

Tying the Knot

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

PART 1: INSEPARABLE

It is early morning, in the two-story, narrow city house where a mother and daughter live. It almost appears squashed between larger buildings on either side. In the large city, there's not an inkling of space going unused.

The hot, summer light makes its way through the old, dusty, knit curtains of the kitchen window, giving the otherwise lightless room a warm, brown hue. The small, rectangular wooden table on the other side of the kitchen counter is covered with this tacky, plastic table-cloth, collecting all types of oily dirt on it, from rarely being cleaned. The walkable space between the table and the kitchen counter is barely enough for someone to squeeze through.

At one side of the table is sitting Lucy, 21 years young. Clearly overweight, the 5'8'' tall, awkward girl is quietly eating from her almost overflowing bowl of milky fruit loops, reading the cereal's package. Lucy has her brunette, wavy hair in some unbrushed bangs, her hair-locks ending at her very heavy, F-cup breasts, currently covered by an unattractive, loose t-shirt with Lucy's favorite TV show's logo on it. If it weren't for the girl's overworked bra, her chest would shag further down her belly.

Keeping with her generally unappealing look, the fat girl is wearing some terribly unfeminine basketball shorts, ending at her knees, and a pair of white tennis shoes, now turned grey with overuse. None of these clothes are color matched or coordinated.

The girl never had a good grasp on fashion. Or how she presents herself to the outside world. Largely uncharismatic, which made her pretty shy and reclusive, it was safe to say that Lucy was socially underdeveloped for her age; On top of that, she was not the brightest bulb in the box.

On the other side of the wall-pushed table, opposite Lucy, sits her beloved mother, Priscilla. The lanky and skinny (almost to an anorexic level) woman has her long, dark hair in generously hair-spayed curls

that run down her wrinkly shoulders and shagging, 'dried-up' small chest. The woman is looking beyond her actual age of 47, as her long, wrinkly fingers lift the coffee mug to her lips, her other hand holding the end of a lit cigarette.

Priscilla has been smoking two packs a day and drinking half a bottle of gin every day for a couple of decades. Substance abuse will do that to a person. Age them rapidly.

The mentally...dubious woman, still dressed in her dark, worn nightgown, with one of its spaghetti straps dangling off the side of her arm, has made a pact with herself to at least not take the booze bottle out until after her unemployed, uneducated child has left for her cousins, about 10 blocks from here. With not much to do, Lucy pays them frequent visits, when not wandering around the house or the neighborhood.

Despite the nice bitterness of her morning brew, Priscilla is already thinking of how good the gin will taste soon. Coffee is always too...bland.

"Why do you have to eat so much? You're getting fatter again" Priscilla seemingly out of the blue turns and scolds her daughter, seeing her gulp down her big bowl of sugary cereal. "MOM!" Lucy eyes the woman with an exasperated look.

As if she's not already self-conscious about it, her mother always nags her about her weight.

"Well, how are you gonna find a nice, god-fearing boy to marry?" Priscilla whines about her second favorite thing. She's always had a weird obsession with her daughter getting 'settled' with a nice groom. Or bride. The gender never worried Priscilla as much as the thought of her dear 'cherry-pie' left forever 'on the rack'. "You know I like girls, ma" Lucy replies, still annoyed as she takes another spoonful of cereal.

Priscilla gets up and approaches her daughter, changing her demeanor. As she stands behind her, Priscilla gathers the girl's chest-long, straight hair together in her grasp and starts braiding them.

"I'm just looking out for you" she comforts her daughter, her tone nothing like the judgmental one a few seconds ago. "I think it looks nice, don't you think" she comments on her braid work. "Yes, momma" Lucy replies peacefully, her mind wondering off, her mother's boney touch very natural to her.

Kind of a weird thing to call your mother when you're a full adult. But Lucy and Priscilla have a weird, codependent relationship. Having raised her without a father, the girl is the whole world to Priscilla, even if it's not always apparent. Priscilla is very controlling and at times verbally abusive towards her

only child, berating her for any little thing. The fact that she also loves her more than anything in the world is just a testament to people's complexity.

"I would do ANYTHING for you, sweetheart" Priscilla says, wrapping her skinny, leathery arms around her daughter, hugging her tightly from behind. "I know momma" Lucy blushes a bit in uncomfortableness, politely waiting for her mother's sudden affection display to end, like a child that doesn't really know better.

In reality, Lucy could never picture her life without her mother. The two were inseparable.

PART 2: UNREQUITED LOVE

"Ehmm, I'm sorry, I cannot date you. I have a boyfriend..." Katy replies, struggling to look up from her petite, 5'2" height at a Lucy full of longing and nervous anticipation.

Katy is a barista at a neighborhood coffee-chain, the one that Lucy always visits for her mom's orders, since she herself doesn't like the taste of coffee. Throughout the past year, the chubby gal has developed a crush for the cute, blonde 19-year-old girl, working there to supplement her college tuition.

Sadly, besides recognizing the familiar face and mayyyyyyyyybe faintly remembering her name, Katy does not have any other inclination towards the chubby girl. And she has never shown any signs of flirtation. They haven't conversed more than the typical niceties of a customer-service provider.

Despite that, Lucy's pupils have been getting increasingly more heart-shaped with each month. She's totally enamored with the cute girl.

In this seemingly endless moment, Lucy has gathered the courage to ask the girl out on a date, inopportunistically in the middle of Katy's shift. The girl has split off the service bar to 'deal' with this uncomfortable proposition, that essentially happened in front of random strangers waiting for their coffee. The two young women are now on a more private one-on-one.

Even in the store's mandatory open-head cap and matching apron, Katy looks utterly beautiful.

The college freshman is a straight-up hottie, with some perky, round B-cups which are nicely outlined by her work apron. Her slim waist and perfectly flat belly are also apparent even without form-fitting

clothing. But her curvy ass and wide hips are perfectly outlined by her dark pair of yoga pants, which end above her pretty, exposed ankles. Her alluring figure is supported by a pair of cool, all-white sneakers.

The girl has a mesmerizingly beautiful face, with deep, blue eyes and long, wavy blonde hair that are currently caught in a hasty bun through her open cap.

“You’re very nice. I’m sorry...” the girl tries to put the much larger girl down as softly as she can. The two vastly different women are standing opposite each other, in utter silence following Katy’s words. The uncomfortable tension can be cut with a knife. Katy must have done about three different cringed expressions in the span of these 3 seconds, biting her lip, shifting her eyes all around and tapping her foot all at the same time.

“Uhhmm, it’s...it’s ok...ehm...see you around” Lucy ejects straight out of this mortifying interaction, turning back and leaving to not show the girl her welling up, unable to process or react to this rejection.

She’s been building herself up to ask the stunning barista out for months. The inside of Lucy’s drawing book at home is riddled with drawings of arrowed hearts with Katy’s name on it.

Unlike the fully untouched Lucy, the blonde hottie had already gone through three different boyfriends in high school and had just started dating a buff college football player. Despite having already given ‘blowies’ and ‘handies’, she hadn’t given up her ‘cherry’ to anyone yet, saving it for someone ‘special’.

Boys in campus had rudely pinned her as a ‘cock-teaser’.

Though the straight girl was not one to turn down a fun night, not in her wildest, drunkest, most bi-curious benders would she ever ‘go for’ Lucy, of all women. The obese girl was far from a looker.

Indeed, the 21-year-old was a late bloomer and signs weren’t looking good regarding her ‘bloom’. The chubby girl had never even reached first base with anyone yet, let alone the more ‘risqué’ stuff that guy-popular Katy was getting into.

“It’s ok sweetheart, momma’s here” Priscilla holds her sobbing daughter in her arms, standing up while Lucy is sitting on the patched-up living room couch, balling her eyes out with her arms tightly wrapped around the woman’s lower back, her face buried against her chest.

“Anyone who doesn’t see you like the prettiest, smartest girl in the world needs to have their heads checked” Priscilla says to her daughter. “Who is this chick, anyway?” she asks.

"It's Katy. The... girl... from... the... coffee place" Lucy manages to get out amidst sobs, wiping her tears with her wrist. "That little trollop, huh?" Priscilla remembers the name vaguely.

Probably from her daughter going on and on about her.

"Don't you worry your little head, my sweet. Momma's gonna make you some hot chocolate. It'll take all the pain away" Priscilla says whilst caressing her daughter's hair with a determined expression, which her fragile child cannot see as she gives out a small smile from momma's comfort with closed, tearful eyes.

Katy has just exited the front door of her afternoon music school. Her flute, one of her rare pricey possessions, is inside its black, hard case, its handle dangling from her hand. Even though the sun has set, the hot weather allows the young woman to wear her favorite Birkenstocks, a brown pair with the signature cork soles. The blonde beauty is dressed in a light-blue, high-waist, pleated skirt, ending way above the girl's knees and showing off her gorgeous legs. It is paired with a light pink, short-sleeved, buttoned-up shirt.

"Hi, are you...Katy Gulitz?" the girl turns to hear and see a woman around 50, whom she does not recognize. Her dark, curling hair are housing lots of stray, white and grey hairs. The woman is wearing a pair of jeans and a striped top. A frayed black leather handbag is draped over one shoulder. Priscilla hasn't looked this presentable in months. Though the girl doesn't know that.

"Em, yes, can I help you?" the girl replies, puzzled. "Your brother's been in a traffic accident, he told me I could find you here" the strange woman speaks urgently. The girl's family history had been shared to Priscilla by an unsuspecting Lucy.

"Oh my god, where is he?" Katy asks, clearly concerned.

Katy follows this kind stranger. In her shook state, Katy doesn't register the fact that Priscilla is leading her into a dimly lit alley, its gravel road used as a last-resort parking space.

"Where is he? I don't see any **SMASH**" the girl's question is cut short by the shattering sound of a gin bottle shattering over her head. It's the only thing Priscilla was carrying in her handbag. Priscilla looks

down at the unconscious college girl, lying face down on the gravelly ground. A small trail of blood starts running from the back of her head.

The woman checks around. No one else is here in this shady back alley. She then grabs the limp girl from underneath her arms and pulls her along to the trunk of her rusty old car, dumping Katy inside. She then grabs the girl's cased flute, that's been lying on the ground where the girl dropped, and tosses it next to its owner, before closing the lid.

Lucy's mother inherited the place from her family, which makes sense since she would not be able to afford rent just on her current government benefits. The neglected house has a tiny hall/living room, the narrow kitchen and a bedroom which Priscilla and her daughter share.

Lucy had reached 16, before she stopped sleeping in the same bed with her mother. Though she still sneaks underneath her mom's duvet, whenever she's feeling sad.

Finally, the ground-floor residence has a windowless basement, which mostly collects dust, dirt and old cardboard boxes, full of old things Priscilla cannot bare to part with. There's an old sofa-chair full of scratches and holes on its fabric. A single, cover-less ceiling bulb is the only that can bring light into the room. The space is spacious enough, considering the room's upstairs, with some more antique furniture against the walls, making it smaller.

"Hmmff..." Katy weakly groans, feeling Priscilla's hand not particularly gently slap her awake. The girl quickly realizes her mobility is very much compromised. She's tied up onto a wooden chair, its woven rope seat partially frayed and frizzy with neglect.

The pretty girl's bare ankles are firmly tied onto the bottom of the chair's front legs with multiple coils of rough hemp rope, the position forcing her legs a bit spread. Her arms are tied at the wrists and tethered behind the chair's back.

