

The Babymaker

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Summer

“Alright, Miiiiss Taylor-Nguyen” the doctor took a moment to find the girl’s surname as his eyes scanned the file of her medical records. “Everything looks great! I’m happy to say you’re a perfectly healthy young lady” the older man gave the girl a polite smile. “Thank you doctor” Summer reciprocated the smile, waiting to get rid of these hospital gowns. She always had the feeling her butt was showing whenever she wore them, during her yearly medical checks.

And what a butt it was. Juicy, round and tight, you could bounce more than a quarter off it! But it was not the only alluring feature on the girl’s body. The 22-year-old, half-white, half-Vietnamese girl (as evident by her long last name) was a true beauty, with porcelain skin and dark, more straight than wavy hair that reached down her beautiful D-cup chest. Some South-East Asian characteristics, like the hooded eyelids of her pretty brown eyes and her feminine jawline, meshed beautifully with her full lips and button nose.

Now much more comfortable and stylish, in her tight, high-waist jeans and an unbuttoned, crop corduroy jacket tossed over a plain, white top, Summer strutted through the clinic’s corridors towards the exit. Her friends were waiting for her in the usual brunch spot.

“Oww, sorry! Didn’t see you there” Summer bumped into an incoming nurse as she turned a corner. It was one of the midwife nurses working at the maternity section of the huge clinic. As her name-tag gave away, her name was Camryn.

Camryn was a 30-year-old, pretty woman, with dark-blonde, short, layered hair that reached a little below her ears. Camryn had a skinny frame, a couple of inches taller than Summer. The nurse was

'flatter' in those body parts Summer was not, with her more 'modest B-cups and a small, but cute ass, currently outlined by the light-blue pants of her mostly unflattering, nurse's uniform.

"No worries!" the woman reassured, patting down her clothing. She took an extra second to do or say anything, struck by the half-Asian girl's utter beauty, which made Summer feel like she was being 'studied'.

"Hope everything is ok with your tests" the nurse quickly recovered, pointing to the folder Summer was holding under her arm, which had her full name handwritten on the cover. Her smiling, blue-grey eyes had a strange, almost off-putting kindness to them. "Oh! Uhm... yes, just your regular check-up. All the gears are turning!" Summer chuckled at her own silly joke-line, looking for a way to smoothly eject out of this interaction.

"Good. Good for you..." the woman nodded, not really moving any conversation forward. "Well, take care!" Summer smiled awkwardly and walked right past the nurse, who kept her eyes stuck at the departing woman's attractive form, until it vanished from her line of sight.



It's the dead of night. Well past midnight. The large file storage room of the hospital has an unexpected visitor, as the keys can be heard jiggling their way into the door's keyhole. While Camryn's night shift is still in effect, the midwife has no business being here. But she has done that many, many times before. With any luck, this will be the last time.

While the hospital keeps digital records of every patient, it also keeps the traditional physical copies too, neatly organized in many rows of metal drawers that span this room. Having made a (very illegal) copy of the drawers' security key a long time ago allows Camryn access to any patient's files.

Walking slowly, silently inside the all but dark room, the woman opens her phone's light and starts searching for a particular name in the pathology isle. After a few minutes, she finds it! "Summer Taylor-Nguyen". The trespassing woman opens the folder, scanning through it with heightened anticipation.

Everything looks pristine! Even as she searches for a blemish on the young woman's' medical record, Camryn cannot find anything. Her medical history looks spotless, with no records of any serious illness, surgery or allergies of any kind.

Her blood tests appear immaculate, with the girl's metabolism working like a well-oiled machine and her cholesterol in great shape. The girl appears to have no nutritional deficiencies whatsoever. She does not smoke, barely drinks and has no history of drug use. Her physical is just as impressive, her heart metrics and blood pressure at their peak. Her fat ratio and weight are perfectly healthy, though Camryn only needed that long glance at the girl's gorgeous, shapely body from the other day to know that.

Under the family history section, Miss Taylor-Nguyen's records are equally safe, with the inheritability risk for diseases like Alzheimer's, Parkinson's and others being marked as 'very low'. It does not go lower than 'very low'.

Unable to contain her gleeful smile, Camryn put the file's folder back in the drawer. After many tries, she had finally found her children's mother.

"BETSY!..*sign*...Why does she always do that?" Summer groaned half-asleep, getting out of bed with one eye still closed. Her Maltese pup often went into a barking fit in the middle of the night, and this was one of those nights. She could hear the little bitch's high-pitched barks all the way from the living room, downstairs. Clad in only a spaghetti-strap top and her boy-shorts underwear (that still made that thick ass look nothing like a boy's) the messy-haired lass opened up a light and moved groggily, barefoot down the staircase from her bedroom. Feeding the little demon always shuts it up.

But even when Summer reached the end of the spiral staircase Betsy was still barking like crazy. She usually calms down when she sees Summer.

“What is it with youHMMMMMMMMMMGN!!!” Summer’s words to her pet were suddenly smothered by a thick, towel-rug pressed over her face. It was soaked in chloroform. As one skinny, but surprisingly strong arm kept the rag tightly over her face, the other clamped tightly around her torso and ample chest, keeping the ambushed woman from pulling away from the attacker.

“MMMNNGHH!! NNNNGH!” in her panicked, primal struggle, Summer’s wide eyes turned to the side to get a glimpse of her attacker, who had jumped her from behind. The slim, taller figure’s face was concealed with a black balaclava. The presumably female intruder was dressed in dark, breaking-and-entering type of clothing. “Eeeeasy now... just breathe it in, hot stuff” the woman complimented her victim’s beauty mid-knocking her out, as the half-Asian struggled for dear life and flailed her pretty legs.

Summer moaned into the burglar’s grasp, not fully registering the familiarity of the woman’s voice in her busy struggle. Even though she was not bigger, the skinny woman was clearly stronger than her, holding her in her ‘embrace’ with the determination of a dozen men. Summer could not pull away from her; her hands clasped pointlessly at the masked woman’s gagging hand, trying to pull it and the paralyzing rag away from her face. It was no good. More fumes entered the panting girl’s nostrils.

Her muffled moans and the sound of her alluring, scantily-clad body hopelessly shifting and rubbing against her assaulter’s, were only surpassed in volume by tiny Betsy’s useless barking, a few feet away. The Maltese was not exactly the guardian kind of pet. In the midst of this struggle, Summer’s wall-to-wall neighbors banged on the wall from the other side, annoyed by the middle-of-the-night ruckus. Unlike her barking doggy, Summer’s muffled calls for help did not reach them.

The female-to-female tussle continued, dimly illuminated by the faint lights coming in through the curtained windows and the ceiling light of the floor above.

Soon, Summer felt her body too weak to fight back any longer. She had sucked in too much chloroform. With her pretty lashes fluttering and her brown eyes rolling to the back of her head, the young hottie gradually collapsed backwards onto the hooded woman’s embrace.

“You did great, sweetie” Camryn weirdly congratulated Summer with a taunting tone. Letting the girl’s limb, curvy body gracefully drop over her lap, Camryn slowly removed the rag from the unconscious woman’s half-agape lips, using her gloved hand to creepily caress Summer’s pretty hair.

She was hers now.



“Hnnff...nn...” a dazed Summer weakly shifted her heavy head from side to side, laying on a double bed. “Sorry for the dirty socks. I’ve been running around at work all day yesterday” the girl heard Camryn’s voice from a close distance. The pretty, half-Vietnamese girl was indeed stuff-gagged with a balled up pair of Camryn’s socks. They tasted very much of the woman’s sweaty feet. A once white, now grey scarf, currently tied tightly over them between the girl’s lips and teeth, kept the socks sealed. Summer was still in the same white top and lace panties she was wearing earlier at her home, though that didn’t ease her worries much.

Bound in a spread-eagle position, Summer’s arms and legs were pulled towards the four corners of the bed, via chains that connected to thick, dark-brown, leather wrist and ankle bands that were locked securely on them. A fifth chain kept the matching collar around the girl’s neck attached with little slack to the metal, barred headboard of the bed.

“Comfy?” Camryn approached Summer’s bed-side with a satisfied smile. With a now clearer vision, Summer recognized the woman. It was that oddball of a nurse she had bumped into at the hospital!

The room was so small that the double bed Summer was tethered on had to be pushed all the way towards one wall, to allow space on the other side. It was rather empty. There was a battered, cream-white drawer on the opposite side, which unbeknownst to Summer, was filled with all the necessary items for a home birth, along with some other necessities like toilet paper, duct-tape and some other devices. What betrayed the room’s previous purpose was the fully functioning toilet installed on the other side of the bed.

Underneath the bed Summer was bound on were the short barriers of a once functional, cheap shower, though that wouldn’t be necessary for her stay. A small square surface on the wall where a bathroom window once was had been hastily plastered smooth. A single bare light-bulb dangled from its cord from the center of the ceiling.

The room’s wood board walls had been clumsily painted a soft blue color, which classed with the room’s otherwise bleak and dirty nature. “I’ve read that sky blue is very calming. Might help lower your stress during the pregnancy” Camryn informed the still-recuperating girl, catching her glancing at her gritty surroundings.

“HMmghh?” Summer turned to look at Camryn with a horrified expression. What does she mean by pregnancy???

“Oh, sorry; I’m getting ahead of myself. I’m just so excited to finally be able to start a family!” Camryn sounded psychotically excited. “You see, I always wanted a huge family...” the crazy girl suddenly got emotional.

“I always kept myself in shape, and lead a healthy life, to give my kids the best possible life they can lead, you know? But I’m sick and I don’t want to transmit that sickness to my little ones” Camryn did not explicitly disclose her hemophilia to her bound and gagged captive, who could only listen, increasingly terrified by her bizarre predicament.

“Despite that, I still wanted lots of lots of beautiful boys and girls, all running around in the open grass...*siiiigh*” Camryn momentarily daydreamed in front of her unwilling guest.

