

A Slaver's Guide - Episode 1

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The opening sequence rolls out as it is time for another episode of “Eye Witness”, a popular “60 minutes”-inspired, investigative journalism show. It is comprised of raw, on-the-field, footage and voice over by the show’s narrator, Stephen Stephens.

As the opening credits end, a message appears over a black screen, as they are read out by the presenter:

DISCLAIMER: THE FOOTAGE YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE DEPICT REAL, UNEDITED FOOTAGE, FEATURING DEPICTIONS OF BREAKING AND ENTERING, KIDNAPPING, HUMAN TRAFFICKING AND VIOLENCE. THE SHOW'S CREW AND PRODUCTION TEAM DID NOT IN ANY WAY PARTICIPATE OR AID IN THESE HIGHLY ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES, BUT SIMPLY DOCUMENTED THEM. VIEWER DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

A cheesy montage of movie damsels being abducted and bound, intermixed with famous scenes of movie slavery, like Princess Leia leashed in a bikini, is shown, as the very white-sounding presenter speaks over the footage with this stereotypically formal way of reporter-speak.

“Ropes...(clips of tied up damsels alternate quickly on screen) ...Gags...(the montage continues with movie-hotties being gagged) ... and beautiful, squirming damsels..... But could this be more than a popular movie trope? And could slavery be not just an ugly remnant of the past, but an ongoing reality? Our investigative team contacted a professional slaver, a man who abducts and sells beautiful, innocent women for a living. With over 20 years of experience in his field, he would be the ideal person to approach, in order to learn more about this vial, dehumanizing practice. After a brief conversation, we convinced him to let us tag-along with him on his next expedition and share the secrets...of his trade.”

The montage fades out, in synch with the voice-over as we now see inside the back of a minivan, from the cameraman’s POV. The van is parked on the roadside of a sunny, suburban neighborhood. The camera points to a crouched man, around his late 40s, with short dark hair, greying sideburns and a fuzzy beard, wearing sweatpants and a hoodie. He looks strong, at 6’5”, but also a bit overweight, clocking in at around 270 pounds. His anonymity is not really hidden, his face clear as day.

"We found 'Bob', whose real name is hidden to protect his identity, on the dark web, offering his human trafficking services to the criminal underworld" the presenter's voice comes over the footage. *"We asked him details about how he operates this...bizarre enterprise".*

"...Yeah, always work alone" the sound from the video footage returns, as Bob rambles on. "Some folks work in groups, but I never really dug that. I'm the type of person that wants every little thing to go as I like. To have control over everything, ya know? So working alone suits me better" the man speaks to the producer, who's just out-of-frame, next to the camera.

"I do my own scouting and my own hits. Sorry, "hitting" is when you actually go and grab 'em" the man explains the terminology to the show's crew and audience.

A brief cut leads to the next useful line. "So here we are at Flower Lane, a pretty nice, pretty peaceful suburban area. These places offer good targets, I work them often. Though I switch things up with city-girls too. When there's a recent hit in one kind of place, people get more guarded, more cautious, so if I hit the outskirts for example, the next gig will probably be downtown. When they zig, you zag, haha" Bob chuckles in front of the camera.

The show edits out the camera-man's question, which was something along the lines of "who is the victim today?" "Today, we're here to pick up two brawds, one Miss..." the imposing dude takes out a small, cheap-looking notebook from his pocket "...Gianna Darrenholz..." he reads the Central-European surname with some difficulty "...and her mom, Melina" he adds." They live in that smaller house, down the corner" Bob turns his head and points as the camera zooms in through the van's side-window to show a ground-floor residence, on the smaller size compared to other richer houses in the area.

"Been stalking them for about 10 days now, so I know that they'll both be home at this time of day" the man informs, as the clock reads about 13:00, the sun still bright overhead. "Weekdays are better for hitting, since at weekends things are more unpredictable. There might be visitors, they might be away, yadda-yadda..." the man explains his reasoning.

"What kind of info do you gather?" the producer is heard asking. "Only vital stuff, you know, their daily schedule, visitor-habits, if there's any firearms in the house, number of house exits, that kinda stuff" he says, rather chattily. "Like almost all of 'em, these two don't have any weapon registered, so I probably won't find myself looking down a gun barrel today, haha!" he chuckles.

