

# DISAPPEARANCES

Without A Trace

DrkFetyshNygths

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Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age.

# Chapter 1

## **Victim 8 - Brenda Tavistock**

### **Now**

Brenda knew what was happening but at the same time she couldn't make sense of it. The thing that kept coming back to her was that she was doing nothing about it. She hadn't been aware of being followed from the underground station, not at first. It was only as she made her way down the side streets, and then a little lane which was a shortcut to her own apartment, that she realised that she wasn't alone. Strangely she wasn't worried or scared. Brenda was a mature woman who'd lived a life. She had been through an acrimonious divorce, and through her work as a litigation lawyer she had been privy to the city's underbelly. There wasn't much that disturbed her or made her stand back in shock. And that was the case here, she became aware of being followed into the little lane and she already knew if she was going to be mugged for her cash and credit cards, they could take it. She wouldn't fight. It wasn't worth risking a knife being slipped between her ribs and into some vital organ all for the sakes of a bit of cash and plastic. It might be different if she was going to be raped though. That was something that made her think a little bit. Would she fight? Wouldn't she? She couldn't answer that. She thought it was weird that she couldn't answer it. Of course she would fight - wouldn't she? Thing is, she wasn't so sure after all.

Maybe no she wouldn't fight. The fact of the matter was that in that poorly lit lane after dark and with no-one, not one single other person around except her and the abductor, Brenda wouldn't fight. At mid-point down the lane she simply turned around and was shocked by what she saw. There was a person right behind her. It was because this person was so close

behind her that she turned. She had decided that she would have it out with them, whoever it was. But when she turned there was just this bright light, like a halo surrounding the face and the head of this person. She couldn't tell if it was male or female and that was why she was taken aback a bit. Brenda wasn't a woman who scared easily. She had seen the lowest of the low through her job. But this spooked her more than a little bit. The only reason someone would want to obliterate their own face like that was so that they could not be identified. It was like a face that had been washed out, or rubbed out by the light. It was as though whatever happened next, whatever this person wanted with her, or wanted to do, didn't matter because they would not be, or could not be identified, at all. And in that case they could do 'anything' they wanted.

And it was that knowledge or assumption possibly that froze Brenda to the spot. It was like turning round the way she had brought it all into focus - it was like, in turning to face this person out she was forced to face the truth of her situation. But then what was the truth? It was odd, she couldn't see the face of this person and yet the light that surrounded the hooded head, lit up her own face in what was almost a spotlight effect. That person could see her - and that person would be able to see the fear in her eyes. "What do you want? Leave me the fuck alone or I'll scream the fucking place down and the police will be here in no time." She sounded remarkably calm, but slightly annoyed at the same time. But those two simple things that she said were the sum total of her fighting whatever was going on here.

Even when she was handed the steel handcuffs she didn't fight. And for some reason, without a word spoken from the other person, she knew that she had to put the cuffs on herself. There was no logical reason why she would do what this person wanted her to do without questioning it. And yet she did. There was no screaming, no shouting, no calling out for help. It was like this weird person had tapped into her deeper psyche and was able to do what they did because of that. There would have been a deeper thing inside Brenda - like a deeper fear even though she didn't 'feel' scared - a fear for her life that simply made her comply. And more than that, made her aware of what was required of her without even being told. She clipped one of the cuffs to one of her wrists and she was aware of being turned around with her back facing this person. And she was aware of her other hand

being brought around to her back - and then her both wrists, cuffed behind her. Why would she allow this to happen to herself? She would have known being cuffed would severely restrict her ability to protect herself, or even to fight. She would have known that immediately she was on the back foot the moment those cuffs were clicked locked. And yet she did it, she assisted in her own partial immobilisation.

She became aware of this person sliding a hand down her skirted thighs and then under the hem and up her hosed legs. Ok, ok she knew now, or thought she knew that this was some pervert or other. He had her cuffed and now he was going to touch her up and do inappropriate non-consensual things to her. She would see this fucker in court - she decided that there and then. But then there was the deep seated fear that she didn't know about, and the tricks that the mind can play at times like this. And there was the fact that she didn't know about the spate of abductions that had happened. The police hadn't made anything public and so Brenda would have been putting this down to a lone perpetrator getting kicks in alleyways after dark. Again, she wouldn't fight, she would let this play out. She would just play along until she was in a better position to take this fucker out. She let the gloved hands wander up her skirt, and she let those gloved fingers find the tops of her stockings. And then she let them find her panties. But there was no sexual assault as such. Brenda had assumed this person would penetrate her with those fingers. She had assumed that this was someone with issues, she had assumed it was someone who couldn't form relationships - probably a sad little man who couldn't deal with women on a normal level and was a man who needed to exercise total control over a woman for him to be able to perform. And for him to get anything near an erection.

There were a lot of assumptions for Brenda to come to. She couldn't possibly know the truth of it. She couldn't possibly know that she was number eight in this persons victim list. If she had been able to assume that this wasn't the first, or second, or third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh but the eighth time this person had approached a female in the pitch black, then there might have been more fight, more panic, more tangible fear in Brenda. But she was convinced that this was a one off pervert who was getting his kicks the way he did. And she was a mature woman who could rise above that. She would see it through. And she would deal with it appropriately in

due course. In the meantime she could feel those leather gloved fingers looking for the weak point in her panties - and then the little tugging, the little pulling sensations, and then the big 'ripping' of those silk panties and them being pulled down her stockinged legs and off. Brenda did get this chill that seemed to career up and down the core of her spine. Would he now rape her? She was without panties now and she could feel the chilled evening air circulating around her smooth hairless nether regions. She tried to wriggle down her skirt to cover her legs more but she couldn't do that. And it was again, her knowing what to do when this person came back in front of her and offered her panties to her lips.

She knew she was required to open her mouth. And that she was required to take her own panties into her mouth. It was her being gagged but it wasn't a very effective method of gagging. More total methods easily applied were available. But this wasn't about gagging her - it was about humiliating her. It was about her tasting herself off her own panties. It was about controlling her but it was about that humiliation. It's not easy to humiliate a mature woman. The secret of that is to do it slowly and completely, over time. And now Brenda was in this dark alley with this person, her tongue and mouth feeling the texture of her expensive silk panties, and some, just a little bit of these panties just peeking out from between her deep red lips. This wasn't about gagging her, it was far from that.

### **Rewind a little**

Brenda's day had been pretty much like any weekday. It started with her sitting at her dressing table, wondering which look to go for today. She was in court all day and so casual would be out of the window. A fitted skirt suit, heels, hose. Brenda was a woman who was confident in her own skin. It hadn't always been like that, but at edging 40 year old she'd been through all of the confidence and body issues that women go through. Maybe that was easy for her because she looked so good. Brenda had matured physically early. She'd gained the family habit of developing huge

matriarchal type breasts and the physique to carry them with pride and before she even became 'legal'. She got the height at 5' 10" tall as well. To say that Brenda was an impressive, even a formidable woman wouldn't be overstating it. It was true, she could pull off any look and she started with the holdup stockings. Not black but dark brown and not a garter belt in sight. She hated garter belts with a passion. It didn't matter how she wore them, how much she adjusted and then readjusted them, the little clips always but always dug into her fleshy upper thighs, and through any dress or skirt she wore. She always opted for hold ups. She liked the feel of the elastic gripping and indenting her thighs - to her that was kind of a comforting and secure feeling. When she dressed she always started with her stockings. She always sat at the dressing table naked except for her stockings. The sight that any budding man boy would 'twitch' at surely.

Makeup would need to be formal and it would need to hover between daytime and night-time. Brenda was so used to applying her makeup that she did it effortlessly and perfectly every time. Always opting for the paler foundation, her high cheek bones accentuated with the brush of a blusher. Her huge eyes smoky and dark, and then the obligatory slash of deep red lipstick. From foundation to lipstick took her roughly ten minutes at the most. And she always spent time looking back at herself in the dressing table mirror. Turning her head this way and that, making sure that there were no flaws in her look. Making sure there was nothing about how she looked that niggled at her during the day. She was a woman who was not in a rush - not in the slightest. She took life as it came. She simply strutted through life. And that was right in the shoes she wore. Shoes that made sure she 'strutted' through the day. Shoes that arched her feet to perfection. Stiletto heeled court shoes and with no unsightly ankle straps, or platforms, to spoil the line of her long shapely legs. Just heels of five or even six inches - they were perfect for Brenda and it was as though she floated on them such was her grace and experience.

She did that sitting at the dressing table as well - she slipped on the patent black leather shoes and immediately her knees were forced higher giving her an accentuated profile as she continued to dress. Often she would spend time looking at the arch of her feet in high heels. She liked to flex her ankles this way and that. She liked to stretch her ankles in those shoes, and

in ways she liked to over stretch. It was just something she did. She always noted the look of her flesh through the sheer nylon that made up the stockings she wore, it was almost like a fetish for her. Brenda was like that - she was about taking herself, a woman who was emphasised enough, but then she emphasised herself more. It was clear that she was a woman who wanted and to an extent needed to make the most of herself. She needed to do that. It was like her daily ritual - her daily habit - making the best of herself. If she did that she could get on with her day!

Putting her bra on was like an event. She had this thing she did as she sat at that dressing table - this little 'shimmy' thing she did as she fed each of her arms through the straps of the hug bra, and then clasped herself in. That was another immediate morphing of her accentuation. The upright and then the separation of her enormous breasts was something to behold. Certainly this would be another sight that would make any young hormonal boy just about to turn into a man, rub himself, but maybe not know why he was rubbing himself. The bra nude, it had to be nude so that it didn't show through the thin silk of her blouse. And that was what she slipped on next. A pure silk blouse that seemed to 'float' over her flesh and settle right there. The thing was that it settled to emphasise her breasts. Yes, the mammaries of this woman were formidable and impressive but the creamy off white silk of the blouse made them more so. It covered those huge breasts but at the same time it would let anyone know they were there. It would let anyone, including the hormonal boy just turning into a man, that her weapons of femininity were there, and were there for the world to 'imagine'. Not see, just imagine.

The real statuesque beauty of Brenda was more than apparent when she stood up to slip on her fitted skirt. The silk of the blouse shielding her mountainous breasts, the contrast of the stocking tops with the paleness of her very upper thigh flesh and then, her standing on top of those spiked high stilettos which altered her stance and the way she stood. And probably there wasn't a woman alive who could have slipped on the skirt more elegantly than she did. A woman appearing top heavy, balancing on pencil thin heels and yet stepping into this skirt as though she was a prima ballerina. Brenda had elegance in spades. And that skirt, black and with the very faint pin stripes down its length. The skirt fitted to her hips and upper legs like a

glove. And that skirt, hemmed just above her knees had this ‘thing’ about it where it forced her knees together, kind of hobbled her, or impeded her in her walk. And yet at the same time it didn’t impeded her walk. It might have caused her legs to flail, and swing from the knees down, just too allow her to manage the tightness of the skirt. But for Brenda it didn’t do that. Rather she simply managed the tightness, and she floated on her heels and in that skirt as though she had been born on them.

Sometimes she tucked the blouse into her skirt, sometimes she didn’t. This was a ‘leave it loose’ day. And she simply slipped on her jacket over the silk of the blouse. Such was the perfection of her look, the jacket, again fitted was just long enough to cover the untucked blouse so that there was no hanging of the blouse below the hem of the jacket. As Brenda knew, she could pull it off every single time. It was her routine, again it was almost her ‘ritual’ to spend time looking at the finished article in the full length mirror she had strategically placed in her bedroom. There were always little adjustments to make. There were always little fine tuning adjustments that she made, whether she needed to or not. Brenda was a woman being a woman one had to assume. And one had to assume that she was a woman who was impressed with herself. A woman who was completely happy with how she looked. A woman who had honed her look over a period of years. And she was a woman who had kind of ‘arrived’ at the completeness of her femininity with a sigh of contentment. It was like she was a woman who was in the process of making the most of her femininity and her looks because she knew that it wouldn’t last forever.

Brenda’s trademark was her D&G bag. A bag with handles big enough to hang over her shoulder and a bag big enough to put her daily things in. Files for court, touch up makeup, her cell phone. It went everywhere with her and apart from her obvious physical feminine attributes, this bag kind of announced that she was who she was. But then so did her car. On this day she was taking her Mercedes C63 AMG coupe, and she was leaving it in the underground car park of the offices of the company she had worked for ever since she became a lawyer. She would leave it there so that it was in place for the next day when she was due to travel north to interview a potential witness in an upcoming case.

She would spend the day in court today, just around the corner from her office, and she would tube it home later in the day. It was something that Brenda liked about London - when the transport system worked, it worked. It was efficient and it just worked. And thankfully these days it worked more than it broke down. Because when it broke down chaos ensued. There was no need in existence as to why Brenda needed such a beast of a car though. Six point three litre engine tuned by AMG to within an inch of its life. When she had been asked why, she had said she liked how it sounded. She had said, 'that exhaust note makes me wet through'. And because she had been talking with another female colleague but within earshot of the office male 'gofer' she had been deliberately crude but with a wink to her female colleague. She had been teasing this young man. Maybe she knew that she was frightening him half to death to hear this almost mythical woman talking like this. Maybe she didn't know. Whatever, it didn't matter.

No-one questioned Brenda too much. She was a senior in the company. She had made it through the ranks the hard way - from the bottom rung up. She had been very much a woman in a man's world. She had come up long before the 'me too' movement. She had come through the ranks having to fight for everything all the way and in fairness, now she had the full support of everyone, even the sexist misogynistic pricks she was forced to work with on a daily basis. Now she had the respect of these people who might well whisper behind her back, who might ask 'who the fuck does she think she is?' Those people of course knowing the answer - she was Brenda Tavistock, senior litigation lawyer. And she was someone who could kick ass as and when she needed to. Most of those mostly men, who had every opportunity to say what they felt to this woman, wouldn't. They just didn't have the bottle. Sad little men who were threatened by a successful woman, living in the dark ages of their minds. Those were the men who might have slapped her ass, or had a grope of her tits in years gone by. Not now though. Brenda looked at herself one last time and tossed her thick mane of hair back and laughed softly. It was time for her to go kick some ass. But first she had to fire up the AMG, and that would make her smile as well. She didn't have a clue, not even the slightest clue that she was also 'victim 8'.

# Chapter 2

## Victim 8 Brenda - continued

Brenda looked at the guy in the dock. She had to represent him, but at the same time she loathed him. A low life, lower than your normal low life if that was even possible. A weedy little man accused of abusing his wife and raping his step daughter. It first shocked Brenda that this man had a wife in the first place. He didn't have lot going for him. He was an odd looking freak of a man in the first instance - so the thought that any woman could be actually attracted to him was like an alien concept to Brenda. But she had to keep a lid on that - to each her own and all that. This was a guy who had denied all the allegations against him and as the law suggests, 'innocent until proven guilty', she had to go with that. She had to represent him, she had to put forward his defence. But there was something about this guy that told Brenda that he was guilty. That he was guilty down to the soles of his shoes. He wouldn't look her in the eye to start with. Now why wouldn't he look his own lawyer in the eye? In her experience that was always a sure sign of guilt - avoiding eye contact. Granted, she had quite a lot of that and not just men. Brenda was kind of intimidating and confident to the extreme and so she had quite a few instances of people avoiding eye contact. This was different though. She had gone out of her way to be 'smaller' to this man, just so that she could get to know him - just so that she could get into his mind.

But it was like he was one step ahead of her all the time and there was no way that he would let her into his mind. If he did, then she might find out more than he was willing to divulge, which was nothing. There was something that was 'retarded' about this man, but at the same time there was something that shouted out loud that he was one step ahead all of the time. And if that was the case, why wouldn't he look her in the eye? It was

like this little man was small, but that he was intelligent as well. And it was like because he was intelligent, and because he was one step ahead that he reeked, he literally stank of being guilty. He wouldn't let her inside his head even if his life depended on it. It was like his mind was locked. Like he was locked inside his own mind and that no-one else could get in. Over the course of three or four intensive meetings with this man, she had failed to get inside his head, something that Brenda was famous for doing with ease. And for that reason alone Brenda knew that this guy had more to hide than he talked about. But that was the thing, he barely spoke. When he did speak it was the bare minimum for a meeting to progress. He never offered any more than he needed to and often he offered nothing at all. Brenda just knew that this guy was guilty as charged, and that he was probably guilty of a lot more than he had been charged with. But she had a duty to defend him.

That was the part of her job that irritated her the most. That she could know that a person was guilty but that she would have to defend him even though she knew that the person was lying through his or her teeth. There would be this client and lawyer privileged confidentiality that applied - which meant that she couldn't repeat anything they said. She would have to litigate for this person, speak up for him or her in order to lessen any sentencing if guilt was proved. And that was the thing as well she had to defend this man even though there was a feeling that went through her very core, that he was as guilty as sin. She read the details of the case she shivered - and that shiver was 'inside' of herself. It was like a shiver that went through the core of her being. When she took in the details of what had been done to his wife, and the teenage stepdaughter she hadn't wanted to read any more. She hadn't wanted to see any more of the pictures. But she had been compelled to look. She had been simply compelled to take in as much information, and as much detail as was offered. It was at times like this that Brenda often asked herself why she did what she did. She was part of the judicial system that was purported to be the best in the world, and yet when she read of this man fucking his step daughter's anus until she prolapsed, and then some more, she wanted to cry. She wouldn't cry of course - she just wanted to cry. Maybe she simply cried inside.

But Brenda could do things, or she could guide things to happen in a certain way. If she had thought this man was innocent, she could have got

him out on some kind of bail. If she had thought for one second that this fucking man had an innocent bone in his body then she could have tried a bit harder to get him out - innocent until proven guilty and all that. She had told him, “because of the gravity of the charges, there is no way you’ll get bailed.” And that had been an accepted fact even though she knew it could have been played differently. She had maintained her professionalism throughout. This little man wouldn’t have had a clue that this woman despised him down to his soul. He wouldn’t have had a clue that she KNEW he was guilty. Brenda had dealt with enough criminals from all walks of life to know a guilty one when she saw one. It wasn’t even ‘women’s intuition’ it was ‘lawyers intuition’. She would do what she had to do. She would defend him and litigate - she would tell the crown court and the judge and jury that he had somehow been wired up the wrong way and that he had no control over what he did to women and girls. And he would be sentenced accordingly. Brenda knew already how she would play it. It wasn’t the first time she had needed to defend a total scum bag. She would do what she needed to do and then she would move on to the next. At least that had been the plan.

Head of litigation was talking to Brenda after she got back to the office from court. “So, tomorrow you’re heading north right? It’s important that we get that interview done, and recorded. Without that, the case fails.” He was talking about a custody case where money talked. The father of the child was applying for full custody but his criminal links and his standing in the organised crime world was something that was being used by the mother to stop that. It was going to be high profile and it was going to be public. The interview was with a woman on the witness protection scheme. She had turned queen’s evidence against the criminals. It was all very hush hush and secret. But at the same time it was all something that had to be done. “Yes, I’m driving up about midday. Coming here first, I’ve got some loose ends to tie up and then taking the afternoon to get up there. Depending how long it takes, I’ll either come back later in the afternoon, or find a hotel for the night. I’ll see how I feel. Don’t worry, I know what we need to get from this woman and because I’m a woman as well she will talk to me more freely than maybe a man.”

Brenda knew what she was on about. It was why she was the lawyer with the reputation that she had. But it was because of that trip that she was due to take north, that her own disappearance was reported to the police quickly. And it was the reason that the police were on to it. A high profile lawyer involved in all manner of sensitive and dangerous cases, vanishing off the face of the earth. Brenda didn't get home that night, she didn't get to the office in the morning and consequentially she didn't make that journey north. She had vanished and that wasn't right. There was nothing about it that was right. In fact, everything about it left a bad taste in the mouth. The problem was that at first, they were all looking in the wrong direction, and at the wrong things.

**Now**

**Back in that alley, and back with that faceless person**

Brenda could feel her mouth working her own panties in her mouth. She could taste herself and she didn't quite know what to make of that. Tasting her own intimacy. They had been clean panties that morning but that didn't matter. Brenda knew that the cut and the fit of these cream coloured silk panties would have seen them in close to her femininity. She would have felt that silk hugging her labia all day, and she would have been aware of them slipping up and down her legs during the course of the day and then being pulled right back up and in close, intimately to her. These were things that were coming to Brenda as she stood in that alley, or lane, this night. Little things like that, that had no significance in the bigger scheme of her life and yet in the here and now, they were huge things. And now she was getting colder. There was this cold evening chill that seemed to be trying to bite into her. One had to assume that this was shock getting to her. Shock that had been slow to make itself known but shock that was there now and beginning to insidiously affect her.

If she could have talked without drooling past her own panties she might have asked this faceless lit up person ‘what now?’ But for some strange reason Brenda found an amount of comfort in quietly, gently sucking on her panties. Brenda wasn’t a ‘softy’ - she was a mature woman who kicked ass on a daily basis. But it seemed right at this point sucking her own panties like a baby would suck a pacifier was a comfort to her. This could have been the slow effects of shock hitting her system. Or it could have been that she was a woman who had seen enough of life, heard enough of life, and dealt with enough of life to know that she was in more than a spot of bother here. But there would have always been that question as to what this person wanted.

This person, this faceless, lit up ‘thing’ in the alleyway - there must have been a point to what he, and one had to assume it was a he, was doing, or was going to do. There had to be something like an endgame here. It was obviously a disturbed individual who played these games of fear and humiliation. Brenda found herself wondering how often he did it. Was she the first? She couldn’t have been - it was all too well polished, too well executed. This was a person, a perverted man who knew exactly what he was doing and how to do it. He had Brenda paralysed almost to the spot. And that contraption he wore around his hood - that light that surrounded his face making him unidentifiable, that took some thought. That took some initiative and some knowhow. And as Brenda was thinking of that she realised again that she was in some sort of trouble here. The thing she didn’t know was what trouble she was in. That was the thing - she didn’t know. She didn’t know anything. She tried to look past that light but it was impossible. It was like a wall of light that shielded the face from view. Like a light that protected the face. Brenda was working out that if she couldn’t see the face then nor would any CCTV system be able to see through it. She was working out slowly that this person, this perverted guy had everything covered. The more Brenda thought about it, the more she knew she was in trouble.

All of a sudden, her heels seemed too high - her skirt seemed too tight. And her breasts seemed too big. She didn’t know why it all seemed like that. She didn’t know why she was thinking like that. The Me Too movement had done its work in bringing more power back to women. And

it had done its work in bringing men to account for their wrong doings against women. Brenda could dress and makeup how she wanted the same as any woman. She was a woman who scared the shit out of pretty much anyone who came up against her. And yet in this narrow almost pitch black lane it didn't feel like that. It didn't feel like that either as this person took a step towards Brenda. It was like her heart missed a beat, or had stopped for a second. She could feel herself taking a deep, sharp in-take of breath. And then the rising of this person, the pervert's hand, and a finger pointing. Point to the end of the lane, towards the direction that Brenda had been walking. She had to walk but she didn't know if she could. This thing called fear, or whatever it was had invaded her legs and she wasn't sure if she could put one foot in front of the other. She didn't like this, why was this person not speaking to her? Why didn't he just tell her what to do? The fact that he wasn't speaking to her made it worse. It made the fear and the unknowing worse. It made that fear nibble at the edges of her nerves more. But more to the point, that she was now expected to walk to the end of the lane and back to another main road meant that her ordeal wouldn't begin and end in that lane. Or would it?

And that was the thing - it might not begin and end there. There had been something in Brenda that had been convinced that this was a sad little man getting his rocks off on a very brief spell of power. But that that power would wane and wear off and he would take his lit up little face and run like fuck once he had messed up his pants or something. But now that notion was being taken away from her. Now that notion was being ripped up in front of her as she looked up at that pointing finger. She did manage to take one step and then another. But each and every one of her steps seemed to make the most of how she was dressed - and the height of her heels and the fact that her fitted skirt was just a little bit too tight for her. And she was even more aware of the fact that she wasn't wearing her panties anymore and that they were just protruding from between her lips a little. And that was another thing - her lips, they were too red. Why the fuck was she thinking like this? This person, this pervert, this man hadn't even touched her suggestively. The closest he'd got was yanking off her panties. He hadn't molested her, or touched her in any way and yet she was feeling sexualised. Perhaps the first time she had ever felt sexualised like this. Perhaps the first time she had ever felt even remotely like this.

But then she was thinking. If he was taking her to the main road then there was a chance that a car would pass, or that he would be seen. Or that they would be picked up on CCTV. The fact that he wore this light around his face would alert someone who monitored the CCTV - it would have to. It looked creepy to Brenda and it would look even more creepy to anyone monitoring the City's CCT systems. But then would it matter - if anyone saw them, they would need to think it was suspicious in order for them to even think it was worth checking out and by the time the police got a unit down there it would be too late - they would be gone or she would be dead on the side of the road. Brenda was thinking that this man couldn't possibly have not thought about being spotted. She was thinking that he had dotted all of the i's and crossed all of the t's. Her foots steps and stiletto heels were irregular on the uneven surface of the lane as she made her way to the main road. She could feel a leather gloved finger prodding into the small of her back, as though this person was reminding her he was there. As though he was warning her not to make a wrong move. She wished she could remove the panties from her mouth. The comfort from sucking them had run its course and now the silk had soaked up her saliva and her mouth was dry. She wished she could just spit them out but she dare not. Those panties weren't serving a purpose. She could make enough noise with them inside her mouth, if she chose to. The fact that she didn't choose to spoke volumes. She was running on instinct.

By the time the end of the lane was approaching, Brenda's legs were weak and taking the steps was harder. It had been a slow build-up of fear and trepidation and it was all coming to a head now. For some reason in her mind, the end of this lane that she was walking up was significant. For some reason she was thinking that when she got to the end of the lane, there would be something more than significant happening. Maybe the end of the lane was the end-game. Maybe it was here where this man with the lit up, rubbed out face would run off after emptying his balls into his own pants because of this spell of power he'd had over Brenda.

Maybe even this man was wearing panties himself, like a man who had invaded his wife's underwear drawer and slipped on nice silk red panties before telling her he was off to chair a meeting of the train spotters society, when in fact he was a pervert of the first order. Maybe he would even kill

her there! Maybe this was his end game, getting her to the main road and then just before stepping out into the markedly brighter street lighting, he would slit her throat or something. Maybe this was why she was having trouble getting to the end of the lane. Maybe her own deeper instinct was to know that this was end game. The end of this lane was where she exited this world. She'd never thought about how she might die before. Brenda had been full of life - full of confidence and kick ass authority and never considered that she had lived a third of her life already, or very nearly half of her life, and that sooner or later it had to end. She could have never thought it would end this way, that was for sure.

Brenda could have pleaded with this man - this little fucker who had invaded her life uninvited. She could try! But she wasn't like that. She had never been like that. Why the fuck would she beg for her life and what the fuck good would it do if she did? This pervert was working to some kind of modus operandi and he wasn't going to let her off the hook. And the thing was that she was completely right there. She wasn't going to be let off the hook, not in that lane, or beyond.

# Chapter 3

## **Fast forward**

### **Special Crimes Unit - incident room**

It was midday, uniformed and non-uniformed officers male and female were milling round - they had been summoned but not everyone had arrived yet and so there were little groups of people speaking in huddles around the large incident room. There was a white board that covered more or less the whole of one wall. On this white board were crude flow charts, there were names and places and times. There were CCTV still pictures held on with blu-tac. Tellingly there was seven pictures of seven females ranging in age from teen to mature. This was where the action was. At least this was where the action was supposed to be, except it wasn't. There was more scratching of heads in this incident room than there had been in the whole lot of incident rooms set up to investigate and solve crime throughout the city. This was the one that had the brick wall that everyone was banging their heads up against. This was the one that had even the big-wigs dumbfounded in what was going on.

Seven females gone from the face of the face of the earth. Just 'gone'. And not a single clue. Except for the freak with the lit up hood and face. One of the CCTV images had been blown up to maximum in an effort to penetrate the light and to see if detail could be extracted - but this had just made the image more grainy - more creepy if the truth was known and it had been stuck on that wall as a reminder to all involved in the investigation what they were dealing with. Or what they had to go on. Except they didn't have anything to go on and they didn't know what they were dealing with.

In short they were fucked and they needed a break. They needed a way out of the dead end they found themselves in.

All of a sudden there was a hush, the DCI was coming in. A gruff man with probably 40 plus years on the force. This was his retirement year and if anything, he could have done without this case of all cases to solve in his retirement year. "Listen up, is everyone here? Good! Right, we have an eighth. An eighth female taken by this person. This is a step up though." He had the full attention of the room now. Officers had taken seats or stood where they wouldn't miss anything that was said. The DCI rearranged the seven pictures of the seven females so that the eighth could be added. "Brenda Tavistock, a high profile lawyer - and I mean a high profile lawyer. She's coming up to 40 years old. She left the company offices yesterday and didn't get home. She was due at the office again this morning and then to travel north round about now, but didn't turn up. She'd left her car in the underground carpark so that she could drive north." He stopped talking and looked around the room. He seemed to focus on each and every officer in that room, in turn, making sure that he was being listened to and making sure if there was anyone slacking, he would spot it. If there was one thing he couldn't stand it was officers who looked like they were listening but in fact weren't - even worse if they appeared bored with the whole thing.

"Sir, this is a mature woman. Maybe she's got things going on in her life that no-one else knows about? She's hardly a missing person 'yet' now is she? She may just be on a bender or something - went and decided to say fuck the world for a few days or something? And what makes you think she is another victim in this investigation?" That was a female voice that belonged to the plain clothed, well spoken, DC Pepper Reed. Pepper was a young woman with model girl looks. Breathtakingly pretty and stunning to look at. She could have made it with ease in media, modelling, anything that took advantage of her looks. But she had never wanted that - what she'd always wanted was to make it on her merits, what was inside her head, and not just her looks. Because of her mental abilities, and an apparent talent in solving complex puzzles and conundrums she'd been given the option to fast-track but had turned that down. "I want to do it from the bottom rung up. I want to learn on the job. I want to learn doing the job - all aspects of the job." And there had been the usual comments,

and insinuations about how she would probably sleep her way to the top rung of the ladder. But that had been something she had expected. It was part of the job, part of the banter. Admittedly it was something that was in decline with 'MeToo' and all the rest of it. Misogyny and sexism was on the decline and everyone was careful what they said these days for fear of being on the rough end of an expensive and career ruining law suit. But it was still there - it was still there, just under the surface. Mostly it was still there in the facial expressions of the sexists and the pests in the work place. This place didn't have that stench though. This was modern policing. Policing in the twenty first century.