"Hmmmnggff!?" a scared Katy moans in a high, inquisitive pitch as she takes in her surroundings and eyes the older woman, who's standing before her with a serious, stern look and folded arms. Katy's words are muffled and altered to gibberish by a long piece of dirty, thick cloth. It was white a decade ago, now a washed-up beige color. The cloth has been tied into a 4-centimeter-thick knot in the middle, which now rests behind her pearly-white teeth, the two ends pulled and tied behind her head with relentless tension. Furthermore, another old rag Priscilla occasionally uses to dust off upstairs, is stuffed in the girl's mouth, sealed behind the big ball of knots.

“Be quiet. Lucy will be here soon, she’s off at her cousins” Priscila informs her young captive, as she takes another deep puff of her cigarette. She looks down at the young blonde with contempt, as she blows the smoke through one side of her thin, chapped lips. She has already changed from the uncomfortable ‘outdoorsy’ outfit back to her overused robe and flip-flops.

Katy’s eyes open even wide. “Lucy? That girl from the cafeteria that asked her out?” she thinks. What does she have to do with all this? The frustrated rich girl tests her ropes, her shapely body shaking on her chair. She’s not getting out of there any time soon. “MMNgghfffnffgg” she attempts speech once more, utterly failing due to her stuff/cleave gag. “Shut it” Priscilla has no patience for the whiny brawd, slapping her across the face.

“If you’re to be my daughter’s bride, you oughta get on my good side” Priscilla informs the still-dizzy girl, appearing like the worst mother-in-law possible. “MMng?” Katy lets out a questioning moan.

‘Bride?’ what the fuck is this woman talking about?

“This must be her” the twiggy woman utters, glancing towards the basement door, hearing the front door above being unlocked. The basement’s door is in the middle of the straight, wooden stair-case that leads to the ground floor. It’s about 6 feet tall.

“Mom, what did you do...?” Lucy is stunned upon seeing the ‘surprise’ her mother called her down the basement for.

“I’ve brought her to stay with us so that she can see how wrong she was to reject you” her mother explains her plan with utter conviction.

“I...I don’t think she wants to be here, mom” the morally perplexed brunette says, not approaching the bound and gagged Katy, only embarrassingly glancing at the chair-tied girl that struggles and whimpers pitifully into her gag. “I know honey, I know she doesn’t. But think of it this way. How can she decide she doesn’t want to be with you, if she hasn’t gotten to know you at all? You told me many times how you two rarely ever spoke” Priscilla retorts, making perfect sense in her own, disturbed mind.

The nervous Lucy ponders the sentence, all while Katy keeps pulling on her rope bonds, with increasing force and anxiousness, but no success. “I...I guess” the overweight girl utters softly, embarrassed to be having conversations about this private subject matter, both in the presence of her momma and her crush. She does that thing she always does when she is anxious, fidgeting with the ring piercing she has on the side of her nose.

“So, we’ll keep her with us, and I’m sure that she’ll eventually come around to liking you. I’m certain of it, ok?” the mother says, giving her daughter a matronly peck on the forehead. Lucy reluctantly nods, following her mother’s lead like usual.

Katy simply watches this interaction, taking place a few feet from her, in frozen fear.

She’s unmistakably in deep trouble.

PART 3: ARRANGED MARRIAGE

During the following few days, the 19-year-old hottie quickly discovered the narrow limits of her freedom. Not only was she confined to the small, filthy, windowless basement, she also never really left the wooden chair she was bound on, Lucy’s mother too wary to untie her. The woman cut out a small hole at the center of the square seat, where the poor girl urinated from, using a funnel and a small bucket. Katy could not feel more humiliated, forced to pee right in front of her impatiently waiting captor. But it was either that, or piss and shit herself, and so after some gagged begging that led nowhere, the miserable girl relented to emptying her waste with an audience.

For Katy’s ‘bathroom breaks’, Priscilla had simply cut the girl’s panties off with a blade. The blonde cutie did not receive a replacement, going ‘commando’ for the rest of her stay. Her skirt and shirt remained for the time being, collecting sweat and the basement’s lingering dust. Her feet were left bare and cold though, as Priscilla stole the girl’s cute Birkenstocks, when she discovered they fitted her perfectly.

The barista-girl spent all her days on that chair and was only ungagged to be fed and watered, mostly by Priscilla, who initially kept her daughter clear of any ‘maintenance responsibilities’, wanting her to be solely focused on developing her relationship with their unwilling guest. After that, the dirty rag was shoved right back in the girl’s mouth and tied roughly with the knotted-scarf.

Lucy often visited her bound and gagged crush during the day, often finding her and her chair toppled over the basement floor as a result of her private struggling.

Priscilla had made it clear that Lucy was to not ungag the ‘riled up slut’ until things had settled a bit. With Katy’s words coming out in the form of gagged nonsense, it was the air-headed Lucy that was tasked with the burden of building a rapport.

"I'm sorry, just...just hang on...we won't hurt you or anything..." Lucy did not know how to reply whenever Katy was asking her to free her. The overweight lass only tried to avoid blame and vaguely stall, trying to ease the captive's angst. It didn't work, usually triggering more angry and desperate wailing from the kidnapped girl.

During these uncomfortable one-on-ones (almost as uncomfortable as that initial tete-a-tete at the coffee shop) Lucy would babble about her dull day with the girl she was madly in love with, a girl that did not have much choice but to sit and listen. Lucy showed Katy some of her drawing notebooks and shared personal tidbits about herself like her hobbies, much like she had heard people do on dates.

Her love for Katy was not being reciprocated, though.

The basement door opens, its rusty hinges squeaking loudly. No one can enter stealthily, not that they need to. Half-asleep, with her cleave-wrapped head slumped down, the seated, bound girl tilts her eyes up to see Priscilla enter.

With no words exchanged, the rough-around-the-edges woman unknots the gag and pulls out the soaked rags, holding a mug of soup. Katy looks at her with a look of tired, but stern, pride. "Don't give me shit" Priscilla bites back with a warning, putting the mug on the girl's lips. She appears annoyed simply at having to feed the little brat. Something in the girl's beauty has rubbed Priscilla the wrong way from the start. While knowing that the Barbie bitch is the only shot her daughter will ever have at a soulmate, she still despises the pretty cunt.

Despite wanting to spit it in this witch's face, Katy gulps down the soup, starving. Priscilla tilts the bowl a bit too high, wanting to be done with this chore and some soup spills on the girl's chin and chest. Priscilla doesn't mind.

"My daughter told me that you are pure" Priscilla speaks as Katy still gulps down soup. "I won't let my child marry a dirty hussy" she adds as the girl's meal is unceremoniously taken away. The backwards woman doesn't want her daughter taking a 'spoiled' bride if she can avoid it. "You don't look like a virgin; more like a whore" Priscilla sneers. Katy does not dignify a response, simply dead-eyeing her.

Priscilla puts the bundle of rags back against her lips and the girl shifts her head a bit to avoid it. "Fucking skank..." Priscilla mutters as she grabs and pinches the defenseless girl's nose, pressing the rags more roughly into her closed mouth. "MM! GFFF!" Katy's little rebellion ends quickly as her mouth is violently stuffed again and Priscilla ties the rag around her face with tension.

"I have my ways of finding it out what you're about" the woman says, prying the woman's knees wider and sneaking her boney hand between Katy's thighs, towards her uncovered sex!

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!” a growling moan escapes Katy, who’s suddenly being violated by her captor. She shakes and twists her body, rattling her chair, but does not stop Priscilla from forcefully inserting her wrinkly, yellow-nailed fingers inside Katy’s pussy.

“Easy now, whore” Priscilla speaks to the screaming damsel as if calming a bucking horse from a medical exam. In her mind, she’s performing a degrading, non-consensual medical check. Searching for the girl’s intact hymen. Katy feels utterly violated, feeling the woman’s gross fingertips dig around in her virginal sex.

Though not a scientific way to prove a person’s virginity, the woman’s prodding fingers exit satisfied. With the faintest groan of approval (?), Priscilla leaves the girl is helpless as she found it.

Maybe a little more so.

“Do you like it? If it’s too loud I can put on something else” Katy hears Lucy say, right as the girl’s flimsy headphones are pulled off her ears. They are still audibly blasting some kind of grating metal music. Katy eyes Lucy with the same apprehensive, worried look; like expressing the ‘wrong’ opinion will get her murdered.

“Pheeahhhh, guk weeh Uhh...” (*Please, get this off*) the girl musters a soft plea at Lucy, through her mouth-stuffed cleave-gag, asking her to remove it. She’s not screaming or crying like other times, trying to appeal to the girl’s reason.

Katy looks nothing like the perfumed, squeaky clean and seamlessly styled girl that was leaving her flute lesson. She’s been in that sultry, humid basement for five days now and it shows.

The rag used for stuffing her gag ball has fully absorbed the girl’s saliva, dried and re-soaked again and again, slowly turning filthy and gross. The girl’s eyes appear nothing like the prettied up version Katy brought to her college parties. Their eyeliner is smudged, their mascara has faded. They now have dark circles underneath them, a result of her lackluster sleep, which is difficult while chair-tied.

The girl’s light-pink shirt is almost sticking to the girl’s skin, in the intense summer heat that gets trapped in this underground room. Of course, there’s no air-conditioning to speak of. The nylon/cotton fabric has soaked up countless drops of sweat and gathered much dirt and dust from the girl’s struggling attempts that resulted in toppling her chair over.

There’s not really a moment the chair-tied girl is not feeling vulnerable in Lucy’s presence. Not just because of her bondage, but also because her bare crotch can be seen without much effort, making her

constantly feel on edge. When Lucy is with her, the girl always tenses her thighs together as far as they'll reach, her ankle bondage stopping them from fully closing. Her short skirt is not helping her cause. If Lucy tilts her head between the girl's knees, she can easily peek at her pussy.

But the shy simpleton has not forced her advances onto the helpless cutie. She always imagined how nice her warm, moist lips must feel to kiss. Or further down 'the line, how nice her titties and ass must feel to grope. The number of times Katy has been the subject of the girl's masturbatory fantasies probably reaches triple figures.

But these circumstances...they are...weird, to say the least. The podgy girl still has some doubts about the whole ordeal, doubt that are always put to rest by 'momma' reassuring her that this is the right course of action.

"Momma said not to; that you'll make noise" Lucy replies for the 10th or so time. The girl has asked to be ungagged many times, but she looks so sincere and so pitiful this time. In the end, those gorgeous, blue puppy eyes get to her, and Lucy undoes the knot behind Katy's head. "Gugghh. *cough*" the blonde beauty coughs as the drenched rag is pulled through her lips, the knotted scarf now resting like a necklace.

Katy simply looks at the ugly, overweight girl, who's seated right opposite her chair, for a few tense seconds. She does not make a peep. "Thank you" she finally breaks the silence, still sounding scared and apprehensive.

"Do you wanna eat?" Lucy offers. "I can get you some beans from upstairs". Katy is not thrilled about being fed canned beans for a third day in a row. "No, uhm, I'm ok..." she replies. Another long pause looms.

"Momma always used to say I'll make a great wife. I promise you I will be" the simple girl says, not really appealing to Katy's worries. "I can't be your wife, Lucy" the bound girl tries to reason with her captor. "You can't make people like you like that" she adds.

