



Geoff Merrick
DETENTION CAMP



DETENTION CAMP #1

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Lara greeted the sunrise lashed to a tree.

She was standing this time...or as much as she could stand with one leg bent back, her ankle lashed along the right side of the tree trunk, and the other pulled wide, lashed to an exposed tree root. Her arms were behind her, sandwiched between the small of her back and the trunk, ropes encircling her shoulders and across her chest, crushing her tits. More ropes were beneath the mashed mammaries, all securing her arms, then encircling the trunk as well. Her wrists were crossed and lashed, then those ropes circled the tree trunk as well. Her mouth was packed so tightly with material from her tent, it felt as if cement had been poured into her mouth. That was anchored with more rope, then wrapped by one of her white lycra/spandex t-shirts, only tied over her nose as well. A final rope encircled the tree trunk and her throat.



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Lara Jennings' lovely, happy face filled his vision through the binoculars.

"Hmph," grunted the huge, muscular man on his haunches 300 yards away on a hill overlooking the isolated hiking trail.

His bulky sister, who crouched beside him, smiled. She knew what that noise meant. Lara's curved, youthful body and joyous demeanor was already working its magic on her brother.

The big, rough man stared unblinkingly at the unknowing girl's face. "Hmph," he repeated. "High cheekbones. Deep brown eyes...."

"Small, upturned, nose," his sister added.

"Almost pug," he observed.

"But not quite," she asserted.

"No," he agreed. "Not quite."

They remained silent for awhile: she, watching the girl's movements like a tiny speck in the distance below; he, studying her visage intently through the binoculars.

"Nice teeth," he said.

"Nice lips," she countered.

"Pink."

"Smooth."

"But on the thinnish side."

"But not fat," she pointed out, "...and smooth."

"You said that already."

She shrugged. "Bears repeating."

He stared at Lara Jennings' smooth, pink lips, smiling around perfect white teeth, exulting in her freedom and the glorious Oregon wilderness all around her. "True," he finally agreed. "Cleft chin."

"Yes," she said. "Oh yes...."

"Skin is lighter, too," he described. "Creamy."

"Nice...", she breathed.

He moved the binoculars down to survey her chestnut mane. "Hair down to her shoulder blades...."

"Held in a loose ponytail at the nape of her sweet neck," she described.

"Some curling strands down her face...over her chin...to her chest...." He moved the 'nocs down slightly.

"Young," his sister reminded him. "Twenty-one...twenty-two, maybe."

"Cute."

"Real."

He glanced over at his sister with a twisted grin. "And great knockers."

"Oh yes," said his sister. "Really nice knockers...."

The man moved his head back to the binoculars, widening the focus as he went. Lara Jennings' whole body appeared to him, marching determinedly up the narrow, steep path, framed by the evergreens and firs of the Northwest countryside. "Who does she think she is?" he wondered. "Lara Croft?"



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The comparison was especially apt in the outfit department. This Lara was wearing an approximation of what that Lara wore in the digital world: a deep, scooped-U-necked light blue lycra-cotton t-shirt under a loose man's shirt tied at the waist, khaki shorts with a folded-up cuff, thick white cotton knee socks, and hiking boots.

On her back was a pack. She had everything she needed to camp out.

"Perfect," he said, finally lowering the binoculars and standing up.

"I thought you'd think so," she said with satisfaction.

The specially equipped flashlight made the inside of the round tent glow blue, illuminating the brother and sister's ugly faces in a demonic glow.

"Like a big underwire bra cup," the sister had described the tent once they came upon it.

3/"Fitting," the brother had said before soundlessly unzipping the entrance.

They crawled silently through, finding a space big enough to crouch in -- six feet long by four feet wide, with a five foot ceiling. There was enough room for Lara to lie along one wall on her back in her sleeping bag, and put her pack, lamp, folded clothes, boots, and eating utensils in the corner of the other wall. And still there was enough room for the two to loom over her.

Her face glowed serenely in the blue light, her head turned to the right side, mouth slightly open.



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He considered the way her lower lip quivered and the way her perfect teeth peeked out from under her curved and lovely upper lip.

Only his sister heard his words. "Needs a cock in there."

Only he heard his sister's words. "In good time."

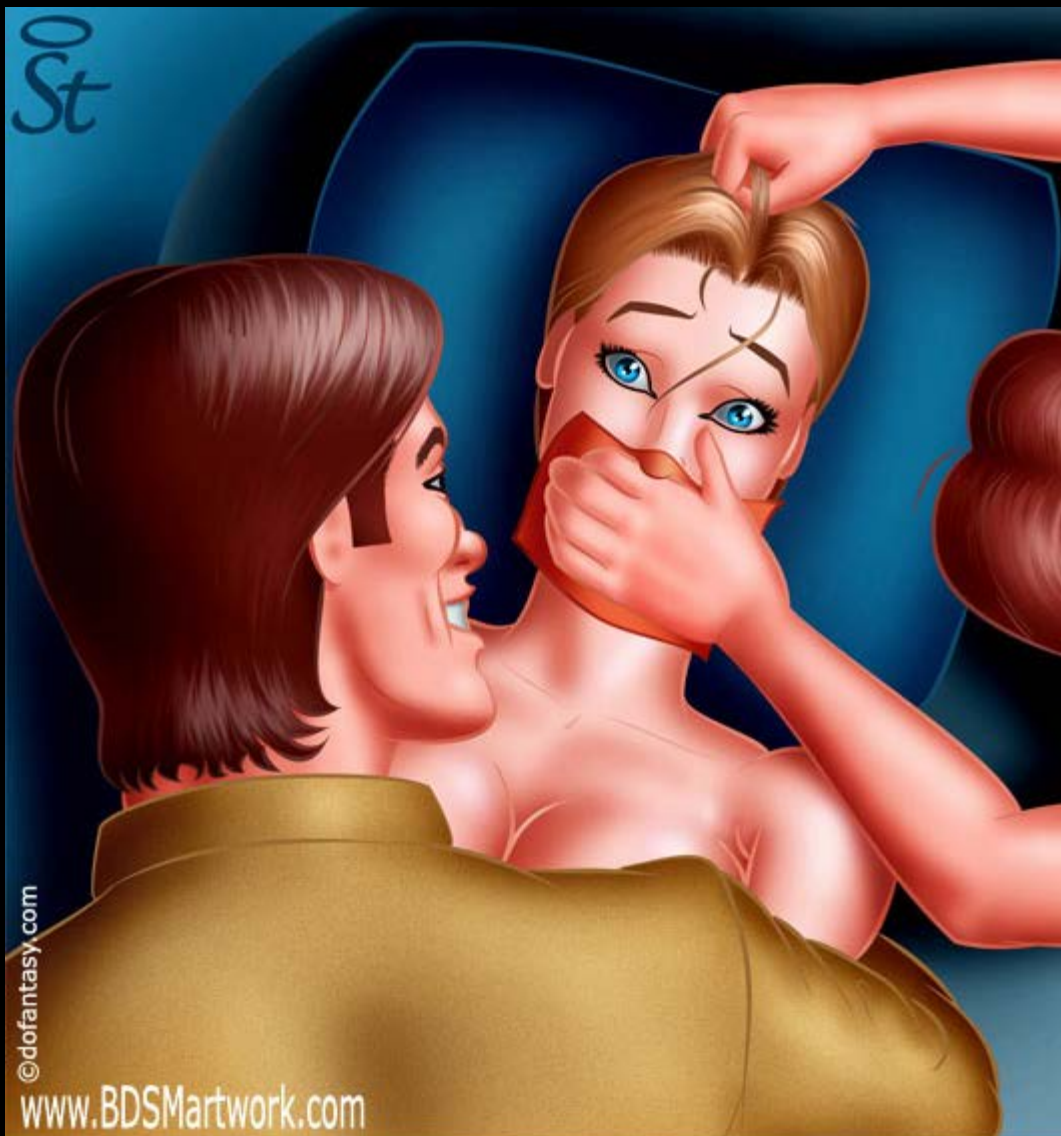
He surveyed the rest of her face...her up-turned nose...her elegant brows...her long, natural lashes...her smooth forehead...the way her hair fanned out on the sleeping bag backing.

"Nice ear," he commented in the same negligible volume. "Needs a tongue."

"First things first," she replied, silently putting down a small duffel bag and slipping a hand into one of her insulated jumpsuit pockets.

He, too, began to reach into his insulated outfit -- a dark, ultramodern camping uniform of an elastic-waisted pants and tunic. "Wonder what she's wearing under there," he breathed.

"We'll know soon enough," she said, leaning closer to her, her hands over either side of the sleeping girl's head.



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They fell on her like a flypaper net. He dropped onto her body, locking her arms to her side, locking his legs around hers through the sleeping bag. She dropped on the girl's face, clamping the thick, wet cloth pad over her mouth and nose, sinking her other hand into the mane of thick, loosely curled hair.

