

# Family Business

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

## SECURING THE MERCHANDISE

Hayley strolls leisurely on the cement sidewalk, cutting through the grass, on her way towards her high-school's entrance. The fact that she is 15 minutes late doesn't seem to affect her cheery mood. The 18-year-old senior wears a pair of headphones which blast her favorite pop music, as she skips along, wearing a short jean skirt, with some black leggings underneath. She chews loudly on bubblegum, blowing bubbles with ease. Her hair has a light brown color, one that she deemed too boring and adorned with some cyan and pink highlights. A girly, pink top under her slim jacket and some cool sneakers complete her image.

With her phone's music surrounding her world, she pays little attention to the outside world. Like the fact that about 40 yards away, the African-American passengers of a dark blue family van are watching her, through binoculars.

"Good morning Sunshine..." Jason Williams said with a satisfied smile. His thick mustache, with the first white hairs slowly popping out, followed the curve of his lips. He traced the girl's steps with the binoculars, until she disappeared inside the school. Next to him, on the passenger seat, sat his wife of 18 years, Lorraine, a strong-willed, milk-chocolate toned woman, with big, afro-like, dark brown hair, pulled behind a colorful bandana, and big, luscious lips. She didn't share his enthusiasm. It's not like it was the first time the couple was doing this job. More like the 34th.

"Great, now let's go drop the kids off at school, last time their teacher called me complaining they were late, again. Not to mention, I have to pick up groceries" she said, as if stalking a teenage white girl was not only normal, but a boring inconvenience. "Don't fret, honey. She might have ditched school this morning, or fallen ill, we had to be certain" the always care-free Jason replied.

"This is our job, we should do it properly. You wanna set a bad example for the kids?" that last comment shut her up for good. The 36 year old black woman always made no joke out of raising her children correctly. They would learn the ropes and one day, maybe take over the family business themselves. She and her 41 year old husband always made sure their girls excelled at anything they meddled with, whether this was their school grades, or the slaver business.

In the back of the van, stealing glances from their binoculars, were the family's three children. "Let me see, Jasmine! Stop hogging the specs!" her twin sister, Laila, grabbed them to see for herself the young girl. The twins had just turned 13, both having a mini version of their mom's hairdo, but their father thought they were old enough not to just be aware of the family business, but start taking a more active part in it.

Next to them sat their older sister, Chloe Williams, same age as Hayley, with styled, box braided, long black hair. She tried to impress her dazzled sisters, acting like all these surveillance stuff was too boring for her. She had already experienced the thrill of abducting an unsuspecting girl, a couple of months ago. Even though her parents did most of the actual work, watching a girl being forcefully taken like that, never to be seen by her family or friends again, was thrilling! Seeing her mom and dad work simultaneously over the helpless girl, tying her up and gagging her in mere seconds, on their van's floor, made it her feel as if that cute Latina girl (her name was Lindsey, or something like that), pointlessly struggling under four hands, was no more a human, but something lower. As she was watching from up close, Chloe saw the poor girl as something more akin to cattle, being readied for transportation, or maybe worse, an object, being wrapped up to be send safely to its new owner.

Chloe might have been young, but from that day, she knew she wanted to follow on her parents foot-steps.

Ever since she had learned of her parents' work as slavers, Chloe had learn to accept it as just something that they do, morality aside, along with any other complicated questions. This job put food on their table, and who was she to argue against it, with such a comfortable life mom and dad granted her.

But curiosity started gnawing at her, and the questions off what was happening down the basement turned to pressured requests, and finally pleas. Finally, Jason and Lorraine agreed that it was time their kids should start going with them to some expeditions. This wasn't the typical family business you could just go in or out of and your leisure, and the girls would sooner or later face that fact. So, better sooner, rather than later.

Even though this wasn't the first surveillance they had done on Hayley, Chloe was still fascinated with that particular "prey". Her heart was pumping fast, despite the fact that the actual kidnapping was still a good 6 hours away, when the girl's school classes would be over. She found it difficult to take her eyes off the pretty, white girl. The reasons were a couple.

Firstly, she actually knew the blonde girl! She and Hayley were going to the same Spanish class. They had conversed a few times, nothing big, but still, that fact made a big impact on Chloe. This was much more than a faceless girl that she'd never met before. This made the whole kidnapping thing seem more...real.

The second reason was the fact that her father had tasked her with helping him during the girl's "securing process". That thought alone had caused a mostly sleepless night for her. Not out of fear, and certainly not out of guilt, but out of pure anticipation. Chloe wanted to make her father proud. The thought that she would actually capture and tie up an innocent girl - one of her classmates - send goose bumps across her skin.

Her trail of thought was interrupted by her father. "Great!" Jason gathered his thoughts, recounting all the steps still to make. "I drop them off at school, then i go home to prepare the basement and get the things (the things meaning duct tape, tasers, and other necessary items), then i pick them up before the last class, with the excuse of a family health matter, and we're here at 14:00 stat" he checked everything in his head. "And you'll drive me to the grocery store" Lorraine corrected him. "Yeah, yeah, that too" he nodded.

Hayley spent her time in the classroom, mostly chatting with her friends, just quietly enough to not get sent to the principal's office. When she was blabbering with her two best girlfriends, she was dozing off, or drawing on her notebook. Another day at school was uneventfully over. She skipped past the exit, backpack on one shoulder. Her home was a 20 minute walk from school, and even though her father often offered to pick her up after work, she insisted on returning by herself, establishing independence like a typical teenager.

The noise from hundreds of teenagers slowly died off, as they dispersed into all directions, some walking alone, some in groups, a few ones getting rides from their parents. They were in the suburbs; you'd be hard pressed to find any kid living so far away from the school. The neighborhood was so clean, nothing compared to city center. Every house had a grass-filled front yard, with a small path into each door, sprouting from the main sidewalk.

Hayley waved to her friends, and got on her lone walk home. She didn't mind returning home alone, it only gave her more time to listen to her music, without being interrupted by anyone. The sun was shining bright this October noon, and Hayley was grateful that she could still showoff her slim, pretty

legs, and her slender shoulders. Turning any boy's head in school made her feel great about herself, and she pulled that off more than any other girl in her year, maybe in the whole school.

Hayley was in the middle of her route, when she reached the shortcut she always took, between a small alley, formed by a building and the neighboring wooden fence. Practically, this wasn't even a path, but Hayley was too bored to waste five more minutes, going all the way around the big house.

She was half way inside the alley way, when she saw a dark blue van, suddenly reverse and block the narrow end of the small path. "Hey, what do you think you're doing?" the bratty teen yelled, not even crossing her mind that something could be going very wrong. Things changed when the van stayed completely still, no image of any driver, just the back of the van in her field of vision.

The girl went to turn to the opposite side, scoffing, but before she could make half the turn, she felt a pair of strong, long arms grab her from behind. The girl panicked and tried to scream, but a leather-gloved hand was already over her face, smothering her mouth and nose with a tight grip, "MMM....." the girl's muffled screams for help were abruptly cut when a taser was jabbed with efficient speed on her sides. The man held the button for precisely three seconds, there were always enough to subdue the victim, without the risk of causing any permanent harm.