"I've always loved you, ever since I first saw you at the coffee place" Lucy confesses out of the blue, not taking the hint.

"It's not how it works! why are you doing this??" Katy asks trying very hard to maintain a calm demeanor. "You're...you're so pretty, Katy" a nervous Lucy throws compliments, like a malfunctioning flirting computer.

"I wanna go home!" Katy starts losing her cool, her voice getting louder, her arms instinctively pulling at her bonds.

“P...please, don’t make noise” Lucy tries to calm the bound girl, not knowing what to do.

“WHY ARE YOU KEEPING ME HERE??? PLEAASEEEEE!!! SOMEONE!!!” the girl has gone haywire, screaming for anyone to hear her, turning her head up towards the walls and the ceiling, for her scream to (hopefully) penetrate through them. Priscilla and Lucy’s city house is by a rather busy road, where someone might be able to pick up a screaming girl over the traffic ruckus.

“HEEEEEEEEEEMMMMMnnnn!” Katy’s screams for help are smothered by Lucy, who rushes over and clamps her chubby, large hand tightly over the small girl’s mouth.

“Please, momma’s gonna hear you and we’ll both be in trouble!” Lucy whispers anxiously, her face really close to her hand-gagged captive’s face. Katy has her wide eyes stuck to her, panting through her nostrils from her hissy fit. She can’t turn away from the girl’s firm hand-gag, as Lucy is also holding the girl by the back of her head. Katy can feel just how strong the large girl is, feeling the pressure on either side of her head by Lucy’s grasp.

“I thought I could trust you, but I guess not” a hurt Lucy says, roughly shoving the stuff-rag then the knotted ball of the scarf back in Lucy’s mouth. “Noo! NNGGHHFFFHUUHH!” Katy lets out a defeated whimper, now firmly gagged again, as she watches Lucy walk away and slam the basement door behind her.

No one from Katy's family or friend circle had the slightest idea of the girl's whereabouts. With college classes out for the summer, it was her workplace that was first alarmed at her sudden absence, her friends and family notifying the police soon thereafter.

The girl hadn't mentioned to her friends the cringe-worthy exchange between her and Lucy. Even though her workplace was only a few blocks from where she was imprisoned, no one could link her disappearance to Priscilla's household.

With Katy closing in a week in captivity, her romantic chemistry with Lucy was still severely lacking. The chubby lesbian did her best to make a good impression, given the less-than-ideal circumstances. She even asked her mom to be the one to feed the girl at times, to which Priscilla agreed. "Feeding someone is attractive" she said to her mom, having read it in an online article. It didn't exactly sway Katy her way.

Lucy's 'flirt' seemed more interested in finding a way out of her predicament, than getting to know her.

"Ffff..ffff..fff..." the bound and gagged girl starts nervously panting through her nose and shifting in her bonds, seeing Priscilla produce a sharp box-cutter and approach her. Lucy is observing shyly, hidden behind the lanky bitch, with a bucket of soapy water in hand.

The issue of their prisoner's hygiene was becoming more and more apparent. Up to this point, Priscilla was not bothering with things past the absolutely necessary (food, water and waste).

Ignoring Katy's clear refusal, indicated by her squirmy body language, Lucy's mom runs the box-cutter down the middle of the girl's fashionable top like they never cost anything. "NNNNNNGGGGHH!" Katy shakes her head (and petite body) in desperation, her hands unable to stop this indecency, 'tucked' behind the chair's back.

“Shut up you filthy whore!” Priscilla growls. Having already exposed the girl’s cute bra, she wedges the blade under the part where the two cups connect and flicks it, ‘freeing’ the 19-year-old’s gorgeous, perky titties.

Lucy cannot contain her deep blushing at witnessing Katy’s nudity for the first time. Her small titties are everything she’s been dreaming of. The girl’s areolae adorably poke just a sliver further from the breast’s surface. Lucy is already picturing suckling on those cute nipples.

With Katy writhing on her chair, Priscilla tears the sleeves of her top off, and moves on to her pleated skirt, easily cutting it and pulling it off the girl’s body, leaving the tied-up girl utterly naked. Lucy’s eyes are immediately drawn to the girl’s petite cunt. Its delicate pink lips, its little triangular trimmed bush, its concealed little sex button. The fat girl gulps from embarrassed arousal.

With her assistant mostly idle by her side, Priscilla roughly scrubs a wailing Katy, the sponge quickly needing rinsing as it gets brown with the dirt stuck on the girl’s once creamy white flesh.

“Hold her legs open” Priscilla instructs her assistant. “NNNGGG! PPPPLLEEEEEHHH!” (*NOO! PLEASE!*) Katy cries out, fully ignored as Lucy pulls her one knee aside, keeping her from closing her legs. It’s more than enough for her mother to shove that sponge down the ‘whore’s’ dirty cunt and scrub it. The girl keeps wailing. She’d much rather remain dirty.

“No daughter-in-law of mine is gonna be stinking the place up with a filthy pussy” Priscilla moves the sponge across the girl’s private parts with the same objectified indifference as if she’s scrubbing a dirty pan.

“Now you listen here. You are not to touch her in any sinful way until the wedding. Understand?” Priscilla makes her twisted, religious-influenced wishes crystal clear, seeing how Lucy’s ogling the naked slut. “Yes, mamma” Lucy says, bowing her head down in shame for having those exact thoughts.

She really wants to touch Katy.

Katy's arms are forced fully taut and straight above her head, since her tied-together wrists have been hoisted to the wooden ceiling beam above, forcing the girl to stand straight and on her tip-toes. Lucy is holding the girl's raised arms from budging even slightly, putting her 5'8" body up against the girl's backside to further prevent Katy from backing away. The girl's only shirt (her bra tossed in the garbage bin ever seen his first 'bath') has been removed from her, leaving Katy with only her skirt.

Inside the gritty basement, a peculiar marriage proposal is taking place.

"NNuhgg, pheahh, nnnnggm" (No, please, no) an exhausted, suffering Katy desperately shakes her head left and right, pleading to the older woman with her blue, pitiful, teary eyes, which see Priscilla once again approaching her exposed, hairless armpit with a sizzling-hot, three-inch-wide, cylindrical steel pot, holding it by its plastic handle.

She had left it under the open gas-flame for a good 10 minutes, though that was 30 minutes ago, when the first question was asked. It still looks like it will leave a nasty red mark. Her left armpit was done the last time. Now it's time for the right one again.

Not hearing what she wants, the middle-aged woman presses the curving side of the burning metal pot onto the sensitive, already red incurve of flesh with determination; with intent.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!" Katy lets a gut-wrenching scream even though her heavy gagging, shaking her head left and right and shutting her eyes hard, as the scolding metal sizzles as it makes contact with her poor skin. She hasn't felt pain like this in her life. Once again, she instinctively tries to jump back, finding Lucy's body like a wall. She can't avoid this fate.

"JUST...SAY...YES!" Priscilla yells above the sound of burning flesh, frustrated at the little whore's stubbornness. She's not gonna let up unless the bitch agrees to her daughter's hand. Priscilla has been adamant about the sanctity of her daughter's union with her beloved. Regardless of her captivity, the girl needs to agree to this engagement, in order for the marriage to be valid in God's eyes.

More like, Priscilla's eyes.

After 3 loooooooooooooong seconds, Priscilla finally removes the ‘branding pot’ from the girl’s armpit. “Gmmff...gmmfff...gmmfff....” the girl breathes sharply through her nose with groans, trying to cope with the horrible pain as well re-trace her footing on the dirty floor, her cute, naked toes straining to find support and ease the pain on her wrists. Both the girl’s poor armpits have a strong, pulsating pink color. Besides the tears that have been streaming down her blue eyes for a while now, runny snot is staining her cute little French nose, and drool is dripping from her wet chin, her vicious stuff-and-scarf gag keeping her pained cries relatively quiet.

Lucy observes this ordeal speechless. Half the time she's full-on gazing at the girl's naked breasts. Though kind of horrified and certainly feeling sad for her 'girlfriend's' predicament, she's still acting as an accomplice to her mom's plan, convinced this is all for the better.

You can't marry someone without getting that coveted 'yes'.

“Will you...marry... my Lucy?” Priscila leans over the tortured girl, her pointy nose almost touching Katy’s much cuter one. The girl keeps her face turned away from her. Despite the grueling torture, the stubborn little brat refuses to cooperate, appearing a tougher nut to ‘crack’ than her appearance might suggest.

“Again” Priscilla informs Lucy to hold the bitch’s arms steady with another stern tone. “M...maybe she needs a break, momma” a torn Lucy starts feeling weird. “I SAID AGAIN” Priscilla raises her voice and the chubby girl falls in line. She grabs a good hold of Katy’s arms once more, able to almost wrap her chubby fingers around Katy’s upper arm. “MMMM....NNNnnn!” Katy cries out in her gag weaker this time, as she sees Priscilla zero the distance between the pot and her pulled-flat armpit.

"MMMMMMMMUUUUUUuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuGGGGHHH!" the girl lets the vilest shriek, twitching in agony very much in place.

After 5 seconds Priscilla pulls away the metal and Katy fully sinks into her wrist-bonds that held her whole body upright, almost as if she was a corpse re-animated with electricity and the plug has just been pulled. She's gone limp on Lucy's grasp and for a moment appearing like she fainted, as she fully loses her legs strength. This barely changes her position, since her petite, battered body cannot sink any lower due to her beam-tethered wrists, her toes now grazing the floor lifelessly, as she's hanging by her wrists.

“Please, my dear...” Priscilla takes a rare, ‘good cop’ approach. “It will make my Lucy very happy...” she says with a warm smile to the debilitated girl, caressing her fiercely gagged face.

Unable to take any more of this horrendous pain, Katy dejectedly, weakly nods her head with a gagged whimper. “Lucy needs to hear it” Priscilla adds with her usual, impatient, threatening undertone.

“.....Yuhh” the girl’s muffled response comes after a small pause.

“She said yes!” Lucy exclaims joyously. “Good girl” Priscilla caresses the spent girl’s messy, sweaty hair with a perverse affection.

“Lucy, bring me the ring” she orders her daughter. An engagement is nothing without an engagement ring.

PART 4: SINFUL URGES

There are no cicadas in the polluted city. No trees for them to rest on, but only cement and cars flying by. They comprise most of the faint background noise that fills the dim basement's silence.

The girl's slender, petite body dangling from the beam by her wrists, clad in only that pleated skirt. In the humid, stale heat, Priscilla has seen no reason to cover the poor girl up. Furthermore, tired of messing with the girl's chair bonds, Priscilla had altered Katy's default bondage position to something more straightforward.

Still, the cruel, vindictive mother left just enough slack of the rope that the short girl had to balance on her tip toes, to avoid putting her entire weight on her tied, slender wrists. Her wrists and her shoulder-joints ache from the unyielding, pulling pressure. Unable to fully relax her body or she'll cause these parts further strain; Katy can't fall asleep, constantly tensing her small, stretched body to find some comfort.

Her state is vastly different, three weeks after her abduction. The girl's pretty pedicure, done a day before that dreaded music lesson, has long since been ruined, the playful red color cracked and all but missing from her toenails, whatever spots left having lost all of the vibrancy of the initial color.

