I didn't ask her anything stupid like "Are you expecting someone?" It didn't matter if she was or wasn't. Besides, I didn't want her making a sound.

Her body began to vibrate as the air was cut off, her face darkening, panic in her eyes.

"Simple," I whispered so quietly even I could hardly hear it. "One minute you're alive...the next...?"

She got the message.

She stilled, rolling her eyes in bottomless sorrow.

I lessened the pressure on her throat.

She swallowed, then lay still.

I felt her breath on the finger beneath her nostrils. I waited.

We heard a car door slam, then the sound of footsteps walking to the front door. When I heard the doorbell ring, I smiled.

"No flashing lights," I whispered. "Not cops." Then I positioned myself.

Her look of total disbelief and complete and utter degradation was priceless. She shuddered when I entered her, her lips working. A small groan escaped her, which I cut off with my other hand. And then I started slowly but purposefully rutting.

Her head went back slightly, her eyes closing, but that was okay. It put my gagging hand in a better position to seal her mouth. I purposely mashed her cum-covered tits with my chest as I continued to slowly fuck her...

Not fifty feet from where somebody was ringing the doorbell. "Doesn't matter, you see," I whispered, not slowing my rhythmic assault. "It could be your next door neighbor, a friend passing by, a salesman, even a Jehovah's Witness. It just shows that they didn't know you were out on a date...." I kept fucking her as the footsteps returned.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

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The person, whoever it was, may have even looked in the garage window, but it still didn't matter. The garage lights were off, we were on the floor of the vehicle, and its off-road shocks were very, very good.

We heard the car door close. Then the engine came to life, the car backed out and drove away.

Only then did she start to scream ... in frustration and defilement.

I let her...the sound wouldn't carry very far through the sponge and my hand. Besides, the way her back was arching, it all but rammed her hips into mine. Besides besides, it was choked off when I came again.

She was sobbing uncontrollably when I dragged her up and started masturbating again.

She practically had the sponge out of her mouth when I rammed a specially pliant pink rubber ball in, then sealed her rich lips over it with a sheath of clear plastic tape, making sure to press it painfully into her flesh.

When I leaned back, her lips were mashed, almost covering her teeth, with only the barest minimum of pink showing through.

"There now," I grunted, hand back on my crank, "now even your mother wouldn't know your lips are sealed...."

She looked at me with stunned realization until I let loose again, catching her right between the thighs.

Finally we were ready. I dropped her to the passenger seat, her legs under her, looking to all the world like a handicapped, lower-legless girl. Then the coat went over her shoulders, covering her near nakedness and sticking to the gobs of cum. The seatbelt held her in tight, and I lashed her neck to the headrestone with one clear plastic pull-tie.

I sat in the driver's seat, drinking in her helpless beauty. Almost tenderly I held a lock of her mane.

"What lovely hair," I said, then pulled it to obscure most of her taped face. She made a despairing, despoiled sound, but the noise of the motor throbbing to life drowned it out.

I drove southeast, on backroads and unlit parkways, always using the exact change lanes at the tolls. I drove until she lost consciousness. Then I drove on the lighted thruways until we reached the correct exit. Then it was back on the rural roads again, deep into the slums, with the glow of the city getting brighter in the background.

She woke up when the engine stopped. She stared soundlessly into the face of an old black woman. The woman, name of Ida, was leaning against the passenger side of the car, which was wedged in an alleyway between two decrepit brick buildings.

I got out, checking the street at either end and the cracked, dirty, covered windows on either side.

"This her?" Ida asked. I didn't bother answering. What was I going to say: "No, this is another bound and gagged cum-coated sexbomb!"

"Down here," the wizened old woman said, unlocking and pushing open a door in the building directly beside the passenger door. I didn't bother responding to that, either. I merely walked around, opened the SUV door, snapped off the neck strap, unbuckled the seatbelt, and dragged the girl from the bucket seat to the room beyond with one easy motion.

I closed the door behind us and Ida switched on the single, yellow, 60 watt, overhead light. I dropped Erin on the dirty, ragged, thin mattress on the floor.

She blinked in amazement, having been dropped into a 1950's crime scene. The room had only one other door, which was criss-crossed with nailed-in boards.

