

# Abducted for Profit

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"I swear...to....god, if one more bitch touches my laptop while i'm gone, there's gonna be consequences", Helena said to the other two, returning from the bathroom. "Relaaaaax, miss uppity queen", said Raleen. She was swaying her calves up and down, lying face down on the couch, currently browsing her own notebook. An Iranian beauty with bumps in all the right places, the young girl was 5 feet and 11 inches of pure energy. "I was just changing your boring bubblegum playlist to something more interesting", she explained with a teasing smile. Rock music was now coming from the two small speakers on Helena's desk. The small rental apartment was buzzing with life, despite the late hours.

"My speakers, my music", Helena said assertively, and in seconds the dance beats returned. The young girl was a blonde cutie of Russian decent, who, although slim as a twig, could break your jaw by just looking at it. She was a pocket-sized dynamite. Despite how many times she "buted heads" with Raleen, they were actually very close friends, along with the third person in this peculiar group.

This was Mara, typically the oldest of this team, at 34 years of age. A black woman with a sweet face, contradicted her actual mind. She was laying horizontally on a sofa, clicking away at her own laptop, wearing a comfy magenta sweat suit combo. Despite the clothing's best efforts, it failed to hide her voluptuous booty and full breasts. Her long, wavy and puffy hair dangled from the edge of the sofa's arm, as did her feet. The Afro-American was always calmer and less talkative, especially if you compared her with the other two nutcases.

"Come on, girls, tomorrow is the auction. Let's get one more piece.", the unofficial leader said without taking her face off her screen.

Dublin had proved a good enough gig for the three girls, who were coworkers in arguably one of the more ancient jobs in history. Human trafficking. Well, "slavers" always sounded cooler to them. It wasn't a profession you just "fell into", but despite playing ball in yet another male-dominated field, the three girls were making a good buck, ever since they decided to work together. So good actually, that they had decide to fly overseas, to hunt for some more "exotic", fresh game. They had caught 6 "pieces" already, but they were trying squeeze in one more sale. Who knew when the next auction

would take place? These things were rare and very fleeting, due to their huge secrecy. They had to strike while the iron was hot.

They were all currently scanning the interwebs of Dublin for a target, at least one that wasn't a pale-skinned, freckled redhead. They had landed enough of those. Internet nowadays, translated mostly to Instagram. Apart from the helpful bio, the girls there provided a plethora of informative public photos, usually with sexy, revealing clothing. The fact that it was summer helped their cause, with the recent flooding of bikini photos. Unbeknownst to them, all these women were auditioning to Helena, Raleen and Mara, for a position that, while not particularly coveted, would surely change their lives forever.

"I'm scanning for three hours now. Nothing decent has come up..." Raleen justified herself, tired. A rare period of quiet time between all of them commenced, nothing heard but the bubblegum pop and the speedy typing from all the keyboards.

"Guys, i think i found something", Mara said with a contained enthusiasm. The other two huddled behind her, bending over her screen. "Whoa, she's a cutie!" Raleen exclaimed. The photo showed a - surprisingly for Ireland - well-tanned, young girl with dark blonde, straight hair, shaved on one side and falling down her chest on the other. The girls checked her out. "Yeah, her tits are good, her waist looks thin... nice face..." Helena commented on the photos, each compliment said with a stone-cold tone, as if ticking an imaginary check-list. It looked more like she was evaluating a tech gadget, rather than a person's appearance. "Do we have any ass shots?" the Russian doll asked, and Mara obliged her with some wholesome, happy pics of the girl, sunbathing on a towel at the beach, the photo at just the right angle for what they were looking for. "Cool..." she muttered. Checked her Facebook account, she lives alone, just a 30 minute drive from here. Single house residence. Barwoman, so assuming she only works afternoons", Mara informed her partners.

"Great, do we lock her?" Raleen intertwined her fingers behind her head, seeming thrilled to end this boring desk job. "I think so..." Mara said. "Guuuh, I hate morning jobs..." Helena mumbled. "It's ok. We still have time for some "Fabulous Wives of LA!" Raleen said to both of them. "Time for Fa-bu bitchees!", Mara got up from the sofa with a relieved joy, as they all made themselves comfortable on the couch to giggle at their favorite dumb, reality show. Tomorrow there was work to be done.

Caitlin always loved taking her sweet time to enjoy her morning coffee, in her favorite mug with a drawing of a sleepy puppy. She was grateful for the free time she had during the mornings. She could exercise, go for a jog, cook an actual meal, and take things at a slower pace.

Today though, was different. She had dressed at her absolute best, in a cute green dress that hugged her waist just right and showed a little bit more thigh than the heat outside would suggest. It also showed off a modest, but not oblivious amount of cleavage. She always drove guys insane with that. She had already put her sexy pumps on and styled her hair on one side, sporting that trendy side-shave haircut, with a long, blonde side reaching her bellybutton and a close-shave brown patch on the other. With her fine watch and some beautiful earring, she looked like a million bucks.

In a few minutes she would go for a coffee with this cute guy Ray, she met at the bar a couple of nights ago. He was busy from noon onwards, so the "can i buy you a drink?" that she was anticipating turned into "can we go for some coffee?" But he was cute, so Caitlin agreed without much thought.

"How come you always dress like a child?" Raleen made fun of Helena's outfit. The three girls had just stepped out of the white van, parked right in front of a house in the suburban area of the city. A house they had never entered before. "Shut up, it makes me more approachable", Helena explained to the woman, annoyed. She was wearing a comfy, short black skirt, with a matching tight-fitting top. "Take off those sunglasses, if you want to seem approachable", Mara advised her.

All women were dressed in complimenting outfits. Mara wore some dark leggings and a bright orange, long sleeved shirt. As for Raleen she rocked some high-waist jeans with a white top that exposed her belly-button. Helena and Mara both had some sporty backpacks behind their backs.

"How come Raleen never carries anything?" Helena continued, just witnessing that the Iranian girl wasn't holding any type of baggage. "Sshhh", Mara said as she rang the doorbell.

While she was applying some finishing touches to her make-up, Caitlin was taken aback by the ringing of the bell. She wasn't expecting anyone. Would Ray actually pick her up from here!? She made her way to the door, and opened it with curiosity.