“So, I’ve collected only the best male samples; to be certain they would bring me healthy, happy offspring” Camryn alluded to the fact she had robbed specific batches of semen from the sperm clinic section of the maternity ward she worked at. “I just needed to find the ideal...incubator” she paused for a moment, eyeing Summer like she was her biggest, most prized possession.

“None of the other candidates were as excellent a specimen as you” Camryn smiled at Summer. “With your stunning beauty and racially diverse genes, I’m certain you’ll bring me lots of gorgeous babies!” Camryn concluded.

“NNNNNNNGHHH! HHMMMBBDDD!!!HHEENNNNNNHmgg!” (*Somebody! Help!*) Summer tried calling out for help through her effective cleave/stuff gag whilst pulling desperately at her restraints. This woman was out of her fucking mind!

Camryn’s small cabin was on a pretty rural area, on the foothills of a grass-covered hill, though not that far from civilization, with other houses and cottages around the area. In any case, it would be hard for Summer’s gagged screams to reach any random passerby, except if he was inside Camryn’s modest cabin.

“Hey, SHUT UP!” Camryn flipped from a caring nurse to her truer form, putting one hand over the bed-ridden woman’s face and smothered both her mouth and nostrils. “Mmmggg!” Summer’s moan sounded even more muted than before. Realizing the woman had complete power over her life and death, she stopped struggling and making noise.

“Better” Camryn said with a devilish smile, getting up and moving over to the drawer, where she picked up a pair of scissors and something wrapped in a towel. With her limbs spread, Summer kept her pretty, worried eyes fixed on the terrifying woman, not wanting to annoy her again by moaning.

Camryn crawled onto the bed, knelt between Summer's involuntarily spread legs and brought the large scissors towards the girl's dark-purple, lace panties. "I calculated that this must be your most fertile day of the month, so we will knock you up now" the demented woman did not lie, having gone through the woman's garbage for the past month. Finding Summer's bloody tampons indicated her period cycle and thus gave Camryn the opportunity to calculate the girl's most fertile days.

There was nothing the woman would not do for a chance at a perfect family.

"NNFFHFHHHHH! MHHHEEENNGG!!!" (*NOOOO! PLEASE!*) Summer cried out as the focused nurse got rid of her panties with a couple of shift cuts from her scissors. Summer's nicely groomed pussy was on full display now, with a short, cute tuft of dark-brown pubic hair on her mons pubis.

Camryn then lifted the top of the folded towel to reveal a turkey baster, which was almost full with an unmistakable, thick, white/clear liquid. It was semen the nurse had unfroze for Summer's first insemination about an hour ago.

"NUUGHh! MMMGGHH! NNUUUUUUUUUUUGGHh!!!" upon seeing this, Summer's eyes widened with horror and she returned to pulling and screaming in intense distress, but equally intense bondage. This psycho was indeed going to impregnate her!

"Hey! I said shut up!" Camryn slapped the girl's exposed, defenseless cunt. Summer yelped from the smack, shutting up once more, only letting out the faintest, gagged cries. Ignoring her breeding sow's whining, Camryn moved the baster towards the girl's vulva. Summer could only watch and wiggle in place as the kooky woman slowly penetrated her sex with the long, conical baster. The more it travelled inside her, the more Summer cried; her nervous writhing caused her chains to clank against the metal headboard. Her filthy sock-gag was working overtime to reduce her noise.

Camryn pushed the device all the way into the woman's vagina until she was confident the tip met her healthy, fertile cervix. "Mmmm...mmmmmmmm....!" Summer's once coarse, unhinged screams were now desperate, gagged pleading. Her sad eyes did the same, imploring Camryn to not do this, her demeanor drastically changing now from angry and defiant to pitiful and at the midwife's mercy.

"This is A-grade seed, doll" Camryn informed as if that would put Summer's terror to rest. Bracing with one hand tightly clamped on the nude girl's thigh, a determined, focused Camryn squeezed the rubber bulb at the end of the baster, and all of the rubber containers slimy contents rushed deep inside Summer's fertile sex with a sloshy sound.

“MMMMMMMMFFF!” Summer cried out at the disgusting, invading sensation, straining her X-shaped body in its taut bonds. The inside of her pussy was suddenly blasted and coated with many loads’ worth of cum, starting at her cervix, then moving to cover the walls of her cunt. Camryn squeezed the valve over and over, until all the jism had disappeared from the large baster and was now on its way to the young girl’s vulva. The horrid, yucky sensation of being bred like this felt very clinical; adding to this, the semen was not even hot like it would be straight out of a pulsing cock, but of room temperature.

Summer’s pretty eyes had a removed, lost stare to them. Summer couldn’t believe she had just been inseminated by this demented stranger. The dark-blond nurse removed the inseminating tool, seeing a blob of cum splurge out of the poor girl’s immensely creampied cunt.

“Now we just need to let this thing ‘bake’” Camryn stood up satisfied, before exiting the small room, leaving the spread-bound, impregnated damsel alone, unable to do anything to undo her breeding, but wait for Camryn’s semen to travel towards her helpless egg.

The sound of the room’s door being locked from the other side was the button to a horrible turn of events.



Autumn

“NNNNNNNNGGGGGHHHHHHhhhhh!” Summer groans with vein-popping strain, trying to pass her dainty wrist through the snug leather band that encircles and secures it away from the rest of her body. She has done that countless times during this past week, always with the same disappointing result.

Fruitless once more, the girl pants heavily through her nose and the tiny crevices between the corners of her pretty lips and the big, red ballgag that has pried them open, buckled tightly behind her head. The ballgag has a small hole in the center, through which Camryn force-feeds Summer her daily gruel. The nurse is not taking any chances of her pregnant slave malnourishing herself and derailing her pregnancy. Three times a day, she’ll visit the poor girl, taking an electric food pump out of the drawer. It is connected to a clear, PVC tube, which she shoves through the ball-gag’s hole and down the bitch’s throat, without any regard for Summer’s struggling and muffled, choked protests. The half-Asian girl hates this method of eating, but she doesn’t have any say in it.

The heartless midwife has been preparing her surrogate mother’s mushy meals to be nothing but nutritious and healthy, often in sacrifice of taste. Yesterday it was blended potatoes and beans; today it was blended carrots and peas. Yummy... especially when it never reaches Summer’s tongue, travelling straight down her gullet with the pump’s mechanical, steady pace. Anything Camryn tosses into its receptacle is sent right through the tube and into her captive’s tummy. It is so objectifying, being fed in this awful, undignified way.

The girl composes herself, trying to get her breath back, which is extra difficult, due to the thick, smelly, dirty scarf that’s been tied over her existing gag and over her nose. Camryn deduced that the hole in her ‘guest’s’ ballgag made her just a tad louder than she’d like, so she always adds that added layer of noise-proofing over her captive’s face. The OTN-gag is secured tightly with many knots behind the ‘doll’s’ head on two spots, both behind her head (lining with the bridge of her nose) as well as the nape of her neck (lining with her covered chin). Summer has tried many times to rub it off against her shoulder, with no success.

With each inhale taking a third of the air of a normal, unencumbered breath, Summer gets tired easily, due to the frequent bursts of screaming and testing her bonds. She has been trapped on that bed for most of her time here. Her position when not ‘put to sleep’ is slightly different, since Camryn puts her to sit against the headboard, with her wrist-bands secured directly onto the metal bars, spread on either side of her face. Two large pillows have been placed between her back and the bed’s frame.

Camryn hasn't bothered with any clothing, leaving Summer fully naked, with only a bedsheet tossed over her. This too has slipped off her body hours ago, during her struggling, now lying on the floor.

The light coming from the dusty ceiling bulb flickers. It is cold and white, giving the already gritty room an uninviting feel and making the 'cheerful' blue walls appear dead and ominous. Summer has not seen the outside of this room. The sound of birds chirping outside, coupled with the lack of any traffic or busy crowd hum has helped the girl deduct that she's far from downtown.

The tranquil ambience is broken by the faraway sound of keys unlocking the cabin's front door. A few minutes go by with sporadic sounds of shuffling, walking and cabinets opening and closing, before a second door is unlocked, this time Summer's.

It's time for her second feeding of the day.

Summer's days trapped in the demented midwife's hill cabin progressed, so did the biological process in the unfortunate girl's loins. The sperm that Camryn had so heartlessly and medically shot up the woman's reproduction organs travelled through her fallopian tubes and reached her ovary to inseminate her egg with as much regard for her wishes as the sociopathic nurse.

At the third week since Summer's rape, Camryn was particularly giddy, holding a pregnancy test, as she led her naked prisoner towards her room's toilet by the chain-leash clipped to Summer's collar. The half-Asian's wrists had been locked behind her back and her ankles hobbled by a short chain. The nurse wasn't taking any chances with her gorgeous guest's 'security', even during her routine bathroom breaks. She would clip the leash's carabineer onto a metal hook on the floor and sit on the bed to keep a line of sight on the girl as she peed or defecated. Summer would have loved some privacy during these moments, but this was the best she would get.

Camryn made her ballgagged and scarf gagged captive urinate on the plastic stick. She spent the next minutes nervously pacing back and forth inside the windowless room, her heart beating fast as she anticipated the results.

"YES! IT'S POSITIVE!" Camryn literally jumped with joy, seeing the two vertical lines appear on the test. "I'm gonna have a baby! I'm gonna have a baby!" Camryn never referenced that it was her slave that would have a baby. Summer was having a polar opposite reaction to the news, sunken in deep sorrow.



With her cute garden boots and even cuter jean suspenders on, both with a bit of mud on them, Camryn is walking with a cheer in her step, watering all her plants, which surround her cabin. The small house sticks like a thumb in the largely untouched, natural environment, with the closest neighboring houses about 300 meters in the horizon.

She always liked caring for her plants. She was great at it. Nurturing them. Watching them grow. Though she wasn't enjoying her gardening as much in the past years, always reminding her of what she could have been raising instead, Camryn's recent optimism has made her revisit her lovely plants with a newfound spark.

The reasoning for that optimism lies on the inhabitant of the secret room of the woman's cabin.