At once, the van's door slid open. The kids were waiting inside. This part of the abduction was the riskier, and so, dad handled it on his own. Jason carried the half-conscious girl inside. Hayley could barely move, still twitching from the electric shock her muscles had sustained. She only let out faint, disoriented moans. "Close the door" Jason instructed and as soon as the kids slide it shut, the van was already off, coursing below the speed limit, at an unsuspecting pace.

Inside the moving van, work still needed to be done. Jason turned to his older daughter, giving her two very thick pairs of zip ties. These were already joined together, waiting for their ends to be pulled. "You have to tie them up quickly, the effects of the taser only last a few seconds" the father instructed Chloe, as her little twin sisters were watching everything beside her.

As her father was overpowering the girl's arms behind her back, the anxious, teenage black girl, slipped the first pair of white zip ties over the girl's thin arms and when they reached above her elbows, pulled them together with all her strength, as her father had showed her, eliciting a painful groan from the young woman. After the quick, zipping sound, Hayley's elbows were touching behind her back.

"Pleeeeeease... heeeelp me..." the girl started regaining her strength, but Chloe had tunnel vision on her arms. She put the second pair of zip ties around the girl's wrists and yanked on the two ends as before.

Chloe was now on a roll, zip-tying the girl's ankles, too. Jasmine and Laila watched O-faced, taking everything in. "Now, gag her, be careful to be thorough though" Jason watched and helped along. "She must not be able to scream at all" he said, handing his daughter a soft and shiny, rubber ball. Hayley had now recognized one of her assailants as "that black girl from the Spanish class" and was focusing her begging attempts on her. "Please Chloe, don't do this!" she said with tears forming in her eyes. The pain from her arms stretched behind her was too much. Chloe looked at her for half a second, that seemed like an eternity to her, like someone must feel like when they're having their time of their lives, an almost out of body experience.

As Hayley watched the girl close in with the rubber ball towards her face, she let out a girly scream. "AAAAAaammmmmmmmm" and the ball filled her mouth. Jason took over for a minute, quickly wrapping numerous coils of duct tape around the girl's pink lips, keeping the soft ball inside. Propped on her stomach, Hayley could only look up at him with pitiful eyes.

When he was done with that, the black man pulled all of the girl's beautiful blonde hair into his grasp, and skillfully tied a piece of rope around the base, making a ponytail. He then pulled the rope, raising the schoolgirl's head, until he attached it to the zip ties on her ankles, effectively hog-tying her. Hayley was not going anywhere. The van was continuing its peaceful course, no one outside the wiser about what was taking place inside.

"Who wants to do the blindfold?" Jason asked his twin daughters. He was a believer that there was no thing as enough security. Both girls shot their hands up at the sky yelling "MEMEMEMEME" excited. "Alright, alright, you do it Laila, and next time Jasmine will do it" the man gave the girl a pair a black, leather blindfold, with oval-shaped, anatomic blinders and elastic, rubber bands on each side.

Laila stepped excitedly over the girl's hogtied frame, her head forced up into looking straight ahead. "Yeah, like this" dad said as his daughter hesitantly placed the blindfold over the girl's eyes. "Now tie a tight square knot behind her head, like we've practiced" Jason made sure to keep the schoolgirl's blindfold from falling, as his daughter tied the knot, securing the blindfold. Wanting to make sure the blindfold was tight enough she pulled at both ends of the bands again and again, eliciting more moans from Hayley. "That's enough Laila, she can't undo it" Jason reassured his daughter of her good job, with a pat on the head.

A more peaceful 10 minute drive ensued, consisting mainly of muffled sobs of the girl, and Jason demonstrating to Chloe how the taser works. Laila and Jasmine occasionally poked at the bound girl, eager to get a reaction out of her.

Finally, the family van reached the private driveway, leading up to back of their household, a fenced area, safe from neighbor eyes. Once the van was parked under a canopy, the door opened. With the hogtying rope cut off, Jason lifted the blind and mostly mute girl, threw her over his shoulder, and started carrying her towards the kitchen/back door of the house. Everyone followed along.

The girl was not tall, but in addition to the size of the man that was carrying her, she looked tiny. She only managed some minor struggling, Jason carrying her easily with one arm. "Hush now, we're home" Jason said, with a good slap on Hayley's ass-cheeks.

It was lunch time, so Jason wasted no time, taking his newest acquisition down to the basement, to store her. Hayley could not see anything; only listen to the sound of Jason's steps, first on the wooden staircase, then on the concrete of the basement's floor. She felt the man let her down, only to be pushed somewhere. She quickly realized that her motions were being further limited. Testing the range of movement caused her to bump her head against the cold metal bars. She didn't need to shuffle her body at all to feel the limits of her freedom. The cage she was locked inside was no larger than a pirate chest.

"Mmm, chicken soup, my favorite!" Jason walked back up to the kitchen, cheery. As the family dug in, sitting in the round table, Laila, Jasmine, and especially Chloe's minds were in one thing.

The girl that was bound and gagged in their basement.

## CUSTOMER SPECIFICATIONS

Hayley had no idea how many hours passed inside that cage. At some point, exhaustion got the better of her and she dozed off. Seeing only black was very disorienting, and the painful bondage of her elbows didn't help either. It was around 7 in the afternoon, when the 18-year-old heard heels clicking down the basement stairs. Lorraine's footsteps were accompanied by three more pairs, those of her daughters.

"Whoa, that's so cool!" the girls were astonished, entering that room of the house for the first time. On the soundproofed walls, hang various instruments of torment and bondage tools. There were metal rings on the walls and the floor. On a corner of the small room there was a wooden horse, basically a sharp, wooden triangle propped on four legs. Lastly, there were four small cages, one of them being currently occupied by the blonde schoolgirl.

Hayley first heard the squeak of the metal door open, then a couple of manicured hands roughly pull her out of, one grabbing her hair, the other her clothes. She led her by the hair onto a plain, wooden chair, and made her sit. Lorraine knew well to not give her captive's any room of comfort. But captives did require food. She cut off the duct tape with some safety scissors and immediately the girl spat the large ball that filled her mouth. "Pleaaaaase! AAH!" Lorraine got ahead of the girl, smacking her across the face before she managed to say much. "You don't talk from now on young lady unless someone addresses you" she then smacked her one more time. "Do i make myself clear?" she had a tone that would freeze even the most troublesome of kids. Chloe, Jasmine and Laila watched speechless, in awe of their mother.

"Yes..." the girl blurred out in the midst of new tears, even though she had the blindfold still on. "When you're done talking, you'll say Mistress or Master, or anything else your owner desires. Understand?" there was zero bullshit in the imposing woman's voice. "Yes..mm..mistress" Hayley got it fast.

"Good. Now open up" the older woman kept her cold attitude even as she raised a sports bottle with water to the girl's lips. Hayley sipped greedily, but the bottle was retrieved after 3-4 sips. "More water later, if you behave" simply said Lorraine. She then raised a second squishy bottle, this one filled with soup from lunch. The soup was cold and it was weird eating it like this, but Hayley was hungry, and so she obeyed.