"Hi...ehm...sorry for the random intrusion...are we interrupting by any chance?" Mara spoke with a transformed politeness to the dressed up girl she saw in front of her. "Oh, no...not at all. How can i help you?" Caitlin seemed relieved that Ray hadn't surprised her, but was now even more confused by the sight of three strange women on her doorstep.

"Our car broke down about a mile from here, and we were looking to get some road assistance, but every guy we've come across is more interested in hitting on us, than helping", Mara rolled her eyes, in a manner signaling "you understand, right?" Caitlin took in the information for a second. "Ehh sure...come in", she welcomed them in with a smile. The sun was surprisingly spiky. She couldn't just let these girls outside to fry. She usually didn't let strangers into her house, but these girls weren't gonna do anything. Hell, one of them looked like a teenager, with her cute little backpack.

"Thank you so much", Raleen responded, gratefully. Helena mustered a thanking smile. "Can i have a glass of water, please" we've been walking for quite some time", she asked with pleading eyes. "Of course, let me get you some!" Caitlin always had a reputation for being a great host. She wasn't gonna ruin it now. Plus, she liked helping people in need. Hopefully in a few minutes, these girls would be on their way, and she would get her flirt on with Ray.

"Nice place you got there...ehm...didn't catch your name" said Mara, as the girl was filling up a glass of water. "Thanks. It's Caitlin", the girl responded, noticing a strangely specific detail. Despite their nice outfits, all three women wore flat sneakers. She didn't know why she even registered it, but it simply stroke her as odd.

"Mara...i gotta say, i love your little outfit, there", the black, charming woman put her palm on her chest as she introduced herself. Helena and Raleen secretly shared a knowing look. Mara was always so nice, up until that last second.

"Thank you..." Caitlin was caught off-guard with compliments. "What are those heels? Are those Gucci?" Mara was a great actress. She slightly turned her body as she was speaking, so that Helena and Raleen, who wear sitting on the couch with untouched glasses of water, where now behind of Caitlin's field of vision. "Ahm, yeah, they are..." Caitlin leaned over her shoes, looking where Mara was looking, failing to notice that a split second later the black woman raised her look, over the girl's shoulders.

The next moment, Caitlin felt two pairs of arms violently grab her from behind. "Whaa?MMMFFFGGG", her confused inquiry was never finished, as Raleen smothered her words with her hand. "MMmmnnnnn, MMMMMMMMMGGGGHHH!", Caitlin screamed with all her strength, trying to break the soundproofing seal, while also shifting her head to try and move away from the silencing hand, but Raleen kept it in place without any effort.

Simultaneously, Caitlin frantically tried to pull her arms away from their grip, but with one girl responsible for each arm, she was clearly overpowered. Her arms had been securely pulled behind her back by the elbows. Despite all that, Helena and Raleen both received the random nail-scratches from

the girl's struggling. It couldn't be helped, but at least it was far from posing any actual threat. Sometimes, you just have to get your hands dirty.

Also in the same time-span of 3 seconds, Caitlin desperately kicked her legs, or more accurately flailed them, towards the black woman in front of her. Mara took a slight step back, unfazed, to avoid contact. The woman's sweet, practiced smile had vanished the exact instant the girl was jumped. She was now eyeing the girl like a hungry lioness, who had watched her pack land the first bite on a fleeing gazelle.

It was typical of someone who's being abducted, to toss and turn like that, and the three professionals knew that well. All Helena had to do was wait for a second and snatch one of Caitlin's legs (the one on her side, obviously), by the bridge of her foot. With added leverage, she then bent that leg behind towards the girl's butt, folding it at the knee. She exerted some extra pressure, bending the foot towards the girl's waist as far as it could go, eliciting a painful moan by her. The pain served as the first signal that fighting would not end well for the poor girl. But now, with one leg on the ground, the elegantly dressed woman was pretty harmless.

With panicked, wide eyes, the girl looked first on Helena on her left, then Raleen on her right, then on the woman in front of her.

While Caitlin exhausted herself a little more in the strange women's grip, now with more spasmodic, scarce outbursts, Mara brought her bag in front of her, not in a rush, but not taking her sweet time, either. Calm. Collected. In control. She took out a purple, rubber ball and a roll of tape. The ball looked very malleable, like a shrunken bouncy ball. It was 2 1/4 inch in diameter. As soon as Mara brought it in front of the girl's mouth, her partner removed her hand, and Mara shoved the thing as far as it went, inside Caitlin's mouth.

Before the girl, who renewed her struggling at this new invasion, could do much, Mara had already placed the end of the tape on her cheek and dragged the roll across her mouth, over her lips. She rotated the tape around her head a good 3 or 4 times, not releasing any tension throughout, as if tying with a rope.

As soon as that was done, the girls, working in unison, like a well-oiled machine, pushed Caitlin forward, falling on the ground with her. Well, on her, to be precise. Mara joined Raleen, who had readied Caitlin's arms behind her back. She was pressing down with her the lower, hard part of her palms, putting her whole weight right on the girl's elbows. It was too painful for the girl to even try to get out of that hold. Caitlin could only squeal in pain. That ball worked wonders. Despite being as loud as she could, only a soft, faint moan escaped Caitlin's taped lips. Someone outside the front door, would hear nothing. Mara got next to her pal and started passing more tape, right above the elbows and around her wrists.

Meanwhile, Helena was taking her supplies out, kneeling in front of the fighting woman's face. "Did you think i was likeable in this outfit?" she sincerely asked a girl, without a hint of sarcasm, while cutting two small pieces of tape from her roll. Caitlin simply eyed her with pleading eyes, having much bigger issues to deal with, at the given time. The Russian girl waited for a couple of seconds, vainly anticipating an actual answer to her question. Sighing disappointed, she placed the two square pieces of tape over Caitlin's eyes and pressed in gently. "I never get any feedback..." she muttered to herself.

Meanwhile, the two other girls were busy working on Caitlin's legs, which disappointingly, had begun kicking again. Mara started from the bottom up, taping the girl's ankles, then calves, while Raleen did the same to the girl's thighs, and her ankles. She even lifted the already skimpy dress a little higher to tape her naked thighs, as cloth did not make for good adhesion.