Lara literally didn't know what had hit her. One second she was in blissful sleep, revelling in the clean air and natural environment. The next second trees had seemingly fallen on her, burying her underground. She couldn't move, she couldn't breathe...!

No, both of those were lies. She could move, but barely, as if a mountain had trapped her. She could breath, but it was no longer clean mountain air. Something was mixing with it...something that filled her crying mouth and stuffed nostrils with a sick sweetness...

Lara's panicked mind first screamed avalanche, but then her warm brown eyes snapped open and the black pupils with flecks of gold narrowed to nearly pinpoints. There was a dim light in the tent. A forest fire? But the light was blue, outlining shapes which moved around her.

Something was in the tent with her. Her panic was renewed by the thought of a bear, but a bear wouldn't mount her, would it? A bear wouldn't cover her mouth and nose, would it?

Lara cried out in incomprehension and alarm, straining with all her strength. She smelled it fully now -- it wasn't the odor of an animal...not a wild animal at any rate...

Then she realized it...she was getting weaker. Something was clawing at her brain, suffocating her awareness, dragging her back down into something darker than sleep.

Then she heard it...the single sound that stabbed her mind with dread and horror even as her body was being closed down and shut off. She heard it just before the drug bound, blindfolded, and gagged her brain.

It was a chuckle...a human chuckle.

Lara screamed into the cloth the woman clamped to her face -- a scream of pure terror...which slowly turned into a falling moan of failure and fright as her eyes rolled back into her head and her eyelids fluttered.

Without waiting, the man shoved his arm down inside the sleeping bag. He looked up at his sister with a big shit-eating grin. "Just as I hoped," he said. "Nothing."

He gathered up one of her natural 36 inch breasts into his paw and squeezed.

"Howdy, ma'am."



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Some time later, the sister turned around to see two hikers walking into Lara's camping area, which was perched on an outcropping, hemmed in by trees. A perfect, natural den of privacy interrupted by interlopers....



DETENTION CAMP #2

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She didn't like them immediately. Both were in their 30's and stank of pseudo-bonhomie -- you know, the kind of hale 'n' hearty false friendliness that masked nosiness and an overwhelming desire to bore whoever they met.

The man was shorter and wider than the woman and had a limp moustache. The woman was hippy like a pear, with an ostrich neck, no chin, and watery, too bright grey eyes.

"Yeah?" the woman growled in the morning light, walking toward them.

"Uh...", said the man, looking nervously at the woman, who seemed to egg him on with just a quiver of her neck. "Well, we saw a young woman hiking alone the other day and thought it best if we...."

"She wasn't alone," the sister interrupted.

"But we saw...!" the chinless wonder started, establishing for all time that she had serious power issues and that this man's skull was probably covered with henpecks.

"She wasn't alone," the sister interrupted again. "She was catching up to us."

"And who is us?" the chinless wonder asked boldly.

The sister turned her head to stare directly into the woman's too bright, watery eyes.

"Her sister-in-law and new husband," she said flatly.

6/Inside the tent, he turned back to the girl trapped under him, smiling down into her horrified, bulging eyes. "Well, darling," he whispered, pushing her t-shirt deeper in her mouth and tighter over her lips. "Enjoying your honeymoon?"



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He was tight inside her sleeping bag with her -- tight inside her -- her arms lashed in the small of her back with thin, coarse rope, her legs held three feet apart by a plain metal spreader bar bound at her ankles, her head pushed deep into the padded sleeping bag back.

She had awoken with him on her...in her...already bound and already gagged. They weren't giving her any time to deal with it. She went to sleep a happy free love child. She woke up a captive, helpless sex slave, being fucked in her own sleeping bag in the middle of the Oregon countryside...and totally helpless to do anything or tell anyone about it.

And now...what was worse, she went from being seconds from discovery to trapped in marital bondage.

"No!" she screamed into the cloth, her neck tendons like steel cables. "NO! Rape! Help, RAPE!!!"

The words went into the cloth and became lost in the folds as he clamped his fingers so deep in her cheek flesh they looked like her own bones.

And his hips kept thrusting, again and again and again, his huge, knobbly cock filling her tight snatch to the ripping point, riveting her to the ground....

"Sister...," the chinless wonder gaped outside.

"Husband...?" choked the mustached man.

"Yes," said the woman flatly. "And the happy newlyweds would like a little privacy, if you don't mind too terribly...!"

"Of course, of course," the two chastised hikers muttered as they began to move away, the chinless wonder's head craning on her neck to stare at the tent as she retreated. The sun had just gotten to a parallel point in the sky. The silhouettes inside...!

Inside, he pressed down upon her like a hunk of stone trying to mould itself to her shape. One paw was tight over her mouth, holding the shirt deep within. The other was across her windpipe, holding her vibrating, straining skull down and making sure that her strangled, desperate cries of "ecstasy" didn't delay the interlopers.



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She choked, uselessly. She writhed, her glorious body rubbing against his, her ample, natural, high-placed breasts massaging his chest like silken bags of flesh jello.

Her arms jerked in their bonds, trying to force his weight up. She tried to kick her legs, but his ankles were atop the spreader bar. She just had to lie there...possible rescue just yards away...and get fucked.

He leered down into her sweating, disbelieving face, feeling the glory of her long legs against his, feeling the flatness of her stomach on his own, savouring the snaking of her long torso on his trunk, and admiring the strength of her ribcage.

He looked deep into her hateful, hurting, aghast eyes that had so recently been so full of life and happiness, knowing that he had her now...and there was nothing she could do about it.

"Till death we do part," he whispered, and came.

There was no mistaking it. The chinless wonder saw it. The unmistakable shadow play of sexual

ejaculation as the man pushed up off his bride, the sound coming from his throat one of exultation.



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The nosy woman turned away in embarrassment, her cheeks red, not realizing how the shadow of the groom's left arm masked the right, which was gagging his bride so effectively her agonized screams were mere hums in the morning light.

Dear heaven, she thought. If only I were loved that passionately...!

But then she shooed the thought away and hastily shuffled down the incline...already planning how they might meet up with the happy couple later on the trail....

They laughed -- laughed -- as they dragged her glorious, sweat-slick, 5'6" form out of the sleeping bag; the woman pulling her onto her lap as she sat down cross-legged near her backpack.



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"No wonder she slept naked," he muttered, towelling his own sweat off with her shirt. "It's like an oven in there."

Lara squealed, squirmed, and shrieked as best she could -- her ankle-spread legs bending repeatedly at the knee as if she were trying to stand -- while the man dressed and the woman yanked at the t-shirt in her mouth.

Lara sucked in her breath to scream. The man nonchalantly stepped over to kick her in the stomach.

It wasn't actually a kick. He merely put his foot on her solar plexus and pushed.

All the air left her. She couldn't believe it; her mouth was finally free...and she still couldn't make a sound. It was delicious, hideous torture. She bowed, eyes wide in disbelief, mouth open, and gasped like a beached fish...then the woman shoved her rolled-up white cotton ankle sock deep in her mouth.

"For better or worse," he commented, then went back to his dressing.

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DETENTION CAMP #3

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Lara could only start moaning and panting through her nose, eyes tearing and squeezing shut, as the woman tied the second anklesock tightly around her head, lips, and teeth.



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"There there, dear," she said with mock consideration as she gathered up Lara's knees and started tying them. "No need to fight. We've already got you married off and consummated..."

Lara's head fell back, hysteria making her anguished sobs sound like a drowning yodel.

He looked down to her disheveled hair, cloth-stuffed face, and naked, bound body, appreciating how her obviously natural breast sacks shook (the pinkish-brown oval aureoles and nub nipples jiggling), how the creamy skin swooped down her long, curvy torso, how slim and smooth her

hips were, how neatly trimmed her soft auburn snatch was, and how inviting were her drooling labia lips.

For her part, the sister began rooting around in the duffel bag. "Let's see now," she murmured. "Your place was pretty easy to break into, but there was really slim pickings...."

Lara started, blinking up at the awful woman.

"That's right, dear," the woman grinned. "You don't think we came across you by accident, do you?"

11/"Oh no," said the man, buckling his last boot clip. "We've been planning this for awhile." He stood, her horrified eyes following him. "You're a real nature girl, ain't ya?" View through his legs at her naked and trussed.



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"Not like the others," the woman mused, pulling out one light airy floral summer dress after another. "Jeans and t-shirts were pretty much it, except for the occasional bohemian outfit."

12/He knelt in front of her, collecting her tits (which were already set high on her long torso) and bunching them up at her neck. He loved the way they could be gathered up like firm dough, seemingly inflating as he went, filling his hand, bunching through his fingers, and nearly spurting as he squeezed .



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Lara's eyes squeezed shut, her head craning back on her neck, the noise coming from her throat like a sheet of leather tearing.