After the necessary sustenance, Lorraine told Chloe to remove her former classmate's blindfold. Hayley blinked a lot, until she adjusted her eyes to the light. Once she laid eyes on the familiar girl, Haley tried once more to plead with her captors. "Miss, i know your daughter, we go to the same class

together" she said, hoping it would mean something. Instead she got two more hard slaps from Lorraine. "I don't care if you're BFFs; you'll do as I SAY!" Lorraine was starting to lose her patience. "Jasmine, go fetch that red ball over there" she signaled to a stack of ball-gags hanging from the wall. "NO, PLEASE, i'll keep quiet I SWEAR" Hayley regretted breaking the woman's rule. "Too late girly" Lorraine said. Each time you talk out of line, is 10 lashes from my whip. You're at 20 right now..." Lorraine paused to guide her eyes on the long, black whip on the wall. Hayley bit her lips and nodded frantically, not wanting to add to the counter.

'Can i gag her mom?" said Jasmine. "Sure, honey" the woman's demeanor changed drastically when addressing her child, become sweet and motherly. "You just make sure to buckle it on the tightest notch it can go. Don't let any slack" she instructed. As Hayley was once again gagged with a 5-cm-wide red ball-gag by Jasmine, Chloe and Laila got to work with more safety sears, cutting off every piece of clothing covering the girl's body. Lorraine watched with satisfaction her kids go to work.

All the while, Hayley uttered muffled sobs, trying to make some eye contact with Chloe, in order to illicit some sympathy. The black teen was too focused on shredding her skirt, to notice. "Her panties, too?" young and naive Laila asked. "Yes, honey, everything" her mom responded.

When the petite girl was finally fully nude, Lorraine grabbed her by her blonde, pink and blue hair again - a handy way to move reluctant slavegirls around - and guided her to a side of the room. The floor was padded there, and for a reason. This particular wall also had a 30cm high, 45 degree slope at the end, across that entire wall. Lorraine got the taser for the next part. Even if she had done it countless times, it only took one mistake to mess everything up and end up in jail for the rest of her life. She figured this time, it'd be a good teaching opportunity for her daughters.

"When we re-tie a slave's arms or legs, it is important to be safe. Always carry a taser or any weapon, so that the slave doesn't escape" she taught her daughters, who listened more than they'd done to any class at school. "Chloe, hold the taser near her" Lorraine gave her the weapon, as she worked to snap the girls zip-ties one by one. "Another important safety measure is to never untie fully a slave, if you're freeing their hands, keep their ankles together, and the opposite".

Finally, Hayley was made to sit on the 45-degree-surface of the pad, at the intersection of wall and floor, propping her upper body a bit. A dangling chain right above her, already housed a pair of leather mittens, about a meter off the floor. The girl's hands were promptly encased into the mittens and then the wrist-straps were locked snugly. "Spread" Loraine simply ordered, slapping the girl's inner thighs, until the pain was too much. Hayley bared her cute vagina to everyone in the room, mortified and humiliated.

"Laila, Jasmine, i need you to sit on her lower thighs. Don't let her move her legs, ok?" both twins nodded and did so. "HMMMMnnngn!!!" Hayley moaned in pain as each leg was crushed by a 13-year-



old body's worth of weight. "Generally, you tie the legs apart, too. It's necessary for what we need to do. Also it's more comfortable, cause legs get in the way" Lorraine continued, as she made her way to a desk, with more accessories on it. She came back, holding an 8-inch long, 1-inch in diameter, clear, see-through dildo, along with a long, handy cattle prod. "You're a virgin, right?" the black woman asked the young white girl, in a medical question tone. Hayley was getting increasingly more scared, too frozen with fear to answer. "Are you...\*ZAP\*...a virgin?" Hayley felt the electrifying shock of the prod against her belly. "HMmff...hmmff...nnn...nnn" she nodded furiously about 6 times. This shock hurt like hell!

"Yeah, thought so..." Lorraine mumbled to herself. As she was generously lubing up the dildo, Lorraine started explaining the process. All her daughters were past the "birds and the bees" story. "Penises and vaginas girls, come in all sorts of different sized..." she paused for effect.

"So... sometimes, a man's penis is too large for a woman's vagina" the mom started explaining. Hayley struggled more intensely to get free and cried out in her gag, but the chains holding her hands weren't going anywhere, nor were the 45 kilos of black girl on each thigh. "So what we do is we stretch the vagina, so that it can accept the big penis and not tear".

This was actually standard procedure in the Williams' business. With close ties to Sudan, Somalia and Congo, war overlords were among their most frequent customers. Hayley didn't know that yet, but she was scheduled to be shipped to Congo in two weeks. African war lords, or at least those Jason and Lorraine were dealing with, were very generously blessed, black men. The precious, rare and expensive white meat they usually craved needed some...preparation, if the young girls were to actually survive their erotic advances.

"Chloe, do you want to do it?" Lorraine handed the rubber phallus to her oldest daughter. "Sure" she said, but inside she was burning with desire. She moved closer, kneeling on the semi-soft pad, the white girl she was going to Spanish Class with, looking at her, with her heart pounding, her nostrils rapidly breathing, and her eyes fully wide. It was so surreal to have this girl she saw every week, now naked, bound and scared-shitless right in front of her.

Chloe hesitantly inched the dick right on the entrance of the girl's virgin delicate pussy. It looked reaaaally tight. "Now ease it in, don't make any sudden moves" Lorraine guided her right beside her. With Hayley crying, pulling on the chain of her mittens and hopelessly trying to free her pinned, spread legs, Chloe pushed the huge rubber cock until the head soon disappeared inside Hayley's little cunt. "MMMMMMMMMMMMmm" the bound girl let out a painful yelp. Simply the girth of this thing was tearing her already. "Don't stop, she's fine, push a little deeper" Lorraine responded to Chloe's

inquisitive look. The black woman showed little care for the girl's deflowering. Having gotten encouragement from her mother, Chloe continued with more confidence, pushing the fake dick further inside, whilst rotating it right and left as her mother showed her. Hayley was feeling like she would burst, like she was being split in half. She had no idea that was just the first level. All she could do was cry and writhe.

"There, if you caress and rub right there, she'll relax and stretch easier" Lorraine instructed, while expertly twirling her delicate, long-nailed index and middle fingers against Hayley's dainty clit. "You won't see immediate results, but trust me, if you play with that little nob over there, and caress the sides (she stroked the girl's labia) it feels really good". Chloe kept fucking the girl as her mom stimulated the poor girl.

Finally, Chloe felt the dildo would not go deeper. Most of its length was already shoved in the girl's pussy. "It won't go any further" she said puzzled to her mom. "It's ok, honey, you've reached the cervix" she explained. "Now move it slowly back and forth, don't move it all the way deep, it is her first time" Lorraine advised.

As she fucked the helpless girl with the dildo, Chloe felt a wave of pleasure hit her, she felt alive, she felt... powerful! After the best 10 minutes of her life, Lorraine told Chloe to slowly remove the dildo. It was of course, stained with blood. The little ones gasped. "EEEEwww, blood!" shaking their hands like dead fish up and down. "It's perfectly normal, don't worry" Lorraine calmed them down.

The family left the girl for a good hour to recover from her deflowering and regain her strength. The girls were sent upstairs to do their homework, while Lorraine tended to some house chores. Hayley felt completely violated. Her pussy was unbelievable sore and the pain there was killing her, even after Lorraine had rubbed some healing ointment on it. She hoped her first time would be with a cool, nice boy that she had fallen in love with and this was as far from it as possible. She stared blankly into nothing, with her head slumped on one side.

