

The Crown's Jewels

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Laura takes a sip from her plastic coffee cup, all ready for her drive to work. Large sunglasses cover her pretty eyes, while her light brown, long hair that reach all the way down her rump, have been straightened and straightened to perfection, lightly swaying along with her steps. She's wearing a black, pencil leather skirt, which perfectly hugs that inward curve of her waist, and reaches down to her knees. She has paired that with a plaid shirt, the sleeves rolled up to just above her wrists. And of course, she never leaves the house, without a pair of eye-catching sandal heels. Her gorgeous toes always look better in them.

The 25 year old woman is in a rather cheerful mood. Why wouldn't see? Life has been good recently. She was finally hired as a substitute philosophy teacher in a nearby high school. It's hard, but exciting! On top of that, she's also dating this great guy over the past 6 months, after a bad streak of assholes.

Things are going baby's-butt-cheek smooth, for the first time in years!

Laura walks on the sidewalk, towards her car, that's parked a few yards away from her doorstep. She fails to pick up the presence, looming not far away from her.

They say that people can subconsciously pick up on things like that. When someone is watching them, when a threat resides around them. But it's not that simple. Unbeknownst to Laura, a pair of cold, almost lifeless eyes has been locked on her, ever since the moment she opened the blinds on her bedroom window. And that was two hours ago...

The eyes, red from sleep-deprivation, but still wide-awake, unblinking, driven with purpose, track the woman's form, following it like a magnet. They always do, at least whenever the line of view is not obstructed by her house's walls, or windows.

But now, as she's out in the open world, they can marvel at her all they like. Those slim calves of hers, their curvature sending out a spark from the morning sunrays, the outline that starts from her fit thighs, then her gorgeous ass, then that soul-melting inward bend of her waist. And of course, that other skin-

chilling bow, the one on her beautiful breasts, forcing the shirt buttons there to work just a little harder than the ones below, on her belly.

Her glossy lips appear like pink-colored, gates of pleasure. There are other “Pearly Gates” too, of course, but he hasn't seen those. Not yet.

What he has gotten a better look at are the true crown's jewels of this beauty's body. One starting at the top and two more at the bottom. Her gorgeous hair and feet.

The bloodshot, stuck-wide eyes are transfixed on the unsuspecting Laura's satin-like, sun-kissed brown hair. Their length is a rarity and they move so gracefully free around her curvy body. Oh how he wishes he could run his fingers through them, or circle them in his grip and pull hard. Anything! It would be heaven!

Laura's 7.5 size feet, looking alluring in any kind of sexy heels she chose that day. Being sandal-heels today, they will provide more memories that will last for weeks! Their pedicured, perfect toe-nails only excite the imagination. The guy places the bottom of his hoodie to obstruct the very apparent hard-on outlined by his sweatpants.

The lifeless eyes in question belong to a man in a drastically different condition than Laura. He is skinny like a heroin addict, though his drugs are more of a sexual nature. He hasn't showered in days, and his scruffy beard and short, dark hair, are in desperate need of a grooming. He has been stalking her almost every day, for the past three weeks.

The greasy, pale man, somewhere around his mid-to-late thirties, is sitting on a bus stop, on the opposite sidewalk that Laura currently walks on. As the girl passes him from across the road, she turns her head, glancing at him for a moment. He lowers his gaze, reflexively. Laura thinks nothing of the stranger and steps inside her car, a red Toyota Yaris. He lifts his eyes just enough to watch as the car moves down the road, and out of his sight.

6: The Nuances between Sleep and Unconsciousness

Her boyfriend is away this weekend, on a work trip. But Laura still likes wearing his (three numbers larger) shirts for bedtime, even when he is not sleeping over. She likes how they smell like him and it feels as if he's with her. Not to mention, they're sooo large and comfy! Only other clothing Laura wears with them is her panties. No need to bother with a bra, when no one is around to see you, right?

Laura walks up the stairs of her two-story house. It's taller than it's wider, but if everything works out, someday it won't be. She slips under the covers, browsing through her social media, with her laptop on her lap. The window on her left side is half-open. She likes the nice breeze it lets in, but she sometimes forgets to close it, too sleepy and bored to get up.

This is one of those nights.

It's actually a privilege to be living in a suburban enough area, where you can actually hear the sound of crickets at night. It is so soothing and calming, and now, at 3 A.M., it's the only sound that can be heard in Laura's bedroom. The girl is sleeping like a baby. Her freshly shampooed hair is left to fall natural, following their flaunting lines and curves around the two hills of her ample, C-cup breasts, before draping down either side of her hips and ass, over the sheets. She is still wearing her BF's shirt, unbuttoned over her bare breasts. It's the white one, with the blue, vertical stripes. It was the first he "let her keep" and it's still her favorite.

In her vulnerable, peaceful state, the sleeping Rapunzel has no idea that a wooden ladder has been placed right under her bedroom window. She also does not hear the sound of the window, being lifted just enough to grant illegal access to a shadowy figure.

The man moves slowly and stealthily, putting one foot through the window, then the other. His heart should be pounding like crazy, but this only applies to normal folks, not psychopaths. He spots her sleeping form, half covered by the bed sheets. He approaches her bedside slowly, holding a mysteriously moist rag on his gloved hands.

He looks down at the girl, who is probably dreaming of something beautiful right now. She has that tranquil look on her face. She lays there, so dreadfully helpless and so blissfully unaware of that helplessness. Everything she has taken for granted will disappear in an instant.

With a sweeping motion, the relatively lightweight man jumps over her, straddling the woman's body. It will provide better leverage for the struggle that is sure to commence. Laura has not even opened her eyes yet, in that split second that her sleep has been rudely interrupted by a sudden weight on her, but when she feels the wet rag being roughly pressed over her face, her eyes pop up wide open!

For the first half a second, the girl is too startled to do anything, trying to process what in the hell is happening! But after that half a second is gone, and her eyes meet his, through a dark ski-mask, Laura starts flailing and screaming like a deranged person. Very justifiably so.

Or at least, she tries to fight. Because anyone is straddling your belly and one of your arms is already pinned against your side by that straddle, it's tough to do much. The man is using one hand to pin Laura's only free wrist down and the other to keep the pressure of the large rag over her mouth and nose, turning her desperate calls for help into something more akin to anxious cat meowing.

The chemical that has seeped into the rag is called chloroform, and is a regularly used drug for performing anesthesia during surgical procedures. It works fast, rendering a subject unconscious within seconds of inhaling it.

“MMMGG! MNNNGGFF!” the moaning woman’s legs, naked apart from a pair of warm, calf-high, purple socks over her feet, are slamming and flailing up and down against the mattress. It's the only part of her body with some freedom of movement, but it is not doing much for her. In the struggle, her laptop, which was laid beside her on the bed, is propelled off, slamming on the floor with a cracking sound.

Laura is trying with all her strength to dislodge the attacker with her bucking hips, but he keeps riding her like a sentient mechanical bull, pinning her down at all costs. He doesn’t look muscular at all, rather skinny in fact, but he has good leverage and the element of surprise to help him.

In the barely lit room, he can see the pure fear and panic in the girl's eyes, as she's fighting for what might as well be survival. Rarely do uncalled-for assaults end well for the recipient.

The fight might seem long to both participants, but it actually lasts about 10-12 seconds. That's when Laura has breathed in 3 or 4 good puffs of chloroform fumes, and her body suddenly feels incredibly heavy. She can't turn her head away from the rag anymore, nor do her shapely legs reach the heights they had moments ago. Her eyelids weigh a ton, as they flutter for a brief, last stand, before closing completely. Her body follows, going fully limp, under the man's weight.

The attacker slowly removes the knock-out rag from the damsel's face. Once again, she looks serene. No one would be the wiser to the fact she was violently forced into that second sleep. He puts the outside of his palm against her half-gaping mouth. There was the slight risk of suffocating her during the struggle. He can feel the warmth of her breath against his skin. Good news.

With his prey incapacitated, the man gets a peak from out her window. No lights from any neighboring houses have opened. No one knows he is here. Well, Laura knows, but she can't do much about it at the moment. The ski-masked invader slowly closes the window. He turns back to his main focus. That beautiful prize he just won. He tosses her sheets aside. He looks down at her, tracing his look, from her angelic face, down to her nipples, now exposed from the oversized shirt that's now dangling rather open. Then further, to her dark-blue, Brazilian-style panties, and even lower, towards her socked feet.

From a very young age, he was always fascinated with women's feet. His happiest childhood memories were those of summer times at the beach, where you couldn't turn your gaze somewhere and not be greeted by naked, (or at the very least, sandaled) feet. Their slenderness, their curves, they were as erotic to him as the more 'mainstream' curves that most people were drawn to. He'd often go inside that little wooden stall that people used to change into their swimwear and masturbate furiously, with the fresh mental image of beautiful, 'undressed' feet in his mind.

This obsession went hand-in-hand with his adoration of women's hair. A long, gracefully draping mane was the pinnacle of femininity for him, and so it became a huge pole of attraction. Few things were as stimulating as a woman swaying, flaunting her beautiful, long hair. These slow-motion shampoo adverts were as good as pornography for him.

Laura could have never guessed that having such long, well-cared-for hair and keeping her feet pristinely pedicured and her nails polished, would backfire so hard. There were other pretty girls in the area, sure. But for him, Laura ticked all the boxes, for him to "choose" her, over anyone else.

The lean, junkie-looking man turns the limp woman on her belly and grabs a hold of her bare feet, carefully, as if they'd shatter into a thousand pieces by his touch. He pulls off the socks, one by one, to reveal her feet in all their beautiful glory. He knows he shouldn't be wasting time. There will be plenty for him to spend with this cute pair of lollipops. But he just wants a little preview. He wraps his hand around the girl's sole, rubbing his palm all across the length, pressing it. They are so soft, so tender. He places his fingers between each of the girl's toes, feeling the crevices and nooks of her feet. He does that to both; no reason to leave one foot neglected.