Her pretty pink lips, once glossy and moist, now look chapped and all but lifeless. The corners of said lips display these horizontal, purple line marks on them, due to the accumulated, constant pressure of the cleave-gag bruising her delicate face.

Her delicate fingers, drooping like flowers without sunlight, twitch, making the rare light flicker onto a small piece of metal. It is a steel wire, clumsily painted with a gold sharpie, that's harshly wrapped around the ring finger of her left hand. Her wedding ring.

Priscilla did not want the little trollop removing her ring and going against her sacred promise to Lucy. The girl cannot pull the awkwardly-wrapped piece of wire from her finger, without some external help.

The too-familiar door squeak indicates someone's entering. It is Lucy. She appears conspicuous. Her mother is passed out upstairs, snoring like a moose with a gin bottle on her lap. The obese young woman approaches the half-hanging, half-naked girl, who side-eyes her.

In the past week, Lucy's struggles to contain her horniness have worsened. Before 'bringing Katy home', many a sleepless nights had she spent in her bed, fantasizing about fooling around with Katy. The teen often 'diddled' herself under her covers, playing with herself with as little movement as possible, biting her lip to suppress her moans and not wake her mother up, who was sleeping a few feet away.

Despite always going along with momma's wishes, she couldn't hold together any longer.

The gagged girl softly shakes her head, her eyes popping open at Lucy. Her whole body tenses up at the sound of this 'proposition'.

"I've been practicing on my pillow upstairs" the slightly 'special' young woman reassures Katy, closing the distance between them, looking at her with a stalker's sparkle in her eyes. The 21-year-old adult has actually been practicing groping a woman up in her bedroom.

"MMMMm!" Katy lets a warning moan, seeing the girl get in her immediate personal space. She tugs at her overhead wrist-bonds, which don't lend her any freedom.

Blinded by pure lust, the large, big-breasted girl ignores the protest and puts her hand on Katy's beautiful, naked breasts, savoring every moment. They feel like heaven to her.

"NNNNGGG! PLLLLHHH!" Katy protests with muffled pleas, her raised hands nowhere near helping her smack the groping hand away. Still, Lucy momentarily snaps back due to the gagged cry. "P...please, I...I love you" she implores, like uttering these words should be enough for Katy to consent.

"I really... REALLY love you!" Lucy points again, clearly confusing love with lust as she fondles the helpless woman again. "NNNNNNNNG!!!" Katy cries out, but this time, it's not enough to stop Lucy from wrapping her fatty arms around the strung-up girl's delicate back and both awkwardly and passionately start kissing her gagged face, her neck, breasts, her poking ribs; everywhere her lips are close to.

The large young woman has never done anything like this before and it shows, getting her drool all over Katy. She's reaching behind and grabs both of the girl's drum-tight, round asscheeks, examining the girl like she's a female anatomy mannequin. "MMMMMMMMMGGHH!" the bound blonde cannot avoid Lucy's groping and lips, twisting her body in frenzy and moaning desperately.

“Sshhhhhhhhh, be quiet. If mom finds out we’re touching like this, she will be very mad at you, too” Lucy notes, not even having the words to describe her sexual activity. She’s not wrong. A sullied bride would be as good as wasted to her demented mother. She might even kill the poor girl and start fresh. Katy eyes Lucy with wet, terrified eyes, trembling at the implications of what she has just heard.

She’s much more timid as Lucy keeps feeling her up, taking in the girl’s ‘essence’. Even though Katy’s perfume has evaporated long ago and she now mostly smells of dried sweat and dirt, her scent feels like paradise to Lucy. The sensation of her unofficial fiancée’s soft, tender flesh against her lips, her slim waist wrapped in her arms, her perky tits and ass being squeezed by Lucy’s inexperienced hands.

It’s all wonderful!

“You smell really nice” the ‘simple’ girl says, Katy is passively sobbing into her gag now, not struggling anymore, as Lucy is taking full advantage of the girl’s helpless state. “I can’t wait to marry you... *kiss* ...we’re gonna together forever... *kiss* ...” Lucy blurts out whilst harassing her, groping her boobies and giving her cleave-gagged face more clumsy, slobbery kisses, all whilst grinding her crotch against Katy’s practically nude body.

The chubby girl is dripping wet; a visible stain is in the center seam of her shorts.

“Lucyyyyyyyy” Priscilla’s calling voice can be heard from upstairs. She’s awake! Lucy puts her finger in front of her lips, reminding the sexually abused girl to forget about their little meet-up, before quickly leaving Katy alone once more.

PART 5: COLD FEET

As the summery days moved on, Lucy didn't seem as torn about her mother's very illegal, morally dubious endeavor as she might have at the start. Getting her fingers wet (pun intended) gave the untouched, unattractive lesbian new confidence in her mom's plan. She tried to find more excuses to sneak down the basement, especially during Priscilla's heavy afternoon naps. Poor Katy was doubly helpless to stop the big-breasted woman's advances, once by her bondage and the other by the prospect of an angry Priscilla discovering their 'unholy' affairs.

The chubby lezzo had grown a special affinity for exploring the helpless girl's asshole. She would stand behind the wrist-hanging, naked lass and lick her finger nice and wet then push it between the small woman's tight asscheeks and past her sphincter, cooing over the girl's gagged cries throughout this. Lucy liked how tight the girl's asshole 'gripped' her finger. How nice and warm it felt encircling it. How intimate she felt with Katy and at the same time, this rush of exhilarating power coursed through her.

"PHHheeeaaahh, TuUUkk Ut UUFF, Uk HHUUUhkkhh" (*Please take it off, it hurts!*) the gagged girl would beg with her head turned behind her to face her assailant, but Lucy was rarely registering her 'girlfriend's' feedback, playing with her nude body like a curious little girl playing with her dolls.

Lucy's mother was happy to see her engaged daughter happy. But contrary to Lucy's sentiments, the middle-aged woman was often rough and uncaring towards the unfortunate captive bride. She wouldn't hesitate to slap the girl around, if she was refusing to down her meals or was simply causing too much trouble.

With Lucy absent, the boney woman always tried to set the 'spoiled' slut on the right path, preparing her for her life of wedlock. "You best treat my girl like a treasure, or I'll slit your throat like a piglet" she'd say to the gagged, restrained and black-eyed girl (thanks to a yesterday's punch) who would eye her back as defiantly and proudly as she could in her vulnerable state.

Whenever the lesbian girl would get cold-feet by witnessing her girlfriend's misery, her dear mother, who had started tagging along with them, would reassure her that it was fine. That it was up to Katy to accept her new life. With them. With Lucy.

Her daughter never questioned her.

Lucy was thrilled to be with Katy, even more so because of their secret, albeit forced, 'dates'. Along with excitement, though, came recklessness. It all almost came crumbling down one day, when Lucy and Katy were being frisky. Or to be more precise, Lucy was, Katy simply enduring her almost 100-pounds-heavier girlfriend's advances.

Lucy was getting acquainted with the girl's pristine pussy, that most sinful hole of them all, as momma had put it. Ignoring Katy's gagged whimpers, she had inserted her fingers inside, feeling the hot, soft moisture. Not really fingering the bound girl like someone that knows about sex, but like a prodding alien. Still, Lucy loved exploring her 'soul mate's' body. Katy hated it.

At one point in this 'exploration', Katy promised the naïve girl she would kiss her 'properly, with tongue and all' if she untied her from the ceiling beam. With hearts in the place of her pupils, the brunette accepted, and Katy took the opportunity to escape, pushing the flabbergasted girl to the floor and gunning it for the exit with the basement keys in hand.

Unfortunately for her, she never saw Priscilla, who clotheslined her as soon as she ran past the hall's doorframe, dropping the small girl on the floor, with Katy's backside slamming down hard, knocking the wind out of her and possibly concussing her, too.

Lucy convinced her mom that she was just playing innocent games with the girl downstairs. Still, for allowing her bride/slave to escape, Lucy received quite a few lashes of momma's leather belt on her open palm for that disobedience, a practice you'd think would be absent from a 21-year-old's relationship with her parent.

As for Katy, well, she got a 'slightly' worse punishment.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMNNnnngg!" the girl wails into her generous stuff/cleave gag, her voice gone raspy from all the screaming. The wrist and ankle tied girl is pinned to the cement floor, with Lucy keeping her fused arms stuck overhead by sitting on them and Priscilla straddling the poor, bare-breasted girl's thighs.

"Light" Priscilla calls for, and Lucy flicks the woman's lighter on, so that the woman can place the tip of a large safety pin over the flame to sterilize it. She then promptly moves it over the poor girl's flat belly, on one side of her belly-button and traces it across Katy's flesh.

The poor, teary-eyed girl has little strength to writhe much more, letting out another suffering yelp. A phrase is being carved on her flesh, the small droplets of blood outlining it further. A phrase that constitutes a grim reminder:

DONT RUN

After that close-call, Priscilla was always present in the basement with them, not risking her dumb daughter screwing everything up. This also made Lucy's stealthy basement visits more difficult. But life moved on in the decaying residence, which had definitely seen better days.

♪ "I love you... till the end of the world..." ♪

A man's deep, honey-like voice is coming distorted, organically lo-fi through Priscilla's old stereo, as Lucy is slow-dancing to this 40's charming tune, with her arms wrapped lovingly around Katy. "That's darn lovely. They don't write 'em like they used to..." Priscilla reminisces from the side of the room, with each of her skinny arms draped on the armrests of her favorite, scruffy sofa chair (which Lucy had helped her bring down to the basement from the living room).

She lifts the bottom of the gin bottle up over her head and lets the clear liquid flow down the hatch. It's all but empty.

The one half of the slow-dancing couple is still restrained, with her wrists roped tightly behind her back and her naked, rope-chaffed ankles hobbled by a foot-long rope. Her 'annoying yapper', as Priscilla kindly put it, is severely stuffed (by not one, but two dust-rags this time) with the usual scarf fiercely tied with a couple of hard knots behind her head, sealing them in place. A scared Katy's not even trying to make a peep, going along with Lucy's arms around her waist.

With her pleated skirt now in the trash along with the rest of her outfit, Katy is now dressed with one of Lucy's loose, nerdy t-shirts; a grey one with a logo in the front. The large size difference in the girl's frames, coupled with the already oversized numbers that Lucy wears, results in the garment appearing on Katy like a mini-dress, concealing her ass just barely. No underwear or shoes/socks to speak of.

The barefoot damsel will have to make her slow-dance on the hard cement.

"Hmmff..." the mentally exhausted girl whimpers softly, as Lucy pushes her head onto her huge chest, as the endearing (at least to Priscilla) couple slowly gyrates. "Hold her tighter around the waist, YOU lead the dance!" Priscilla tactlessly micromanages her daughter once more. "Yes, momma" Lucy complies immediately, pulling the bound girl's alluring hips to press firmer against hers. Katy is unable to avoid this tighter embrace. "That's my girl..." Priscilla nods satisfied, taking the last big gulp of gin.

PART 6: THE HAPPIEST DAY OF HER LIFE

The day of her daughter's wedding, Priscilla entered the basement a few hours prior, to prepare her future daughter-in-law for the 'ceremony', of which only one guest would be attending. Of all the daydreams she had about what her wedding day would look like, Katy had never pictured it taking place in a dirty basement.