Caitlin was losing it. This had gotten very wrong, terribly wrong. "What do these women even want from me?" she couldn't help but wonder. None of the possible answers seemed pleasant. In the middle of this hustle, the sound of a simple, cheery xylophone melody started jingling happily. All three women momentarily turned their heads towards the source. It was Caitlin's phone, ringing from inside her handbag. Ray was checking to see if she would make it to their date. She wouldn't. With the phone's owner, now gagged AND blinded, struggling ineffectually under Mara's knee, the jingle stopped after about 10 seconds. Ray sighed disappointed, on the other end of the missed line. Maybe the girl was just leading him on, after all.

"Hope he is not one of these 'i'll come pick you up in the Porsche' types, Raleen commented as the binding process was close to finishing. "Do you think she has a date?" Helena wondered. "Come ooon, look at that outfit... she's not going to the farmer's market!" Raleen replied.

With no warning whatsoever, Helena grabbed firmly one hand around Caitlin's neck one hand tightly by the hair and pulled her upwards. With her hands and legs tied, Caitlin was basically getting half of a throat lift. She let out a faint choking sound behind her gag. She'd have to stay without that much oxygen for a little while. The reason was for more tape to be wound around the girl's upper chest, then once more around her lower chest, leaving her pretty breasts to bounce between the tight layers of tape. This extra tape tightly pressed her upper arms firmly against her body, reducing their movement even more. The three professionals were being very thorough. You can never be too safe with these things.

"Done..." Raleen muttered, and Helena dropped the girl on the floor like a sack of potatoes. Caitlin had tired her vocal chords from all the mute screaming, but she still thrashed around, now on the same level as her slavers' feet. She was like a fish out of water. The three girls just looked down at her, with indifference, albeit a little surprised she still hadn't tired herself out. They had witnessed a fair amount of people resisting this exact fate, in their days, but Caitlin must have ranked among the most spirited ones. It was inspiring to see what lengths people would go to, to avoid being bound, gagged and abducted from their own home.

"Wait, i know what to do..." Helena said to the others, taking yet another small patch of duct tape. She held it steadily with both hands then placed it neatly over the unsuspecting girl's nose. "Don't...fight" she said to her, the girl suddenly realizing the gift of air had been taken away. She tried to dislodge the sticky tape, by hastily rubbing her face on the floor, and when that didn't work, shaking her head rapidly. "I said, don't fight", Helena said, a little more assertively this time, albeit with the same voice of an angel. She kept the girl from rolling all over the place, by stomping her belly with one foot.

Caitlin slowly let go of her rebellious spirit, and laid at the ground still, trying to inhale anything but tape-glue. The muscles on her neck contracting back and forth, taut by the urgency of her situation. She was never one of these kids who could hold their breath for more than a minute. 30 seconds, at best. She let out one of these internal, muffled moans, hoping to signal to them that she didn't had much time left.

"I've done this trick a lot, it always works", Helena gloated a bit to her friends, waiting 5-6 more seconds, before bending over to remove the piece of tape with a quick \*scratch\* sound. Relieved to be breathing again, Caitlin stayed passive, this time, taking in greedily the sweet, sweet oxygen. Message received.

Speaking of messages, Raleen went and grabbed the girl's phone. "No screen-lock!? really? who does that?", she said as she quickly gained access to Caitlin's phone. "Someone who lets strangers into their house, apparently", Mara stated with a poignant answer. Raleen saw the last call, and hit the instant messaging button.

"Sorry but i have to cancel, something came up. Call me over the weekend to re-arrange xxx", she typed and hit send towards a contact named "Ray - club guy". Helena was watching over her back. "Oooh that's meaaaaan", she said with a fake discontent. "She won't be available over the weekend", she giggled at the dumb joke. "You need to make men chase you a little..." Raleen joined in the fun, smiling and playfully biting her tongue.

As the two women were gabbing like schoolgirls, Mara had gotten out of the house, and was now returning, pushing a hand trolley, with a washing machine on it. It should have been harder to move, but the machine's interior - the tub, pipes etc - had been removed. From an outsider's point of view, it looked like a regular, working washing machine.

"A little help?" she uttered to Helena and Raleen, tilting her head. All three girls together got the device up the three steps of the front door and into the house. Caitlin had not moved an inch from where she was, but was rather quietly "testing" the effectiveness of her restraints, along with the range of her movements, which now looked pretty narrow.

"Alright, let's toss her in so we can bounce", Mara sighed. "Huh, her hands aren't taped", Raleen noticed, with a tone of "huh, that's interesting". Mara looked at the bound girl's fingers, pressing her lips together. "Over half of escapes happen when the victim can grasp at things, over half of escapes happen when the victim can grasp at things, over half...", both Raleen and Helena started singing the same phrase, over and over, teasing their chocolate-skinned friend. She was the one who was always insisting on following the protocol, while incapacitating the "merchandise". Based on the assigned roles, she was also the one that was supposed to take care of this.

"Fine, fine...you had your laugh", Mara shook her head, trying to hold her serious tone, but failing. "I've only got one brain, you know..." she said, turning Caitlin on her stomach. She wrapped the tape meticulously around her palms, then her fingers, before fusing both hands together in a tape mitten of sorts. The top of the washing machine had been tampered to open easily, like a lid.

Caitlin then felt multiple arms grab and lift her off the floor. She was forced into a sort of ball, her knees almost touching her face. She was placed inside a metal box. Caitlin could not tell what that was, but she quickly felt her movement was obstructed by the box's walls. As long as she was inside, she would stay folded like that. She then felt a flat frame, press her head down by a couple of inches, until it snapped shut above her with two hollow clicks.

She quickly felt whatever package she was inside, moving, being wheeled. The woman was arguably terrified. Who knew if anyone could find her, wherever these crazy women were taking her. Maybe this was her last chance of alerting somebody to help! She tried screaming, once more, although with that gag, the plan was doomed. Nonetheless, she gave it her all. Trying to bump against the metal walls would make at least some noise. But her efforts had been rendered useless, not only from the lack of any leverage, due to the absence of free space around her, but also from the thick, soundproofing padding, that was lined all across the inside.



An elder man, walking with his dog along the sidewalk, spots three women, each more beautiful than the next. They appear to be wheeling a washing machine, through the small tiled-trail, connecting a front door to the sidewalk. "Good morning", he says with a genuine smile, as their paths cross. "How can three beautiful ladies as yourselves, move this heavy thing? I would offer my help, but you see i'm old, and my arms don't work like they used to", he said, praising both their beauty and their strength.