The first months of captivity passed with great difficulty for Miss Taylor-Nguyen. No one had the slightest clue of where the missing girl was and no one could come to the conclusion she was located in a midwife's cabin, in the outskirts of town. A woman she had only met once prior, with no real witnesses of their brief encounter.

As the half-Asian beauty's distress grew, so did her belly, as the life her body was fostering started taking more and more shape.

Besides her slowly expanding belly, not much else changed in the girl's day-to-day life. Jailed within the 4x5 meters of her room, and with most of her day being bed-ridden thanks to her leather and chain restraints, Summer saw nothing of the beautiful countryside that Camryn was privy to.

The midwife was thorough as much as she was cruel in her prenatal care, feeding her pregnant captive a two person's portion now. She'd toss more than enough vitamins and water into the girl's grossly blended all-in-one meal.

About the same number of times (due to her girl's pregnancy), she'd unstrap the (still wrist-bound, gagged, shackled and collared) girl from the bed and lead her to use her room's toilet. With little in her power to get back at her abductor, Summer had vindictively peed herself on her mattress more than a few times, knowing the bitch would not corporally punish the future mother of her baby and risk her child's safety.

As a reaction, Camryn put the girl in adult diapers, something that nullified the girl's much-desired trips to the toilet, the only real walking she got to have during the day. Having had her bluff called, Summer stopped urinating on herself, gaining back her daily toilet-walks.

Camryn had 'splurged' (meaning spending like 20 bucks) on getting her captive her one and possible only item of clothing, a satin, pink pregnancy nightgown, reaching a little above the girl's knees and usually folded one-side-over-the-other like a kimono, before the girl's struggling would loosen her matching satin waist belt and open the gown to expose her nakedness.

Regarding her hygiene, the captive was regularly sponge-cleaned by the nurse's soft hands, even in areas where consent would be necessary. Camryn did not care if the girl didn't like having her bare pussy scrubbed by strange hands. Her groans and moans fell on deaf ears.

Summer hated the indignity of losing all agency over her life and body. She (incoherently) pleaded with Camryn plenty of times to lessen her bondage and let her do some things on her own, such as cleaning or feeding herself, but the midwife denied her every time. The obsessed, meticulous loner didn't have anything better to do than make sure her ...sentient 'family oven' was running smoothly. She wouldn't let the little bitch fuck up her dreams of a happy, beautiful family.

To make sure no shepherds, hikers or passing neighbors might hear Summer's screams for help, the girl was constantly gagged, both with her two-inch-thick, red ballgag (which doubled as a feeding funnel) as well as a tightly tied scarf over the girl's mouth and nose. All it took to keep the bitch alive was remove the scarf-gag, shove the clear tubing through her throat and press the ON button on her food pump. It's not like the woman required the girl's input on anything to ever remove her gag.

Despite being a diligent nurse to her inhumanely treated slave, taking care of her struggling bruises on her wrists and ankles and keeping her well-fed, relatively cleaned and mostly pottied, Camryn's demeanor towards Summer was emotionally detached, treating her strictly like a baby-making machine, not a person. She kept her stunning 'golden goose' at the shape required to bring her babies to the world.



Summer reached her second trimester, she was severely depressed. When she wasn't writhing in fits of struggling rage and gagged screaming, the girl was catatonic, lying bound on that double-bed with her empty stare stuck to nowhere. Camryn could not care less about her captive's 'moodiness'. She was busy preparing for her first child, the first of many more to come.

But the cute 30-year-old girl had a hard time denying her loneliness. She was always a loner, with her (strictly heterosexual) relationships always failing her. She had learned to live in relative isolation in her cute cabin, giving up on her old dream of a traditional, nuclear family.

But, having dedicated herself to this baby crusade for the past 3-4 years, her pussy was craving attention. Masturbating to mental images of Hollywood actors and what they might do to her wasn't cutting it anymore. As much as she was trying to keep the nature of her relationship with her precious, hand-selected breeding cow a strictly utilitarian one, it was getting difficult to ignore this itch between her legs.

Day by day, she was glancing at her bound victim a little more, her blue-gray eyes lingering unnecessarily longer. She knew awfully well that the young woman was stunning. It was one of the major reasons for her abduction, since Camryn wanted pretty children.

But maybe it was the alluring sight of the girl's fair skin, beautiful face and her D-cup knockers, now swollen to DDs due to her pregnancy. Maybe it was the complete power she had over the helpless hottie. Maybe it was just loneliness and the availability of a warm body, just a few steps away from her bed. Camryn was becoming increasingly drawn towards the round slut.

So one unassuming day, Camryn was sitting on Summer's bedside, reading a kid's storybook to her unborn child. She was convinced this helped built a strong motherly connection, and was doing it frequently lately.

Summer could only listen to the simple-minded kid's story, not allowed any words through her multi-layered gag. The 6-months-pregnant damsel was dressed in her usual pink gown. It had lost its initial satin shine, getting paler and with a slightly yellowish hue, a product of over-use and the woman's dead skin cells and accumulative sweat rubbing off on it. She was lying flat on the bed, with her wrists bound together and over her head. Her legs were half-opened due to the limits of her ankle-bands.

Summer wasn't really paying attention to Camryn's oddities. The energy was idle, with the pretty girl resigned in the brain-numbing inactiveness that her bonds enforced.

“And they lived happily ever after...” Camryn said with a honey-sweet voice, closing the book. There was a silent beat, as Camryn’s blue-grey eyes eyed Summer with a curious look. The dejected girl eyed her with a guarded apprehension. This look was new from Camryn; she didn’t know what it entailed.

Not speaking, the pretty, 5’8” woman, clad in a plain top (no bra) and the bottom of her pyjamas, moved her hands softly, gently onto the woman’s heavy, gorgeous breast, capping it over the thin layer of satin. “Hnn!” Summer pulled away as much as her bonds allowed, which was a couple of inches tops, uttering a soft, sharp worrying protest. Was the woman doing what she thought she was doing?!

“Shhhhh...relax...” Camryn opened the defenseless Summer’s gown to reveal her big, juicy milk duds at their full glory. Leaning over, she groped Summer’s hefty tit with a fuller, deeper grab, then did the same to the other, exploring Summer’s body.

“MMMMNNN!!!” Summer cried out, trying to turn her body away from the short-haired woman, without success. This was turning sour very quickly! Camryn pulled the woman’s turning body back towards hers. She was gonna have her no matter what. Her hands wondered between her legs, which were still moderately ‘accessible’ due to the ankle-cuffs tethered on each side of the bed.

As Summer started a droning, gagged cry, knowing she couldn’t stop what Camryn had in mind, the nurse started massaging the girl’s naked sex, without a need for consent.

Taking full advantage of her bonds, Camryn rubbed the girl’s pussy and ignoring her cries, slid two fingers inside the girl’s cunt. The truth was, violating the bitch like that made Camryn feel reaaaaaaaaaally good. The finger penetration caused a much louder, different kind of moan from Summer. As Camryn was softly, sensually fingering Summer, the half-Asian preggo tried in vain to pull her crotch away or close her legs.

With a nurse’s tender, purposeful touch, Camryn assaulted the girl’s pussy with her fingers, getting all the pleasure that Summer appeared to lack. Summer writhed intensely, as Camryn kept her in a tight embrace by her side, finger-fucking her while also kissing Summer’s ballgagged, scarf-smothered face and fondling her juicy tits. Summer’s cries were as useful to the slim, dark-blond woman as they were to a deaf person.

Camryn ramped up the intensity, fingerblasting the pregnant, bound woman with her index and middle fingers. Her pyjama bottoms were soaked on the crotch area. “GNNNNNNNNNNHHH!” Summer squealed into her gag, squirming in her bonds and trying to avoid the woman that was keeping their bodies touching across their length. The nurse had lifted her top just so that her bare, B-cup titties were in contact with the side of Summer’s heavy DDs. So was fully grinding her cunt on Summer’s sides.

Camryn pulled her hand from the girl’s wet cunt with a slurpy sound. “MMMmm” she savored Summer’s sexual juices, by inserting her fingers in her mouth. There was a fetishization of Summer in her eyes. The

woman was prettier, curvier, younger and most of all, had the most feminine trait of all. She was carrying a child. All that internalized hate the nurse was feeling for herself was now transmitting into hate and sexual dominance over this unlucky girl. This goody little slut.

Lubricated with Summer's sex and her own drool, Camryn inserted her finger into her own dripping cunt. They slid in sooooo easily. Keeping the shifty whore from turning away with one wrapped arm around her chest, Camryn rubbed her face against Summer's large boobs and stuck her nose on the girl's damp, hormone-scented armpit. With this sensory overload of smelling, feeling and tasting the pregnant girl, the woman finger-blasted herself to an orgasm, with Summer feeling like an abused body pillow.



The nurse's new 'amorous side' towards her captive continued in the coming days, as her imprisoned surrogate mom was approaching labor. Camryn lusted over the young woman more with each passing day, finding an antidote to her lonely pussy. She dominated that pretty, perfect-genes slut with increasing enjoyment. Any feelings of jealousy, hidden under Camryn's mean and objectifying use of Summer, the nurse never admitted to herself.

Camryn often made her slave eat her out, whether making her kneel on the hard, rough floors, with her wrists bound behind her back, or sitting on her face as the girl laid bound on the bed. These were the rare few moments where Summer was left ungagged, and her begging for release only lasted seconds, before those pleas were promptly silenced by Camryn either bringing the girl's face to meet her steamy cunt or lowering her ass to take a seat over that same face.

"Yes, keep at it..." Camryn sighed hornily, towering over the kneeling girl and looking straight down her brown eyes, peeking over her hairy pubic mount. Those pretty, Asian eyes, full of fear and submissiveness, got her going SOOOO GOOD. She held her strongly by her dark, long hair, not letting her remove the pleasure she was giving her. The bound cloth-less damsel kept lapping at the nurse's sour, unwashed cunt with docile obedience, not daring to stop. She was becoming increasingly familiar with her owner's taste, her smell, and the intimate details of her body, like her cute, meaty pussy-lips and the dark-blonde pubes that curled above them. The taste and texture of her wrinkly ass, and how that felt against her tongue. Camryn loved fingering herself to orgasm while her pregnant slut ate her ass.

