

Sorority Raid

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Of all the sororities in campus, and there were plenty to choose from, the Delta-Iota-Delta sorority (or known by their Greek initials as ΔΙΔ) always housed the hottest and most popular girls across the whole campus. A ΔΙΔ girl was the kind of girl that every college kid was fantasizing about, even though they knew that she was pretty superficial and kind of an arrogant bitch. The girl that your “normal”, nice girlfriend can’t stop talking shit about and giving her hateful side-looks, even though she hasn’t even met her. The sorority’s vetting process, a thorough scanning of a girl’s appearance and social prowess, made sure that only the “cream of the crop” girls got in. Only 36 made up this exclusive club, ages from 18 to 21.

It was a dull Sunday afternoon at the sorority house. With most girls either out keeping the Saturday night’s party alive or staying in their single dorms to recover privately from the grueling hangover, there were only 6 girls occupying the large, two-story house. Though this house had seen more than its fair share of partying and mayhem, the energy around the place was now rather relaxed and peaceful.

A medium-sized, inconspicuous grey van slowly pulled over right in front of house’s entrance. On either side, a big logo depicting a screwdriver crossed with a hammer, both inside a gear kog, gave clear indication of the van’s usage. A typical repairman’s business. The types that employ electricians, mechanics, plumber, you name it.

“So, there should be between 4 and 8 girls in the house at this hour. Our profiling showed that this sorority has only premium grade product, so this is an “acquire all, kill none” type of mission” a 40-year-old, feisty Columbian woman addressed the rest of the group from the driver’s seat. She had gorgeous brown skin and a 6-feet-tall curvy, but also full and sturdy physique, her punch able to knock someone out. She went by “Sonya”, though only amongst her coworkers. Her real identity, just like her accomplices, was a mystery, a necessary safety precaution for someone who works in the criminal side of the law.

Sonya had long wavy black hair down to her waist and her F-cup boobs struggled to be contained by the tight cleavage the jumpsuit's zipper created. Just like her, everyone was wearing a navy-blue repairman's jumpsuit with a matching cap and some black mechanic boots.

Next to her on the passenger seat, was a young handsome white guy in his early 30s, with a brown, scruffy beard and cool wavy hair. "Matthew" was a skinny, but rather agile and especially quick-handed.

Squatting behind him and the South-American woman was "Ron", a 50-year-old, 6'3" tall black man, with short, curly dark hair and mustache, both of which were starting to grey. He looked immensely well-built and strong, especially for his age and possessed a pair of rectangular glasses over his eyes.

Finally, next to Ron squatted a petite Filipino woman in her mid-20s, codenamed "Tilly" in her line of work. Tilly had black straight hair down to her shoulders, which were caught in a ponytail. She was very petite and skinny, her small stature (5'2") appearing even smaller in comparison with the other, almost beefy female of the squad. The small Filipino had cute A-cup breasts but a drum-tight, damn-fine, round ass. She was stealthy and quick as a snake.

The squad listened to the gig's parameters with a professional's focus. This line of work did not take kindly to sloppy work. It only required a single slip-up to spend the rest of your days in prison.

"I read 12:42" the brunette, Amazonian-like woman said, checking her wrist-watch and everyone did the same with theirs. "We have a 10% probability of unwanted guests from now till 14:00, which is our best shot" the woman spoke with a stern voice. "Ok, out by 14:00 then" Matthew confirmed. "All gear is ready" Ron added, checking with the young Asian chick the contents of two nylon duffel bags with the fake repairing company's logo on them.

"Ok, let's roll" Sonya said sternly and opened the driver's side door.

RIIIIIING

RIIIIIING

"Oh come on you guys! It can't be that hard to open the door" Lillian whined at her two friends, who were lazily and idly lying around the large living room of the sorority house, their faces buried over their phones. Lillian sighed, having to abandon her vegan, slim-down smoothie mid-blending, and walk from the kitchen all the way to the front door, even though Pearl and Tanisha were only a few steps away from it. The tiny (5'2") white girl had bright-blonde, shoulder-length wavy hair and beautiful blue eyes.

Like all the girls in ΔΙΑ, Lillian was of course, slim. She had small, perky B-cup titties, currently covered by her bra and cute pink top, and a tiny waist that accentuated her tight, round ass, dressed in some sexy jean shorts. Around the house, the girl was walking only in her thigh-high, pink-and-white, striped socks, despite how much dust they collected from the mansion's rarely swept floors. Rather rudely, the two other girls didn't even respond or bat an eye at their scolding friend and kept browsing TikTok and Instagram.

Pearl was an Australian beauty, around 5'7" with short, ginger/blonde hair that ended just past her earlobes. She had a milky white complexion and firm DD-cup tits, the nipples of which were currently poking against her black, cotton crop top. She had beautiful peachy lips and freckles on her pretty face and bare shoulders. She was sprawled on a long couch that (just like the rest of the living room) was covered with various stains of condiments and alcoholic beverages.

As much glamour and status as this girls' sorority possessed, at the end of the day, it was a house where a large number of carefree, irresponsible college kids lived. It was not the tidiest space.

A few yards away from Pearl, lying even more ragdoll-like on a large beanbag, was Tanisha, an Angolan-descended beauty with gorgeous deep dark skin which was lotioned thoroughly every day. The slim girl (around 5'4") had a twerkable booty that would make any African woman proud and pretty C-cup tits. She was wearing a pair of black, skin-tight, elastic shorts, which only drew the eyes further towards the bright, magenta-colored side-wings of her panties, which were sticking out the sides of the girl's wide hips. Tanisha wore a loose, string-strapped tank top on, which had the word "SWAG" in sparkling glitter over the chest. Her hair was made into these spectacular long braids that reached down her waist, half of which were her natural black color, other half were dyed a deep red.

"Good evening, we're from the campus' house maintenance" a small, smiling Asian woman, only appearing a little older than Lillian, was standing on the doorstep, with three more jumpsuit-wearing folks standing around her. All the jumpsuits and their caps featured the same logo that was on the van, making them appear very legit.

"From the what?" the girl furrowed her brow, having never heard such a thing. "It is the university's initiative that every 6 months we make sure that all sorority accommodations adhere to the proper safety and living standards" Tilly said with absolute kindness and a sweet voice, handing Lillian a (fake) document that listed the checks required. "So you're here to repair things?" the blonde girl was already getting light-headed from this interaction. "Exactly! Anything that might be out of order or needing maintenance" the Asian girl nodded at the girl's dumbed down response. "We'll be out of your way before you know it" the least-threatening looking out of all the "mechanics" assured with the same smile.