His appetite increases. He bends over, holding one foot with both hands. He removes his mask. He wants to enjoy this. His lips meet the bottom of the girl's foot, as he starts kissing them gently.

Unconscious, Laura has no say in any of this. With the dosage she received, the drug won't wear off for at least a couple of hours. The man leaves no inch of surface unkissed, from her heel, to her sole, to her bridge, to her big toe. He is truly worshipping the unconscious woman's feet, like a 5-headed deity.

Too worked up, the man pulls down his pants and starts rubbing his fully erect cock, against the knocked-out woman's sole, coating the girl's gorgeous sole with his precum. He stops himself. It wouldn't be good to leave DNA evidence in the scene of the crime. There's still work to be done.

But his lust is uncontrollable. Driven by only that, he places Laura's dead-weight feet next to each other in a way that trap his cock, like the two buns of the world's greatest hotdog. In the darkness of the unconscious, poor Laura has no idea that the home intruder is moving her soles up and down the length of his shaft, massaging his cock with the bottoms of her feet.

It feels so good! He's worked up with anticipation so much so that he climaxes after only a few foot-strokes, his seed flying from his toe-lodged cockhead onto the sleeping beauty's underwear-covered ass.

With a clearer head, the man gets back to work, pulling out a roll of black tape from his belt. First, he wraps the tape around her upper arms and upper chest, then pinning the arms further against the torso by doing the same to the elbows and lower chest. He pays little care that Laura's breasts are fully visible between two lines of tape, the unbuttoned shirt doing nothing to hide them. He then binds the girl's wrists. If Laura had her senses, she'd probably complain from the painful strain at this point.

The assailant then moves on to restrain her feet. Thighs, knees, ankles. They all snugly fuse into one limb. He gives each restrain point a good 4-5 coils of tape. No reason to be careless. He then turns her back the other way. He needs to gag her, in case the drug wears off mid-trip. Noticing the jizz stain on the woman's ass, he figures he needs to get rid of that, too. Pulling them carefully so as to not contaminate the room, he shoves the semen-stained, purple panties in the woman's mouth. It's a good thing you can't taste things while unconscious. Her mouth is full, but not full enough.

His eyes then fall on the pair of thick, pink socks, lying on the floor. He picks them up and puts one into the other, forming a nice folded ball of cotton. He fills with them the gaps in the girl's mouth, filling it well and pushing the balled up, cum-soaking panties further down her throat. She'll be fine, she won't choke on him, probably.

He seals the stuffing with some more tight wraps of tape, the tape going between his victim's teeth, living her pretty lips visible, on either side. It won't make any difference if she can't spit her garments out. She can't. More black tape goes around and around the girl's head, rendering Laura's eyes useless.

With that out of the way, it's time to proceed to the "camouflaging" portion. Witnesses are improbable at this hour, but best be safe than sorry. The stalker produces an XXL plastic trash bag. He unfolds and lays it next to Laura's body, on the bed and bit by bit, envelopes her inside, first her legs, then the pelvis, then the rest follows. When he is done, Laura is completely encased in the trash-bag, appearing no different than a large pile of garbage.

He wants to be thorough, though. That means more tape, over the woman's bagged body. The black tape was not randomly chosen, merging with the bag's color. He wraps new coils of tape over the plastic, forcing tight against Laura's mostly bare skin. Over and under the breasts, another coil around the waist and hands, then around her knees and ankles. The woman is wrapped like a small Christmas tree, at this point.

The man picks the trash bag up in his arms, tossing it over his shoulder. It responds the same way a pile of garbage would. Only obeying gravity. He walks down the stairs to the living room, where he has no trouble finding Laura's car keys. They are bundled with all the house keys, and the whole key holder is

currently on the front door, from the last time Laura locked it shut for the night. The man unlocks it, and exits the house. Luckily for him, Laura's Yaris is parked close to the house, this time. He opens the trunk with a click, and places the well-observed bound woman inside. He opens the top of the bag, just to stick the woman's head out. He then carefully ties the yellow laces around her neck, not too tight to cut off air supply, not too loose to let room for escape. Right now, Laura's head is the only part of her body sticking outside the bag.

The man takes the wooden ladder, and tosses behind the house on some bushes. He then moves back and enters the vehicle's driver seat. The soft hum of the engine now accompanies the crickets, as the Yaris pulls out from its parking spot, into the dark road.

5. Debating Sharp Objects

About 2 hours into the ride, the car passes a bump. The shake is enough to wake the unfortunate Laura from her innocent slumber. It would probably be better if she stayed asleep throughout the trip. Sadly for her, the dose of chloroform was not generous enough.

The 25 year old woman feels like she's opening her eyes, but nothing changes in her vision. Same complete blackness as before. She quickly realizes her enforced immobility, that's pretty spread from head to toe. She twists and turns, trying to find some leeway, but she doesn't find anything. The thin plastic crackles as she slithers in place, the only movement she can kind of make. "HMMMMMMhgggg?" she lets out a meowing, worried moan. No response. "MMMMMnnnnn!" she squeals louder, trying to reach the trunk's door. Sideways as she's laying, she can't even achieve that.

As the man drives into the wild night, he spots a police car, parked on the side of the road. Its sirens are flashing, blue and red illuminating the spot. The sociopath looks, with an unfazed expression. He keeps his speed the same. He spots the two police officers, on the side. They are writing a ticket to some biker guy, for drunk driving, presumably. Laura's red Yaris passes by the two cops, who only shot a glance towards it.

If only this biker wasn't keeping them busy, Laura might have a chance at being rescued. Her moans never reach their ears, over the engine's roar and the tires' friction with the asphalt.

Inside the trunk of her car, Laura is losing it. Her claustrophobia has reached peak, not only from the darkness and the physical restriction inside that small, closed space, but also from the sweat and heat, generated from the plastic seal around her body, as well as the workout that has been her constant struggling and pulling against her bonds. Laura is not feeling very well, arguably. She has generously soaked her bedtime socks and panties with her saliva, tasting the man's cum and feeling some more on her bound feet.

Nothing inside the trunk can help her escape, either. A small gas tank, some kick-start jumper cables, some old shopping bags forgotten there. It's not like she can grasp much, through the garbage bag.

The ride ends after 3 hours. The sun has started rising, in a clear, quiet sky. Birds have started chirping, from the trees on either side of the road. Nothing in the environment indicates the menacing future Laura has in front of her. The car turns into a gravel road, for about 300 meters, before reaching a

tiny house, like a cement-walled shed. Not another residence lies for at least 100 meters from it, the area being scarcely inhabited.

The house itself looks completely out of shape, the walls outside are dirty, with most of the paint peeled off, the wood on the windows and front-door half-frayed. It certainly doesn't appear to have a housekeeper.

The man parks the car behind the house, in a small spot with tall grass. It's best to leave the vehicle of a missing person out of easy sight. He opens the trunk, very casually. He's not worried of a possible jump attack from inside. He has taken good precautions against that.

The woman, with some of her attractive brown hair stuck on her forehead from the intense sweating, looks vaguely up, in his direction. She's panting, already exhausted. As soon as she feels the man's hands picking her up, she renews her protests. "Nnnnn! NnnnnnnNNNNGG" she tries to object as best as her circumstances allow, but he doesn't budge, one bit.

With the bound woman in both arms, he kicks his back-door open. He rarely closes that one, a clear indication that there are not many valuables worth protecting inside.

Laura cannot yet see this, but the interior of the house is not that different from the exterior. The floor has dirt on it, the couple of chairs are barely standing and the bed on the only other room is a single, metal futon that has rust all over it. A single sheet is all tangled, over the thin mattress.

All around the room are scattered women's shoes, mostly heeled, sexy footwear. All stolen from motel rooms, gym lockers and the rare break-in. All at one point worn by beautiful women. He likes to sniff them and hold them, the closest proxy to these women's actual feet. Hanging from rusty nails on the wall are Ziploc bags filled with various strands of hair. Blonde, black, red, brown, straight, wavy, frizzy, there's all kinds, each grouped according to the person they belong to.

The mysterious origin of these bags of clipped hair is only worrying.

Trashed up as she is, Laura is struggling like a worm on the end of the bait, but despite his lightweight, the man is still stronger than her. He tosses her on the bed and takes out a switchblade. The sound of it opening immediately sends Laura into a weeping fit. The man won't stab her, but he doesn't bother explaining this to her. Rather, he cuts the top part of the bag, before reaping it piece by piece, removing the outer wraps of tape from Laura's body. The woman is not much freer than before, but at least her pores can breathe some.

The man has more cutting to get to. With sharp flicks, he frees the woman's ankles, knees, and thighs. Laura wants to kick like hell throughout this, but she's torn by what's happening. Maybe he cuts her if she moves, maybe if she has more freedom she can try to escape later. Maybe she should fight this right now! Tough to make decisions like that when you're scared shitless.

The man then carefully cuts the tape around the woman's wet eyes, which meet his for the first time since the rude awakening he gave her. She glances at the horrifying room, not finding a good sign in what she sees. She shakes her head left and right, the international sign for "PLEASE, NO".

But, he's not in the mood for conversation. He rarely talks ever, never mind now, where his eyes are almost bestial with lust. With his intentions clear, he moves towards her.

The gagged teacher immediately starts kicking like hell, flailing her naked feet at his direction. "Mm!....Nnnn!..nngg!" she grunts with each kick that hits nothing, inadvertently 'flashing' her feet at him and exciting him more.