"It's a bit trickier when there's two to grab, but it's not the first time I'm doing it. You just gotta make sure you get them in the same room before striking". As the man continues to share interesting insights into his work, the audio fades out again to the voice of the cheesy narrator:

“The ruthless trafficker appears relaxed and remorseless as he confines to us his methods of capturing his unsuspecting, attractive victims. For him, it looks like another day at the office. But what will that day look like for the Darrenholz family?”

The broadcast then cuts to the moment right as the slaver tosses a small, sporty backpack over his shoulders and turns to exit the van. “Ok, let’s go” he says to the cameraman, the producer staying behind in the van. The slaver then opens the minivan’s side-door and the camera follows him from behind, as he gingerly, casually makes his way towards the house’s little front porch and entrance.

The front door opens to display a hot, 20-year-old girl. Gianna has gorgeous, big blue eyes and blonde wavy hair which drapes down her shoulders. The 20-year-old’s drum-tight belly and thin waist are exposed by her crop top sweatshirt, which conceals her perky, C-cup breasts. Her firm, round ass and shapely legs are outlined by her skin-tight yoga pants. Inside the comfort of her own home, the white chick is not wearing shoes, but a pair of thick, cozy cotton socks, pulled over the yoga pants.

The show has no problem displaying the girl’s pretty face, without any protection of her privacy. And what a beautiful face it is. She’s the kind of girl you could fall for at first sight. And that sexy, slim body of hers would make you stick around.

The camera stays on a close-up of Gianna’s attractive, confused face, as the narrator chips right before Bob speaks, to infuse some narrative into the scene: *“The gorgeous young woman opens the door, unknowing of the danger that lurks on the other side...”*

“Hello. Is this the Darrenholz house?” the big man greets with a smile the young, pretty woman that has opened the door with a confused look, not recognizing the visitor nor the camera-man he’s with.

“Uhm yes, how can I help you?” the girl replies with polite apprehension, giving one or two puzzled glances towards the camera (and the show’s viewers). “You must be Gianna then! Probably don’t remember me, I was very good friends with your mom, Melina! I was just in the neighborhood and thought I’d say hi. Is she around?” the imposing man charmingly explains as the camera backs a bit to fit both the 6’2” man and the 5’6” girl in the shot. “Uhm, ok...yeah she’s here” the hot blonde replies, further bamboozled by this dump of information. This man knows her and her mom’s names. He’s probably some long-lost family friend the girl hasn’t seen since she was in elementary school.

Looking to get this over with, Gianna turns her back at the slaver, making a couple of steps into the hall. “MOOOOOOOOOOOM. Some friend of yours is at the door” the girl calls her distant mother over with

a clearly bored tone. She just wants Melina to take over this social interaction so that the girl can return to the privacy of her bedroom.

As soon as she turns her back to him, the large, tall man stealthily flashes a sharp, small blade in front of the camera and then launches towards the unsuspecting girl, grabbing her from behind with both his bear-like arms! He knows just where to place them, one moving swiftly over the girl's mouth to smother an incoming scream and at the same time shove a grey, dirty rag past the young girl's pretty lips. At the same moment, his other hand menacingly presses the sharp side of the knife against the girl's delicate neck.

"HMg!..." Gianna's initial gagged moan of shock and fear is eliminated by the threatening presence of the cold blade on her throat, her dainty hands both instinctively grabbing onto the man's hand-gagging arm, though too scared to try to remove it. We see the camera rush through the narrow entrance hall, in order to get a good shot of her distress from the front. Her worried, blue eyes glance at the camera, its operator not doing much to help her.

"Shhhh, just be quiet and eeeeeverything's gonna be alright" Bob cheekily winks at the camera, to show his obvious lie. Gianna doesn't notice the man's wink, rather pre-occupied with being scared shitless. "It's good to keep your victims in a calm headspace and assure them of their safety, so that they don't get reckless and cause you trouble" Bob now addresses the camera with the same stealthy voice. In his grasp, the scared girl raises a puzzled eyebrow, as her abduction appears to also be a demonstration.

"Now, slowly move your wrists behind your back, and don't make a peep" the bearded man softly orders in the girl's elaborately pierced ear, and she obeys, putting her skinny, trembling arms behind her. Removing his gagging hand but keeping the knife at her neck, the slaver skillfully passes a black, already looped string of cable zip tie over her wrists and with one hand zzzzzzzips them tightly together. "Gnn!" Gianna moans pitifully from the painful tension crushing her wrists, with her mouth fully stuffed with the large grey rag and her pretty eyes scanning worryingly behind her to see what's happening.