"Aaaaaw, thank you mister", Helena replied with a voice so sweet, it was dripping honey. "Thank you so much, we are handling it just fine", Raleen shot the man a smile and a wink. "Farewell", the man continued his course, even more cheerful than before. Why wouldn't he be? A young, beautiful girl had winked at him. At this age, this was enough to make his day.

All this trouble took place for just a 20 yard distance, from Caitlin's front door to the van. They were the most risky 20 yards, though, so there was no room for cutting corners. The washer was loaded into the van from the back door. Helena and Raleen hopped in, Mara went to the driver's seat. The doors closed, and the van took off, under the sunrays.

Inside the van, Helena and Raleen removed the machine's lid, and pulled the helpless girl out. The back was basically empty, besides a mattress tossed on one corner, with a sheet and a pillow on it. There was also a row of metal rings on the wall of the van. Raleen took a carabineer from inside her backpack. The carabineer was already attached on the end of a thick line of hemp rope, and on the other end, was a black, leather collar. Helena snapped the carabineer on one of the rings, and placed the collar around the sightless girl's neck, buckling the strap at a secure hole.

The road trip would be moderately long, at least a three hour ride. With another job well done, the girls took the next hour to relax, chat and generally pass the time. Caitlin remained tethered to her post throughout this. Every 20 minutes or so, she'd throw a small tantrum, crying and pleading, interspersed with more testing of the tape's durability, around her arms and legs. The girls didn't even shift their eyes at her, or paused their conversation during these attempts.

Only once, did the girl caught their attention, when she started stomping the floor with her heels. A good kick on her ribs by Helena reminded her who was in charge. The Russian doll hated having her peace disturbed.

Eventually, Helena and Raleen got bored. With Mara on the wheel, listening to her favorite podcast on her ear buds, the girls approached their latest victim. Helena reached on Caitlin's face. She flinched, trying to avoid her. From her recent experience, any contact from these people meant bad things. "Tch, tch, stand still", Helena yelled, and pulled the tape that was covering the girl's eyes. Caitlin looked

at them, expressing nothing but fear. We were past the "rage-and-hate stage" at this point. "They really make these mascaras immune to anything...", Helena commented. Despite all the tears and the sweat from all the fighting, her makeup still looked semi-intact.

"I really like her hair. I just don't know if i can pull off that trendy-punk chick look", Raleen confessed to her friend, as she softly brushed the girl's hair with the outside of her palm. "Yeah...most slave owners don't usually keep the slave's hair as they find it, though. They either change it or shave it off completely", Helena pointed out.

A key word in their discussion caused Caitlin's eyes to widen. "Slave?...slave owner?", she shifted her eyes between the two women, as if waiting for a confirmation that they, were in fact, talking about her future. "No...not you, sweetie", Raleen caressed her cheek. "You are gonna go to a nice farm, to play with all the other kidnapped girls", Raleen rubbed salt into the distressed girl's wound.

"Hmmm", Caitlin could only look at them with pitiful, puppy eyes. Even if she was allowed to speak, what would she offer them for her freedom? Money? She didn't have much of that. Sexual favors? How far would that get her? She could see no bargaining chips at her disposal.

"I've been looking everywhere to get these Gucci's!" Helena exclaimed, pointing at the bound girl's black, 4-inch heels. The only reason they had not been hurled off the girl's flailing, kicking feet, at any point, was because they featured some neatly buckled, ankle straps. "I was looking for them in another color, but that's nice, too", Helena blurted out, Raleen just waiting for her friend to finish these stream-of-consciousness rants she sometimes drifted to. "I prefer what's in them", said Raleen with meaning, unbuckling the shoes' straps, before pulling the heels off the girl's feet. Caitlin looked at what was taking place, worried and puzzled.

"Did you know that, if you want to torture someone without any evidence, you should torture their feet? They practically leave no marks. I heard it in a porn video, once", said Raleen, with the conviction of a Ted-Talk speaker. "Biiitch, you are a weird", Mara was heard from the driver's seat. "Here, watch", the Iranian beauty said, grabbing one of Caitlin's shoes by the front part, and digging the pointy end of the heel into her sole.

"MmmggPLLLLLLHHH", Caitlin tried to implore the women. The pain was intense from the very start. She tried pulling her taped feet away from the assailant, but Raleen was quickly kneeling on her upper shins, putting to rest any attempts at resisting her fate. With Helena already trying on Caitlin's heels, Raleen experimented, poking the girl's feet at her heels, the balls of her feet, then pricking her big toes. She worked the entire length of her soles. In the end, Caitlin was breathing heavily through her nose, trying to deal with all this pain.

"See, not a glimpse of a mark!", Raleen showed her friend, who looked unconvinced. "Maybe you're not pressing it hard enough", Helena hypothesized. She took a hold of the second spare shoe, and scooted closer to Caitlin, who was now looking more and more desperate with each passing second. "Hold her still", blonde said to Raleen. She hated squirming.

The muffled squeal the poor girl uttered, as Helena drove the thin heel right into the middle of her sole, was probably loud enough to be heard from cars passing by the van. But with all the highway noise of the speeding vehicles, no one registered anything out of the ordinary. Helena had pressed the pointy object with all her strength. "Hmmm", the girl observed Caitlin's bare soles. The outline of a heel mark disappeared almost as soon as she removed the shoe. "I guess you're right", she relented her efforts.

Half an hour later, the ride had gotten much quieter. Mara was deep in driver mode. Helena was out cold, napping on the mattress. She was happy to find out that she wore the same shoe size as Caitlin, and had already stashed her new heels in her backpack. Raleen was bored, sitting on the passenger seat. She turned her head to take a peek at the only unwilling passenger, who was too exhausted to put up any fight. Caitlin's eyes had a vacant, tired look in them, currently fixed at nothing in particular. Her chest was moving up and down with each labored breath her nose took. Despite the stretchy nature of the ball-gag, her jaw was sore. Her arms and legs, pinned together in pairs for quite some time now, were also desperate for some freedom.

The bound girl's eyes perked up when she spotted the Indian girl get off her seat, and move towards her. "Do you want some company, single-girl?" she had already forgotten what her actual name was. Caitlin reluctantly shook her head, but Raleen didn't bother with things like consent. "Well, I'm bored, so you'll keep me company for a while", she said, sitting against the van's wall, right beside her bound merchandise. Caitlin kept eyeing her, worried, while Raleen had a soft, kind smile on her face.