He finally times a grab correctly, catching one leg in the air. He slams it down on the creaky sounding bed, and pins it down with his knee on her calf. "MMMMMMmggg!" Laura yelps in pain, unable to get off.

A man of few words, the abductor is distracted by the woman's feet, putting his hands on the seemingly bear-trapped woman's foot, rubbing it, essentially groping it. Laura is weirded by this unexpected kind of assault. She still shudders and cringes at this man's filthy paws rubbing her foot like her boyfriend would her pussy.

This creep has an obvious thing for feet.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMGggggg, PPPPIIIIIIIIIhh!" Laura screams, but the man has already lowered his pants, and is climbing over her. Someone else would have their sexual partner shower first, with that amount of sweat on them (the woman steamed inside that garbage bag), but he doesn't care. He wants her right then and there.

With her arms securely behind her back, Laura can't push the man away, but only shuffle her body from side to side. He has already positioned himself between her legs, so as far as kicking him away goes, that ship has sailed, too.

The man flashes his blade right before her eyes, which stops Laura's fight in its tracks, the girl now locking her big, wide eyes at it. The noise in the room has been cut instantly. Laura is breathing rapidly through her nostrils, taking in his message. It's hard to gauge whether his threat is sincere, or whether it's just an attempt to save himself the inconvenience of another struggle.

But Laura does not have the luxury to risk this. She stays frozen in her tracks, eyeing the man, petrified.

The boney man steadies her with one hand with a restricting grab of her neck, while guiding his fully erect cock inside her pussy. If Laura is wet with something down there, it's probably sweat, and not sex juices. She definitely doesn't want him.

"MMMMmmmgghhFF!" she whimpers as she feels his long, rocky dick being driven inside her, then deeper and deeper with each successive thrust, as if burrowing her tight sex hole then and there. Laura cries into her tape gag, as the man is too preoccupied to listen to her complaints.

The springs of the old, rusty bed squeak with each thrust. Laura can only take her rapist's advances, letting out short moans, synched rhythmically with his thrusting. Laura feels the man not just pinning, but also squeezing her neck, as he's fucking her, making her already labored breathing even more difficult. As if she wasn't feeling helpless enough.

The man speeds up his pounding, roughly grabbing her right breast, digging all five fingers in it, then pinching her nipple, then leans his face upsettingly close to Laura's, taking a big, far from discreet sniff of her ample, straight brown hair. To him, they smell like the first spring flowers. He grabs a hold of them firmly, pinning his sex-toy's head down on the mattress as he fucks her harder, his cock pulsing.

"MMMMMMMMGgg!" the girl looks up at him with pleading, puppy eyes. His pace accelerates; his face is practically buried in Laura's brown hairlocks, pressing side-by-side with her taped face, until Laura feels a warm liquid shoot up inside her!

Having filled her with his load, the man steps off her, and without a word or look, moves towards the kitchen, to grab a glass of water and clean himself up. Laura lays, defeated on the bed, her head turned away from him, her eyes looking at nothing.

After a short rest for both "lovebirds" Laura sees the man approach her. She shuffles away from him, at least as much as the bed she lays on allows her. Her pink socks can be faintly seen, trying to poke over or under the tape that's pressing them in the girl's mouth. It doesn't help her keep her cool, when she sees his switchblade come out, once more.

But the man only cuts the tape around her mouth, freeing the underwear and socks. "Please, i have some money in my house! I'll give it all to you if you let me go. Just please don't..." her desperate, pleading speech is cut short by the man's raised finger on her lips. Laura shuts up.

He opens up a can of spam meat, spoon-feeding it to Laura. It's very bad, but Laura complies. A glass of water follows. Laura is too thirsty to say no, simply hoping that water is not spiked with anything.

With that out of the way, the man places a pair of metal handcuffs over her wrists, after removing the black tape that was binding them. Tape is not a good, long term solution. He then picks her up to a stand by one arm. Laura offers some small resistance, but the pressure with which he is holding her arm indicates she best obliges him.

With her neatly trimmed, recently raped pussy out 'in the open', a terrified Laura is led towards a small hatch at the corner of the tiny space. How can this dump have a hatch? she can't help but wonder. The man opens it up, only darkness emanating from it. There's a secret basement!

The guy drags the woman down the stairs with him. He flicks a switch on and a bare bulb lights up on the swampy, dark space, producing a surely dying light. Laura can immediately smell mold and mud, the small room well 'equipped' with both. There are some industrial tools laying around, some broken furniture, not much else.

The man now drags Laura to the opposite wall of the hatch, the darkest corner. There is a huge pipe, going from the side of the ceiling onto the nearest wall. "Are you gonna keep me here?" Laura asks with a trembling voice. The man doesn't answer, but attaches a chain onto the cuffs, padlocking the two together, before passing the other end of the chain around the thick pipe on the wall. The woman can either stand or sit, but either way, she's not letting go of that pipe.

"I beg you...just...what is your name?...mine is Laura" the girl speaks as politely as possible, trying to appeal to any fragment of humanity this person might have. But the man remains silent, not even granting her a glance. With his job here done, he shuts off the -barely functioning- light, and walks up the wooden staircase of his secret hideout. "D...DON'T LEAVE ME HERE...I'LL...I'LL..." her panicked proposal is cut short by the loud thud of the hatch, plunging her into darkness.

4: If you scream with a gag, does it make a sound?

Laura did not remain very quiet throughout her stay in her abductor's cold lair. After about 45 minutes of alternating between screaming, chain-pulling and crying, the philosophy teacher saw the hatch open, only for the man to approach her, holding a cut piece of what once was a bed sheet. The piece of cloth was much longer than wide. It was visibly dirty with brown, green and yellow stains. He rolled it around itself, until it resembled a thick singular strand of cloth.

"Don't gag me, I'll be quiet I swearMNNggghfff!" Laura tried apologizing, but it was too late for that, her words stopped by the cloth being wrapped tightly around her busy yapper. The silent man tied a couple of knots behind her head, before disappearing upstairs. That would give him some peace of mind.

Laura had no idea how much time passed. After a while, her collective exhaustion set in and she drifted into a sorrowful sleep, encouraged by the almost complete lack of light around her. Her throat had turned too sore to scream, anyway.

About 5 hour later, the cuffed and gagged woman was awakened once more by the hatch's creak. Her eyelids slowly fluttered open to see the man who was keeping her prisoner. She remained passive as he undid her cuffs from the pipe. It was time to 'resurface'.

The woman followed him, stoically, but worried. The man pointed to the bed. "NNNGGGffff" Laura shook her head in newfound defiance, the cloth-gag still obstructing her ability to speak. A strong slap across the face reminded her of her place in this exchange.

As Laura was forced to lie down near the barred head-post, the man gathered her extremely long hair in a hand-held ponytail and wrapped it around the thick vertical bars of the bedpost, making a knot with them. He made another knot over them, cinching the long ponytail securely onto the bar.

"Gmff" Laura tugged on the unyielding metal, finding a harsh stop when her (sadly healthy and strong hair became taut against it. The woman's head was securely tethered by her own silky hair.

Her feet were then pulled further down so that the man could pass both of them through the two bars of the futon's foot. On the two bar of the foot, menacingly enough were attached two old, wooden vices.

Realizing her impending predicament, the girl struggled and twisted in her bonds, but the man pulled each leg with both hands, overpowering Laura, and one by one, had them pressed between the clamps, turning the screws of each vice just enough to hold the sides of the girl's shins securely still. Laura had been rendered immobile on her other end. Her shins had not broken by the crashing pressure of the vice, but they would, without a doubt, be bruised.

The clever hair-tie kept her from raising her body to try and free herself. Her eyes widened even more, when she saw the -always expressionless- man, wheel an electric heater towards her naked soles.

This was perplexing. Why a heater? Sure, she definitely needed some warmth, but why go through the trouble of binding her like this?

What this man had planned was out of the realm of possibility for Laura.

Laura felt the warmth of the heater immediately, as the man placed it about 2 inches away from her pretty feet. 'Too close' Laura noticed. The machine was on the highest setting. The kidnapper marveled at his victim's cute toes, twirling at the uncomfortable levels of heat. Trying to straightened her feet to point, only brought her toes closer to the scorching heater, so her best bet was to keep her toes raised, pulled back as far as possible, thus exposing the whole of her sole.

Laura looked up at the man with an inquiring, worried look. The accumulating heat, focused only on her feet and nowhere else on her cold body, had become not only bothersome, but dangerously painful. "MMMMMMMGffff, PPLLLLLLLLLLLHHH!!!" Laura cried out into the dirty sheet/gag.

This man was going to torture her!

Of course, none of the tricks aimed at avoiding the fiery tubes helped. They weren't supposed to. In a few minutes, Laura's dainty feet had gotten a nice, rosy color. The man watched silently, standing up close, adjusting the contents of his pants. "PLlfff, ht's ttt httt!" (*Please, it's too hot*), the girl begged him with puppy eyes. She tried to pull her feet away, but this only hurt her shins more.

The metal clamps 'told' her where to stay. She tried to lift her head, but was pulled backwards by her hair bondage.

The man could not contain himself any longer. With the girl in very obvious distress, he knelt on the head post of the bed, next to the woman's face, pulling down his sweatpants with one, swift move. He had no underwear on. He was already rock hard, his dick pulsating with sexual aggression.

He hastily undid the wrapped up cloth gag and placed his dick right in front of her face. "If you're good, I'll lower it" he uttered his first phrase to her, with as fewest words to drive home his point.

Caught up in her great suffering, Laura did not see a stranger's erect penis near her face, she only saw a ticket to end all this torture! He didn't even really need to push her head down his cock, she took it in herself. Willingly? Certainly a dubious statement. An act of self-preservation?