The DCI didn't say anything in response at first he just looked at Pepper. "All valid points DC Reed. When I say that this woman is high profile, I mean it. In fact I cannot stress her importance more. She is a lawyer who runs her day by her diary and runs it with precision. She was due to travel north today to interview a woman who is currently in the witness protection scheme. This was not an appointment Brenda Tavistock would want to miss, not at any cost. This was a big one. Her diary was set. She was supposed to go to the office today to wind some things up, and pick up her car. She hasn't done either of those things. And what is more important she hasn't checked in with her boss. For a woman, a lawyer on this level, this is completely and utterly out of character. It's simply something that she wouldn't do. If she had changed her plans, if something had come up then she would have called it in and she would have changed her whole timeline with everyone involved. There's been nothing. She really has vanished and her phone has been disabled. It is no longer on the network - once again for a woman in her position this is just unheard of. Something isn't, I repeat IS NOT right about this. And we believe the lit up hooded person is responsible."

The DCI stopped speaking again but his eyes remained fixed on DC Reed. He was more than willing to take any come back from her, because his head was banging on that brick wall just as much as anyone's was. He would take help from anywhere or anyone it came from. "Ok Sir I get that. So what actually links this Brenda Tavistock, super lawyer, to this investigation? What exactly is the link, if there is one?" The DCI raised his eyes at the slight 'super lawyer' sarcasm from DC Reed, but he smiled at it

at the same time. “She didn’t get home, we know she didn’t get home last night. She had left her car at the office and tubed it home. She did that a lot if she had something out of town the next day to contend with, so nothing untoward there. But we did a CCTV check on the route from her tube stop and the walk would normally take home to her apartment. There’s a blind spot, like a little lane. This is a short cut and we picked her up going down this lane, but she didn’t come out the other end - at least not that we saw.” There was silence in the room as the DCI nodded to another standing officer to dim the lights. The screen came down from its holder attached to the ceiling and flickered to life almost instantly. The clips had been edited together to show Brenda’s trip from the tube station to the lane in question.

“As you can all see, the clips pretty much show her alone, until she goes down that lane and then more or less as soon as she enters the lane, before she’s even taken a handful of steps, that figure is behind her. And fuck knows where it came from. One moment she was all alone, the next there was this freak behind her. There’s the light obliterating the face and the fact that this person appears to turn and deliberately look in the direction of the CCTV camera at that precise spot is an almost ‘taunting’ piss taking thing - something he hasn’t done before. Like this person knows that he or she cannot be caught, or identified. It’s like it’s a game to this person. And in fairness, whoever it is, is on a roll. This cannot, I repeat CANNOT be a copycat because none of this is in the public domain. And this is one confident cocky motherfucker. We have a big problem on our hands here and there is something about this that I don’t like. Females are vanishing from the streets of MY city and I don’t fucking like it.” Again there was silence in the room. If it had been the DCI’s intention to get a creepy vibe going in this incident room, then he had managed that with ease.

“Why is DC Reed the only one asking questions here? You can’t all be fucked for something to say surely? We have to get to the bottom of this. We have no suspect, we have no bodies IF he is murdering these females. We have nothing except that fucked up light thing he wears on his hood. There’s no forensics and there’s no DNA. What we do have for the first time, is the actual location that a victim was taken. We didn’t have that before Brenda Tavistock. This weirdo was always spotted some way from where the victim was taken - and there was always that link of the lit up

washed out face - but now that suspect is a direct link to a victim. In a way we have progressed in that we can now say we have a serial offender. But that's as far as it goes.

“And I have to say that forensics and scenes of crime have been through than lane with the finest tooth comb there is, and they have nothing. And when I say ‘nothing’ - that’s what I mean.” Again there was this silence that was almost deafening. DC Reed spoke again, “So there’s nothing of them coming out of the lane, nothing at all?” It was valid question. If it was possible to track a person like Brenda from the tube station to this lane, why was it not possible to track her and this suspect from the lane on?

“Well, that’s the thing isn’t it? Just after that last frame of this man turning to face the camera and then stepping into the lane behind Brenda, there was an electrical disturbance in the feed. In short there was ten minutes or so that wasn’t recorded. And it had to be in that ten minutes that whatever happened, happened. It had to be that time that Brenda was taken from the lane to, wherever. They weren’t picked up again on any cameras in the vicinity. All cameras in the area had this ten minute lapse in footage.” Now the silence was deafening again. “So this isn’t random then is it? This is someone who knows what they’re doing and somehow hacked the CCTV system? This is someone who had this all worked out. And to be able to disable the cameras this way shows an almost forensic attention to detail?” DC Reed was showing initiative again, working things out for herself and this was impressive. It was certainly impressing the DCI. He spoke next.

“Indeed DC Reed, indeed! Now we could assume that the camera breakdown was coincidence but we know that isn’t the case. For it all to go off in that precise location at that precise time and for it then to come back on with no hint as to what the problem was makes it being part of a plan highly likely. It’s like bank robbers, old school, disabling the security systems before they go in. It’s a no brainer. But this isn’t a bank robbery - we are talking about female human beings going AWOL here. We’ve got no motive, we’ve got no bodies, we’ve got no recovered women or girls. In fact we’ve got fuck all! And I mean ‘fuck all’.” Again that almost deathly silence. “But what we have to do is treat this as ‘missing persons’. We have to at least hope these women and girls are alive and being held somewhere.

And until we get proof to the contrary, this is how we will be proceeding with this. There is also the sexual motive to consider. These women and girls have been taken, and are 'somewhere'. If they are alive, we have to wonder what the circumstances are and for this reason, time is of the essence." The DCI took the time out to look at every one of his officers again - each one in turn to see if he could see even a flicker of disinterest. There was none. Everyone in that room was on it and keyed in. But the problem was that everyone in that room was banging their heads against that hypothetical wall.

"So basically, with that time scale of ten minutes of the CCTV being off and then coming back on again, and with no further sightings of Brenda or this person with the weird lit up hood, don't we have a smaller location to work with? Up to now we haven't had a location from where the victims have disappeared from and so we have had to work with the whole city. But now, after ten minutes there is no sighting of either Brenda or the suspect. So doesn't that follow then that within ten minutes' walk or drive time from that lane, is where the suspect has taken Brenda and as far as we know, all the others to?" This time it was another officer who spoke, a male officer standing at the back of the room. Heads had turned to listen to him as he spoke. He made sense. The DCI nodded. "Yep, that is correct. We've drawn a radius around that lane of five miles and we are concentrating on the streets and properties inside that five mile radius. For the time being we are not looking at any other area of the city. We don't have any other abduction locations like we do here and so we have to concentrate on what we do have. I have a feeling that it's going to be good old fashioned police work that will solve this. It doesn't matter how clever someone is, or what their background is - we are going to have to do this the old fashioned way. Boots on the ground, door to door. Good old fashioned detective work."

And once again the DCI stopped talking and scanned the room. Maybe he had given up trying to find anyone who wasn't feeling this case. Maybe he was more than satisfied that every single officer in this room, no matter what rank, was up for it. Now though he was looking for ideas, he was looking for answers. He wouldn't get the answers he wanted in this incident room at this time - not fully anyway. But DC Reed spoke again. "Sir, if we have such a relatively small radius to work with, shouldn't we maybe

consider baiting this person? Put some undercover officers on the streets maybe? It seems that the streets and in plain sight is where the suspect plies his, or her 'trade' so shouldn't we be baiting him?" And there was this silence that descended again. But that silence was buffed up with little hushed sighs. One had to assume that every single officer in this room had thought the same way.

"Again DC Reed, well done, excellent. This is something that is being considered. BUT it is not the preferred method of going forward. If we did put bait out there, if we did use undercover officers they would be vulnerable. There would be a risk. It doesn't matter how well we think we have things covered - whoever this suspect is, whatever he is, he is clever, very clever and we have to assume that he is at least one step ahead of us. And if he is one step ahead of us, then he will have already thought about this. He will have already got that this is something we might do and he will have changed his modus operandi to account for that. So this is a risk that we won't be taking unless we really need to. This is something that won't happen unless we risk assess it to death." The DCI did that thing again, he scanned the room one officer at a time, like he was reading their minds or something. "Having said all that, if there are any volunteers who might want to go undercover on the streets, come and see me after we're done here. Don't feel that you have to volunteer. You will not be looked down on, or thought any different of if you shake your head and walk away. Obviously, I am talking to the ladies here. This is a job for the ladies, adventurous ladies. Unless you Ramsey want to put on a dress and some high heels and lipstick?" And there was this loud laughter. The DCI was talking to a young uniformed male officer. He was joking at the constable but it was light hearted. Ramsey just shook his head almost violently, "No, no Sir you're alright. It's not the undercover that bothers me, it's the makeup and heels. I'll do house to house." And again there was the laughter. But that laughter died out almost immediately, it was back to business.

"Seriously, if and it is a big IF we do go down the undercover route, then I want to assure anyone who is thinking of taking it up, that every care will be taken to cover you. If we get a bite there will be plain clothes officers shadowing you, unmarked cars and other vehicles. Obviously there

is a risk, but we will negate the risk. We have to try to get one step ahead of this freak and we have to try to think like he is thinking in order to do that. But rest assured, anyone who goes undercover will be prepared. And will be covered to the best of our ability.” Again this doom like silence in the room as his words sank in. “If there’s nothing else right now, you all have your stuff you have to do. I want to be kept informed throughout. I mean everything - I want not daily updates, I want hourly and 30 minute updates if needs be but I want to be kept informed at all times. Is this understood?”

And there was this collective and echoey “Yes Sir” from the gathered officers - every single one of them knew the importance of this case - and the importance of the need to solve it. The DCI stood there as the officers began to file out. He was deep in thought. This case was a worry to him - more than a worry. But it was one, the last one he would have to solve. It was like he stood there for a long time after the last officer left. The last officer but one that is. DC Pepper Reed was still sitting in her seat and she too was deep in thought. The DCI snapped out of it and flicked his eyes in Pepper’s direction. “Penny for your thoughts? But I suspect I already have an idea what you’re thoughts contain, right?”

# Chapter 4

## Victim 8

### Brenda Tavistock

Brenda was thinking that this fucked up person had lost the plot or something. Whoever it was had not said a word to her - not a single word. He had accosted her in the almost pitch black lane and was walking her to the main road where surely they would be spotted or picked up on CCTV. Why would he do that? That would just mean that he would get caught and she would get her day in a court of law, this time as a witness and a victim of a weirdo. And she would get to see him put down because whatever was happening here, this was abduction. She was cuffed and she was gagged with her own panties and now she was being taken somewhere not voluntarily - and that was abduction. Plain and simple - she knew, she was a lawyer for fucks sakes!

There was still that fear in Brenda, there was still that vulnerability that was almost crippling her not least because she wasn't a woman used to feeling vulnerable - anything but vulnerable. But that she had worked this out, that she had worked out this person was taking her back onto the street, she was feeling almost 'ok' about it. Like as though she was feeling that the end of this ordeal was almost there. Like all she had to do was get to the main street and it would be all ok again. If anything there was almost an elation there. But just before, JUST before she stepped out onto the street with that finger prodding her in the small of her back, something happened. She was knocked out, or drugged, or something because just before she took that step back onto the street, 'nothing'. That is nothing except

blackness. But there was no pain, there was no clump over the head, there was just that 'nothing'.

### **Some time later**

When she came to, her mouth was dry but the panties weren't there anymore and she could move her tongue freely even if it did stick to the roof of her mouth. It took her a little while to work out, or try to work out what was happening - even then she didn't manage it. She was cold but that was because she was naked except for her stockings and heels and it was like she was trying to work out how the fuck she got naked. It didn't seem right somehow that this mature, proud, kick ass woman was like this. Like this? She was standing and it took her a little while to realise that her arms were behind her back - behind her tight and her hands in the 'reverse prayer' position. She had all the questions formulating in her mind. 'What the fuck was this?' 'Where was she?' 'What the actual fuck is going on?' But she had more things to worry about, or to be concerned about than trivial shit. Her enormous, pendulous breasts and been bound by rope in a figure eight with the knot forming the separator between her tits, and they were thrust out in front of her as though to be shown, or as though to be exhibited. She was realising all of this about herself before she was taking in her surroundings. There was a lot to take in about herself before she took in her surroundings. Her long, long legs were spread and held spread by cuff bars between her knees and between her ankles. The length of the bars allowed for the taper of her legs in that upside down V, but at the same time those bars forced a humiliating 'squat' type stance that forced the dip in her back and forced her shapely, fleshy ass to jut out behind her.

That didn't escape Brenda. She was an intelligent woman, used to working out complex law things. But with what was happening she was having a bit of trouble comprehending what she was going through. Why was she here? Who would do this to her? And why, fucking why? She tried to move her feet, but the spread of her legs and the way she was forced to stand to support her weight, she didn't have much in the way of movement

and the height of her heels didn't help in that either. "Hello, is anyone there? Help me please. Please is anyone there?" If she had been up to speed she would have realised or worked out that there would be no-one to help her. She struggled a bit with her arms - she wanted to move them. She had that compelling need to move them but that was just a frustration for her so she had to hold that back if she could. Her arms were held tight and folded, hands back to back - and that bondage was in turn attached to a self-tightening rope that was around her neck. The more she tried to move, the more she was compelled to try to move, the more that neck rope slipped tight, and then tighter again.

She tried to take deep breaths - tried to be calm. That weird fucker in the lane - that was it! She was remembering slowly, very slowly. It was coming back to her but it was only in bits and pieces. She didn't even see the hook thing hanging up above her and swinging in a huge arc over her head. A big heavy old iron hook that was attached to a chain block. It looked like she had been positioned under this hook deliberately, but she hadn't had the time to take in her surroundings and she couldn't look up. If she tried that she would topple over - maybe it was as well she couldn't see that hook. She was in some kind of warehouse, or some kind of outbuilding. Something like that but she couldn't hear the city outside. Wherever she was she couldn't hear that sound of the city. The city 'sound' was distinctive and it was comforting but it wasn't there. In a way she wished it was there but it just wasn't. There were high windows, like slats and she could tell it was daylight outside but that was all. How long had she been out of it? It was dark in that lane, she remembered that much. And now she was remembering where she had to be, and where she was supposed to be.

And because she was remembering it was like she relaxed a little bit. If she wasn't where she should be at the time she was supposed to be there then the alert would go out. The police would be told. And she was right. She was one hundred percent right about that because she was an important lawyer - a high profile 'brief'. And the alert had been put out, the police had been told and they were already on the case. They would pay the price for fucking with her, whoever this was. Whoever the fuck this was couldn't just take her off the street and get away with it, could he? Of course not! But that was the problem, he had got away with it, and she was off the street,

well off the street. All there was that compulsion to try to move her arms, to try to get them free but every time she did that the rope around her neck tightened, just that little bit more. And there was a knot that was positioned right at the front of her throat, right on her windpipe, and she could feel that restricting her - she could feel it getting tighter and tighter because it was like a one way slip knot, that is it tightened but it didn't loosen off again.

But there was another level of tightening that came and that was when she heard a door opening somewhere - a sign of life. And then of footsteps, but they were behind her, and she couldn't move, couldn't turn to see. But she needn't have worried about that because those footsteps got closer and closer and then the figure came round and there was this chill that went down the core of her spine. It was that hooded figure again, with the light shrouded face. And that figure didn't speak at all. But for some reason that figure seemed more small, more slight that it appeared in the lane that first time round. And there was something more delicate about the way it moved. But again it didn't speak. It didn't communicate at all. It took Brenda some time to get her thoughts together enough to speak. "Whoever you are, whatever you are, you need to let me the fuck go now. The police are looking for me and when they find me, you're going to be locked up for a long, long time. And I know that because I am lawyer. Now, you piece of shit, let me go, get this fucking rope off me, get these bars off me, give me my clothes and I'll put a good word in for you."

Brenda had started well enough, very lawyer like. But the way the figure tilted its head one way and then the other, as though looking at her in the abstract, and didn't speak or communicate at all just annoyed the fuck out of her and her voice went gradually up several octaves exposing her anger. Probably she was more than a little deluded if she thought that this person was going to do as he was told. In fact if anything Brenda was in the unfortunate position of not having grasped the gravity or the enormity of her situation at all. That only became a little more clear to her when the figure with the washed out face came closer and reached up for the high iron hook that was above Brenda. Then there was that god awful noise of the chain block releasing the hook lower and lower and that hook appearing right in front of Brenda. It took maybe a few seconds, although it seemed a bit longer for the penny to drop inside her mind. But then it didn't drop

completely until one of the gloved hands was feeding the hook under the rope between Brenda's breasts. Then she got it.

"You can't do this to me. I'm fucking telling you, you cunt, you cannot do this to me." One couldn't be sure if it was indignation or fear that Brenda was releasing through her dry mouth - or both. Probably both! But it was drowned out in the ratcheting noise of the chain block hauling the hook up higher and higher again. And there would be that constant noise, the same noise until it took her weight, then it would be a slightly laboured noise of the gear clicking and the hook rising. Of course Brenda would try to tippy toe it out, she would try not to be hauled off her feet to be left hanging by her tits, but she wouldn't be able to prevent that. The fact that she would be swinging by her tits was inevitable and it was only very gradually that she came to realise it and accept it. This wasn't Brenda's world - not the world she was used to. And when she did finally lose her footing she let out a scream. That scream could be horror, pain, degradation but probably a mixture of all of the above. But it would also have been a scream of fear. Now she was fearful and not annoyed. The annoyance had died back to be replaced by this undiluted fear.

It wasn't so much pain that she could feel, as the 'weight' of herself all being transferred through that rope wrapped in the figure of eight around her breasts. It would turn into pain, eventually. But for now it was just that pressure and that weight of herself as her tippy toes left the ground. Then there was this 'grunt' - like an indignant grunt but also one of outrage combined with fear as she became fully aware now that she was in fact suspended off her feet, and hanging by her tits. This couldn't be right - this was no opportunistic person getting his jollies on the streets of the country's capital. This was some serious motherfucker who had just come along and taken her out. Of course Brenda had no idea that the police had already been looking for this person as part of a serial abduction scenario. She had no idea that she was just one of a string of missing people. Was it good for her that she didn't know? Who knows. There would have been little in the way of 'logic' going through her head now. She was suspended by her tits, that were very slowly turning blue and swelling because of her own weight. And she was suspended in that 'squat' type pose that the ankle and knee

spreaders had forced her to adopt when she had been on solid ground. She had a lot to think about. A lot to try to come to terms with.

There would have been this survival instinct kicking in somewhere. She could still try to reason with this man but that would be harder because of the fact that she was hanging by her breasts and because of this slither of fear that now existed right through her core. And as she hung like that she was slowly revolving on the single chain that was holding her off the floor. Very slowly she was revolving and so very slowly her viewpoint was changing. She was taking in that warehouse place. She was trying to get any pointers, any clue, any indication what so ever as to where she was now. She would have had these thoughts going through her mind, a lot of them. And she would have been trying to put those thoughts into some sort of logical order. This was a woman who led complex legal cases and even more complex litigation and yet she couldn't get her head together now. But that was understandable. And every one revolution on that chain there was this person, now looking up at her. She wasn't off the floor by much, just by inches, and yet it was enough that this light shrouded freak had to look up at her as she revolved.

This was a sexual thing without it being a sexual thing. She hadn't been touched sexually, yet. And yet at the same time, her breasts had been used, had been displayed and then bound in a way that suggested they were being made a sexual example of. Like she was being suspended off her feet like this because of her tits. Like it was her tits' fault that she was where she was right now. There would have been this thing inside Brenda's mind, a thing like a resentment of her breasts setting in. This person, this freak wouldn't have been able to string someone with small insignificant tits up like this. If her breasts were small and not so pendulous and fleshy, she would not be strung up like this now. She would not be turning slowly, maybe even she would not have been taken in the first place. Already there was a self-loathing setting in and even if Brenda didn't realise it, it would have been there in the background - but for now she had enough to be contending with.

"Don't you touch me you freak." Brenda almost spat down at this disturbingly lit up person as he trailed a gloved finger up the inside of one

thigh. It was like leather gloved finger rasping on the nylon of her stocking. And he was doing that in a suggestive way. One had to suspect that he was doing his because he could. Like he was displaying his power over this usually powerful woman. Letting his finger linger around the stocking top and then just slipping over that dark band of the stocking top to the softness of Brenda's thigh flesh. His whole demeanour, his whole body language when combined with that washed out face. There hadn't been a sexual element - it hadn't been sexual. This person could have sexually assaulted Brenda in that lane but didn't. Even when her panties had been snapped and taken from her, her sexuality hadn't been touched. But now the vibe was different. Now it was more than different in this place and there was this new fear that was infesting Brenda. For the first time she was thinking that she might not get out of this alive. Or at the very least like she wouldn't get out of it without having sustained serious sexual assault and possible rape.

This person stopped Brenda revolving. Just by his stroking of her thigh he stopped that almost tortuous revolution and she didn't know how she felt about that because now that person, that fucking person was just down there looking up at her, and tilting the lit up, hooded head one way then the other. This was one serious disturbed individual, Brenda had worked that much out. But what she had noticed as she looked down as well, between her laboured breaths, and spasms of pure undiluted fear, when this person's head moved in the big hood, every so often, just very briefly, there were glimpses of a nose, or eyes, and mouth that came into partial focus and then out again. Never all at the same time, only one feature, or part feature, partially focussed then out of focus again. It was almost a ghostly thing except it had this fucking disturbed very definite human element to it.

The light was still there but the movement of the head in the hood altered the effects of the light on the facial features. There wasn't enough to recognise, or be able to work out who or what this person was. But for some reason there was this feeling of comfort again, maybe that this person was even human. That light, that fucked up light had thrown the whole thing. That was weird and it didn't get any weirder as events unfolded. But now at least Brenda had this knowledge that this person was definitely a human being. And with that knowledge was the hope that she would be able to get

through this. Of course - Brenda had no idea of the others. If she did that there might not be so much hope after all.

It wasn't sexual not at the start. But what was happening now was a sexual assault through and through. And it was a sexual assault simply underlining the power this person had over Brenda. A stroking of her sexuality with those leather gloves. Those leather sheathed fingers appeared almost slender. And they were gentle. Gentle in how they floated across the flesh of Brenda's labia. This was a woman who could eat men for breakfast and yet a woman who was feeling every ounce of the humiliation she was feeling now. And with that humiliation there was the increasing pressure and the pain being caused by the fact that she was hanging by her breasts. Those breasts now blue. The veins in the globes of the breasts all standing out. The discolouration of the breasts becoming disturbing to look at, disturbing to see. And yet that ever so gentle stroking of her sexuality. It was something that Brenda was having to get through. Something that she was having to contend with. And then this person with the lit up face was standing back and just looking. The light was subdued and the vastness of the warehouse type building could not be gauged because beyond the immediate vicinity it was dark except for those slat windows up high. This person was looking at Brenda and she was beginning to make noises of distress. And as she did this, the lit up hood and face of this person tilted one way, then the other. There was a feeling of 'endurance' about this. This was not a quick ordeal. This was the long game. Brenda was part of a game that was long.

# Chapter 5

## Special Crimes Unit - incident room continued

“You know Pepper, you’re 22 almost 23 years old. You’ve got your whole life, your whole career in front of you.” The DCI was talking to Pepper person to person as opposed to senior officer to an underling. “Why the holy fuck would you want to go undercover? Not just ‘undercover’ but undercover to trap a potential sexual deviant? I mean we know nothing about him. What drives him, what motivates him. And we don’t know because not one, not a single one of his victims have been found. We don’t know why he takes the women and girls he does because we haven’t found one capable of telling us what his kinks are. We haven’t found one at all! Just tell me Pepper, what the fuck is going on in your mind?” And there was an amount of astonishment in the DCI’s voice at the fact that Pepper had been the only one to come forward at the suggestion of undercover being the way to go.

“I know what you’re saying Sir, I really do. But I also know that baiting this guy, whoever he is, is probably THE only way to go. Call it a woman’s intuition but I don’t think we’ll catch him, I don’t think we will find those women either dead or alive unless we catch him and I think that this is the only way to go. I don’t know why I know that, I just do Sir. If we catch this person ‘in the act’ its job done and at least he won’t be able to continue this spree. You’ve already said how clever he is, how one step ahead of us he is. So we close him down with bait. Bait him in the right way and he will bite. And if he bites, ‘boom’ we’ve got him. And now we’ve got that five mile radius to work with we can make a plan. We won’t get the bite straight away, we’d be very lucky to do that. We’d be very fortunate to get a bite straight away, or even at all. But we can cover that five mile area, however long it takes. And maybe, just maybe we’ll get lucky sir?”

Pepper sounded up for it and passionate. She sounded optimistic and she was smiling. In his 40 odd years in the force the DCI had never had a woman convince him the way that Pepper did. He didn't respond straight away, he wanted to bathe in her optimism. "Five miles is a fucking big area DC Reed and you are the only volunteer! You're going to have to leave it with me though, I need to think about this. If it goes tits up, with respect, it won't be good. It won't be good at all. I'll need to get the 'ok' from upstairs and it will take time to plan and get it all going. But I can see you've put a lot of thought into this already. I can see you're up for it and I have to applaud you there." Pepper nodded, she understood all the red tape that had to be gone through. "Is there any link between the women he chooses, anything at all? I mean obviously there is no age range except for between 16 and 40 that doesn't mean his next victim won't be a 15 year old or a 41 year old. There is no hair colour, similarity or race because each and every one of the victims covers the range and a lot of cultures. But is there anything, anything at all? I mean, I'm asking because I am already thinking of how to go out on the streets. What to look like, what to dress like, what to make up like. You know what I mean sir? I need as much info, as much data as I can get my head around."

This was what the DCI liked about Pepper Reed. She was always thinking ahead. In a way he wished she had taken up the fast-track option because she would have smashed it. She didn't need to do all the leg work first and all the climbing the ladder bullshit. She could have proved herself higher up the ladder than this. But he had to admire her all the same. She was a girl, a young woman who was astonishing to look at and in many ways didn't fit in the incident room vibe. But it was because she didn't fit in, that she did fit in. At least that was how he thought of it. "Well there isn't anything that I'm not telling you if that's what you mean. These are women and girls from all walks of life. None of them are related, even remotely. None of them are known to each other in any way, as far as we have found out so far. The ONLY link is that all victims are 'attractive' women and 'pretty' girls. That is the only similarity that we have found, or considered. No, what some might call, unattractive females have been taken and it's because of this that we have to consider the sexual motive angle. We cannot rule out a sexual motive. But we have to keep an open mind just because of the fact that we have so little to go on." And he let his words

hang just there. He probably knew that she knew that he thought she was perfect for the undercover bit because of her breathtakingly attractive looks, and how she carried herself.

“Of course, always an open mind - let the pieces of the jigsaw come together. We’d be stupid to rule out sexual motives sir. This has got sex freak written all over it. I know I’m young. I know I’m inexperienced. I know it would probably be better for you, for your mind if someone older and harder looking was in my seat now. But look, there’s no-one except me. And if I’m one hundred percent honest with you sir, I am ‘perfect’ for the role. I’m young yes, but I’ve got staying power and stamina. I’ll stick with it to the end. And you know, even if one of many worse case scenarios play out, and he takes the bait and takes me, I can survive on wits. I can play his game, whatever his game is, until you guys come get me.” And there was this huge, white toothed, pretty smile from Pepper. The DCI could have cried if the truth were known. There she was again, thinking ahead - thinking of the worst case scenario and if it were to happen - all except maybe the worse of the worst case scenarios in which she didn’t survive. But would they talk about that, would any undercover officer talk about that? It’s doubtful, rather they would talk positive and simply make every possible scenario one that had the outcome they needed to have. The DCI wouldn’t really be able to say that this young officer didn’t know what she was getting into because she was showing every sign that she did indeed know. DC Pepper Reed wasn’t a fool. She knew what was possibly at stake here and yet she wanted to go with it.

“You’re not getting taken anywhere by anyone DC Reed, least of all by some pervert out there. Listen I’m going to put forward that you do this but I want you to know that if it gets the ok from upstairs, at any time you can pull out. You don’t need an elaborate excuse, or reason, you just give me the word and you’re out. But at the same time, if you stay the distance, then you will have the fullest support and protection of this force - that much I promise you.” And there was almost this dour tone to the DCI’s voice. “Cheer up sir, this is a good thing. Think of this as a ‘good’ thing. We could have this case cracked in days rather than weeks or months, or not at all.” And she was smiling again. The DCI had this thing where he couldn’t get over the prettiness of Pepper. In his mind a girl like her didn’t belong in this

sleazy world. That wasn't a sexist thing. That was almost a fatherly thing that he had going on in his mind. Like a protective thing he had. Pepper was beyond pretty, and she was blossoming into a stunning young woman. And now she was in front of him putting herself on the line like this. It was something that was almost emotionally upsetting for him. And yet at the same time it was something he knew had to go with.

“Yeah, yeah it is a good thing you're right. But you know I'm responsible for you and your safety so...” The DCI let his words hang and he was masking his emotions with senior officer speak. Pepper just smiled, she knew. But she was excited at this prospect as well - this was something for her to get her teeth into at last. “You just assume that this will be ok'd because I know it will be once I put my case, yours, forward, and think how you want to proceed. How you want to look - how you want to appear on the street and we'll take it from there. How does that sound DC Reed?” And this time the DCI was smiling wide. “Perfect sir, perfect!”