"Such a cutie," he commented as his sister started to pull out revealing undergarments from the duffel. They sandwiched the girl between them, the sister's arm around Lara's throat while the brother kneaded the sexy thing's fine tits.

"Not much to choose from," the sister decided, holding up some white cotton panties in front of the brunette's incredulous eyes. "But we'll make do...."

His sister gave him the all-clear signal, watching the nosy couple through the binoculars pointing east. He came out the tent's west entrance, pulling Lara by the rope leash behind him.

She appeared cautiously, fearfully, like a colt just starting to walk. But a new born colt didn't have to worry about choking on a gag or falling off cruel shoes...not until it was broken, at any rate, and the two captors were well on their way with this fine mount.

Lara was bent forward, struggling to keep the sock from choking her and her wrists from making matters worse. Worse because her wrists were crossed high up her back and attached to more rope wrapped around the gag over her lips -- pressing the wrapping cloth deeper between her teeth.



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With each tug on her bonds she was gagging herself more fully.

The sock in her mouth was cunningly rolled and wedged so it filled her cheeks more than blocked her throat. Even so, there was always the danger it would shift and her teeth clamped down on it to keep it in place -- further limiting whatever sounds she could make.

Her eyes rolled -- not just from that quandary, but from the way her own clothes were now mocking her. With each movement her exceptional tits swayed in the skintight white lycra-cotton v-neck "midriff" t-shirt which barely covered her aureoles and stopped several inches above her navel. Grooved into her hip bones were the cotton "strings" of the high-cut, leg-revealing white bikini panty, which was like a smiling V across her crotch.

Then, on her feet were the 4 1/2 inch white patent leather high heels, locking in her toes, heels, and ankles. In the wilderness, they were insane -- made even worse by the way her knees were bound together.

"Come on, sweetums," growled the man, tugging calmly on the rope leash tied around her aching neck. "Time for your morning bath."



DETENTION CAMP #4

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And that was the way he walked her down to the small lake on the other side of the hill, as his sister kept a look-out. They emerged from the tree cover as an incredible sight. A man in a crinkled, modern exercise suit leading a beautiful young girl by a rope tied around her neck -- her mouth tightly covered by a long, thick sock tied around her head and under her wavy chestnut mane, ropes digging in-between her lips even tighter; and her arms yanked up her back and hanging from ropes attached to her gag.



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Then there was her outfit: ample, heavy, hanging breasts jiggling in a revealing v-necked t-shirt which barely contained them; a deep V panty which held onto her by her sexy hips, and wildly incongruous white high heels on her teetering, mincing feet.

Renewed sweat of effort poured down her face and body as he stepped into the cold lake water, only looking away from her long enough to spot the big rock twenty feet away from the shore. Only Lara took in the breathtaking beauty of the Oregon morning and the glorious acres of wilderness -- now taunting her with its freedom, unspoiled by mankind...except her rapist.

He tugged on the rope around her throat. She shuffled forward, groaning in misery and dread. To her own amazement, she managed to stay balanced in the killer heels. She stood on the edge of the lake, staring in alarm at his cock, which had emerged from his pants and floated on the water's surface like a mutated, leering shark.



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"Now, come on, baby," he said, drawing the rope toward him inexorably.

She stepped, she stumbled, she fell.

She smashed into the water, sinking, struggling in terror, feeling her head go back, the gagging ropes sinking further into her mouth as her arms writhed and her feet kicked.

Then hands were on her -- gripping her chest, bunching in her hair -- and she was being pulled out deeper.

Just as she thought she might faint, she erupted from the water like a caught fish. Then he pushed her back against the rock. She lay there, half in and half out of the water, the t-shirt transparent and plastered to her heaving chest, her wet hair slapping the stone.

He leered down at her, the breath caught in his throat. Brown eyes exhausted, frightened, and hateful. Smooth pink lips working above cloth jammed ever deeper into her mouth. Teeth

grinding on rope pressing deep in her cheek skin. Arms useless behind her. Creamy skin so sexy when wet. Torso so long and strong and sleek. Tits so high and full....

And just below the surface? Thick, narrow thatch of beaver outlined in cotton, and white high heels locked to struggling feet.

"Okay," he managed to hoarsely whisper and then the knife came from his pocket. Lara's head rolled back, her throat managing to make a muffled, moaning scream as he cut her knee ropes, and then her panty string.



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DETENTION CAMP #5

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Her cry became a grunt and then a gasp when he forced open her cunt lips with his cock crown, then jammed himself all the way in. She looked at him with renewed disbelief and abhorrence, but that just made his smile wider and delayed the assault for not a second.

"You know," he seethed, thrusting with a steady, insistent beat, his hands on her chest. "You're cute when you're angry. You're cute when you're sad. You're cute when you're being fucked. You're just the perfect young cutie, ain't ya?"



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Before she could react, they both heard the call of "ka-doo!" obviously coming from the sister. "And now you gotta decide," he said without pausing. "You gonna be the cute brunette, the

drowned brunette, or the brunette with her throat slit? Your choice."

Then, letting those words sink dreadfully in, he grabbed her hips and started ramming into her like a hydraulic machine. Her brain frozen in outrage, she could barely deal with what he had said while her tits flounced and her cunt was being reamed.



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Within seconds he was on top of her, weighing her down, grunting like an animal, scraping her between him and the rock. She wriggled like a raped mermaid, feeling him coming, the pulsing shaft filling her.

With a final wrench she tried to pull her arms free or force the sock out of her mouth.

It didn't work. He filled her defiled form full of cream, then grabbed her hair, kicked her knees out from under her, and dragged her head toward the dark water....

"View halloo!" the mustached man called.

He rolled his eyes. Only this twerp would say something like that.

"Hey," he grunted loudly back, careful to keep only his head and shoulders visible from behind the rock.

"You okay?" the mustached man called.

"Sure, sure," he replied gruffly. "Just enjoying some morning privacy."

"Of course, of course," said the mustached man hastily. "We just wanted to make sure you were

okay. Must be careful not to slip and fall...."

"We won't," he promised. "Now if you'll...."

"Is your blushing bride all right?" the chinless wonder interrupted.

"What?" he answered, purposely letting impatience infuse his tone.

"Your new wife," the chinless wonder continued obliviously. "I haven't heard from her...."

He looked down to where Lara's eyes and nose poked, shaking, between the lower lip of the rock and his stomach. Those eyes were filled with pain and effort as he held her mouth and everything below it underwater by her hair and the top of her head -- one booted foot pressing down on her thighs.

"Well," he said with a certain amount of anger. "There's a reason for that, you old...!" He interrupted himself by jerking Lara's gagged mouth up while savagely tweaking one of her nipples.

On cue the still obscured girl squealed through her gag. And then he jammed her lower face back under the water.

"No, honey," he rapidly continued, as if answering her. "She deserves it for being such a damned busybody...!" Then he stared with pointed annoyance at the couple twenty-five feet away on shore. "If you must know, my dear wife lost her bathing suit from our morning...exertions."

Her jerked her head back, letting her still gagged, sopping wet, mouth break the surface again, and pinched her tit so savagely that she couldn't help shrieking.

But the gag reduced it to a sharp complaint...which was just what his captor wanted.

Jamming her entire head under the water, he said, "Come on, honey, as long as they don't see you...!" He then stared razors at the interlopers. "Do you mind?!"



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The couple shifted and looked at each other nervously. But despite this, the chinless wonder opened her mouth yet again, when suddenly another voice cut through the silence of the isolated area.

"Oh come now," said his sister in disbelief, coming over from the trees. "Are you bothering them again? Have you no shame?"

"But," the chinless wonder stammered. "We were just...she lost her...we were going to help her find...!"

"I'm all the help they'll need," the sister interrupted pointedly, "And are you telling me that, in this entire forest, you can't stay away from one pair of honeymooning lovebirds?" She narrowed her eyes. "If I didn't know better, I might start believing that you two are some sort of sick voyeurs!"

That did it. The two nearly fell over themselves denying, apologizing, and hastily retreating. Even so, the chinless wonder took one last moment to crane her neck; eyes falling on a pair of white bikini panties floating on the water near the shore.

And, of course, from that distance there was no way of telling that they were cut, not torn....

She opened her mouth to point them out, then, locking eyes with the squat sister "in-law", thought better of it and hurriedly trotted after her husband.

"Scream," he whispered into Lara's ear, clamping her head between his hands -- one gripping the back of her jerking skull, one clasped over her mouth. "This will probably be your last chance. Scream to them. Tell them you're not married. Tell them we attacked you...that we raped you. They'd like nothing better." He shook her head. "Tell them!"

Lara mewled, eyes screwing shut and popping open again, her body wracked with silent sobs,

her expression haunted.