These were more philosophical questions than anything else.

Laura did not like the taste of the man's unwashed sex member one bit, a mixture of salty must, a hint of urine, and days' worth of filth. She let him go to town on her mouth, regardless.

"Let him". As if she had a choice.

Gagging, choking and slurping noises were fussing with the painful moans Laura periodically let out from the excessive heat, burning her poor soles. Her feet now had a strong red color. The more sensitive they got from the heat, the more painful that same temperature got. It was as if her soles were getting tenderized for a Sunday BBQ.

The sensation of her burning feet guided Laura to give a tremendous blowjob. Without a doubt, A+ for effort. Sure, she could be swallowing him at a bit faster pace, but she was also preoccupied with her pretty soles being on fire.

Why do men hurt the things they love most in women? Squeezing their breasts, spanking their asses, stretching their pussies. This man clearly loved her feet, but was now torturing them. Why? The duality of man? Fleeting questions like these rushed by the raped woman's mind, more philosophical mumbo-jumbo that didn't help her at all.

Despite her hair-restricted movement, Laura bobbed her head up and down the man's shaft as much as her bonds allowed, sucking it well, putting all the wisdom and skills she had accumulated from her sexual experience. The hot teacher had sucked a handful of guys off, but never with such high stakes.

The man wasn't particularly honest in his statement. He didn't lower the volume of the heater, throughout the oral pleasuring the woman gave him. Laura was forced to serve his dick in considerable torment.

Maybe it was how Laura interpreted his proposition that was the problem. "If you are good, I'll lower it". That sentence didn't really specify WHEN he would lower it.

Only what it would take to do so. But there was no time for clearing such misunderstandings. He was probably lying, anyway.

The man was now practically face-fucking her, bent over her face, mushing her head down with one hand. Sure, the scared teacher maybe could have tried to turn her head away. She could have even attempted to bite down on his penis. But what good would come out of that, under these circumstances? In this strange, new, terrible state, she'd probably be worse off, was the fleeting reasoning.

More likely, though, it was this sensory overload she was experiencing on multiple fronts that hindered any planned action. That and the petrifying fear for her safety.

With a first row seat to the girl's utter misery, along with the stimulating feeling of her lips around his shaft, the man was ready to burst. He pulled out with a pop, and with his cock in his hand, moved over to the girl's sizzling feet. With a couple of tugs, he ejaculated a tremendous load, pressing the head of his dick onto the hot flesh of Laura's soles.

Hot cum run down the much hotter, reddened skin, the thick liquid getting looser with the added heat coming from the surface it was in contact with. The warmth from her soles felt great against the man's dick, which he rubbed generously all over them, until not a drop of semen had gone to waste.

Laura had been locked back in the basement mere seconds after the man had used her for his orgasm. She asked him if she could speak to her loved ones, but he, like before, didn't respond. Unlike her first nap, she didn't sleep much during that night. The loud clanks of metal banging against metal - chain against pipe - along with a pretty constant, muffled cry, were the soundtrack of that dark basement.

The next morning, the man woke up equally horny. Maybe it had something to do with the bound and gagged beauty in his basement. This time, she put up quite the fight, as he strong-armed her up the stairs. She even tried a couple of kicks his way, but a hard punch at her belly - so hard it dropped her to her knees, put an end to that 'debate'.

He put her on the floor, on her knees, for a little 'lubing up'. The fact she was kneeling was the only "silver lining" for Laura, as she could barely stand on her feet from the "roasting" they had gotten the day before.

"Please, don't make me do this" she got to utter, with the man's cock practically poking against her lips. She was still wearing her boyfriend's open shirt. Along with everything else around her, it was in need of a wash. He widened his dead, emotionless eyes at her, insinuating the need for compliance. His trusty switchblade, prodding against her cheek, spoke even more volumes. Her belly still ached from the paralyzing punch. Laura couldn't fathom another uprising at this point.

Reminded of her hopelessness, Laura reluctantly obeyed, taking the man's cock in her lips and started 'working it', driven by self-preservation.

He looked down at the pathetic girl, looking back at his eyes with a mouthful of "him". While being sucked, he rolled her soft, ethereal hair around his palm, forming a tight grip. They were so long he wrapped them four times, as his hair-wrapped hand finally reached the back of the girl's head, tethered in his grip. Besides the great sensation of touching her hair and offering a handy bj 'rudder', it gave him that added sense of control.

Of power over her. With his other hand, he kept his victim compliant with the sharp blade always in her peripheral view, a few inches away from her pretty eyes.

As her lips slide back and forth the man's piss-smelling shaft, Laura felt that vast difference in power. How unequal they were, in this moment. Though both adult humans, one ruled over the other so completely, so undeniably.

This was how it felt to be utterly degraded. The philosophy major did not dwell further into that, busy choking down the man's deeper-thrusting cock.

After that cock was well dripping with Laura's spit, he propped her on his futon, this time Laura kneeling with her face down. It would be an all-fours, had she been able to use her cuffed hands, which remained behind her back throughout. Her ass was propped up while her head was shoved down against the rough, dirty mattress.

"OWwww" the girl let out an uncomfortable, invaded moan, as the man "stabbed" her pussy from behind. Thankfully 'just' with his erection, not the knife. He went at it with a 'morning energy', pushing the woman's back further down with his arms, her ass now smacking with his hips at every thrust.

Laura then felt her feet being raised by her "lover" and her legs being folded onto each other at the knee, her soles almost pressing against her ass. It was a good thing she was limber enough to actually do that. Well, good for her rapist, anyway.

He continued pounding her, now aggressively digging his fingers into the girl's feet, putting his knife aside, but within reach.

"Auuuug!!!" the girl yelped, surprised by the unexpected pain. She tried to put her feet down, but backed up against the man's body, and without any use of her hands, she had no leverage to avoid him. He kept kneading her feet as he fucked her, the feel of that slightly harder skin surface on his hands, a true oasis. Some touches could almost be considered caresses, though most were violent and pretty invasive. The feeling of Laura's feet on his hands kept him rock-hard throughout. He was practically using them as handles to thrust harder into her pussy.

Laura could only stay there and take this assault, trying not to cry, but failing. "Pleeeeeeease!" she sobbed as he fucked her hole, unresponsive. It was another thing, being dominated in bed by her loving boyfriend, a thing she often enjoyed. This, this complete disregard of another person's will and integrity was traumatizing. She thought she had run out of tears last night, but there were a bit more. After a while, she only had a red-eyed, blank stare by the side of the bed. Her face mooshed into the rough mattress by his fucking.

Finally, she felt his hot semen reach deep within her, as he let out a satisfied groan.

Then back to "storage" she went, only after having her only item of clothing torn to pieces by the man's knife. She watched as he tossed her boyfriend's torn shirt into an already large pile of garbage, dirt and old women's shoes, "stewing" in the corner for god knows how many days.

Before leaving her in the cold, damp hellhole, Laura this time saw the man take what was once a black, leather dog collar. After so many years of neglect, it had a greyish, washed out shade. 3 or 4 dog hairs were still visible, stuck to the inside of the leather. If the man once had a dog, it was now probably off "to a nice farm". He placed it around her neck, buckling it snugly, then clipped a 5 foot chain on it. It'd make "relocating" the girl up and down the stairs easier. Safer.

Back in her underground spot, Laura tried, but there was no way she could overpower steel with her bare hands, nor break the pipe with simply her strength. This time, the man had offered her to stay either gagged, or quiet. She chose the latter. Cold and frightened, Laura hoped that someone, anyone, would find her in this shithole.

She hadn't heard any car or person pass by this god-forgotten area. Maybe the man had left some evidence, back in her house? She could only hope. Left alone with her thoughts, Laura shifted between moments of utter desperation and renewed confidence. She would get out of this. No matter what it took.

Her chained solitude lasted about eight hours. When she was lead upstairs by her chain-leash, a metal chair, equally old and rusty as the rest of the guy's 'furniture', was waiting for her along with a strange device. One by one, her wrists, elbows, knees and ankles got strapped down on the armrests and footrests of the chair. The man used a wide, white, gaffer tape, to keep the woman firmly in place. Half of her arms were covered by the thing, fusing it with the uncomfortable armrest.

During the "setting up" process, Laura got of a few more glimpses of that machine, propped on a table, next to her. She realized that it was a defibrillator, the thing used in hospitals to revive someone's heart, via electric shocks. He had stolen it off the back of an ambulance.

This thing had been modified though. Instead of the soft sticker-patches, it had jumper cables, on the ends of its cables. A nob had also been installed to manually adjust the voltage on it. Despite popular belief, car batteries can't actually hurt anyone. But these things had some oomph to them!

Laura was determined to go down with a fight. "LET GO OF ME YOU SADISTIC FUCK!" she pulled and pulled at the tape, that never budged and kept her firmly seated, cursing her kidnapper.

The man soon had enough, and gagged the ear-polluting girl. He couldn't find where he'd put the bed sheet/gag, so he opted to use a pair of old briefs, that was sitting on the dirty floor for god knew how long. Laura pursued her lips shut, but when someone slaps you as hard as he did, your motor skills get frozen. He shoved the underwear in, and wrapped a whole lot of white tape coils, to keep it sealed there. The girl's lips were fully covered by white tape, only the bottom of her chin left visible, her cute little nose peeking over the tape.

Laura wanted to puke. She didn't even want to think how gross the thing sealed in her mouth was. Her prideful resistance was very much undercut, a large reason being that her rebellious sentences had been reduced once again to pathetic meowing. The gag put some brakes to her yapping for sure, heavily reducing its volume.

The girl would get much louder, later on, so the gag would prove very useful.