### **Three days later**

#### **Special Crimes Unit - incident room**

“Listen up everyone - we're going undercover with this one and DC Pepper Reed is the bait. I want you all to know that this is her baby. She came to me and volunteered and she sold herself, and her idea to me - trust me she knows what she's doing and she has our full support and the support of those upstairs. We're concentrating on the five mile radius and we are putting our full attentions into DC Reed and what she is doing. This isn't something we are doing lightly but it is something we are putting everything we have into. The door to door team can continue, in the background and I want updates all day every day. The rest of you, hang around after we're done and you'll be allocated other duties centred on the undercover part of this investigation. I'll hand you over to DC Pepper Reed

who will give a little of her own insight - just so that everyone is on the same page.”

There was complete attention in the room. There wasn't one officer not with this. Not one with an eye-roll at the prospect of the super star DC Reed going undercover. Already this was a complete and committed team. “In deciding how to go to the streets, I've studied the missing women in depth. I have looked into their backgrounds, I've looked at their lifestyles, families, friends. I've even looked to see if they have dark sides that they may have been hiding from families and friends. I needed to know how to go about baiting this person, this 'man' who is carrying out these abductions. My point is that I need to get this person to bite the bait as soon as I can. I don't particularly want to be on the streets for weeks and months on end. I need to get the bite as soon as possible. This guy, whoever he is, needs to be off the streets. He needs to be stopped and gone from the streets. And we need to wrap this up before we are forced to go public. If something like this goes public, there will be widespread panic. We can't risk that. We need to wrap it up as soon as we can.”

The DCI simply stood back as DC Pepper Reed spoke. He was amazed that for her age, she was so mature. There was no way this young woman didn't know what she was getting involved in, or what was entailed. Pepper presented herself ready for the street. A young woman on a night out. Slightly provocative with legs and cleavage but nothing over the top. Her hair swept back and gathered in a high tight pony tail and then makeup to draw attention to her amazingly large eyes and her full lips. Legs hosed, and feet arched into high heels. She was leggy, slightly busty, and bubbly. “Pepper, did you find anything in the missing women and girls that might have given you a pointer?” That was another young WPC, she was in uniform. “Nothing really and definitely nothing on the dark side. it's already been covered, but all of these women and girls were 'attractive' and 'pretty' - all of them vanished after dark. It could be this person, the abductor, has something, a trigger in his mind about attractive females being out after dark, who knows?” Pepper shrugged her shoulders to emphasise her point. The WPC nodded she understood but added, “So you're going as?” And she shrugged as well. The DCI looked at the WPC

as though he thought she might have been having a go at the Pepper. But he changed his mind.

“I’m going out as a girl on the way home after a night out. Or indeed as a girl on her way out for a night on the town. Nothing more, nothing less. I’m just going pretty much as me except in accentuated form. I’ve had to practice in these heels because normally I could never do them. I’ve had to practice this makeup because it’s way too much for me.” And there was muted laughter - the WPC got it and so did the rest of the incident room, again the DCI was impressed - it could have been the beginning of a mocking session for the young DC, but she had pulled it back. She got what they could have said, or what they could have insinuated and she was on it straight away. She was one step ahead of the group collected in the incident room. “So, I don’t see much point in waiting and I’m going out tonight. I’m wired up, and I’m ready to go. Mobile units are in place, and those of you shadowing me on foot all know who you are and where you need to be so, it’s all systems go.” Pepper sounded like she had been doing this kind of thing for years. She certainly didn’t sound like a 22 year old girl at the beginning of her career in the police force. The DCI was impressed with her - he had been the day she had walked in. Yes she had been doe eyed and slightly naive, but there was something about her that he got. Not everyone got her, and that had been clear from the bitchy comments from male and female officers alike. But he had been proved right because she had come through all of that and she had shone through. And now she was where she was.

The incident room slowly filtered to empty leaving just Pepper and the DCI. There was this silence - not an awkward silence but one that could have been of ‘dread’. “You know, it’s not too late, if you’re having second thoughts, you can pull out - no questions asked. I’ll stand everyone down and we go to plan B?” The DCI was looking right at Pepper and there wasn’t even a hint of a smile on his face. But there wasn’t one on her’s either. “What plan fucking B? You didn’t tell me there was a plan B! No seriously I don’t just ‘want’ to do this, I ‘need’ to do it. It’s partly to prove to the force that I have what it takes in major crimes, but also its a personal journey. I need to prove it to myself as well. I need something I can get my teeth into, and I need to show that I can stay the distance, whatever it takes.

And that 'sir' is end of that particular conversation. The DCI nodded - he knew what he was beaten. And that was just it, he did know when he was beaten. He nodded, he agreed, end of conversation.

“Ok, ok, I admit defeat! Look to start off your new assignment, to start off your 'night out' why don't we got for a drink, in a pub in your first area of interest, and after an hour or so, I'll leave you to it and join one of the mobile units nearby? How does that sound?” And this time he was smiling and his smile was sincere. Pepper crossed her legs and there was this sound of nylon rasping on nylon as her hosed legs rubbed during that cross. “I think that sounds perfect.” The DCI couldn't believe how much older, more mature Pepper looked in her undercover gear. He couldn't believe how 'different' she looked and even sounded. It was like she had taken the time to get into her role. It was like she was creating this character from the inside as she went along. Like she was method acting or something. Like she had already convinced herself that she had to be this other character or the operation wouldn't work or something. But he didn't say anything to her about that.

He knew from his time on the force and his time working undercover himself and in undercover teams that each officer had to do it their way. There were no rules and regulations to follow. They had to develop the character themselves and then they had to do it all their own way. It was better to leave them - not to distract them. And the DCI wanted to do anything but distract Pepper. She needed to be in the right zone to do what she had to do. She had to be in the right mind, the right place. She had to be that bait yes but she also had to be of the right mindset. It was like he knew that Pepper needed to be like a magnet to this fucking weirdo, whatever he was, wherever he was. It was like he knew that she needed to draw him to her. And for that to happen, she needed to immerse.

“Ha ha, you're not admitting defeat on anything sir, neither am I. We're just starting. We're a team, all of us on this investigation - we're a team and we are just starting. We need to kick this weirdo's ass and you know what sir - I want to be in the front line when we do it. I'd like to do the arrest, I'd like to be the one handing him over to custody, I'd like to be the one who slams the cell door closed on him. Because you know what, I'd do it with a

smile, and I'd do it by the book just so the slippery fucker doesn't get out on a technicality, commonly known as a police cock-up." And again Pepper was passionate in what she was saying and the way she speaking. That had to have some kind of effect on the DCI. The last person he knew who was so passionate about any kind of police work at that age was himself. It was like Pepper was his doppelgänger from a bygone age or something. It was like she had this 'need' in her that went so deep, that it couldn't be stopped it could only be satisfied.

# Chapter 6

## **Rewind - Pepper Reed**

### **Interview day - the Met police**

Pepper Reed was awake early - she was excited. This was the day she went for her final interview for entry into the police force. She was joining the Met and ever since she was a little girl she had lived for this day. She'd been plagued by comments from people who'd told her she could do better for herself. That she could use her age and her looks to go in other directions. That she could basically do more or less anything she wanted because of how she looked. And there was no doubt that Pepper was an astonishingly pretty girl who would ultimately blossom into a beautiful woman. Physically she had matured early with curves, and height and rosebud lips. She was tall for her age, and that height was supported by long, slender and yet shapely legs. But she had refused to go down the popular route. She wanted to make a difference. She had wanted to join the police force and ultimately she had wanted to join one of the specialist units. That had been born from her habitually watching American cop TV shows as she went through her teen years. She had wanted to be like those officers in CSI Miami and similar - it was a fact that Pepper really did want to make a difference. So this day, the day of her final interview and selection was the one that would make or break her.

She dressed down and she did that deliberately. She didn't want to turn up all model girl looks and makeup. She didn't want whoever was interviewing her, whoever spent time with her on this day to be talking to her tits as opposed to her face. She wanted and needed to be taken seriously.

She needed to be taken seriously and listened to. She wanted and needed the interview panel to take her seriously and she wanted and needed them to know that she had something to offer and so the way she looked, the way she presented herself in the first instance was of vital importance in that process. She chose a fitted trouser suit, and moderate heels. She dressed and made up much like she would if she was going to work that day. Indeed, in Pepper's mind she was already in the Met - she had already made it and this interview board, the final hurdle was like another day at the office for her. That had been a conscious decision for her, to treat this as a day at the office. And the first step in that was how she dressed.

A navy blue fitted trouser suit. The trousers slightly tighter giving emphasis to the length and shape of Pepper's legs. The jacket was short, fitted and further emphasised her shape. The thing about Pepper was that she would look good in a bin liner. She would attract admiring looks and glances from men and women alike and whilst she could make the conscious decision to dress down, she was a breathtakingly pretty young woman in her early twenties and nothing would detract from that. She could dial back the makeup, that is, wear only the bare minimum. Something to bring her eyes out, a little bit of concealer. And then her hair just tied back in a loose pony tail. The blouse she chose under the jacket was just like a plain white shirt, with just the top button left undone. She really didn't want to go over the top on the formality. In fact she wanted to be anything but formal. And once she had dressed she checked and then rechecked herself in her full length mirror several times. And in a way Pepper was typical woman, she was never completely satisfied with how she looked. She was always tweaking and adjusting and changing.

That was the thing about Pepper. There were traits in her that showed that she didn't really know how stunning she was. The fact that she didn't need to keep adjusting and fine tuning - that she was fine as she was, that it didn't matter what she did to alter or fine tune herself, she was fine, she was really fine with how she looked. On this day though, it didn't matter how her mind had worked how it would go, it was a slightly more formal affair than she had imagined. One had to think that she had this idea in her mind that she would treat it as a day in the office, just another day at work, and that everyone else would simply fall into line with her on that. Of course

that wasn't the way things worked out in real life. It was part of her naivety or immaturity. She would fit in with the police - she would make it through and through, but she would learn lessons along the way. In the long run how she chose to treat the interview day, and the interview itself would be proved right, but it might not seem like that at the time.

“Tell me what makes you think that YOU can make a difference Miss Reed?” That had been a woman, a severe looking woman to say the least. Educated and accentless but not English by origin. A woman in her thirties and with light brown skin. She had been one of the three person interview panel who had not shook Pepper's hand. She hadn't even stood up when Pepper came in. The other two, both older men had. But Pepper got that - she got the good cop bad cop thing. She had seen that enough on TV and she got it completely. She hadn't jumped straight in with an answer because she hadn't wanted to appear 'hasty'. Eventually she did speak. “I think I'm empathetic. I think I know people. I think I get people from all walks of life Ma'am. And because of all this, I think I can make a difference. I think once I've been through the process, once I become a police officer, I can begin to make that difference.” Pepper's response was comprehensive without being too much so. She sat back on her chair and crossed her trousered legs. There was a slight smugness about the way she did that which wasn't intended. She had been thrown already by the lack of informality, so that she was getting through this apparently so well was cause for her unconscious self-smugness.

“But what you say could apply to absolutely any officer in the force Miss Reed. Every officer has empathy and understanding and the ability to communicate with people on all levels. They are 'basic' requirements. I want to know what makes YOU special. I can see from your list of ambitions that you want to be part of an elite team. You have listed Special Crimes Unit as one such elite team. What makes YOU the one I would choose to be part of the elite as opposed to the next man or woman I see here today?” It was that woman again. The two men said nothing but they did make notes. “I wouldn't expect to join such a unit immediately Ma'am, just to make that clear. I would want to get experience in uniform. I would want to earn my stripes. But what would make me different is that I have staying power. I have the determination to see things through. And I see

things in people that others might not. I think I have a natural instinct. I think I have a woman's intuition yes, but I think I have something that is more than that as well." And again Pepper answered comprehensively without being over the top, or without giving too much away. She had thought this woman was a right hard bitch. Obviously the bad cop. But at the same time she thought she had handled it well. And she looked directly into the eyes of this woman as she replied and as she finished talking. Eye contact was important, vital even.

"I have to applaud you Miss Reed. And I have to say that there are not many candidates we get through door that are as firm in what they want as you are. I wish there were more like you, I really do." The woman had softened her stance now - softened her tone and there was more than a feeling that the two had made a connection. The woman even smiled before she carried on speaking. "But what are your long term goals. Where do you see yourself in say, 10 years?" There was this relaxation now. It was as though that earlier exchange, the deeper exchange had been about this woman testing Pepper, just prodding her with a stick a little to see how far she could take her. And now that bit was over, it was time for a more general and softer chat. "I see myself rising through the ranks Ma'am. Like I said, I have got something to offer and I intend that to be the case going forward. this isn't a passing fad for me, to apply to go in the police this week, and then go backpacking the next. This is a lifestyle choice for me Ma'am. By that I mean that the job will be my life, and vice versa."

And where the woman had softened her voice, Pepper hadn't so much. She had simply more or less carried on with her tone. It was like she had been thrown with the formality of it all and now she was with that. Now she was all formal as well and there was no softening up of her stance or her voice. "I actually meant, long term plans with regards to marriage, partnership, having children. You know the domestic stuff?" And the woman was still smiling as though she recognised that Pepper might have been a little bit on edge still - thrown by the occasion as it were. Pepper smiled but it was inwardly to herself. The woman had mentioned marriage and 'partnership'. The Met like every other organisation in 2019 was getting up to speed. There was no, or little homophobia now, and everyone accepted it for what it was. It could have been that this woman was

searching, digging for information and that she was doing that in a manner that came across as an innocent question. And then waiting to see what the answer was.

“Oh you know Ma’am I’m young. Plenty of time for all that. I don’t need a husband, or a wife right at this time and in fact nothing could be further from my mind. As of now I am career focussed.” And again Pepper smiled to herself because she had answered comprehensively without giving away if she was gay or not. She was impressed with herself. More than impressed with herself. The woman nodded, she understood, and she got it. “So tell me, what in your mind is your timeline. You have aspiration to going the SCU - when do you see this becoming less of a fantasy and more of a fact?” The woman sat back and crossed her legs. There was the unmistakable sound of nylon rasping on nylon under the table the three were sitting at.

“I don’t think I can be specific on that Ma’am. There are a lot of variables that have to come together. I am starting low down on the ladder and all of the pieces have to fit the puzzle before I can raise up that ladder. I have to do all that is expected of me and then I need everyone above me to say the right things and do the right things so that I can proceed upwards and eventually be transferred over. If you were to ask me what I would ‘like’ to happen Ma’am - that I would say, five year. In five years’ time I want to be part of the special crimes unit. But I want to have earned my way there. I want to have climbed the ladder and impressed those that need to be impressed.” She was talking more freely now, more relaxed and that showed because she said more. She talked more. “Very good Miss Reed. I like the way you are thinking. I like the way you know the process and know that along the way doors will have to be opened for you because you won’t be able to open them all yourself. I like that, I really do.” And the woman smiled again, and there was another pause before the proceedings were over and done with. “Well look, I think you know already that we have been impressed with you here today. We were impressed actually from your application form and before we even met you. And now that we have met, I don’t see a reason why we cannot give you the inside word that you will be accepted. Nothing formal yet, that will come in due course. But I think you can rest assured that you will become a police officer in the Met.”

And it was like this woman wanted Pepper to react or something. Pepper did react but it was just a smile and a polite “thank you so much.” And then she stood up, and this time the woman did take her hand in a soft shake.

Pepper was gone now - the interview was over. “I have to say, I was very, very impressed with that young lady. That had been one of the two men - a grey haired man who may have been in the active police force in days gone by but had long since retired from active duty. “I agree. We don’t get anywhere near enough recruits like this young lady through these doors. I think we should facilitate her in every way we can. There is no reason why she cannot meet her own aspirations, and exceed them - no reason at all.” That was the other man, slightly younger, not so posh And there was a lull in the conversation and it was like there was this shock almost that someone of Pepper Reed’s calibre had come through their very own door. It was the woman who spoke next. “I agree with you both and we don’t want this one to get away. She says she wants to work her way up, and that is fine. She doesn’t want to be fast tracked - she made a point of putting that on her application in big bold letters. That’s fine as well. But what we could for her is make sure she is with the Special Crimes Unit within say two years? Would that be a problem do you think? I mean, she wouldn’t be taking the total manual route but at the same time she will be pushed slightly faster than normal. And you know, she probably won’t even realise it. It will be so slow, so gradual that, she’s just proving to be good at her job.”

There was a hush again as this woman let her words and her ideas flitter in and sink into the psyche of the two men. She smiled to herself. She liked the way men, especially older men mulled things over. She may even have had this little thing going on that she felt that men didn’t process things as quickly or as urgently as women. “I’m sure we can do that. It’s a little underhand but not overly so.” That was the grey man again and the woman smiled. “It’s not underhand at all. It’s about giving the girl what she wants, just a little sooner. We have to recognise talent and then harness it. It’s just about helping her along a bit and not letting her get chewed up and swallowed by the system. The special crimes unit need girls like her. They

need a young mind to drag some of those dinosaurs into the twenty first century.” And she was smiling again because she knew what she had just said. “Present company excepted of course.” And there was this shared laughter between the three of them. “Apology accepted Ma’am.” The grey haired man. It hadn’t gone over his head. He would have been thinking she was right - that the force could do with an injection, an influx of new young blood and Pepper Reed was JUST the person.

“Ok well look, here’s the deal. I’ll set wheels in motion and speak to who I need to speak to. This has to be kept quiet simply because this girl has specifically asked not to be fast tracked. So there cannot be any hint of that. And the rest should follow. Within two years Pepper Reed will be out of uniform and with the Special Crimes Unit.” That was the younger of the men. He obviously had the clout to be able to do what needed to be done to make this happen. And the woman sat back. She crossed long legs and at the same time she was in deep thought. There was a slight smile over light red lips. She seemed genuinely pleased that she could help this girl realise her true potential. “See this makes me happy. When we are able to help young girls like this. You know when she gets to special crimes, she will lift off, literally lift off. I can see it now.” And again there was this silence. “Ok who’s for drinks? I know this little place, just down from main road, in a little side street. No-one knows it’s even there, it’s so small. Perfect drinking hole.” And she had this mischievous look on her face. “Oh come on guys, come for a drink with me, what could go wrong?” And it was like she was playing with these two older guys. Like she was toying with them a little bit. “Sure why not, I’ve got a train in two hours so I’m all yours.” That was the grey guy up and ready for it. “Yeah fuck it, me to, let’s go hit the top shelf.” And that was the younger of the two. And the three of them shared laughter again.

“So we think it’s a good idea then. Semi-fast-tracking Pepper Reed? I’m serious she is one we cannot let get away.” The woman was sipping a rich, dark red wine. It was just casual conversation now. The business was over and done with. “It is a good idea and you’re right, we cannot let talent like this go.” And the three sat drinking in this tiny pub in this tiny side street. If one were to look at a map, or one to look at a map in the special crimes incident unit, some twenty three months later, one would be able to see that

this pub was just a stone's throw away from the spot, from the little lane where and woman called Brenda Tavistock would be confronted by a hooded, lit up apparition. Literally a stone's throw away! And Brenda Tavistock would have been the eighth female to be taken. But she would be number eight of nine. In twenty four months or so, there would be a ninth, and final female taken from the streets. And once that happened it would be game on. Or rather it would be game set and match to an abductor who was several steps ahead of the special crimes unit.

# Chapter 7

## DC Pepper Reed - the bait

There was the usual early evening crowd in the pub. It was the kind of time between the people calling in for a drink after work and on their way home, and the ones coming out for a drink before they went to a restaurant or the theatre, or before they went clubbing. The DCI and Pepper were sitting in a window table looking out at the street. They were at a high table with high stools. Pepper had her spiked heels hooked into the foot bar of the stool and she was cool, and calm. But at the same time she was focussed. If she was anything for sure it was focussed. Both officers went for periods without saying anything. They were just looking out on the streets and at the city going about its business. Both of them thinking much the same thing probably - that out there somewhere was this fucking weird bastard, snatching females from the streets and doing it with a taunting 'tone' to his actions. Certainly that lit up hood was a wind up. If it wasn't for that lit up hood that he wore, they'd have him by now. But that was just it - he was one, or several steps ahead of them. Nothing this guy did was by accident. If it hadn't been the lit up hood as a spoiler to solving this case, it would have been something else. Indeed at the moment it was that hood - it could well be something else as this person progressed his crimes, thus throwing another spanner in the works.

"He's out there somewhere sir! You know what, I'm feeling really calm about this now. I'm not going to lie, last night I was nervous as fuck. But I didn't not at any point think that I had made the wrong choice in going under like this. I had those nerves but they were feeding the adrenalin if that makes sense sir?" The DCI didn't talk over Pepper. He let her talk. It was important that he did that. She was getting it off her chest now. And this was what happened - just before an operation people talked. They talked to

whoever they were with, the secret was not to interrupt them, not to put them off track of what they were saying. So he let her talk. He just nodded, let her know he was with her. "But now I feel so fucking calm it's weird." And she stopped again and looked out of the window. He knew exactly what she meant. He had been there often enough himself and he had headed enough undercover operations to know how the mind and the body works just before a big job.

All of the fine detail had been worked out, everyone had been briefed and it was a go, and now it was just the time for reflection. It was one of the reasons that the DCI had come to the pub with Pepper - because she hadn't had her time of reflection and calm up to this point and he wanted to be there when she did. And now it was there. Now it was there plain to see. He made sure she had stopped talking for the time being before he said anything. "Can't beat that adrenalin can you? It used to get to me the day before and I used to bathe in it, I really did. It was like it was my 'fix' or something." The DCI was being careful not to throw any negative vibes in there. Such as what could go wrong, and what could happen if this guy stayed too many steps ahead of them at any time. It was important that Pepper stay in the calm zone that she was in. If he binged on about the danger she was putting herself in, that could have a detrimental effect on her and he didn't want or need that. Everything was in place now and it was his job to make sure that she stayed safe out here. "Yeah, yeah that's it, a 'fix'. I can feel it now. But I can feel what I have to do as well. This is weird you know sir, I know I'm inexperienced as an officer and yet there are things falling into place, in my mind that wouldn't normally. I just know what I have to do. I know what it entails and I'm more than aware of the possibility of things that can go wrong. But it's because I 'know' that I'm super alert, super aware of everything around me. It's just a weird thing sir - the place I'm in now, in my mind. I've never been on a high like this before."

It was ok to let Pepper bring up the negatives herself because she was discovering her own modus operandi - or way of working. She was finding her way so it was ok for her to bring up how aware she was of the dangers and what she had to do. "Don't you worry about the things that can go wrong. You don't need to worry about those things now - they are MY

department and I'm making sure that everything is covered." The DCI just leaned across and touched Pepper on the arm. It was important that she knew that someone was with her on a personal level. She knew that the team were there and that everything was in place to ensure her safety, as much as it could be. But it was important that she had the ears of one person that she could talk to and the DCI was it in this case. "It's good to talk you know, and you can talk to me any time. Now, during this operation and after it when we've got this weird cunt locked up. Don't you ever hesitate to come to me if you need to talk." It was raining outside now. Not heavy rain, just that fine, very fine drizzle. Umbrellas were going up and people were walking faster to get to where they were going before the heavens opened up completely. Neither the DCI nor DC Pepper Reed would know the significance of that rain right now. It would be like another thing that would be sent to try them. Another thing that would make it seem like everything was on the side of the weirdo with the lit up hood.

"Ok, I'm ready to get out there sir. So you need to fuck off and leave me to it and I'm gonna see you on the other side." Pepper was smiling widely and that smile was sincere as it always was. There was a flicker of something deeper in her eyes, and the DCI noticed that but he didn't say anything. It was like for the time being the point of return had been reached and passed. "Ok, if you're sure, let's do this thing. Just do a sound check with your wire and cam, make sure they're getting you back at the van and the incident room." The DCI was referring to the mic and body cam Pepper was wearing and the van a few street away that would be listening in and tracking her every movement. Pepper tapped the mic in the neckless she was wearing. "Getting that guys?" And she heard a small amount of feedback before the confirmation into her earpiece "yep, loud and clear and we see that nice cosy pub as well. And you're live now." And that signalled that from this point she was being listened to. The pep talk was over and done with and the DCI was getting ready to leave. Before he did leave he touched Pepper on the hand, just a reassuring touch to know that he was with her - and then he was gone.

Pepper drank from a glass of coke. She would give it a few minutes and then she would be gone, out onto the streets. She reflected again, to herself this time. That adrenalin was still there, that excitement. But there was

something else there as well. There was this feeling that she was alone. She tried to reason with herself that she wasn't alone at all and that she had the whole team with her in one way or another. But for some reason she knew, deep down she knew that she was alone. She finished up her drink and went out onto the street and she put her own umbrella up.

### **Special Crimes Unit - incident room**

“You worried about her sir?” That was the WPC who had the little exchange with Pepper in the incident room a few days ago. “She’s young and I’m responsible for her, of course I’m worried about her, and she is VERY young, but she’s got the full support and backing of this force. Nothing has been left to chance so, I’m good.” It could have been that the DCI was masking how worried he actually was. It could have been that he didn’t want to discuss it, and especially not with an officer who would or might fuck up the feel good factor by being bitchy about Pepper at any time. She would have sensed that and dropped it there. They were back in the incident room now and there was this weird ‘click click click’ sound coming over the sound system. That was the sound of Pepper’s high heels. And there was this other sound, much like feedback, except it was the steady downpour of rain. “Who the fuck volunteers to walk the streets like some hooker, in the pissing rain.” That was Pepper as well - but although her words were ones of disgruntlement, she was speaking light-heartedly and that came over in her voice. “Dedication, and loyalty to the job DC Reed, it’s what makes you special, never forget that.” The DCI was giving her words of encouragement into her ear piece.

Pepper was wearing a body cam, a pinhole camera in one of the seams of the dress she was wearing. The quality was not good. It wasn’t good at all, but it was something. And because it was raining the quality seemed even worse but again it was something. The streets were still crowded, but that wasn’t unusual for the time of the night. Both the DCI and the WPC just looked at the screen that the body cam feed were coming from. They were settled in for a long night - they, and the whole team would be being

prepped in their minds for long nights, and days, and weeks ahead. There wasn't the expectation that this undercover operation would reap results quickly. It was like trying to find a needle in a haystack. What chances that this weirdo was on the same street at the same time that DC Pepper Reed was? She was going to need to start in the city centre and work her way out, each night in the hope that he would bite. The odds were long, very long indeed. There was no way that they were just going to happen across this person and his weirdo fucked up, lit up hood.

Except that wasn't the way it was going to be. There would be nothing that would throw the team more, throw the DCI more than something catastrophic happening on that first night. Like something happening on that first night when it was least expected. Like on that night when just a settling in period was expected and when the team were just making sure all the systems were up and running. And that first night when DC Reed was finding her feet. What better time for this weirdo to strike? Except he didn't just 'strike', he cut into the heart of the team. "How's it going out there detective?" That was the DCI. He was just doing that checking thing he tended to do. Like a mother hen he was just making sure everything was ok. "I'm good. This fucking rain though." And maybe for the first time Pepper sounded proper pissed off. "Give it an hour and we'll wrap up for the night. At least we've got the measure of this and if it does take weeks of this we are getting settled into the stride now." The DCI spoke gently into the mic. "Yeah an hour's good. I'm just heading into perfect 'weirdo hood territory' now." Pepper was kidding, but she was also right.

"This rain is making camera footage pretty much useless but at least we can see you, alive and well." That was the WPC. "Copy that." And Pepper's response was short. "Hey I'm losing you a bit. You covered up your mic or something Pepper?" The sound had gone from pretty bad to really bad. Those feeds were never perfect, and they did suffer from interference from whatever electronics might be in the vicinity at the time. "Just hurry up, get out of that area Pepper. I don't want you out of radio contact at all. But if you are it needs to be for a short a time as possible." But this time there was no feedback from Pepper's mic or from her in the form of a response. The mic was dead. The DCI tapped his mic, then he looked up at the screen. He looked up at the precise time that the hooded figure was right in front of

Pepper. But that could have been a figment of his imagination - they were looking for a lit up hood, and through the rain drops that kept splattering the tiny camera lens, it looked like it was a lit up, faceless hood in front of her. But then the video feed went dead so he didn't have time to process what he was seeing.

The DCI and the WPC just looked at each other. The DCI tapped the mic again. "Pepper, Pepper you there, let me know you're ok?" Now there was a little more urgency in the voice of the usually calm and calculated DCI. He looked at the WPC and she just looked back. "Guys, have you got Pepper. The feed to the incident room has gone down. Tell me you have her and that she's ok?" He waited for a response, but there was none. He looked at the WPC again. "Get the mobile units on the radios and get them over to Pepper's last known location. She's got tracking on her so it should be easy enough. "All units, and I mean all units, get over to east side, Pepper's last location. Comms have gone down. Video feed is down and we need to make sure she's ok." But again there was nothing in response. The radios were dead. Everything was dead and the DCI just slumped back in his chair. "Fuck. We need to get out there. We need to get every available body out there, NOW." The WPC knew what he was saying but with everything down, they would just need to go out on foot and in cars. They would need to get every available officer and they would need to get back into the city and round up the rest of them. "Even mobile phones are down sir." That had been the WPC again - using her initiative she had tried to contact one or two of the team via cell phone. But that hadn't worked either.

It wasn't looking good now. The DCI needed a minute. He needed to gather his thoughts. There might not be a need to panic and what he thought they saw before the video went down might not have been the case at all. He was trying to be logical. Radio and video could have dead spots, but for the police radios to go down, and the cell phone network was something that was as worry. A bit like the CCTV going down at the precise time that victim 8, Brenda Tavistock went missing. Except this was worse and it was an officer out there that couldn't be contacted. No officer could be contacted. The DCI needed to get his thoughts together - he needed not to panic. There was a problem and he needed to solve it. He just needed to think. But then, precisely then, the video screen flickered to life. "Pepper,

Pepper you ok?” The DCI sounded calm, kind of but there was no response. Then the lit up hood filled the screen. No full figure just the hood and those lights. And there was the feeling that if the raindrops weren’t obscuring the view, that it would have been possible to look beyond the bright LED lights and to the face of the person. But that could have been the mind playing tricks. “Fucking rain.” Now the DCI sounded rattled. “I have your officer. You won’t find her and you won’t find me. You shouldn’t have sent a girl out to do a man’s job. Now she will suffer.” The voice was electronically altered which made it impossible to identify an accent either regional or foreign and made it even more impossible to put a gender or an age on it.