"You really dressed up for that date of yours...showed a lot of skin if you ask me..." she teased, her eyes tracing all across of Caitlin's curves and valleys. The woman could almost feel Raleen's eyes burn like lasers. "Must have been a handsome guy...or maybe it was a girl, and you wrote a man's name for cover", she said, placing her hand on the girl's waist. Caitlin breathed deeper, seeing the hand trace her green dress up, and up, until it reached her breasts. Raleen copped a generous feel, grabbing a handful of her left breast. "Mmmm, nice", she said, enjoying the woman's body, the more she "inspected". Caitlin turned her torso away from the harassment, but a slight tilt wasn't stopping Raleen now. She wanted her, and she wanted her now.

The Indian beauty parted the V of her cleavage aside, along with the fabric on the dress' shoulders. Without any bra to cover them, Caitlin's breasts were now fully exposed. Raleen gave them a gentle squeeze, feeling her delicate skin.

This was getting out of hand! Caitlin tried to slide away from the horny woman, but Raleen simply grabbed the leash of her collar, keeping her in place, while also bending over the side of her neck. She started nibbling on the sensitive flesh, kissing it, biting every now and then. "HMMMMMMFFF", Caitlin was definitely not into this!

Raleen then took out a switchblade, from her jeans' pocket. With a petrified, mewling Caitlin watching, she made a few cuts, along the width of the tape that bind the girl's ankles, knees and thighs. Caitlin's legs were free, but at what cost?

"PIIIFFFF", she begged her assailant not to take this any further. She already felt violated and humiliated enough. In response, Raleen gave her nipple a strong pinch between her fingers.

"MMMMMMMMNNNN", the girl's moans did not seem to be alarming anyone on the vehicle. Mara had her headphones on, listening to music, while Helena wouldn't wake up by a marching band circling her bed. Not that them noticing her distress would alter things.

Raleen was properly hot and bothered now. She was sucking, biting, kissing the woman's nipples, sucking on her neck. Her dress had been raised out of the way of "single-girl's" fine ass, so Miss India could grope and dig her nails into it as much as she pleased. Caitlin flailed her legs with newfound movement, but with her arms heavily restrained behind her back, she still could not defend herself fairly. Biting her captor was also out of the question, with this thick gag. Shifting her body away was impossible, tethered as she was to the wall-ring.

Raleen was enjoying her loot, laying sideways to her. Body against body. The intimate contact escalated, as did Caitlin's muffled protests. Raleen's hand moved lower, and her fingers crept their way beneath Caitlin's pink, Brazilian-style panties. The woman felt a cute, trimmed little bush, through her finger-tips, which quickly moved past it, continuing their descent to the woman's sex.

"NNN..Nnnnn...NnnnnNNNN", the gagged woman was doing her best to avoid the invasion, but Raleen wanted her fingers in the woman's pussy.

The situation was getting increasingly more hectic. A truly uneven fight was taking place. Raleen retrieved the exploring hand momentarily, forgetting to soak her middle and ring finger with a quick dip into her own mouth, then with moist fingers, placed them back where they belonged. Inside her toy's sex-hole.

"NNNNNNnnmmm....", Caitlin felt the violent insertion. She tried closing her legs together, hopefully to make the woman's job more difficult. Raleen placed one of Caitlin's legs in a kind of scissor hold with her legs, keeping her more exposed like that. She fingered the woman at a medium, passionate - even

sensual? - speed, keeping Caitlin's body close to hers with the other free hand. It was clear this wasn't Raleen's first encounter with someone from the same gender. She was pushing her hand upwards and against the pelvis, while also rubbing her fingers on the G-spot area. She knew what she was doing.

Caitlin didn't know when that point in time had come and passed, but there was one. A point where the mixture of sexual stimulation and physical struggle was too much to withstand. She could not fight it anymore. Did that mean she had "gave in" to the pleasure? Did that mean that she enjoyed what was taking place? This complete violation, this degradation of her human will and integrity?

These questions were too complicated for a simple yes or no, answer. What was visibly certain was, that at some point, the woman reduced her fighting greatly. Her eyes were closed with intensity, her legs remained half-spread, as if communicating to her assailant "you have won, you can do as you wish". Raleen seemed pleased with that message. She now had her arm wrapped around the girl's neck, her hand holding her jaw-line, keeping the girl's face right against hers. Raleen had a look of pleasure on her face, her mouth stuck half-open. It didn't look like a violent grab; you could even call it romantic, if you didn't know the circumstances.

The Indian woman started finger-fucking the Irish girl, slapping the outside of her pussy with her palm, while driving her two fingers deep with each thrust. Caitlin let out one of many moans before it, although this one sounded like pure, shameful lust. Raleen finger-blasted her faster and faster, watching her writhe in her arms. The little bitch must be enjoying something, she thought. Abruptly, she pulled her fingers out, seizing any stimulation. "Maybe you're lonely for too long, single-girl", she said, showing her a pair of drenched fingers. She wiped her hand from what was mainly pussy juice on the woman's green dress, and cheerfully returned to her seat beside Mara. "Can we make a coffee stop? I'm exhausted", she asked her black friend.

The sun was starting to set, when the white van reached a remote location, seemingly sprouting out of nowhere, in the middle of a rural area. Two sunglasses-wearing, suit-and-tie dressed, black men, were waiting on the gated entrance. After a typical check, they nodded to Mara and opened the gates. The van parked next to many more. The seemingly abandoned establishment, once a correctional facility, was a huge, ugly piece of cement. Despite its appearance, it was host to a lot of hidden beauty.

"Here, let me take her for you", a bald, white man with shoulders as wide as door-frames, addressed Mara and the others. He had a kind, helpful tone in his voice. "Thank you Dimitri, it's been a tough day", Mara greeted the man from inside the back of the van, as she "passed" him the bound girl (with her legs retaped together). The man effortlessly tossed her over his shoulder and made his way towards the building.

The muscular man opened the steel-slide doors with no strain, keeping his other arm wrapped around the girl's waist. The weight of a squirming, adult woman, didn't even register to him. "The show will start in about 3 hours, so i'll guess you'll stick around..." Dimitri chit-chatted with Mara, as they all walked down the grey corridors. "Yeah, we'll hang out until then..." Mara replied.