Lillian found no reason to not let the four repair-people inside, the men holding the duffel bags as they stepped in, presumably with all the tools they might need to fix stuff, like screwdrivers, wrenches, hammers, that sort of thing.

As soon as Pearl and Tanisha, realized they were in strangers' company, they scrambled a bit to cover their relative nudity up. In the relaxed environment of the sorority house, both girls did not wear any bras, Pearl was not even wearing panties underneath her grey cotton shorts, since they were loose enough to not show any teen camel-toe.

"How many occupants does the house have?" Sonya asked Lillian, looking down at the small girl. "Thirty-six" she replied half-bored, looking to get this necessity over with. "And how many are in the premises now?" the woman snuck a more crucial question right behind the first one. "Uhm...six" Lillian answered without much thought. Without making eye-contact, every "janitor" registered the unsuspecting girl's reply, while silently scanning the house's interior. Straight in front of the small entrance hall there was a straight staircase that turned left to an open corridor, where the many bedroom-doors where on the right side, and on the left side railing was looking down at the big living room. There were windows all around the living room's walls and a backdoor located in the kitchen.

"You guys look like a weird tribute band" Pearl, the short-haired Aussie, lifted her eyes from her phone to say in a bored, filter-less voice. "Hehe, you're funny", Ron, the imposing black man smirked, but Pearl had already returned to her virtual world. "Do you know where your power control board is?" the kind Filipino chick asked Lillian, while Pearl and Tanisha were simply glad to not have been stuck with this sudden chore.

"Yes, over here" Lillian said and the jumpsuited crew followed her up the stairs and to the first door on the right, where a small storage room was. No girl ever stepped inside that dusty dark space, full of scary things like brooms and chloride bottles, except maybe if there was a party and they wanted to fool around in privacy. Lillian stepped inside the room and Tilly, Sonya and Ron all followed her suit, while Matthew waited outside the closed door. Whilst moving up the stairs, the three of them had discreetly put on latex gloves on their hands, snapping them over their jumpsuit's sleeves. There was incentive to not leave any evidence they were ever here.

"Here it is" the short, blondie sighed, pointing to the fuse box on the wall, not noticing what the three strangers had already reached for inside their duffel bags. Before she realized that none of the mechanics had their focus on the fuse box, Lillian felt two strong black hands swiftly wrap around her petite body and swoop her up! One smothered her pretty, pink lips while the other pressed a cold blade right against her soft neck.

-MF!...

-Don't make any silly moves.

Lillian's initial muffled scream of shock seized completely by both the feeling of a sharp blade across her trachea, as well as the middle-aged man's deep, whispering threat in her ear. Not a single second went unused, as the two women started binding the petrified, hand-gagged blonde girl.

Everyone moved in unison in a matter of seconds over the smothered college girl. In the span of the next 5 seconds, everyone knew what they had to do and how to do it quickly and efficiently, like the skilled professionals they were. They moved with veteran experience and ruthless practicality, the fact that they were "handling" a living human being not taken into the equation.

Lillian was actually lifted off the floor by the big man's strength and size, her head pinned against his chest as he handgagged her. Simultaneously, Tilly grabbed Lillian's flailing, sock-wearing legs and in one seamless motion passed a loop of thick zip ties through her feet and pulled the loose end to trap the girl's ankles inside the hard plastic.

At the same time, the stronger Sonya rudely removed Lillian's hands that were helplessly trying to pull off the black man's smothering hand (which was two times the size of Lillian's). She passed another zip-tie loop over the girl's wrists and with a quick and sharp *ZZZZZZZZIP* fused them together right before Lillian's wide eyes.

"MMnnnggh!" Lillian let out a stifled scared whimper, as her pitiful eyes turned towards the storage room's door, but no one could hear her weak pleas for help. A reminding press of the blade against her soft neck was enough to extinguish that little outburst.



Everything was happening so fast, the small girl overwhelmed from the synchronized assault of three stronger individuals! Tilly repeated her rapid ziptying of the girl's knees, which now pressed painfully together just like her ankles, whilst the busty Latina produced a roll of duct tape and a very expandable yellow bath-sponge. There was not a single time gap between the moment Ron removed his hands from a squirming Lillian's face and the one Sonya stuffed the porous sponge fully past Lillian's teeth. The sponge immediately expanded inside the girl's small mouth, filling any crevice and effectively soundproofing her moans.

Sonya then swiftly wrapped duct tape around Lillian's face, unobstructed by the girl's fidgety, pesky hands, which were trapped under Ron's overpowering grasp, the man having wrapped his arms around the girls' arms and belly. Sonya made 4-5 good, snug coils of tape around Lillian's fair-skinned face and over her glossy lips, sealing the sponge inside and firmly gagging the little bitch, who was foolish enough to let them in.

Right outside the storage room, Matthew saw a young girl exit one of the bedrooms and approach him inquisitively, with a sly smile. It was Sanem, a gorgeous Turkish girl, with brunette complexion and angelic, dark-brown wavy hair, falling down to her D-cups and behind her cute shoulders. The girl had stunning, big hazel eyes and a cute nose piercing on the right side of her nose. She was wearing a wide-necked, crochet crop blouse that exposed her flat belly and cute bellybutton. A pair of tight yoga-pants that hugged her juicy ass and slim legs and flaunted the girl's coveted thigh-gap, and a pair of comfy sneakers completed her look.

"What's going on?" she approached the guy intrigued. "Just some scheduled maintenance" he nodded with a charming smile. "Oh really?" Sanem replied moving closer to him. Her posture and playful tone already indicating a flirtatious mood. "Well, if you can fix computers too, my pc is acting up again" the girl shot the scruffy handsome guy an open invitation. "I'm Sanem" she offered her hand to him, with the confidence her 10/10 looks granted her. "Matt" the guy shook the pretty girl's hand, giving a fake name. The two kept chatting, creating a rapport no more than a few yards from where Sanem's buddy was being assaulted.

"MMnnng!" Lillian let out a desperate moan, though apparently soft enough to not earn her a sliced throat. "Shhh, easy now" the strong Latina cougar whispered to the distressed college girl as she wrapped plenty of more coils of duct tape over the girl's blue eyes, plunging them in total darkness. Her attackers had moved their victim down to the room's dirty floor, where her wrists' zip ties had been attached to the ones around her knees with another loop, connecting the girl's wrists to her pink and white, sock-covered knees.