“Fuck fuck fuck fuck!” The DCI slammed down a clenched fist onto the table he was sat at. The worst possible case scenario was unfolding in front of him. “I don’t know if you can hear me you sick cunt. But I’m coming for you. And when I find you I’m gonna kick your ass so hard you’ll have to spit to shit.” The anger in the DCI’s voice was palpable. It was ‘thick’. And the lit up hood just stayed there, on screen. This person just let the DCI have his little outburst. And then there was this little electronic ‘laughing’ and that it was electronic made it more irritating. “By the time I have finished with DC Pepper Reed, she will be a different person. And she will wish she had chosen a different career. And as time goes on, YOU will wish you hadn’t sent a little girl out to do your job.” There was a second or two after that voice stopped talking and then the video and sound feed went dead. The DCI put his head in his hands. “This is one cruel motherfucker sir.” The WPC wasn’t wrong. This was a person who knew how to push buttons and knew exactly which rib to slip the metaphorical knife between. And then he knew how to twist that knife. The DCI didn’t say anything. He was having trouble now getting any logical thoughts going. Comms were back up now. “What’s going on, everything went dead, everything.” That was a voice over the radio from one of the mobile units. “Yeah what the fuck is happening?” That was a voice again over the radio from the mobile comms room. “We’ve lost Pepper though, we’ve got no video, no sound and her tracking is down.” It got worse and worse.

“Get back to base, all of you. We have a big problem. A major fucking problem. Pepper’s gone and we need a new plan.” The DCI sounded desolate. The WPC looked at him - she had worked with him for years. She

had cut her police teeth with him but had lacked in ambition herself. She had been happy to remain a WPC - it was all she wanted to do. She just wanted an uncomplicated life, and to a large degree got it. Until now! She had never seen the DCI like this before. She had never seen that look of desolation in him before. It was something that kind of scared her in a way because he was always the strong one, the go-to one. And then her thoughts were for Pepper. She sensed a huge disaster unfolding here and she knew as well as the DCI that if they didn't find Pepper within the first 24 hours that the chances of finding her at all would diminish. And she knew that up until now they hadn't found any of this person's victims. It didn't look good. 'What are we going to do sir?' The DCI didn't answer, his thoughts were deep, and he wasn't hearing anything from the outside right now.

# Chapter 8

## **DC Pepper Reed - taken**

To say that Pepper's taking was unexpected would be an understatement. To say it was sudden would also be an understatement. To say that when she was faced with this person that she was shocked to the core would be something that was almost unbelievable - only 'almost' though. She had been walking the streets for about three hours. It hadn't been the best introduction to undercover work if she'd been honest with herself. The rain - the shitty rain was something that had the propensity to piss her right off but, especially in the first couple of hours, she had remained optimistic. She was with a unit that she had dreamt of being with since she was a little girl. Special Crimes Unit, and she was doing undercover work - again she was just 'happy' inside that she was where she wanted to be. She'd worked out for herself a long time ago that undercover wouldn't be all glamour. But this was a bit of a contradiction since she was glammed up and strutting her stuff in high heels; every little girl's dream hey! But then there was this fucking rain. It did piss her off, but she was sticking at it.

Inside her mind she was kind of thinking maybe this weirdo scoped out the streets when he wasn't in his lit up hood or with the lights off. He could be watching her at any time and she wouldn't have a clue about it. And then she worked on the premise in her mind that once he spotted a victim that he followed her and then pulled out his hood, or lit it up when the time and the location was right. This was why she took the route she did - through the busy streets and then making her way to less busy side streets out of the centre. She would remember thinking that she wished she knew what this weirdo looked like but they had no description. It didn't just make the job harder, it made it more scary. It made everyone on the street at any time a

suspect. The rain was harder than ever when she turned down a particularly under-lit street. She was startled a little bit when someone passed her walking the other way. She had been deep in thought and hadn't seen anyone until their shoulders collided slightly and then she had been dragged back into the real world. That had been when she had the contact with the DCI - that had been when they had spoken about giving it another hour and then winding up for the night. She had liked the contact. There had been relative radio silence all night for obvious reasons and so when there was contact she liked it. It made it like she wasn't so alone after all. It made her realise that everyone was just on the other end of the wire or the video feed. It made her kind of realise that she was safe after all.

But then the comms went down, and then she became aware of someone behind her and she span around and there was that lit up hood. There was a split second that must have seemed longer and when she didn't do anything - she just froze to the spot. It was like that was the time that her brain, her mind was taking to process what she was seeing. But the first thing to come to her was that she was in trouble. "Sir, sir, are you there, sir send all units, send all units." Those would be her last words spoken into a dead mic. She didn't know the video was down so maybe they could see, and they could. But then they couldn't. Then she really was on her own. "You might as well give it up, you're busted. I'm a police officer." And Pepper would have been shocked at how calm she sounded. Once she had got over that initial shock, how her training and how the police officer in her took over. The thing was, she could see past the lights. She could see the face. She got it, in that instance she got it that the hood, the string of LED light was all for the sake of throwing CCTV off the scent and she would be able to identify this perpetrator with ease. And it wasn't just that, there was something familiar about the person behind the lights. And there was also the knowledge that the team had it all wrong. That they had everything all wrong up to this point. And then there was that electronic voice - the first time that DC Reed would have heard it.

"Yes, DC Reed. I know all about you. But there's no-one coming to get you. You're all on your own." And just as the last word came out of the mouth, so a hand shot forward and there was this like little 'thump' to the DC's inner forearm. That 'thump' but also a little 'prick' as a needle was

inserted and a syringe emptied into her in the blink of an eye. The result was instant. Pepper was rooted to the spot. Her limbs, her arm and her legs had gone heavy, dreadfully heavy and her mind had begun the process of turning to mush and although she hadn't been able to move, or fight the effects of whatever it was that'd been injected into her, she was strangely still aware, hyper aware even, of everything that was happening around her. It was disturbing that she could form words in her mind but not propel them out of her mouth. She tried to talk, tried to reason that it was all over for this weirdly familiar person, but the words didn't come out. Instead she was simply drooling out of her own mouth and down her face. As though she had no control over what her mouth, or what her saliva and drool did. And it was at this time the abductor re-established contact with the DCI.

That should have been a good thing. That should have been a sign that there would be units screaming down this street at any time. That was DC Reed though - ever the optimist. At this point she couldn't know that the entirety of the comms were down - that everything was down. There might have been a flicker of the memory of Brenda Tavistock and the knocking out of the CCTV system. Maybe it was when she remembered this that she also got the first feeling of dread inside her. But that dread, that terrible, terrible creeping fear would have been firmly establishing itself deep inside Pepper when she listened to this person taunting the DCI over the radio and video. And the nagging feeling that, despite the electronically changed voice, she recognised that as well.

There would have been this will in Pepper to move, to do something, but she was just rooted to the spot. And this person had been talking to the DCI through the camera attached to her dress. They had known it was there. They had known her name. And she couldn't do anything about it. She couldn't even shout to the DCI when that feed was live again because she had that drug flowing through her systems. And she couldn't convey to the team that they, no matter what they did about this, would be looking in the completely wrong direction and for the completely wrong person. It was at this point that Pepper knew more about this case, about this abductor than the rest of the unit put together. But the problem was she was seeing it from the inside. Or she was seeing it from the other side. She was seeing it from the wrong side of the fence. This person could let her know more and more

because as far as they were concerned, Pepper, like the others would not be found, ever.

And Pepper was in that hyper aware state. She was more than hyper aware. If she could move she could fight. If she could talk she could reason with this person or go through the arrest process. But now the enormity of her situation was coming over her. And what this person was saying to the DCI, 'by the time I have finished with DC Pepper Reed she will be a different person.....' What did they mean by that? And now she was realising that she was the ninth one to go missing. And because of that realisation the hugeness and the hopelessness of her situation was making itself known. She had thought she felt alone when she first came onto the streets earlier in the night. But now she absolutely knew what being alone was all about. Now she was feeling what 'alone' really meant. And now she was feeling what it was like to be at the mercy of this person. Because she was at this person's mercy - there was no shadow of a doubt about that. And right about now she was beginning to regret that she could identify this person because now she was understanding that the chances of her getting out of this, being released, and being able to identify the abductor in the future was becoming less and less. But what was escaping her was where she knew this person from. Why did she know them, and where from. She tried to wrack her brains to think but it was escaping her.

She tried to lift her arms, she couldn't. She tried to step away backwards from this person but all she could feel was the arch of her feet in the stiletto heels. As for her taking a step, it was a no no! And when the abductor cut the comms again, after they had taunted the DCI, Pepper got this jolt of fear that just seemed to engulf her entire being. A single solitary tear dripped from one eye, and down her heavily made up cheek taking a streak of mascara with it. And that gloved hand was there again, the leather stroking the cheek, soaking up that tear. "You don't need to cry, plenty of time for crying later." This time there was no electronic alteration to the voice and there were no lights around the hood. Somewhere, in the distance, many streets away there was the sound of police car sirens. They were looking for Pepper but they wouldn't find her because they were looking in the wrong place - by the time those units reached this spot, she wouldn't be there anymore and neither would the abductor. And just when Pepper Reed was

once again engulfed by all the negatives of the case she was working on no more, there was nothing. Just nothing!

“I’ve wanted a female police officer for some time. And you have surpassed my initial tick list. I’ve got a police officer who is also a slut!” The woman was clad in leather. A skin tight leather cat suit that covered her from neck, to toes. Pepper knew she had been taken by a woman. She knew in that street because she had been able to see past the lights. And once she was disabled and drugged, those lights had been turned off, and there she was, this fucking twisted sick bitch of a woman. And now here Pepper was, in this warehouse place, the lair of this woman and she was totally alone and helpless and she still couldn’t think where she knew her from. The click of this woman’s high heels was almost deafening on the bare stone floor. She was wearing knee length fitted boots that were both laced tightly and zipped. Those boots, shiny black patent leather, sported thin tapered, spiked stiletto heels which added to her already impressive height. Around her neck was a collar, like a moulded, almost organic collar that seemed to lengthen her neck. Almost as though she had subjected herself to some kind of deportment training. But this collar gave this woman, a mixed race woman with light brown skin, a severe look to her. And her hair, tail bone long, and pulled into a high tight pony tail also added to this strict, fetish vision that had to be deliberate on her behalf. “I’m not a slut. And you are deep shit because they’ll find you - and when they do.”

Pepper didn’t really sound convincing. In fact she was anything but convinced that she would be found. She wasn’t even convinced that she wasn’t a slut. But something must have happened for her not be convinced of that. “Sweetheart, the way your cunt was dancing and slipping around my finger tip, was a sure sign that you are a ‘slut’ of the first order.” And that confirmed that indeed something had happened. The woman was well spoken, educated even if her words were obscene. It was like she was being obscene on a deliberate basis. Like it was part of her act except it wasn’t an act. There was something more than disturbing about this woman. Of course that this was a woman who had disappeared eight and now nine other females from the streets was not something that would make one

think that she was well rounded. But that was just it. She did seem well rounded - and educated and also highly intelligent. But because she seemed well rounded, educated and very intelligent made her all the more disturbing. And then there was that familiarity to her as well - and that was something that bugged Pepper the most. She knew her but she didn't know, couldn't place where she knew her from, but that would have been due in part to the shock.

Pepper had come round in a gradual way. Like a slow awakening - and it had been an even slower process to realise that she had been stripped and disabled. She had chosen self-supporting stockings under her dress because she's wanted to avoid unsightly bulges and clips showing through the thinness of the dress. She still had on the stockings and she still had on the high heels. The fact that she had been left with these items on and intact pointed to there being a fetish connection with the abductor. As Pepper had come round, she was with that full knowledge that it was a woman who was holding her. And for some reason, a reason that would escape her totally for the time being, she was feeling better that it was a woman, and not some perverted man who was holding her, and that had taken all those other females. It was a case in her mind, for quite some time, that they were women together. It was her and her abductor and it wasn't so bad after all because the abductor was a woman. In that early stage, her mind could have gone the other way - it could have gone the way of thinking that because the abductor was a woman, that her mind would be far, far worse than any man's could be. Another woman would know how to get to another female, no matter what her age. She would know which buttons to press, and which switches to flick.

All of that would be something that would dawn on Pepper eventually. It was a slow process though - the clearing of her system of the drug that had disabled her in the first place, in plain sight on the street. Even this familiar leather clad woman touching her and then fingering her to that orgasm, was something that was fed to an extent by that drug in her system. She had been disabled standing in just her stockings and heels. Her wrists bound together simply by rope and then hoisted above her in a chain block. She wasn't hoisted off her feet. She was permitted to retain her footing, and she was permitted to come to fully, to expel that drug out of her system. It

was slowly again though that the horror that she was being sexually assaulted by this woman would dawn on her.

“Look, look, I don’t know who you are or why you are doing this, but we can sort this out. We can find a way through his together if you’ll let me help you.” This was Pepper the police officer, putting her training to good use. She was calling on her reserves despite being mortified by what was happening to her and by her realisation that she was indeed in the lair of the person who had been abducting the females in the city. The abductor allowed Pepper to have her say. All the time she was circling Pepper. That crept the DC out because from time to time this woman vanished from sight behind her and then appeared at the other side. “I want you to orgasm for me Pepper. I want you to show me what a slut you are.” And there had been this disbelief in Pepper at what she was hearing. This leather clad woman had completely ignored her plea to her, her offer to help her, and to assist in sorting this ‘mess’ out. And she had gone right in for the orgasm statement. “You have to be kidding me. That isn’t going to happen and you really do need help. You seriously need help.”

To say that Pepper had been shocked at the blatant, and blunt sexual and orgasm remark would be an understatement pure and simple. There was this disconnect, almost like this ‘maleness’ about this woman that saw her make this casual sexual remark. It might be something that a fantasy addled rapist might say before he raped his victim. That he might actually believe that he could make his victim orgasm as he was raping her. It was something that shocked Pepper into a silence that was just jaw dropping. Pepper’s training, even despite her age would have covered all sorts of situations and circumstances - there wouldn’t be much that would shock her, and even less that would make it like she had been hit with a freight train. But she was in uncharted territory now. She was in the kind of ‘space’ in which she didn’t know how to function - not either as a police officer or a young woman. This abductor, this leather clad woman had stated that she wanted her to orgasm and she hadn’t stated it disbelieving of what she was saying. She had stated it in full belief that the young police officer that she had taken from the streets would orgasm for her. It was like this woman, who she had the feeling for some reason that she knew, was not giving her the

option of orgasm or not, but that it would just happen. She would orgasm because this woman had said she would.

“Please, please don’t do this to me, please.” It was about all that Pepper could do, plead with this woman not to do what she was doing. She could twist away slightly but the woman’s gloved finger were incessant. It was as though she was enjoying the ‘chase’. Pepper was naked except for her stockings and heels and to all intents and purposes she was helpless against this fingers that kept coming between her legs and finding her smooth hairless sex lips. The abductor, this leather clad woman had all the time in the world. She could chase Pepper’s sexuality with her fingers and Pepper could plead with her and she could twist one way and then the other. But she would become tired, and exhausted and in the end she would give up. And she did. In the end she stopped twisting, she stopped trying to plead. In the end all she could do was allow this woman to touch her, and stroke her and then penetrate her with her leather sheathed fingers. And Pepper was young, yes she was very young, but even she would have known that her body would betray her in the end. Even she knew that her body would give up the ghost and respond to the touches and the strokes of this woman. This was a woman who knew her way round another woman’s body and especially around her sexuality. But it was like she knew her way around the minds of others as well.

All the abductor had to do was bide her time. And she did that. She chased and she stroked and she slid fingers up inside Pepper, and she popped Pepper’s clitoral flesh from under its hood. And it had been at that point that Pepper sobbed out loud. She didn’t say anything. By this time she had given up pleading and twisting - she just sobbed out as she felt those clitoral nerves endings slip from under the hood to the waiting saturated fingers of this woman. “There see, there’s a slut in you as well.” And the abductor had hissed that into Pepper’s ear. Just like she had got the trophy after all. Or like she was about to get the ‘trophy’ in the form of an orgasm. And Pepper’s sob was of dread, of absolute undiluted dread at the thought that her body and her sexuality would be made to explode by this woman. To Pepper, this was worse than being raped. The team had concluded that they were looking for a man, and that probably he was a sexual deviant of some description, but this was worse than that. This was much, much worse

than that. The red lipsticked woman smiled, a wry almost sadistic smile as she fingered Pepper to that orgasm. Pepper just sobbed as she became breathless, and then sobbed more bitterly as she came down the other side. This was just the start of her ordeal.

# Chapter 9

## **SCU incident room**

There was this awful silence in the room. It shouldn't have been so silent because everyone was there. The whole team was there. That is, the whole team except for Pepper. The DCI looked dour - he looked pale and he looked like he hadn't slept for weeks. "I don't get it sir. I don't get how she could be just taken like that. The fucking job had only just started for fucksakes," The WPC sounded like she was recently bereaved. "She was taken like the other eight were, 'just like that'. That's how she was taken. We've underestimated this cunt. We could be looking for a computer and electronics nerd, that's for sure. There is no way Pepper should have been able to be taken out like that. And to do it, means he knows a lot. He had to have hacked into systems citywide to do what he did. We need to look into nerdy guys for a start. Get data on anyone caught or suspected of hacking systems - and anyone with sexual crimes history. Don't put an age range in because this could be someone any age. The crime screams 'mature' but I'm not so sure. This is a cunt with issues, big issues but it could be someone young or older. Just get as much as you can. And keep me informed at all times."

That was as much as the DCI could manage before he almost broke down in tears. Probably at various times he would have regretted letting Pepper go out. He would have regretted talking those upstairs into it, and he would have regretted letting Pepper talk him into it. But he didn't blame her, he just needed badly to find her. But what he didn't know, what he couldn't know was that he was so far off the track with where he wanted the investigation to go next, that he was further from finding this person, or the victims than ever. What he was getting right was that the abductor was clever, very clever. They were proficient in electronics and computers. But

starting a search into 'nerds' and hackers was simply something that was wrong - something that was sending valuable resources in the wrong direction. There was this silence again in the room. The DCI pulled himself together and spoke again. "We have to find Pepper. Not finding her is not an option. This son of a bitch has to be caught. And when he is caught..." He let his words hang there in an unfinished threat. But it was almost like everything that the DCI was saying at this moment in time was wrong. It was almost like he knew they were heading in the wrong direction but that he didn't have any other direction in which to head.

"By the time we got to her last known location, there was no sign of her. The creepy thing is that the streets were deserted around that area. Fucking totally deserted so there were no witnesses. Mind you, it was pissing down with rain so, people were just indoors. It goes to show though sir, Pepper had her head screwed on to walk the route she did. It's like she had it all worked out and all she needed to do was be where she was." That was a plain clothes male officer. He had piped up from the back of the room and there was the silence that followed his words. "I don't get how this person can just 'vanish' nine female off the streets in plain sight without anyone seeing a single fucking thing. It's not right. Something isn't right. This is someone with a deep insight into how systems and infrastructure work. It's someone well informed and well capable." That was the WPC again. It was like she was thinking out loud. It was like she had spent hours trying to work out what had gone wrong. And now all she was doing was speaking out loud about what they had, which was fuck all.

"You know, what we haven't thought about, what no-one has mentioned yet?" The DCI again, and all heads turned to him. "This is so big, this is so not random, so blatant and with so many missing women and girls, that we might not be dealing with an individual at all. This could be more than one person. Yes the freak in the lit up hood that has been seen, and now heard via visuals and sound, is one person. But who's to say that he is working alone? Who's to say that there isn't more than one - two, three or four perverts out there taking our women and girls off the streets and doing fuck knows what with them?" He stopped speaking and it was like his words echoed around the incident room. "Do you really, like really think that is a possibility sir?" That was another woman officer, this time in plain clothes.

She was older, maybe in her forties, but she had seen service. She had probably seen sights and dealt with things that she would prefer to forget about.

“How the fuck do I know Lorraine? I’m saying we haven’t thought about it. No-one had mentioned it as a possibility so I thought I would.” The DCI sounded slightly impatient with the officer for asking the question but that was born more out of frustration and anger at himself that he had let this happen in the first place as opposed to being annoyed at her. “If you think about what MUST be entailed in taking a woman out of the picture altogether. If you think what needs to be arranged, organised and then orchestrated in a flawless fashion otherwise fuck ups will occur, and then times that by eight, or by nine now and you have one clever son of a bitch out there somewhere. The thought that there could be an individual THAT clever, defies any kind of logic and is a reason for concern. This suggests the perfect crime. Correction, it suggest perfect crimes, nine of them, and one of them a police officer. We’re not dealing with a complete cunt here are we. Actually scrub my instructions to look for a nerd. It’s not a nerd, it’s a pervert. I’m convinced this is sexual and so it’s a pervert with skills. The worse kind of pervert and possibly one with an accomplice or accomplices.”

The DCI stopped talking again. His mind was doing cartwheels and he was having difficulty in thinking in a logical way about anything. Right at this time he was plagued by images in his mind about what Pepper could be going through right at this point. These women and girls were obviously taken for a reason. They could not have been murdered because the killer would want them to be found and now that he had seen and spoken to the abductor to a point, he was convinced that this sicko would want to show off. That he would want to show what he was capable of. And the DCI had in mind that there was some kind of finale to come from this person. That he was in the process of collecting these female now, and he was keeping them somewhere ready for the finale that would be revealed at some point in the future. The only thing that really disturbed the DCI was what exactly these women and girls, and his own DC was going through in the meantime. And then of course there was the question of how many women and girls would this sicko want to collect before the finale was revealed.

This case sure had more questions than answers at this point. In fact, apart from the weirdo in the lit up hood they had nothing - absolutely nothing. Fuck all - zilch!

That was the thing though. That was what the DCI had in his mind and somehow he had to convey this to the rest of the team. He had to prepare them for a long game. There had been the hope, however slender, that with DC Reed undercover that they would somehow stumble across the break they needed, or god forgive that she deliver them the abductor lock stock and barrel. But now it was not going to be like that and the DCI needed to make sure the team were ready for the work, for the hours and again god forbid, for the tragedy that could be the result of this whole thing. How did he do that? He would have to pull on resources from forty odd years in the force. He would have to recount things from the past that he would rather forget. He would have to try to get past this the best he could. But in the first instance he would have to be honest with the team. He would have to say it as it was. He would have to simply spell out what they could be dealing with, versus what they hoped they would have to deal with in closing and solving this investigation. One of their own was missing now, and it was all bets off. The DCI needed to assure each and every one of the team that they would do whatever it took to bring this case to a successful ending. But then what was 'successful' in the constraints of this case?

“Did the lab come up with anything when they tried to unscramble the altered voice of this cunt?” The DCI was looking directly at a young male officer in plain clothes. He had been tasked with working with the lab. “Not a thing sir. They are saying it could be a male or female voice. They are not saying either way because they don’t know. They just don’t know. But they are staying on it.” The DCI gritted his teeth, not because of what the young officer said but because of the fact that they still had nothing, not one single answer. “For fucks sakes, all that gear they’ve got up there and they can’t unscramble a voice. Fucks sakes.” It was something that was getting to him. All of the dead ends, all of the non-answers.. “Ok, so we’ve got another location now. An actual location like Brenda Tavistock. Up to when she went missing we had nothing, not even an exact location. Now we have two. Looking at the map, the location Brenda went is about a three minute car ride from where Pepper vanished. So I don’t know if anyone here has

any other ideas, but I would think if we concentrate on the area between the two locations. It still makes sense that he is keeping the missing females in a place within this area. It makes sense to start with the immediate area - the area of the abductions.”

“I cannot help thinking this cunt has let these locations be known deliberately. Like it’s part of his game. Like it’s part of the torment and the angst that this person likes to inflict. I have a feeling that this shithead ‘likes’ doing what he’s doing. I have a feeling that he likes fucking with people’s heads. He didn’t say much when he did speak to Pepper’s cam, but what he did say was enough. And anyway, if she was standing there with him talking to me through the cam why the fuck didn’t she say something or do something? It looked like this cunt was on his own then - she maybe might have been able to disturb him in some way.” And again the DCI sounded frustrated. “She might not have been able to sir. She might have been, or probably was disabled in some way. I mean it looked like he had control when he spoke to you. It didn’t look like, or sound like he needed to seal any deal. It was like that particular part of the deal was already sealed. I think the only thing that could have put him off his stride was if a car or a pedestrian had come wandering into his scene of crime and we already know that didn’t happen.”

That was Lorraine, the older female officer. She was talking sense. She always talked sense. She had been with the DCI a long time. “That’s right Lorraine, ‘she might not have been able to’. I had a feeling that if she could have, Pepper would have screamed the fucking place down. I have a feeling that she would have tried to tackle this person herself and if, for whatever reason she couldn’t then she would have screamed the place down. But she didn’t and I have to wonder why she didn’t or couldn’t. What was this shithead doing to her, or what had he done to her? You know team, I hate bringing this up, but these women and girls all of them could be already dead. We don’t know. Its playing out like a game but to keep nine human beings under control and concealed from outside eyes, will take a lot, and I mean a lot of resources. What’s to say that he hasn’t killed them already and is just making it look like he has them somewhere? All part of the sick cunt’s game?”

The DCI stopped and looked at each one of the team in turn. In a way he was preparing them all, everyone one of them for the worse. But as well, this was a sign that the abductor was preparing him. He was being prepared as well for the total and complete mind fucks that the abductor wanted to inflict on him. In a way he was passing on what the abductor was giving to him. As he spoke one would be able to see the facial expressions and the demeanour of every single one of his officers changing. Like a cloud coming over their faces. The shifting and the shuffling in the chairs. The officers standing shifting their weight uncomfortably as though they didn't like what they were hearing. As though they didn't like it at all. "So, the point is, we concentrate on the two vanishing points and between those two vanishing points. Check out vehicles, see if they have dash cams that might have recorded any movement. Knock on every single door with the possibility in mind that it could be the house that these women and girls are being held in. Remember, some of these houses down that part of the suburbs are big. A lot of excavated basements etc etc. Don't treat this as a normal house to house. It's far from that. Get in and get under the skin of the people, without letting on too much. We don't want a big panic on our hands. Anything, and I mean anything suspicious at all, document it, and record it and keep me informed."

One again the DCI stopped talking and looked at his team. Sometimes it was like his mind wandered out of focus but then it would snap back in again. "And I know that it's probably a waste of time going down the CCTV route because this cunt knocks it out when it matters the most. But let's do a sweep on all CCTV in the area, before and after the event and see if there is anything, anything at all. Maybe a vehicle on the streets that looks out of place. Maybe even a private household CCTV that's focussed on the drives, or the road and that isn't part of the city's infrastructure and that wouldn't have been knocked out at the critical time. That could hold something, a slight hope, no matter how slight." And he stopped talking again like he was letting his words be absorbed by the team. This DCI had hoped that he would fade into retirement quietly and that barely anyone would notice his departure. But that wasn't going to happen now. Probably, the DCI was more focussed now than he had been on any case in his career. There was this determination in his eyes. Those who had worked with him

had never seen this before. And those seeing it for the first time were almost startled by the DCI's focus and demeanour.

“Sir, I know probably this is way off the mark and a stupid thing to even suggest.” And the young WPC hesitated. “Spit it out, I’ll take anything right now, anything.” And the DCI was looking right at her. “Do you think if someone else, maybe me, went undercover.....” And the rest of her words were drowned out by the noise of abject horror in the incident room. The DCI didn’t quell that horror he let it ride out. It could have been that his silence in the first instance was a sign of him considering that very possibility. “That is very kind, very kind of you to suggest it. But hell will freeze over before I let another officer out there undercover. It’s not going to happen. Thank you for the offer. And I can tell you, that on the face of it, it would be a good thing to do. Now we have a more precise area and a more precise way of how this cunt works, we could learn from our mistakes and we could maybe make it work. But there is no way the powers that be upstairs would sanction it.”

And there was this silence that followed the horror of the suggestion. And for a long time no-one said anything. Maybe in his mind that would be the ideal thing to do - send another officer out there. But in his mind also was the fact the abductor seemed to know that DC Pepper Reed was out on the streets. As before has been stated, he was one step, at least one step, ahead of them. And there was another possibility that was creeping into the DCI's head. He had reasoned with himself, but kept it to himself. If this guy knew that Pepper was undercover on the street, how did he know? That pointed to some kind of leak. In his mind he had been kept awake by that very thought. It was a thought that he didn't like. It was something that unsettled him and kept his mind turning over constantly - and not in a good way. It was probably one of the reasons he established eye contact with the members of the team whenever he could - at least once a day. He was a copper and so he could pick things up. The DCI had been able to tell a lie being told before it was told throughout his career. It was his nose for the job.

But this was different. He kind of suspected there could be a leak but not that there definitely was one. It was just another thing he was unsure of.

Like he was unsure of so much in this case. It was just another thing he had to deal with in his mind. Never the less, it was a real possibility that someone in this room was part of this case. He couldn't discount it, and he couldn't let it go. Once again he tracked each of the team in turn - just to see if he could spot something, anything. Of course he never did. He had to assume that this person, this abductor whoever it was, was so clever that if there was a leak employed or a part of the crime, then he or she would be so well buried, so well versed and so 'non-suspicious' that they would never be caught. But still it turned over in his mind. It wouldn't stop turning over in his mind - it never would.

In a way, just like it was down to him to suggest the worse could have already happened in these women and girls already being dead, it was down to him to suggest that there could be a leak. How the fuck did this cunt know that Pepper was out there? And he did know. There was no doubt that he knew. But why hadn't one, not one single member of the team come up with the possibility that there could be a leak? But then, how would anyone do that? No-one wanted to think or accept that there was a dirty officer in the ranks, and then of course not one of them would want to 'warn' any dirty officer that might exist that they were onto them. It was just left for the DCI to mull over. And he had to do that - he had to mull it over. "Ok guys, let's get on this and meet back here same time tomorrow morning." The DCI clapped his hands, a sort of motivational clap that got the team up and running. And very slowly the incident room emptied.