The still nameless abductor wasted no more time, clipping the little crocodile-clips that were on the end of the electrodes, onto the girl's perky nipples. He didn't even need to pinch them or anything, it was pretty chilly down in the basement. Laura let out a painful moan, as the teeth of the metal clamps dug into her sensitive flesh, not wanting to let go. She twisted her body in an attempt to dislodge them. One of the two snapped shut, falling off her breast. "MMMMMMMMMg!" Laura yelped. It hurt like a motherfucker! These mean things were biting down relentlessly hard.

The man didn't seem bothered by the small setback, simply picking up the toothed-clamp and placing it back in its "rightful" place, Laura's hurt nipple. He took a couple of strands from a narrower, 1cm wide, white tape, and pressed it on the girl's ribs, underneath each breast, securing the cables there.

With his toy readied as part of the circuit, the lanky fellow flicked a switch on, a small red light appearing on the machine. "Grrrrr, ffffk u, lt m go y frrrg" (*fuck you, let me go, you freak*) the girl groaned and struggled, like a captured animal in a cage. She knew very well that what came next couldn't be good for her.

The man, unfazed by her protests, began turning a round dial, with markings of voltage indicators going around it. Laura quickly felt a buzzing sensation 'enter' through her nipples 'into' her breasts and travel to the rest of her torso.

Soon, with the dial turning, the buzzing grew, becoming a constant stinging sensation. "MMMMmfff" Laura let out a long sigh through her nose, more worried by the second, of what would come next. The man then turned the dial clockwise, keeping his curious eyes on his bound science project.

"Aaaagmmmmmmmmffff!" Laura got hit by a strong shock that caused her whole body to shake, albeit well-secured on the chair. The man dialed back some of the current, but only momentarily, for a couple of seconds later, he once again upped the dosage of electricity.

"GGGGMMMMmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!!!" Laura moaned and twisted, as she was zapped again. This was nothing like the teeth of their jumper cables. The pain was unbearable! The twisted motherfucker this time kept the dial up for like 3 or 4 seconds. He returned it back to a relatively lower voltage. It was still painful as hell, but at least Laura could breathe now.

Before, the muscles on her chest were paralyzed with tension.

The 'tough girl act' had melted off too soon. Tears were starting to form in the woman's brown eyes, eyes that were stuck on the filth-covered man. "Pliff, nuhhh muuuurrrr" (*Pleaaase, no more*), she begged the man to stop. From being an authority-exerting, no bullshit teacher, she once again had the role of the defenseless, vulnerable, little schoolgirl, without any authority or power. Completely dependent on this man's whims.

"Not yet" he groaned sternly. That was all he had to offer to ease her distress.

It was probably worse for Laura to be able to see the dial about to be turned. Sure, the pain would be the same, but that added fear, that dreadful anticipation, right before it happened, was a separate nightmare in on itself. Does the torture come from the anticipation of the sensation?

Again, not much room for philosophy on that chair.

The man was increasingly generous in his toying with the machine. Or was it Laura, that was his toy? Every time Laura thought she had reached her limit, where the pain was simply too much to handle, the man would prove her wrong, finding a new level of agony to experience.

Laura prayed she would pass out, but she felt every single shock delivered to her nipples, in all its terrible glory. During each shock it felt like her nipples were being skewered, again and again.

The man was once more hot and bothered by the magnificent/horrific sight of a beautiful, naked woman, suffering, literally by his fingertips. He got up and lowered his sweatpants (he didn't appear to possess any 'fancier' clothes), positioning himself behind the chair-writhing girl.

Laura watched the man grab a generous tuft of her long hair. With her nipples still being fried by the device, she saw him wrap that long tuft of beautiful, silky brown hair around his veiny shaft. Secured on his cock, Laura's backwards pulled hair forced her neck to tilt and her eyes to meet his upside down.

"MMMnn!..." the damsel moaned wide-eyed, as the man started stroking his erect cock with her hair coiled around it. The flesh of his dick was completely eclipsed by Laura's hair. The dick was right above the woman's forehead, the cock 'aiming' towards her narrowing eyes. Laura could not be feeling more used. It was now very apparent to her that her two most cherished body parts were being used to serve this motherfucker's enjoyment.

Said junkie-looking motherfucker kept masturbating with his captive's Rapunzel-hair, tightly wrapped in multiple coils around his erection. Hair doesn't provide much lubrication, but for him, they felt like the smoothest strand of brown satin. Like glistening thin lines of lube, helping his cock climax much more wonderfully than his lowly hand ever could.

The guy looked down at her mortified, pained expression, her gorgeous, suffering body, only 'dressed' by a dirty dog collar. Just watching her suffering, struggling in her bonds, looking up at him upside down with those sad, helpless eyes, was a sight to behold! There was also hatred in those eyes, and lots of it, but it only surfaced whenever her suffering was bearable, to allow her such a lucid defiance.

And these times were getting rarer.

It wasn't long before he'd burst. With Laura too busy being used as a suffering flesh-light to notice, he reached over the defibrillator, and upped the voltage way up!"

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmmmm" Laura let out a paralyzed, unending moan, her whole body spasming in place. Her eyes squinched shut, her head instinctively pulling back and forth, her hair becoming taut as they found resistance against the man's erection.

She couldn't even think anything except how acute that pain was. She felt like her nipples were being stabbed again and again with sharp needles, the pain travelling to her breasts and paralyzing her whole body.

Her abuser kept stroking her beautiful, spiraling hair across the length of his cock, faster and faster, until he ejaculated on the top of the girl's head, soaking through her brown hair, as well as 'landing' on her forehead and taped cheeks.

"Mmmmmmm...mmmm...mmmmmm..." Laura was still left to fry for a while longer, her constant, involuntary moaning almost turning into a weird mantra. Steady, ever-present. Like the internal screaming of her nerve endings. Could suffering ever become accustomed to? Normal? Her body seemed to disagree.

Cum was dripping from the tape around her mouth, her nose, even her one eye. Her hair was a sticky mess.

Only after the man had gone to grab a paper towel to clean himself up, did he remember to turn off the power of the electrocuting machine. As soon as he did, the softly 'rumbling', chair-tied woman fell limp, as if her own power had been also shut off. If it weren't for the plenty of tape, binding her down to the chair by all four limbs, she would certainly have fallen out of it. Now, her head hang down, drops of semen falling from her face onto her thighs, her hair reaching the floor. Traces of smoke could be seen rising from the jumper cables on her nipples as the woman stood there. Used and broken.

3: Hell is other People

Laura had only been "living" in the stranger's heinous residence for three days. But her stay there so far seemed to last much, much longer.

These couple of days set the precedent for her 'stay'. Any attempts at approaching her captor, to maybe earn some compassion or gather any understanding of his personality, proved fruitless. He wasn't a very chatty individual, letting his knife or beating hands do the talking for him. If she insisted on getting a word out of him, she was unceremoniously silenced with the dirty gag.

Laura was getting 'used' 3 to 4 times a day, depending on the man's mood. Their 'activities' ranged from a simple morning blowjob to get things off on a 'good note', to full-fledged torture and rape sessions.

The first encounter of the day would usually happen in the basement, the man too bored to take the woman upstairs, simply wanting to bust a morning nut and return back to the morning sunshine. The handcuffed woman, kneeling on the floor, serviced his cock, still with sleep in her eyes, still drowsy. It didn't seem to bother him. Laura deeply wanted to bite down and rip his cock off, but the man was usually 'equipped' with his knife that he often lingered close to her throat in a rather suggestive manner.

She didn't want to find out what would happen if she resisted.

Around early afternoon, he might feel horny again, and get his toy out for some play-time. Best scenario for Laura was to be raped, bound in the man's bed. Worst, well she had already experienced what that could look like.

During the first couple of days, she bucked and writhed in a frenzy like a caught wild animal, only slowing her fighting down when the exhaustion or the "suggesting" pain, would become too great.

Now, she seemed torn, going along with the man's will, whenever it wasn't TOO painful or TOO degrading, albeit in a devastated emotional state. It's not easy making peace with yourself for gurgling a sweaty ball sack like a jawbreaker candy, especially if you REAAAALLY don't want to do it.

The fact she didn't even know the first name of that ball sack's owner, seemed trivial in comparison. People can know each other in many different ways. And the two had gotten very close over these days.

While she was half-way in making peace with her routine raping, the torture was still too much to handle. Electrocuting her nipples was only the beginning. Her pussylips were next, another day he clipped the alligator electrodes to her earlobes. That last one, Laura thought she would certainly die. It was like she could feel her brain being boiled, while simultaneously having to service a waiting, erect cock with her mouth, an added bonus that often took place.

The most 'adored' body part of the electrodes was of course her toes. Whether the big, the small, or any in-between, Laura could not deal with the unbearable pain. Her ankles would be tied tightly to the chair-legs, to keep her from kicking the clips off her feet.

The heater was also not a one-use item. Apart from one more time where it was used for 'cooking' the poor woman's feet, the man used it differently, as well. For this, he left the woman chained in her basement spot, kneeling in front of the increasingly familiar pipe with her hands cuffed behind her back. The added bit of bondage came when he made another double-knot with her long, straight, brown hair and attached it on another thick pipe, running parallel above the first one.

He then placed the heater right between the bound damsel and the wall, held further still by a cement-block tied on it, and turned it on. With her radius of movement confined to the length of her pipe-hitched hairlocks, Laura could only stand bend over at a right angle, her head stuck above the top of the heater.

For the next two whole hours the poor girl was left there to basically slow-roast; only thing missing was the apple in her mouth, replaced with a dirty cloth tightly tied around it. Laura was screaming for the first half-hour, then her breathing became too labored to allow for such luxuries.

She was soon swimming in her sweat, her whole body a strong red shade.