Without a blade threatening to cut her life too short, Lillian had started struggling much more than the beginning, but now restrained as she was, it was too little too late. The three slavers pulled the bound girl along the floor to the opposite end from the door, where a radiator was. “Hmfm?” the blinded girl moaned worryingly, while the group worked undistracted, the black man passing a zip tie line around both the poor girl’s neck and the radiator’s vertical-moving pipes, before forming a loop and zzzzzipping it snugly, hitching the girl’s neck to the pipes. Meanwhile, the Filipino girl had already taken a shock collar from the duffel bag, and was fastening it around the heavy-breathing, scared-shitless girl’s neck, making sure it fit snug against her skin like a choker. The collar had already been set to its “stricter” setting, so almost any audible moan would trigger the shocking mechanism.

Meanwhile, Sonya was busy heartlessly folding the girl’s legs over themselves and wrapping multiple coils of duct tape around the top of Lillian’s thighs and underneath her zipped ankles, creating a double-frogtie and rendering the small girl’s legs useless.

The tiny blonde was now fully tethered to the radiator by her neck, her arms and folded legs unable to help her out. “HMM....!” Lillian’s attempt at communicating her peril outside the room froze once the shock collar tased her for her forbidden sound-making. A strong current jabbed her in the neck, punishing her for speaking out of turn. “Now be a quiet little girl” Tilly squatted momentarily to caress the gagged, blindfolded, bound and shock-collared girl’s cheek, before she and her two partners left Lillian alone to squirm in enforced silence, closing the single light-bulb and leaving.

Unfortunately for Lillian, Sanem had just finished her flirty interaction with the “hot plumper boy”, so once the storage door opened, the girl was re-entering her bedroom, the sight of a pleading, squirming Lillian just out of the Turkish girl’s peripheral vision. The three mechanics closed the door, hiding Lillian’s view. The girl’s repeated muffled screams got stifled by a matching number of electric shocks to her delicate neck. She uselessly pulled at her wrist bonds and shuffled her balled-up legs on the floor, with no chance of escape.

With the first catch of the day out of their way, the crew made their chill way down the staircase, where Tanisha and Pearl still where, not having a clue of what had taken place upstairs. Pearl was now lying on her tummy on the long couch, swaying her beautiful, shapely (and exposed) legs and her pretty, exposed feet (which she had made some cash online selling pictures of) back and forth as she browsed her phone. Tanisha was still sprawled on her booty, comfortable sunken in the leather beanbag, her phone held overhead. Ron and Tilly only needed to exchange a silent signal with their eyes towards the Aussie chick to communicate that she was the one they’d go for. Matthew then motioned with Sonya to move towards the African damsel.

“Did you finish already?” Tanisha asked rudely, not even taking her eyes off the screen; her patience of having these strangers around her private space running thin. “One more thing...” the imposing Latina replied with a really forced smile, struggling a bit to swallow the insulting tone this brat addressed her

in. The four slavers stealthily swarmed around their unsuspecting victims, with what they needed already in the large pockets of their jumpsuits. They needed to work harmoniously in pairs, but they also needed to pounce together, their methods never allowing any girl to alert the rest of their peril.

Standing above the two absentminded young women, the four pros exchanged a quadruple nod, then jumped on the carefree girls! Just like with Lillian, everyone was in charge of each successive action, the sum of which meant to restrain the subject in the quickest and most efficient way possible.

The huge, greying man and the built Latina jumped with lightning speed on the damsels, placing a black, ultra-elastic, spandex-like hood over their heads. Ron actually pinned Pearl's body between the couch and his own, whilst at the same time hooding her. Sonya moved fast to kneel by Tanisha's head-side of the beanbag to attack her from behind.

Both scantily clad women were caught offguard, the fully opaque hoods cutting off any light that was previously reaching their eyes and nullifying their odds of fighting off their assaulters. The hoods' elastic, skin-tight fabric pressed firmly against every pore of their faces, every indent and every bump, outlining their graceful facial features. The hoods were thin, but definitely not designed to be torn by simple tools or hands.

In the split second between realizing what the hell was happening and gathering a breath to scream in utter panic, both girls felt a silicone, 4-inch-long and 1.5-inch-thick phallus invade and fill their mouths. That phallus belonged to the silicone panel-gag that Matthew and Tilly had on the ready to jam through a tiny hole of the hood (the hood's only opening) located right where the "wearer's" mouth would be, and easy to locate via the red cross marked over the hole. The phallus was easily pushed through the much smaller hole of the hood, stretching it, until the gag's leather panel forcefully met with the damsels' hooded lips.

Working like clockwork, as soon as the hooded women were effectively mouth-stuffed, Sonya and Ron took the "realms" from their partners and grabbed the two plastic straps of the gag, which were lined with teeth like a larger zip-tie. They skillfully fed one strap's end through the other's notch and with a single strong pull locked the phalluses buried deep in their warm, moist "nests" and tied the gag off. In 3 single seconds, Tanisha and Pearl had gone from mindlessly scrolling through their social media to having lost their ability to see and speak, flailing their arms and legs in random directions. The semi-breathable fabric of their hoods would allow them to get air through the nostrils, but only some, since there were no nose-holes. The sensation was pretty claustrophobic and suffocating, especially to the panic-ridden, hyperventilating girls.

In utter shock with her sudden assault, Pearl let out a feral squeal and struggled, her freckled, milky-white body easily pinned by the much larger black man, her braless boobies squeezed against the couch by Ron's weight and size. "MMM!" Pearl wildly shook her hooded head around and moaned in utter distress, like a wild animal already caught in its predators fangs. The Filipino slaver cleverly positioned her thighs on either side of the bitch's hooded head, locking them securely from fidgeting, in order to help Ron pull the doomed girl's arms behind her back. With 180 pounds sitting on her cute butt, Pearl had no way of dislodging her assailant, who promptly zip-tied her arms just above her elbows, synching them together. "MMMNFFFggg!" the Aussie girl's painful yelp was largely silenced by her choking gag. She could never voluntarily touch her elbows beforehand, but now with a bit of outside "help" her elbows were touching.