# Chapter 10

## **DC Pepper Reed - a work in progress**

This woman, this abductor would have known that the DCI and the whole team were way off the mark and that they were that way by her design. But she would have also known that he would be thinking, that he would be running off all sorts of scenarios in his mind about how this could be happening on his watch. This was a woman who was one step ahead of the special crimes unit. Exactly how she was one step ahead was not something that was immediate obvious. It wasn't clear how this leather clad, stiletto heeled bitch could be this far ahead of an investigation. She knew that the team would have been experienced and skilled. She knew that the possibility would be even now running through the DCI's mind that there was a leak in the unit. That this wasn't an abductor who was working alone and that there had to be more to this than at first met the eye. She smiled to herself when she thought of the chaos she was causing. And she smiled that red lipsticked smile even wider when she thought about how the team, the elite, weren't even close to solving this case. And she smiled even more again when she thought about the havoc she had yet to cause, but would. This was a woman, a twisted woman who had plans - who had big plans and she was on target to achieve them. She was on target to achieve what she needed to achieve and as far as she was concerned there was nothing that anyone could do about it. It was almost like she was a loose cannon. Except that she was a calm rational close canon, and they were the worse.

“You see DC Pepper Reed, I have this theory about police officers in general - but a theory about policewomen in particular. That they would

make excellent waste disposal units. A little bit of work, a little bit of adjustment and immobilisation here and there and they can do the work of a domestic waste disposal unit.” The woman, however educated and intelligent she sounded, also sounded like a nut job - that is a complete nut job. What the fuck was she even talking about? Her words were filtering into Pepper’s mind and they were tumbling round inside her psyche as though unable to settle. It was like this woman didn’t want to reveal the contents of her mind, or her intentions all at once. Like she wanted and needed to make what she was saying a big riddle - like she was having her own brand of fun. Like she was having her own kind of special fun.

Pepper was suspended now. She was suspended over a deep pit by her bounds wrists. But that suspension was not the end game for her. She was held up high by a hoist in preparation for something else. She didn’t like being suspended over this pit because the immediate thing that came to her was that she was going to be buried alive. If that was the case then it would explain why none of the others had been found. It explained why no sign of any of the others had been found. And now Pepper had to consider that she was about to die - that she was hanging over a deep square pit in a concrete floor. Maybe she was about to be buried alive in concrete and she would never be found, ever. Except it wasn’t quite like that.

“But then DC Pepper Reed, you came along and I got to thinking that a straight up waste disposal unit is not a fitting future for you. Chewing up and swallowing all that household waste. Mmmm no that isn’t you. BUT - DC Pepper Reed the Human Toilet, MY Human Toilet, now that has a ring to it. That has the kind of ring to it that turns me on.” And in fairness it did sound as though this abductor was aroused even through her intelligence and lack of accent. And again the words tumbled into Pepper’s psyche. Now this young officer was more than sure that she was in the company of a complete head banging nut case. And even more, she was more than aware now that she might not get through this ordeal alive. She was thinking that the team were so far off the track of her that they would never find her. That they would never solve this case. As much admiration as she had for the DCI she knew that he would be so far off this time that he couldn’t possibly pull it back - or not in time anyway.

And there was that other thing as well. She knew this woman - well, she didn't 'know' her but she had met her before. She was sure that she had met her before - there was just something familiar about her. She had recognised her in the street, past the lights that lit up the hood and she had recognised her when she revealed herself in her entirety at this place - wherever this place was. The leather and the heels and the fetish makeup and the way the abductor presented herself was throwing Pepper off a little bit but she knew that she had come across this woman before. That was something that she simply knew. And that fact was making her wrack her brains. For some reason she was bypassing the absolute danger that she was in and it was like if she remembered who this woman was then somehow this predicament would go away and it would all be ok again. It was probably the wrong way to think, it was more than likely the wrong mindset to be in but she couldn't help it. She felt the fear and she felt danger, but she also had this thing in her mind that 'if' she worked out who this woman was, then it would be all ok again. Wrong!

“What the fuck are you even babbling on about you cunt of a bitch? You know when they catch up to you, you are going away, in a secure mental unit for a long, long time.” Pepper was angry but she was frustrated as well. She would have known that to anger this woman, or wind her up was not a good thing to do. This was a woman who was unhinged, at best, as it was and so to anger her would not be a good thing. But that was just it, she was not angered. She simply smiled. “You're going in the pit and you are going to be 'plumbed in' as a 'toilet'. MY toilet. Now I know you are young and I know you are relatively inexperienced DC Reed, but I also know you are not stupid enough to not be able to work out what that means for you. It means when I relieve myself, my bladder, and my bowels, you consume what I expel. It's really not that difficult. I actually believe because of the career that you chose, you DESERVE to consume my wastes on a day to day basis. You DC Pepper Reed are the cunt, not I.”

And there was this almost taunting, manic manner to the way that the abductor spoke. Pepper was hearing the words and she was computing them but it was taking a little time for her to process them in the right order. It was taking her a little time to get a grip of what she was hearing. The team had come to the conclusion that it was some sort of sexual fetishist that they

were looking for. But they couldn't have come up with this not even if they tried. This was a mature woman who, albeit clad in leather, high heels and makeup, was intelligent and super confident in what she was saying. And it was because of this that she crept Pepper out to the max. In Pepper's mind this was a bona fide nut case that had taken her from the street. This was a woman who was disturbed at best, but at worse was some kind of psychopath. Except she was not a psychopath in the murderous sense - she was a psychopath in the fetish crime sense. And as Pepper computed those words she was coming to realise what they meant. It would be safe to say that as Pepper waited suspended above that pit, she was realising that she was in more danger than she could ever have imagined. She thought she had gone through all the worst case scenarios in her mind and with the DCI - but she hadn't. This was worse. As far as she was concerned there was no worse predicament that she could have been in than this.

“Look please, please can't we just talk about this? You obviously have issues and we can talk. You and me can talk about this, just get the help you need and we can go through it all together. I promise you'll get the help you need, I promise?” Pepper was still suspended above that pit but she was getting worn down now and every so often her long, stockinged legs scissored open and then closed again. She felt vulnerable - but she felt afraid even more. The abductor laughed softly. “Ah yes, you'll get me the help I 'need' in that secure mental unit you were on about earlier right?” She was simply reminding Pepper about what she had spat at her in anger a little while ago. “I'm sorry, I was angry. I didn't mean that. I promise you, I promise you that I will make sure you get the best help. I promise.” Pepper had been immediately regretful of what she had said in anger. But the thing was that she wasn't even that convinced now that this woman was a candidate for a secure unit. On the face of it, of course, she was unhinged and a little disturbed. But take away the leather and the heels and the lipstick, and let this woman walk out of here in normal dressed down clothes, and she wouldn't get a second look in the street. She was an attractive mixed race woman. But one wouldn't think nut case. She didn't 'act' like a nut case - not outwardly at least. She would blend in, and vanish in plain sight despite what she had done and was doing here.

“Where are the others? Tell me where the others are, let me go and I’ll write it up as you handing yourself in and that will be taken into consideration when they sentence you. I promise I will look after your best interests.” To hear Pepper talking one would think she was more mature than her years. She was putting her training to good use. Part of that training had been hostage situations and quelling explosive situations. She had just adapted what she learnt to this situation. What she really wanted to do was get loose and give this woman the kicking she deserved. Maybe she would get the chance to do that at some point. But right at this point she was at the mercy of this woman. The abductor laughed softly again, almost a ‘chuckle’. “The deep, and I mean deep shit you are in and you want to know about the others. I like that DC Pepper Reed, I like that. I know you want to know about the others, I know that. But this is the policewoman in you isn’t it. This will be the empathy in you, and the bit that makes you want to make the difference.”

And Pepper was sufficiently calm now, sufficiently frightened but calm at the same time to process the words she was hearing and it came to her in a flash. The woman - she knew who she was! It was the woman from the interview panel when she had joined the force - the strict severe one and the one who had asked all the questions. That came to her like an electric shock and it was a shock for more than one reason. It was a shock because she had begun to think that she was mistaken and that she hadn’t known her at all. But now she knew who she was and it was a complete shock to her total system. This woman was, or had been in the police herself. She had been on the right side of the law. And as Pepper hung there, swinging waiting to be lowered into that pit, she wondered if she should let it be known to the abductor that she knew who she was.

The thing was that this woman hadn’t hid who she was. She hadn’t disguised herself at all so the chances of her caring if she was known or not were pretty nil. But then was that the case? If Pepper let her know this now, would this anger her? If she hadn’t been intending to murder her before, if Pepper let her know who she was, would that change? For now at least she had to keep this to herself. She had to play along with this woman. She had to wait, or look for an opportunity to bring this to an end but that wasn’t when she was hoisted up over a pit in the floor. And this needed to be

processed more by Pepper as well. She needed to think about this more. Now that she knew who the abductor was - now that she knew what she knew it changed everything. And now she knew that the team, the special crimes unit would be looking in the complete wrong direction. There would have been no way that the DCI would have thought this could be an inside job like this. He might have thought there was a leak somewhere, whether inadvertent or deliberate. But there was no way that the team were anywhere near finding her, or cracking this case. It was just a fact that the team were chasing shadows right at this time. That was something that Pepper just knew.

“No DC Pepper Reed, I’m going to tell you what is going to happen and you are going to listen. You’re going into that pit, and I am going to do things to you, attach things to you, put tubes inside you and place you in a precise positions such as you are able, and ‘forced’ to act as my toilet. Don’t worry about the acting part, you won’t have to act, everything will be done for you. It will be all done for you, even your ‘swallowing’ will be as though it’s automatic. I think, because a pretty little thing like you chose to be a policewoman, you deserve this Pepper, I mean you really deserve it.” And there was this few seconds, split seconds even that calmness in this woman slipped and she was talking between gritted teeth. Not quite grinding gritted teeth, but slowly gritted teeth. And there was this tone to her voice that was more than a little disturbing. But then the calm was back again.

Pepper was calm as well though and she was listening to the words and she couldn’t comprehend, even though she was hanging over this pit, existing in the way this woman described. What the abductor was saying was so gross, so horrible and so fucked up that it was like it wasn’t part of the normal everyday world - what the fuck had happened to this woman? For DC Pepper Reed it was becoming like a parallel universe that she was existing in. What the abductor was saying she was going to do was something that surely could not be done. Surely she was using these words in this order and in this tone just for effect. It did beg the question about what she had done to the others. There had to be questions about what she had done with all those girls and women. Pepper kind of understood that she was a policewoman and so this was the reason that she was here. But

what about those others. What in the eyes of this clearly disturbed woman, had a sixteen year old or a thirty eight year old done wrong to deserve what they had got? But then what had they got? There were no answers.

There was this ratcheting noise as Pepper was lowered and it was the motion of her being lowered that made her shriek out loud and high pitched. That had been the first time that Pepper had anywhere near 'lost it'. It was just the fact that things had moved so quickly. Her being out undercover, that undercover being cut drastically short by the abductor herself, and then her waking up in this poorly lit place. That orgasm she had been given, and then the being hoisted up like this, and then the realisation of who this woman was, and that she had been in the police herself. And the explanation, or the hint at what was in the future for her. The knowledge that the team would be nowhere near to solving this. And now the motion of her being lowered nearer and nearer to that pit in the floor. It was all a little bit too much for the twenty three year old and she let out this little shriek.

“I know, I know exactly what you’re feeling Pepper. But that will pass. I think it will pass when you realise finally that you are not going to be murdered. You have all this fear and unknowing inside you now. But once I get underway here, preparing you, and you know that there are things worse than death in the world, you’ll go into this calm state. You won’t believe that you could be so calm, but you will bask in that calmness. And you will process everything that is happening to you because that is all you will be able to do.” And that was the thing. This woman was speaking as though from the viewpoint that she knew exactly what Pepper was going through at this time. And that would have been more disturbing for Pepper because the abductor was so right. Pepper was being forced to face her fate now. Up to now it had all been a shock to her system. Up to now she had been a policewoman on a case that she fully intended to solve. But now she was a victim of this woman, she was a victim of this abductor and she was being faced with the fate she had been told was waiting for her.

She let out a sob as her feet began the descent into the pit. Foolishly Pepper tried to lift her legs, fold them at the knees as though that in itself would stop her being lowered into the pit, but she was acting on instinct. She soon got the futility of that and let her legs down again. “When you

touch solid ground Pepper darling, just kneel. Fold those fabulous legs of yours and kneel.” And there wasn’t even a microbe of concern in this woman for what she was doing to this young officer. And the way she addressed Pepper as ‘darling’ was another bizarre twist in how this woman acted. She was like a split personality and those personalities came through in her facial expressions. One had to wonder what this woman’s story was for her to be doing what she was doing here. What could have happened to her, or how had she been wired up in her mind for her to go about taking nine innocent women and girls from her streets and do what she was doing? This abductor was acting in the realms of a deeply perverted and deranged man - but she wasn’t a man. There would be less shock, still shock yes, but less shock, if this was a man doing what she was doing. But because it was woman on other female abduction, and then this deviancy being applied, it made it more shocking than anything.

# Chapter 11

## DC Pepper Reed - the exhibit

Pepper could have been described as an 'exhibit' but she was the most bizarre, frightening exhibit that surely existed. She was kneeling in the pit but her head was above ground. Her head forced back and secured that way. That pit then fitted with a thick clear glass ceiling that formed part of the flush floor of the warehouse place she was in. It had been fitted in two parts and it formed her 'collar' as well. Her head locked through a hole in the glass and then pulled back so that she was looking up. Inside the pit she was kneeling just like she had been told to do as she was lowered. And her knees were spread wide and secured to the sides of the pit. Short lengths of chain had been used and those chains conveyed the totally immobilised state that her knees were in. Like once they were spread and secured, they stayed like that. And her arms had been brought behind her - all the way behind her so that her shoulders were forced back and her breasts forced to thrust out.

Her arms were bound. First her elbows had been cinched in closer and closer until they touched. When that had happened she had screamed out. She had screamed out loud. "Sssshhhh Pepper darling, that pain will go soon and you'll be numb to it." And then her wrists were bound in a way that saw her hands forced back to back in the reverse prayer. Her hands and her arms had then been pulled out parallel and secured by identical gauge chains to the back wall of the pit. It had been before the glass floor or lid had been fitted to that pit that the true horror of Pepper's bondage became apparent. Tubes were slid up inside her and inflated. Effectively she was sealed via both her anus and her vagina. Those tubes vanishing through the sides of the pit, and into the drainage system - and for good measure, lethal looking spring loaded crocodile clips had been attached to each of her erect

nipples. The leather clad abductor had taken time out to make sure that those nipples were at their most bloated and most erect by caressing them, and pinching them lightly. And then she had sighed as she heard the teeth of those clips piercing the delicate nipple flesh of Pepper, with little 'click click' sounds - she had smiled that lipstick smile of her's at the sight of little droplets of blood. But she hadn't been satisfied with that - Pepper's labia had been pulled down, clipped with similar clips and then stretched down secured to the floor of the pit via micro ratchets. These clips, along with her arms ensured that she was in constant discomfort and severe pain. And from her labia, again little droplets of blood that seemed to make this woman smile more.

Those tubes, into her bladder, and bowels forming the plumbing and controlling her own toileting. Pepper's mouth would form the base of the toilet, or it would once the glass bowl was lowered into place. But first, Pepper's mouth needed to be opened and it had to remain open. And so some form of dental clamp was used. It had been inserted into her mouth and then adjusted so that Pepper's mouth opened wide and stayed like that. And that dental 'gag' and her upturned face would form a mortifying sight for anyone who might see it. The almost surreal and inhumane sight of DC Pepper Reed with her mouth open and ready to 'receive'.

And then the glass toilet above her! At first it had just been Pepper's head through that thick glass plate, and held like that. Held back tight by her hair and secured like that with her mouth clamped open and her eyes bulging. It was bizarre - it was like an almost clinically clean scene. A female human head poking through a thick glass floor and pulled back. Like a scene from a Saw movie, only more so. And it was that glass floor and the cleanness of the lines of Pepper's head coming through it that hid the horror of what was below the glass, hid the bondage, and the torment of the bondage that Pepper was in. Above the glass, like above the water, it was all calm and serene, but below it was bedlam and hell all in one. Like the ducks floating serenely on the water but underneath it, they were paddling like fuck. Except Pepper couldn't paddle. She couldn't move at all. And if she tried, even if she thought about moving then her shoulders and her arms simply exploded into pain. And if she even spared a single thought for the crocodile clips that were biting into her nipples and labia then they hurt her

all over again. This wasn't Pepper in an impossible position - it was her in a tortuous one.

The all glass, toilet was lowered over Pepper's head carefully because it was heavy and it was such a precise fit. Her upturned head and her mouth formed the 'bend' in the pipework. Pepper's head could be seen through the thick glass clearly, and from above the toilet, looking down into it, the bottom of it, where there would be this U bend, there was Pepper's gagged and open mouth. And the sight in this warehouse environment just got more bizarre and more disturbing as it developed. That toilet was bolted to the glass floor and it was like some piece of the most disturbing and bizarre artwork that ever existed. At first it was the glass that caught the eye. But it was that glass that made the eyes look closer and closer. And when one looked closer like that the full obscenity of it was revealed. That head, Pepper's head inside the toilet. It was like a case of 'how did that head get in there?' You know, it was like how did the ship get in the bottle?

And one would get the feeling that the head in the toilet shouldn't be looked at, but that was only after it was firmly established that the head belonged to a female human being who was alive. And that was only possible by looking at the bulging eyes of Pepper. Those eyes filled with fear, and filled with something else that was not possible to define. Those eyes constantly flicking from side to side and rolling in their sockets. Only then would someone who might have stumbled on this scene feel the need to look away, to give this girl in the toilet bowl some privacy and maybe let her have whatever dignity she had left to herself. But then did she have any, even the smallest amount of dignity left? She was forming a human toilet. She was forming a 'functional' human toilet and that was too much for someone from a normal undramatic world to even comprehend.

But that was just the start of the reveal. That head in the toilet bowl looking up as though a chick waiting to be fed by its mother. But then closer more piercing looks through the glass floor to see the bondage that the girl was in. And the tortuous situation that she was forced to exist in. And at this point the torture would be evident, clearly evident. Her arms cinched at the elbows and forced back and secured to the back wall of the pit. Her knees forced wide and secured like that. And her nipples tortured

by those little spring loaded crocodile clips. And then an even closer look would be required to see the sex lips stretched and anchored to the floor of the pit by the clips and the little chains. It was like it was a crime scene that was revealing itself ever so slowly, ever so eventually, if that makes sense.

And this whole ‘exhibit’ exactly like that, an exhibit. It was as though it had been microscopically designed and implemented to show the suffering of the girl in the pit. And to show the purpose of why she was in the pit. She was there because she was a toilet. She was there because she was a human toilet. And once the mind got used to that fact, one had to wonder or question why she needed to be held in such a tortuous condition. Surely there was a way that she could perform as a toilet, however bizarre that alone was, without the torture? But no - the torture and the toilet went hand in hand because she was DC Pepper Reed, she was a policewoman who deserved this. She was a policewoman and young policewoman at that, who had been sent out to lure an abductor out of the shadows. And she had. And now she was where she was for the purpose she was there for.

“I know you can hear me Pepper, I know that you can hear every single word I am saying.” The abductor was towering over the pitted DC now and she was circling that toilet slowly on high heels. There was the noise of her metal tipped stilettos on the thick glass - a very different noise to those heels on the concrete stone floor of the warehouse. It was the noise of the high heels that would grate on the edge of Pepper’s nerves the most. That noise and the little ‘creaks’ of this woman’s tight leather pants. Pepper would be existing in some kind of agony that could only be imagined but she wouldn’t be forgetting, not yet at least, that she was also a police officer. The importance of her job would lessen, but for now it was with her. It was still with her. She was trying to comprehend how her and the team could have been so wrong about this case and yet been so right at the same time. There was no doubt that there was a sexual, fetish, deviance angle to this situation and to the abductor. But all the time they had all been convinced that it was a man. That it had to be a man because a woman could never do something like this. No former police worker could ever do something like this.

In her agony Pepper was trying to work out how the team would have little bits of information, and that all they had to do was fit it all together and they would be closer to solving the case. They wouldn't have enough to blow it apart, but it might have been enough to send them in the right direction. It might have been enough to just adjust the trajectory of the investigation that little bit - the little bit that was needed. She couldn't talk, or respond to this bitch so she didn't try. If she tried she would expend valuable energy and she needed all the energy and willpower that she could muster up. She needed to call on all of her fitness. And if anything Pepper was at the peak of her twenty three year old fitness. Instead she just had to try to focus, she just had to try to get through this thing. But there was more and more for her to contend with and to get through. There was more and more that her mind was having difficulty in coming to terms with. She had already accepted that this might not end well. She had already accepted that she was going to suffer in some way or another - and that she WAS suffering already.

“I think you DC Pepper Reed have worked out who I am right?” And that was something that came from the abductor that made Pepper hold her breath in shock. It was something that came out of the blue. There was this noise, like a hissing in of air as Pepper sucked it in through her gagged, open mouth. And then she held that breath. It was the only way available to her, to convey the shock she was feeling, that this woman now knew that she knew who she was. And Pepper was trying to work out what they meant for her. On top of everything else she had to deal with, she had to deal with new things. This new bit of knowledge in her mind that the abductor now knew her cover was blown. There had been an almost non-existent chance that this woman would let Pepper go BECAUSE she was a police officer. But now that most micro small of chances was gone surely. She couldn't let her go now. This woman wouldn't want to be caught, and put through the legal and judicial process. And it would only be Pepper who knew who she was. None of the others would know. So if anyone was going to be finished off, murdered in some horrific way that would remain unspoken, it was Pepper.

“I knew you'd recognised me. It was in your eyes. But I want you to know DC Reed, I don't mind that you know. I went into the police force

with the sole intention of fucking it up. I spent my time there, working my way up and into positions of authority and all the time I knew I was going to do this. That day, the interview, I knew you would be here with me at some point. Not straight away, but eventually. I had a plan to work to, a process to work through and I had to stick to that. But I knew that day that I would have a young female police officer rigged up as my own personal toilet and when I saw you, I knew it was going to be you. I actually semi-fast-tracked you to special crimes. You should be honoured, and grateful to drink, and feed from ME DC Reed.” It was all falling into place now for Pepper. This woman was mad. There was no doubt that she was mad. That she had something against the police - something against females in general. It had to be a general hatred because of the range of females that she had taken. Pepper let out a little sob as she let her breath go. She was in the company of a certified lunatic. Maybe she had not been certified yet, but she surely would be.

It was all throwing Pepper out again. Just when she thought that she might be able to get her head round what she had to deal with, something else was thrown into the mix and she was helpless, literally, to do anything about it. She was completely at the mercy of this woman. She was following her round as much as her eyes would allow. From her low vantage point in that pit, looking up at the leather clad, red lipsticked abductor she was finding hard to believe that this was going to end well. And now this woman knew that she knew who she was. When their eyes met, that is when the abductor looked down, Pepper tried to plead with her eyes. And this woman knew that the officer was pleading with her eyes. “I know, I know what you would say if you could. You’d beg me and plead with me to let you and the others go. I know and, you know, I ‘understand’ that. But it’s the fact that you are here helpless and begging with your eyes because you have no other way to beg available to you, that excites me. It excites me down here.” And to underline her point she pulled her fingers up between her leathered thighs and to her crotch and then she pressed them in.

That was another little piece of information for Pepper to process. That this woman was a sadist. She had underlined Pepper’s helplessness and then she had sexualised it. But the abductor had given away something else as well. She had given away that the others were still alive. She had spoken

about her, Pepper begging to let the others go. That meant that they were still alive. That they were being held somewhere. Then she was thinking that if she was going through 'this' what she was going through then what must the others be going through? This woman was a sadist - and she was a sadist with abilities and a degree of cleverness that could not be imagined. What must those poor women and girls be going through? But she was also thinking that now she knew that this woman was a sadist, everything she said and everything she did was for the purpose of feeding that sadism. Everything this stilettoed lunatic did was a thrill for her. The whole thing was sexual thrill for her. Everything!

"You're trying to work it all out aren't you DC Reed? You're trying to work out, what next? But that's ok, you do that. You try to work it all out. You won't be able to even though I know how clever you are. I knew how clever you were that day of the interview. But you won't work your way through this maze I promise you because there will be too much to distract you." And this woman was smiling down at Pepper. She was smiling as she was undoing the wide leather belt that was around her pants waist. And then as she was unbuttoning them and pulling them down her soft shapely brown thighs. "I need to urinate DC Pepper Reed." And it was like she used Pepper's full name and title as a way of reminding the young woman that she was in this predicament because she was a police officer. At first Pepper didn't really get what this woman was doing. It wasn't until she mentioned 'urinate' that the penny dropped and her eyes bulged open. She knew she was rigged up as a toilet, as HER toilet, but with everything else, with the pain she was feeling and the revelations that were being thrown at her, she was pushing that to the back of her mind. But now that very thing was being dragged to the fore again. This woman wouldn't do this, surely she wouldn't do it? Surely to god she wouldn't?

But that was just it - she would because she was a sadist. An extreme and perverted sadist. It was almost ritual like that she lowered herself onto the carved glass seat of the toilet, and then shifted around on it knowing that her behind and her panty-less sexuality were the only things that Pepper could see. Pepper inside was mortified. She thought about moving, she even tensed herself, but it hurt too much and so she screamed out through the wide open gag. And the abductor made her wait. It was clear that Pepper

would be pissed on, and that she would have to taste and swallow that urine. But there could have been this thing in her that was wanting to get it over and done with and then she would carry on wondering how she was going to end this nightmare. But the abductor made her wait. It was part of the torture. It was part of the torment that this woman could apply - it was all about the anticipation and the wait.

And waiting was one of the most effective tortures. And when she eventually let the contents of her bladder go, it was a gush. Pepper felt the first drip plop directly into her mouth, and that went straight down her throat and that made her shiver bodily - but then it was a gush. A pure gush of steaming yellow piss from the abductor and it was once she let go, she let it all go. And because of the design of the rig that Pepper was in, and because of the design of the toilet, there wasn't one drop of that urine that went anywhere else except into Pepper's mouth. And because her head was turned up, her throat went into an automatic swallow. Like a live 'flush'. No manual flushing was necessary. In a way she was being force fed the urine of a female sadist.

# Chapter 12

## Rewind - Victim 1 Gemma

Gemma's mum told her that if she smoked weed she would suffer from hallucinations. She had told her "stay away from that stuff, it'll do you no good. You won't be 'high' at all. You'll just end up seeing things, and getting paranoid. It will fuck you up so stay away from it." And she had been deadly serious. Gemma's mum never used the 'f' word unless she meant it, and she meant it then. But of course, if an adult, a proper grown up, like a parent tells an 18 year old not to do something - well, they're gonna make a point of doing it aren't they? There gonna make a point of doing the exact opposite of what they have been told, or what they've been 'advised'. Of course they are and it was no different with Gemma.

But then again to be fair, it wasn't the first time Gemma had smoked weed. The first time was not good at all and she had vowed not to do it again. If anything it had made her feel sick - very sick and it had done nothing for her. And as for making her high - that had been bullshit as far as she was concerned. And after that first time she hadn't touched it for a long long time. But when she went college, and in her exam year, she was in with students - and what do they do? They smoke weed and sometimes do other stuff, stronger stuff. But she had promised herself never to do the class A stuff. She'd conceded to doing weed again but that was more to fit in than because she needed to feel high. She'd pretty much decided, after that first time that she wouldn't ever get high, or even feel 'good'. She did it because of peer pressure. But she'd been wrong. Her expectations had been too high when she had smoked it the first time. Now it was like if she didn't 'try' to get high, that feeling of 'goodness' just came over her naturally. And she did feel good. She did get high. She just had to chill out and relax and just let the weed do its stuff.

On the night it happened - on the night she was taken she was high. It had been the best hit she'd got from weed ever. Maybe it was the best weed ever. She had been floating, and she had been giggling, and she had been happy. Yeah that weed was really something. Gemma, even though she was eighteen, she was still very much a child. Her mum had brought her up on her own, and she had done the best that a single parent could do. Gemma had done well in school, and then in college. Her results were good, she had everything to live for. Gemma was also an impossibly pretty girl. Even before she started to mature physically, she had the face of a Hollywood starlet. There was that feeling that she would make it big in some way. One could never be sure what 'make it big' meant. It was just that - this is what she was destined to do. She had almost pure black hair that was dead straight and long to the small of her back. She favoured leaving her hair straight, and loose but often as well, held it back in one of those high tight pony tails. And to be honest, that pony tail did it for her. It added an elegance to her, and it made her look striking. It did that because it added to her height, and the motion, the movement of that pony tail across her back as she walked, was something to behold. It was something that added this fluidity to the way she walked. When she wore her hair like that Gemma looked older, she looked more mature.

Gemma's mum had never had to, never needed to worry about her one and only. She'd brought her up well, and Gemma was on track to do well. The weed thing hadn't been a worry. Mum had known that Gemma would experiment regardless of what she advised. It was the nature of the beast for a teenager to experiment. And there had been the slight consternation, now that Gemma was mixing with the college and uni types, that she might come across the harder stronger stuff, but she never did. She might have, if she hadn't been taken. Or, correction, she might have if she hadn't simply vanished off the face of the earth. And that is what had happened - she had vanished and no trace left of her. It had been like she hadn't existed. She was the first of nine to vanish, so there was nothing to be out in the public domain. So as far as anyone was concerned, Gemma had just 'gone'.

It was a Friday night. the biggest night of the week for students. They'd get together in one of their student accommodation, smoke weed until they giggled and floated to oblivion and then move on to a club where they

would stay until the early hours of the Saturday morning. This Friday was no different. There had been that meeting at the student accommodation, there had been the weed and the drinking and then there had been the move to the club later. And it was about 2am when Gemma had decided that she'd had enough. "Look, I'm gonna head home, get some sleep, I'm beat." She had spoken to her best friend Milly. "You want me to make sure you get home alright. I'll come with you, if you like and come back. I'm not ready for my bed yet?" And Milly had started giggling from the first inhale of the weed and she hadn't stopped. She would grind to a halt later, just not yet. "Nah, it's cool, you stay here. I'll walk a bit and then just grab a cab. I'll call you later and we can meet up, do something, whatever?" And Milly had just giggled again and nodded. More like she would be out for the count later and Gemma wouldn't see her until Sunday. But that was cool.