When Lorraine returned, she cleaned her bloody privates and thighs with a soaked rag. She was satisfied to see that the girl didn't utter a word, when she removed the ball-gag. She unlocked the girl's mittens, only to re-tie her wrists behind her back, all the while holding the taser millimeters from Hayley's skin. She was lead to another corner of the room. There were lines of 3 metal bars of different heights, forming a right angle, with one piece bolted vertically to the ground, the other coming horizontally from the wall. A placeholder above the dildos on the wall, indicated that more bars could be screwed on, if need be. Each bar had a dildo attached to its end. Each dildo was numbered, like a ruler, with lengths ranging from 5 inches to 10.

"What are you all doing here?" Lorraine inquired, seeing Jasmine, Laila and Chloe going down the basement stairs. "We're taking a break from studying" said Jasmine. "We've asked dad and he gave us 20 minutes" Laila cut off her mom before she asked. "Well since you're here, come take a look" Lorraine thought she could show her kids some more ropes.

"A slave's purpose is to make her owner happy" Lorraine addressed her twin daughters. "This is where we train the slave to please as many people as possible, but for now, we'll show her how to use her mouth on a penis". Laila and Jasmine were thrilled to discovering you could put a penis in someone's mouth. Hayley was propped in front of a bar of about 1 meter in height. The dildo attached on it, she noticed to be one of the small ones, in comparison to the others. "Suck it" Lorraine sent another jolt of the cattle prod on Hayley's perky ass. Sparks flew as the painful jolt made the girl almost jump in the air. "AAaYes, mistress!" the girl seemed to cooperate much more, after what she'd gone through. She bent her slim waist over the awkwardly placed dick. With her hands tied and unable to grab the dildo, she had to perk her ass out, just to maintain her balance.

The girl had never fellated a man or a boy. Her flirtatious looks and skimpy outfits were more or less an act. Like any girl her age, she wanted to feel and be perceived as a real-grown woman, as a sexual being. But she had virtually zero experience in the matter, only making out with a couple of boys. That would change drastically. As she reluctantly wrapped her pink lips around the head of the dildo, she heard Mistress Lorraine urge her: "Lower missy, i want you to get at least 5 inches deep". She was just at 1 inch, when she felt her ass getting zapped once more. The twins cheered every-time they saw the sparkles come out of the end of the cattle prod, and watched with interest the girl's pained reactions.

Hayley pressed her head further down, but at the 3-inch mark, she stopped, feeling the urge to vomit. She made a gross, gagging sound, and stepped off the thing. "DID I TELL YOU TO GET OFF IT?" the black milf now really meant business. She shocked the girl three times, to really drive the point across. "Move your mouth up and down, no cheating on your strokes. To the 3-inch mark and all the way up" she instructed the blonde, white girl, then turned to her three daughters.

"Pay attention to her cause I need to do the laundry. If she doesn't move her mouth up and down the penis, or if she removes her mouth from it, i want you to zap her once or twice, no more". She didn't want the naive girls to cause any permanent damage to their merchandise. All three girls nodded in unison, as Lorraine handed the dangerous instrument over to the oldest, Chloe and exited the basement.

"You heard my mom" Chloe tried to emulate her mother's dominant demeanor, waving the electrifying stick near Hayley's face. Though probably no dominatrix has ever referred to their mother

in a sentence. Nonetheless, Hayley obeyed and started going to town on the rubber penis. The twins watched her meticulously, eager to complete their assigned task to the fullest. They must have stayed mere inches away from the girl's face, making sure her lips covered the white line next to the number 3, every time they moved downwards. The girl was choking herself every time she reached that deep, but she didn't dare disobey the orders.

"Chloe, Chloe! She missed one!" Laila and Jasmine both yelled, as the girl failed to reach the target mark by a ridiculously low margin. "Ok, ok!" she replied, moving the prod on the girl's protruding buttocks, and pressed the red button on the handle. "MMMMMMMMmmmmmm" the girl moaned with a mouthful of rubber cock, trying her best to fight the urge to remove her lips from the dildo. "Deeper" the slaver-trainee simply said, as if it needed to be said.

After 25 minutes of fellating and occasional zaps, Lorraine returned to the basement, done with some house chores. "How did she do?" she asked her daughters, while the girl was still sucking the dick on a stick. "She was ok, sometimes she didn't reach the line" Jasmine said, cutting off her sisters. "I see" Lorraine said. "Do you think we should discipline her for that? Maybe with 10 more whip-lashes?" she asked. All girls nodded, much to Hayley's dismay. She was still sucking on the phallus. No one had told her to do otherwise, and she was too scared to test if it was ok to do so.

"Are you sure? It really stinks to be hit with that" Lorraine tested her daughters. The twins stood silent for a couple of seconds, pondering. "If she can't do what we tell her, we should punish her, so that next time she does it" said the innocent Laila. "Yeah, that's fair" her mother agreed. Hayley let out an involuntary moan/sigh of desperation, at hearing this. It was muffled by the dildo filling her mouth.

The kids were upstairs, finishing the homework. Jason was in the living room, reading, one of his favorite hobbies. At the same time, the muffled screams of a ball-gagged Hayley, were nowhere to be heard, even though they were only a few dozen feet away. Lorraine was on her 16th stroke, and already the girl looked in bad shape. She wasn't suspended, but fatigue made her whole weight hang from her wrists, which were cuffed with leather straps to a chain on the ceiling. A spreader bar separated her legs, so that she couldn't cover herself to avoid any lashes.

Her body was covered with red, long welts. It was okay for her to be marked at this point, as these marks would disappear in about a week. There were 14 lashes more to go. "MMMMmmmmgggg!" she yelled by another strike on her back, that wrapped around and caught her right on the nipple.

When all 30 lashes were administered, Lorraine went upstairs to notify Jason. He was the one responsible for storing the slavegirls. He stepped down to find the girl virtually unconscious, in horrendous shape, covered with red welts. He unclipped the ceiling chain, and removed the spreader bar. He gave her some water and some toast bread. She ate and drank without saying a word.

Now, being a slaver, one could not simply keep kidnapped girls in the basement and hope for the best. Behind one of the walls, the soundproof padding was removable, if you knew where to pull. Behind it, laid a row of 5 drawer-like lockers, similar to a morgue fridge. Jason unlocked one of the doors, and pulled the wide, metal drawer out. It was about waist length of the man. He helped the girl up, despite her obvious disapproval. The frame had 4 strategically placed leather binders, two for the wrists and two for the ankles. There was also a thick bit gag made out of some soft material and a blindfold, next to each other, with one of the straps of each attached on the metal surface, next to where the head would lay. Finally, in the middle and far end of the table, a small protrusion served as a base for a rubber dildo that was sticking parallel to the metal table.

Jason worked silently, Hayley too exhausted and scared to put up a fight, restraining her onto her creepy "bed" one leather strap at a time. When she couldn't go anywhere, he adjusted the length of the dildo, so that it penetrated her young pussy. Bound like she was, there was no way to avoid the assault, the girl letting out soft, uncomfortable grunts. Then, the man gagged her securely with the soft bit gag. Before pulling the leather blindfold over her eyes, she looked at him pitifully, shaking her head to spare her. "Don't worry girl, it's pitch black inside, anyways" he said, before covering her eyes shut.