The floor was cracked, dirty concrete. There was a stained sink and backless toilet in the corner. Besides the mattress there was a rotten old wooden card table and three heavy wooden chairs. Oh, and rope. Lots of rope and dirty rags.

The old woman was almost out the other door when I finally said something. "The car?" She turned and gave me an empty toothed smile that was pure pride.

"They won't even find an ash from the tray," she cackled. Then she was gone and the door closed as soundly as a crypt. Only after I sat down and sighed did I turn to look into Erin's big, dark blue eyes.

"You're not supposed to be here," I said. "I was supposed to drive straight through. But you're here because I wanted you here, and it's not like you've got a choice. Now I'm going to keep you here and fuck you ... because I can...."



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

She started to cry quietly and even beg exhaustedly, but within seconds the coat and bustier were off, her elbows and legs were untied, and my body was crushing her.

If anyone was watching, they wouldn't see much. Just a guy on an amazingly beautiful, amazingly built young woman, grunting and thrusting between her slack legs, his arms curled under her shoulders, jerking her onto him every other few seconds as she tried to say stop and no and don't and please.

But mostly she just sobbed. Until I came in her again.

Then, if anyone was watching they would have seen her ankles retied to her thighs, her tied wrists tied to her slim waist -- holding her hands above her hips -- sitting on my haunches, impaled on my hard-on, being jiggled up and down by her tits and hips. Maybe one tear dropped onto my chest, but mostly she just sat there, trying not to writhe in agony, occasionally crying out through her gag if I pinched or twisted or bit too hard.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

to be continued..

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posted September 3rd, 2006

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE #8

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Illustrations by STEVE

Then it seemed to be over. I pushed her onto her side, where she wept, sighed, then lost consciousness. Maybe it was sleep. Maybe it wasn't.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

When Erin awoke, she was alone. Even more incredibly, she was untied and ungagged.

Most surprising of all, she was dressed; in an incredibly old, tarnished white shirt, tight black skirt, seamed stockings and three inch stiletto high heel pumps.

She blinked. She shook her head. She even wondered if she had lost her mind or died, traveling back to the 50's in her addled brain. But she couldn't question it or she might go mad.

Instead she unsteadily got to her feet, testing her weakened limbs. Her hair so thick and deep

red, her eyes so blue, her face still so lovely, and her body in that outfit...?



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

She stood in the room like a goddess in hell. She managed to keep from collapsing or screaming in hysteria, and made her way to the alley door.

It was still locked tight. She almost shrieked in frustration then, but managed to contain it. She may have even thought that sneaking out silently was her best chance of escape, if she wasn't hallucinating.

She made her way to the other door.

She glanced down at the shoes once, probably trying to decide whether to keep them on, or wondering why they fit so snugly and so well. In any case, she kept them on.

This door wasn't locked. She opened it cautiously and peered out into a long, dark, dank hallway.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

The wall tile was chipped. The wallpaper above it was shredding. The carpeted floor was worn almost completely. Up an old, leaning wood staircase was darkness.

At the end of the hall was the front door. Through the faded, dirty window pane she saw the reflection of multi-colored lights.

Almost as if hypnotized, she took a step, then another, then another, preventing the shoe heels from clacking.

She passed one old apartment door on the right, then another on the left. Then she was at the front door. Hazarding a glance behind her, she saw no one.

Turning back, her arm muscles bunched, turning the old, dented knob. The door creaked back, and there was the building vestibule.

She could see that it, and the sidewalk outside, were empty. She stepped forward hurriedly unable to keep her shoes from clacking, then wrenched wide the final door between her and freedom....

The fresh air hit her like a wall. She stared at Atlantic City in the distance the way Dorothy first looked at Oz.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

It was a stunning moment as she realized where she was, and where she could go to be saved. She took the first step outside.

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posted September 19th, 2006

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE #9

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GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

She never took another, of course. A huge black hand descended on her mouth and a big muscular black arm clamped around her arms and waist.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

She felt herself being lifted and turned, slamming face first against the wall, her face protected by the huge paw over her lips. Her breasts squished against the rotting plaster and then the arm around her waist disappeared and another hand grasped her right wrist. By the time she tried to scream her right arm was wrenched so high up her back she thought it would tear off.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

The scream became a sharp gasp of blinding pain, and then she was being dragged back down the hallway. Within seconds she had been pulled back into the room, her free arm clawing desperately for the door frame.