While the midwife could not slap her bitch around or beat her, she had found a work-around disciplining her slave when she was being 'stubborn' or lacking eagerness. A big squirt of hot chili sauce through the gagged girl's nostrils did the trick of stomping down any 'fires of revolution'. The poor girl was in a crying, sweating, red-faced frenzy, the last two times she had opted to be a bad 'cunt-pleaser' to her landlady. The sensation of lava on her throat and nasal pipes did not dissipate before the two-hour mark, leaving her plenty of agonizing time to think back on her actions. She was much more energetic the next time her tongue met Camryn's cunt-lips.

Following this new turn of events, the 23-year-old beauty's mental stability was all over the place, going through the strange journey of pregnancy for the first time in her life, hand in hand with being conditioned into her captor's sexual toy. Spending her entire gestation in stringent bondage and sexual abuse, isolated far away from any loved one, made Summer spiral into a state of utter defeat and blind submission to her abductor/nurse/lover.

It was simply too much to handle.

“OH! Did you feel that?” Camryn asked her naked, bed-bound slave with excitement. The woman, dressed in only a pair of cozy shorts and nothing else was lying by the girl’s side, stroking her 8th month pregnant belly with her phone playing some classical music right next to it, which the woman had heard increased the baby’s intelligence. Summer could not really reply, with her mouth stuffed with a pair of Camryn’s panties, previously rubbed on the woman’s dripping pussy, and cleave-gagged with a couple of tight rags over her lips. Camryn had done that in the peak of horniness, but she now left the gross gag on until the next meal would require the ballgag.

Summer did exchange a look with Camryn, feeling a new sensation. “Oh my god, it’s kicking!” Camryn felt it again, keeping her palm on the top of the round hill that was now Summer’s belly. The baby, HER baby, was communicating with her! She couldn’t feel giddier.

Summer’s ‘booty calls’ with her unwanted landlady continued well into the girl’s final month of pregnancy. Summer had come to know what these evening afternoon or late-night ‘visits’ were ‘meant for’, even though Camryn disguised them as ‘checking in’ on her bound prisoner. When the door in the girl’s small room opened, it was usually due to Camryn feeling frisky.

During one of these, Camryn gave a horny pinch to the woman’s hardened nipple. She noticed a white liquid spurted out, about 3-4 droplets. It was milk. The heavily pregnant girl had started lactating!

Already worked up from making out with the girl’s ball-gagged face and lips (not minding much that Summer could not return her kisses) Camryn’s lust spiked. Hot and bothered, the woman quickly pulled all her (already scarce) clothing off and scooped a bit lower on the bed, so that her face was on the same level as Summer’s breasts. She took the bound girl’s nipple in her mouth and started passionately, hungrily suckling from it. At the same time, she caressed the woman’s large belly with one hand, the other hand travelling south to finger her own, sopping wet pussy.

Summer tried to hold back her tears, without any strength to struggle much, anymore. Camryn sucked the gorgeous girls’ nipples, tasting the milk that would soon nurse her children, in this utter perversion of motherhood. The taste might not have been for everyone, but to the 31-year-old it tasted heavenly, like creamy nectar.

With her lips wrapped around the young girl’s hard nipple, her face resting onto her fattened titty, her hand rubbing the swollen belly like it was the most arousing body part ever and her fingers working her cunt with intensity, Camryn climaxed soon thereafter.



The day Camryn had been waiting for so long was finally here. She was peacefully having dinner in her lone round wooden table, when she heard intense moaning coming from Summer's room. At first, she waved it off. The bitch whined from time to time, whether for something unimportant like soreness or just wanting to be freed. It was mundane at this point.

But the ball-gagged yelps only intensified and when Camryn sighed and went to check in on her, she found a pool of water on the foot-side of the bed, and the sweating, aching, ballgagged girl looking at her with a deeply urgent look. Summer was going into labor!

The experienced midwife contained her panic/excitement, setting up all the blankets and towels underneath the girl's body. She secured Summer's thighs with the same wide leather bands she used to worship her birth-giving cunt, until the girl's legs were fully spread, her juicy things making almost a straight line with her crotch and ready to welcome a new life through that it.

Summer was in great pain, the contractions on full blast. But to her great disappointment, Camryn would not be giving her an epidural, or any kind of anesthesia. She would not risk any drugs messing with her child's birth.

As a result, Summer suffered through with a great deal of agony, panting hard and crying with pain into her large ballgag, sweating like crazy and praying for this to be over sooner rather than later.

"MMMMGGGN! PLLLLLEEEHHHH!" as many puppy-eyes she did to her midwife, Camryn was adamant about her kid's being born naturally. No drugs would sabotage their birth!

"Push! Push! Give me my baby!" Camryn yelled both excited and nervous at her thigh-spread, bound and ball-gagged breeder, who was on the verge of passing out from the strain and unspeakable pain. Summer's head felt too heavy to hold upright, her hands dangling from her wrist-bands, tethered to the metal headboard on either side of hers. She was trapped in this hell for about an hour, with Camryn egging her on and placing ice-packs on her forehead. The raw pain was too much to handle for the bed-bound girl. Over and over again, she wished she'd just die right there on the spot, crying into her ballgag. She spent the first half hour imploring Camryn to drug her, then the second half hour hopelessly agonizing.

"PUSH, YOU FUCKING CUNT! PUSH!" Camryn verbally abused the already suffering woman, waiting in front of Summer's spread legs.

That ambience is suddenly mixed in with a baby's cry.

"Ooooh, it's ok, it's time for nom-nom!" in the kitchen/living/dining room of the cabin, Camryn coos the baby, cradling it in her arms. Her chained 'cow' must have been milked thoroughly by now, Camryn thinks, putting little Phillip inside a blanket-lined, woven basket on the floor and heading to the slave-storage room. She unlocks and opens the door, flooding the room with the light behind her.

The midwife sits on the bed and unscrews the bottles from the pump's suction caps, attached to Summer's breasts with vacuum strength. It is time for little Phillip's dinner.

Camryn has spent every night cuddling with her newborn, not putting him in his crib. She loves him too much to separate him from her hugs. Summer has not seen him since his birth, something that only reinforces how inhumanely the blonde sees her.

"Cunn Uuh Pheeah guuhh nnuu?" (*Can I please go now?*) the naked slave musters up the question, right as Camryn turns to walk away. She's been brewing that pressing thought in her mind for a few days, now. She hates it, because it contains the faintest figment of hope.

And hope can crush you.

"Go? Go where?" Camryn seems genuinely taken aback by the question. She has managed to become somewhat fluent in Summer's heavily-muffled, 'gaggish' language. She pulls her scarf-gag down to make things a tad easier for herself. "Uhh gihhen Uuuu u Bubuh. CUngh Huuu Eh' Mmm GHHhu' humm?" (*I've given you a baby. Can't you let me go home?*) the woman implores with pathetic, pleading brown eyes.

Camryn puts the two bottles away and approaches her captive. "Listen up, doll" she 'affectionately' caresses the girl's cheek, the leather strap tightly denting it into two halves. "You have so much more to give me".

"This is only the beginning..."



Winter

The snow falls down at an angle, already covering the cabin's roof in white. More pure, untouched snow surrounds the cabin. The scenery is the kind you only like to marvel at from inside the warmth of a home. In actuality, the weather is rough and inhospitable.

Inside the house, the skinny woman, with her short, dark-blond hair pulled behind her ear with a pink snap clip, is bobbing her little baby on her knees. She is facing the tiny, old-school TV, while spoon-feeding her little angel some blended carrots and broccoli. A heater is right beside them, working overtime during these cold days.

There was no money for a second heater, so Camryn's forced 'guest' had to make ends meet with her increasingly dirtier, torn pregnancy gown, and the rare, dusty blanket Camryn would toss over her mouth-watering chest. Her lower half was still buck-naked, with an old, discolored and chaffed comforter placed over her bare legs. Summer had definitely forgotten what it felt like to wear underwear.

Now in the 6th month of her 2nd pregnancy, the woman's once porcelain skin has lost its glow, turning pale with the lack of direct sunlight. Her wrists and ankle have a semi-permanent bruise-ring around them, a product of her constant war with her leather bonds.

Camryn has left the ceiling light on this time. This is generally well received, except that the captive woman prefers to sleep her days away lately, so the light becomes an obstacle. Other times, when she might be feeling restless, Camryn might opt to turn the light off. Summer is never asked what she might think about something. She has almost gotten used to her presence not being registered. Her humanity is not worth anything. Maybe her human, functioning organs, like her womb or her milk-producing breasts, but not her.

It'll soon be a year and a half since she was taken from her home in the late hours of that night. The 24-year-old girl's tongue mindlessly traces the smooth curvature of her ballgag. One of many stress-relieving habits the girl has picked up during her incarceration,

Her legs shift against the messy sheets of the mattress, stopping too soon by the leather ankle bands hitched to bed's sides. Her perpetual immobility brings out a constant, shimmering restlessness.

Summer has learned to somewhat control that feeling that would build up to full on panic fits during her first months here. Now, she can talk herself down from that panic-inducing path. Many self-soothing, stress-relieving practices, like picking the skin around her fingernails with her fingers, have been picked up during the girl's incarceration.

The girl swallows, a tad more difficult with a stretched jaw. It's another inconvenience, like the half-blockage of her nose by a layer of dirty fabric (her scarf-gag). But nothing that the girl hasn't experienced so much it is second nature now. Being a captive, a slave has become her existence.

She needs to pee, again. Pregnancy makes you piss like a horse. She's been wanting to pee for the past hour, but Camryn is nowhere to be found. She hopes she'll arrive soon. She usually kills two birds with one stone and combines her pump-feeding with a bathroom break. She's been too busy with the baby lately, only doing the bare necessities for the girl's survival and minimum hygiene.