Hayley thought that was it, but then she felt a tiny switch click, where the base of the dildo was. The phallus sprang to life, buzzing like a busy bee. "Lorraine said you didn't perform very well today" said the man, disregarding the girl's shocked response at her pussy being forcefully stimulated and her subsequent struggling. "If you don't do well, you sleep with this thing on. It's up to you" he simply said, sliding the drawer inside the limited space inside the wall. Without another word, he closed it and locked the locker's door shut.

Hayley suffered throughout the night, the ever-present vibrations on her pussy driving her insane. She didn't know how or when but eventually her exhaustion took over. She was locked in that mortuary-like cell for more than 14 hours, only sleeping a third of that time, when she finally felt the little wheels underneath the metal frame move. Her breathing intensified, the girl recalling what she'd been through the previous day. She didn't want to repeat any of it, but even more so, she wanted to be good to avoid the horrific night she'd been through. When the blindfold was off, it was Lorraine who was looking down at the bound girl. The curvy, black mother removed her from the frame, cattle prod in hand, and after a quick breakfast of toast and vitamin water, led her towards the ominous looking, wooden horse.

Haley didn't want to, but she climbed on the step on the "horse's" side, and got on. Immediately, she realized this particular horse was too painful to ride, even with her legs supporting most of her weight on the horse's sides. Lorraine quickly took care of that, climbing on a 3-step ladder behind her and zip-tying her arms behind her back, as they were when she first arrived. "Give me those" she gestured at her legs. "But i won't be able to sit!" the teenage girl replied nervously. "Do i look like i care?" she replied, taking her legs and shackling them underneath the wooden triangle, with a short chain.

"Aouaouaouaouaaaa...NOOOoooooooooooooooo" the girl immediately felt the pressure on her most tender parts, from the pointy back of the horse digging into her. Panicky cries begun escaping her lips.

Before she could whine any longer, a big red ball-gag silenced her. Just when she needed him, Jason stepped downstairs to help Lorraine with the last part of the setup. All three daughters were following him. They had just returned from school. The girls were thrilled to discover the slave-girl was undergoing some new lesson, or just torment. After a leather collar was buckled around the girl's neck, a chain, dangling right above her head from the ceiling, was clipped on it. This made rotating her body to find a more comfortable position impossible.

"MMmmmm, pllllhhh!" the girl struggled in agony, pleading for mercy. Lorraine adopted the teacher's tone at the sight of her kids. "Why girls do you think we are doing that?" she asked as Jason was finishing her setup. "MMmm, to teach her to be a good girl?" Laila answered, unsure. "Because she did poorly at her lesson?" Jasmine came up with a similar answer. "Good answers, but no" Lorraine continued. "As you saw yesterday, stretching the vagina can be painful. In order for the girl to be able to please her masters, she has to endure any pain that might be inflicted on her. So, we have to tenderize her lady parts, so that she can withstand more pain". All three girls nodded with understanding. Just looking at Hayley's expression, every girl knew she didn't want to be in her spot.

"Ok, up up now, time for lunch!" Lorraine broke the girls' stares towards the young captive, trapped in a uncomfortable - to say the least - position. With the girl moaning in despair, the basement door closed, leaving her alone to "train" her pain tolerance.

Hayley was trying her best to swift her body somehow, to ease the pressure on her sore pussy. There was no way. Her shackled feet now couldn't reach the foot-rests, her legs could go nowhere near the sharp angle of the device. All her weight was focused on her poor crotch. After two hours, she was drenched in sweat; drool was dripping from her ball-gag all the way down her thighs. The pain was so unbearable it was starting to make her dizzy. Periodic breaks of screaming agony would intertwine with silent cries and heavy breathing to "deal" with all the pain.

Jason came down a couple of times to check on her, and give her an adrenaline shot on the arm. This would keep her from passing out and potentially choking herself out from the collar/chain tethered on the ceiling. It worked great, like any other time.

Despite her privates having lost all sensation from soreness, it didn't lessen the poor girl's pain. On the contrary, as time passed, even the slightest of movements caused the tormented piece of flesh to send waves of pain to Hayley's nerves. She didn't remember how many times she had started counting back the seconds from 5 minutes, just to take her mind off the ordeal.

After two and a half hours, the basement door opened. It was Jason, along with Chloe. The black girl had a big smile on her face. She had lied about finishing up her school assignments, just to have a

chance to see the distressed white girl. Jason methodically took the girl off the wooden horse. The shriek she let out when her crotch was raised off the sharp surface, with all the blood rushing back, would probably be heard a mile away, hadn't it been for the ball-gag and the general soundproofing. Chloe had a twisted look of enjoyment in her face, seeing the girl in such agony.

In the evening, there was more extensive oral and vaginal performance training. Lorraine had her kids with her, and they were sucking up knowledge like a sponge. This time, Hayley, again wrist-bound, had been propped against one of the dildos jutting from the wall. It was "only" 5 inches long, but given her still recovering pussy, it still hurt like hell. While fucking herself against the wall, Hayley had to fellate the 5-inch dildo poking up towards her face. This time, Lorraine was less forgiving, fitting the girl's mouth with a rather large, metal ring-gag.

Blondie tried her best, not avoiding the frequent shocks from the cattle prod. Multitasking on multiple dicks was something she would sooner or later be familiar with. Some of the Williams' clients were not as wealthy to have multiple slavegirls for themselves, but rather crews, either of pirates, or other shady gangs, looking for a white toy to blow some steam with.

After another humiliating session, Hayley was stored the same way she had been the past night. Only difference was the butt plug Lorraine lubed up and shoved in the girl's rear. It was a beginner size, but still, it filled Hayley's "novice" asshole to the brim, making its presence painful felt. As much as the girl clenched her anal muscles, it was impossible to push out. The flat handle barely pocking out of her cute hole had a fake diamond jewel on it. Tomorrow's training would feature a lot of ass-fucking, so she had to warm up the girl's virginal sphincter.

## SECRET MEET-UPS

The next day was kind of uneventful, if a captive soon-to-be sex slave can say that. The girls were pretty busy, studying for a school test. Hayley went through a bit of a whiny phase during the afternoon, going on about wanting to be freed and other crazy thoughts, but a good whipping by Lorraine set her straight. Then, some more training, this time including a dildo up the girl's virgin asshole. First, her rectum was penetrated alone, then Lorraine trained her with both "wall dildos" inside her. The sensation of being filled like that was overwhelming. Hayley thought she'd burst by the intense multiple penetration, but she had little time to dwell on it, forced to impale herself on all three holes, with the constant fear of the cattle prod.

Still, she wasn't yet very accustomed to sleeping in her new "bed". Strapped down and with her sight and speech taken away, not to mention the new presence of the butt plug. It was so scary, being locked inside this narrow, dark space. Hayley had to spend at least 30 minutes calming herself down, to avoid a panic attack inside this morgue drawer.

Time was a vague concept inside that locker. Hayley didn't know how much she was sleeping for, when she felt movement. It mustn't have been long though. That was weird. Someone was pulling her out!

Hayley felt the frame she was strapped on being rolled outside of the locker door, but then, nothing. She could hear someone, though, his or her breath, palpable, inches from her. "Hi..." she heard a girly voice whisper reaaaaally softly. It was Chloe's voice, no doubt. She had stolen the basement keys from her father's jeans, the whole family sleeping upstairs.