"Ehh," he muttered, letting go of her mouth. "What good are you?" Then he grabbed her left tit, squeezing.

Lara's tears mingled with the lake on her face, knowing what came next. He kept kneading it under the water, his legs over hers as she gasped for air, burning with shame on how she was used.

"You okay?" he heard his sister's voice.

"Yeah," he said, still kneading Lara's chest and holding her head dangerously close to the water. "What took you so long?"

"They were coming from the north, over flat land. I was coming down a mountain."

"No matter," he grunted, suddenly reaching down, grabbing Lara's ankles, and standing.

She managed a short, choked scream before she fell back under the water.



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He held her there, her feet up, before wrapping her ankles with a strap, getting a good grip, and starting to drag her toward shore -- sure to keep her legs so high that she couldn't get her torso and head above the surface.

His sister laughed, even clapping her hands -- she so enjoyed the image of two sleek, wet, long legs ending in killer high heels being dragged through the water -- knowing full well that what was attached to them was a panic-stricken young beauty dressed only in a tight v-necked t-shirt and ropes.

They dragged her on shore -- her long torso, lovely agony-wracked face, and sopping wet hair belching from the water as if it was giving birth. Coughing, choking, and crying, she hardly

noticed them cutting the ropes between her bound wrists and gag. But she did notice when they hauled her up and hustled her into the cover of the trees...careful to look out for any prying eyes, limp moustaches, or chinless wonders.

"**Y**ou think you might be able to give me a blow job?" he asked quietly, with a big smile. "I mean, really. Do you think you can keep from screaming or biting long enough to give me a really nice, wet, tasty blow job?"

Lara's head jerked up, her defiled expression turning incredulous for a split second. But then her head dropped back down again -- a tiny pained moan escaping the new gag.

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DETENTION CAMP #6

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They had her staked out -- elbows and knees bent, hands above and on either side of her head, just under the cover of the trees -- with her own tent spikes and their own leather thongs. A campfire crackled just fifteen yards away, in the sand surrounding the lake. His sister stood watch. In reality, his sister "sat" watch, sitting on an old log between the fire and the tree line.



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They had dressed Lara in one of her own outfits; a low-cut summer dress with a pink and light green floral pattern. Of course they made it a lot lower cut right away, her fine mams spreading across her chest, looking like creamy, overstuffed calzones in the open rip of the cloth.

The high heels were off, her lovely feet stretching and pointing, her ankles twisting in the tight, tan cords. The skirt section was ripped, revealing all of her long, slim left leg, and most of her right one. In the very corner, a tuft of her luxurious chestnut beaver could also be glimpsed.

Her hair was dry, mostly gathered in her own dusky rose hair-band, but some wavy, loosely curled strands crossed her face, shoulders, and chest. Most of her t-shirt was in her mouth, held in by more leather thongs.

It was as if they had grabbed a sweet, cute flower child from a woody path, tore at her luscious body, then staked her down in the wilderness. Or maybe she was a 19th century settler's

daughter, grabbed by lustful Indians and secreted from her folks way out in the woods.

Either way, she made him hard. He lay atop her, his cock crown playing with her labia lips, his hand mashing her left breast, and his mouth suckling her comatose face.



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"Sis?" he suddenly called with a plaintive air.

"What is it?" she asked calmly.

"Lara won't give me a blow job," he said with exaggerated mock complaint.

"Really?" His sister turned around, saw the two through a gap between the trees, and stood. She took one last look at the glorious natural valley with the lake and surrounding mountains, then ambled over to where the two lay. "Now is that any way for a newly married wife to act?"

Lara didn't even bother opening her eyes.

"Love, honor, and obey, right?" he whined.

"Right," she said, drinking in Lara's soft, seemingly insensible, loveliness stretched out at her feet. She looked at her brother. "And you don't want to torture her into it," she asked.

They both gauged Lara's reaction. Her eyes still didn't open...but the lids may have tightened...and her body might have given an involuntary shudder.

"Nahhhh," the brother drawled. "And mar such beauty?"

The sister stared down at the bound and gagged, apparently comatose, girl. "Blow job, huh?"

He nodded. "Blow job."

"More fucking won't do?"

"I can fuck her any time," he pointed out.

His sister looked for a reaction to that. Seemingly nothing...but maybe the girl's jaw clenched...maybe her closed eyes moistened.... "Okay," his sister finally said. "Let me see what I can do."

She marched between Lara's legs as he went out to the old log by the fire.

He only looked back when he heard Lara moan.

There she was, hands twisting in the bonds, fingers spasming, head all the way back, eyes opening wide, then wider. Body undulating like waves coming into shore. Toes pointing. A fine bead of sweat covering goose pimples all over her body.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

And his sister kneeling between her legs, mouth covering her cunt...one arm up, hand "tuning" Lara's left nipple like a short-wave radio.

He watched as the girl orgasmed; jerking and grunting. Then he watched as she came again, hitting her head on the ground. Then he watched as she came again; breasts heaving, neck tendons like branches trying to burst from under the skin.

He only got up when his sister motioned for him. "Okay," she said. "Fuck her. Hard."

He did as he was told. Lara's head shot up as he replaced his sister at her crotch, her expression alarmed, her limbs jerking frantically in their bondage.

His sister thought about sitting at the brunette's head and covering her gagged mouth, but thought better of it the moment he started.

Lara was slammed back and forth along the ground as if in a world-cracking earthquake. She managed one choked shriek before all she could do was grunt and gasp as he slammed his meat into her faster and harder than she thought possible.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

"Come on her chest and face," his sister instructed. He didn't pause in the rape; still slamming her back and forth with a vengeance.

Finally, after what seemed like hours (but was only minutes) he jerked back from her, hopped, up, stepped over, and spurted his own cream across her tits and throat...a drop dappling her cleft chin.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

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DETENTION CAMP #7

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Illustrations by STEVE

They stood, looking down at her. Lara didn't cringe. She merely lay there, exhausted, spent, her chest heaving, her nose gulping air.

"Okay," said his sister, holding her hand out but looking only at the abused girl. "Your knife."

He wordlessly gave it to her. She kneeled between Lara's slack legs and placed the blade across the assaulted girl's left tit. "Now," she said. "Suck him off."

There was no incredulous look this time. Lara didn't move. Her eyes remained closed. But when the man undid the leather thongs and pulled the sodden shirt from Lara's mouth, she made no sound.

Then again, he didn't give her much of a chance. Once the cotton cleared her mouth, his shaft was there, pushing past her smooth pink lips, forcing her lax teeth back and coursing over her tongue.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

If the chinless wonder and the mustachioed man had returned, what they would have seen was a

pretty young brunette staked down in the grass and dirt under the trees, with a man kneeling by her laid-back head, his cock moving up and down, deep in her mouth; and a woman kneeling between the girl's legs, her mouth covering her beaver, holding a knife loosely under one of the girl's tits.

The only music they added to the wilderness symphony was the sound of slurping.

They packed up her campsite up on the bluff while Lara lay on her side in the small clearing, secured in a merciless hogtie.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

He had come in her mouth down by the lake. Before she even had a chance to finish coughing, his sister was on her, stuffing another cunningly wadded ball of cloth deep into her mouth. The cloth this time was from the summer dress that now lay in tears around her delectable body.

As all the times before, this new packing forced open her jaw, forced down her tongue, and filled her cheeks like insulation -- making whatever strap they used to hold it in a perfect fit between her teeth. Only this time, to make her situation all the worse, the woman tightened a leather strap around her throat as well.

While he had held her wrists, they had sat the groggy, defiled brunette up, then retied her crossed wrists to her trim waist behind her. Next came her legs; hobbled with a leather strap only a foot and a half wide.

"Come on," he said, grabbing a fistful of her hair. "Up." He dragged her to her unsteady feet, taking a moment to savor her stunning, natural beauty in the torn summer dress. Her tits were all but revealed as were most of her legs. Only a small section of her left hip and part of her long, smooth torso was adorned.

His sister suddenly stepped forward and jammed what was left of the skirt's hem into the strap

tightened around Lara's waist. "Let's go," she said. "Don't want to be here all day." With a slap on the girl's butt, they started back up the incline.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

Lara moved as if drunk, but she moved -- head down. His sister took up the rear staring intently at her firm back and fit shanks. The man moved beside their captive, smiling down at her, "encouraging" her on with hands at her head, waist, and chest. He loved pulling at her full, taffy tits -- as if he had never felt real breasts before and couldn't get over the way they moved under the skin.

Finally they made it back to her tent, where he had merely stepped in front of her right ankle while she was taking a last step.

She went down to the dirt and grass with a muffled squeal; cringing and groaning on the ground just after she landed. He laughed and dropped beside her. He rolled her over onto her back and sat on her stomach, plopping his cock between her breasts. "Tit fuck," he announced, then slapped his hands on her boobs as if they were pizza dough and went at it.