Summer can hear the TV from the other room, some soap-opera Camryn never misses. It must mean it's a weekday, not that this changes anything for her. It does mean that it is currently afternoon. Summer thinks she'll definitely visit her once more before going to bed. Her thought then leads to whether Camryn will stop by her room to rape her tonight, after putting Phillip to sleep.

A few months ago, Camryn had 'invested' on a strap-on dildo, an 8-inch long and 2-inch thick black monster of a rubber cock. She loved filling her breeder's cunt with that thing, fucking her little round-bellied slave nice and hard. Summer had lost count of the times the woman had propped her on her knees on the bed, with her wrists still tethered together to the metal bars of the headboard. She'd then go to town on the woman's cunt from behind, her huge belly almost touching the mattress as she was fucked hard by her captor.

"MMMMM....MMmmm...MMMMNNG!" Summer moaned into her usual double-gag. Another scarf had been tied over her eyes, Camryn not in the mood for any 'downer', pleading eyes. She was becoming meaner with each day.

Summer's moans matched the pace of the blonde's thrusts, as Camryn was hunched over the bound woman, strap-on-fucking her from behind as she leaned her whole, shapely and slim, naked body over her sex slave's equally feminine one, her small tits pressing on Summer's back. One arm was wrapped around Summer's breasts, squeezing them with her hand, while the other hand was dominantly wrapped around the poor woman's neck, squeezing just enough to get the pretty nurse's cunt dripping more. As she was being cunt-rammed, Summer's taut arms and back also supported her fucker's weight, with little regard for her comfort.

"Yes....yes....YES!" Camryn approached the 'top of the mountain' as the base of the black dildo pressed and rubbed against the nurse's clit with each 'pound', finally making her orgasm wonderfully! Drained, the woman then sunk further onto her plaything, her face dropping sideways on Summer's upper back as a line of drool left the cum-drunk woman's open lips and run down Summer's sides and hanging udder.

Summer's second child birth was as agonizing as the first one, with Camryn keeping her 'no-painkillers' policy intact. After a 5-hour torturous labor, the girl 'gifted' Camryn a beautiful baby-girl. Her hair would be brown like the anonymous donor, her slightly slit eyes, brown like Summer's. The baby's multi-racial ethnicity was as ambiguous as the identity of her biological mother, which she would never come to know.

Summer went through the same cycle of birth-recovery and daily milking to nourish her second child, mothered exclusively by Camryn. She was named Joselin, and Camryn was all over her, just like she'd been with Phillip when he was born.

All was progressing as planned in her increasingly cramped cabin.



It felt like a blink and Summer was in the middle of her 3rd pregnancy. Despite the underlying darkness of her new life, Camryn appeared to have softened up her stance a bit; if that's something you can say about her psychopathic, years-long captor. Maybe motherhood had melted her heart, just a tad.

This was a result of the gorgeous Asian girl's prolonged submission and obedience to Camryn's whims, which the nurse was catching up on. She had earned some of her trust.

None was this 'softening' more apparent than with the freedom to walk around in her room, though still with her collar tethered to the hook on the floor. But she could move her hands freely, so she did not complain about her shackled ankles. Every once in a blue moon, the nurse would bring her jigsaw puzzles or old magazines from the 'outside world' and leave the gagged girl to entertain herself, always in her presence.

The real treat was the rare times where she'd remove the girl's gag. Not just the scarf, all of it! Summer confused this act of kindness for her mistress' routine, cunt-worshipping sessions, reluctantly and automatically moving her lips towards the woman's sex the first time it happened. Camryn chuckled and informed her she could stay ungagged, while the mother folded her babies' clothes. Of course, Camryn never left the room with her slave ungagged. But Summer was so grateful she had been allowed this unexpected freedom. It meant so much to the mentally battered, beaten woman.

It went without saying, that the slightest unwarranted peep from the ungagged woman would betray her owner's trust, and bring terrible punishment, along with the ballgag back between her lips.

- "AAawwww, that's great" Camryn sighed, sitting on the couch of her cabin's main room, watching TV with her bare feet propped on a stool. Her kneeling servant/surrogate, with her tattered robe not concealing any of her nude beauty, was giving her tired soles a much needed foot massage, working her thumbs and fingers meticulously on them. Camryn was holding the almost two-years-old Phillip in her arms. Ballgagged and OTN cleave-gagged, the timid, pregnant slave stole glances towards the baby she brought to life, not daring to seize the pleasing massage of her owner's feet. The baby boy met her brown eyes over the scarf-gag, with a slightly confused, slightly uncaring look. As if sizing this stranger up.

Summer's collar was chain-leashed to another hook on the old wood flooring. She hadn't been allowed outside her room many times before, and it was still a bizarre experience after more than two years in the 20 square meters of her pathetic 'cell'. Simply seeing four different walls than the sky blue of her room was a pleasant change to the submissive woman.

"What are you looking at? I thought someone wanted to eat without the pump for a change" an annoyed Camryn reminded her pregnant slave of the 'deal' the promise she gave her earlier, if she behaved. "I'm sorry, mam" Summer averted her gaze back at her owner's feet, giving them a lingering, meaningful kiss to give her atonement a better chance. She really wanted to taste food again.

Camryn was clear that her 'good side' could vanish like thin air if the big-bellied bitch outstepped her boundaries.

- Camryn was giving her robed slave a haircut in her room, since Summer's long, dark hair was reaching her waist, uncut for about a year. It had lost some of its silky shine and straightness, being more wavy and greasy with the lack of frequent shampooing. Summer's wrists were cuffed in front of her, but she had the privilege of a free mouth. Camryn didn't bother too much with imperfections, cutting the slave's hair with quick, straight snaps so that they reached a bit lower than her shoulders.

The pregnant girl sat by her bedside, not moving and holding her huge belly as Camryn worked on her head. "Do you need the toilet?" Camryn asked hastily, wanted her slave's maintenance to be over sooner rather than later. Summer shook her head, not using words unless absolutely necessary.

Camryn moved in front of the slave-girl and put her face right opposite hers, examining her haircutting work. Summer didn't dare look straight into her eyes, averting them submissively. That shy motion distracted Camryn from her work, speaking to her empowering, slave-owning side.

"You're doing well, doll" Camryn gave an encouraging compliment, softly grabbing the nude girl's chin. Words like these were something truly rare for the 32-year-old girl. Summer did not respond audibly, her gorgeous brown eyes seeming at least relieved she wasn't being reprimanded.

With those slightly moist, brown eyes triggering another moistness 'downstairs', Camryn slowly guided the pregnant girl to lay backwards on the bed. With no words and no orders needed, the pretty nurse pulled down her busy-mom sweat-pants and panties with one motion, slowly climbing on the bed and straddling the girl's face, with her t-shirt still on.

Laying timidly on the bed, Summer did no motions to move away, no disapproving grimaces, letting the girl's (unshaved) pussy lay over her lips, as Camryn's folded naked legs straddled her slave's face. As soon as her pussy-lips made contact with Summer's facial ones, the Asian girl started licking and sucking them, with the years of painful experience accumulated. She knew what Camryn liked and what she didn't and was offering it freely, with no bargains and no deals. Like a good, grateful slave-girl does.

Only thing heard inside the grim room was the gently smacking of Summer's lips and tongue, as they worked the face-ridding Camryn's needy twat. These wet sounds were only interspersed with Camryn's heavy breathing and the occasional nasal inhale, coming from the subservient, cunt-lapping whore, before she 'dove' right back in Camryn's divine, smothering cunt.

This quiet ambience was interrupted by the sounds of a crying baby, little Joselin's cries, coming from the bedroom next door. Camryn did not get up, busy getting off on her human seat. That meant that Summer was not to stop ANYTHING either, if she wanted the rest of her day to not be a living hell, that is.

Camryn started grinding on the girl's licking face. It was something she did often, when she was nearing climax. It was uncomfortable, suffocating and painful, but Summer communicated none of these feelings and kept stimulating her owner to an unplanned, but great orgasm. The unplanned ones were always the best.

- "Guhhh..." Summer groaned softly as her clothed owner unbuckled the ballgag and took it from her mouth, a web of saliva lingering on it. "I need to change your bedsheets. Be a good girl until then" Camryn spoke sternly, authoritatively. "Yes, mam, thank you mam", the very pregnant, kneeling slave, with only her collar and leather bands as her 'clothing' spoke meekly with utmost earnest, wrapping her arms gratefully around the standing woman's leg (covered in some comfy, wide-legged pants) and kissing her idle, dangling hand, unprompted.

"I think you have settled nicely here, right?" the nurse spoke with a very leading question. But she was beginning to imagine a world where her surrogate mother was less of a pain in her ass, and more accepting of her role in her and her family's life.

"Yes, mam, I'm...I'm very happy here" Summer embellished her response with a loyal, subservient voice, tenderly kissing the back of her owner's hand again.



Sitting cross-legged on the wooden floor of the cabin's main room, Summer is doing a crossword from one of these brain-teaser magazines Camryn gave her a few months ago. It was around the time she gave birth to Camryn's third child, another healthy baby-girl, which the nurse named Elizabeth. Already impregnated with the fourth, a couple of weeks ago, Summer is back to a more dexterous shape, though the limit of her movements is still dictated by her bonds, and those are dictated by her unyielding, 33-year-old owner.

The robed woman's collar-chain rattles softly, as she absentmindedly stretches her body from one side to the other, whilst trying to solve the 5-vertical. It is attached the usual floor-hook. Her gag is off, and so are any restrains on her wrist-bands. A few feet from her, Camryn, unalarmed by her slave's relative freedom, is cooking a vegetable soup for her and babies. Her slave will also have some, whether through a tube shoved down her throat, or from a bowl, will largely depend on how eager she's servicing 'mam'.

More importantly, on said 'mam's' mood.

Suddenly, some faint grass rustling is heard from about 10-15 meters outside of the cabin. A couple of hikers have chosen to spend the chilly, but sunny day traversing this hill. The realization of outsider presence hits the two women like a slow-motion impact. In different rooms, both widen their eyes, both realizing that this might be a chance at escape!