Hayley was becoming increasingly unnerved, and it showed on her body language, shifting in the small space it could, nervously pulling at her restraints. She didn't make a pip, though. "It must be tough what you're going through" she heard the black girl, before feeling the girl's hand caress her face. "Mm!" she flinched and let out a scared moan.

Chloe almost expected the reaction, not saying anything, she continued caressing the girl's cheek, while her other hand drifted towards her belly button, then on the little bones of her pelvis, cutely poking out from her slim waist. "I just want to look at you" Chloe said reassuringly, although it did little to reassure the worried, bound girl. "You were always so pretty during Spanish class, with your fancy outfits and your colorful hair" Chloe said to the girl, as she observed her naked form. These words could sound sarcastic to someone, but Chloe was completely sincere. She wasn't particularly jealous of the girl, but there was something magnetizing about her.



Chloe couldn't take her eyes of the bound schoolgirl. She sat there for quite some time, watching the girl, running her slim, black fingers across her cute, perky breasts. Hayley could do little to nothing. At one point, she felt the straps of the bit-gag being undone. "Now, don't make a sound, or i'm going to have to put it back, ok?" she heard the black girl's voice, still blind to everything Chloe had in mind. "Please..." Hayley spoke as calm and level-headed as the situation allowed. "If you let me out of here, i promise i wmmm". Before she could finish her sentence, the girl's arm smothered her mouth with a light grip. "Ssh" Chloe warned, keeping her hand warningly over Hayley's mouth for a couple of seconds, before removing it.

Hayley breathed heavily, anticipating what her classmate had in store for her. Chloe moved her delicate fingers across the girl's lips, enamored with them. Hayley remained frozen, as she felt two fingers shyly prod at her mouth. Chloe immediately felt the moisture of the girl's tongue on her fingers. "Close your lips around them" she ordered as she slowly moved them further down the girl's throat, then back again. Chloe's eyes had a spark on them that was only accentuated by the room's heavy darkness.

Hayley obeyed, helpless to do much else. Chloe enjoyed the sensation, but most of all, the empowering feeling she got from playing with the girl that once was on equal footing with her, using her. "I bet all the boys at school would love to do that to you" she blurred in the middle of this degrading act. Chloe was a pretty girl by all means, though she wasn't getting close to the "attention" that Hayley was receiving.

When she had enough finger-fucking the girl's mouth, she gagged her once more, causing a muffled whimper from Hayley. "G'night" Chloe said to the blindfolded, bound and gagged girl, before bending over to give a pecking kiss on her forehead, then a moment later pushing her drawer inside the locker, and locking it shut.

The next days progressed with Hayley getting more familiar with what her future life would hold. The police investigation regarding her disappearance was still unsuccessful. With no witnesses and no signs of exactly where the girl was abducted, things were looking bad for the blonde teenager.

As her daily life was concerned, it was pure hell. Every other day she'd spend her afternoon writhing on top of the wooden horse that tenderized her pussy like a fine butcher's meat. With each "ride", weights of increasing mass would be hanged from her ankle-cuffs, further pressing her privates onto a sharp angle of wood. First 3 kilograms, then 5, then 8. It was fair to say Hayley wasn't allowed to pace herself. Same went for her dildo-training sessions, which only became more demanding. The slightest mishap, or sign of rebellion, added 10 whip-lashes to Lorraine's counter. By the end of the week, Hayley had learned more about sex, or rather, about serving someone sexually, than she ever knew. And she would learn even more during her second week.

When she had done well enough, she was allowed to sleep without a living phallus tormenting her. It meant a lot, as Hayley needed all the rest and sleep she could get, to be able to perform the next day. Her trainers also knew that totally exhausting the girl wouldn't serve her training. But occasionally, she needed to be reminded to stay on her feet, and the dildo would be switched on for the night.

Chloe paid her a few more post-midnight visits, keeping it their little secret, not telling her sisters anything. She always teased Hayley, more like a curious student of her body, than a horny predator. It wasn't certain whether these touches were "violating" her body, but Hayley definitely hated them. With each progressing night, Chloe relaxed even more, and so did her hands, wondering in all sorts of places. Hayley's nipples, her labia, her cute bean of a clitoris.

Until one night, when Hayley had failed to deep-throat all 6-inches of Lorraine's strap on. The woman was disappointed and had damned the Caucasian slave-girl to a restless night. When Chloe rolled out the table with the bound girl on it, she immediately heard the soft buzzing and where it came from. "Does this...feel good?" she asked the gagged girl, putting her hand on her cute, curly pubes, indicating the vibrator. It was a tricky question to answer. Hayley shook her head with a pathetic moan, begging the teenager to turn the vib off. "I can't turn it off, otherwise mom and dad would know I come here" Chloe replied. She didn't feel bad or care for the girl, though, only curious.

"Sometimes, all I have to do is stroke this part right here for a while, and then I get this awesome feeling" Hayley heard the girl say, as she felt her two fingers touch her clitoris. "Like this" she said, and started moving her two fingers left and right really fast. "MMMMMMMMmmmm" Hayley uttered. The stimulation was working. "I bet it must be like many many fingers are rubbing you from the inside" Chloe guessed, continuing to rub the girl's clit.

Hayley had never orgasmed before, despite what she had told her girlfriends, and the image she liked to put out. The nights with the vibrator on were mostly torturous, never blossoming into any climax. But now, with Chloe stroking her sweet-spot, she felt like a wave was rising, ready to hit her. A wave of pleasure. "Or maybe you don't like it" Chloe suddenly withdrew her touch.

"MMMMMMMMggg!!!" Hayley writhed with her whole body in frustration, at being suddenly denied this feeling. "Oh, you DID like that!" Chloe smiled, happily surprised. "You want me to do it again?" she asked the bound girl. Hayley frantically nodded yes, again and again, ready to burst. "Yeah, but what will I get?" Chloe toyed with her bound victim. "Gggmmmmh...hhh" the girl sobbed with desperation. She was in no place to negotiate for anything.

"I can't understand what you're saying" Chloe said, watching the girl continue to be a struggling mess of moans and drool. "Ok, ok, be quiet" the black girl sighed, slowly unstrapping the drool covered bit-gag from the girl's mouth. "I'll do anything, i'll do anything..." the girl said in a terribly urgent tone, as soon as her mouth was free.

"Hmmm" Chloe pondered her choices. All she knew at the moment, was she wanted to dominate the helpless white girl.

"Stick your tongue out, and keep it out" Chloe came up with an idea. Hayley obeyed at once, her pussy yearning for sweet release. Chloe reached her hand down her skirt, down her underwear, to her pristine little dark pubic bush. She ruffled her hand on it and when she pulled it up, she had a good 4-5 curly, pubic hairs in her grasp. "If you put your tongue back in at any point, or if any hair falls off, i will lock you back inside, understand?" she said, not with an authoritarian tone, but with a sincere, explaining-the-rules-of-a-game, type of inflection.

Hayley nodded with an "Aha" sound, her tongue already sticking out and over her bottom lip. "Good" she heard Chloe, who then gently placed the pubic hairs, onto the girl's protruding tongue. The girl sensed the gross hair, but she fought the instinct to retrieve her tongue. She HAD to cum. Chloe then continued where she left off, placing her hand back on the girl's sopping-wet pussy and stroking her glistening clitoris, while the vibrating dildo underneath helped her cause, stimulating Hayley's cunt.