They reached the cell section of the building. From the (significant) height of the man's shoulder, Caitlin could see left and right, numerous naked women, all bound with black, leather restraints, gagged with the same red ballgags and caged behind the traditional bars of the prison cells. Even though all the cells were the same size, some of them had 3 or 4 women, while in others 10 or 11 women were "squeezed" together. Each cell had a small white board, hanged on the vertical bars, with a code written on it with a sharpie. The code corresponded to a different slaver, or slaver team. Thus, each cell contained the fruits of the slaver's labor, neatly stored and waiting for the auction. Some had been there for two weeks, other luckier ones, like Caitlin, would have to wait only a few hours.

The group stopped in front of a cell, with the code X92Y. 6 women inside, raised their heads at the impromptu "visit". 3 fire-redheads of ages 18-38 that would satisfy anyone with a "hot ginger fetish". A couple of blonde sisters, only a few years apart, that had been abducted with the goal of being sold as a "package deal". Finally, a brunette "cougar" with short bangs that was actually hitting on Mara at a nightclub, before the girl figured she could make some profit off of her.

All 6 women had the same leather restraints and thick, noise-cancelling, red ball-gags. Each red ball had a black number on it, to mark them and easily keep track of each "piece". They were either lying defeated on the floor, or sitting on some shitty, wooden benches across the cell's walls. They all possessed a killer body and Caitlin was no exception.

A second guard approached them, giving a slight nod. Caitlin was gently placed on the dirty floor. The fact her dress was soiled by the dusty van and now the even dustier jail-floor, would not bother her soon. The man took out a box-cutter. In one swoop slice from bottom to top, her dress was on the floor. Two quick nips later, her panties joined it. Her earrings were quickly removed by hand. Everything was thrown on a nearby bin, dedicated for just these types of garbage. Caitlin was only dressed in tape now.

Dimitri and the three girls chatted for a bit, as the man worked quickly and efficiently on their latest acquisition, removing the tape and the ball from the girl's mouth, not waiting for any response or comment, before shoving a red ballgag in, with the number 7 visible between her painted lips. He buckled the strap tightly behind the girl's head. He then removed the tape from the legs, and put her ankles into some thick, but softer, black, leather ankle-straps. They were connected by a short, silver chain, making hobbling possible, but not anything else. He then moved on to her arms, placing some matching, leather wrist cuffs on her, behind her back. The leather restraints were of good quality. It'd be bad business of the merchandise damaged itself due to their struggling.

The door was opened and Caitlin was gently pushed inside. Wouldn't want a careless slave breaking her nose, and causing her price to plummet. The sound of the key locking the door was heard behind her. Caitlin was left to socialize with the other muted women, while Helena, Raleen and Mara went downstairs to grab something to eat.

The huge space was once a storage area for a factory no longer operating. It had been converted into what would be the "Auction Hall". There were fully equipped bars, working on either side of the vast room, as well as a very long, fancy buffet. Plenty of comfy seats were already facing towards a small stage. Some smooth jazz was playing from the speakers, to cover the awkward silence, but mainly to drown out all the ceaseless moaning and whining coming from the bound women on one side of the room. Their ball-gags had all been replaced with mean spider gags, each keeping a generously inflated, rubber gag, trapped behind their teeth, the little ball-pump sticking out from the metal ring through its little tube. These pump gags proved surprisingly efficient in soundproofing the place. After all, no one was in the mood to hear Caitlin's, or anybody else's, distressed protests.

A few hours had passed since Caitlin was pushed into a cold cell with a few other unfortunate souls. The first part of the evening was ready to begin. She now found herself standing on a 10x10 feet platform, a single step higher of floor level. Her leather-bound wrists had been pulled upwards by a thick chain that ended high up on the tall ceiling. Her arms were completely taut and vertical, her wrists pulled so high that Caitlin had to tippy-toe to keep some of the pressure off her joints. All the other 34 captives were in an identical situation as she was, presented in their own small stages for everyone to examine, in 4 rows of about 7-8 women each. Unlike the grim atmosphere of the cell-area, the lights here were strong and illuminating.

About 50 yards from where she stood, the restrained woman could see a crowd, mingling and enjoying cocktails, between the bars and the buffet. It was a small crowd, about 50 people, but their wallets more than made up for their numbers. Men in sleek suits and women in expensive dresses, be it couples, bachelors or bachelorettes. Despite their stylish appearance, the spotlights would not fall on them this evening.

Meanwhile, Mara, Raleen and Helena were hanging out at the buffet table, along with other slavers and some potential clients. Helena was stuffing her face with crab-legs, while Raleen and Mara were chatting up with Mark, a local "coworker" from Ireland. "Yeah, if you go through the countryside villages, you can find some nice farm-girls. Easier to "pick up", too", he informed Mara, who was taking in the useful insight. "Pick up" was a common term in their circles, for abducting a slave-to-be.

"I wish i had a girl in my team. Women are too careful around guys, nowadays", the man said to Mara. "Yeah, it's the perk of being a "sister"", Raleen nodded, making quote marks with her fingers.

The music slowly faded, and the voice of a young man was heard through the speakers. "Ladies and gentleman, welcome to another auction! All our top quality products are ready for you. You have around 90 minutes to inspect them at your own leisure. Our staff will be there to help you with anything you might need. Thank you", the announcement concluded.

Caitlin then noticed what the announcer was referring to. There were about 6-7 men and 3-4 women, both genders in good suits, standing scattered around the various "pieces". They were all wearing latex gloves, which Caitlin found weird. One of the staff members, a long-haired young man, approached her to turn the valve of the pump, deflating the gag and removing it through the spider one. "Haaaa?" Caitlin uttered worried, with furrowed brows, in question of what laid ahead. The man did not bother responding, not even raising his eyes to her.

One by one, the small crowd started approaching the other, more appetizing, buffet of the night. Caitlin let out a fearful moan, as increasingly more eyes were falling on her, gazing at her naked form with a detached interest. The kind one might have while passing by a shop's window and spotting a nice pair of shoes. She could not feel more exposed at this moment. There was a small chart, propped up in front of her, in the corner of her little platform, which window-shoppers scanned their eyes by. Caitlin could not read it, as it faced the opposite direction:



AGE: 23
LANGUAGES: ENGLISH, SPANISH, ITALIAN
NATIONALITY: IRISH
ORIENTATION: STRAIGHT

No name, occupation, or anything revealing of her personality. The information, picked up via web research on social media and work-profiles, was relevant to the buyers, though, as these things weren't obvious with a naked eye. These attributes were there to help customers pick what best suited their tastes.