"You'll be family soon" Priscilla spoke with the same calm tone that was underlined by an ominous intensity. Tethering each of the girl's slender ankles to some old floor rings so that Katy's legs were graphically forced spread, the middle-aged woman placed a wax strip on her future daughter-in-law's pussy, ignoring her worried looks. There were better, less painful ways to get rid of body hair, and Katy had a suspicion the woman secretly knew that well.

"MMMMMMGG!" Katy winced as Priscilla yanked the strip from her cooch, rendering it clean of any blonde curly pubes. She wanted the virgin's pussy looking pristine for her daughter.

Katy did not deem that beautification necessary, bucking in her added bonds and crying in her gag, but Priscilla did not ask her opinion, pressing each new strip nice and firm onto the sensitive pubic mount and the girl's labia, before pulling it with ruthless callousness, hearing that satisfying ripping sound. Katy cried out each time her pubes were violently separated from her body.

In the end, the wailing 19-year-old's pussy looked as smooth as a baby's bum, albeit with a few red dots some stubborn hairs had left behind.

"Hmm, I like it. Maybe we should do your pits, too. For good measure" Priscilla said to the pitiful slave, who whimpered at her, knowing she wouldn't change her mind.

A couple of hours later, everything is ready for Katy and Lucy's wedding. The 'ceremony' will take place in the basement, as about any noteworthy event of Miss Gulitz's (soon to take Lucy's last name, albeit unofficially) present and future life.

Against her will, but immobile mostly from fear of retaliation than bondage, the 19-year-old blonde bride is standing in front of her much larger bride. Lucy is dressed in a second-hand store wedding dress that mostly fits her large frame. Her eyes are beaming with joy, stuck on the smaller girl's form.

Katy does not share Lucy's enthusiasm. She is also dressed in what is supposedly her wedding dress. In reality, it is a plain dancer dress with short sleeves. Its skirt ends right above the girl's bruised knees.

Priscilla found the garment in the garbage bin near her building and that is very apparent. Apart from being torn in many, many spots, the plain, featureless dress's once white color is now a fully washed-up grey. Furthermore, it has these purple stains throughout it, probably from some cheap, red wine. None of these stains came out in the short wash cycle the mother threw Katy's 'wedding dress' on.

Katy's hair has been fixed in a pretty back bun, with a strand of hair falling on either side of her face. A dollar-store, grey veil has been placed over her hair. Katy's 'mother-in-law' tried applying some make-up and rouge to the young woman's beaten face, but the stubborn bitch wouldn't stay still, so ultimately not much was done.

Katy's ankles were hobbled with rope tied around them, allowing the girl only short steps. The girl's wrists were restrained in front of her with rope. Though still gagged, Katy's stuffing is different than the usual dirty rags. The unlucky bride is currently tasting Lucy's sweaty crotch-filth, since two pairs of Lucy's large underwear, taken straight out of the laundry, has been shoved in the petite girl's mouth.

A long piece of white/grey cloth has been tied over her lips to 'seal-in the flavor'. Priscilla deemed necessary that the young virgin savors her soon-to-be lover's taste before the marriage is consummated. As a final touch, a hastily drawn set of red lips has been drawn by Priscilla onto Katy's gag with some lipstick, on the place of Katy's actual lips.

"Alright, let's get to it!" the semi-drunk woman, dressed in an old, black dress that had also seen better days, utters exuberant. She'll be officiating this wedding.

"We're gathered here today to join Lucy..." the chubby chick nods with an excited smile "...and Katy..." Katy's reaction is simply a mean glare towards the older woman "...in holy matrimony."

Lucy then recites, with the help of her mother repeating every phrase, her wedding vows.

"I promise to cherish you always, to honor and sustain you, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, and to be true to you in all things until death alone shall part us".

"I, Lucy take you, Katy, to be my wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, until death do us part" Lucy struggles with her speech a bit, not the most eloquent gal, barely passing each grade.

"I'm sure Katy feels the same..." Priscilla says, side-eyeing her gagged daughter-in-law. She doesn't have to say the vows back.

"I now pronounce you married. Go on then, kiss her!" Priscilla nudges her air-headed daughter, who embraces her tied-up bride in her arms and plants a tender kiss on the smooth cloth, over Katy's gagged lips. The blonde captive closes her eyes, in miserable disbelief.

"I'm so happy for you, sweetheart!" Priscilla squeezes her daughter in her hug. "There you go" she says, handing her girl a roped noose she has fashioned earlier. Katy has, quite literally, tied the knot, since the rope is placed around her slim neck and its bight closed around it. Lucy's holding the other end of the rope.

Go on honey! Lead your spouse to the bridal bed! Fuck her brains out!" Priscilla drunkenly cheers in a very dual-toned statement. She does not have any inhibitions about being present for her daughter's first sexual encounter. What she's referring to as "bridal bed" is the sheet-less, dusty mattress that she and Lucy have dragged down and tossed onto the basement's floor earlier today.

"MMMm...nNNNNNGGH!" Katy tries to pull away, putting her wrist-bound hands on her rope-leash, but the much stronger Lucy pulls her towards the mattress anyway. The marriage will be consummated seconds after the exchange of vows. It's apparent that only two out of the three wedding participants are looking forward to this. Sitting in her sofa, Priscilla is watching with pervy, dead eyes, taking another large gulp from the bottle.

In a flash, Lucy has ridden herself from her wedding dress, towering over her floor-kneeling 'wife' in the nude. The 5'8", 200-pounds round girl is not far from the most appealing person. Her fat tits are shagging, almost touching her round belly, with some giant areolae to match. They jiggle with the slightest movement Lucy makes. Her ass, hips and thighs are riddled with cellulite and stretch marks. Her legs appear almost triangular in shape as they get thinner towards her ankles. Lucy's brunette, pubic bush is almost the opposite of Katy's 'bare land' mons pubis. It is thick, untidy and smelling from a distance. Lucy does not appear ashamed of her nakedness in front of mother. She has been nude in front of Priscilla regularly.

But as excited as the fat, undressed girl is, she has no clue how to proceed.

“Make her eat your pussy, my dear” Priscilla verbally nudges her daughter, getting up from her chair and approaching them. Feeling the need to take charge for thing to get going, Priscilla ungags Katy, who immediately spits the dirty panties. She’s about to eat something else very soon. Grabbing the rope from Lucy, Priscilla yanks it down so that Katy is forced to her knees. “Lead her face into your girly parts” Priscilla guides her inexperienced daughter.

“No Lucy, I...I don’t want this..NNGGH!” Katy’s quite pathetic plead does nothing to counter Lucy’s ignorant, but rough treatment, as the horny lesbian grabs a two-handed hold of the girl’s unveiled, messed up hair and shoves her face on her putrid, needy cunt.

Smothered by the hairy, smelly, fat cunt, Katy’s pretty blue eyes pitifully peak over the girl’s chunky pelvic mount to meet Lucy’s. She pushes with her fused hands at Lucy, trying to back off her. “Stop that!” Priscilla kicks the bound, kneeling girl on the ribs. “MMMGfff!” the cunt-smothered girl lets a yelp, but stops fighting back.

“Come on, slut. Get going!” Priscilla orders, placing the sole of her foot onto Katy’s delicate back and keeping the bitch steady, pulls the noose’s rope at the opposite direction, choking the poor damsel, who lets a choked moan. “Lick!” the demented mother yells, essentially orchestrating this introduction to the bride’s sexual duties. “CHHKKKMMmm!” the asphyxiated blonde instinctively puts her paired hands up to the biting noose around her neck, her face quickly turning red. “Lick if you wanna breath, cunt!” Priscilla does not treat the newlywed member of her family better than before.

Helpless to fight back besides some weak pushing on Lucy’s thighs, and with her windpipe crushed shut and her nostrils plugged by Lucy’s ‘meaty curtains’, Lucy relents to obeying the sinister woman’s order. “AAAAaaaaawww” the obese girl moans, feeling that divine tongue start reluctantly lapping at her hairy, sour sex-lips. It feels exquisite!!!

This newfound arousing sensation makes Lucy press Katy’s face harder ‘into’ her naked, plump crotch. Her nose feels like it might break, as Katy’s wide eyes betray her need for oxygen, but with Priscilla standing menacingly right behind her, she doesn’t stop eating Lucy’s cunt. As she does so, the abused girl feels a couple of Lucy’s curly hairs on the back of her tongue.

Even when Katy tries to tilt her head back and get some air, she finds the resistance of Lucy’s secure hair hold.

Finally, the brunette allows the kneeling girl's head to snap back for a moment, only for a moment though, before she double-handedly pulls Katy's face back to the task at hand. "That's right, teach her to be a good cunt-licker" Priscilla chimes in with her foot still perched on the poor girl's shoulder and her hands gripping the rope/leash, enjoying the show even more than her drink. "A good wife must satisfy her partner. Otherwise she's useless" the woman shares another 'life lesson' to her cunt-lapped daughter.

Meanwhile, Katy's lapping at her 21-year-old mistress' hairy cunt, doing her best to please her, despite her inexperience. She just wants this hell to end the soonest, obediently enduring this forced, gross cunnilingus.

The first of many more to come in her 'wedded' life.

As for Lucy, this is a culmination of her wildest, wettest dreams. She doesn't seem to mind that her dear mommy is watching her in this very vulnerable moment. She's focusing on the wonderful lapping the girl is loyally giving her fat cunt. It causes tingling sparks of ecstasy to light up deep within her crotch.

"Feels good, doesn't it sweetie?" Priscilla addresses her daughter, not mentioning her own wetness between those leathery, skinny thighs. "Yes, momma, Katy's really good!" the flush woman utters with an innocent enthusiasm. "Of course she is, that fucking slut..." Priscilla mumbles the second half of that sentence so that it's out of her daughter's earshot. "She'll get even better with time" Priscilla notes/warns, giving a subtle, but threatening pull at the noose around Katy's neck.

Despite Katy's lack of cunt-pleasing experience (not to mention the clear breathing hindrance) the chubby girl is experiencing more pleasure than she's ever known. Enough to drive her over the edge and a great orgasm. "NNNGG!" Lucy squeals, biting her lip as she's reflexively mounting the kneeling, much smaller girl's face, almost encompassing it in her sex whilst climaxing. Katy's letting out different, much more muffled moans, barely able to hold on without passing out.

Priscilla tossed the bound, panting girl onto the mattress.

"I got something for you. A wedding gift" the mother says to Lucy, bringing her daughter a strap-on belt with a huge rubber dildo attached to it. Contrary to the woman's stingy, penniless nature, this sex toy appears brand new. The purple, rubber phallus is 7.5 inches long and 2 inches thick, featuring a ribbed texture. It also houses a much smaller, curved part, insertable in the female wearer's pussy for her pleasure. Priscilla helps her daughter put it on, while a spent Katy is lying face-first on the mattress, recovering.

With her ankle-rope cut to 'access' her tight slit, Katy is flipped over the dusty mattress by the more initiating Priscilla, as Lucy, still lust-hungry despite her completion, climbs over the much smaller girl, ready for more. Her fat tits and belly are literally dangling over the skinny girl. "P...pleas, d..don't..." Katy begs weakly, shifting her naked legs, but Lucy has little trouble pushing herself between the girl's thighs, Katy's rags/dress lifted up and out of the way.

Before Katy can even attempt to push the huge girl away, Priscilla grabs her roped-together wrists and pulls them over the girl's head, pinning them out of her daughter's way. "Put it in, sweetie. Fuck her good" Priscilla cheers Lucy on.