As the white girl's wrists soon followed her elbows in a strict zip-tie, her friend Tanisha was being manhandled to turn over, her bare knees on the floor and her hooded face mooshed against the beanbag by Sonya as Matthew was binding her arms behind her back, in the same fashion as Pearl's. "GGNNNNF! PPHGGGMM!!!" Tanisha screamed into her filling gag, bucking and struggling like crazy, to avoid her fate, but to no avail. Her two captors worked in harmony to zip-tie her elbows and wrists together with no slack or care, bringing terrible pain to the girl's strained shoulders.

Given the violent, non-consensual activities going on in the living room, little to no ruckus was heard, besides the lower volume of the girls' desperate screams and their bodies anxious shuffling against their bonds and their captors' bodies.

The four slavers movement was like poetry, everything seeming rehearsed, even from the parts of their squirming, squealing victims, even though it most certainly wasn't. When one was working a new set of bonds for the cute girls, their partner was making sure the product could not offer the slightest resistance, holding them down even despite their relentless bondage. There were no evil monologues or playful taunts. These things got you busted and everyone in this mission knew it. The job needed to be precise to succeed. Get in, acquire targets and get out.

As their ankles and knees were similarly zip-tied together without the slightest slack, Tanisha and Pearl's alluring chests heaved up and down with strain, further "presented" outwards due to their pulled backwards shoulders. Their wild, almost mindless struggling in conjunction with their hoods' limited air-supply had quickly exhausted them. In their abrupt fight for survival, they lacked the clarity to make any calculated attempt or movement to escape, simply crying their eyes out with their mouths and their bodies. After the initial spike of adrenaline this (arguably) life-threatening situation brought, they now

seemed meeker, and less defiant. More submissive. A fitting indication of what their future lives held for them.

“Here, there’s a small bathroom” Sonya calmly, but urgently, instructed and Pearl and Tanisha felt themselves being carried by masculine arms for a brief time. “MNgff!” they both writhed in their captors strong arms without any result. The two guys of the group carried them inside the bathroom before uncaringly deposited on the cold, tiled floor, next to each other. Both girls moaned helplessly and instinctively covered into a bound fetal position, with no eyes to gauge what was next and no hands to protect them for it.

As much as they were still testing their feminine vocal chords, their current volume was not threatening to their slavers’ goal. Their gagged cries were definitely not reaching the upper floor of the sorority house, most of the noise stopping at the large phallus tickling their throats.

Tilly knelt behind Pearl and pushed the short, ginger-haired girl’s milky, curvy calves so that they folded over the girl’s thighs, then attached a final zip-tie to act as a hogtying rope and link the girl’s wrist-bonds with her ankle-bonds.

****ZZzipzipzzzipzzzip****

Little by little, Pearl’s naked feet moved closer and closer towards the girl’s skinny waist, until they practically hovered above it. Despite being smaller than her “catch”, the petite Asian slaver made sure to leave no room for Pearl’s legs to wiggle, gradually minimizing any slack with consistent pulling. “Mmmhhh...mhhhhhmm...mhhhuhhhhh...” Tanisha cried out in her gag, hearing her friend’s unkind treatment, terrified that she was next. She wasn’t wrong.

The two slavers turned the utterly helpless Aussie girl over to her side, and the other two rolled Tanisha similarly, so that the two girls’ back were facing. Sonya, with absolutely mommy-Dom vibes cruelly folded the Angolan girl’s juicy legs just like Pearl’s, though this time, the zipline was first passed through the gap that the Australian girl’s hogtied limbs made with her body, before it was made into a loop that shrunk and shrunk, relentlessly hogtying the black hottie as well.

Tanisha and Pearl were now hogtied together, their bound forms together appearing like a half-black, half-white infinity symbol. If their chances of worm-shuffling their way to safety where 0.001%, they were a pretty definitive zero now, with them tethered to each other.

Their floor-squirming and helpless struggling had caused both the distressed damsels to have some graphic wardrobe malfunction. Both of Tanisha’s C-cup black beauties were fully exposed from her loose

top riding up her chest, the light fabric scrunched up over her collar bone now. As for Pearl, a single juicy, round tit had popped from the top of her tank top, amidst the chaotic struggling, and was now grazing the living room's floor. Fixing his rectangular glasses, Ron approached the floored, hopeless white girl and with one casual move pulled the girl's grey cotton shorts all the way down to her thighs, fully revealing Pearl's round ass and her shaved pubic mount. "See, I can be funny, too" he called back to Pearl's previous mocking comment, giving the pantsed girl's white ass a nice meaty spank with his big black hand, eliciting another miserable moan from the hooded bitch.

Sonya also wanted to get a bit back to the arrogant black cunt half her age, which had talked down to her. She stood over the blindly shifting Tanisha, and placed her boot on the girl's exposed ribs with some weight. "MMnnn...." The girl groaned weakly, further struggling to breathe. "You should speak to your seniors with more respect. Apologize" she spoke softly, casually, as she looked down on her helpless captive, which made her words sound even more menacing to the poor black girl, who wasn't budging in inch from her fear anymore.

"Uhhh hhuruuh" (*I'm sorry*) was all the petrified, hooded lass managed to utter with a mouthful of silicone cock. "That's better" Sonya replied, enjoying how much she had terrified the girl, before stepping off her ribs. "Uhhh hrrrhhuuh! Umm hhruhhh!" Tanisha kept repeating in an increasingly desperate tone, but the dominant Latina was already walking away with her crew, which closed the bathroom lights and the door behind the squirming girls. What did the bound bitch expect for her apology? A cookie?



With their 2nd and 3rd acquisition stashed away from any prying eyes, the stealthy crew left its hogtied duo of hooded, half-disrobed, panel-gagged beauties to settle into their bondage, the sounds of their soft, strained moaning and anxious body rubbing against both the tiled bathroom floor and each other, fading out behind the closed bathroom door. Continuing with their mission, they quickly closed all the blinds in the house's windows, to avoid any outside witnesses peering into the house, and locked the entrance door and the kitchen backdoor, taking both keys with them. No one would leave this place, unless they were being carried out of it in inescapable bondage. The three remaining inhabitants of the sorority house were totally clueless to the fact that their cozy campus haven was being turned into a prison of its own.

"What time are we on?" Sonya asked, always on top of things, while putting the metal latch of the front door in a locking position. "13:02" Matthew replied. "Let's get moving" she said, her interaction having the sonic background of Tanisha and Pearl's soft, strained moaning, along with the soft rubbing the two damsels attractive bodies generated against each other, during their struggling.