When the basement door was finally opened, the man saw a desperately pleading woman, straining to turn her hair-bound head to look back at him. "PPLLEeeahhgg!" she begged through her tight stuff gag with heat-struck, suffering eyes. Her shapely legs restlessly trembled from both the strain of being unable to sit down as well as the sheer desperation of her martyrdom.

Bend over as she was forced, her compromised position gave him a nice view of her tight, round ass. He decided to take her then and there.

"Mmff, mmff!" as he stood right behind her, the poor girl protested by softly shaking her head, already weakened by her prolonged roasting. She was about to receive another one. The pale guy (now even more in comparison to his toy's bright pink skin) guided his cock with his hand to penetrate Laura from behind. "NNNGG!" she yelped, as his thrusting pushed her closer into the fiery heat.

He didn't seem to care.

When she wasn't being heartlessly tortured, Laura's time in the basement passed in relative peace, albeit a cold, bound and pitch black peace. Her feet had gotten used to the rough, dirty surface of the floor, covered in so much filth she wasn't exactly sure what it was made of. The handcuffs on her wrists were as ever-present as her favorite bracelets, almost never coming off.

The lack of clothing had become the norm, as was the constant shivering she experienced from the cold. It made those first 5 minutes of heater torture almost welcome.

At night, up she went again, to her captor's 'bedside', though she never got any sleep on that thing. Either having her face shoved on the rough, patchy mattress, or facing the peeled off ceiling, that was almost dripping with moisture, Laura would have some raw, emotionless sex for goodnight. The only reason she was sometimes left ungagged, was for quick 'access'.

Realizing the prick had no plans of ever letting her go, her attitude towards him was often more hostile than initially, a sort of jaded carelessness getting hold of her. Her communication with him now involved many more 'naughty' words, the girl almost talking down to him, insulting him. He didn't seem particularly phased. Just like her pleading, these words seemed like white noise to the man's ears. When he got tired of hearing her, he simply gagged her again.

He never dignified a verbal response.

Still, throughout most of her stay, and especially during that dreaded 'upstairs' quality time, the distressed girl would resort back to begging, or asking when she'd be let go, to which the man would respond with ominous silence. If his victim was feeling too 'chatty' herself, he would simply gag her with the thick roll of cloth, tied ruthlessly behind her head.

If he was bored to go grab the cleave-gag, he'd often stuff Laura's mouth with anything he could find (from his filthy socks to an empty, torn trash-bag he'd grabbed off the floor) then separate her hair in two long strands like pigtails and would wrap them between the bitch's teeth and around her head, before tying them off to their ends, using her hair as the cleave-gag.

All in all, things looked grim. Laura had to find a way out.

He is fucking her in missionary position. The rhythmic squeaks of the rusty bed had become white noise by now. Laura is under his weight, feeling her captor's dick filling her up, once more. But her hair is

not tethered to the futon's bars, as usual. Her hands, though cuffed behind her back, are not attached to anything, either.

She has an idea. It's a hopeful one, but one she has to either commit to, or abandon it. There's no half-way point here. She's scared, terrified, honestly. But all the alternatives look worse.

Her eyes stay fixed on him, wide, observing, his face inches away from hers. She's waiting for the right moment, a moment of relaxed carelessness. There are plenty of them daily, but acting on them is much easier said than done.

Finally, as he moves closer towards her, Laura takes a deep breath and head-butts him with all her might, straight on the nose! He groans from the bloody hit, the distracting pain enough for Laura to manage to slither off from him.

Laura makes a run for it, her legs flying like never before. She makes a B-line for the exit, and gets out into the grass. Her cleave gag is still on and her hands still behind her back. Doesn't matter.

"HUUUUULP!!!" (*HEEELP!!!*) she tries to scream over it, running towards the house that's far in the distance, at the end of the gravel road. The stones cut her naked feet, but the adrenaline helps her not care. With her arms pinned behind her, it's difficult to keep balance while running.

Laura tries not to fall. There's no getting back up from that.

"HHHHuBBDDDDyyy, PLLLUUUUHHH!" (*Somebody! Please!*) she tries to make her presence known to any people on that far away house. She's about 20 meters away from her captor's home.

He steps out, having recovered his composure, holding a small rifle gun. Inside its chamber awaits a long needle-bullet, locked and loaded. He takes a couple of seconds to aim, at the human game with its back turned, running away from him. He holds his breath, and fires. Laura only feels a sharp sting on the small of her back, then loses all control off her legs, blacking out before she even plops lifelessly on the gravelly ground.

2: Looking at things from a Different Angle

The light from upstairs flooded the room. Laura eyes adjusted to the sudden change. He was back. He hadn't visited her in the morning. It must have been afternoon now. Probably one of the few cases of him leaving the house. Nothing was different since her escape attempt, except maybe some scratches she had gotten from falling limp on the gravel. Laura felt the tug of her chain-leash, signaling the direction her captor wanted her to follow. She pulled back, feeling the leather dog collar pull on her tender neck. A slightly stronger pull from him ended this short 'discussion'.

Groggy, and with renewed hate for him Laura, obeyed, secretly kind of thankful her disobedience wasn't resulting in any retaliation. The man still had some dry blood left on his nose, but he didn't look furious, or more determined than usual.

Like shooting a tranquilizer dart on a naked, running female was part of everyday life.

Upstairs, nothing seemed different, either. But on the side of the single bed, Laura spotted a small plastic tub, filled with soapy water. The man leads her to the bed, where he sits her down and proceeds to start cleaning her very dirty, muddy, and wounded feet with a sponge. Laura didn't say anything. This, so far, was not bad.

But she knew it couldn't simply be from the kindness of his heart. For a man of his general hygiene, the man was doing a remarkably meticulous job of washing the girl's feet, leaving no spots behind.

As she was receiving this surprisingly nice foot-wash, Laura saw another thing that was not there before. It was a steel mouth-spreader, like the ones dentists use to work unobstructed. There wasn't much time from the moment she saw the medical gag, till it was being wedged under her teeth.

"Aaah...aaaaaaaaa" the woman could mostly utter vowels as she felt her jaw being spread with each click. The man separated the two steel bars to his satisfaction, then propped his cuffed and gagged captive face up on the bed, but further down the mattress' length.

He then took out 6 zip ties from his pocket. "uh-uh....UH-UHHH" Laura renewed her protests, but the man grabbed her bare leg and zipping the girl's ankle tightly against the horizontal top bar of the bottom bedpost, at the foot of the bedpost. With the first leg safe from kicking, he repeated the process on the

second, overwhelmed limb. The plastic ties dug into Laura's ankles, forcing her legs up and her knees into an angle.

Laura started to see the bigger picture. He wasn't washing her feet for no reason. The girl weakly pulled at her plastic restraints, more a result of building anxiety, than any genuine escape attempt. Worried moans also escaped her gaping mouth, without her trying to really say anything. Just worried, audible mouth breathing.

The man, ignoring all the non-verbal signs of non-consent, climbed up on the bed, fully naked, facing the girl's restrained feet. As he knelt above her, his taint was right above Laura's face, inches away, his knees on either side of it. The man then bent forwards, so the two were basically in a 69 position. Laura was seeing the very familiar sight of the man's pulsating erection, only difference was it was upside down. She tried to shift away from it, but the man grabbed her neck with a full grasp, and kept it still, long enough for his cock to pass through the "silver gates".

"Ggghhhhhhhh.....ghhhh.....ggaaak....." Laura was quickly silenced to a bunch of faint choking gurgles, as the man began fucking her mouth at his own leisure. The angle offered easier access to her throat, where he slid in and out of with ease. Any attempt Laura made to bite down caused her teeth to hurt against unbending steel, keeping her jaw spread. She would just have to find a way to cope.

Along with feeling her uvula abused, Laura was feeling the man's sloppy kisses to her inner thighs, parted gracefully for his pleasure. The kisses slowly moved upwards (down the girl's legs) till they reached the real star of this "show" her pristine feet.

The man begun kissing his brunette Rapunzel's soles, first the left one, then the right. Wouldn't want to neglect any! "AAAaaggghh..." the girl let out something between a tickle-induced laugh and a desperate yelp, before another mouthful of dick shut her up. All ten of her toes flinched in horrible tension.

Her abductor was now licking her feet all over, from the heels to the arches and to the balls. Truly worshipping them. They tasted splendid, like the greatest all-you-can-eat buffet he could imagine!

It was time for dessert, or more fitting, finger-foods. With her sight greatly narrowed to a pair of balls, Laura felt her toes being grabbed, then aggressively sucked. One by one, two by two, it hardly mattered.

“Gla gla gla gla gla gla...” her moans of discomfort were turned into rhythmic, wet singing at the tempo of the man’s face-fucking.

She could do nothing to stop this wave of unwilling worshipping, her feet locked to a standstill. Never had anyone wanted to be worshipped less, than in this moment. She felt his wet tongue reach all around her toes, and that space between them, coating everything with his saliva. Sucking, kissing, biting, she got it all!

The man adored everything about her feet. He was so glad her toe-nails weren't painted, only pedicured. This way he could marvel them in all their natural beauty! That pretty pink color, with that small curvy, soft white on the bottom of the nail, and the other, thin white strip on the other end. He couldn't have pictured it better.

With her big toe being heavily suckled by her captor, Laura felt his dick being retrieved from her mouth, and him propping himself a little further up. His balls now dangled above her gaping face-hole. "Lick...." the man murmured, barely audible. Laura wasn't in the mood to grand favors, so she tried to shift her face to the side, away from the man’s taint.