The room now was full of critiquing chatter, interspersed with both painful and desperate moans, all echoing on the tall ceiling of the room. It sounded like a symphony from hell, at least to Caitlin's ears. Each bound woman could barely struggle, rendered basically immobile through her strict bondage, as men and women probed, groped and examined them thoroughly, looking for the best option. A hard nipple pinch was the quickest way to tell whether the sound of a toy was appealing to the ears of the potential buyer. It also served as a quick way to gauge their pain sensitivity, a characteristic that was very often sought after.

Another important quality was the slave's reaction to sexual stimuli. All staff members were equipped with cordless vibrators, which they'd press against a slave's sex-hole, upon request. A lot of clients preferred to stimulate the merchandise themselves, rubbing their clits or labia with their fingers.

People grabbing your naked body without a single warning felt so dehumanizing, so invasive, that it actually stressed Caitlin out, to the point where her heart was racing, in anticipation of the next hand on her. Her pleading eyes and unintelligible pleas appealed to no-one, as there wasn't a minute where she wasn't being violated.

"Can i see her teeth", a woman pointed to Caitlin, while addressing a tall, well-groomed Brazilian guy. She looked around 45, with white-blonde short hair, and a fur scarf caressing her neck. "Of course, mam", he said, putting his hand right on the girl's face, pinching and moving her lips out of the way to reveal her teeth. That was the reason for the latex gloves. However, buyers could get their dirty paws all over the merchandise.

"What are you doing? I'm not a fucking horse!" was all Caitlin could think, as the older woman took a good, up-close look at her dental state. "Hmmm, and her tongue?", she asked, again. The man took out a pair of forceps with plastic ends. "Eeeeeeeaaahhh, NOooooooo", Caitlin protested, trying to turn her head away, but the man just calmly grabbed her jaw to bring it towards him, pinching her tongue with the forceps. "AAaaaaaa...", she yelped as he pulled it out, until he could feel a strong enough

resistance. "Hmmm", the woman looked troubled. "Wished it was a bit longer. Anyway, thank you very much", she bid the man farewell and continued browsing.

Not a minute later, a young couple, dressed in latex and leather attire, passed by her, eyeing her first, then the chart in front of her. They spoke to each other, Caitlin could pick up it was Italian. If her memory and ears did not deceive her, the man was asking his girlfriend whether she needed another "toilet slave". Caitlin knew both these words in Italian, but she had never heard them side by side. What did that even mean? She dreaded what the answer could be.

As time went on, the bound, naked women were being assaulted in all kinds of humiliating manner. Some of them were surrounded by 3 or 4 people at a time, while others were given less attention, something they were completely fine with. Caitlin belonged in the first category. She had lost count of the amount of times she was spanked, groped, pinched and probed. She had all sorts of fingers in her mouth, her labia-lips and asscheeks spread and presented for any curious window-shopper to see. She had her pussy "buzzed" for demonstrative purposes at least 20 times. It was effective. Even though Caitlin was not in ANY sort of erotic mood, this device elicited a reaction out of her each time. "Haaaaa...haaaaaa...oooooh", she'd breathe deeply through the spider gag and struggle to move away from the vibrations, without any success.

Penetration was off-limits during the "inspection" but that was little consolation. The worst in all this was how powerless she was to stop any of it. These people could do literally whatever they wanted to her, and her only option was to stand there, on her toes, and take it. She felt so ashamed to be treated like cattle, or more accurately, like an object, broken down to its working parts. She was blushing the whole way through this ordeal, deeply ashamed, despite having done nothing wrong.

Caitlin actually drew a crowd around her, every time she was getting "buzzed" or simply rubbed, the crowd either marveled at the show in silence, or praised the product's potential. "She sings like a bird, doesn't she?" Caitlin heard from some direction, in her hazy, chaotic state. Saliva was long since running from her locked jaw, down her chin, her neck, between the beautiful valley between her breasts, past her belly. Some of it was even soaking her little bush.

A few rows ahead of her, a young black girl with long dreads and a single nipple piercing, appeared to have pissed herself from overwhelming fear, and was getting cleaned up by the auction staff.

Caitlin could see no empathy in these people's eyes. They all seemed completely oblivious to her human nature, the insulting way they touched her and talked about her, as though she was not even present. All her moans and pleading looks went completely unrecognized, or at best, unanswered. It was completely surreal.

Eventually time was up, and the rich fold took their seats in front of the main stage. The lights got dim, only lights facing the stage. It was like a theater, and the play was about to start. Mara, Raleen and Helena turned their attention towards the stage, along with everyone else. If they managed to make 150k, they would be very pleased. The "venue" that hosted the auction, always took somewhere between 40% and 50% out of each sale, which couldn't be helped.

"Ladies and gentleman, i hope you're ready to begin bidding!", a young, clean-shaven man, with short hair so blonde and eyes so blue, a Nazi's wet dream, appeared on stage, equally well dressed as his audience. He spoke through a discrete head-microphone. "Without keeping you waiting, let's get on with the first item", he said with a Colgate smile, his words followed by polite applause.

All the while, Caitlin, along with every other "piece", had been led beside the curtains, "backstage", and was getting prepared. She was again ballgagged with a standard red ball. A woman was currently brushing her hair, while a second one was putting very red lipstick, around the girl's ballgagged lips. They didn't pay any attention to the girl's pleading eyes, nor her matching moans. They were there to do their jobs, which was prettying up the products. They applied some dark mascara on her eyes. Caitlin thought she must look like a slutty Barbie or something along those lines. She could see women being led towards the stage, pointlessly pulling away from their handlers.

But Caitlin wasn't nude. She'd put in a corseted bodysuit, made of black leather and tightly laced to an hourglass shape. It was sleeveless, with a huge cleavage, barely covering the girl's nipples. The thong shaped backside also left her whole rump exposed. It was obvious that the purpose of the clothing item was not to cover, but to tantalize and enhance. The auctioneers knew well that a half-naked body usually intrigued the eye more than a completely naked one. And besides, clients had already seen Caitlin's goods earlier. Other than that, the girl had been fitted with some 5-inch, black, Mary Jane heels.