The crew of four walked briskly up the staircase, in the hunt for new prey. As they passed by the storage room door, Tilly opened it to briefly check-in on Lillian. "MMGgg...." the sound of the door opening caused the taped-blinded, radiator-noosed girl to involuntarily call out in hope of a rescuer discovering her, and getting zapped once again in the process. She appeared in the exact state the gang had left her, her thigh-high socked legs slithering in a ball against the floor, her arms pulling on their restraints. She was clearly sweating, both from the strain of testing her bonds, as well as the numerous zaps she had accumulated for her gagged loudness. The Filipino chick closed the door right back, seeing that all was going well.

"It's just...you know...so hard. We've been together like 3 months but I already felt like we were...like special, you know?" an emotional girl said to another one, both sitting side-by-side on the edge of two double-bed, in one of the mansion's many bedrooms. The wet-eyed girl was Florencia, a hot Chilean girl with a tiny waist, wide hips and a bootylicious ass, all currently flaunted by the girl's skin-tight, blue spandex shorts. The 5'4" girl had long, straight hair dyed a bitch-blonde, though her brown roots were visible above her hair follicles. Her DD-cups were falling rather freely without any bra, in her loose cream-white top with a wide cleavage, the initials ΔΙΔ written in the white top over the girl's mouth-watering jugs. A pair of cute ankle-high socks with pandas on them covered her feet.

"I know honey, don't stress over that cheating asshole. You'll find someone ten times better" the girl listening to Florencia with a half-caring, half-"let's get this over with" look was also an 11/10, a brown-skinned, Bangladeshi girl called Ayati. She had a flawless face, with a cute french nose and beautiful

eyebrows. The 5'5"-tall girl was dressed in a seductive dark-green floral bodycon dress that hugged her hourglass physique just right, ending at the middle of her thighs and also giving a nice "preview" of her D-cup bosoms to the young bloke she would shortly go on a date with. She was already dressed for it, with fancy shining jewellery adorning her pretty neck and dangling from her ears, her make up done to perfection with a nice peachy-red shade of lipstick, some rather slutty dark mascara and some 4-inch tall sandal heels on her pedicured feet. There was no way Ayati would not turn heads in that attire.

A polite knock at the door interrupted the girl's heart-to-heart. "Who is it?" the Bangladeshi girl asked, keeping her comforting hand on Florencia's back. "House maintenance check" a white young guy's voice was heard from the other side. The girls let the cap-wearing, jumpsuited crew in, with little care that they were occupying the house this whole time.

"We need to check every room's heating station" the guy said, as the two hotties observed the four new, adult, very serious faces scanning the room. The signaled with their eyes towards the room's closets, already multiple steps ahead of the naive bimbos they were about to rope.

"Uhm...we were in the middle of a serious conversation..." the Chilean bombshell said to them, with an annoyed, bitchy tone. "It won't take long" the smiling Matthew reassured the two bed-seated girls, as his coworkers were grabbing some stuff from the two duffel bags. "Why do you need rope to fix the AC?" the Bangladeshi, airheaded girl asked puzzled, but her furred brows suddenly turned to raised, shocked ones as the Sonya and Tilly abruptly gunned for her, while the two men approached her friend with equally fast pace.

"W...wait, HHEMMnggh!" the girl's nervous arm-raising did nothing to stop the two female slavers from tackling her and knocking her back on the bed, the glamorously dressed college girl's scream for help coming a little too late to alert anyone.

"MMMNFFHH!" Florencia didn't even get a chance to vocalize her startled state, since the much larger black guy had straddled her waist, the girl facing down the mattress, as at the same time, Matthew was securely holding her mouth from screaming with his latex-gloved hands, one hand grasping the back of her blonde head to keep her from turning away, the other tightly wrapped over her lips.

The Chilean girl writhed under her black attacker's overwhelmingly heavier body, the man paying no attention to her muffled protests as he tied the girl's wrists behind her back. Right next to the relatively fair-skinned whore, Ayati was receiving the same treatment, being turned on her belly by two female pairs of hands. Sonya had fully overpowered the prettied-up slut, sitting atop her waist and getting Ayati's dark-brown, slender arms into a painful box-tie, whilst her much smaller Filipino partner was

working a double-sided, 2-inch thick, red ballgag inside the cunt's yapper, pushing it vigorously until it popped behind her pearly-white teeth and then moved behind her head to zip it at zero slack with one swift pull (just like the previous penal gags). The two rubber red balls were attached at one side, two sets of black leather straps spurting from each ball's side. One side of Ayati's gag was still unoccupied, though that would change very soon.

One room over, Sanem was relaxing with some headphones with relaxing beats on her desk, studying. Unlike most superficial ΔΔ chicks, Sanem was actually a pretty good student. She'd probably not be able to hear the soft shuffling happening next door, even without headphones. With the music covering her sorority sisters' screams for help, Sanem was as serene as they come.

With the two girls' relatively quiet binding continuing, Florencia felt her arm-bound body being pulled upwards by both Ron and Matthew in unison, the black man pulling her by her bound, upper arms while Matthew lifted her head up, to reposition the struggling bitch to an upright, kneeling position on the bed. The reason for this was for Matthew's black partner to start quickly fashioning a box-tie chess-harness, passing rope over and under the girl's big bouncy tits with expert bitch-roping skills. The rope bit into the girl's chest with cruel tension, forcing her boobs to burst between the unyielding hemp-rope.

Next to Florencia, Ayati was receiving the same treatment, her beautiful sexy dress having gained a rope accessory of sorts, as her new chest harness dug into her soft tits and her ribs, over the smooth fabric of her dress. In a matter of about 10 seconds, both girlfriends had their wrists not only tied but also cruelly forced against the middle of their backs, held there by their chest bondage.

In the next room, Sanem removed her headphones, suddenly feeling like a cup of coffee would help her move past her studying slump. She exited her room, immediately sensing that the whole house was oddly quiet. Sure, there weren't many girls in the house at this time, but still, some shenanigary was always going on somewhere. The gorgeous Turkish girl shrugged it off, walking towards the staircase to get to the kitchen on the ground floor. She passed right by the storage room, Lillian's miserable, but rather voiceless, bound squirming not enough to notify the Turkish girl of the blonde's presence.

"Pearl? Tani?" the hottie enquired as she moved down the stairs, not seeing the two lazy brawds anywhere over the railing. She did spot Pearl's phone left alone on the three-person couch and

Tanisha's, which was lying on the floor next to the beanbag. That was a curiosity by itself. These two bozos never went anywhere without taking their precious phones with them.