His sister watched as Lara shook and cried, her bound legs flopping on the ground. As always, he didn't even pause, using the way her head would rise and plead every few seconds as a further enticement. With her tits set so high his cock crown was practically in her mouth as she babbled. And, of course, her extraordinary breasts did the trick with more success than he had felt in months.

Warm, giving, and natural, her mounds caressed and buried his shaft, stimulating more cum than either of them believed possible. It burst, spurting from his member, streaming across her face like a spilled milk shake. For a moment she looked like a zebra and then it began to drool across her cheeks and into her hair.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

Her pleading became whimpering sobs as he pulled himself off her, almost marveling at the design he had made. "Good," he said to his sister. "Very good."

She nodded. "And we're not through yet." Then she pulled ropes out of her jumpsuit and kneeled beside the quaking girl. Within moments, she had Lara cruelly hog-tied; her hair to her cinched elbows, her wrists to her ankles. Rolling her onto her side, she showed her brother how the position thrust Lara's chest out and made her soft brown eyes wide with woe.

"Nice," he admired. "Now let's get this show on the road before nightfall."



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

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DETENTION CAMP #8

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Lara hung by her wrists from an overhead tree branch. The flickering of a campfire illuminated her creamy flesh as she chewed on the cloth, leather straps, and rope which filled and cut through her pried-open mouth.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

An unbuttoned green and black tartan flannel shirt was knotted at her waist, but pulled wide so her tits hung out. Black, high leg pantyhose covered portions of her flesh from the waist down...portions because it was torn where it counted, revealing her cunt and almost all her ass.

Her stockinged toes just barely touched the ground, and couldn't keep her from slowly -- ever so slowly -- turning in the night air.

The brother and sister stared at her from where they sat on fallen tree trunks on either side of the campfire.

After they had dressed her in shirt and pantyhose, they told her to bring them to where her car was parked. "Take as long as you want," he had told the astonished girl once they had shredded, burned, and buried any evidence of her tent. "The longer it takes, the more things I can do to you...."

So, even though she went as quickly as they would allow her directly toward the vehicle, it was more than a few hours walk. That brought on the night, and this rest stop, seemingly in the middle of nowhere.

"You notice?" his sister said, staring at the girl trying to keep her arms in their shoulder sockets.

"What?" he asked, not taking his eyes off the brunette.

"Come on, you can't tell me you don't notice...."

"What?" he asked again.

"I know you're a tit man, but really," she said. "I mean, there's a reason I ripped the pantyhose that way. Look!"

He looked...finally noticing. "Hey, yeah," he said.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

"Yeah indeed," she agreed.

Then both stood and came over to where the agonized girl hung. He gripped her hip and turned her away from him. "Look at that, would ya?" he said.

"Best one we've seen so far," she said. "Maybe ever."

They were looking at Lara's ass. Tight, perfectly shaped, not too big, not too small, and firm.

"Shee-it," he breathed, as if a new world of possibility was opening up to him.

"You got that right," said his sister. "Beneath that cheery, outdoorsy, girl-next-door veneer, she got a body that won't quit. And all natural too."

He felt Lara began to shake through the hand he lay on her hip. She was crying in despair.

"Oh well," he said. "I guess this stop will be a little longer than planned...."

They both heard her muffled wails now.

Within minutes, the campsite was empty. The fire embers stilled glowed yellow and orange, however, and in the distance muffled noises of anguish could be heard.

If you were to move deeper into the forest there, you would come across a natural gully about three feet deep, crossed at the top by a small fallen tree about two feet around. Standing in that gully, wrapped around that tree, was Lara Jennings.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

She was bent forward, her wrists tied in front of her, over the tree, to her knees, so that the horizontal tree trunk was pressed horizontally into her flat, smooth stomach. Her tits lay on the top part of the tree, which would have been its left side if it were still standing. The bottom (the right side if still standing) part of the trunk pressed into the tops of her thighs.

Her hair was twisted into a glorious chestnut biscuit atop her head, in the fashion of the early 1900's. Strands, of course, drifted down her face and shoulders in loose corkscrews. This time, she looked like a ravaged Victorian girl, only recently unclipped from her severe garment and merry widow.

Because the pantyhose and shirt was gone...well, not actually gone. The pantyhose was wrapped around her mouth. The shirt was knotted there too, over the hose, only the shirt's long sleeves were tied in such a way that he could use them as a leash.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

And there he was behind her, lying on her back, dragging her head up with the flannel reins, fucking her up her fine, firm ass. Lara thought she'd be torn open. She thought she would faint. She thought she would die. No such luck. She felt every thrust; thudding harder around the tree each time.

Finally he came once more, standing straight and dragging her head all the way back. Her eyes squeezed shut with the pain and humiliation as he grunted and sighed, his inhuman cock coating her insides with more thick jism.

He let her head fall, slowly removing his slick, knobby shaft from her tight anus -- his cream drooling across both. Lara lay there, her head lolling, nearly unconscious, when a sharp pain and sound at her rear snapped her eyes back open.

"Oooo," said his sister. "So nice." Then he slapped Lara's rear with an open palm once again.

Ohgod, Lara realized. Not spanking...!

Yes, spanking. And like everything else involved with distressed damsels, his sister was an expert at it.

34/She did it fast...she did it slow...she counter-timed her blows. But each time, she raised a new sort of sting, and each time, Lara jerked forward, wailing or weeping or whimpering.

He watched in admiration. "I had no idea..." he started.

"Wait," she said. "We're still not done." Then she motioned to Lara's swathed head. "Be my guest..."

Shortly thereafter he was rubbing his cock across her face and along the tops and sides of her

tits. She hardly had time to react to this new affront, because every few seconds there would be a sharp noise, then she would jerk forward and moan.

"So," she said. Slap. "What are we going to do with her?" Slap. "Leave her in her car?" Slap.

"Not sure." Slap. "Maybe."

"Where?" Slap. "Back seat?" Slap. "Trunk?" Slap. "Undercarriage?" Slap.

"Haven't decided." Slap.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

"So what..." Slap. "...are we doing?" Slap.

"We'll..." Slap. "Cross that..." Slap. "Bridge..." Slap. "When" Slap. "We" Slap. "Come." Slap. "To." Slap. "It." Slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap slap...!

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DETENTION CAMP #9

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He had come in Lara's face, then come again across her red, enflamed rear, using the jism as medicating cream on her amazing ass.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

Then they cut her wrist/knee ropes. She fell, landing on her side, moaning, in the bottom of the gully.

There his sister quickly knotted the abused brunette's wrists behind her and tied her knees with hemp.

They stared at her rich, creamy, naked form in the moonlight as she lay breathing shallowly.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