This time, she felt his hand press very roughly around her neck. It certainly wasn't the first time her recent ‘partner’ was communicating his needs in a more direct, physical manner, but this seemed ‘urgent’. She felt her windpipe being crushed by that pin-down. It certainly cut off her breathing for a moment. "Lick" he said a bit louder, keeping his chokehold.

Laura's survival instincts kicked in once more, and she stuck her tongue out, eager. She felt it make good contact with something hairy, salty and damp. Not much light was reaching her eyes, as the man was practically sitting on her face, but Laura knew very well what she was licking. As soon as she started tracing her tongue all around the egg-shaped area, she felt the pressure on her neck ease. The man was satisfied, for now.

Laura had to keep her concentration, a hard thing to do when your feet and toes are being showered with such attention. Laura was naturally ticklish, but this wasn't just that. This was...more invasive, to say the least.

Her abuser was enjoying himself, judging by how lustfully he was nibbling on her cute toes, his finger-nails now digging deep into the flesh of both Laura’s calves, with tension.

With her partner's orgasm directly linked to her physical well-being, Laura had that extra incentive to be a good little ball-licker. Even as restrained as she was, she could feel his body tense up, and his

breathing speed up. She twirled and twirled her tongue more rapidly, trying her best to ignore the pain in her calves, or the disgust and overstimulation from her drool-dripping feet.

A few seconds later, she felt what was unmistakably a fresh, hot load, splash right onto her labia, as well as a spare "bullet" on the part where her thigh and pubic bone meet. In that surreal, intense state, Laura thought whether she might get pregnant from her rapist.

She had more pressing matters to worry about...

1: Acceptance alters Perspective

With her back on the creaking futon, Laura's being fucked once more, her rapist hunched over in this plainer missionary. The woman's cuffed wrists are secured to the metal bars of the headboard. She looks up at him silently, wincing at her uncomfortable (to say the least) rape. She doesn't struggle as much as during the first week or so, knowing by now that this only makes him more violent. And it doesn't achieve anything.

In the heat of the moment, the man takes the woman's hair and stuffs them through Laura's pretty lips. "Gmff" the young school-teacher whimpers at this added indecency, not flailing much or actively trying to stop him. He keeps balling up her seemingly unending hair and shoving them in her mouth, gagging her with them until the hairs almost overflow and the girl coughs on them.

"GMHHh, gmhh!" he silences her slight choking by putting his hand over her lips and letting her gnaw on her hair, he accelerates his thrusting. He won't take long to bust inside her.

Three weeks had passed, since Laura's sleep was rudely interrupted by a chloroform-soaked rag pressed on her face. It's not like Laura had stopped trying to escape or stop antagonizing her captor.

Telling him to fuck off. Kicking and flailing her bound body against him. At least until the knife was pressed against her carotid artery. Then it was just coyly asking him when would she be free. When would she be allowed to leave. When would he let her go. All questions meaning the same. All questions responded with the same silence.

She still hadn't learned his name, after all this time. Not that she hadn't asked. In her mind, she had resorted to call him "asshole" a clear indication of her feelings towards him, though even that name didn't really fit.

Asshole is the guy who cuts you off in the supermarket line, not the one who kidnaps you and tortures you for days on end.

Few days went by without some sort of interaction with Laura's enchanting feet or princessy hair. In comparison, the feet might be one of the dirtiest parts of the human body, but Laura's might have been the cleanest, given that she never got a full shower herself, except from a couple of sprays with the hose. Her hair were often sticky with dried semen, after yet another "unloading". He loved cumming in her hair, feeling his cock be warmly surrounded by this brown forest and the 'flood' it with his milky rain.

After a while, Laura didn't even bother trying to pick the crusted semen off her hair-strands. She felt like a film of semen was also coating her soles from so many times he had ejaculated onto them and left as is.

A particular sex position had developed into a habit. A cuffed and cleave-gagged Laura would be placed face-up on the filthy futon, with her ankles rope-bound. The end of that rope would be tied on the head of the bedpost, so that the girl's legs were pulled up above her head. It was an easy way for him to be inches away from Laura's soles, whilst having easy access to her exposed pussy.

Sure, the first couple of times he'd tried that she had kicked him with her fused legs, but these were the early days. A couple of disciplining torture sessions had "guided" the girl to the correct, much more passive, behavior. The girl felt as abused as the first time, having her toes sucked while getting rimmed by a stranger, but now, she was just trying to close her eyes, and bite hard down on that thick cloth-gag, counting down the seconds until he was done.

Dozing off had become a necessary part of her day. Being fully aware of what was usually happening to her was a very difficult mental ordeal. Laura found it a little easier, any time she managed to 'transport' away, to a land where no pain or degradation ever occurred. Of course, daydreaming wasn't always easy. Things like electric shocks, heat-strokes or any other number of 'distractions' got in the way of Laura's nirvana.

The latest of which was a flexible tree branch, the 'asshole' had brought home one fine morning, after cutting it off a nearby tree. After removing all leaves and shaving off the smaller branches that were jutting out, he had turned it into a devilishly effective, wooden cane.

Laura had been placed in that too-familiar position he lately fucked her in. Her soles were still moist from his slobbering, french-kisses, hanging some inches above her face, tethered on the metal headboard. Her hair (which she had tried gnawing off plenty of times up to this point, without success)

had been used as the usual secure-point to the head-post. Furthermore, her behind-the-back cuffed wrists, were attached to the foot-post of the bed with a line of rope. That way, she could not slide up nor down the bed.

"NNNNNNNNNNNNNNnnnnnnnnnggggggg...fff...fff" Laura bit down so hard on that rolled up cloth-gag, after the first couple of 'introductory' strikes on that tender, back side of her raised thighs, immediately followed by heavy panting to ease the stinging pain. She immediately found the utility of her added bonds, as moving away from the incoming cane would be impossible, unless she could tear the bed-frame or the ropes off.

WACK**WACK**WACK

The sound the makeshift cane made as it cut through the air and made contact with the woman's poor flesh, this time on her raised calves, was as gut-wrenching in its implication as it was satisfying in its musicality. Laura's legs were soon covered with red, horizontal welts. Some of them were already starting to get purple.

"Mmmhrrrrrr...hrrrrr! plllllllrrrrr!" Laura was crying in pain, her gagged pleads characteristically ignored. It was definitely too much to handle. The bearded man was now focused on one thing only. Those cute feet, calling for him, begging him to whip them raw. And he obliged them, bringing down the long cane with all his strength.

The soles of your feet don't bruise easily. But after 40 minutes of caning, there were definitely outlines of marks, where the cane had "kissed" Laura's feet. These were vastly different kisses to the usual ones. Laura accepted each 'kiss' with a squealing muffled cry. After a while, her lungs had no time to draw breathe between strikes and so she simply twitched airlessly after each strike.

0: Finality is Relevant

The rural area is beaming with life. Not human life, but life nonetheless. There is an abundance of pine trees, bushes and flowers, forming a little grove or forest, just outside a small, two-way, asphalt road. All sorts of bugs, birds, the few squirrels and snakes also inhabit the area. The small forest is split in half, by an even smaller gravel road. It appears free of any other human interference, at first glance, though a few hundred meters deep, lies a small, shed-house, slightly larger than a storage room. From there, you can also see another house way ahead in the distance. But that one is rarely visited, used only as a vacation home.

The scenery of that first, smaller residence is one of decay and insignificance. It looks decrepit and non-habitable. At first glance, or even second or third, no one would guess that something significant or anything at all, is happening here.

A red Toyota Yaris, that used to be parked behind some tall grass, is no longer parked there. It might be found in many smashed up pieces, in a junkyard about 30 miles from the small house.

A young woman is in a deep sleep. She couldn't get those during the first days. Either the cold of her nakedness, the stink of the filthy place, or more importantly, the torment of the past and the fear of the future, would cause her nightmarish, restless sleeps. But recently, she's too exhausted for such thing to affect her this way, and frankly, the smell of her own urine, accumulating in a puddle next to her, has worn out its pungency after the first couple of weeks. He never gave her bathroom breaks, but at least he scraped her shit with a shovel, every couple of days. She even had her very own roll of toilet paper, which was something she never thought she'd consider a luxury.

The clanking and creaking sound of the cellar door is enough to wake her up though. "Hmmm" she lets the faintest moan, the rolled up piece of torn sheet that's tied between her teeth, obstructing human words. She feels the 2 or 3 uncomfortably tight knots digging into the backside of her head, above the nape of her neck. But she's more than used to that, as well as the moisture this thing holds, having been drenched again and again in her own saliva. It's a good think she doesn't have a deviated septum cause otherwise, sleeping with that gag would be a choking hazard.

Laura raises her tired eyes to his silhouette, the light coming from upstairs creating a shadow figure. The shadow becomes larger and larger as it approaches her and takes the loose end of the chain, a chain

that's attached to the other common "accessory" this woman is sporting. A snug, leather dog collar. On the side of the pipe she is cuffed to, some faint marking can be seen, carved by pointy edges of the girl's own cuffs.

LAURA

HELP

14.5.19

The last one being the date of her arrival. It's not that the visitor hasn't noticed these little notes before, but rather that they matter little to him.

Once her metal handcuffs have been unhooked from the pipe, the girl feels the familiar tug of her chain-leash, leading her upstairs. She does nothing to stop him, following him quietly. Nothing like the old, 'passionate' days of pulling against her collar, kicking, moaning, making his life a tad more difficult.

Her hands also stay pretty idle, cuffed behind her back. Her wrists have a purple bruise-ring all around their surface, to the point where the softest resistance against the cuffs rubs into her wounds, causing pain.