A piece snapped off in her fingers. The door slammed, a bolt could be heard sliding into place, and then the hall was as silent as the tomb... dust settling as if it had never been kicked up.

When I saw her again she was sitting heavily in the chair, dazed, exhausted, and aching. Her arms were wrenched behind her and tied so cruelly to the chair with thin, coarse rope I thought she was lucky to still have skin. Her waist was also tied to the chair so tightly it nearly disappeared into the slot between her shirt and skirt. The clothing was streaked and torn in several places, revealing the swell of one breast and the sleekness of one thigh almost to the crotch.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

He had obviously been very rough with her. Her ankles were tied wide to the chair legs, her own legs bent back, the tightness of the skirt barely keeping her knees in close proximity. The shoes were still on, scraping the dirty floor.

More ropes on her upper body held to the seat, one sinking between her breasts, another under her arms -- all lashed more tightly than I thought possible. And her mouth. Her cheeks were bulging, obviously stuffed to capacity.

I could see through the top gag that another cloth was knotted between her teeth, holding the stuffing in, and the final one covered her lower face so tightly it all but sunk her lips into her mouth.

Incredibly, the gags were tied as unbelievably tight as the ropes. Her head was back, her eyes glazed in pain and effort, her beautiful dark red hair hanging down. And seated beside her, watching her like a misbehaved pet, was a tall, rangy, black young man.

From his height and build he could have been a basketball player, but the dullness of his eyes bespoke an impediment.

"She tried to get away," he said to me in a monotone. "I stopped her."

"Yes," I agreed. "You did." He looked at her again with pride, then back at me.

"She looks good, huh? Just like book girl, huh?" He held up a worn old paperback. On the cover was a painting of another girl, almost as pretty, but a brunette, who was tied to a chair much like this one, in a room much like this one, the same way Erin was tied. Even the clothing was torn and streaked in much the same way as the clothes on the book cover. Only Erin wasn't a painting

and these impossibly tight ropes and rags were real.

"Yeah," I said. "Better."

Erin's eyes opened. She looked at me. With what? Hope? Desperation? For what? Help? But mostly it was suffering I guess.

"Okay," the tall black man said happily. He took a final look at the book cover then put it back on the table.

As if on cue, Ida appeared in the doorway.

"He do it yet?" she asked me.

"I don't think so."

She looked at the tall black man. "You do it yet, Jim?" He replied absently. "Not yet, ma."

"Well, do it!" she snapped. "We can't stay here all night!"

The old woman came around to stand between me and the girl tied brutally to the chair.

"He ain't right, you see," she said, almost apologetically, as he started to untie the girl...

to be continued..

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posted October 5th, 2006

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE #10

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"His father was a weak, stupid man, and left him with the stupid part."

"Not the weak part, though," I said, seeing the rope burns on Erin's creamy skin as he freed her ankles.

The old woman stared at me sharply. "Not that kinda weakness, mister." Then she leaned in, speaking almost kindly into Erin's face. "He left us, you see. Jim's father. With only a couple of things to remember him by. That book..." She motioned to the paperback on the table "...And this pamphlet...on how to be a man." She held a thin, ratty, old booklet up to Erin's widening eyes.

She started to bleat in terror, but Ida only kept talking soothingly.

"It's all the boy knows," she said. "All he has. So I made a little arrangement with this nice man here. We take care of him, and he brings things for my boy... to help him become a man...."

She tossed the pamphlet on the table as Erin tried even more desperately to wrench herself away. But the ropes Jim left on were enough to contain her until he was ready. Then his giant hands grabbed her, stood her up and hurled her to the mattress, where she managed to almost get back to her feet, despite her deadened legs, before he was on her.

I looked over at the booklet on the table.



"The Proud Black Man" it read. And inside were diatribes on whitey and what the proud black man should do to the oppressors. Take their money... burn their homes... rape their women...

It even had illustrations. Sketchy black and white ones, to be sure, but clear enough. Erin was choking, bleating, and begging through the still remarkably tight gag, her arms wrenched behind her where her wrists were still cinched.