"No...NOO!" Katy struggles but Lucy's already guiding the thick rubber cock with her hand towards the girl's petite, virgin cunt. Katy struggles to get away, feeling the round tip of the dildo rubbing against her delicate cunt-lips. Her body is all but crushed under Lucy's large weight. Then, without a warning, Lucy pushes her hips and buries her huge cock in the girl's inexperienced sex.

"AAAAaaaa!" Katy cries out loudly, the rough, sizeable penetration hurting her immensely. "Shush" Kneeling behind the squirming, raped girl, Priscilla puts her wrinkly, boney hand over Katy's mouth, hand-gagging her moans as Lucy starts thrusting inside the small, helpless girl.

"MMMMMMhhh...hhhhh!" Katy cries out, with her hands firmly overhead by Priscilla's knee (stepping on the rope-knot between her wrists), and her cries smothered. She feels like she's being split in half by this unyielding cock. Lucy is not going too gently, either, worried only about her own carnal impulses.

Her heavy udders are swaying right above Katy's face, as the overweight young woman is gradually thrusting her way to another orgasm. Instinctively, Lucy puts her hands on the neck of Katy's dress and yanks it down, uncovering the girl's perky little breasts from underneath.

She squeezes them passionately, further hurting Katy as she's ramming her poor, sexless pussy.

"That's it my darling, deflower the little bitch" Priscilla eggs her daughter on, who's 'giving it' to Katy like a giant angry hog, feeling some intense pleasure from her own end of the sex-toy.

"MMMMMMMMNNNGG!" more hand-smothered cries come from Katy, as Lucy's dildo now exhibits a few small, bloody stains each time it pulls out. Her marital rape is concluding.

With her (once) pretty, innocent dancer dress pulled below her chest and her pussy violated by her new wife, Katy's definitely not a virgin anymore.

PART 7: WIFELY DUTIES

“Jesus Christ, are there bones in this damn soup or what?” Priscilla sighs impatiently, sitting on her usual side of the kitchen table. Dressed in another of Lucy’s old, junior-high t-shirts that Priscilla has cut the sleeves off to make it appear more feminine, Katy is stirring the pot of soup, standing by the kitchen. Her blonde hair is messy and sticks to itself with the greasiness of prolonged lack of hygiene. The barefoot slave/bride hasn’t changed from her makeshift mini-dress in over a week, the thing having many holes and accumulated dirt on it.

The bottoms of the girl’s tight, pantyless ass-cheeks are visibly peaking from underneath the short fabric, baring deep purple/red line marking that have yet to heal. They’re a result of sharp contact with a thin, two-foot-long PVC tube Priscilla found a few months ago lying around the basement. She has been using the lightweight pipe ever since for disciplining her dumb daughter-in-law. It worked wonders in setting the blonde whore ‘straight’, hurting like a motherfucker.

A pair of metal handcuffs keeps Katy’s wrists in front of her, within a few inches of each other, and similar cuffs keep her ankles hobbled, allowing only delicate, small steps to prohibit a run for the front door (which is locked, anyway).

Lastly, her hemp rope-made ‘necklace’ is perpetually on, its short, loose end dangling behind the girl’s back.

“I’m sorry, mother” the worn girl replies with a weak, soft and subservient voice, as she hastily takes out two bowls from the overhead cupboard to serve her ‘family’ their lunch. Not three. Her mother-in-law will decide afterwards if she did well enough to have earned her meal.

Lucy is sitting silently on the other side of the narrow table, not appearing particularly affected by her mother’s comment. Like a ‘good child’, she’s been raised to never question her mom’s methods of teaching manners. Besides, Katy needs to be a ‘good wife’, even if the parameters of that have been set much more by her mother than by Lucy.

Five months had passed since Katy and Lucy’s wedding. Even though Katy’s college courses had started three months ago, it looked like the girl would never finish her degree.

It was alright; she was being taught other things by her cruel mother-in-law.

Things like how to be a 'proper' wife to her precious, unattractive daughter. Even though what Priscilla called 'wife' meant 'slave'. The poor girl was often chastised by Priscilla for lacking initiative or not being 'active enough' in her blossoming relationship with Lucy. She wanted the blonde slut to be the first to offer a soothing foot massage to her better half or a tension-absorbing ass-eating. Spending lots of time with her 'dear' daughter-in-law (either down in the basement or up in the kitchen or living room) lent her plenty of opportunities to discipline the 'ungrateful cunt'.

They were offering her a roof under her head and food on her plate (most times). What more could she ask for?

"MNNNNGG! NNNGGG! MMMMMMMMMMMGGHF!" a wailing Katy shifts and jerks, but cannot evade the onslaught of strike on her poor ass, which is getting redder and with more horizontal lines 'decorating it' after each blow. Inside the basement, the poor damsel is bent over an old table, her wrists tethered with rope on its opposite side, her ass unwillingly flaunted behind her as the girl is forced over the table's edge.

Lucy has told her momma that her wife didn't say 'I love you' back to her, when she said it.

Can't have that.

"Break my girl's heart one more time and I'll flay your tits off!" an angry Priscilla does not stop bringing the long rubber tube on the girl's behind again and again, teaching the spoiled cunt another lesson in gratitude.

Following the days of Katy and Lucy's marriage, the blonde barista-girl wasn't strictly tethered within the four walls of the basement, getting gradually more and more freedom upstairs. More importantly, she wasn't left in prolonged strict bondage, restrained less so, especially in her informal mother-in-law's or her wife's company. Priscilla relented to leave the bitch ungagged, too, though making clear that any unnecessary 'chatter' coming out of her Katy's 'cocksucking lips' would result in a firm gagging and a firmer punishment later.

At first, Katy was 'unappreciative' of her newfound freedom, snapping back at the mother or even worse, calling out for help a couple of times.

“SOMEBODY! I’M BEING HELD AGAINST MY WILL!!” the blonde screams with a breaking voice at the top of her lungs, suddenly running towards the front door and banging on it with her cuffed hands.

She was in the middle of cooking another meal, when she thought she heard a noise outside and bolted for the door. Sadly, there were no other apartments in the building for her screams to be easily picked up.

A simple look exchange from Lucy and Priscilla is enough for the two to rush over at the screaming girl and grab her with four hands. “MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!” the girl is roughly silenced as Priscilla puts her large, skinny hand over the girl’s face and Lucy wraps her strong, large arms around Katy. Mother and daughter drag the squirming, moaning girl away towards the basement. Some ‘quality’ time hanging by her wrists from the ceiling beam, with a nice, thick gag using Priscilla’s dirty pantyhose as stuffing, oughta calm the rowdy girl down.

Katy gradually kicked that annoying habit of trying to call out for help.

Even though she was spending some time upstairs, that humid, gritty basement was Katy’s unofficial room. If she hadn’t ‘done anything wrong, the blonde slave was rarely tethered to a chair or a ceiling beam, left to roam with her two pairs of cuffs on and snack on a plastic bowl of peanuts that Priscilla left in the room, for the bitch to not starve. Katy was sick of their taste, but still gobbled them. In Priscilla’s eyes, nuts were practical, since the girl did not have to eat many to cure her frequent hunger and therefore not break the bank.

Even isolated and with her speech freed, the blonde cunt knew by now not to start a hissy fit; otherwise Priscilla would run down the basement stairs and stuff-gag her with something ‘deterrent’, like the sponge she recently scrubbed the toilet with or her sweat-drenched socks. And that was before the vicious beating that would commence as discipline, usually on the poor girl’s ass or tits.

Katy’s increasing submissiveness was being beaten into her by the cruel skinny bitch, slowly turning her into a docile, obedient and (when Priscilla was glaring at her) invested house-wife. A warning stare from Priscilla was enough to trigger the anxious slavegirl into some kind of action, from a simple “Ummm, how was your day, Lucy?” to less verbal displays of affection like a warm hug or a kiss on the lips.

To fake attraction for her unattractive daughter. Lucy could not be happier, during these moments.

Despite wanting to, Lucy was not allowed to sleep at night with her spouse, Priscilla worrying that the unfaithful slut would try to take advantage of this and hurt Lucy or try to escape. What she didn’t mention to Lucy was that she also despised the feeling of losing her daughter’s company in their

bedroom to this 'foreign' whore. So Lucy and Katy were sleeping separately at night. They did have afternoon naps together though. Naps that almost always led into sexual servitude on Katy's part.

Though Lucy's disposition towards her captive bride was generally wholesome and kind (whenever Priscilla wasn't overruling Lucy's actions) that was not the case during the couple's amorous moments. Following on her mother's steps of abuse, Lucy was very rough and uncaring towards Katy, using her more as a sentient sex doll than a love partner. The clueless, air-headed woman treated her and Katy's sexual moments as ways for her (and only her) to get off. Priscilla confirmed and seconded this notion, always reminding her that 'her wife's job is to make her feel good'. It never registered to the low-IQ girl that this could be taken both ways.

"Come on Katy, get your tongue in there..." the horny, fat girl mumbles to a distressed Katy, bending slightly forwards and parting one of her meaty ass-cheeks, further opening her ass and exposing her wrinkly rosebud for her bride to kiss. With her ankles and wrists handcuffed (the latter behind her back), Katy is on her knees, eating the girl's ass, but she can do a much better job. She could be 'diving' deeper inside the girl's stink-hole.

"Don't make me get the pipe" Priscilla warns the lousy ass-eater from the comfort of her sofa chair, sipping her drink and watching the 'scene' unfold. She hasn't really slowed down her voyeuristic ways, getting a sick gratification from watching her 'full-figured' daughter dominate the skinny cunt.

"MMG!" Katy lets a pathetic whine, assuming she's trying her best, but Lucy pulls the rope she's holding through her legs and up, forcing Katy's noosed neck to follow forwards and be buried into her huge ass crack.

"Stick your tongue inside" the naked, fat girl has gone much better at dominating the poor blondie nowadays, as she's holding on one hand her rope-leash tightly, on the other the back of the girl's head, keeping Katy from slacking on her rim-job. "Hmmmff!" the ass-drowned girl lets a moan of both intense fatigue and humiliated desperation, which is largely smothered by Lucy's thick ass. Her tongue is working overtime flapping intensely onto Lucy's asshole. "Eat my daughter's ass good, you cunt!" Priscilla adds to the girl's degradation. "Taste her colon!" she yells like a drunken mob reduced to one person.

Katy whimpers into her newlywed's fat ass, trying to please her by running her rapidly drying tongue along the circular entrance of her sphincter. Like every time before, it tastes horrendous, but the girl degradingly laps off Lucy's anal sweat and swampy moisture like a good whore, her face being drenched with whatever doesn't 'land' in her mouth.

This is not how a lovingly married couple should be enjoying each other's bodies. But in Lucy's mind, it is.

"Can I show Katy a funny video on my computer?" Lucy asks her mother, very much like a child, standing under the bathroom's door frame. Through the open door, she can see that her dear wife is next to her mom, currently on her knees, scrubbing the caked salts that are stuck on the bottom of the toilet bowl. Her bare hands are holding a rough sponge. Her ass is mostly exposed due to the short nature of the dressified shirt that once belonged to Lucy.

Of course, Katy does not dare to take any initiative and anger Priscilla, demurely glancing at her over the toilet, waiting for permission.