"Let's walk" he easily overpowers Gianna and leads her from behind towards the nearby living room. The narrator takes the opportunity to bring the viewers up to speed:

"Gianna made the wrong choice in turning her back to this demented criminal. Can she escape her dire predicament?"

As the beefy guy leads the periodically squirming, barely moaning girl into the larger living room, Gianna is breathing more and more rapidly through her cute nostrils, her stuffed mouth smothered again with the man's huge 'paw', her neck at knife-point. She does NOT want to upset him.

"Who did you say it was?.....GIANNA!!!" Melina enters the room from a different hallway, her air-addressed question interrupted by her shock in seeing her daughter in a pretty compromised position, held at knife-point by stranger!

The 44-year-old is a full-on looker, keeping her milfy body in perfect shape. At a similar built and height to Gianna, Melina has the same color of blue eyes and blonde hair, currently caught in a modest bun above her head. Her facial features (as expected) also have similarities to her daughter, even though some wrinkles are starting to creep in. Despite the hints of cellulite and the not so tight tummy, the woman's body is slim and slender, a true wet-dream for anyone above 30.

Melina's breasts are shaggier than her daughter's, but also larger, a mouth-drooling DD-size, the cleavage of which is nicely displayed in the woman's closed, satin black robe, its belt tied off around her waist. The woman was clearly not expecting any visitors at this hour.

"The apple hasn't fallen far from the tree. Melina is as beautiful as her daughter. But will the women's good looks prove to be.....a double-edged sword?" the narrator tosses a line, as the camera is now on a frozen Melina, shot over the slaver (and his attractive captive's) shoulders.

"Alright lady. Any silly moves or shouting and your daughter gets a second food hole on her pretty neck" the guy threatens, as Gianna lets out a muffled whimper, trapped in his grasp. "D...don't hurt her, please!" Melina implores with open arms, trying to keep her panic at bay, glancing at the camera. Her mind is racing between making a run for it and helping her endangered daughter, but no choice is good. "It's important to be firm in your threats. Colorful description helps, too, tickles their imagination and keeps 'em docile" the guy turns to the camera and instructs the viewers, momentarily ignoring Melina's paralyzed fear.

Keeping poor Gianna's arm-bound body firmly against his, the intruder tosses two more, black zip cables on Melina's feet. Like the first one, they already formed in a wide loop, ready to snap over anything. "Tie her ankles and knees" the man orders casually, as if stating something obvious.

"Wh...what is this?" the hot mom looks at the camera's lens, as she slowly crouches to pick the cable ties up and slowly approaches her daughter, who's now trying to meet her gaze, to glean any hope from this ordeal. Melina gets no answer regarding the filming of this terrible home invasion, instead, the

"It's important to not let your guard down. While both hotties seem totally lost, they could flip the tables on you if you give 'em the chance. Always stay vigilant" the slaver explains to the viewers at home, as Gianna weakly struggles in his tenfold stronger hold.

“Who are you talking to?” Melina asks but gets no replies again. “Chop-chop, get to binding” the man reminds her of his order, pressing the blade against a moaning Gianna’s neck. As soon as he does, the terrified lass lift her socked feet enough so that her mom, who eyes her with empathic misery, places the zip under and through Gianna’s legs. She zips them weakly right above the girl’s knees, on her very gropable thighs.

“Tighter! Don’t play with me lady” the man warns loudly and Melina holds back her sobbing, pulling on the loose end of the plastic cable harder, and bringing her own daughter’s knees even closer than before. “You gotta keep an eye on them, otherwise a bitch might give her buddy some slack on her bonds” the slaver glances at the camera, as a teary-eyed, trembling Melina finishes binding her daughter’s ankles, over her socks and sexy yoga pants with the hard, no-slack-leaving plastic.

“See? Now you did it better” Bob praises the robed woman’s ankle-zipping skills this time, before handing her a roll of duct tape from his hoodie’s pocket. “Wrap it around your baby-girl’s face. Just as tightly as the cables” the man instructs the miserable mother to gag her own daughter, who has been looking right at her mother’s eyes with furred brow, whimpering in the rag that is shoved past her lips. “Pleeease, doooon’t” Melina pleads, more desperate than actually negotiating, as she presses the duct tape against her daughter’s lips and moves the whole roll around her face, sealing her stuffing inside.