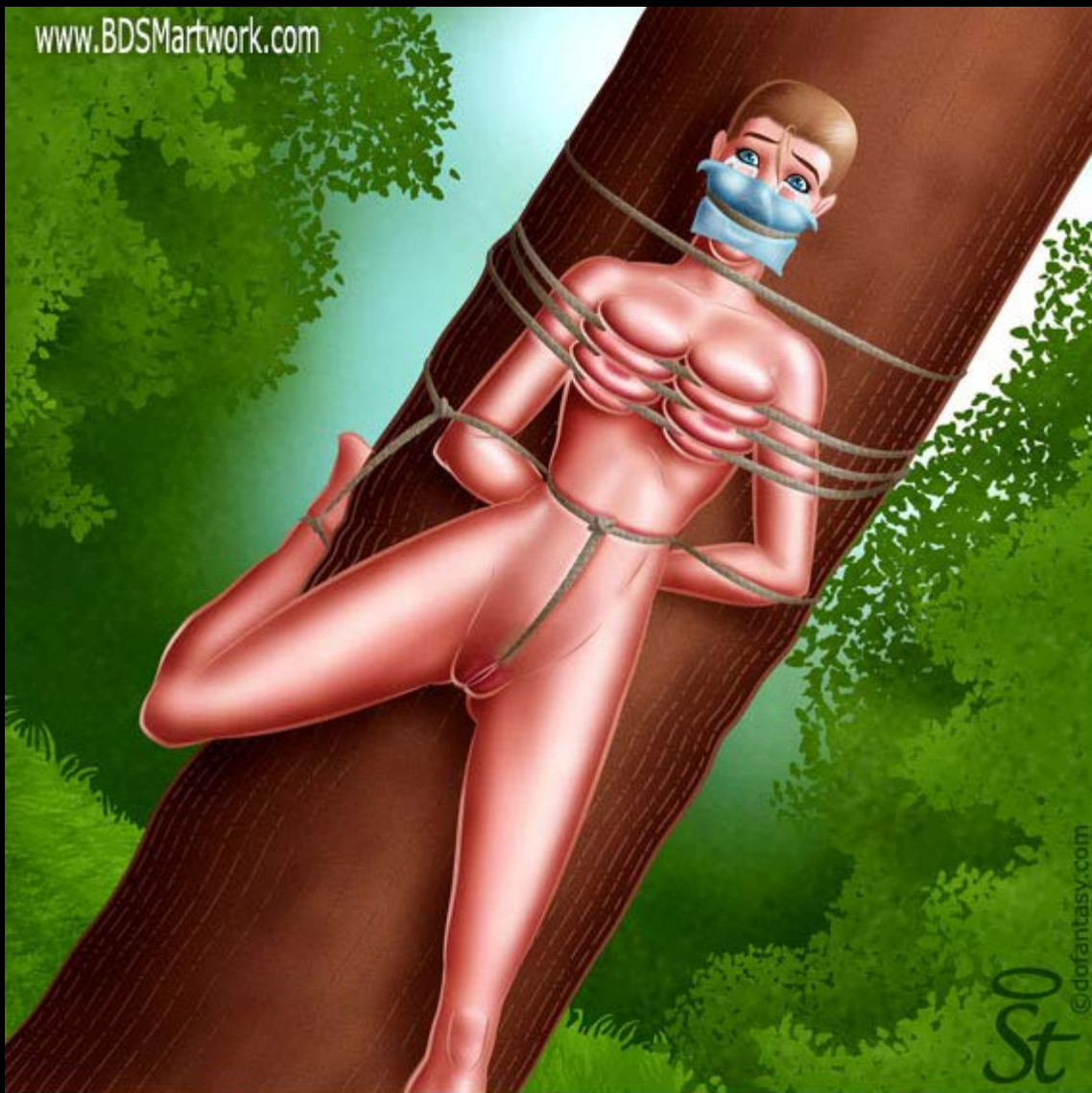
DETENTION CAMP

"Man," he breathed. "I'm getting hard again already...!"

"Then maybe we should just leave her here," his sister said. "Tie her ankles to some exposed tree root and cover her with leaves...."

"Nah," he interrupted, pulling a small bottle of smelling salts from his pocket. "I got one more thing I wanna do...."

Lara greeted the sunrise lashed to a tree.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

She was standing this time...or as much as she could stand with one leg bent back, her ankle lashed along the right side of the tree trunk, and the other pulled wide, lashed to an exposed tree root. Her arms were behind her, sandwiched between the small of her back and the trunk, ropes encircling her shoulders and across her chest, crushing her tits. More ropes were beneath the mashed mammaries, all securing her arms, then encircling the trunk as well. Her wrists were crossed and lashed, then those ropes circled the tree trunk as well. Her mouth was packed so tightly with material from her tent, it felt as if cement had been poured into her mouth. That was anchored with more rope, then wrapped by one of her white lycra/spandex t-shirts, only tied over her nose as well. A final rope encircled the tree trunk and her throat.

He covered her, his hand mashing one already rope-crushed tit, his cock all the way up her cunt.

He raped her hungrily against the tree as his sister watched calmly a few feet away. She glanced over her shoulder to where Lara's truck was parked in a glen closed off from the path by bushes.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

"Good thing you know these woods so well," she had commented. "I bet not one hiker in a hundred knows about this cul-de-sac." Then she stood back as her brother went at the girl.

Lara just took it, her head down and lolling, her expression haunted and dazed, her much abused body responding with a mix of agitation and repair.

He came in her, grunting, then backed away. For all her reaction, he might as well not have been there. "Aw, you're no fun anymore," he complained, giving her right tit a backhanded slap. He turned in disgust and started to walk away.

"Wait a minute," his sister said. He stopped, looking at her with a raised eyebrow. "You want to give her something to remember us by?" she inquired mildly. He nodded. "Okay, then," she said. "Hold her ponytail so she doesn't choke," his sister instructed. "And maybe cover her mouth too...."

Then his sister stepped forward, put her fingers along Lara's long, lovely torso, and started tickling her.

You would have thought they had started playing her nerves like guitar strings. Her head snapped back against the tree trunk, almost knocking her out. Then she began to squirm, then contort, then writhe. And, all the while, he felt her cries and screams through the gags and his clamping hand.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

It was like trying to control a whirlwind or a crazed pony. Lara would twist, then jerk, choking, her head thudding back. She stilled, trembling, then, within seconds, was convulsing madly again, shrieking with crackling agony.

His sister did it until Lara no longer responded, hanging heavily in the cordage -- her chest bonds being the only thing that kept her from strangling by the throat rope. Only then did the older woman stop, stepping back to admire her handiwork.

"All right," she concluded. "Now fuck her..."

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DETENTION CAMP #10

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Illustrations by STEVE

They tightened her gag and made a rope panty to hold in a branch he had lodged in her cunt to cork up his "farewell cum." Then they tied her legs tighter to the tree, blindfolded her with one of her shirt sleeves, and left her there.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

She didn't hear them drive away.

By mid-morning, her fingers began to flutter.

By mid-day, her head started to nod.

By afternoon, her arms had started to twist and her body try to snake up the tree trunk...carefully, slowly, agonizingly trying to get the branch out of her cunt.

By night her right hand snapped out of the wrist bonds.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

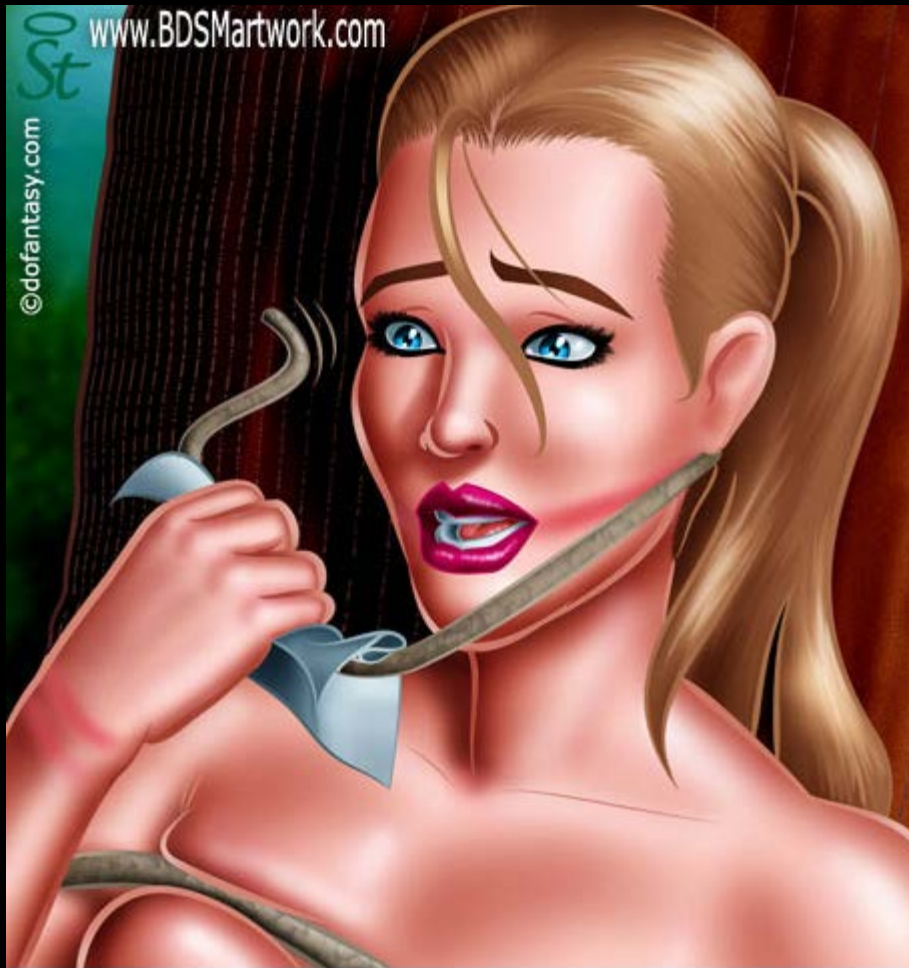
DETENTION CAMP

Her hands fluttered like a dying butterfly's wings, trying to get the strength and angle to pull the branch from her crotch and drag the ropes from her tits. But...they...wouldn't...quite... reach...!

Lara sobbed into the gag, then her head twisted back and she screamed to stay awake. But then she nodded and slumped...again the chest ropes keeping her from strangling.

When she woke again, it was morning, and she had soiled herself. But with no clothes the waste only moistened the leg ropes. She started sawing the arm bonds along the rough bark of the tree.

By mid-morning the arm bonds snapped. Her hands flew down. Standing on her very tip-toes she pulled the last inch of wood from inside her.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

She nearly collapsed again, but managed to hold on. She tore off the blindfold and ripped at the gag. After what seemed like a lifetime her mouth was finally empty.

She found she could hardly speak, let alone scream. Still she made groaning sounds as she worked on the ropes at her chest and legs.