"We've been over this, my dear. No internet for Katy" the woman takes no chances with the foxy whore alerting people to her rescue. "Besides, she's busy now" Priscilla takes another puff of her cigarette, standing behind the scrubbing girl with folded hands. "Ok" the chubby, dumb girl wonders off as quickly as she arrived.

Without needing to be told, Katy returns to scrubbing, her hands fully submerged in the bowl's water. It's not worth getting a lashing for this. Priscilla silently observes her for a moment, taking another cigarette puff. "You better not try anything stupid, ya hear me?" she says with a stern tone. She knows her daughter is far from a nuclear scientist. That whore might take advantage of her.

"Y..yes, mother" the scared girl replies as expected of her, momentarily turning behind her shoulder to face the woman, before returning to her cleaning duties.

“GNNFF...gnnnf...Gmmm...GNNFF!...” a wet-eyed Katy pitifully grunts, in synch with Lucy’s painful thrusting of her favorite strap-on dildo inside her poor asshole. While the girl is not gagged, the bottom of Katy’s shirt/dress can be seen poking out her filled mouth. Lucy has essentially stuff-gagged her wife with her lone article of clothing. As much as she loves hearing her wife’s voice, Lucy likes to fuck in relative peace.

The blonde slave-wife is being fucked, face-down-ass-up on her bed (the same filthy, sheet-free mattress she got ‘married on’). The cute girl is kind of balled up with her cuffed ankles and wrists, her arms folded and tucked under her body submissively. Lucy has ‘mounted’ the petite girl with her large frame, going to town on her poor asshole.

Lucy’s fascination with anal has not subsided ever since their more ‘chaste’ days, before the wedding. The lesbian is fucking Katy about as frequently from her ‘backdoor’ as the front. Though vaginal sex is by no means easier with that monster dildo, Katy’s tight rim-hole has never gotten used to the stretching abuse, the girl always in tears whenever her spouse is railing her backside. Despite the frequent anal sex, the girl’s sphincter has not become accustomed to Lucy’s pummeling, hurting like hell and filling like her anal canal will tear from the rubber’s internal pressure each time.

“Sshh, I’ll go easy now, baby” Lucy coos her mouth-stuffed partner from above her, slamming her hips against Katy’s tight, round ‘peach’ with a bit more care. It still hurts, of course, only slightly less. Lucy quickly took to calling her newlywed ‘baby’ or ‘babe’, something she always fantasized about during those countless daydreams during class. Like with anything else she and Priscilla decide for her, Katy hasn’t shown opposition to that cute nickname.

The lesbian couple, only half of whom willing, continues fornicating, their nude, drastically different bodies exchanging sweat, though at least not as much as during the couple’s ‘honeymoon phase’, during the summer and early autumn. A lousy table fan is lying on the floor pointing at them turned off; leftover from those summery days, when the two lovebirds were ‘at it’ day and night!

As she’s filling the small woman’s poor asshole, Lucy affectionately puts her palm on Katy’s beautiful, pale upper back and runs it down, tracing the cute linear mound of the girl’s spine and stopping at her tailbone, right above where the girl’s warm asshole is struggling to swallow the monstrous dildo. Even

though Lucy has indeed eased the pace of her ass-fucking, Katy's gagged face, resting against the rough, dirty mattress, still gets nudged forwards with each hurtful thrust.

Wanting to feel her skin against Katy's, Lucy leans over the bound girl and puts her torso against the petite girl's back, letting her giant, heavy tits press against Katy's shoulder-blades and her bouncy belly to meet the girl's thin lower back. At the same time, the overweight girl wraps her chubby hand around Katy's neck and with the other grabs a firm, dominating hold of her gathered blond hair locks.

She's about to bust and niceties don't fit there.

Using the objectified girl's head as leverage, Lucy proceeds to fuck Katy's ass faster, harder. Katy can only try to find a way to endure this debasing (wo)manhandling, her muffled moans ignored as she's being generously filled to the brim with Lucy's strap-on.

It cannot be any clearer who the 'top' is in this relationship.

The basement door gets unlocked, and in walks Priscilla, holding a plate of freshly baked cookies (a real rarity). "Don't mind me darling, finish up as you like" the woman reassures her naked daughter to not interrupt her lovemaking for her sake, taking a comfy seat in her sofa chair and downing some more gin straight from the bottle.

It's not the first, and it won't be the last time the woman has been present during the couple's 'private' moments. Lucy doesn't bat an eye either, not stopping her deep rectal prodding, until she climaxes in front of her mother with a feminine squeal.

"Can Katy have some, momma?" Lucy asks catching her breath, lying on top of her tied-up, gagged lover, her rubber dick still buried inside Katy's ass.

"Has she been good, today?" Priscilla asks without a hint of sarcasm. "Yes, she cleaned my asshole very well momma, and gave it lots of kisses too" Lucy vouches for her young wife in this bizarre way. It's far from the first time that her increasing depravity has led her to leave her 'wiping' half-finished, so that Katy can 'take' the rest with her wonderful tongue.

"Hmm, okay then. She can have one" the mother concedes with an almost disappointed look, as if she'd rather discipline the slut than reward her.

Lucy carefully pulls herself (and her monster strap-on) out of girl's wrecked asshole. It takes a while, until this rubber snake slither out of the girl's anal crevice. As it finally pops out, Katy lets out a deflated, pained moan in her dress/gag. Her tiny asshole is still gaping from the violent invasion, though in 10 minutes it will be once again as tight as a coin slot; ready to firmly hug Lucy's artificial erection once more.

Katy promptly spits out the bundle of her shirt/dress she's being gnawing on, now drenched in her saliva. She's gonna have to wear that this way, but for now her main concern is the intense pain in her pummeled ass.

"Honey, don't you think Katy should clean her toys after playing?" Priscilla reminds her daughter with a meaningful look at the rubber dildo, still worn around her daughter's pelvis. Even though the sex toy has no visible brown spots, it is coated with a thin layer of a glistening, oily substance; ass grease.

"You're right, mamma" Lucy replies nodding and turns the end of her rod towards Lucy, who's now lying in the fetal positing on the mattress, still recovering from her ass-rape.

"You heard mamma, Katy, clean your toys" Lucy echoes Priscilla's wish, waving her rubber shlong in front of the girl's face. The slave-trained, broken girl silently obeys, taking the filthy, huge phallus in her small mouth and softly fellating it with closed eyes, as if to mentally transport herself elsewhere. No matter how much she presses her eyelids shut, she can't avoid tasting her own dirty rectum, as her lips and tongue run across its length, with her cuffed hands submissively resting on her thighs.

After a couple of minutes, there's not an inkling of 'ass grease' left on Lucy's fake cock, all of it resting on Katy's taste buds. "Nice work, Katy" a standing Lucy leans over her slave-wife and gives her a tender peck on the top of her blonde head. "Here" she hands her a single chocolate chip cookie, which the girl savors piece by tiny piece, to get the taste of her own asshole off her tongue.

PART 8: MOTHER

In the peaceful living room of the decaying residence, Priscilla is resting on her sofa, her bare, tough-soled feet receiving a foot bath and a massage from her dear daughter-in-law, who is stoically rubbing 'mother's' feet, kneeling by them.

The girl looks clearly paler than when she first entered this house, three years ago. Her blonde hair has been cut at shoulder-length in a way that most people would ask the stylist for their money back. Her rope-necklace never leaves her neck, making a soft mark around it. Same goes for her ugly steel-wire wedding ring. A loyal wife never removes that. Not that Katy cares to try and take her flesh with it.

"Did you do the dishes?" only Priscilla's eyes tilt down towards the graciously massaging slave, the ashtray on the armrest looking full. "Yes, mother" Katy replies without hesitation or stutter, like during the early days. "And folded and stored Lucy's clothes?" Priscilla searches for a misdemeanor. "Yes, mother, I did that before cooking" the 22-year-old girl informs with the same monotone, uninstructional voice she uses nowadays. With this mother-in-law, anything can be misconstrued for aggression.

"Are you being a smartass?!" Priscilla raises her tone, simply for Katy's few extra words. "No, mother, just letting you know..."

SMACK

The woman's surprisingly heavy hand slaps the girl across the face, before she can finish her sentence. "Shut up and get to rubbing" Priscilla reprimanded the slave. "Yes, mother" Katy tries to contain her fury, massaging the woman's ugly, pointy feet inside a plastic basin, with one side of her face pulsing and red. Talking back would certainly land her strung up the basement's ceiling beam or in some other bondage, receiving her disciplinary beating.

Not worth it.

Three years had passed since Katy was snatched on her way back from her flute lesson. Her days had become a haze of sexual abuse and insufferable 'past-time' from Lucy. Playing Yahtzee for the hundredth time, watching the same dumb TV shows alongside her 'life-partner', or having the most 'nothing' conversations you could have with a literal child, since that was about the level of Lucy's development. At best, these times were dull, acceptable only in their lack of labor or pain for the enslaved girl. At worst, they felt as painful in their repetitiveness as the sex with her gross, obese wife.

More psychological and physical abuse was coming from the girl's cruel mother. Any time in-between her wifely duties (which made her into an unpaid, disrespected type of housemaid) was more dull

idleness, spent in the confines of the locked, windowless basement. The girl used her 'freedom' to either roam around her 'room' or lay on her dirty 'bedding'.

She was still restrained in some way for most of her 'lovemaking' sessions with Lucy (Priscilla wanted no funny business from the sly slut, with her daughter preoccupied with sexual pleasure), or whenever the mean woman deemed a corporal punishment necessary for the misbehaving cunt.

Besides stringing her up from the ceiling beam and wailing on every tender part of her nude body with her trusty leather belt or the PVC pipe (which really should have broken by now), Priscilla would often make the wrist and ankle cuffed woman lay over her lap and, after lifting her (already pretty short) makeshift dress, she would spank the girl's bare cheeks to a rosy color. Midway though, with her hands hurting, she'd switch from her open palms to a large wooden spoon to continue Katy's 'lesson'.

If Katy's insolence was also verbal one, Priscilla would make the girl hold a bar of soap in her mouth as she was getting spanked, something which also doubled nicely to kind of muffle the girl's cries with each hard ass-slap.

"Hey momma, look what I found in the trunk" Lucy enters the living room, dressed in her usual t-shirt-and-shorts combo, holding the black hard-case of Katy's flute. She had gone to the coffee shop, the same one Katy used to work at, the same one they met. Looking for change in momma's car, she had discovered the music instrument.

"Oh, right. Must've forgotten it there" Priscilla exclaims, not as amused as her daughter. "It's yours Katy, right? Lucy turns to the girl, who doesn't stop massaging Priscilla's boney feet with her soapy, handcuffed hands. Katy's ugly, wire wedding ring can be seen twisted around the girl's ring finger, having lost almost all of its golden paint. Her tattered shirt/dress has gotten lots of soapy water on it.

"Y...yes, baby" Katy refers to the chubby girl the way she likes, taken slightly aback by this trip down memory lane.

"Can you play me some? I'd love to hear you" Lucy says, opening the case and handing Katy her instrument. "She hasn't finished with my foot bath" Priscilla puts the girl's duties (especially since they pertained to serving her) above any other activity.

Lucy stoically waits for 10 minutes, during which Katy meticulously cleans and dries her middle-aged captor's feet, even clipping the woman's gross toe-nails.