It was a lovely summer night. Gemma was dressed in a way that her mother never approved of, but ignored because again Gemma was that age. She was all legs and stretch lycra dress. The heels were too high and there was far too much leg and flesh on view for mum's liking. But she accepted this is what the girls did. Gemma was in that phase and she would come out of that phase. Mum was convinced of that. For 2am it was still warm. Rather than that chilled early hours of the morning air, it was warm. The day had reach 33 degree, and even now it was in the high mid to high teens as Gemma just strolled without a care in the world. She felt good. The weed had done what it was supposed to do and she was floating - for the first time she was really floating. The trouble was, when that lit up hooded figure appeared in front of her, out of nowhere, her mother's warning of hallucinations and 'seeing things' was to the fore. Shit, the weed must have been stronger than she thought it was. She'd just been stopped in her tracks and hadn't known where the figure came from. She must have been hallucinating, right? Wrong!

Gemma didn't have time to do anything, or protect herself at all. Maybe she was so far gone down that road of thinking she was hallucinating that she didn't think this person could do her any harm, or wouldn't do her any harm. She had decided that she would walk home. All the way. Sure it was a warm night, but the walk was long. But Gemma knew the city she'd grown up in. She knew the short cuts and she just knew the streets. This

street was deserted, empty. There wasn't a single light on in the row of big detached houses. There literally was no sign of life. That is there was no sign of life except for this figure who had come out of nowhere to confront her. She had giggled, as though she was trying to clear her head, or clear the effects of the weed altogether. And then she had tried to side step the figure. But the figure followed her, step for step. Gemma stepped sideways, as though to pass but so did the figure step sideways to block her. And the thing was that Gemma wasn't worried. She didn't think 'oh fuck I'm in trouble here'. She just didn't think like that, she just giggled. She stepped back the other way, sideways again but the figure followed her again. In effect that weird lit up hood just stayed in front of her the whole time and she couldn't get passed.

Who knows, maybe Gemma was still waiting for the effects of the weed to wear off or something. Maybe she was thinking this hallucination was one step too far for her and she'd never touch the stuff again as long as she lived because this was weird. It would be hard to say what was going through her mind at the precise time the clear plastic bag was slipped over her head and face. It happened so quickly, so smoothly - just so fast that she didn't really know what was happening. As far as she was concerned it was still an hallucination. As far as she was concerned she was still high. As far as she was concerned, this hallucination would just fade and dissolve away. Except it didn't happen like that and the first she knew anything was wrong, the first time she was being yanked out of that weed induced high was when she tried to breath and just managed to suck that plastic bag to her face instead. That was the first time she knew she was in trouble. And she did know she was in trouble by this time. And that figure was in front of her. It was tilting its lit up weird fucking head one way then the other. Like it was watching her through the plastic. It was actually watching through the plastic. It was watching for signs of realisation and it was watching for signs of a struggling for breath.

By the time Gemma was in a panic, it was too late. By the time she finally knew she was in a lot of trouble, it was too late. If she had been found and if she had been asked what happened, she wouldn't have known. Her story would have been a mixture of fact, and a weed induced bullshit. But she wouldn't be found and she wouldn't need to recount her story at all.

There was this confusion that was aligned with the panic as Gemma at first tried to fight what was happening to her. But then nothing. Just nothing.

And when she came too again the effects of the weed she had smoked was nil. She came too slowly and she was confused. She remembered the club, remembered leaving the club and walking. She remembered being happy. And then she remembered the figure and that weird lit up hood. That was when she pinged open her eyes. And that was when she realised that her head was still in the plastic bag. And that was when she panicked all over again. The trouble was that if she panicked like this, the air available to her was used up quickly and the bag just sucked to her face. She found quite quickly that if she stopped panicking, if she tried not to take those deep, deep breaths then the bag loosened around her face and she could breathe again.

“That’s right, you need to relax. Don’t try to fight it. If you do, you die.” And there was that electronically altered voice - the first time she’d heard it and it immediately crept her out. This was the first time she had come across anything like that. It would be difficult to say when exactly Gemma came too enough to decide that she didn’t want to be where she was now. She tried to talk but that used up the air and the bag just sucked into her face severely restricting the amount she could breathe so she didn’t try that again. At some point during this ensuing panic that was rising inside her, she realised she was standing and that she was naked. Her view of the world she was in now was through this plastic bag thing that was one over her head so it was semi in focus and semi out of focus. Somehow she worked out that she could take the fucking plastic bag off her head. All she had to do was lift her hands and slip off the bag and she would be able to breathe normally again. But when she did try to move her hands, they just snapped again the tightness of short chains. Her hands had been taken either side of her, around her hips and were cuffed to a vertical, thick wooden pole which was situated in the middle of a slightly raised plinth that she was standing bare foot on.

Likewise, when Gemma tried to move her feet, they too were cuffed and chained, this time to the base of this pole. Now she was trying to work out what was happening and why. Now the sleep had worn off to be replaced by

this confused panic. But she couldn't afford to panic too much because if she did that she would use up too much of the air. She tried to take a step back, in her mind. She tried constantly to see more through the plastic that was over her head and face. It was a big space that she was in - she got the sense of that. If she tilted her head slightly to look up, she would get the sense of the height of the space she was in because up high there were slightly out of focus slats in the walls and those slats, like windows were allowing in the light. That was another thought that came to her as her head cleared, that it was daylight out there now. It had been the small hours of the morning when she left the club, and now there were shards of bright daylight coming into this space and carving up the dimness of the space up high. What the fuck was going on?

Gemma wouldn't have understood that she was part of an 'exhibit'. That she in fact was an exhibit. A victim of an abduction from the street she had been innocently walking along, yes - she would get that. That would come to her very slowly and she would understand that. But she wouldn't get how she had been abducted as 'number one' in a series of an eventual nine abductions that would occur across the city. It was strange - Gemma was a girl who would have understood if she had been abducted and then raped. That was something that she would get. But this? She was on that raised plinth and it was as though she were a displayed work of art. It was as though she had been taken, stripped and placed on this raised plinth so she could be shown in her true light. Whatever her true light was. Naked - the naked Gemma was a beautiful image. Even that innocent nakedness, cuffed at the wrists and ankles to that pole, added an allure to her. But that plastic bag over her face and tightened around her neck - now that was something that she wouldn't get. That was something that wouldn't be got by anyone who saw this display - who saw this 'exhibit'. This had the hallmarks of an execution of some bizarre sadistic kind.

Gemma was too young to 'get it'. She was too young to understand the complexities of why she was where she was now. Too young to understand any person who could do this to her - or who could do it to anyone. And that was the point. Gemma was the innocent. She was the innocent who had been thrown into this situation and now she was a living work of art. It wasn't just about the image of this very young girl cuffed to this pole on

this raised plinth in this vast space that she had been brought to. It was about the 'living' image. It was about the 'story' of Gemma from this point on. It was about her waking from that semi sleep that had been induced upon her and it was about how she became aware of her surroundings and about the predicament that she was in. It was about how an sixteen year old girl coped with being out of her comfort zone. And Gemma was as far out of her comfort zone as it was possible for her to be. And it was about her learning to adapt to her new situation. It was about her dealing with the panic inside her mind and realising that she could not let that panic take over or she would die. And that was it, she had to come to terms with the fact that if she didn't deal with the panic, that if she let that panic win over then she could die. It was about Gemma coming to terms with the fact that she was at any time on the brink of death. That she could die. That if she didn't get a grip then, she could suffocate and die. And that was the point of her, as an exhibit of the abductor.

This was a lot for Gemma to deal with. A few hours ago, she had been floating and happy and she had her whole life ahead of her. And now this! Now she was on this raised plinth dealing with this. But she would never understand that as she was on that plinth, cuffed and her head bagged, she was being observed by the abductor. She was being closely observed and watched by the abductor. At some point she might wonder if this person, this man, would do things to her. She was naked after all and so all sorts of things would get through her mind. All sorts of things would filter in and out of her mind. This man had to be a pervert - a sick pervert who did things like this. And at some point, once he had got his kicks, he would uncuff her and take her down from that display when he would rape her. When he would fuck her. But she was supposed to be thinking like that. She was supposed to have all these things, these terrible things going through her mind. It was part of her story. It was part of her existence as an exhibit in this sick person's display.

Gemma wasn't a stupid girl. She wasn't not intelligent. In fact she was highly intelligent. But she would have been thinking that she had been taken randomly off the street. She wouldn't have thought not even for a split second that this person, this perverted man would have researched her, and would have been watching her for some time. And would have planned

her demise carefully and down to microscopic detail. She may become aware of this in due course, and that may be something that would add to the horror of what she has to contend with and adjust to. But the point of Gemma the exhibit was that she was innocent. She was starting her journey as exhibit one, as a complete and total innocent. Number one had to be young. She had to be of a certain mind set. And she had to be in that happy floaty place when she was taken. This was Gemma's world now. But although she was alone, she wouldn't be alone for long. For now though she was the complete exhibit and she was on that journey.

# Chapter 13

## Rewind - Victim 2 Samirah

Samirah was an accountant before she became an exhibit of the pervert abductor. A thirty two year old woman with flawless brown skin and yet a perfect American accent. Her parents had moved to the states from Pakistan when she was little more than two years old - thirty years ago. Her parents were still in the states but she had moved to London to finish her studies and embark upon her career as an accountant. She wasn't your typical accountant type. For a start she was breathtakingly beautiful. That flawless brown skin was something that was a base for the rest of her beauty, if that makes sense. And she didn't ever dress down and dowdy as an accountant might. Even her fitted pin stripe skirt suits were designed and worn to draw attention to this woman. Samirah was a woman who was proud of her heritage, proud of her culture but she was highly westernised. She had been brought up traditionally, with all of the traditional values of the culture she had been born into, but her westernisation had begun in the States and had carried on to another level when she reached London. She was a modern twenty first century Muslim woman who just happened to be breathtakingly beautiful at the same time. And she just happened to be an accountant - a senior lead accountant in a city finance house. When she dressed, she dressed to be noticed. She loved being looked at. She loved to flirt and she loved the thrill of the chase with that flirting and with those eyes.

She had been taken by the pervert abductor from the underground carpark of her own apartment block. She hadn't been taken from the street, although it had been dark, pitch black dark outside. This had been the first time the abductor would cut out CCTV. This was the first hack. Gemma might have been the first abduction but she might also have been the first mistake that he made. It was due to that abduction that the CCTV footage of

this person with the lit up hood had been seen and captured by the special crimes unit. Not that it had helped them. It hadn't helped them in the slightest. If anything it had simply added to the sense of hopelessness the entire special crimes unit felt and would feel throughout. But this time the CCTV covering the car park had been hacked and disabled. And it had been done in such a way that the security of the building, the security guards had no idea because, although the cameras had been turned off, it had been in such a way that what remained on the monitors in the control room were still images. To all intents and purposes it looked like those pictures were live and still being fed to the recorders when all that was being fed to them were still images from every single camera. This was very clever, very advanced hacking.

Samirah had been to a company dinner - an annual event - a big 'do'. And she had chosen to make the effort with how she looked and how she made up. It was a night time do and she could afford to go over the top a little bit both with dress and makeup. To say that she looked beyond stunning would not have been an overstatement. A cocktail dress that hugged her curves like a second skin. And nude nylons so sheer covering her legs that they were left shimmering. Her makeup was heavy, night time heavy and it made the best of her huge almond shaped eyes, her full lips and her naturally high, almost chiselled cheek bones. She looked breathtaking and she knew it. And because she knew it, she exuded confidence and elegance. The night had gone swimmingly, plenty of wine and champagne as was usually the case. Samirah had gone alone. She was a single woman, with no ties and no partner to account for or too. This told something of the fact the abductor did his homework and did his research before taking someone. This would be a simple one. It would be an in and out and it would be unseen because the hack for the CCTV in the car park had been put into place.

And that was it. There would be no clues as to Samirah's vanishing. There would be no footage of her arriving in her car. No footage of her getting out of the car and no footage of her abductor in the lit up hood. The only footage would be still footage. There would be the scratching of the heads because the footage would show no Samirah and no car. And yet there would be her car, parked up and locked. They would find it eventually

that the system had been hacked. And they would find earlier footage of a figure in a hooded top, but not lit up, and so it would be discounted. This would be a case of the abductor righting the wrongs, or correcting what he perceived as the mistakes from the first abduction. He would only perfect the techniques the more abductions he carried out. And if this person was anything he was a perfectionist.

“You have got to be kidding me. What the fuck have you come as?” That had been Samirah’s reaction when the lit up hooded figure appeared in front of her. She had squinted her eyes trying to see past the light but that was impossible. That lit up hood with the string of bright LED lights had been effective. A close look might reveal a little of the features, but not enough for any form of identification. “Your worst nightmare.” That had been the electronically altered voice and it was only on hearing that voice, that creepy voice that Samirah’s expression and her demeanour changed. There was something about that voice that she didn’t like. Something about what the voice said, or the way it was said. It could have been something said in jest. It could have been something she would have said herself - that was her kind of humour. But when this voice said that, it wasn’t a joke. There was nothing funny about it - nothing humorous. And it wasn’t accompanied by anything else. It was just these words and they left Samirah immediately unsettled. Unsettled to a point that she just gasped when the front of her dress was grabbed and in one, was ripped away spilling voluminous un’bra’d breasts into the chilled sub-basement air of the underground carpark. “What the fuck? You know there’s CCTV all over the place right?” She should have maybe been kicking this pervert in the balls, but that was shock making her appear to try to talk her way out of this. And it was shock that made her stand there and just watch as a small gloved hand crept up and slid over one of her breasts in a molesting type movement. But that was the last thing that she remembered.

When Samirah came to, that unsettled feeling, that disturbed feeling that she had in the car park was still there - only more so. And as every one of the abductor’s victims would find, their coming out of a sleep that had been induced somehow, it would be a slow realisation, a slow remembering and slow creeping dread that would take them and infest them. And now it was Samirah’s turn. She came to and her head felt slightly light. But wait a

minute! She couldn't move. She just couldn't move. It didn't take her long to realise that but it would take a bit longer for her to realise WHY she couldn't move. The first thing she tried to move were her fingers. She tried to curl her long slender finger into a fist, and open them again. That would have been the intention. And she did curl her fingers into that fist, but it was whilst she was doing that that she discovered that she wouldn't be able to move her hands, or her arms at all. They were behind her, and up high.

And then, then she discovered that she was on her knees. Yes she was on her knees but she was leant forward, all the way forward and there was pressure on one cheek. She was on her knees with her ass high, and her cheek pressed to something - something hard, and cold. And her arms and hands were behind her. Her arms had been brought together and bound until her elbows and lower arms touched. And then her wrists had been hoisted up high. So whilst her fingers and hands were free to an extent to curl and uncurl into those fists, it wasn't something that she wanted to do, because if she did this too much then the pain was there. The pain of having her arms up high behind her like that, and her elbows and arms together. It was one of the things that came to her more slowly - that pain that she was in because of how her arms and shoulders were. She tried to stay still. But the more that she came too, the more that pain made itself known.

She tried to lift her head, to move her cheek from that pressure, but she couldn't. When she tried to do that there was another source of pain that was kicking in. She couldn't move her head because it had been clamped into position with an industrial sized rubber, or latex band across her neck. That rubber band was anchored to the raised plinth that Samirah was on. It was becoming clear to her, in her mind that she was being held in some kind of excruciating position and that with any part of her that she tried to move, she found she couldn't. It was a slow realisation that was coming to her that she had been disabled entirely - that she had been immobilised entirely. There was this 'noise' that came out of Samirah's mouth but it wasn't a noise that made any sense. It wasn't talking, or crying, or even sobbing. Rather it was just 'a sound' - and that sound was accompanied by a ribbon of drool that exited her mouth and pooled around the cheek that was pressed to that platform that she was on.

She tried to move her knees. She had the sense that her knees were wide apart and it was natural for her to want to close her legs - to bring her knees together. That was natural thing for her to want, or for her to try because of the dignity involved. Around about the same time she came to realise that she was naked, completely naked, although there was a sense that her stockings had been left on her. And there was a further sense that her feet were still arched inside the high heels that she was wearing. This gave this thing a sexual feel to it. It had the sense of being some sort of fetish, sexual crime happening. And yet at the same time not. What was happening or what had happened was that Samirah had been placed in this inescapable bondage, this excruciating bondage and she had been placed in a humiliating and in a degrading position. This was a beautiful, professional woman who had been taken and disabled and then placed in this 'pose' on this raised plinth. It was as though she had been taken in order to degrade her.

Very slowly Samirah was realising how she was being held. She couldn't move her arms, and she was pinned down by her neck so she couldn't move her head. She couldn't close her stockinged knees because they were anchored and secured as wide as possible. And now, now that this poor woman was becoming used to what she was discovering slowly, she was feeling a pressure on the base of her spine. At the base off the curve of her spine, there was downward pressure from something, an appendage, or a pole, that accentuated and enforced the curve and the thrust of her ass backwards. There was this sense that she was being exhibited and that her ass, and what was looking back from between her legs was the focal point of Samirah. This was what the focal point of her degradation was. It was like this abductor, this person was making up a collection of women and girls and with each and every one of them, there was a point, a point of degradation - a point of utter humiliation that he was inflicting on them. There was no 'rape' as such. There was no non-consensual intercourse with the abductor, so there was no rape, as such.

But there was penetration. As slowly as it had been for realisation to come across Samirah, so also had the true shock been slow to come home. And it was only as she was feeling that pressure on her spine for the first time, or as she was becoming aware of it, that she also realised that her

anus, her asshole was stretched open around something and that something was deeply embedded inside her anal tract. She could confirm that this is what she felt by trying to 'squeeze' her anal muscles. When she did that she got the pain, the absolute pain of having been stretched and penetrated like this. The more she became aware the more she realised that her anus must have been stretched very, very wide. And that what she was impaled on, was very very deep inside her. When she realised that, she did sob out. This was a woman who had been taken out of her comfort zone. This was a world that Samirah had never been involved with. Nor did she know that such a world existed. She would have been dealing with shock now. The more she came to realise how she was being held and what was happening to her, the more the shock set in. And it was that shock that was the most debilitating of all.

The point of Samirah as an exhibit was 'anal violation'. There was no attention paid to her impressive hanging breasts, other than the nipples had been clipped and pulled down and fixed to that platform - not because that was necessary but because it furthered the degradation that was being inflicted. The biggest point of her being where she was, was so that her anus, and her anal tract all the way to her colon could be penetrated and violated. And this was being facilitated by the appendage that was inside her also being secured to a 'fucking machine' placed behind her. This fucking machine an intricate part of the 'display'. Part of the design and part of the implementation of this woman's degradation. Her sexuality, ignored, totally ignored and the fat, anal appendage oiled, like the hole it was going to be slid up so that there was no resistance.

It wasn't about forcing this thick, long appendage into the back entrance of this woman. It was about just doing it, it was about getting it in there first and foremost. It was about there being no resistance and the oil ensured there was no resistance. Or it was about there being no ability to offer any resistance. By the time Samirah woke up, by the time she became aware of her surroundings, or as aware as she could be, that thing was up inside her and was nudging up against her colon. But that was the thing. It wasn't fucking her yet. Not really. There was no movement there, not yet. It was as though the abductor wanted and needed Samirah to be awake and aware before he started off that fucking machine. It was as though he could have

started the process when she was out of it and asleep but he didn't want to. He wanted maximum impact of her being awake, being aware that she had been impaled and then, made aware of the full length fucking motions that the machine had been set up to deliver.

There was a point, just before that fucking machine was sent on its relentless fucking action that the abductor appeared. He wanted to make sure that Samirah, just wanted to make sure the time was right. Samirah would have known he was there - or would have known someone was there. But she couldn't move enough to see properly. There would have just been flashes of something, of someone. "Please, please..." Samirah would have got those two words out as a precursor to begging to be allowed to go home now. And as a precursor to being violated more. And that would have been the sign that he looked for - the sign of that awareness. If she was aware enough to begin the begging process, then she was ready to be violated more. She was ready to feel that thick appendage slip in and out of the depths of her anal tract. And when it did start, when the abductor did flick that switch, there was the buzz of live electrics and then the little whine of a micro motor that would drive the appendage in and out. And then there was the cry, an almost sadness drenched cry from Samirah as she felt that movement.

It wasn't even a cry. It was more like a groan of further deeper realisation that she was being further violated. Like she knew that she had been violated already but that this was a step to far. To feel that thick, vein ridden, penis like appendage being slipped in and out of her in this way was something that this person didn't have to do. It was like all of the shock and all of the degradation was hitting her at one time. That everything before it, her slow waking and realisation was consigned to the bin, and now there was this 'wall' of degradation hitting her all at the same time. There was that intense and magnified realisation that she could feel this thing moving inside of herself. Inside her anal tract. And that would have been the biggest degradation for a woman from Samirah's culture. The sensation, the feel of it inside her moving deep, and then withdrawing, and then sliding deep again. The pressure of the blunt end pressing against her colon, making her suck in breath and then release it.

This was a case of this woman having to deal with everything all at once. She was having to contend with everything all at once. She was having to deal with the shock of being taken, and the overall predicament that she was in, and she was also having to cope with the invasion of her most private place. And it was like as this appendage was moving in and out, in and out, that it was also underlining the fact that this was her most private place. Or one of her most private places. There would have been a time when she would have understood it if she had been raped by this person. If she had been raped then it was like there would be an excuse or a reason for it to affect her so badly. But she wasn't being raped, she was simply being mechanically violated, anally. And that was what she was not coping with very well. That was what was working to break her down. And there was this feeling, the sense that it was the intention of the abductor to break this particular woman down. That this was the purpose of this particular 'exhibit' - that she be taken on a journey that would eventually break her completely. And the fact that she was being relentlessly fucked, anally by this machine whilst the abductor looked on, would ensure that the objective was met. And this was Samirah's journey just beginning. Soon her anus would prolapse but the mechanical fucking would continue.

# Chapter 14

## Rewind - Victim 3 Selina

Selina hadn't had it easy. In her twenty five years she had seen and experienced drug addiction and prostitution, and because of this history it seemed particularly cruel that she end up as another exhibit, another victim of the abductor. She was a black girl who was not privileged in any way, shape or form. She had come up through life the hard way. She had come through life at base level. She had been born, to a drug addicted mother, in a stairwell of a high rise apartment block in one of the worse parts of the city.

She had come from an area that had been a no go area for police for a long time. It wasn't quite like that these days, but at one time, there'd been this sense of 'no-go' for police and civilians alike. The drug dealers and the pimps had ruled the block and all blocks around it. The tenants who lived there could come and go and as long as they toed the line they were left alone. But outsiders couldn't just wander in - and the police couldn't just mosey on in either. The police could be sniffed out a mile away. They didn't need to be in uniform and they didn't need to be flashing ID's. Everyone just knew a police officer when one came along. The police force had lost a handful of officers in that area over the years and that had made it a no go area. But in recent times tensions had eased and some progress had been made in police and community relations.

Ok, wasn't so bad these days, but it was still a less than desirable post code. These days, there were the county-lines drug problems, kids being used to run drugs from the capital out to the country, that was county-lines. In the bad old days of this estate it had all been about postcode wars. If someone from another gang wandered in from another postcode in the same city, they would invariably be carried out in a wooden box. Nowadays it

was about the bigger picture and bigger numbers - it was more about county-lines now

Selina, an outrageously attractive and statuesque girl who had learned to make the most of her looks, and had seen all of that bad stuff. She had grown up dealing with that sense of hopelessness. Her start in life had been to be weaned off the drug addiction that had been inflicted by her own mother. And she had. And then she had made her way from her early teens giving dirty old men hand jobs, and blow jobs in back alleys for loose change. But she had come through that - and she had come through that and had begun to work her way out of the postcode that she had been in since she had been born in that stairwell. Every so often she visited, every so often she just felt the need to go back to the old place and check in on what family she had left since her mother OD'd and passed away. And it would be during, or after one of these visits that she would be confronted by the abductor.

One couldn't be sure if it was irony or cruelty that would see Selina taken from the exact stairwell that she had been born in twenty five years ago. She had been visiting friends, girlfriends and they had enjoyed a few glasses of wine. It was like those few glasses of wine marked the new sense of decency that Selina existed in now. It was like she had sought for so long to find that new start and now she had. She was in tight ripped jeans and heels. Her short tight crop top just about contained generous breasts, and her black hair was tightly braided and left in what looked like rats tails - but now stylish rats tails! She was made up, and she looked stunning. The heels added to an already impressive height. For sure Selina had cleaned up herself and for sure she was looking at the fact that her fortunes had turned a corner. But when she came down that final flight of stairs all she was faced with was that lit up hooded figure and she stopped in her tracks.

The block was covered with CCTV but that system only ever partly worked or didn't work at all. The abductor had hacked and applied a global disability rather than try to figure out which cameras worked and which didn't. He had also hacked the elevators and knocked them out for the duration of his visit to this less than salubrious area. "What do you want, who are you?" Selina should have been freaked out but she wasn't. To an

extent she was hardened to sights of the inner city. There wasn't much she hadn't come across in her time. And it took a lot to shock her. "I want you! And I am your future." Again there were very few words from the abductor and what words there were, were electronically altered. As hard as Selina might have been, those words and how they were said and how they came across would have made her stand more upright and listen. But she was from this part of the city. She was a visitor this night, but she was born and bred here. "Get the fuck out of my way you freak, I want to get past." But that was the last words that came out of her mouth. She would have said more - but the Tazer barb had pierced her crop top and inserted itself into the glob of her breast and was in the process of delivering several thousand volts of charge. That charge penetrating the core systems of Selina's life support. She would be expected to go to ground from the charge but instead slumped back against the wall in the well where she had been born. And it was there that the electrical charge emptied into her.

The abductor didn't say anything. He just watched as the electricity disabled Selina. And she would have been panicking inside - probably panicking for her life. She would have been desperate inside to stop that charge from searing through her, but she couldn't because as well as disabling her, it was making it impossible for her to do anything at all. She couldn't scream or beg for mercy. She couldn't plead with her eyes because her eyes were bulging and they were staring. And they were staring at this freaky lit up hood. And those eyes would have been begging for this not to be happening, except they weren't. And they weren't because they couldn't. The last thing that Selina knew was the blackness coming over her eyes. That was her blacking out. That was her just slipping into unconsciousness. It was her slipping out of the real world and into this other world where she would wake up.

It was the same story for Selina - she woke up slowly. She came round slowly and her head cleared slowly. The first awareness she had was that she must have survived the electrical shock that had been inflicted on her. It was weird, she knew she had been shocked like that, but for just a short time that was all she knew. There were no questions in her mind as to why she had been shocked or where she was now. Just that she had been. It was only very slowly that her mind began to clear and she started asking herself

questions. She felt light headed so she opened her eyes and she could see her braids hanging and trailing on the floor. That meant that she was not upright at all. She must have been upside down. And from there she tried to work out the rest of it. She was aware of her feet still arched into her heels and on solid ground. The ripped jeans weren't there now. That marked something significant that her tight ripped jeans had been removed and her heels must have been removed first in order to carry out that. But then her shoes had been put back on. Was there some kind of fetish angle going on here? It was hard to say.

Her feet were together as well. She was aware of that because she could see them. Both feet together and therefore legs together. Then she became aware of the bar, or something solid across the bottom of her tummy and just at her hips in height. She was bent over this bar or beam. She saw that she was on some kind of slightly raised platform. She was on some kind of raised plinth. Her hands and arms, although spread apart were anchored to this raised plinth by chains attached to cuffs. She had been secured over this beam in a very simple but effective way and she had been secured in such a way that her legs were straight and her bottom high. She could feel the weight of her naked breasts due to the forces of gravity. But she wasn't gagged, she wasn't silenced in any way.

“You better let me the fuck go now. I know people who will make you die so slowly you'll wish you'd never been born.” And that was probably a fact, that from Selina's past, she knew individuals and collectives who would completely destroy this person whoever the fuck it was. But there was no response. Not at first anyway. There was no response that she could latch on to and listen to. She tried to work out where she was. She tried to raise her head and look around but her viewpoint was limited and she had this feeling of the blood rushing to her head to contend with. That had been her initial reaction to threaten this person whoever it was so that she could be freed. That had been like her natural survival instinct and now she was trying to work out the rest of it. Was this someone she knew? Was it someone from her old life, someone or something that had come back to haunt her? She didn't feel it was either of those and rather it was more than that - more significant than that. She tried to work out where she was and again she could sense that she was in a big a vast space.

Selina couldn't see the light slats high up. She was doubled over and all she could see was the plinth that she was on, and the stone floor beyond. She did get the sense that this place was huge, but also that she was contained in a spotlight area. And then she heard a door opening some way off - like a grinding squeaking sound of a heavy metal door opening. And then there were footsteps. Footsteps that appeared to be quite a long way away and ones that appeared to be in that darkness beyond the spotlight area. And then those footsteps were getting closer and closer and closer. At first Selina couldn't work out from which direction the footsteps were coming but then - it came to her that they were behind her so she couldn't see at first. It was like the steps came into the lit up area and just stood there for a what seemed like a long time but in reality was just a few seconds. Then they were on the move again. This time coming round the side of her, and then in front of her. And there was this tiny gasp of shock that escaped from between Selina's lips. She had seen something, or someone that had shocked her a little bit. She had seen something that possibly she hadn't been expecting.

"Ever had your black ass beaten until it bleeds?" It was all the electronically altered voice said, it was all it asked. One had to assume that the racist overtones were deliberate - maybe to cause outrage or conflict inside of Selina's mind. "Have you ever had a bullet between the eyes?" Selina's response was quick. She was a brave girl given her situation - but with what she had been through growing up and her battle to escape the environment she had been brought up and grew up in, it was something stock that anyone would say. There was a little electronic chuckle. One had to assume at this point that this person still wore the lit up hooded top. The alteration to the voice was still there but the lit up hood had to be still there as well right? Maybe! "I like a little fight, a little feistiness. That's good because when I beat the fight out of you over time, it will mean more." There was this almost goading about the voice. "You let me go from this shit, and I'll show you fight you son-of-a-bitch." And in fairness Selina did have some sassiness about her. And one wouldn't be in doubt that she would be formidable in any confrontation. But the confrontation would have to be equal. Here it wasn't equal.