With high adrenaline, Camryn quickly grabs a small, serrated knife with a black plastic handle and rushes her collared slave. Summer opens her mouth to scream for help, half a second too late.

"HEEEEEEEEEMMMMMMMMmmmmmmmm!" Camryn tackles the woman on the floor, strongly pressing her hand over the cunt's mouth, with her thumb pointing down towards the girl's chin. "Make another sound and I slice your neck **right now!**" the woman whispered, emphasizing the last two words, pressing the blade with equal intent on the woman's soft throat.

"Yeah, it's pretty nice here this time of year" the female hiker's voice can be heard from a slightly closer distance, as the couple pass by the small cabin. Summer breathes heavily through her nose, her nostrils flaring right above the woman's palm. Her eyes tell Camryn the whole, complicated story, exhibiting equal parts hatred and pleading, as they dart between Camryn's and the direction of the human speech. With her slim, but overpowering weight over the robed girl's, Camryn's eyes Summer with sheer warning, threatening to take her life. "I can do with three kids just fine, believe me..." the young woman says with whispered intensity, to further drive the uselessness of Summer's life home.

"GM...gm..." the faintest, inner groans escape the restless young girl, almost involuntarily, as if her own body tries to go against its owner and sign a death-sentence. Her hand twitches against the floorboards, wanting to bang against the floor, but knowing it shouldn't.

The two women's intimate, soul-burrowing eye contact, with their bodies on top of each other, appears to last an eternity, as Summer and Camryn listen to the hikers' chatting and the grass-crunching of their boots slowly fading away.

Lying on the floor immobile, with her hopes gone, the half-Asian girl lets out a sorrowful whimper on Camryn's handgag and as she blinks, a tear flows down from her eye.



Spring

The aftermath of the recent close-call was Camryn returning to her cautious ways. Summer found herself returning to her windowless room, and losing most of the privileges she had earned during that time. Returning to a life of bondage, a dull life of baby-incubation.

The near collapse of Camryn's plans during that unexpected day brought to the surface the truth of hers and Summer's relationship. It was a relationship that was being built upon the mutual agreement of obedience and submission from Summer's side, in exchange for perks that would make her life more humane and more tolerable. There seemed to be an understanding of cooperation. Of co-existing in this dynamic.

The near-escape proved how fragile it all was. How fake Summer's declared 'allegiance' was. How naive was Camryn, to think the girl would not plunge a knife in her in the back at the earliest opportunity.

Summer spent the next three months in complete isolation and bondage, before the short-haired nurse would feel safe entrusting her with any crumb of agency again.

The young woman's 4th pregnancy was the one that broke Summer's metaphorical back, regarding her psychological strength. After the first month of perpetual bondage on her bed, which caused quite the steer and struggling by the miserable girl, the next were filled with a resigned acceptance from the slave, deeper and more profound than the one of her 1st pregnancy.

Along with this came the girl's complete disregard for her remaining pebbles of dignity. Especially when it came to her sexuality, which until then was only a cause of further frustration and torment for the woman. Sex was something she had to endure, a rape, an act she was at best blackmailed into for a shred of human decency. Her pussy was something she was trying to guard, to keep away from her horrible caretaker.

Nowadays, whether she'd be threading the girl's PVC feeding tube through her ballgag or going to undo her bonds for a bathroom break, Camryn would notice the young woman's restless hips, shifting and grinding against the mattress.

The tied bitch's partying pregnancy hormones, in conjunction with her new, pleasure-seeking, caution-to-the-wind attitude, had made her seek a stimulating, warm touch, or a rough, manhandling one. It didn't seem to matter at this point whether a gentle stroke on the side of her neck or a violent deep-dicking up her asshole; any would be fine! Summer just wanted to FEEL things.

In the past, Summer's pride was not letting her admit such shameful needs to her captor, much less ask for her to 'treat' those needs. But we were past the point of guarding egos and saving face. The all-but-closed door on her return to a normal life had slammed shut after the latest incident.

Summer did not have anything to show for all these years of fighting; so why shouldn't she feel good for 5 or 10 minutes?

Of course, Camryn continued getting her sexual needs met as frequently as before, using her pregnant slave either through her bondage or through the submissiveness that had long since been instilled to her. But Summer now appeared to be more of a participant in Camryn's daily, power-lopsided sexual encounters. Not just seeking the practical rewards of a good cunt-lapping or a skillful ass-eating, but also sexual pleasure from the act itself.

The nurse deemed this breakthrough if not inconsequential, a favorable one.

It was one of these slower, evening 'meetings'. Where Camryn could take her time to disrobe completely, lie by her bed-bound, ball/scarf-gagged captive and savor things. Her three babies were all tucked in next door. This was her time to let off some steam.

Spooning her back-lying, heavily pregnant slave, Camryn had slid her fingers between Summer's thighs and was sensually fingering her. Following her recent behavior, Summer had not done anything to object this normally unwanted treatment. Her moans, muffled by the big, red rubber ball in her mouth and the snug scarf tied over it, were not moans of agony, but of arousal.

With her pleasure increasing, the bound, naked girl turned to eye Camryn, fully flushed. Should she be asking this from her captor? Did it mean that she was a horny, shameless slut, giving in to her kidnapper and abuser like that? Was Stockholm Syndrome a thing, after all? It had all gone very foggy in Summer's lust-high mind.

"It's ok, take it. It's yours" Camryn said with a surprisingly re-assuring tone. She never spoke to her slave gently. The older girl held the pregnant one in an almost romantic embrace, with one arm wrapped around her shoulder and almost head-locking her close to her, and the other diddling the girl towards an orgasm.

As she said those words, Camryn gave Summer a tender kiss on her forehead. “Mmmmmm” the tape-gagged girl let a feminine, submissive moan of pleasure, with closed eyes. It was as if this permission was all she didn’t know she was waiting for. She sunk deeper into her lust, letting Camryn do whatever and however she saw fit to her.

“MMMHHHH....MMMHHHH...!” after a few moments, Summer was panting audibly with sexual anticipation, her hormone-swollen chest heaving up and down. Her lust-swollen cunt lips were dripping with juices that coated Camryn’s whole hand. Keeping her body tightly close to Summer’s and with her face pressed against the heavily gagged girl’s, Camryn finger-banged her pregnant whore to climax.

“GMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMmmmmFFF!” Summer finally tensed her X-shaped, sprawled body in the minimal space her restraints allowed, groaning into her strict, almost suffocating gag as a powerful, orgasm washed over her, with Camryn strongly grabbing her breast and hugging her tightly.

Camryn relished her slave’s new, debauched side, adding ‘orgasms’ to the list of simple, human joys she could bribe her round-bellied bitch with, in exchange for complete submission. The girl’s ‘wrong’ pleasure titillated her too, in a twisted way. She had broken the woman beyond repair.

Summer had a tough time reasoning with herself how low she had sunk to come from her captor’s touch. But she craved to be fucked by her strap-on, or to feel her finger’s inside her. To be her ‘doll’ as she often called her. Of course, Camryn didn’t hand out orgasms like they were grapes in a vineyard. She had her own life, with her work, her troubles, her spare time, and of course, three lovely babies that depended on her. Summer was at the bottom of the woman’s priorities at any time or day.

But Summer’s occasional orgasms, debasing as they were, at least flooded the girl’s system with much needed dopamine, making her feel good for just these moments when her mind could trail off, far away from her horrible predicament. From her dull, meaningless life.

Messed up, Summer would go from crying into her double-gag in the middle of the night or shaking in her bonds to craving Camryn’s attention the very next minute; She craved her company and at her horniest and most vulnerable, her touch. With not much else to bring joy in her life, it was easier to talk herself into these ‘asks’, humiliating as they were. Summer had truly killed her ego, in order to sink into an abyss, without identity, just a collection of nerve endings.

Camryn has kept the room’s door locked. The three-year-old walks around the house now, so it’s not wise to let him burst inside. The nurse has found a nice way to fuck her. While Summer’s wrists are

locked together via her leather bands, their chain clipped to the headboard, her ankles are untethered so that Camryn's long, perpetually hard, rubber cock can slip more easily through the girl's thighs. Laying on her side, the naked, gagged slave is being spoon-fucked by the strapped-on blonde, who's also laying on her side behind her, working her 8-incher inside the girl's cunt.

"MMFff...Mmmfff....mmmff..." Summer moans with each cunt-pounding, as Camryn kisses the lower part of the bound woman's neck and gropes her lactating titties. It is fun for her to see the milk drops flying from the cow's udders when she squeezes her nipples. Summer's arms are forced side-by-side, in front of her and with her hands above her head, in the narrow confines of their chains.

She's trying to focus so that she can get that orgasm she's been craving for a couple of weeks, now. But the scarf tied over her eyes disorients her. It's more difficult to focus on the pleasant sensations of 'mam's' cock sliding along the walls of her pussy, without her sight to keep her centered. But it's what Camryn has chosen, so there's not point dwelling on it.

The naked nurse appears to be enjoying herself, her closed eyes and intense humping of her slave indicative of the fun 'ride'. She just needs that little bit of boost to orgasm. Wrapped up in it, and certainly with no regard for her sexual toy, Camryn wraps both her hands over Summer's already pretty covered face, over the fabric that traps her nose and closes the little hole in her ballgag. Holding her hands tightly over Summer's mouth and nose, the woman is fully suffocating the literally blind-sided girl, who suddenly feels her air blocked, as Camryn's thick rubber hog still works its merry way in her cunt.

"MMmggff! The girl's surprised yelp has no exit route, drowned in her voice box, as Camryn ramps up the speed of her fucking. She shifts and gives an instinctive, life-preserving struggle in the woman's embrace, but Camryn holds her tightly on to her, giving it to her pussy hard and deep.