"Where the fuck did everyone go?" she mumbled out loud this time. If Lillian could not call attention to her peril from just 5 yards away from Sanem, the two hooded, hogtied girls had no chance, stashed 20 yards away in the bathroom at the far end of the living room. "HMMMMGGHH!" they both had renewed their moaning and struggling upon hearing Sanem calling out their names. Though they were able to hear the girl searching for them, their sizeable cock-gags and smothering spandex hoods drowned out their desperate calls. In their sideways hogtie, they could not stomp the floor nor kick the walls either, only hopelessly twisting their half-naked bodies and slither very much in place.

"I swear if this is some kind of prank, it's not funny" Sanem was kind of creeped out. It was eery, being in this large of a house all by herself. Sanem decided to rise above the stupidity and ignore her sorority buddies' mean little joke, moving opposite from Pearl and Tanisha towards the kitchen.

"Dammit, even Lillian has gone full cavewoman" Lillian blurted upon seeing the tiny blonde's signature smooth-shake going stale, forgotten inside the blender. Lillian was one of the few responsible girls in the house, cleaning after herself and generally keeping the place "afloat", so Sanem was disheartened to see that she had also given up on keeping the place tidy.



“Bring her over” Ron said to Sonya and Tilly, who literally pushed the squirming, ballgagged Ayati (Sonya manipulating her body while Tilly strongly guided the bitch’s head by a full tuft of her well-styled hair) towards Florencia, whom Matthew and Ron brought to meet her friend similarly. Ayati’s second half of double-sided ballgag needed a mouth to silence. Degradingly maneuvering their squirming bodies like tied-up Barbie dolls, the slavers brought Ayati’s face opposite Florencia’s, Tilly and Matthew pressing the damsel’s heads together until Florencia swallowed the thick red ball that was attached to Ayati’s.

“HMMmfnnnf!” they both wailed in unison, their lips and noses softly touching, as Matthew fastened the second ballgag with a loud zzzzzzip behind Florencia’s head. The lack of any slack in the girls’ straps made apparent how they’d both have no choice but to gnaw on their jaw-stretching, twin ballgags, drool already dripping from the corners of their rounded lips. While the young guy was strapping the bitch’s gag, Tilly and Ron were tying the squirmy damsels’ ankles together with more rope, Sonya helping pin down the bitches’ protesting legs each time.

With the two bed-kneeling, bound damsels adorably trying to dislodge their connected ballgags by pulling on opposite directions, helplessly twisting their sexy, roped bodies, the disguised slavers opened the bedroom’s double-doors closet. This one belonged to Florencia and it was filled with all sorts of fun, sexy outfits. Outfits she’d never get to wear again, where she was headed. More importantly for the four home invaders, the spacious closet possessed a sturdy, metal hanging bar going from one wall of the closet to the other. Ron swooped all the clothes in his arms and tossed them piled inside the nearby closet.

“Nnnnn...MMMMMMNNNG!” the girls renewed their terrified moaning once they saw their captors approach them and grab them together. “NNN! PHHHHUuuhh!” their pleas went fully ignored and their pulling away lacked any leverage to avoid their fate.

The forced-to-eskimo-kiss couple was placed inside the closet, were Sonya got to work wrapping a couple of rope coils around Ayati’s neck, making sure the Bangladeshi cunt felt it hug her throat snugly. The strong Latina then tossed the rope over the metal bar, going about 3-4 inches over the girls’ heads. She tied it off securely on the metal bar, before bringing it down to tie it off around Florencia’s neck, thus tethering the two college girls not only to the bar, but to each other, as well. She made sure that the rope was fully taut and tense and a length which forced both girls to rise on their toes, or else they’d choke on their short, shared noose. “Chk...gk...” both wide-eyed girls let choked moans as they struggled to balance themselves.

Happy to find a coffee pot already brewed, Sanem made her merry way back up the stairs, with a cup of the steaming hot beverage nestled in both hands. “Liiiiiil’ ...if you’re in on this stupid prank I swear I’ll leak all of your nudie pics online” Sanem yelled with intimate knowledge of Lillian’s saucy habit, her voice reverberating from the tall ceilings of the mansion.

“HMgh...!” a tapegagged Lillian tried to make her peril known, though just as before, every time her scream was making its way out her voicebox, it was as if the electrical current of her collar gripped her firmly by the neck, choking out her cry for two agonizing seconds. Once the umpteenth shock “let her go”, the bound blonde jerked her head in utter frustration, though even that was a challenge, due to her neck being zip-tied onto the radiator pipes with no free-room. She could hear Sanem’s voice just outside the storage room’s door!

Sanem did not hear Lillian’s cries one bit, but she had an idea of how to gauge whether there was a whole pranking “operation” against her. If she disconnected the router that was located on a shelf in the storage room, there was bound to be at least one chick that would realize that her precious internet connection was lost and she’d step outside her room to whine about it. If no one came out, the jig was probably up.

As the girl opened the door, she put her hands over her open mouth in shock, her coffee mug shuttering on the floor with a loud, glassy sound. “MMgh...!” Lillian was electrocuted once again, in an involuntary, gagged exclamation. Somebody had entered the room! She would be rescued! Sanem was frozen still for a couple of seconds, trying to process the sight of her friend, ruthlessly restrained on the opposite end of the small, narrow room.

“Now you can pick up your *serious* conversation” said a cross-armed Sonya, emphasizing the irony on the word “serious” while observing along with her associates, as the two girls writhed awkwardly in precarious bondage inside the closet. Florencia and Ayati’s pleading eyes had to turn sideways to meet their captors, since their shared ballgag and taut noose did not allow them much head-turning. Their gorgeous, shapely bodies were forced pretty upright to counteract their hanging predicament and the zeroed proximity between them resulted in each girl’s big, beautiful, roped breasts pressing against the other’s.

Both girls strained to find a comfortable way to stand, since there was none. Their ball-gagged moans for help were equally stifled by their nooses squeezing their windpipes just enough to keep their noise at bay. Ayati had an especially bad hand dealt, since she was already in her sexy, 4-inch sandal heels, meaning her toes were already pointing down and therefore she had too little extra room to lift herself further up and ease the strain on her poor, slender neck. Even then, her heels were not touching the closet’s floor anymore, the brown-skinned beauty huffing rapidly through her big ballgag with the fear of imminent asphyxiation, spraying her breath’s hot air along with some drool right onto Florencia’s face, who was not having a better time, trying desperately to find her bare footing, with her ankles bound tightly and another person connected to her at the mouth.