Upstairs, the man practically beckons the woman to kneel in front of him. He used to have to pull her leash downwards, to signify the desired direction Laura ought to take. Often times, without the knife pressing against her nape the bitch wouldn't go down. Nowadays, the lightest flick of the chain/leash delivers the message just fine. The woman is stoic, emotionless in her obedience. She waits quietly, not moving or fidgeting, for him to undo her rolled up cleave-gag. She knows what he wants her to do. Mornings are always blowy time.

He takes her into his mouth, begrudgingly, but not protesting, either. More like working a shitty, soul-sucking job. And there's plenty of sucking involved. Her tired, baggy eyes are pointing towards his moistening cock, but they really focus on nothing, a blank, defeated, 10.000-yard stare. Her inquiries of release have diminished significantly, both due to their rhetorical nature, and because the girl's passion for negotiations has died down.

Her mind might be on autopilot, but her tongue, her throat and her sucking lips, locked in an O-shape, are plenty involved. She sucks him well, like a horny teenager in a movie theater. Pursuing her lips through the entire length of his shaft, uuuup then dooown. Slowly, meticulously, taking her time. Just how he likes it. Her kidnapper is reaping all the benefits of this work, holding her tightly by her fairy-like, long hair as he mouth-fucks her. Though going with soap for almost four weeks, they still look splendid to him, though they have clearly lost some of their shine and silkiness. They are not that perfectly straight either and are sticking together with oily greasiness, knotted in many spots. Laura would never allow them to get this bad.

As Laura takes everything he gives her like a good girl, the man is close to coming, the veins of his cock are pulsating for release, but he removes it from his sex-slave's mouth. He wants to finish differently.

Without much discussion (as always), he tosses her onto the bed, and swiftly climbs between her instinctively spreading legs. She doesn't want any trouble, giving him access.

As she's laying on her back, Laura feels his cock prod between her perpetually exposed cunt-lips. She feels moisture from his cockhead, which is dripping with that thicker saliva that can only be 'harvested' from the back of someone's throat.

Thankfully for Laura, it's also a great lube, because her tired, overused pussy is pretty dry. The enjoyment she gets out of her sex is very disproportionate, compared to his. She feels him enter her; a small, feminine exhale escapes her lips.

He fucks her rough, relentlessly, her hole feeling great around his shaft! Their sex is mostly silent, not much dirty-talk goes around here. It's almost utilitarian, or maybe that's how it feels to Laura after all this time. She's looking up at him, her face intimately close to his. His eyes always look cold, distant, a predator's eyes. It's hard to gauge any emotion or thought.

Slowly, almost warming her up to it, the man takes a hold of two long strands of her hair, that appear flowing on either side of her naked body like two long, brown rivers.

He crosses the two 'tails' under the woman's chin, wrapping them around the bound woman's neck. He pulls them out the back of her neck and does another hair-coil, fully circling her neck in this tight hair-noose. Holding onto the two ends of hair in his fists, he pulls at opposite directions, making an effective hair-garrote.

"Gggg....." Laura struggles to catch her breath, then stays silent, holding her instinctual struggle, rather than injure herself further by fighting this.

It's not the first time he's choking her during sex. Not the first time he has used her own hair to suffocate her. It was never a good sensation for her, and she always hoped he'd cum soon enough, so that he'd let her go. No one likes losing their right to air, but Laura simply tries to compose herself. It's not the first torture she's endured this past month.

Her neck hurts by her hair slithering around her throat like a boa snake. A single hair strand would easily snap by this pulling, but all-together, they can hold her whole weight a few times over.

But, as the man continues his vigorous plowing of the bound girl's pussy, his grip not only stays firm, keeping the hair-garrote around her delicate neck, but he pulls harder, getting it tighter! If Laura had a 30% air intake before, now it is more like 3% or 4%. Her eyes grow wide! He has never gotten so long without at least giving her a short oxygen break.

With her face getting red, Laura's panic builds slowly at first, then increases exponentially as her neck remains crushed from all sides by her constricting hair.

"*cough *cough*....Plll....ggk....hhhhhhhhhhhhhh!...*cough*" Laura tries to vocalize her pleading but can only mouth the word, her lips stuck agape, attempting to suck air that can't enter.

Her pretty legs start flailing wildly behind the man's back, slamming against the mattress one after the other! With her legs spread on either side of his body, she can't kick him off of her. She tries to nudge him off with her pelvis, but he keeps his balance on top of her.

Just like that first night in her very own bed. Only now his cock is also stabbing her cunt.

The man keeps fucking her, as he's squeezing the life out of her. With her arms securely restrained behind her back, she doesn't stand a chance against his strong arms. The white of Laura's eyes is mostly red now, and tears have started swelling up. Her air is running out. No time for "please" and "may I breathe now?". All systems are firing red, her body screaming "danger"! Every move and twist she makes is almost involuntary. Pure survival instinct.

"Gaaaaaaahhhhhh, hhhhsssss....ghh.....ghhhh.....nngghhh..." weird, guttural noises are the only thing the girl can produce, the sounds of air desperately trying to move through her crushed windpipe. Her face is a deep purple color. Her eyes are half-rolling back into Laura's head. Her tongue is sticking out, as if Laura's subconsciously begging him to suck her, instead of what's happening. Copious, bubbly drool is dripping from the both corners of her mouth. Laura feels weaker and weaker with every passing second, her head hurting like a billion migraines.

The man pulls her two hair-tufts even harder, his veins popping on his arms from the strain.

Her twisting and turning slowly dies down, and so are her kicking legs, which now can't reach much height, and can only slither on the dirty mattress, twitching. Her brain is shutting down, the deadline for the return of oxygen having passed, seconds ago. Her arms would twitch, too, if they weren't pinned behind her back by the metal cuffs.

In her last moments, Laura can still feel the man's cock inside her. Despite her open eyes, her vision has gone completely dark. In the last seconds before darkness fully takes over, Laura feels something warm and wet inside her. Then it all faints away.

The young woman looks up at the man with a blank stare, her tongue left to dangle out of the side of her mouth. Foamy saliva is all over the lower part of her face. The man keeps a firm hold of the strangling hairs around her neck for a few more seconds, still in the moment. When he finally removes them, a purple bruise ring can be seen around her neck.

He slowly gets off the dead girl. Laura will stay lying a bit longer.

The creep sits on the bedside, next to what seconds ago was a fine, young woman. A bright philosophy teacher. A girlfriend and friend.

He lights up a cigarette, taking his time. No need to rush. All he needs to do is get a trash-bag and bury the body somewhere. He doesn't have anything in his schedule. He never does.

When the cigarette is almost done, he puts it out on the side of the girl's hips, being right beside him. Laura doesn't flinch, looking up at the ceiling, as he left her. He shakes his head, a bit disappointed.

He could have gotten one more day out of her.

Slowly getting up with some post-nut clarity, he grabs an old trimmer and a clear Ziploc bag. He leans over the wide-eyed, motionless nude girl and turns it on, putting it at the start of the dead girl's hairline. Patch by patch, Laura's gorgeous, long brown hair is cut by the vibrating razor, falling onto the bed slowly like long and thin snowflakes, until she's fully bald.

The man takes a second to see the array of loose hairs surrounding the corpse.

He might need another bag for all this.

-1: A study in cause and effect

Once her metal handcuffs have been unhooked from the pipe, the girl feels the familiar tug of her chain-leash, leading her upstairs. She does nothing to stop him, following him quietly. Nothing like the old, 'passionate' days of pulling against her collar, kicking, moaning, making his life a tad more difficult.

Her hands also stay pretty idle, **even as they are cuffed in front of her, drooping ineffectually in front of her naked sex**. Lately he doesn't always bother changing her wrist-bondage if they have been in front of her from an earlier 'game'.

Her wrists have a purple bruise-ring all around their surface, to the point where the softest resistance against the cuffs rubs into her wounds, causing pain.

Laura is taken upstairs. She's made to kneel. She gives her owner a submissive, satisfying blowjob. Her cuffed hands don't dare push him away. Soon enough, the horny creep moves his sex slave onto the bed and climbs over her, inserting his drool-covered cock inside her. Laura lets out a soft, feminine yelp as her dry pussy is filled up, keeping her arms folded onto her chest and her hands under her chin.

Silence permeates this vastly different sex for each party. Only the rhythmic creaking of the rusty futon breaks it.

Even a half-man like him can be lost in a moment of particular sexual bliss, closing his eyes as he enjoys the feeling of his cock rubbing against his toy's pussy-walls.

In this sliver of time, appearing almost frozen in its significance, Laura springs her connected hands in a double-fist, punching the careless man in the face! With him shocked and blinded by this strike, Laura has about half a second during which she pulls the man off of her! In the scuffle, the man is now turned around, with his back on her.

Readily available on her person, Laura grabs a big strand of her own hair and swiftly wraps it with her joined hands around the guy's neck. Everything is happening so quickly but to Laura it feels like these videogame quick-time events.

Putting her dirty, bare feet on the dazed man's shoulders, Laura pushes the bastard down towards the foot of the bed, while simultaneously yanking her neck-wrapped hair with all her strength.

Choked coughs and gurgling are all the weak, skinny man can utter, flailing his arms trying to reach behind him, but the naked girl keeps him at a distance by further stepping down on his back. She breathes heavily through grinding teeth, as her abuser writhes in a frenzy under her strangling grip. She's not physically weaker than him and it now shows.

With adrenaline hitting red and the feral struggling between the two undressed people concluding, the guy finally plops limp into the bed, under Laura's feet. He is dead.

In the next moments of sudden stillness, Laura pants heavier than she ever did. Mechanically, as if in a loopy trance, she simply gets up from the bed and stumbles out of the house.

The poetic irony of having killed her abductor using the two things that got her kidnapped in the first place hasn't even registered to the adrenaline-high woman, who steadily makes her way home, clothless and collared as she walks across the gravel road towards the asphalt one.