The blindfolded girl held on for dear life, with the pubes standing on her quivering tongue, as Chloe's magic fingers did their thing. It didn't take long, before she exclaimed with an open mouth and an exposed tongue, caused by a massive orgasm.

"Good girl, now put them in your mouth" she ordered the cum-drunk girl. Hayley obeyed reluctantly, retrieving the tiny fluff of pubic hairs inside her mouth, only because she hoped the girl would now turn off the vibrations.

Chloe had no plans to do that. She just placed the bit-gag back in just proper place, tightly gagging Haley. The girl uttered some coughing moans, caused by the irritating and disgusting pubic hair, now lodged behind the gag. Chloe bid her goodnight, with the usual kiss on her forehead, then pushed her table inside and locked it.

## PARTING GIFTS

Meanwhile, Lorraine was increasingly stricter with her teen slave's performance. As her date of departure was closing in, the lashes stopped - so that the girl would arrive unmarked to her new owners, but they were replaced by equally relentless spankings, which the black mother delivered at the slightest misdemeanor.

Every day, Hayley's bubbly ass would get a nice reddening, from the woman's experienced hands. Either because she lacked enthusiasm in her "lovemaking" or she wasn't particularly cooperative, there was always some slip up worthy of discipline. She'd place the naked girl, on her lap, usually while Hayley was zip-tied on her arms and ankles. She'd pull Hayley's arms upwards with one hand, sort of like a strappado, preventing her from shying her ass away from her. Then, deliver her "gospel" with her good hand.

The teen could only yelp in pain at each spank, and cry her eyes out until Lorraine was done. She could barely sit anywhere after punishment was over. The twins were often around the room to watch and learn. Their mother was teaching them about the sensitive topic of torturing an innocent girl, with interesting analogies.

"Think of it like this" she told them in-between the hard spanks, with Hayley on her lap, as Laila and Jasmine watched cross-legged on the floor.

*\*SPANK\** "Say...you have a puppy, and you want to teach it to pee outside, ooooo to stay still when you want, or do some trick you want" her daughters nodded. *\*SPANK\** "But the puppy doesn't know better, and it's not peeing on the carpet, it is not rolling over, it's not doing what you ask. It is your job, to teach it, that what it is doing is wrong". *\*SPANK\**

The young girls listened intently, not even registering Hayley, who moaned at her ball-gag with each spank. "So you hit it with the newspaper, whenever it pisses on the carpet". *\*SPANK\** "Sure it hurts it a bit at the moment, but next time, it will remember the newspaper, and it won't pee on the carpet the next time". The girls nodded. "That's what we're doing here, we're showing her..." "We're showing her not to pee on the carpet!" Laila interrupted her mom, excited at getting the lesson.

"Exactly" the kid's mom replied.

*\*SPANK\**

When the last two days of Hayley's training arrived, the teen slave was a pro at filling her holes with all sorts of dick sizes. Whether she was gobbling them down or fucking her asshole or pussy with them, Hayley had become a proper dildo-slut. But no slave is complete, without being familiar with the real thing. Lorraine and Jason would make sure of that. Chloe, Laila and Jasmine were at school for these "inappropriate" sessions.

Fitting the stereotype of a tall, black man, Jason was gifted with a long, gorgeous penis. Fucking the young white girl wasn't necessary, as the dildos had tested her well. Hayley just needed to be close to the real thing. With the couple ready to start, Lorraine pushed the bound girl into a kneeling position. The man towering above her lowered his zipper and pulled out his 8-inch snake. He hadn't shower last night.

Immediately, Hayley frowned, wanting nothing to do with that "thing". "It's for your own good" Jason said, always being more patient and gentle with his "merchandise". "Take it in your mouth" Lorraine instructed much more strictly, cattle prod in hand. Hayley obeyed, reluctantly at first, more eager after a zap of the prod. The taste felt horrendous. Of course, she'd never tasted a penis before. At least the dildos she sucked previously were tasteless and only smelt of rubber. Feeling the actual flesh of a man's junk in her mouth was much, much more intimate than what she was doing before. "I'm doing you a favor missy, your owners will be much dirtier than i am now" Jason indicated, still waiting for the unwilling girl's lips to reach the middle of his dick.

"Make an air-tight seal with you lips, like we've practiced, come on" Lorraine reminded her of the task, and Hayley closed her eyes, in order to focus. She fellated the cock as well as the past couple of weeks had taught her. The black cock was so thick the girl's lips couldn't NOT wrap around it if Hayley wanted to.

"Make sure to have lots of saliva on it, and also use your tongue around it" a new set of instructions came from the woman standing behind her. The bound girl tried to follow them, with "zapping" corrections and verbal suggestions from Lorraine, following one another. After about 30 minutes, they took a small break, and repeated. "This time, don't look at the penis, but only look up at him" Lorraine quickly upped the ante. "Yes, mistress" she replied as she'd been taught. "You DO want to sleep with the vibe off, don't you?" Jason reminded her, a great motivator. "Yes, master, i do" she answered, sucking his dick with more enthusiasm, even though the corners of her lips already hurt by its girth.

Hayley's fellatio of the grown man continued, with Lorraine disciplining the excessive number of "breathing breaks" the girl took, pulling away from Jason's dick. "Gk...gk..." the girl gagged, her throat filled with black cock. "Hooold it, hold it" Jason kept his hand firmly against the back of the girl's colorful blonde head, looking at her watering eyes.

With 3 more hours of today's and tomorrow's oral training, Hayley would be ready to be shipped to Congo.

The last night of Hayley's "stay" at the Williams' household, Chloe paid one last visit to Hayley's drawer. The girl had a long trip ahead of her the next day, so her pussy plug was thankfully turned off. "Hey" she woke up the girl, like every other time.

"Don't scream" the black girl reminded Hayley while undoing her bit-gag, even though she had gotten the memo from her previous "visits". Her leather blindfold was left on, as usual. Chloe liked the feeling of the coeval girl not being able to see her, and thus, being in a suspended state of unease and anticipation. It filled her with a sense of power.

"It's ok, don't worry" Chloe stroked the nervous girl's hair. "What is going to happen to me?" Hayley asked the girl, only receiving a hushing finger over her lips. "No speaking" Chloe said tenderly, lowering her face over the bedded girl and planting a soft kiss on the white girl's lips. A cute, faint lip smack filled the silence of the room. "I always wanted to know what kissing another girl was like" Chloe whispered. She liked it and went for another, Hayley mildly reciprocating, with little agency. Chloe got into it, putting his hands around the girl's face and giving some tongue to the strapped slave-girl. Soft, sad moans escaped Hayley as Chloe had her rather romantic way with her.

"I wish you could stay here longer, but dad said you'll bring us about 80 thousand dollars, so i guess you can't stay, hehe" Chloe commented, satisfied with her little lesbian make-out session. "Pleaseeee, I'll...I'll MMNNgGgfffff!" Hayley was re-gagged with the bit before even having the chance to come up with a bargaining offer. "Have a good trip, Hayley" Chloe teasingly wished, kissing the girl's forehead one last time, before storing her back in her cold, tiny cell.