What the short-haired woman, turned-lesbian these past few years, doesn't know or care to know, is that Summer's ruined psyche is starting to turn this moment of utter helplessness, with her life literally on this woman's hands, into a deprived, sexual dream. Her touch, her sight, her speech and her pussy are Camryn's and hers alone. Her belly is too, carrying something that doesn't belong to her, but to her owner. And now, her air is too.

In this bound, dark limbo and with her lungs burning for oxygen, Summer manages to find a similarly dark, twisted little pathway towards orgasming, and almost as soon as Camryn gets hers, the bound slut climaxes soundlessly, airlessly, under her owner's tight, suffocating embrace.



The 4th birth came and went, as physically taxing and emotionally draining as the rest of them. Camryn's turkey baster shot the 5th semen sample up the woman's baby-factory and the cycle continued, with the girl seeing her stretch-marked, fatigued belly expanding once again with new life. The 5th natural birth (in full bondage and gags just like the others) went without a hitch, Camryn's breeder functioning quite well despite her over-use and difficult life.

Well, there was one different element to this labor. Wrapped up in the sheer idea of it, Camryn straddled her suffering slave's face and made her lick her to completion AS the poor girl was in the middle of birthing her baby. "MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGGH!" Summer cried into her owner's cunt with hers being very dilated. She had trouble being a good oral-pleaser, but Camryn came all the same, mostly due to the pretty, tied, half-Asian crying into her pussy from the labor pains.

Summer had started to lose track of some events, which happened during which pregnancy. It was all becoming a misty clutter in her mind, which was being occupied more and more with her carnal, sexual needs, surrounded by a vast, empty chasm of blind submission to her owner. If Summer lived for something (besides the obvious task assigned to her by Camryn a long time ago) it was for the fleeting sexual gratification 'mam' might offer.

Even the godly appearance of Camryn, or even better, her touch, flooded her slave with hopes of pleasure, and often flooded her pussy in a more literal sense. If the bitch wasn't bothering her, Camryn enjoyed allowing Summer that tinchy bit of freedom, like temporary freedom from bonds or gags, just that so she could enjoy the obscene levels of love and affection the pregnant slut gave her, just for a chance at an orgasm. Camryn was adamant about the slut never touching herself, something that Summer wanted to do more than anything, since her bondage always placed her cuffed hands about 3 feet too far from her cunt. She couldn't even turn around to hump the mattress or the headboard, or something!

She had to rely on her owner for this joy. This made Summer even more depended on the midwife than she already was.

She was becoming a real brainless nympho. A pregnant nympho-slave.

Camryn is sitting at the round dining table of her cabin's main room, reading the newspaper with Stewart, her 3-month old son (and fifth in the line) in her arms. The woman, dressed in a cute, floral dress, is absentmindedly feeding him from his milk bottle, a practice she has gotten very good at. She has bottle-fed a lot of babies this past half a decade.

There's a pleasant feeling between the woman's legs, which she also doesn't really register. Suddenly, her eyelashes flutter, as this feeling becomes more intense. Her slave, quietly lapping at her sex, located underneath the round, cheap, wooden table, has struck a good nerve, as her tongue pleasingly traces, buried between the woman's sex-lips. The kneeling slave works meticulously, focused, her huge, round belly, partially covered by her torn, shambled robe. The coarseness, 'chaffiness' of the once black (now only a dark-grey) leather around her wrists, her ankles and her neck, is also evident of her half-a-decade long enslavement.

Camryn enjoys this 'treat' between her legs, never complimenting or even acknowledging the woman performing oral sex on her. She keeps feeding her baby its milk. It is Summer's breastmilk, though Camryn never allows her slave to breast-feed her children. Feeding is a mother's job, and as far as she's concerned, Camryn is the only mother in this house.

Of course, the baby doesn't register, or seem to care, about details like this, suckling from the bottle's plastic tit hungrily. This one is darker in complexion, with its first hair appearing dark and curly. He doesn't look as much like his mom as others do.

While the baby's being fed, its mother has a different job at the moment, worshipping her owner's cunt. Camryn wants slow, long laps at this hour. She's not a psycho to orgasm with her baby in her arms. She just likes this 'slow-roast'. Depending on her mood, it might escalate into the nurse face-fucking her pregnant whore with her strap-on, before shoving it up her horny cunt.

And Summer will probably be grateful throughout.



Time moved normally for Camryn and her expanding family. The woman was very content with the gifts that Summer had given her. Phillip, Joselin, Elizabeth, Marcus (the fourth baby boy) and Stewart (the fifth boy) were great and Camryn love being their mom and taking care of them.

But with her older toddlers reaching pre-school age, the issue of them uncovering their real mothers' identity was becoming more and more prominent. Phillip and Joselin had spotted Summer more than a few times around the cabin, and they were asking questions about the 'lady under the table'. Camryn reassured the young, naïve souls that she was a house-helper, simultaneously eyeing her slave with a very 'you open your mouth and it'll be the last thing you ever do' kind of look. The broken, submissive woman never dared go against Camryn, bowing her head silently each time (or returning to orally pleasing 'mam').

Camryn never wanted them to discover the secret about their biological mother. She thought it would only tarnish her motherhood, that undeniably vital role in their lives. To Phillip, Joselin or Elizabeth's innocent eyes (the others were still toddlers), the half-Asian, barely robed, pregnant woman's presence in the house came to be as mundane as their morning cereal. As Camryn explained to them, the Asian shoving her face between her spread thighs under the table meant she was "cleaning mommy up, like adults do". And while more graphic acts were kept between closed doors, the little kids came to treat the sight of their mother's slave/helper as normal and ordinary. They never knew any different.

With Summer's 6th consecutive birth approaching, Phillip had his 6th birthday. The young boy was growing, just like the rest of his brothers and sisters. An issue that Camryn was pushing to the back of her mind was now becoming more and more pressing.

The size of the woman's hill cabin remained the same as her multiracial family grew both in numbers and in bodies. Camryn's bedroom was fitting four cribs currently, with the incoming need for actual beds and more space for more younglings also remaining unanswered.

The slave's room would be very useful as a new nursery and the future bedroom of her children. Slowly, a demented idea started sprouting in the nurse's mind. Her toy's pregnancies had all run smooth so far. If only she could made her maintenance more....automatic. It just might work!

Camryn knew she might miss out on some good orgasms, but with 5 kids and more on the way, she had less and less time to dick-rail her pregnant whore. Being a mother was bringing her more joy than any cunt-licking the whore would give her, anyway. Fun as she was, the preggo slut needed to be stashed elsewhere.

Somewhere she'd take up less space.



"I think that just about does it!" the tired nurse wiped the sweat of her bandana-covered forehead, dressed in her field-work suspenders. She had sent the kids to play up the hill, to keep any prying questions off her ears. They wouldn't be seeing or hearing from that 'big-bellied lady that rubbed mom's feet' or 'smooched her pee-pee place' anymore.

Camryn waited for Summer to bring to life her sixth child, a healthy girl she named Gloria, before she re-impregnated her and 'called it quits' on the woman's residency in that increasingly more valuable room. In the cabin's main room, the nurse had removed three of the grey-brown floorboards, to reveal the dirty, short subfloor located underneath, which was too narrow to utilize in many other ways.

Through the hole that three missing floorboards created, the bound, naked, woman could be easily spotted, underneath the cabin's floor level. The half-Vietnamese girl was lying inside a rectangular little fort of cement blocks that barely contained her, stacked about 2 feet high, almost the height of this subfloor.

Her collar's chain, as well as the chains of her wrist and ankle leather bonds, was wrapped many times and locked with padlocks on the cement blocks surrounding the girl's body, letting her do nothing but the narrowest of wiggles. A leather blindfold had been buckled over her eyes, taking away any light from them.

Her feeder ballgag was equally buckled tightly behind her head and reinforced by many strips of duct tape that traced the 'gaps' between the girl's pretty lips and her big, round ballgag. Camryn did not want the bitch to be preserved by her children. She'd tell them the nice, quiet lady had left their home.

Two big scarves had been tied with many knots over the girl's mouth and nose to provide some further soundproofing (tape lining the girl's nose-bridge and cheeks), even though a hole needed to be made on them for the girl's ever-present feeding tube to go through them and down the girl's throat. Camryn wrapped some more tape around the edges of the fabric's hole and the tube, to make another nice seal.

The electric food pump, placed just outside the slave's snug little cement-block 'fort', was next to a big barrel, filled to the brim with nutritious, vitamin-filled, "yummy" gruel that Camryn had spent the past week copiously making and blending. Airtight as it was, it would not expire, lasting the bitch for about a year, before needing a refill. The food pump was programmed to 'feed' its unwilling, underground specimen every day at 12:00, 16:00 and 20:00, with no chance for the cement-caged captive to skip meals.

A catheter had been permanently fixed through the (now) 28-year-old slave's urethra and an enema plug shoved up her ass, letting all waste travel through more tubes and merge with the house's sewer pipes.

Camryn had devised a handy way of getting her breeding cow's nutritious breastmilk straight to her babies' bottles, without having to open her storage each day. The suction cups were already placed with extra 'pump' on the poor girl's areolas, though these times, they led to two clear, PVC tubes, similar to the ones on her feeding one, that were passed through a small hole in her cement enclosure, then up

through the floor of the woman's kitchen base cabinets to end up on her kitchen counter, already hooked to a glass milk bottle. The pump worked 24-hours a day, 7 days a week, so that Camryn always had fresh breastmilk for her babies at any time. All she had to do was unscrew the bottle from the tube-linked cap and store the milk bottle in the fridge, or get it nice and hot straight from the 'tit' and nurse her family.

To keep her baby-maker well-hydrated, another plastic tube was connected to the electric pump. This one was long and tracing it led you to a small hole through the wooden cabin's backside, out in the open, ending in a funnel that faced the sky. This handy fix took care of the baby-factory's water deposits, since the rainwater fell through the funnel, then traveled underneath the cabin to be deposited into the poor girl's plugged face-hole.

During the drier months, Camryn had to manually pour some from her watering pot, every day as she walked around the cabin to water her plants. This often brought to mind the sweet parallels between her plant life and her entombed-alive slave.