When the first strokes of the cane were applied Selina simply cried out loud. It was like she was crying out in disbelief that this person could even think of doing this to her. The strokes hurt, yes they hurt like hell, but it was the indignity at first. It was the pure indignity of being bent over like that and then having a lethal cane slash down into her black ass. And that was the feeling - because of the racist comment earlier, now it was this person punishing and caning a black ass. Selina gritted her teeth - she sucked in air and she gritted her teeth, and there was this period when she went from indignation, where she was in pure indignation at being bent over like this and caned, to where she was feeling the pain that the abductor was inflicting. And that was it. This person, this pervert was an expert with that cane. Each and every stroke was applied with a precision and with a force that ensured it hurt. This wasn't a mild beating being applied. It was a considered and severe one.

And it wasn't a quick beating either. This would be a beating that would be applied over time. It was a beating that would be applied almost casually. And yet it was a beating, a caning, that would be applied with intensity. One that would hurt Selina. The abductor stood back after applying the first thirty strokes with that whip bendy cane and listened to the heavy breathing of Selina. It was like that was a thing. To listen to and hear that heavy breathing of this poor girl. Selina hadn't cried yet. For the life of her she would not want to cry, or scream out because of her distress. For the life of her she would hold on to her dignity at all cost. She breathed heavy and she sucked her breaths through her gritted teeth. And then she was aware of the pause in the beating. "If you let me go now, I'll make sure you die quickly. If you don't...." But her words were cut short as the caning resumed. This time the strokes were over the welts created by the first thirty strokes. And this time they seemed to be applied with more ferocity. And this time they seemed magnified and amplified in pain.

Selina could see the ripple of her gravity heavy breasts with each stroke that was applied. And she could see the ripple in her own thighs as each one of those strokes slashed into the ass flesh, and then the upper rear thigh flesh. It wasn't much longer before the true pain was penetrating not only into her flesh but into her psyche as well. One would have to assume that she would go down to her knees if she could because that pain, and those

cane strokes were so intense, but she couldn't go down. She had that bar, or that beam into her midriff at the hips and she was bent over that. But it doubled up its purpose in that it held her up. There was no way she could go down. Her hands were anchored to the plinth and her stilettoed feet were secured together. There was nowhere for her to go and there was no way that she could protect herself either. All she could do was absorb each and every one of those cane strokes.

When the skin was finally broken, when those welts to her ass and thighs finally gave up the ghost and split, there were trickles of blood that ran down the backs of Seline's thighs. And the cane that the abductor used was coated with her blood as well. One might have thought that at this point enough was enough. But that wasn't it at all. It was like the earlier part of the caning was simply the warming up of this black girl. One had the feeling that it was just the preparation. That was because it was the preparation. It was just the start of Selina's own journey. All of the abductor's victims would go on a journey. A journey personal to them, and to the abductor. But each journey was different. There did come a point when Selina screamed, like really screamed. And she did scream. When she finally broke and screamed it was like music to the abductor's ears. The cane strokes had become steadily harder and harder. It was like they had started hard and just got harder. But it wasn't just that they got harder - they got more accurate and they got more intense. There was more and more damage caused with each and every stroke that was applied. Not just damage to the flesh of Selina but it was also damage to her mind.

One could try to describe or explain those screams that came from this poor black girl but one would fail. One would fail because there was no description. It was a mixture of someone trying to absorb pain, and someone trying to come to terms with her demons. It was like a mixture of all that were then blended. Occasionally the abductor stopped the caning just so that he could listen to the noises that Selina was making. Just so that he could absorb those noises and bathe in them. But that lull in the caning, that pause would only be for a very short time and then it would resume. And once the abductor was on the move again, once there were the sounds of footsteps again there would be the sounds of dread and distress from

Selina. There would be the sounds of distress from her that again could not be described.

And so this person would start the caning again, this time working over already caned bleeding flesh but at the same time working further down the backs of the thighs towards the knees. And this was the pattern of Selina's demise at the hands and the cane of this abductor. One would have to wonder what was going through this poor girl's mind. She had come up the hard way and had seen things no girl growing up should see or experience and then she had got out. But now she had been sucked into something that was beyond what she had seen or experienced before. She had been sucked into something that she didn't know if it would end or not. Maybe she was even thinking, between those cane strokes that she would die in this place. Or at the very least that she would not see daylight ever again.

Selina grunted when the caning resumed yet again and she drooled because she couldn't stop herself from drooling. She drooled kind of as a mark to show that she had finally lost her dignity, all of it. But it wasn't over yet. The caning had just begun. And when the abductor was finally finished, that would be the exhibit, that would be the display - the caned black girl. Simple as that really. For now though, it continued.

# Chapter 15

## Rewind - Victim 4 - Marilyn Munro

Marilyn had been born more or less with a silver spoon in her mouth. She hadn't wanted for anything from birth, through infancy, childhood and finally into adulthood. But that wasn't why she was taken by the abductor. She was taken because possibly because she was in the wrong place at the wrong time. But probably not. And if there was a link in the taking of these women and girls it was that Marilyn was also breathtakingly attractive. That was a link that the special crimes unit had got. It was the only link that had been made and the only one that they worked on - hence the undercover operation with DC Pepper Reed - one that would go drastically wrong if the future..

Marilyn was a pure blonde. Indeed her entitled mother and exceptionally wealthy father had named her Marilyn after 'the' Marilyn Munro. It had been one of those tongue in cheek things that they had found amusing and quite sweet. But something that had been looked on in disdain by others and a bit indulgent. It was a complete surprise, a complete unpredictable thing that this girl would grow up with more than a passing resemblance to the woman herself. Maybe the power of suggestion was alive and well after all or maybe it was wishful thinking by a mother who 'fashioned' her one and only little one after the star herself - who knows!

Marilyn could have done anything she wanted - or she could have done nothing. But all she had ever wanted to do was teach. She had said it repeatedly when she was a child and she had said it repeatedly through her teen years. This was a girl who had gone to private schools and had been schooled privately at home but all she had wanted to do was teach in a mixed comprehensive school. And preferably she wanted to teach in an

inner city school where the pupils were less privileged and where she could make a difference. No-one really knew where her stance on this came from. She was basically a caring girl - she always had been. She had always been the polar opposite of her wealthy and arrogant parents and she had always wanted to be out of that circle - out of that bubble. Her parents had been all but shocked at the path she chose. And yet they supported her. She went to university, she got her degrees - degrees it must be said that would have seen her enter into a rather more substantial career than teaching. One that would have made her independently wealthy. But she wouldn't have any of it.

At 30 years old, this curvy, busty, leggy woman had entered an inner city school in the east end of London. Daddy had pulled strings in getting her this particular post. He would always shake his head in disbelief at what she wanted but would always support her in what she wanted to do. And the smile on her first day had been a smile to die for. She had been immediately popular with pupils because of her posh voice and her hip swinging effervescence. She immediately connected with pupils male and female alike and that was because she was doing what she wanted to do. That was because she had set out to understand the issues of inner city life. She had understood the pressures on teens in the inner city. She had specified that she wanted and needed to teach teens 15 to 18. In a way this woman was kind of catching up with what she missed herself as a child and as a teen. She had been sheltered from all that growing up stuff and she hadn't had to deal with any of it. But it was a mark of the girl and then the woman that she wanted and needed to catch up on all that. That she wanted to learn and understand about life and what these boys and girls had to deal with on a daily basis.

And she had been good at it. She had fallen into it partly because she had done her homework over months and years that it had taken her to qualify for a teaching post. And when she slotted in, it was a perfect fit. "Miss, where did you learn to talk all posh like that. I think it's so cool." Comments like that from both male and female pupils alike were common. They found her an oddity bit they didn't dislike her. It was because of her posh oddness that she connected with the school population. It was because of this oddness that she could engage with pupils. In the main she got on

with her colleagues as well. The male colleagues liked her the most, obviously. But then she had her fans in the female population as well. There were jealousies and there was the back stabbing - but that was in the minority and something that Marilyn rose above. And that was another thing about her - she rose above things and because of that she excelled. Marilyn really was the complete article and she had achieved that all herself. This was an entitled privilege girl, woman, making it on her own, and making it on her own in a lesser world.

It was a shame that the abductor had targeted Marilyn. But it was a simple fact that once she had been targeted and researched by this person, that her days were numbered. And Marilyn had been taken from the school itself. Inner city schools were infested with CCTV - they had to be because of knife crime, because of drug and sex crimes. Every school in East London had CCTV. And the abductor was able to hack and disable the CCTV, it was as simple as that. And that Marilyn often stayed after hours to prepare for the next day, or to spend time with a pupil who might have needed extra tuition, it was relatively easy to arrange for and take her. Indeed that very evening, a dark and wet autumn evening, she had been giving extra tuition to a young girl who had been having difficulty in grasping algebra. She had told Marilyn, "Miss who adds up letters and comes up with numbers? Man that is fucked up." And Marilyn had just laughed but she had seen the value in giving this girl extra tuition and the girl agreed. And it had been after that tuition, and after the girl had left the school that Marilyn had been faced with the lit up hooded abductor.

Like the others she had been stopped in her tracks. Marilyn was highly intelligent, highly 'wise' to the world, she had needed to make sure she was, and there had been this immediate worry that she was in trouble. It was weird because this was a woman who had never needed to feel the sense of danger before. She had never been in a situation where she was afraid for her safety or her life. But the moment that she was confronted in a basement corridor of the modern comprehensive, she was aware that there was a problem. She was aware that she could be in danger. It was like all of the negative connotations were hitting her all at once. And it was like she was in unchartered territory where all of what she worked for, all of her upbringing and all of her ambitions and ideals didn't mean a thing here and

now. "Welcome to Hell." It was all the electronically altered voice said, and then there was nothing.

Marilyn was aware of being on her hands and knees before she even opened her eyes. It was just that knowledge, and the sensation of her impressive, voluminous breasts hanging under her. That and the fact that there weren't any instances on a day to day basis where she would be on her hands and knees. She made the conscious decision not to open her eyes because she wanted to become more aware - she wanted to shake the effects of whatever had happened to her off before she opened her eyes. There was that yes - but there was also this fear. Marilyn hadn't been in the position before ever - or any position like it. And before she blacked out she had been worried that she was in some sort of trouble and that fact had been with her the moment she became aware again. That fact had been the first to begin its work on the edge of her nerves. So she kept her eyes closed, just for the time being as she adapted to whatever was happening here.

That she was 'naked' on her hands and knees horrified her. But she was certain that she was naked. And that her knees were spread wide. She thought about moving for a while before she actually did. And when she did, she tried to bring her knees together. She tried that because that had been most obvious to her, that her knees were wide apart and she needed to bring them together because of the dignity thing. But she couldn't move her knees. She tried to bring them in but they were secured in that position, wide apart. Consequentially she tried to move her feet, but she couldn't do that either. There was constriction around her ankles. And she didn't have shoes on. She was sure she didn't have shoes on. The natural instinct then was for her to try to move her hands, but before she even tried that she could feel the constriction around her wrists. Likewise her hands were anchored to 'something'.

Marilyn hadn't tried to move her head, she had just purposely not opened her eyes. But with her legs and her arms disabled she wondered if she could move any part of herself. And so she tried to move her head. And she hadn't thought much about the position of her head. But now she was thinking that her head was somehow held up and back. That she was on her

hands and knees and she couldn't hang her head because it was being held right back. If she had her eyes open, the only direction she would be able to look in was directly in front of her. But she tried to move her head anyway - she tried and failed because it was held up and back tight and fast by her beautiful blonde hair. And as she came to realise this, there was the tightness in her throat and neck, and then the dip in her back. That dip in her back was enforced because of her all fours position. And she was building a picture of herself in her mind before she even opened her eyes.

It was only very eventually that she did open her eyes. She had come to enough, she was aware enough now and prepared enough to open her eyes. She would have to do it sometime and so it might as well be now. So she did open her eyes. And the first thing she saw was herself looking back at her through an enormous mirror. And as she took in her own image, her own reflection, she sucked in a huge sigh. She could see herself looking directly back at her. Her arms spread on the plinth, and her huge hanging breasts could be seen between her arms. Her hair had been taken and braided and then used as an anchor to hold her head right back. Her head wasn't just pulled back, it was stretched the limit. That is it would not go back any more. Marilyn made this noise, like one of shock as she saw herself it wasn't a cry, or a scream, but it was a 'wet' noise and one that gave an idea, gave a little hint as to the despair that had started to flow right through her.

Marilyn couldn't take her eyes off herself in that mirror but one would have to suspect that this was by design. That is that she had to look at herself. Like there was some statement there, 'look at yourself Marilyn, just look at yourself'. And that was what she did. It was what she had to do. But there were this whole new set of emotions now that she had come to and seen herself. She was starting to work her muscles, or starting to become aware of them. She was 30 years old, and she was fit and she was aware of her body and her fitness. But then - she was aware of her private areas as well. And then she became aware that her anus had been stretched open and penetrated. It was the kind of realisation she wished she didn't have. But she was sure that something had been pushed up into her anus. She tested that by squeezing and that just confirm something thick, and smooth and tube shaped was up inside her. And when she finalised that in her mind she

made that sound again, that wet sound. One had to feel sorry for this woman because she was out of her world. A world where she had been sheltered and yet one that she had come out of to an extent to explore the wider world. And now she had this!

And it was whilst she was coming to terms with this that she heard the footsteps. Those footsteps coming from the blackness behind her. She was aware of that spotlight on her from above, she could see that in the mirror and then she was aware of the sound from behind her, from beyond the range of the spotlight. This footsteps like metal soles on bare stone floor. And the walk like a slow unhurried one. And then over her own shoulder in the mirror, a figure coming out of the darkness. And Marilyn was looking, she was processing what and who she was seeing and there was this shock at who she was seeing. If her hands had been free, then one of them would have slapped to her mouth in shock at what she was seeing in that mirror. “Welcome to my world, little one.” And there was no electronic voice now. There was no need. And there was no lit up hood either. That was gone as well. There didn’t need to be a lit up hood because, this was this person in their own lair. This was the abductor on home soil. And the patronising words the abductor used, ‘little one’. Marilyn was anything but a little one.

“You have to let me go because you’ll be in a lot of trouble.” Marilyn tried to be calm but there was cracking in her posh voice. She had never been one to swear and use bad words. But there was that cracking in her voice. “Oh, I’ll take the risk because you’re not going anywhere little one. You’re going on a journey, and it starts, right here!” And this was the first time that Marilyn let out a little cry, or a little sob. It was as though the realisation had dawned on her that she was in a lot of trouble. And that her talking all posh and sweet wasn’t going to get her anywhere here. “Please...” and that was all she managed to get out when she felt something. Her eyes lit up. There was a warm, quite thick and oily substance being slowly, very slowly pumped into her bowels via the tube and appendage inside her anus. She could feel it trickle into herself. Her eyes were wide and she stared right at the reflection of the abductor as she could feel this slow feed of thick oil into herself. “How could you do this to me?” And there was genuine hurt in Marilyn’s voice. This was a woman who had never hurt a soul in her life and consequentially had never been

hurt herself. And besides mummy and daddy had always had her back. But this was a reality check for her. In fact this was more than a reality check.

“How could I do this to you? Very easily actually, you are ‘perfect’ for doing ‘this’ too. Oh, and this won’t be a quick thing, it will be a slow sensation for you until it builds into a torture. And then the fun begins.” And Marilyn was hearing what the abductor was saying. She was processing the words but she was having difficulty in processing the cruelty that was being inflicted on her because this was not her world. This was not the world that she was used to or the world that she inhabited. She was learning about cruelty first hand. The oil drizzled into her very slowly. It was, as the abductor said a slow and building sensation. At first she could just feel the drips and drizzle of something thick being fed into her. And there was this sense that the stuff was thick and oily. That would help with the eventual effects of the enema she was being given. That would help with the pressure that would be applied.

There was a time when that sensation became pressure on her bowels and rectum. But she had been tubed up in such a way that she couldn’t release anything. It was as though that tube had been inserted and then somehow ‘locked’ inside her because there was no option to release the increasing pressure. How long it took for the ‘sensation’ to become pressure and then a pain and then a need to evacuate what was being put into her, one couldn’t be sure. But it did become a definite torture. And even when that definite torture became apparent it was like it was just the start of the journey for Marilyn. She looked at herself in that mirror - the pained expressions. Expressions she would never have seen before. Expressions that she would have never pulled before. And she saw the mascara streaked tears dripping down her face. And she could ‘see’ the swell of her tummy down between her legs and under the hang of her heavy breasts. And when that ‘pain’ happened it was the kind of pain that Marilyn had never encountered, never imagined even.

And the abductor moved around her, walked around her with those metal footsteps, watching her - soaking in her pain and discomfort. This was the exhibit, this was the ‘display’ that was Marilyn. Unable to move, her head, her arms, hands, legs or feet, and that thick oily substance being

pumped into her. The machinery would pump that stuff into her automatically, and there would be a maximum that it would feed into her but this maximum would be when her belly, when her bowels were so full, so bloated that the pressure to release it would be intense. And it was like that now. There was this god awful pain associated with that oily stuff inside her. There was this terrible acute pain that Marilyn couldn't contend with - that she couldn't relieve herself of and that she could do nothing about.

And this was the exhibit. The crying, sobbing Marilyn on her hands and knees being tortured from the inside like this. That pressure in her bowels. That need to get that stuff out of herself but also the inability to do that. Pure pain and then the cut off of the pump when it reached maximum. When it reached maximum, there was no let-up in the pain. It was like an acute cramp that didn't come in spasms but that was there all of the time. The pain was debilitating to the degree that Marilyn's eyes were closed tightly again. Squeezed tight shut. Every so often they would ping open and she would see herself but then she would squeeze them closed again as she dealt with the pain.

But that was just it, she was not dealing with the pain. The pain was dealing with her and the abductor was watching. The abductor was watching this and taking it all in. This was the 4<sup>th</sup> victim now an exhibit. Four down five to go. When the abductor had 'welcomed her to Hell' back in the school, it was heartfelt and it was true words being spoken. For Marilyn this was Hell.

# Chapter 16

## Now - DC Pepper Reed - Human Toilet

Pepper felt different, she felt wretched because she had swallowed all of this woman's urine. She was in that excruciating bondage in the pit and in that toilet bowl and yet she still wished the ground would swallow her up. How could she face the world again? How could she even hope to function as a human being again let alone as a police officer? The sadistic abductor had risen from the toilet seat now and she was pulling up her leather pants and stretching them around her hips and ass. She was doing that slowly, almost seductively whilst looking down at Pepper. It was like she wanted the young police officer to know what had just happened and who had just made it happen - and she smiled. "I know how you're feeling DC Pepper Reed. There will be some disbelief at what I just did, and what you just did - you did just drink my piss you know? And there will be that other thing that's going on in your head right now. There will be that other 'emotion' you're going through. The degradation, the humiliation. The knowledge that you'll never be the same again because of what you just did. And I like that. I like that slow destruction that is happening in your head. But for now you can just tell yourself that you had no choice, because you didn't. You can tell yourself that you're in this position, this abducted position and that you are so rigged that all you could do was drink my piss."

And she was smiling. She was smiling down at Pepper. How she was acting was a sign that this was a long game for this woman. She was giving Pepper a way to deal with what just happened. Not a total way, but a way as in two steps forward one step back. Yes Pepper had no choice but to drink this woman's urine - so that was a way that she could deal with it in her own mind, for now. But eventually that reason, that excuse as to why she had drunk that urine would fade and die because the fact would remain that

this woman's, this sadist's urine was inside her now. And for that reason alone she wouldn't be the same again. For that reason, a little bit of Pepper the twenty three year old had been taken away at this time.

"You need to get yourself comfortable DC Reed. You need to relax because this is your home now. This is how you will exist, from now until..." and she let her words hang there. The missing words were 'the end' and it was those words that Pepper was repeating inside her mind. She could taste the urine even though it had gone straight down her throat and she would always be able to taste the urine. If she could have cried she would have. For some reason, maybe shock, or horror, or a combination of emotions were all coming together and stopping her from crying. She wanted to cry - she needed to cry but she couldn't. Maybe she could feel that something had been taken away from her today - something from deep inside.

Certainly she had lost her dignity. And yet she also knew that this woman, this sadist could do a lot more to make sure that any dignity that was left in her would be drained away as well, and would never come back. What this woman, this abductor dealt with was the removal of and the destruction of dignity on a permanent basis. She was a sadist but she was a sadist of the mind. She could inflict physical pain if she wanted to, if she desired it at any given time, the bondage and the pit that Pepper was in was proof of that. But she was also very capable and very able of torturing the mind as well. In fact, she had already started on DC Pepper Reed's mind.

"I think it's time we got in touch with the DCI, don't you Pepper? I mean, they'll all be wondering if you're still alive and well. And I know they have made no progress whatsoever with the investigation - so it's time to have some fun I think, don't you sweetheart?" This was a woman who was calm and in total control. She was not phased in any way and she was 'enjoying' herself. She spoke casually as she strutted up and down on her heels and in her leather in front of the toilet bowl that Pepper's head was part of. And again she was revealing a little bit more. She wasn't just teasing Pepper - she was torturing her more. Pepper would be knowing right now that this woman could do what she was saying, or threatening to do. She knew that she could speak to the DCI, that she could tap into the

incident room and talk and be seen, without fear of being traced and tracked. Exactly how she could do that Pepper wouldn't know, but that was the least of her problems.

She had a far worse fear in her mind right at this point. Surely this woman wouldn't show the team Pepper as she was now? In that pit, in that tortuous bondage and let them know what she was now? Surely she wouldn't do that? Of course she would. And of course the team would see her, and they would do the mental maths and they would know what Pepper was being used by this sadist for. They would know that she had been, and was a live human toilet for this sadist. And it was that, that Pepper had the greatest fear of. That her colleagues and friends would see her like this. That they would see her and come to their own conclusions in their minds without her being able to give any input. They wouldn't need their minds to make up what Pepper was though. They would see first-hand!

And then she had to worry about what the sadist would tell the team in her communication. And what else she could show them whilst she was live on air as it were. This was almost too much for Pepper to contend with now. She had been in shock, and she really had been shocked to the core, but she had held up well. There were times when she was lucid and when everything had crystal clear clarity about what was happening. But now she was beginning to feel worn down. She hurt all over, and in a way she wished that the physical pain she was feeling would drown out the mental agony. But for some reason that was not happening. For some reason it was the other way round. For some reason the psychological anguish she was going through now was dumbing down the physical pain. Briefly, very briefly she wondered how that could be. Maybe it was because she was on high alert. Maybe her mind and her systems globally were on such high alert that it was all malfunctioning - all going wrong, Pepper did think that if she could she would beg with all she had not to be shown to the special crimes unit team like this. She would offer anything, anything but this. But at the same time she knew that begging, even if she could would do no good what so ever.

And the thing was, the sadist knew all about what was going through Pepper's mind right now. It was like she was tapped into the psyche of her

latest victim. But that was what an experienced and practiced sadist could do, and it was what she did do. She hadn't needed to tell Pepper anything about what she was going to do - but she did. She did because she knew the effect it would have on the young police officer. She knew about the demons she would create in this girl's mind when she let little bits, little snippets of what she was going to do loose. She knew that it would help in the process of unravelling the young officer's mind. This abductor, this woman smiled down at Pepper knowing what ball she had started rolling, and then she slowly, casually began preparation for the communication with the incident room.

### **Special Crimes Unit - Incident Room**

“What the actual fuck is going on? We have got NOTHING. I'm sick of saying we've got nothing but it's what we've got NOTHING.” The DCI sounded worn down. There won't have been a single case that he had worked on in his forty odd years that wouldn't have reaped rewards by now. This was a DCI who didn't have a single unsolved case on his books - he had a clean sheet, as it were. They hadn't all been happy endings, but he had solved them all - each and every one of them. But now this one was beating him. If truth were known he looked beaten already. He was under pressure from upstairs to make progress - that was easy for them upstairs to demand progress. But in order to do that he needed something, 'anything'. And then the fact that Pepper was out there somewhere, going through fuck knows what, was a heavy burden he was bearing on his shoulders. It was weighing down on him heavily and that was reflected in the expressions on his weather worn face.

This time there was no response to his words. Every one of the team were there - they were there to give their own particular little bits of feedback. But in the main there was no feedback. One couldn't even say that there was one step forward and two steps back because there was no forward motion with the investigation at all. It was simply at a standstill and had been from the start. It was like a stagnant pool of an investigation that

went nowhere. There was just this silence in the room. But now it wasn't just a silence it was a thick and palpable silence that one could almost 'feel'. Then the lights flickered and everyone seemed to sit up straight and alert in their seats. "Don't tell me, a power cut, that's all we fucking need now is a power cut." The DCI looked at the lights, but then the screen hanging from the ceiling flickered as well. That screen had been like that throughout the investigations, just hanging there. They had run and re-run what little footage they had and had got nowhere with it. Now all heads turned to the screen. It flickered a couple of times and then came to life.

The abductor's head filled the screen complete with that weird freaky lit up hood. There was like this deep murmuring in the room. The cheeky cunt of an abductor was hacking in again. The DCI was on it straight away, "Get onto IT, get this traced. I want this cunt stopped NOW." There was some movement in the room, picking up phones and frantic tapping of fingers to dial. "Everything is down sir. We can't contact anyone else, and my guess is that tracing this won't happen." Then there was the electronically altered voice came through the digital sound system that had been set up in the incident room. "They're right DCI, they won't be able to trace me. You can't even contact anyone outside of your incident room. So best you just get comfortable. This is MY time not yours you old twat. Retirement year isn't it DCI and I'll bet you were hoping for a totally clean sheet. Shame that." There was just this silence in the room, this absolute concentration on the screen. No-one wanted to miss a thing. Not a single thing. This person knew about the DCI's retirement, how could that be? But no-one said anything it was all focus on that screen. Serial offenders often made a mistake in trying to boast or show off about their offences and their conquests. It was often here that they made the mistakes. Maybe this one would make a mistake as well.

"I've been feeling a little bit guilty, a little bit, uhm how can I say, down at not being in touch with you all more." And there did seem to be some 'regret' even if it was in electronic form. "Hand yourself in then you fucking pervert." That was the DCI. He just snapped. "Hand yourself in, and I promise I won't kick all the shit out of you, just some of it." He was almost spitting his words with anger. Lorraine touched his arm and he cooled down. The abductor didn't say anything. There was just this silence

at first and some in that incident room, not least the DCI himself might have been instantly sorry for the outburst. But this abductor, whoever 'he' was, was thick skinned. "Very good DCI. You'd love that wouldn't you? Me just walk in there and give myself up. But no, no that isn't going to happen, and you will never find me. The point of my little 'call' to you was to assure you that DC Pepper Reed is alive. I can't say alive and well, but she is alive. She kind of living a different existence now."

Again there was the murmuring in the room. Officers whispering to each other, nodding and looking back up at the screen. Each and every one of them trying their hardest to look past the lit up hood to the face to see if there was even an ounce of recognition in there. But there was just the hint of a nose, a little bit of flesh and then gone. "Prove it you sick bastard. Prove Pepper is alive." And that was the DCI again - with so long without any progress, proof of Pepper being alive would be like a huge leap. A huge step forward in progress. In reality it would be a tiny, tiny step, but it would 'seem' like it was huge. "Oh I intend to, I promise you will see Pepper in just a little while. But I just wanted to warn you, for some of you, she won't be a pretty sight. She won't be as you remember her. Like I hinted at last time we spoke, she is different. She's not the old Pepper. But like I said, she is alive. Just not alive and well." And the voice stopped. Everyone in the incident room just turned to look at each other and then back again. The DCI had his head in his hands. He had just about as much as he could take. He knew this person whoever 'he' was, was simply playing games. He was playing them. But he didn't have another outburst - he simply let this play out. He wouldn't lie and say he was happy about what he was hearing. That Pepper was alive but not alive and well. Like what did that even mean? But he was about to find out.

The lit up head of the abductor moved off camera to the side and then the camera moved - like it was being taken off its tripod or something. At first the camera being held and operated by the abductor now, panned around the space - just the general space, and it flashed over that area of the glass floor and the toilet bowl, really quick. "What the fuck was that?" An officer had seen the quick flash of glass and had tried to double take, but it was too quick for that. The camera continued to take in the huge space. There was the feeling that this was a massive space but it couldn't all be

seen because beyond a certain point, there was just darkness - like a pitch blackness. But then the camera was tilted up and there were the thin slats that formed windows, and through those high slats the light streamed in the form of sharp shards of light that dissected the space up high. It all added up to what felt like a huge space. "Where is that, surely someone know where that place is? Those windows, the height of the place. Surely someone knows. It's got to be somewhere within the five mile radius?"

The DCI was mumbling all this stuff. It was like he forgot that this person, this abductor was also listening in on them. It was like he forgot that this person, this 'pervert' was the one calling all the shots not him. "Forget that DCI. You don't think I'd show you 'anything' if I thought you could crack this case from it do you? Anyway, time to see Pepper. I have to say, she isn't keen on the prospect of you guys seeing her. In fact, if she was given the choice she would turn it down. But well, I am overruling that, on the basis that you guys need to see her, and I need you to see her." And the talking stopped again but the camera panned back down, and this time it followed the bleed of the light from the glassed floored area. That glass floor of course forming the lid to the pit that Pepper was bonded in. And then it snapped to the glass toilet. It didn't pan to it slowly, it snapped to it quickly and so everyone watching that screen was forced to absorb and process what they were seeing in one go.

That was the problem, not one of those officers could process it immediately. It was a slow process, almost painfully slow. "Is, is that..." one officer started to say something but then stopped. They had clocked the glass toilet bowl. The glass construction, or mould of this toilet kind of emphasised what it was. And once they had taken that in, there was the spotting of Pepper's head inside the bottom of this toilet. That would have been harder for the mind to digest and not all of the officers in the incident room felt the penny drop in their minds at the same time - so there was this confusion of noise, like a rise in that murmur in the room. "That's Pepper! That's her inside that toilet! Oh for fucks sakes!" That was another officer, kind of thinking out loud. Then there would have been the battle inside of the minds - was Pepper alive at all? Had she been beheaded or something equally gruesome? But that was because the abductor hadn't taken the camera onto that glass floor yet so that it could see below the glass.