****Smash****

The sound of glass breaking in the distance reached the slavers' ears. "We need to move" the look they shared indicated. "Hnng, PPhhhhgg..kh...!" the two girls' joined, gagged, half-choked pleadings went unaddressed as Ron grabbed the closet's double doors, the bedroom's light reaching poor Ayati and Florencia becoming a thinner and thinner line, until the damsels were hidden away in darkness. With their strictly bound ankles, they wouldn't be able to kick or even really touch the closet's door, to signal their peril.

Even if someone stepped inside the room, they wouldn't be able to spot the two distressed girls' presence.



The four jumpsuit-wearing “fixers” exited Florencia’s room to their own little surprise. In front of them, through the open storage room door, they saw Sanem, standing in front of their first-acquired damsel, Lillian. Sanem turned her head over her shoulder as soon as she heard Florencia’s bedroom door open.

The tension was palpable. No one was moving, though Lillian did not stop lightly pulling against her strenuous bonds and soft moaning in desperation, unaware that Sanem had just been “busted”. Sanem’s eyes met the four strangers’, the Turkish hottie having a jaw-slacked expression of high-alert, the few moments before fight or flight. Sonya, Matthew, Tilly and Ron were also standing stiff, their customer-friendly smiles fully wiped from their faces, only a predatory look remaining. Like a gazelle had come across four lions.

In her heightened, adrenaline-fueled state, Sanem’s racing mind gleaned that the four dangerous people had fully cut her route towards any of the bedrooms she could hide in. Her eyes turned to glance instinctively at the house’s entrance door, “winking” at her at the end of the staircase. Time was at a stand-still.

Drawing a small anticipatory breath, the young woman sprinted down the stairs towards the exit door, the four kidnappers immediately hot on her tail! Sanem essentially body-slammed the door with no brakes and tried the handle. But the door didn’t budge. It was locked! In her fearful, scrambling state, the girl had not considered that her assaulters had barricaded the house. Her keys were nowhere near her. “Nooooooo!!!” Sanem mumbled in whiny anguish, trying the door handle again and again, having lost her composure and options. Matthew and the others had almost reached her.

“SOMEBODYYYYY! HEEEEEMMMMNNGgghh!!!” the panicked woman tried to call out through the door, but Matthew’s latex-covered hand smothered her feral, almost coarse scream for help. The cute guy she was previously flirting with wrapped his other arm around her exposed, flat belly, just under her juicy breasts, and pulled with both hands the flailing girl away from the door and off the ground.

The cute girl moaned frantically, kicking her sexy, Yoga pants-covered legs all over the place and trying to remove Matthew’s hands from her face (with no success). Sonya helped Matt by grabbing the girl’s kicking legs at the angles and holding them off the ground, stopping 95% of their bothersome flailing. “Bag!” the two asked of their accomplices, needing their tying supplies ASAP, as they carried the squirming, moaning beauty towards the kitchen, further away from the house’s porch and the peaceful outside world.

Tilly and Ron returned running with the two duffel bags, as Sonya and Matthew placed (a word much kinder than how it happened) the squealing damsel on the cold kitchen floor on her back. Matthew steadied the college girl's head between his knees like a vice, keeping her from turning while he shoved a dirty white rag in her mouth, balling it and pushing it until it all sat behind the girl's teeth. "NNGg! Ghht thhe fffk uff mmmmmggghh!!! (*Noo! Get the fuck off me!*) the girl's furious curses became softer and softer the more Matthew stuffed her mouth up.

Simultaneously, Ron held the girl's skinny forearms together in front of her, keeping them from shaking as Sonya tied rope around her wrists with no care for the girl's obvious dismay. Finally, Tilly was wrapping some more black tape around the girl's ankles, the team working as one to restrain their last catch of the day.

"MMMfff! MNNNGGhhh!" Sanem looked angrily up at Matthew, groaning in her stuff-gag and furiously trying to push the four people away. It was a piece of cake for the four of them to overpower and subdue the unlucky girl. Matt got a roll of black tape, which he unwind and started circling the hot Turkish girl's face with, running the tape between the girl's pretty, darker-shaded lips and sealing the rag inside. Sanem's BJ lips still poked over and under the tape, though the relentless pressure with which the young man had wrapped the tape 3-4 times around her head made her cheeks puff from over and under the tape, as the lower half of her face was squeezed by the tape. Tilly was also finishing up tying just above the girl's knees with black tape, fusing the girl's legs together. The ripping sounds of the tape, unsticking from its roll to end up snugly around the girl's body and face, was mixed in with the girl's miserable moaning.

"HMmnnff..." the girl's groans had turned to whimpers, realizing just how hopelessly fucked she was. She was now looking up at Matthew with sad puppy eyes, instead of hateful daggers. "G'night sweetie" the charming man said looking down at Sanem, with as many fucks as he could give about the attractive girl he had a brief interaction with, right before placing a leather blindfold over the woman's big hazel eyes and with ample dexterity snugly buckling the leather straps at a tight notch behind her head.

With her sight taken away, Sanem now seemed more desperate in her inevitable capture, bucking and writhing like a banshee. Not that it slowed the crew down at the least. Sonya had already passed the loose end of the girl's wrist-rope through the girl's boner-inducing thigh gap, before rolling the bitch over on her belly and running it across her back to attach it around her neck, creating a crotch rope that buried itself in the woman's tender parts with torturous tension. "MMMMMMMMNNGGHFFF!" the blinded woman yelped as she felt the rope "split" her labia in two, over both her tight Yoga pants and her thong. In her helpless, blinded and muted panic, she felt even more terror, feeling the claustrophobic rope tied snugly around her throat and the disabling effect it had on her arms, which were now forced fully straight and taut across her belly, her bound wrists immobile in front of her crotch and her delicate manicured fingers searching aimlessly for something to get her out of this ordeal.

With the last bitch of the bunch roped up, the crew stood up slapping their hands and knees clean and getting ready to transport their living cargo to its destination. Call it a market, or an auction, it'd make little difference to these poor souls. "Time is 13:28. With 30 minutes to pack, I say we're lookin' pretty good" Ron said in his buttery deep voice, checking his watch.

Suddenly, a thud was heard from the house's front door, followed by another. It was the sound of the door being pushed onto the metal latch that was holding it shut. "Are you guys kidding me? Why did you lock everything?" an irritated, feminine young voice was heard from the other side.