Finally she fell, landing in the shallow brook.

She must have slept again then, because when she became aware once more, it was near dark and the brook had washed the waste from her limbs and softened her hair.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

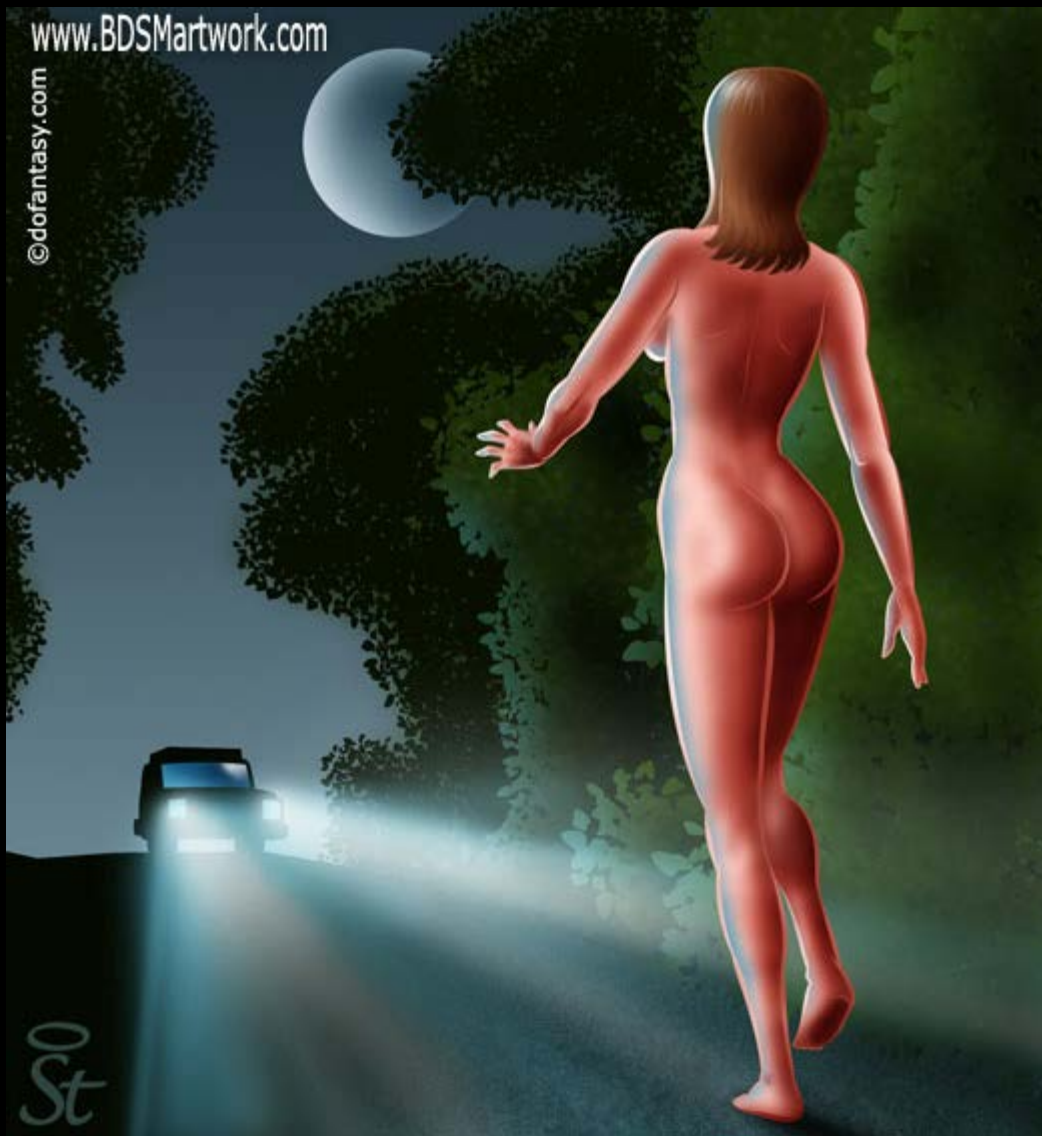
DETENTION CAMP

Aching like she had never ached before, Lara Jennings managed to stand, naked, in the warm night air. Impossibly, like a zombie, Lara Jennings started to walk toward the clearing.

Her truck was gone. She hardly seemed to notice. Almost completely unaware of it, she kept walking, putting one foot in front of the other until she reached the other side of the clearing.

Almost as if her subconscious memory was controlling her, she moved out to where the unpaved vehicle path was, and moved down the worn, empty trail along one of the two dusty, parallel paths.

By the time she reached where the trail came off of the crude, gravel forest roadway it was nearly midnight...and time for the ranger's one nightly security check.



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GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

She saw the headlights in the distance, coming toward her. She began to walk toward them....

She kept moving slowly, jerkily, until the headlights were like a tiger's eyes in the distance. Then they were like two snowballs...then two melons...then two basketballs.

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DETENTION CAMP #11 - FINAL CHAPTER

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Illustrations by STEVE

In them, the driver saw a stunningly attractive young brunette with full, high-set breasts, shapely hips, slim legs, narrow-trimmed beaver, and a stunned, depleted, seemingly hypnotized expression on her once-sweet, open, cute face.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

The car stopped. The door opened. A figure came over to her.
Lara Jennings fell into the arms of the chinless wonder.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

"Oh, you poor, poor dear!" the hippy woman cried. "Let's get you bundled inside right away!"

The woman helped Lara into the back seat, carefully laying the abused girl's head onto her lap.

"Drive, darling," she instructed the mustachioed man behind the wheel. "Drive to the park entrance. Hurry!"

Lara sighed as the woman lay a blanket over her, then started dabbing her face with a soft, thick handkerchief. Lara may have fallen asleep for a few moments as the car pulled onto the narrow main road...but then she became aware of another pair of headlights sweeping over the interior of the vehicle.

"Them?" she managed to croak, starting up in shock.

"No, no, dear," the chinless wonder soothed, restraining her with two claw-like hands. "That's not the people who did this to you...that's just the park ranger out on his nightly rounds."

"Ranger?" Lara managed to rasp.

"Yes, dear. Coming right toward us. A little late on his rounds tonight for some reason...."

"Toward...us?" she managed to say, swallowing heavily.

"Yes, dear," replied the chinless wonder cheerily. "He'll pass us any second...then go back to the station at the park entrance. We'll have to pass it on the way out."

"Stop...."

The chinless wonder's hand seemed to tighten at Lara's shoulder, the handkerchief rubbing slowly at her chin. "Oh no, dear. We have to get you out of here."

Lara stilled for an endless second, then tried to sit up. "Tell...ranger..." The chinless wonder held her back.

"Now, now, dear," the chinless wonder chattered, the handkerchief starting to rub Lara's lips as if she were absently trying to remove lipstick. "They'll just call the local police, who will call the state police, who will call the FBI...wouldn't it be better to eliminate the middle men and go directly to the source?"

"Tell ranger!" Lara managed to say louder, trying to turn her head away from the claustrophobic cloth. "Stop...!"

"Oh dear," the chinless wonder clucked, suddenly holding Lara by her wrists as she tried to sit up. "She's getting feisty. Hand me the Chlorominic, would you?"



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

"You wouldn't think it was possible, would you?" the driver said calmly. "After all she's been through..." He reached over to the seat beside him and held up a spray bottle -- like one of those pump conditioners you could buy at any supermarket.

"Well, you saw her at the tree," the chinless wonder chirped. "Who would have thought she would get away from that?"

The words cut through Lara's stupor like a laser. "You...s-saw me?!" she stammered in a croak.

"Videotaped it!" the mustached driver replied cheerfully. "Amazing. You'll have to see it."

Lara stiffened, as if paralyzed, blinking up at the chinless wonder, who smiled kindly down at her, pumping a fine mist onto the cloth. "No...", her wail started.

The driver's words were flat. "You'll have to..."

The image lanced into Lara's mind. Lashed to a chair...fingers clawing, toes twisting... prod gag deep in her mouth...impaled on a wooden dildo...eyes forced open...watching the tape of herself bound, gagged and impaled to the tree....



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

The chinless wonder clamped the cloth over her nose and mouth just as Lara managed to scream. Tom turned on the radio and began to hum. The brunette erupted from under the blanket, her tits swinging against her flailing arms. The chinless wonder clamped Lara's body to hers, falling back.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

It's not chloroform," she hissed into Lara's right ear as the girl writhed. "Chloroform makes you sick... brain damage.... This works faster, disconnects your motor centers...."

The realization stabbed Lara like an ice pick. Her brain was screaming at her hands to tear at the chinless wonder's face, to elbow her in the head, to tear her fingers from over her mouth...but her limbs were just slapping uselessly into the ceiling, windows, and walls....