Finally, Lucy can hear her beloved play her music. Or can she? "I have an idea" Priscilla says, concealing a devilish smirk. "I think it would be beautiful if Katy could feel connected with you while she's playing her ...thingy" Priscilla doesn't know the instrument's name. "Like if she can taste you, for example" the woman craftily leads her daughter on her twisted idea. "It would be nice, yeah..." Lucy nods, giving Katy an enamored glance.

"Well, you could put it inside yourself... in your tooshie perhaps, since Katy loves to kiss it. Don't you, Katy?" Priscilla turns with the faintest sneer to the abused girl. "Y...yes, I do" Katy has no other options to reply with.

"Hm, maybe..." Lucy sounds more reluctant. "Come on, It'll be fun, I'll help you out" Priscilla takes charge, taking the flute from Lucy's hands and pulling down the fat girl's shorts, all before a kneeling Katy's eyes.

"Easy, momma" Lucy's almost tripped, as an eager Priscilla pulls the thread of the girl's granny-panties aside and parts her daughters meaty ass-cheek, before slowly easing it in her daughter's sphincter. The thing is less than an inch wide, but it does take a bit of pushing and twisting for Lucy to utter a cute moan as the instrument's tip disappears inside her shitty hole. Her hunched over mother gently works it further up, until the organ's mouthpiece, which is 3 inches from the tip, is also buried in the girl's thick ass. Lucy looks uncomfortable, even though what she's 'giving' her wife is triple in girth and more than double in length. It hurt more when her mom twisted the thing inside her, to get it nice and 'coated'.

"Now, let's hear it!" a satisfied Priscilla says as she hands a more miserable than usual Katy her flute. The older woman is certainly not the most cultured person. She's looking forward to the blond bitch's humiliation, than the song.

From the minute the young woman set foot in their household, even though Priscilla was the one to bring her there, the mother had a festering, guttural resentment for the pretty girl. She never tried to hide it either, treating the imprisoned woman like trash at every turn.

She despised Katy. She was the first person that her daughter looked up to and adored, besides herself. She rarely missed a chance to take that resentment out on the enslaved girl.

Trying really hard to conceal her disgust and not be 'reprimanded', Katy reluctantly places her lips on the flute's soiled lip plate, immediately getting the strong, familiar whiff of Lucy's rarely washed rectum in her nostrils.

As she starts blowing on her instrument and creating sweet sounds with the taste of Lucy's crack lingering on her lips, she comes into the realization that what she's doing is not too unlike the stimulation she gives the chubby girl's rim-hole on an almost daily basis. Her disgusting, demeaning performance is exchanged for her new family's enjoyment.

With no one bothered to remove her handcuffs, the barefoot, standing girl utilizes her confined space, in order to run her dexterous fingers over the flute's keys, playing a simple, peaceful melody. She often uses those same skilled fingers to pleasure her obese lover, either by tenderly fondling her or sliding them inside her hairy cunt.

While Priscilla is taking deep puffs of her cigarette, Lucy is watching her lesbian lover with her hands twined together, endeared to her 'baby's' talents.

PART 9: MOVING ON

With the unfortunate girl becoming a missing person for the rest of time, Katy's daily routine had been clearly established. She was no longer a college student, nor a barista, nor a flute player, nor a friend and a family to so many people. She was only Lucy's wife.

Priscilla was becoming increasingly stricter in making sure the treacherous bitch showed her love and affection towards her wife. A terrifying look from her was now all it took for the 'forgetful' Katy to jump into Lucy's embrace, chat her up, make her something to eat and generally take care of her like a traditional 1950's housewife. If she wasn't doing that, Priscilla was painfully punishing her, usually out of the blissfully ignorant Lucy's sight.

Even after all this time, the forceful matchmaking hadn't result in any true romantic feelings from Katy towards Lucy. But the 'special' girl had little clue to her mom's machinations, enjoying the increasing attention her 'lesbian' 'wife' gave her.

"Hello, baby!" Katy puts her best smile on, acting all excited and approaching the fat girl who has just entered the house, back from a trip to her cousins. The reason for that artificial enthusiasm is the 'daggers' Priscilla has eyed her with, as soon as the key started turning in the keyhole. "Hi!" Lucy is taken

aback by her wife's attention, but accepts it with a wider smile. The barefoot slave-wide rises on her tip-toes in order to reach the taller, larger girl and give her a sweet kiss on her crusty, gross lips. Lucy's breath also stinks, most likely from lack of teeth-brushing.

"I've...missed you" Katy acts her best to not appear affected by any of that, grabbing Lucy's large hand and suggestively (or obviously) placing it on her pantyless sex, over the dirty fabric that constitutes her outfit. "I've missed you, too" Lucy responds. Even a dummy like her gets the sexual message her pretty wife is sending out. "We're gonna go downstairs for a little, momma" Lucy grabs Katy's hand and not very discreetly go to the basement to fuck. Katy has managed to avoid Priscilla's wrath with that acting, but at a cost.

"You go have fun, girls, dinner will be ready later" Priscilla gives her 'blessing' with a satisfied smirk.

As the girl approached her 23rd birthday, Katy was really going through the motions of her humiliating life; numb and mentally checked out most of the time. What her appearance usually presented, was a shell of the girl's former self. Her spirit and fight beaten out of her.

Despite the prolonged mistreatment, there was still a spark of hope inside her. And while it didn't burn brightly, it was there, buried deep within. Despite the hardships, Katy had not given up.

Following that spark, there were times where the captive beauty would be overly sweet and pampering towards the clueless Lucy. And not in fear of Priscilla's punishment.

On the contrary, these moments were deliberately private, between her and Lucy. The girl was using her charms to try and suade the easily manipulated girl her way, in the hopes that that would reveal a window for escape.

Usually, her attempts were met with at best, uncertainty from Lucy. At worst, the overweight woman-child told Katy off to her mother, which resulted in ruthless punishment. That alone was a reason for Katy to be apprehensive about trying. She had to be very diplomatic about it.

Lucy's adoration of her pretty wife was only growing with time. She loved Katy with all her heart. The result of this was the increasing jealousy and resentment of her unstable mother, who was seeing this whore 'steal' her daughter away from her. Never one to air her feelings out in the open, Priscilla took her usually took these frustrations out on the poor captive, finding excuses to beat her and vent her anger on the girl's defenseless body.

This culminated in instances where Lucy was siding with Katy and spending more time with her instead of her mother. Every day, she'd rush past her mother towards the basement, and the tender mother/daughter moments had been replaced. It was Katy this and Katy that.

Priscilla was being sidelined for this whore SHE had brought into her home. This had gotten too far.

She had to put an end to it.

"Please, M...mother, wh...why are you doing this?" a distressed Katy asks, as a cold Priscilla pulls the opposite end of the rope that's tossed over the ceiling beam and ties it to the chain of the girl's handcuffs, thus forcing her arms to be pulled tightly over the standing girl's head.

"You burnt the potatoes, Missy. I ain't got room under my roof for lousy house-wives" the woman utters, tethering the rope securely so that Katy is forced on her toes.

Katy's potatoes were not perfect, though they were far from burned. It doesn't matter to Priscilla. She just wants an excuse to tie the girl up without her fussing too much. Lucy is off to her cousin's. She won't be back before dinner.

"Lucy really likes you, ya know..." Priscilla paces slowly around the restrained lass, grabbing a plastic bag she's brought down in the basement. It is white and semi-transparent, with the neighborhood's grocery store logo on it. "I don't like you. I think you're more trouble than it's worth" she says in a different, ominous tone than the previous one that just dripped with resentment, as she steps around the increasingly frightened girl.

"Wh...what are you doing?" Katy nervously shifts her overhead, tethered wrists, trying to keep her eyes on Priscilla, who's pacing slowly behind her. She was assuming she was in for a disciplinary beating, as Priscilla has done so many times in the past. Something is very wrong.

"No whore is gonna steal MY daughter" Priscilla whispers behind the girl's ear, before she tightly pulls the plastic bag over the blonde girl's head!

"NOOO....AAAaaaaaugh!" Katy's oxygen is immediately compromised, as the encasing plastic is pressed snugly over her pretty face, her nostrils and agape mouth. Priscilla holds it air-tight with both her hands

clamping the bag around the girl's neck. There's no space between the bag and the girl's plastic-encased head.

"AAAAAAAaaa...AAaaaaaa!" Katy struggles and writhes maniacally, her gaping lips sucking in only the thin veil of plastic that stops any air from entering. She kicks her pretty leg wildly in the air. The skinny hag keeps a tight grasp on the bag, stomping the girl's struggles. "Shut up!" she tells the suffocating girl, keeping a ruthlessly tight grip on the bag behind the girl's head, away from her hands.

"Luucyyy!...Lucyyyyyyy!" Katy's panicking wide blue eyes rapidly shift left and right as she gasps her 'wife's name'. Her eyes are stuck towards the door, hoping it opens any second now and the chubby girl rescues her. She doesn't know that she and Priscilla are only the two people in the house. No one is coming to her aid.

After a few more agonizing seconds, the plastic bag doesn't even have much room to contract and expand with the girl's exhaled carbon dioxide. Now that tiny air it once contained has been breathed by the girl, the thin layer of white plastic sticks to Katy's face like a vacuum. The kicking, bound girl does not have much time left!

Grinding her teeth, Priscilla puffs and pants as she keeps an unyielding lock on the girl's bagging, feeling the squirming girl's strength subside. Katy does not have a breath to scream now, only desperately attempting to suck in air, but finding the blockage of the plastic bag. She makes these gnarly, feral sounds, airless staccato squeals that signify her dying.

After a few more twitches from her naked legs and taut arms, Katy's head slumps over to the side, her eyes remaining shocked and wide, visible through the half see-through bag, which is tracing the girl's beautiful, cracked lips, making a vacuum dent inside the girl's open mouth.

Panting from exertion, Priscilla keeps holding the bag for a few more seconds, before finally pulling it off the expired girl's limp head. Katy's breathless body, dressed with another of Lucy's mini-dresses/shirts, has fully sunken onto it its handcuffs, with no regard for any painful strain on the wrists, anymore.

The determined killer lady steps over next to the mattress, where the plastic bowl of the girl's peanuts is. She grabs a couple and returns to the unchanged, dead girl. Standing in front of her, Priscilla roughly, objectifyingly, shoves her fingers into Katy's unopposed mouth, prodding the two peanuts deep down the girl's throat, until she's satisfied enough.

Wiping the droopy-lidded girl's saliva on Katy's dress, the woman releases Katy's rope bondage and deposits her handcuffed body on the floor, before leaving the basement and locking the door behind her.

Priscilla is quietly knitting upstairs, Lucy having returned home not more than 5 minutes ago. The peace of the house is ruined by a spine-chilling, feminine scream, coming from the basement. "What is it?" Priscilla runs down inside to find Lucy sobbing over a lifeless Katy. "What happened??? Why isn't she moving?" her daughter asks questions she knows the answer to. As Lucy shakes and presses the floored, blank-eyed girl's chest, a couple of peanuts pop out of her loose mouth.

It appears that, while alone in the basement, the unlucky girl choked on her snack.

"I'm so sorry, darling" Priscilla acts mournfully, giving her crying daughter a big hug. "It's ok, we got each other, right?" the woman asks. "Right..." Lucy replies through tears.

"Momma is gonna make it all better".