He had torn her skirt in half and ripped the shirt completely off her front. Her breasts cannoned free, but then his hands and mouth were there, grinding, slapping, mauling, sucking, and biting.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

His shaft was huge. and it shot between Erin's legs like a Zulu spear.

I watched six inches of it jam in, then three more, then, finally, like lava, three inches more, until he had plugged himself all the way inside her.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

Erin's face was flushed, veins throbbing on her brow, sweat pouring down her cheeks, the tendons in her neck like harp strings.

The sound coming from behind the gag was like a steam vent on a pressure cooker ready to blow. She writhed below him like a fish on a hook, trying frantically to relieve the pressure. But then he started thrusting.

Erin's face looked like she was about to be torn in half. She tried to scream, she tried to sit up, but all she could do was stiffen halfway there, as if trying to give birth. But then his mouth was on her face and he bore her down, still rutting.

I watched it all. I watched her kick. I watched her kicks get weaker. I watched her stop kicking. I watched her face jerk up and down with each thrust. I watched the gag tighten deeper and deeper onto her mouth. I watched her skin color go from red to purple to a sickly gray-green. I watched him tighten. I watched her try to crawl away. I saw him come. I watched Erin react as if he had jammed a live wire into her tit. And then it was over. She lay there in tatters of white and black, her skin shining with sweat, her hair across her pale face, her breasts quivering.

He pulled out his impossibly long shaft and plopped it between her mounds. For once something else was worthy of those mammaries. Then, to even my surprise, he ejaculated again, the pint of jism coursing into her chin and across her chest and neck like half-whipped cream.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE

She cringed, stretched, and screamed for all she was worth, and then collapsed. The sound had barely made it to the doorway.

I looked at the old woman. The old woman looked at me. She tossed me a small ball of black microfiber.

"The van's in the alley," she said. "Where her car used to be."

Dumping Erin into the back of the old, scraped, dented, rusting, once-white van was no problem.

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posted October 23rd, 2006

DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE #11

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She cringed, stretched, and screamed for all she was worth, and then collapsed. The sound had barely made it to the doorway. I looked at the old woman. The old woman looked at me. She tossed me a small ball of black micro-fiber.

"The van's in the alley," she said. "Where her car used to be."

Dumping her into the back of the old, scraped, dented, rusting, once-white van was no problem. Erin was somewhere between sleep and death. Even so, I couldn't help admiring the way the deep v-necked micro-minidress adhered to every pore of her spectacular body while revealing almost all of it. Even the very inner sides of her aureoles could be glimpsed, and seemingly all her naked legs -- ending in black five-inch ankle straps.

I quickly climbed in after her, though, and dragged her to the passenger seat. I handcuffed her wrists behind the seat, cuffed her ankles to the metal under seat carriage, then lowered the back of the chair so even her tits were below window level.

Only then did I lovingly, carefully insert the big black ball gag into her lax mouth.

Finally I placed a drug-soaked square of cloth over her nose and mouth and, with two long pieces, taped it there. Couldn't have her making a fuss downtown.

I drove with her like that to the farthest pier, where I removed the drugged cloth, then drove inside a dark warehouse directly across from a tramp steamer.

Her ex-husband was waiting for us there.

By the time I braked and turned off the engine, she was blinking.

The passenger side door opened, he looked in, and suddenly she was wide awake. "Hello, darling," he said.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND DATE

Finally she went nuts. She screamed, she cried, she kicked. She practically hurled herself through the windshield. But his loving arms were always there... inside her dress... holding her down by her cunt... holding her back by her breasts. Laughing, while I undid her ankles and seatbelt.

Then he dragged her out by her hair, and into the nearest enclosed office.

Without pausing he slammed her stomach first into the edge of the desk, bent her over it, crushing her breasts on the blotter, and unceremoniously fucked her up the ass.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND DATE

"There," he spat. "Isn't that better? Isn't that what you always wanted?"

Breathless, she couldn't answer. He didn't care. Once he came he slammed her over onto her back and crawled atop her.

"Come on, baby," he grunted. "Tell me how much you love me."