"Then it saps your strength...more effectively than being repeatedly fucked by your 'husband'...."

Tom snorted. "You got that right...certainly when it comes to our little Lara here...."

The chinless wonder still held the cloth to Lara's lower face tightly. Lara's eyes and arms began to droop, the horror in her mind unable to fight off the cutting edge anesthetic.

"Should last a good 45 minutes," the hippy one said, hefting Lara's left breast in appreciation. "More than enough time to serve our needs...."



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

Lara slumped back as the ranger's car went by without slowing and the realization filled her shuddering soul.

They had been watching it. They had been watching it all. They knew what had been happening to her...and just let it happen. They only appeared just to give her the hope she could escape...that she might be rescued....



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

But why? Were they accomplices of the brother and sister, in collusion just to torture her?

The chinless wonder told her why as she began to pull the ropes and tape and clamps and wire and plugs from a bag in the front seat. She told her it all as Lara lay there paralyzed, halfway between waking and sleep.

Who the rapists were...how the slavers had been tracking them...where she was going now...how she would be "processed" and put up for sale...what would happen to each and every one of her orifices...and what a fate worse than death actually was....

Forty-five minutes later, a non-descript sport utility vehicle pulled up to the park exit. The ranger on duty stepped out and shone his flashlight at the smiling mustachioed driver.

"Out a bit late, aren't you?" the ranger inquired.

The driver shrugged. "You know how it is," he said. "Come out here for camping, then, in the middle of the night the little woman starts longing for the comforts of home...."

The ranger smiled in spite of himself. "Oh yeah," he said. "If I had a dollar for every time that happened...." He automatically moved the light to the rear seat, where a tall woman with a long neck and hardly any chin gave him a little embarrassed wave.

Of course, since all sport utility vehicles are built higher than regular cars, he couldn't look down into the auto. Even with his light, all he illuminated was the driver and passenger's head and shoulders.

So he missed the pretty, young, brunette viciously bound and gagged on her back at the

passenger's feet.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

DETENTION CAMP

Lara Jennings screamed and sobbed hysterically, but he did not hear.

Lara Jennings writhed and bucked desperately, but he did not see.

Her entire mouth was filled with an inflatable, untearable, rubber, football-shaped balloon with rounded sides, so that her cheeks were stuffed and her jaw was distended to its absolute widest aperture.

Over that was a thick padded band buckled under her cleft chin and over the bridge of her up-turned nose. Over that was a padded hood with a hole in the top only big enough to pull the majority of her hair out of the way.

Her arms were crossed so far behind her and up her back that all her fingers could do was flutter weakly out of reflex. Her wrists, forearms, and elbows were cinched so tightly to each other as well as her shoulders and underarms that she could move them neither up nor down.

A skintight, black leather latex combination of a bustier and merry widow corset seemed painted onto her long torso, only there were two holes at her chest, with her bulging breasts yanked through -- their trembling nipples clamped to each other by a one inch wire.

These almost too-small holes had the same effect as her rapist's hands had -- turning her normally hanging mams into high-set inflated balls of sex tissue which wiggled and wobbled with each moment. And the whalebone and steel reinforcements, which reduced her waist to a breathtaking 20 1/2 inches, made it even tougher for her to get any air at all across her voice box.

Her legs were in matching, skintight, thigh high boots with six inch high heels; her ankles attached

to the very tops of her thighs with straps so tight they sunk deep into her leg flesh. Her knees, too, were strapped so tightly together it looked like she was born with one leg.

Straps attached to the base of the front seat's rear legs. One strap secured Lara's knees to the floor. Another wrapped her now tiny waist. Her hair was brutally tied to the farthest front seat leg.

The chinless wonder's feet did the rest.

If the ranger couldn't see the brunette, he also couldn't see the woman passenger's feet. The chinless wonder wore six inch stiletto heels.

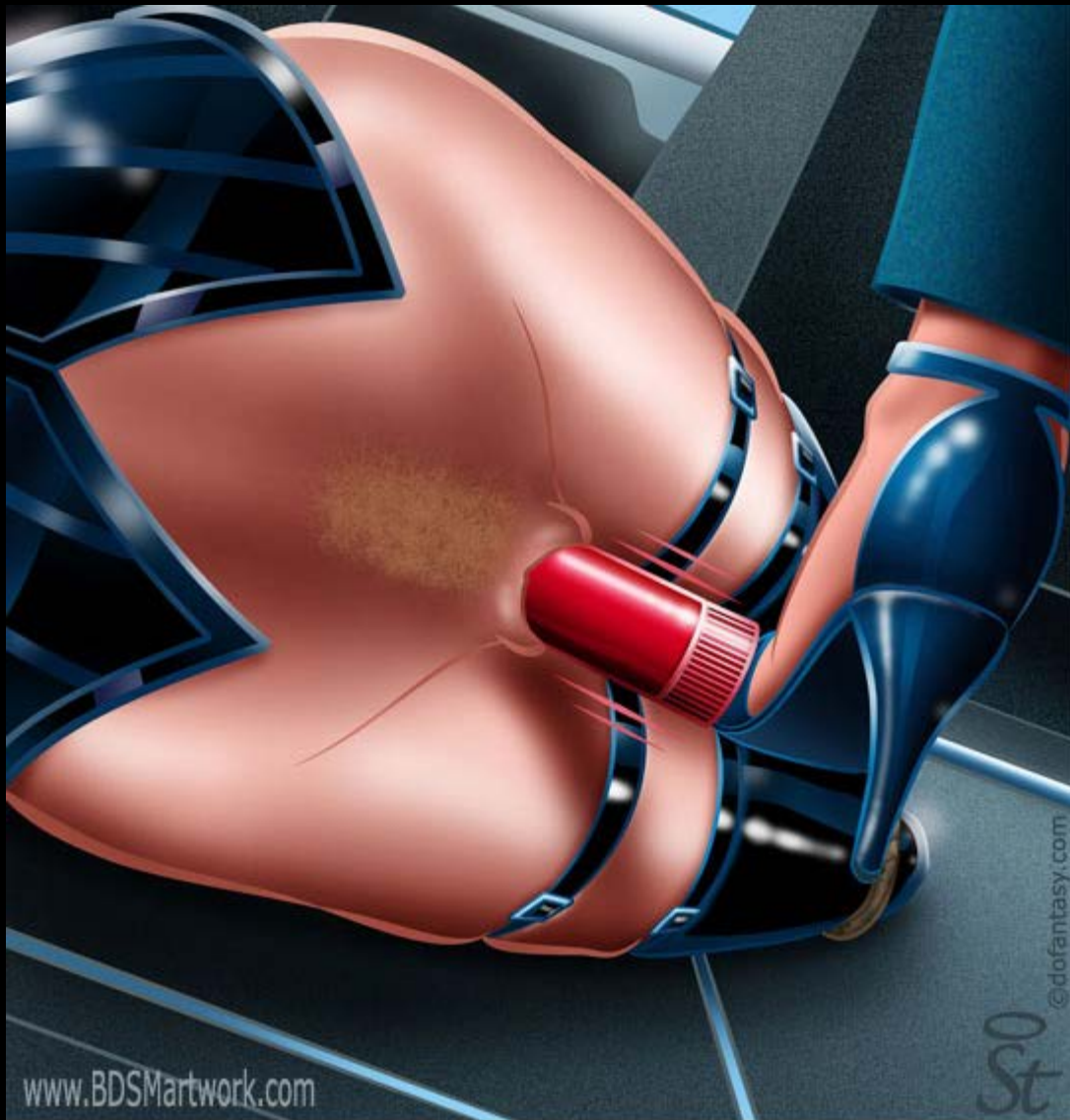
One was on Lara Jennings's throat.



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The other was on her thighs...pushing the three inch thick, nine-inch long, burrowing, battery-run dildo all the way up the innocent girl's cunt.



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"You all right now ma'am?" the ranger asked the woman over the throb of the sports utility vehicle's engine.

"I'll be fine," she assured him, "as soon as we get to where we're going."

The form at her feet made a distant drowning moan. She stepped down slightly. The sound stopped as if cut off.

"I hear that," the ranger said, making the chinless wonder's hand move toward the gun holstered in the door. But the man was referring to her comment, not the last tiny cry for help from an assaulted, abducted, abused beauty. "Go ahead," the ranger said, stepping back and waving them on.

The vehicle moved slowly by the ranger, turned at the intersection with the interstate, and disappeared into the night.

The ranger started toward his guardhouse, then stopped. What was that he heard coming from the vehicle as it turned? Did the driver turn on the radio? No, it wasn't that kind of noise. He searched his memory, finally pin-pointing the sound.

It had been laughter. Wild, triumphant laughter...as if the two were sharing the world's biggest inside joke.

The ranger shrugged. Some people, he thought. Go figure. And he went back inside the guardhouse without giving it another thought.

THE END