The following early morning, Hayley was taken out of her "drawer". Jason and Lorraine gotten to preparing the trained slave-girl for transportation. They placed the more durable, metal cuffs on the girl's wrists, securing her arms behind her back, before another pair of snug arm-cuffs was placed above her elbows. They used another pair of ankle-cuffs on the girl and connected them with a final pair to her cuffed wrists for another strict hogtie, their favorite (and more professional) method of securing human cattle. They momentarily left the girl, free of a gag or blindfold to go and retrieve the crate she'd be travelling in.

"Don't touch her or do anything" Lorraine saw Laila and Jasmine going down the basement stairs, not having the time to parent at this time. The twin black teens wore their bags over their shoulders, all ready to be dropped off at school. "Yes, mom" they both said, not even giving their mother a glimpse.

The black teens found the bound and naked Hayley, lying on the floor right next to her usual thick red ball-gag and leather blindfold. "Since you're leaving today, we brought you a gift" Jasmine spoke

for both sisters. Hayley did not reply, eyeing the two girls from a floor level. Laila then took out a pretty, red, hair scrunchie. "It's not much, but i hope you like it" Jasmine said. The blonde 18-year-old had bigger things to worry in her future than scrunchies. "We don't want our parents finding out, so you're gonna have to hide it" the kids said and before Hayley could even have the chance to speak, her mouth was packed with the red hair accessory. "There" Laila said, shoving the ball-gag between the girl's teeth with little care and storing the scrunchie behind the rubber ball. "Mmhh... mmm" Hayley's moans sounded even more stifled and muffled from the extra mouth-packing. The scrunchie was tickling her throat and she had to stay composed to not start a coughing fit.

"What did I say about not touching her?" the twins turned to see mom and dad carrying a 3x3x3-feet square wooden crate down the stairs. "We're just helping!" Jasmine defended herself with conviction.

"Niceeee, buckled to the tightest notch" the usually more joyful Jason praised his daughters' gag-strapping. With the dark leather blindfold taking away Hayley's sight, the two adults of the Williams family lifted her and stashed her inside the small crate. It was already small enough for the girl to barely fit in, but lined all across its interior with thick bubble-wrap, allowed even less space for squirming.

The crate looked inconspicuous enough, appearing like all the other delivery crates. It had three little breathing holes on either side and had the word "fragile" stamped on it with big red letters.

Without much in the way of farewells, Hayley's crate was unceremoniously loaded into Jason's van and was driven off, never to be seen again. A private plane would make sure she'd reach Africa before sunset.

## THE APPLE DOESN'T FALL FAR FROM THE TREE

Not a few days after, Jason and Lorraine received a call from another client, this time from Somalia. The target was a 19 year old freckled face angel, with red, wavy hair. Her name was Lisa Stanberry. She was a more introverted girl than Hayley, her pale, soft skin usually covered by calf-long skirts, or jeans paired with a lot of woolen, colorful tops. Apart from having graduated school with top marks, Lisa was also a prodigy flute player, attending a music school every afternoon. That was the perfect opportunity for the couple slavers to take her.

All Jason and Lorraine had to do was wait for her 6 - 8 P.M. lesson to end. Chloe and the twins were also with them. Chloe's duties had been upgraded, which made her more nervous but also more thrilled. The girl was waiting on the entrance of a dark alley, the van parked in its deep end, too dark to spot. As she waited there, dressed in a blue, suspender skirt and white top, Chloe practiced her line over and over again, anxious. "Sorry, can i ask a question? Excuse me, may i ask a question? Pardon me, i'm lost..." trying to find the "perfect" way. The taser Jason had handed her was getting squeezed by her nervous hand, buried in her skirt's pocket.

After 8 minutes that felt like 1000, she finally saw the freckled face redhead coming down the street. She was wearing some jean-short overalls and some chunky platform shoes. The streets were lit, but still, no one was remotely close to them, as planned. "Eehm, excuse me!" Chloe's voice made Lisa turn to face her. "I'm new to the area, and i'm having some trouble navigating the maps. Can you show me where am i?" she said, pointing at her phone's screen.

"Um, sure" the girl answered with a smile. She knew not to engage with any strangers while walking alone at this hour, but the girl looked her age, how could she be threatening? "It says i'm here..." Chloe showed the phone to the girl, who quickly approached her. Lisa had no idea how hard the black girl's heart was pounding right now.

The moment she saw the redhead lean over her phone, the moment she knew she had to act, everything went to slow motion. Chloe was stuck looking at the girl's unsuspecting, helpful expression. Her ignorance mirrored on her face. They were standing side by side and yet, equal to equal and yet, this girl had no clue that her life was about to change forever. The tension of this moment made this split-second seem so surreal to Chloe, so trippy.

Lisa didn't have time to realize that the map on the girl's phone had nothing to do with their place, as she felt the young stranger jab the electrodes of the weapon on the nape of her neck, followed by an



intense jolt of electricity. The current coursed from the point of contact all throughout her body. She convulsed for a second, then her limbs buckled and she fell on the sidewalk. Her whole body felt numb.

Immediately, Jason rushed out from the darkness, grabbing the paralyzed girl from the arms as Chloe grabbed her from under her knees. Father and daughter moved their victim quickly towards the van.

As soon as Miss Stanberry was tossed inside, Chloe replayed her parents' words on her head. "Elbows, wrists, ankles, gag, hogtie, eyes. Elbows, wrists, ankles gag, hogtie" she softly repeated the proper bondage instructions to herself, as she expertly pulled the still dazed girl's arms behind her back and placed the zip ties over her wrists, pulling them tightly and causing the poor girl's shoulder-blades brought painfully close as Chloe synched the plastic ties. The wrists followed, rendering the girl's hands useless. Lisa's legs were still too heavy to be lifted off the van's floor, so Chloe easily zip-bound the ankles together.

She was in the zone now. Jason was standby near her, but he was only observing, ready to jump in if things got out of hand. But he couldn't be more proud of his oldest daughter. She was roping in this catch like a veteran fisher-girl.

"HEEEEEEmmmmmmmmm!!!" Lisa's scream was cut midway as Chloe stuffed the rubber ball in her mouth and wrapped plenty of tape tightly around her head and her full hair. Though Lisa had recovered from the tasing, she was now splashing and rolling on the van's floor like a fish out of water. "Hair" Chloe exhaled, that last thought spoken audibly, due to the girl's huge adrenaline. She gathered the ginger girl's gorgeous red hair in one grasp and just like daddy had showed her, tied a rope snugly around the big tuft. She then folded the girl's legs and tied off the rope to her ankles, effectively hogtying her victim. The girl's head was being pulled backwards from the hogtie and her legs had no room to kick anymore. If the poor musician girl was helpless now, she was much less squirmy after being "packaged" like that.

"Great job, kiddo" Jason said to her, as Chloe was tying off the ends of the leather blindfold behind Lisa's head. "Thanks, dad" she replied proudly. Everything had worked like a charm. As the van was taking off into the streets, and Jason was showing his two younger daughters the intricacies of the ties his oldest had just performed, with the struggling Miss Stanberry as specimen, Chloe sat in the corner, lost in her thoughts, replaying in her head what had just happened. She had abducted this girl! She, basically by herself, had taken this person!

Lost in her bliss, the girl quickly started picturing all the new games she could play with this one and an involuntary smile creeped up in her face.