He violently fucked her there until her high-heeled feet were hanging over either side.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND DATE

He then had me secure a ring gag in her mouth and tie her elbows as, his hand back in her lustrous mane, he made her bend over and give him a blowjob as he sat behind the desk.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND DATE

When he came and she started choking, he threw her back down onto the desk....

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DEAF, DUMB & BLIND DATE #12

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...Crawled back on top of her until he was sitting on her stomach, tore down what was left of the v-neck and started giving himself a furious tit-fuck.

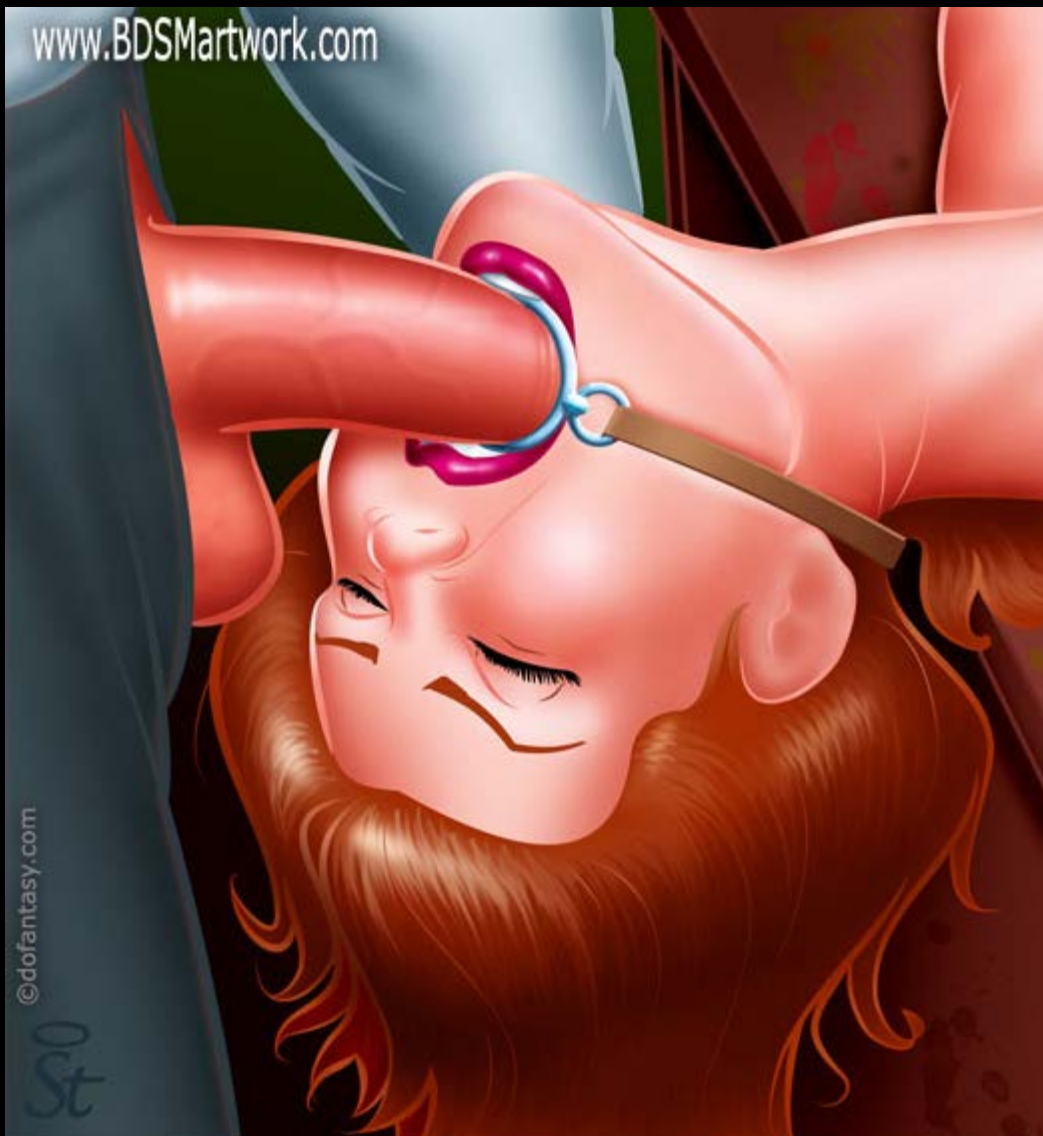


GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND DATE

"Go ahead," he grunted, motioning at the way her ring-gagged head hung backwards over the far end of the desk. "Be my guest."