Just like she was watering her plants to grow, she was watering her baby to grow (through its suffering mother).

"MMMFggn! NGGgg!" Summer made some more blinded pleas through her gag, pulling against her restraints which budged about as much as you'd think the girl could move a giant cement block; Not at all. Her arms were flat at either side, able to shuffle only slightly, as much as her legs, which could bend at the knees very little until the chains stopped them.

Summer's anxious, weak struggles only made her pant from the stale air underneath all these layers of gagging. "Almost done, doll. Then I'll leave you to your peace" Camryn said, jumping into the 4 foot gap between her floor and the muddy, natural subfloor. She had left her preggo whore with a little 'parting gift'. It would add a few dollars to her electricity bill, but just thinking about it would make up for it in months or maybe years of masturbatory inspiration.

The 6-month-pregnant damsel was not *completely* naked, since Camryn had 'generously' fashioned a tight, crotch rope around her waist and through her crotch. Summer's rough, biting, hemp-rope thong secured snugly against Summer's naked sex a magic-wand style vibrator. Its bulbous head pressed firmly against the woman's cunt, plugged in and ready for 'action'.

"This will keep you warm during the winter days. I'll remove around April" Camryn notified her utterly helpless baby-maker, tossing a tarp over the naked woman to completely cover her. It was December.

The girl's oxygen became even more scarce with this cover over her. It quickly became apparent to the blindfolded, heavily gagged girl that if she knew what was good for her, she would not struggle and save that precious oxygen that managed to reach through the tarp, through her scarf and into her nostrils.

This would be made even more difficult after what Camryn did next.

"Bye, doll, check on you in about 8 or so months to get my baby" Camryn spoke and flipped the ON switch on the vibrator's plug, sending a perpetual, never-ending wave of stimulating vibrations.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" the faintest moan of sudden, forced pleasure managed to make it through all these soundproofing layers. The woman's bound body squirming in her strict bonds was only hinted at through the faintest rustling of the tarp.

"That oughta keep you happy, whore" Camryn smirked, sliding the metal double-door she had attached to the top of the cement blocks to meet over the doomed woman. She wrapped a thick chain around the handles and padlocked that chain securely, just like with the rest of her breeder's bonds.

Summer's squeals/cries of both torturous stimulation and pathetic pleas for mercy, barely made it through to Camryn, as the pretty midwife replaced the floorboards back in their place, then tossed a lovely, thick carpet over that 'ordinary' spot on the floor.

"Kiiids! Time for lunch!" Camryn called her running-around children back, from the cabin's doorstep.



Summer's mushy, melted brain is firing on only a couple of neurons. One neuron is screaming for her cruel martyrdom to be over, and something, somehow to make this lightless limbo or arousal stop. The other neuron is happily firing away, blacked out from yet another, difficult, orgasm. They get kind of painful after the 6th or 7th one, with the woman's body not knowing how to respond to this relentless stimulation.

It's a good thing it's raining outside and all that rainwater flows through the pipes down the girl's spread mouth, replenishing the excess moisture she constantly loses from the sexual draining.

"MMNNGG! NNGG!" Summer tenses her body again, as the 12th orgasm of the day squeezes her body. She of course, doesn't know it's the 12th one. She doesn't know most things. Like what time of day it is, or what month, or what year. She can only guess it is around Summer, or Spring, since the tarp has been removed from her naked body. Her naked, pregnant body still sweats often, but it is juts from the warm weather and the dampness of her enclosure.

While she does not know, Summer feel a lot. She feels the muddy, hard ground she lays on; she feels the rigidity of her chained body, the cloth tightly smothering her face and her jaw sore from being spread from her feeding ballgag. Her eyes never open, put away from the world by the leather blindfold pressing over them.

She feels a different kind of chaffing soreness on her irritated nipples, as her tits are sucked dry from the constant pumping of the machine. But her body will always make more life-giving milk, and the pump will be there to take it from her and give it to Camryn.

A pleasant side-effect (for Camryn that is) is that her sow's sexual stimulation produces more milk out of her swollen tits. And Summer has been getting quite a lot of that, with her vibrator drenches in cunt juices, but never stopping its mechanical stimulation, tethered tightly by the fierce crotch rope and increasing the pregnant cow's breastmilk production.

A few feet above the bound orgasm-machine, Camryn doesn't even register the extra droplets of milk running and dropping into the half-full milk bottle. It is another house appliance, just like the poor girl.

Perhaps above all else, Summer feels the unending buzzing her crotch-strapped vibrator inflicts on her. Even the minimum shifts of her hips across the dirt do not make the stimulation any lighter, since the head of the magic wand follows her wherever her cunt goes, tightly tied to it with the ruthless hemp rope, perpetually soaked in the girl's horned-up secretions.

The size of the girl's belly is only apparent to her from the weight it exerts on the rest of her body, and her bigger inertia whenever she twists and turns in another violent climax.

She's closing the 8th month of her 7th pregnancy. Camryn has cleverly hooked a little electronic sticker patch on the side of buzzing vibrator's head. It can chemically track amniotic fluid and send a wireless signal to a receiver that patiently waits by the woman's nightstand. If her breeder's water breaks, Camryn will know it immediately.

And so, Summer's years passed by like a dark, orgasm-filled haze, underneath the floorboards of her captor's cabin. Her female organs were utilized again and again, until Camryn had 10 beautiful babies, all faintly resembling their cursedly beautiful, Vietnamese/Caucasian mother. Her dark-brown hair grew all around her chained body, reaching well below her thighs. Even though the woman was barely 30, long streaks of grey hair were making an appearance; a result of the woman's rotting mind and intense, unwavering stress.

After the 2nd year of her underground burial, the woman's sexual organs could not keep up with the perpetual buzzing her pussy was receiving. The woman would writhe and shake in frustrating misery, often injuring herself by slamming the back of her head on the ground or yanking too hard at her ankle, collar and wrist bonds, unable to make her jaded, numbed pussy achieve resolution. Sentenced in this sexual purgatory, the cursed woman would scream so hard, her harshly gagged cries would even 'make it' to the 'upper floor', the human realm.

"You hear that kids? That's the ghost of the girl who wouldn't finish her vegetables" Camryn explained to her spooked children, all sitting around the dining table. "So eat up, all she'll haunt you" she's use that cautionary fairytale and her little family army would suddenly empty their plates in adorable fear.

Camryn's plan had worked better than anticipated. Her breeder's pregnancies and births went smoothly. When the slut's water would break and Camryn's beeper would go off, she'd shoo her children off, usually 'bribing' them with unlimited outdoor-play time, so that she could prepare for the delivery. It was fun to see Summer actually orgasming during her labor into strong painasms, usually attributed to the nurse's human touch. Just touching her thigh or belly (along with skillfully working the vibrator's round head against her dilated pussy), would send the bound mother into gagged, feral screams that would pop blood vessels. Giving birth while coming was as intense as it was fucked up. But Summer had no room in her broken mind for much 'thoughts'.

When the kids returned, they'd see mommy hold a newborn baby in her arms, with nothing else appearing changed, and Summer locked back in her underground 'room'. Camryn was not the best

biology teacher to their kids, telling them that the stork brought another 'gift' to their lucky family. The homeschooled kids had no reason to not believe mommy.

The kids, now the oldest reaching 8 and 9 years old, never saw Summer again, or got a whiff that their biological mother was helplessly buried just a few feet beneath them. Her own children often sat on that red carpet that concealed her 'cell', blissfully playing with their toys or doodling drawings.



Summer

It was a beautiful, sunny day. The sky clear of any clouds, the slight breeze soothing in the warm weather. The walk to the top of that hill is only a 5-minute one, maybe 10 if strolling up-hill tires you quickly. Camryn though it would be a nice place to commemorate the woman that helped make her dreams of a big, wholesome family come true. It was around this season she had brought the woman to her household. It was much emptier then, now full of life, laughter, crying, but life nonetheless. Life had made another circle, and it was time for this one to close.

“MMNGGFFF! MMNNGG!” Summer struggled inside the narrow, 6-feet-deep ditch that Camryn had taken the whole day off to dig, as she looked up at the shovel-holding woman with weak eyes, exhibiting their last beat of defiance. Her wrists were taped behind her back, her ankles and knees also having multiple wraps of duct tape around them. Her mouth was also harshly taped all around her head, Camryn’s panties sealed in her mouth as a ‘farewell present’. Camryn had dressed her in her scroungy, satin pregnancy robe, a fitting dress-code for a perpetual mother to depart this mortal world. No coffin or anything fancy encased the squirming woman. Only the single white bedsheet she once had in her room, was placed over the brown, muddy ground for her to lie on.

Two slim blocks of wood had been fashioned into a cross and plunged into the soft soil, right in front of the woman’s natural grave. No name, no high honors. Summer had pass on gracefully, modestly from this world, having fulfilled her purpose. The purpose Camryn had chosen for her. It was a few days since Miss Taylor-Ngyuen had gifted the midwife her 10th child, and Camryn had decided it was time to say goodbye.

“I will never forget what you did for me, doll” Camryn said looking down at the struggling girl. Camryn’s was never one for speeches, her thank you was quick and laconic, as she started shoveling the pile of dirt back into the hole, covering the moaning, struggling damsel bit by bit in dirt.

“MMMMMMMMMGG! NNNNG!” Camryn had a peaceful expression, baring the sense of true, life accomplishment, as she gradually buried the tape-bound, hastily robed damsel in the soil she would soon return to. As the dirt covered Summer’s body and finally her face, her gagged moans came out softer and softer and with each layer of mud tossed on top, it became harder for them to reach Camryn’s ears.

When the woman was patting the top layer of mud with the outside of her shovel, the mud-drowned moans had either seized completely, or could not make it to the earth’s surface. It didn’t matter either way.

Camryn sighed, the way someone does after a chapter in their life has closed successfully, but another, more exciting one is up ahead. She then made her merry way down the hill. Towards her peaceful little cabin.

Towards her family.