With her turn fast approaching, Caitlin was led by a male guard behind a curtain. There was a chain, dangling from a pulley. The chain could slide across a line on the ceiling. Caitlin was too afraid to do much, as the male handler raised her cuffed wrists and snapped the chain of her cuffs onto the dangling one. She was in a similar position as before, with her arms raised overhead. Even if she lost her balance, the wrist-cuffs weren't letting her drop more than an inch.

"Let's meet our next lovely specimen!", the host was heard behind the curtain. Then, Caitlin felt her arms being pulled forward, past the curtain, and towards the stage! She tried pulling against it, but the device was moving electronically through a motor. She would follow wherever this thing was taking her.

Passing the curtains, she was blinded by strong lights coming from many directions. With the machine pulling her at a steady pace, she was forced to walk a small distance to the center of the stage, where mister Hitler-youth was waiting. All eyes were on her. Even if the crowd's faces were hidden in darkness, she could feel their gaze. To say that it felt humiliating, being paraded like that would be an understatement.

"Here we have a true Irish beauty, only 23 years of age. And as you can all see, a phenomenal bust", he spoke, presenting Caitlin's breasts. "Her rear is equally as exquisite", he turned the helpless woman around the axis of her body, to display her exposed butt-cheeks, the same way a car salesman would show the spoiler of a sports car to a possible buyer. The girl could not be feeling any more objectified.

"We begin the bidding at 20.000 euros", the man said. Right after the words left his mouth, Caitlin saw 3, then 4 hand-signs being raised, each with a number displayed, that glowed with a neon-like light in the darkness. "Ok, lots of demand, do i hear 30.000?" the man begun haggling, the coveted prize hanging right next to him, like a pork chop.

It all felt like a weird nightmare. Like those embarrassing ones where you're giving a speech and all of a sudden you realize you're naked and everyone is laughing and pointing at you. Only this one was real, and Caitlin wished they were just laughing. She felt so vulnerable, too vulnerable to even fight her bonds or scream, at this point. If someone in this crowd was planning to save her, you would have already done something. "Do i hear 70? 1...2...sold to number 21 for 65000!", Caitlin was snapped back to reality by the host's raised voice. On the side of the stage, Mara finally let out a big smile. She was always hard to please, but the tanned bitch brought a good stack of cash their way. She had no reason to whine. Helena and Raleen high-fived. This night looked promising. The blondie sisters were up next.

Caitlin was still in a weird daze, that feeling when a shocking realization just hits you. She'd probably fall down, if it weren't for her wrist-cuffs. Everything around her became numb, the voice of the presenter, the hum of the crowd, the wooden floor beneath her feet. Memories of her friends, her family, her everyday life, flooded past her eyes, all in a split second. She had just been sold! Why was this happening to her? She tried to wrap her head around the facts. This very morning, she was getting ready for a date with a cute guy. She closed her eyes hard. This is what they do to wake up from a bad dream. Nothing was different when she opened them again.

She tried to see who was this "number 21". She couldn't spot anything but a vague silhouette of her buyer, the light falling in her eyes making everything else extra dark. The pulley did not wait for her to get a better look, as she was quickly "escorted" off stage, the same way she entered. She could process her future all she liked on the way to her new home.

A wooden crate is being lifted by two men and placed inside a private jet. It is stacked on top of another identical crate, already sitting in the lounge area of the plane. Mister Jomabul, a Mongolian warlord, is chatting to the manager of last night's auction. He appears satisfied, having acquired a couple of fresh slaves to add to his vast collection. His wife, a 40 year old, pampered diva of the Mongolian star-system, is waiting stoically by his side. She loves it when her husband buys her new things, but this ranks among her favorite kinds of shopping.

It is not evident, neither by the cheerful mood and relaxed pace of things, nor by the sunny day, that inside these two crates, two unwilling captives are being readied for intercontinental transport. Caitlin's naked body is buried in foamy, packing peanuts. The oxygen mask is well-affixed over her face, to avoid asphyxiating. Her stuffed and taped mouth, guarantee the couple a peaceful journey back home. Plenty of more tape around her arms, forearms, wrists and then her thighs, knees and ankles, keep her securely stoic. A small air-conditioning unit makes sure things don't get too hot inside the nail-sealed crate. The last thing Mister Jomabul would like is to get to Mongolia and find a packaged body instead of a toy. He likes getting a lot more use out of his slaves.

Caitlin struggles, suspended, floating in this foamy sea. She doesn't know that she's laying right above the crate of another one of Mara, Helena and Raleen's captures. A sweet, 21 year old, freckled-faced, redhead angel. She had been followed on the way back from the public library, where she was studying for her finals. She was "picked up" by the trio's van, when they offered her a ride home. The girl never expected Helena and Raleen to jump her from behind the passenger sit and chloroform her.

The future appears grim for both Caitlin and the unnamed girl. While her husband is more practical with his slaves and usually treats them like recyclable cum-dumpsters, Miss Jomabul loves training them and breaking them into submission. Her plans for these two straight girls is to turn them into lesbian lovers, who worship her like a goddess. She speaks none of the languages they do, but that has never stopped her, before.

Music blasts from a small apartment, a few miles away from Dublin. Its occupants cannot be happier. Raleen is practically dancing with every step she takes, as she's folding clothes into her luggage bag. Mara and Helena have already packed and are finishing the final touches on their make-up. Tonight, they celebrate, most probably at some nightclub. Tomorrow, they'll be heading back home, each with 1/3 of a really good payout. A short, month-long vacation and then back for more glory! Or just more cash.

There's not a single mention of any of the women they so violently plucked out from their peaceful lives. Even their names, the girls would be hard-pressed to remember, never mind other details. After a certain time in this occupation, a beautiful woman is seen as merely potential profit. After all, why bother in the first place? Did a hunter remember every single dear he shot down?

"Soooo? what do you think?", Helena showed of her new, black pair of Guccis to her friends. "They look SO good on you, like... ohmygaad!" Raleen teased her. "Riiiiight?" she played along, acting like a dumb bimbo. "Real-talk, though, i fucking love them", the small Russian girl added, this time sincerely. She'd strut her stuff like a boss in these, tonight. She was certain the girl she took them from would not miss them.