I looked, upzipped, and moved in front of her. "Don't mind if I do," I murmured, hearing her moan horribly a moment before I pushed my erection into her forced-open mouth.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND DATE

We thrust that way frenetically for awhile until he motioned for me to get ready. I was up to the challenge.

I came in her mouth, and as she choked, yanked her head up by her hair so he could shoot into the ring as well.

He laughed and laughed as I dropped her head, the back of her skull making a solid thunk on the side of the desk. Then I watched as cum drooled out of her senseless mouth to make a small puddle on the floor.

"Amazing," he breathed. "Even better than I remembered it."

I thought of everything I had done to her and put her through. It had better be, I thought, but said nothing.

He woke her with smelling salts just before he closed the box.

She started, then stared at us, slowly realizing that she was seated, naked, in an insulated crate; her arms strapped by her side at her elbows and wrists; her legs strapped at her thighs, knees and ankles; her throat, forehead, and waist strapped back; her fingers taped down; her feet in bolted-down ankle-strapped boots; her mouth suckling on a huge pear-shaped gag attached to the crate wall, which filled her cheeks and cemented her lips; her clitoris and nipples clipped; her

butt plugged and her cunt impaled with an eight inch wooden dildo.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND DATE

"Well, honey," her ex-husband said. "You always wanted to know your purpose in life. Now you know... for as long as we both shall live...!"

I had to hand it to her. Even then she tried to get away, tried to scream for help, tried to plead for mercy, tried to understand why he was doing this to her -- an innocent girl who never hurt anyone.... But the straps held perfectly and the gag made anything she had to say into an incomprehensible whimper... hardly even recognizable as a human sound.

"I know, I know, darling," he said sarcastically. "maybe next time you'll do your wifely duty. Oh, I forgot... there won't be a next time, will there?"

She started to cry. Great crystal tears dripping out of her big blue eyes.

"Aw, don't worry, hon," he said mockingly. "You won't be lonely. The ship stops in Florida before it reaches Central America... or is it the Gulf of Mexico? Or South America? Or is it Cuba? You know, in all this excitement, I kind of forgot."

Even then she didn't stare at him with all consuming hate. Her expression was achingly,

heartbreakingly stunned... unable to comprehend why he would do this to anyone, let alone her. But then he freed her to be hysterical, as he whipped out his penis one last time, and masturbated. It was amazing to watch her try desperately to move her strapped-in head as he jammed the cock crown right before her eyes and kept rabidly jacking off for minutes.

But then he finally came, of course, the jism splattering into her cheek, across her nose, and most terribly, onto her left eyelash, where it started to slowly, inexorably drip into her eye.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND DATE

She cried out beseechingly, her left eye blinking frantically, but all he did was kiss her on the cheek.

"Don't fret, my dearest," he soothed, patting her maddeningly on the opposite cheek. "I'll come visit you. I promise."

Then he closed the box and screwed it shut.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND DATE

We watched it being loaded on the ship. I resisted the temptation to ask where she actually would end up. Instead I counted my money.

"This it?" He laughed. "I actually took less!" he admitted. So the crew would promise to keep her busy between ports!"

I sniffed, putting the money in my pocket.

"They should have paid more for the privilege." He snorted back, then watched as the box was lowered out of sight. "Yeah," he finally said. "I guess you got that right." He looked at me with a bemused expression. "But you know, when I married her, she wouldn't even put out on our wedding night."

He looked off at nothing in particular.

"All that splendor...and she was too innocent to even want it." I shrugged. "Should've taken a whip to her mother." He grinned, snapping out of his reverie. "Not as much fun."

"I guess," I said, getting ready to go.

"Hey," he said. "Where can I reach you? I'm dating a brunette now. Frigid as a nun, but a body like a showgirl. Tits out to here..." We walked away as the ship prepared to cast off.

THE END