“Expecting to enjoy a peaceful afternoon with her daughter, Miss Darrenholz is now forced to secure her own child in strict bondage, hopeless to avoid the slaver’s wishes” the voice-over kicks in, as Gianna as heavily tape-gagged by her mom. Melina stops coiling the grey tape only after Bob says so.

Only careful enough to not concuss her, ‘Bob’ lets the bound girl drop to the floor and jumps at the unsuspecting mother, catching her too off-guard to move away from him.

“Noooo! PLaaaaaasseeMMFFFFfnnggffff!” the camera follows the fast action, as the 270-pound man pins Melina’s 120-pound body to the floor, her robes opening in the struggle to reveal her classy, gold-cream underwear. Bob swiftly shoves another rag past the woman’s alluring, and presumably experienced lips. “Thaaaaat’s it, nice and quiet” the man mumbles as both mother and daughter now comprise a duo of desperate moaning. Quickly and efficiently, he gets to zip-tying the woman’s wrists behind her back, then do the same to her ankles and knees, the harsh plastic digging into her bare legs, the robe away from them.

“Of course, I would never hurt the little one” Bob talks as he expertly works the proudly fighting mom’s bonds on her “But mommy never knows that. Always use your victims’ relationships against each other, especially if you’re dealing with family members” he advises the wannabe slavers at home, whilst finish Melina’s bondage, the blonde milf crying in her rag-gag.

Three short but loud ZIP sounds later, Melina is struggling on the floor as bound as her daughter; her opening robe is revealing more and more of her sexy body with each twist and jerk.

“You should always stuff their mouths before putting the tape on, otherwise you’re not doing much” sitting on Melina’s pretty bum, the big guy gives another useful hint, as he takes out the duct tape and placing it over the stuff-gagged mom’s face, gets to pulling it around her head and her blonde hair, making plenty of tight coils that cause Melina’s cheeks to bulge over the tape and her pretty blonde hair to be crushed by it.

“Just slapping a strip of tape on there ain’t gonna do you any good, either. I always see it in movies and it’s really annoying. You GOTTA wrap up it around” Bob explains while doing just that, silencing the blonde mom with professional efficiency. The camera has come in for an expressive close-up of Melina, who eyes the camera-man (hence, the camera) pitifully. Her tapegagged pleading for help doesn’t accomplish much, since the man just keeps filming her.

AS the camera pulls out to get both the floor-squirming blondes in frame, the presenter chimes in: *“Both Gianna and her mother appear completely helpless, their fate in the whims of this heartless merchant of human souls. Will their suffering be worth the generous pay-day Bob will make off them? He appears to think so”*.

“And that’s how you do it” Bob says, as we now see a shot of him squatting with one knee in the living room’s floor, with each bound and gagged trophy on either side of him, facing the camera and weakly struggling and moaning, with neither Bob nor the camera-crew paying attention to them. The shot’s blocking has been clearly directed beforehand, meaning Bob had to drag the two wailing, bound women to get them to their ‘spots’.

“This pair oughta fetch a good price. Quality Mom-and-Daughter bundles are very hard to come by” Bob gives another industry tip, placing his large hand on Gianna’s round, juicy ass, like it’s the hood of a car he just purchased. Melina and Gianna whimper again and test their inescapable bonds by Bob’s side.

“Oh, before taking off, always check that your bonds are secure and as tight as they can go, especially those you haven’t made yourself” Bob adds, pulling at Gianna’s knee and ankle cable even further, synching the loops closer by 5-6 teeth on each cable tie. “See? Mommy could do even better there” he looks at the miserable Melina, who eyes him back with a defeated gaze. Just like her, Gianna can only move her legs as one body part now, completely synched together. Her hands nervously fidget, pulled behind their lower backs.

As the camera follows Bob from a small, angled distance, as he carries the squirming, zip-tied and tapegagged damsels over his wide shoulders towards his van, the conclusive narration from the show’s host kicks in:

“As the cold-blooded predator escapes with its prey, taking them away from their homes and altering their lives forever, lingering questions remain. How safe must you and your female loved-ones feel from falling into a slaver’s hands? And what does the future hold for the unlucky Gianna and Melina?”

“Stay tuned in next week’s episode of ‘Eye Witness’ to find out!”