It belonged to Svetlana, a 5'10" Latvian with a stunning, model-like slim body, big, fake titties (upgraded from a B cup to an E) and a perky ass. The milky-skinned stunner was returning to the sorority house from a coffee date with friends, wearing some skinny jeans, sexy heels and a red dress/blouse, the cleavage of which pressed her bulging moneymakers against the blouse's fabric. She had the necessary leather bag draped over one arm. Her bright blonde hair was styled in a big, round bun on the left-back side of her head and she had these big hoop earrings on and stylish sunglasses over her eyes.

"Now?" Tilly softly sighed at the timing, having just removed her cap to aerate her head.

RIIING

RIIING

RIIING

RIIING

The girl started ringing the doorbell impatiently for her sorority sisters to open. Disregarding Sanem's muffled attempts at getting through to whoever was outside - the restrained girl only able to roll on the floor for a couple of yards anyway - the four slavers slowly approached the front door. "Ugh, fiiinally" Svetlana said with rolled eyes, as soon as she heard the latch being undone on the other side. As soon as the door opened, the tall girl only mustered a jaw-slacked "huh?" before four different latex-gloved hands reached out through the door and each pulled the girl inside, Svetlana feeling her body swiftly flying across the door-frame like a ragdoll and disappearing inside the house, before the door closed swiftly behind her.



The van has been moved from its initial parked spot to the more private driveway, located behind the kitchen backdoor. No one could peek there from the road, or any other building due to the fence surrounding the sorority's mansion, but the crew always stayed safe instead of sorry, having the van parked just in front of that stealthier exit, with its backdoors open.

"Great work crew, really nice coordination" Sonya said while carrying a ballgagged and leather-blindfolded Svetlana over her shoulder with ease, the skinny bitch not weighing more than 125 pounds (almost 10 of them belonging to her fake udders). The girl did offer some resistance, flapping her duct taped body – on her ankles, knees, wrists and around her arms and chest – on the strong woman's grasp like a fish out of water, though Sonya wasn't even paying attention to her writhing spoils, with her arm on the girl's jean-covered ass, steadying her trophy. Svetlana's heavy tits freely bounced and swayed left and right with Sonya's stride, having popped off her bra in the struggle that ensued. Gravity did not allow the girl's cute blouse to cover them either, as the girl's round "twins" dangled naked behind Sonya's back.

"We could've done the double hogtie a bit quicker" Tilly commented, always a perfectionist, as she was dragging a struggling Lillian across the asphalt, pulling the still utterly bound girl from under her arms. It only took a few steps to reach the back entrance of the van, where Ron was waiting for her, having just stashed Pearl and Tanisha.

The back of the van looked nothing like a repairman's van needed to look. If not betraying their "front", it was at least raising some questions. The whole back-half of the van featured rows upon rows of mesh metal cages. Basically the whole backside of the van had been walled off by steel mesh, where then horizontal mesh frames formed about a dozen, narrow and long cages, large enough for a young female human to barely fit inside. Some cages had a bigger width, for instances like Pearl and Tanisha's, where two girls would be transported together, due to their shared bondage.

That was the case now, with the milky and dark-chocolate lasses aimlessly struggling together, stashed inside the second-from-the-top "cage-shelf" of the possible four. The front lid of the cage had already been slammed shut and padlocked securely. Their enclosure was 1'8" tall, 3'6" wide and 5 feet deep. A cozy fit, though the girls did not sound agreeable to their traveling accommodation.

"Here, let me help you out" the big black man kindly helped his smaller coworker by picking up the squirming Lillian like a feather and – much like a package - shoving her inside a "single-person" cage (which was 1'8" x 1'8" x 5') with no worries for the small girl's terrified muffled crying. Coming right behind them, Sonya stashed their "lucky seventh" acquisition, Svetlana, on the cage right underneath Lillian's. If the Latvian beauty had delayed her return by say, half an hour, she would still be a carefree Twitch thot, leaving off her alluring figure and mesmerizing "tatas". But alas, she didn't, so she was now on her way to being auctioned off to the highest bidder, along with six more ΔΙΑ sisters.

“How much do you think these will sale for?” young Tilly asked the more experienced Sonya, as Matthew was coming between them, carrying on his shoulder a defeated Sanem, quietly sobbing on her gag. “There there” the young man gave the girl’s ass a soft, comforting double spank, as he “unloaded” his cargo inside another tiny empty cage. “These are prime cuts, so they could sell for 100k each” Sonya said, using slaver lingo for their captive’s undeniable beauty. “But I wouldn’t expect that for all of them” she added, as Matthew rotated the lid of Sanem’s cage over the opening and with a metal *click” of the padlock sealed it shut. “Sometimes the buyer gets fussy if they find something wrong with them and if there’s no rivaling offer they can drag the price down” the two women discussed their bound cargo’s possible fate with no care that the poor women were right next to them, listening to every word regarding their terrible future and probably shitting their panties with fear.

“Like this one’s fake tits will certainly cut 10% to 20% off the price she would have” Sonya gestured to the miserable bundle of tape that was Svetlana’s caged body, her naked tits visibly pressing against the hard, cold steel. “The black one will go for lower, just because it’s easier to get blacks from other countries” Sonya referred to Tanisha as another example, Tilly sucking in her partner’s wisdom about their profession with focus.

“Let’s pack up and get out of here” Ron was heard as he walked through the door, with each of his large hands capping the underside of Florencia’s and Ayati’s ass, carrying an upright girl on each side. The way he held both young women in each arm could be even described as endearing, if you discounted the girl’s bondage and their clear objection to leaving with him. The black man did not seem troubled, carrying about 250 combined pounds of precious, squirming flesh, the bound beauties’ lips connecting behind Ron’s head at their shared ballgag.

With the help of the others, Florencia and Ayati were stashed inside a crate just above the one Pearl and Tanisha were sharing. The double backdoors closed over the moaning beauties and the crew hopped in the van, Sonya starting the engine.

“14:08, not bad given the extra last minute catch” Matthew shrugged from his passenger seat, as the van first reversed then made its way out the mansion’s driveway and into the open road.

Their living cargo swayed inside their confining crates with the van’s turns, accelerations and brakes, their moans given the significance of a soft-humming radio broadcast. White noise to fill in the gaps between talking. Just like their bodies were now destined to fill in the gaps of their prospective Masters’ spare time.