Instead that camera moved over the toilet bowl and tilted down to look directly at Pepper. The bulging eyes, the gagged, wide open mouth. The look of distress on this young officer. That camera just holding still right there for everyone in that incident room to take it all in. The abductor would know that it would take some longer than it took others and so she held the camera steady, still and she zoomed in on Pepper's face. That pretty, breathtaking face was distorted but she would be easily recognisable as DC Pepper Reed, not least by the DCI. And Pepper was looking directly back into the camera because she couldn't do anything else. This would have been the closest to contact that she would have had since she was taken. And because of that she would be torn inside her mind. She didn't want her team to see her like this and yet at the same time she wanted and needed them to come for her. There might have been a flicker of hope that they would be able to trace her and find her from this transmission. But then that little bit of hope dashed because she had spent time with this woman and she knew how forensically aware she was and how clever she was.

“What sort of sick cunt are you. Just tell me that if you can, will you?” The DCI again, that anger almost seething between his gritted teeth. It was like all of his worst nightmares were coming true at once. He, together with every single one of those officers in that incident room were trying to process what they were seeing and what it meant. Some of them would get it sooner than the others. But slowly it would dawn on all of them what Pepper had been turned into. This incident room was gripped with the horror of what they were seeing and hearing. If any of them thought that this was still a game, then it was dispelled as such now. But this wasn't the end of the show, there was more to come and what they would see next would shock them to the core.

# Chapter 17

## **Rewind - Victim 5**

Chantelle was a woman who had dedicated her life to the health service. She had gone into nursing the moment she left school at sixteen. She hadn't stayed on for further education. She had believed her mother's mantra that you learn about life being out there in life. You don't learn it from books, or from a lifetime studying. And she had totally bought into that. Besides she had hated school. It was a fact that some people are just not academic, and Chantelle was one of those. At 38 years old she had worked her way up the nursing ladder. She was hard working and she was respected. She'd come from a decent respected family and there had been the feeling that she could have done more sooner but the point was that she did what she wanted at the speed that she wanted. There was no feeling that she had lost out because of not entering further education or university. She'd come out of school at sixteen years old and gone into nursing and she had been there ever since. That had to be marked down as a right move, for her.

Chantelle was a mature woman who had that attractiveness that only came with maturity. She had been a pretty child, and exceptionally pretty teenager and she had blossomed into a stunningly attractive woman. She was the kind of woman who simply got better with age. She was like a fine wine that didn't just get better with age, but became exceptional with age. She was a woman who'd never tried to hide her age but then a lot would say that she didn't need to. She had flawless skin that had aged but not detrimentally. She was tall and she looked after herself. Yes she was top heavy and there were times when she wished that she wasn't. But she made the most of her looks, and of her body. She had the type of legs that suited 'leg-wear'. That is she had long, long shapely legs that eventually rolled out into hips and ass that a girl half her age would be proud of. There were

really no sufficient compliments that could be paid to Chantelle. She was a woman who ticked all of the boxes and she would certainly tick the boxes of hormonal teenage boys who had the nurse thing going on in their minds and budding sexuality. For sure she was or could be this fantasy vision for adolescents from all walks of life.

The night Chantelle was taken started like any other night. She was charge nurse in A&E - that is she was lead nurse. It was a Friday night and she knew it was going to be busy. It was always busy on a Friday night. It was one of the nights of the week, Saturday being the other, that her staff and probably herself would be or could be attacked and abused due to drink and drug influenced patients. It was funny really, Chantelle took all of that on the chin. She kind of saw it as one of the pitfalls of the job. It wasn't pleasant, no, it wasn't and yet she never complained about it, never made anything official and she never called the police for herself, if ever she was abused verbally, or physically. And that had happened in the past on numerous occasions. She just chalked it down to a bad day at the office and got on with it.

The night had become more busy than usual earlier than usual because of a road traffic accident on a nearby motorway intersection. That had seen a fleet of ambulances all arrive within minutes of each other. It had quickly become an emergency situation, and as such certain measures and processes were put into place. Chantelle often saw things, sickness and injuries that were not pleasant but she became hardened to that over the years. Everything from road traffic injuries such as this night, through to gun shot, and knife wounds. There was nothing pretty about this job and often she was witness to patients dying from their injuries or their sickness. And yet she smiled inwardly through it. It was what she had always wanted to do and now it was like second nature for her to get through the difficult nights and days. And she did it with a breath-taking smile.

“Difficult night huh?” Chantelle had been taking a moment. Sometimes, for just a second or two it got to her. That had been a woman, a brown skinned, maybe Asian woman who was sitting waiting to be seen. “Oh you know we get them from time to time.” And as usual Chantelle was brushing it off as part of the job. She was making a point of not complaining or not

making it look like she was not happy in the job. Because the simple fact was that she was happy. It was just that every so often, she had to stand back and take a deep breath. “I can imagine. Did you ever feel that you wanted to get out of this altogether? Just run out and keep running?” The woman was friendly and seemed to be full of empathy, and she was smiling. Chantelle was thinking this woman was attractive, extremely attractive and she kind of wondered what she was doing there. She didn’t look ill, she didn’t look injured but she must have been there for something. She just smiled, “never, I love it. Biggest buzz, biggest thrill in the world and I mean second to none.” And it was Chantelle’s turn to smile wide. And that was that, she had taken her deep breath and it was time to get back to work.

She would have to come back and check on this woman - she would have to make sure she was ok and had been seen once the chaos had died down a bit. She was sitting waiting and so she must have been booked in and was waiting to be seen. Chantelle made a mental note to come back and see her, make sure she was ok. “Oh you know there are bigger buzzes than this, trust me.” And the woman winked at Chantelle. It was one of those moments that someone might get. The thought running through the lead nurse’s head, ‘was this woman hitting on her?’ But it was a short lived thought because she had to get back to work. She just winked back with a smile and left. Chantelle wasn’t hit on every day even by men - some say she was intimidating but she chalked that down to ‘bullshit’. But women hitting on her was very rare. There had been one other occurrence a few years ago, and she smiled at that thought. Later in the night she went to check on her ‘admirer’ but she was gone. She must have been ok, she must have been seen. And she thought no more about her.

Chantelle was taken from the vast car park of the hospital she worked at. She parked her car in the same spot every single shift she worked, night or day. It was a space that was as far from the hospital as was possible which shouldn’t have been a good thing. But it was because it meant that before her shift and then after, she had this five minute walk were she could just ‘breathe’ either before she worked her shift or after she had worked it. But it meant also that the same car park space was always, but always empty. And

it meant that she didn't have to drive round endlessly in circles looking for the one empty space nearer to the hospital entrance, or wait for a space to become empty. No-one parked down where she parked and she liked that. She liked it a lot.

It was 7am when Chantelle finished her night shift and it was still dark. She more strolled to her car than walked because it had been a busy night. She didn't even unlock the car with her remote control when something caught her eye to the side - a light. That lit up hood, that faceless washed out 'apparition'. "Do you like rollercoaster rides nurse?" And that funny, freaky, weird electronically altered voice. Chantelle didn't get a chance to answer because there was nothing. Not a thing.

Chantelle started to come to with a long, wet, extended groan. She could have been groaning for any reason - but this drenched groan was because she was in the middle of an intensive, mind melting orgasm. She had come to slowly and during that process, during that process of waking up and coming back into the real world the orgasm had been there all the time. From the moment she had become aware again there was this orgasm rolling through her as though an orgasm tap had been turned on, then kept on. And because she was in this orgasmic state, becoming aware of anything else was a slower harder process. She daren't open her eyes because she didn't know what she would see, what she would find. Could she have been imagining the orgasm? Could she be in some kind of weird dream? But that wasn't the case at all and she knew it. Then she began to become aware of the position she was in. She thought she was on her back. Yes she was on her back - she had that sense of being on her back facing up - although she was on a slight incline as well - like whatever she was lying on was on a slope.

She tried to move and it was only when she did this that she realised that she actually couldn't move at all. Her arms were stretched out at her side. Stretched all the way out and held there like that - just secured so that her arms and hands were useless. And then, when another peak of that orgasm rolled through her she grunted again - this made her strain, but it made her 'squirt' as well. And for some reason when she did that she was ashamed of herself. She was in that space in her mind, not awake properly, not aware

properly. She was just aware of another orgasm peak and then the squirt of her juices. That was when she became aware of the fact that she could move her legs. She became aware of the fact that her legs had been spread wide open and then doubled up. She became aware of the fact that her ankles were secured to her thighs somehow and then that her knees had been spread open. Spread open so wide that her hips were strained more than slightly.

She became aware of her own heavy breathing as that orgasm rolled away and another began. It was like that other orgasm, the one forming now was beginning in the distance. That was it - it was in the 'distance' like a wave rolling in. And that roll was a slow one. Chantelle's head was clearing - it was clearing slowly, very slowly. And she was remembering things. The shift she had worked. The walk across the car park and then that weird lit up hood thing that had confronted her. And that question, 'do you like rollercoaster rides nurse?' And that had been the last thing she remembered. And now this. She was trying to get her head around it, but like the others before her it would only come to her slowly. And then she would have to contend with what was happening to her now. Chantelle had been highly sexed through her years, even to this day she had been highly sexed. That was something she had dealt with coming through life but something she had always been able to keep a lid on.

Chantelle hadn't been like a guy who's prick controlled his head. She was a woman who had been able to control herself but had genuinely 'feasted' when the time came. And so this whole thing, being taken like this and waking up like this in a never ending orgasm was like something that was genuinely freaky for her. And the orgasms were like nothing she had ever experienced before. She had always enjoyed pretty intense, deep orgasms that were both clitoral based and bodily based - but she had never experienced orgasms like she was getting now. She had never experienced the depth and the pureness of these orgasms before. And because of that she kept her eyes closed shut tight. Like she didn't want to end the spell or something. And yet in the background there was this fear that was building. What was this she was going through? The thought, the knowledge that she had to get out of this. That she had to find out what this was all about and then she had to get out of it and get back to normal. But the pleasure that

she was receiving, the pleasure, the orgasms that were raping her was talking her focus away from the danger that she was in.

It was like this pleasure, this pure and undiluted orgasmic pleasure that was being forced on her was pushing everything else to the back of her mind. This was a mature woman in full flow, in full cry. That was it, Brenda was in full cry and when that next orgasm peak rolled in, she did cry out. It was like every single orgasm was more intense than the last. So in the time she had woken or become aware again, those orgasms had trebled in intensity and for Chantelle it was like some kind of sexual crack cocaine. She knew there were all these unanswered questions and she knew that she was in some kind of trouble, but for now it didn't matter because of this orgasm that kept rolling through her and over her and then receding and then coming back in only more so. She opened her eyes and tried to take in what she was seeing. But she was seeing it all whilst dealing with this orgasmic state as well. Yes she was on her back, yes her arms were outstretched to her sides, yes her legs were double up and spread. And yes she was on her back, but on a slight slope. Her plinth was on a slope, and it was a raised plinth like all the others. She was an exhibit that was around waist high to an average sized person.

There were wires, and things. There was something inside her squirting vagina, something with wires. And when she squeezed through yet another orgasm there was something inside her ass. That something in her ass was thick, and long. She was a nurse, and she knew she could feel it pressing against her colon. That was strange - her ass stretched open like that. She wouldn't be able to see, but there were wires coming from that appendage in her ass as well. She was being electrically stimulated. That is she was being electrically orgasm raped. And the last thing that came to her properly was that she was naked. She had been stripped naked when she had been out of it and she was on this sloped thing now. Secured to it - and she was having these orgasms forced through her. That was it, she was having orgasms 'forced' through her and she could do nothing about it.

Chantelle immersed in those orgasms because there was nothing else that she could do. She immersed in them because she was forced to do so. And that was it, she was forced to immerse in them because there was

nothing she could do about it. The more she came to, the more she became aware the more her mind was melted from within. Those orgasms were melting her mind and she was squirting her mind away from her vagina and beyond. She wouldn't have known it, but Chantelle was protected when she was out of it. She was protected from the addiction when she wasn't aware. It was as she became more and more aware that the addiction would have begun to slip into her, that orgasmic state would have started, would have been implemented, the second, or the split second that she came into the waking state. And it was that addiction that was getting a grip on her now. She knew she was in danger, she knew she should get out of this place but even if she could tear herself away from the orgasm it would be unlikely that she would want to, or would be able to.

The more she woke up, the wider her eyes, the more she took in, the more the addiction took hold. And when the leather clad, lipsticked brown woman did eventually come into view there was this like breath holding moment. Chantelle's breathing had become irregular the deeper her addiction got. But now she was having to contend with this woman standing over her looking at her. Looking at her watching her at her most vulnerable and her most wretched. She wouldn't have felt wretched until she saw the expression on that woman's face. And the thing was that Chantelle knew who this woman was straight away. Even in her sexually addled state, in her orgasmic bliss and deepening addiction she knew that she was the woman from the hospital. The woman who had come on to her. "Oh you know there are bigger buzzes than this, trust me." Those words replaying in her mind. But Chantelle was having difficulty in putting all the pieces to the jigsaw together. She was having difficulty in trying to organise the information in her mind. Yes she was that woman, the brown skinned woman. And now that woman was standing over her, smiling down at her as these orgasms rolled through her. And all she could do was look up at her. All she could do was blink her eyes as another orgasm peak rolled in. Chantelle was fucked - she might as well have been injected with the purest form of heroine known to man. Except she hadn't been. Instead her mind was injected with this orgasmic state. A state that she would become used to, a state that would become her sole purpose.

“It’s ok honey. I’ll give you a rollercoaster ride you’ll never forget.” And the woman was stroking Chantelle. She was stroking down her midriff and the nurse’s eyes flicked down to where she was stroking. There were pads, like suction pads on her thick, long, bloated nipples and now that she could see them, she could feel them contributing to the orgasm that she was living through in the form of deep seated throbbing. Surely this could not be something that could be maintained indefinitely? Surely this orgasmic state had to end somewhere or somehow. Surely there would be an end to it. But no - this was not an orgasmic state that was designed to stop or be stopped. It was like something that was triggered and that then couldn’t be un-triggered.

It was something that was simply a process that the nurse was being taken through and that she would have to go through. This was the exhibit that was Chantelle. The orgasm addicted woman being taken through various stages of being broken by orgasm and destroyed by orgasm. This was the image of this woman on her back, doubled legs spread wide, and squirting her juices every time that orgasm rolled in. “Please.... Please.... Please.” It was the only word that Chantelle was able to get out but she would be less and less able to get that word out. The only word that she could spill from drooling lips. Now she was awake, there was only one way she could go. And that was down into the monster rabbit hole. The leather clad woman smiled as she stepped back. “You just relax and enjoy honey. Just relax.”

# Chapter 18

## **Rewind - Victim 6 Suzy**

Suzy had been a hotel reception manager before she was taken by the abductor. She was an alarmingly pretty girl who was English and yet had a slight Chinese appearance with gave her the slanted but huge eyes and that gave her the full, thick lips that suited lipstick. Her mother was Chinese her dad English. Suzy had worked in every department in hotels. She had begun as a chambermaid and had ended up in that department as head housekeeper. Then she had gone on to conference and banqueting where she had worked waitressing and bars. Again she had ended up as a senior, and as conference and banqueting manager. She had especially liked weddings. She had just enjoyed the occasion and the vibe on wedding days. She had just loved everything about those days. But she had intended, fully intended to work in every department on her journey into management. That had been her goal, to be accepted on a management course, and take it from there.

From conference and banqueting she went into the highly rated restaurant first as a waitress. That wasn't like wedding and conferences. This was fine dining and silver service and it was a whole lot of other skills she had to learn. And she had needed to learn about wines. It was another department that she enjoyed. And it was another department in which she was able to work through to head waiter and sommelier. And from there she had gone to front of house. And it was in reception that she excelled. In that department she worked closely with guests and other departments. It was like the central hub of any hotel. She worked with accounts, and specialised in 'customer service'.

There weren't many who passed through the service industry would say that they loved it - that they truly loved it. The pay was shit, the hours shit, the conditions were shit and if you were unlucky enough to 'live in' you were on call at all times, which was generally shit. But Suzy was one of the few who took it on as a vocation. She had walked through the door of the only hotel, a five star hotel, she would ever work at and she had embraced it. From day one, changing beds, through to when she walked in to reception in her smart suit and high heels, she had loved every single second of it. And once she had learned the ropes in reception work, she became shift leader and then head receptionist. At the time she was taken she was even further up the ladder as 'reception manager'. But she had been a reception manager with a difference in that she didn't work the nine to five shift that she could have. She chose instead to be there, randomly at all hours.

She liked to keep her fingers on the pulse and because of that she was markedly good at her job. In fact it had been said that she was the best reception manager the hotel had ever employed. She came in for early shifts, and late ones and occasionally she even did night shifts with the night manager. It was like she wanted to and needed to 'feel' the hotel from all angles and from all times of the night and day. She didn't want to have to tell someone that she didn't know how the early shift worked, because early shift did the checkouts of three hundred bedrooms. She didn't want to say that she didn't know how the late shift worked because those receptionists would check in three hundred or so bedrooms. And they would liaise with restaurant for bookings etc. And she didn't want to have to say that she didn't know how the night shift worked because it was the night shift that had to deal with a whole set of other problems. Drunk guests, irate guests, double bookings, book-outs and of course the dreaded night audit.

It was a simple fact that Suzy had been marked down for general hotel management. She had been looked on as a star find. One that couldn't become disillusioned and move on. She had to be kept on board. And she had to be encouraged to progress through the ranks. She had been more than earmarked for management. And she was due to go after the summer. In her role as reception manageress she had to oversee the smooth running

of wedding programs in association with the conference and banqueting manager and so, once the summer was over and done with, she would be sent to college and to an intensive residential course which would give her the qualifications she needed to progress to general management. And she would have earned her stripes, so to speak. She would have worked in each and every department, she would have become head of each and every department and it was generally accepted that it was time for her to move into general management. The timing was perfect. She had approached management and had told them she was ready, and all she had to do was get through the summer and be especially effective in her role of coordinating the summer events - more especially the lucrative weddings. And that was what made her vanishing particularly cruel.

Suzy wouldn't get through the summer though because she would be taken in the middle of it. It could be said that there was the most discourse at her disappearance simply because she had been so set on the future and getting through to where she needed to be before she moved into that management course and eventual role. She had never shown any signs of being under pressure or suffering from depression and so her vanishing was one of the most head scratching things of all times. She had been doing the rounds after a particularly huge wedding for 500 plus people, and it had been weeks in the preparation and planning. And the day itself had been a long one. She had clocked up something like seventeen hours. And with the hotel shutting down it was something like 4am when she was doing her last checks of the night. The night team were busy clearing up the debris over in the grand hall. And Suzy was doing a walk of the rooms section and then the housekeeping. And finally down into the basement laundry rooms and linen rooms.

She had been the only one down there. And there was the only area not covered by CCTV. Upstairs and on all floors the CCTV had been cut out, but no-one was watching, everyone was way too busy. Suzy's heels clicked down a tiled corridor to the end - that was the laundry room. She just opened it, looked in and then had to walk back up the same corridor. She would have opened each door left and right up that corridor before returning upstairs. And then she would retire for the night. She had got over this particular day unscathed, up to now. But when she turned, there it was,

that apparition, all lit up and glowing and with no recognisable face. To say that she had been stopped in her tracks would be an understatement. To say that this was Suzy out of her comfort zone would also be an understatement. She was so out of her comfort zone, it wouldn't even be clear if she realised she was in any danger at all. She was so immersed, so keyed into her job, into her role, that the thought that she could be in any danger in this place just would not have crossed her mind. The hotel and hotels in general just held positive thoughts in her mind - totally absolute positive thoughts and nothing else. And now this. She didn't do anything. She just stopped dead in her tracks and then there was this voice. This weirdly altered voice that was neither male nor female. "Welcome to the rest of your life Suzy." And then nothing.

It was the plinth, the one she was secured to, that Suzy saw first. That plinth was what filled her view when she eventually opened her eyes. But she had been like the others - she hadn't opened her eyes straight away. It was like she had become 'aware' all of a sudden. There was no gradual awakening for her. It was that she became aware immediately and so immediately she had all the questions in her mind. There was no murk or mush in her mind that had to clear before she worked out what was going on here. She remembered being in the basement of the hotel and then turning and seeing that weirdest of weird sights. These were things that were with her straight away. It was the other stuff that was slowest in coming to her. It was this other stuff that was infesting her mind, and that was making her questions herself. She was in pain but she didn't know why she was in pain. And she became aware of the fact that she was standing, but that she was leaning forward, at her hips. She tried to work out why that would be but she filed it away because it wasn't important or relevant 'why' now, just that she was. She tried again to work out why she was in pain - or even where the pain was coming from but she couldn't. It was like the pain was all over her and all inside her. She couldn't get to grips why the pain was so bad. Why it was so acute. If she had needed to recount another time when she felt pain this bad then she wouldn't have been able to.

There would have been no other time when she would have felt pain this bad. She got this feeling she was leaning forward at the hips yes, but also that her feet were wide apart. For some reason Suzy didn't need to attempt to move her feet to know that they were secured to the floor. In her mind, before she opened her eyes she was on the floor. But there was something that she did take a little longer to work out. Her skirt that she wore for work was tight and there would have been no way that she would have been able to spread her feet, or her legs that wide with that skirt on. She spent a bit of time trying to work out that. Then it came to her, the skirt had been removed. She got that now but it left her with a slightly more than unsettled feeling in her mind. She didn't know why, not yet, but it was coming to her slowly. If her skirt had been removed then so had her jacket and her blouse. When she thought about it, yes. She felt she was topless but she could feel the elasticated stocking tops clinging in to the tops of her thighs. And she could feel her feet arched into her stilettos. To her that was odd. It was doubtful that the word 'fetish' or 'bondage' had ever been in her vocabulary and so she was getting through this by feel alone.

At some point there came the realisation that her arms were behind her, high. She realised that because she tried to move her arms and got a shot, got a spasm of some of that pain she could feel. She could feel her arms behind her and hoisted high - and she was working out that this was why she was leaning over at the hips. She got that now, and she got the pain she was in. What she wouldn't have got, what she wouldn't know fully, not even what she eventually opened her eyes, was the extent of the tortuous bondage that she was in. The bondage, the disablement was simple. Her arms behind her, elbows cinched together, a particular favourite of this abductor. And her hand in reverse prayer. And then a bind between the wrists and a hook fed between her wrists and under than bind so that her hand and arms could be hoisted high. The height of the hoisting governed how much she was leaning forward at the hips. It was that hoisting that forced that lean forward. And then there was the fact that although her stockinged legs were straight, her feet were also very wide apart. The position she was in was excruciating and yet it was simple.

But one had to realise that this woman, this abductor didn't do simple, not really. She was a complex fucked up woman who needed to go bigger

and better all the of the time. Suzy's ass and her vagina had been impaled on appendages that were fixed to poles on the plinth, between her legs. She had been impaled to within an inch of it being terminal and this would have explained some of the pain that she was in. It would have explained some but not all. Those thick appendages inside her and pressed up, like jacking her up via her cervix and colon. This was why she could not work it out - because Suzy would not be able to comprehend what had been done to her. When she finally opened her eyes and finally worked out what was going on she would be distraught at what had been done to her, and what she was going through. But she would be shocked as well. But all of the pain would make sense then as well.

As well as those appendages inside her, there was the fact that her labial lips, and then her clitoral bundle had been located, and then pulled free. They had been pulled free, encouraged to swell and engorge with blood and then they had been clipped and weighted. The abductor, this woman would have spent time, and used her knowledge of other females to arouse Suzy in her deep sleep state. She would have made her clitoris erect and she would have helped the labia to swell by pinching it, and twisting it between her leathered thumbs and fingers. And once she had clipped those, she would have located the inner labial lips of Suzy, the pink wet ones and she clipped those to. And there would have been an almost ritual that the abductor would have applied when she attached the weights on the ends of small gauge chains.

It was almost a trial and error thing that she did. Like she was trying to find the exact right weights in the right order so that the pain when inflicted would be maximised. And she weighted the organs so that they were stretched and so that they were under duress. And she weighted them to the maximum so that the stretch of the delicate flesh was also maximised. The clips, the little spring loaded crocodile clips with the barbed teeth on them were the things that caused a level of pain on their own. But with the weights, this pain was quadrupled. This torture would be detrimental to anyone. But for someone so innocent, and so out of their comfort zone and so in this surreal sadistic world now, it would have an effect on the mind that would not be reversible.

But Suzy's full breasts didn't escape either. The abductor had aroused the nipples and she had clipped those as well. She had pinched and twisted them and had even licked those nipples to get them hard and receptive for the clip. The clips she chose were larger, and heavier springed than the genital ones. Those clips were like a statement - 'bigger and better'. And the weights that she attached to those were larger as well. And they were a statement - but their statement was visual in that the nipples were stretched down more. One could easily get the impression that the weights were so heavy that they could pull the nipples from their sockets if they were left. Certainly to the uninitiated, the sense of chaotic and terminal sadism would be overwhelming. And this was Suzy. This was her in her agony and on the start of her journey. But she wouldn't know that. She would have no clue about the extent of her troubles because she hadn't opened her eyes yet. She needed to, she needed to badly. But like the rest of the victims, for some reason here had been that reluctance to open the eyes. It was as though each and every one of those women and girls didn't open their eyes straight away because they knew they were in trouble and that if they kept their eyes closed then they wouldn't get the full brunt of that trouble. It was delusion en-mass.

And it was wrong! Each and every one of the victims had opened their eyes eventually. Suzy was no different. Once she had become so aware and so worried by her own pain, she'd had no option but to open her eyes and when she did open them, when she did take in that restricted view that she had, she let out this little noise that wasn't quite a cry, or a scream, but was more like a sob. It would have been like an unfolding horror story to her. The very first thing she saw were her weighted, clipped nipples. And because she could see them, they hurt more, if that makes sense. And then she became aware of a similar sensation, a clipped, piercing and weighted sensation between her legs. And when she saw those chained weights - the amount of them, it was like the pain and the sensations were multiplied by a countless amount. And it all began to fall into place for her.

That pain between her legs, points of intense pain where the clips had pierced her delicate flesh and then that stretching sensation because of the weights. And Suzy would have been trying to comprehend why? She would have been trying to comprehend what the actual fuck was going on. But

mostly she would have been thinking that she was in some kind of nightmare and that any second she would be woken up. But she wasn't. She may have even wished that she had kept her eyes closed because now everything was worse, much worse. Now she could see that she had been secured to that plinth and that the plinth was slightly raised from the floor, and she could 'see' more in her mind now about how her arms had been pulled back, cinched and then hoisted up behind her. Now the pain was making sense.

"Ah, you're awake my dear. Good." And now there was no electronically controlled voice. There was just the click of her high heels and that slight creaking of leather. And then there was the vision of this lipsticked woman. And that would have shocked Suzy. Or would it? She would have been so numbed by what was going on in the first place that possibly, she wouldn't see the significance that this was a woman and not a man doing these very bad things to her. But for Suzy, this pretty Chinese/English girl there were no angry seething words - she wasn't that kind of girl. Rather there was this whimpering that gave away her bewilderment and the pure undiluted shock that had infiltrated her systems. And that made this a more cruel abduction. That this woman was so out of her zone, and that she was so shocked that she couldn't even find words of despair let alone ones of anger. She just didn't say anything. She couldn't. "That's what I like Suzy, no words! You just get a grip and hold on tight, it's going to be a bumpy ride sweetheart." There was this sadistic smugness in this woman's voice that was hard to explain. A casual smug sadism being applied to a young woman who was beyond the pale in innocence. This was the start of Suzy's journey. This was Suzy the exhibit.

# Chapter 19

## Rewind - Victim 7 Christa

There was no waking up, and opening her eyes for Christa. She had come to with a smell, an aroma that had just infested her senses. The aroma had infested her senses to the point that it could be tasted. That smell, that taste that aroma was of latex rubber. She wouldn't know anything about that. She wouldn't have known a thing about latex, and rubber, and occlusion and breath control - why would she? And when she came to, all she had was the blackness. The first thing that she would have been aware of was the fact that she'd had her sight taken away from her. She would have known that because she would have felt herself blinking. And she would have felt her eyelashes brushing against something, a surface - or something covering her eyes. This poor girl would have had the sense that she was in a nightmare but the knowledge that she wasn't. And there was just this thick smell and this thick taste that she couldn't get her head around. And then when she came to enough there would have been the panic - the panic of not being able to see, and yes, the panic of not being able to move. She knew she couldn't move, not even a muscle. She hadn't just had her sight taken away from her, she'd had even the most basic of movement taken from her as well.

And that panic, like she was drowning in this smell and taste of latex rubber. There was no opening of the eyes for Christa. She became aware and then she was in panic mode. But it was a panic mode that she could do nothing about. It was a credit to her that once that initial panic was over and done with, that she could simply try to work out, in the blackness, in the darkness what was happening to her. She tried to retrace her steps. She tried to work her steps back and remember what had happened but her mind was cloudy and it was 'uncertain'. It was uncertain because although that wave

of panic passed, it was still there, hovering in the background, and that was preventing her from thinking straight - or thinking at all.

And because of that, it was difficult to work out what the fuck was going on and why. And then there was the growing fear, the growing feeling that she was in a lot of trouble. That was because she was in a lot of trouble. This fucking smell and this 'taste' was getting to her and she didn't know what it was. Then 'fuck' her mouth was full of something, something big and smooth, like a cock, but not a cock - just something cock shaped. Slipped into her mouth and nudging the back of her throat. And 'fuck', her nostrils plugged up to prevent her breathing through her nostrils. Somewhere between her being taken and then becoming aware again, she had learned to breathe through that thing in her mouth. How the fuck had that happened? But that breathing was facilitated somehow by what was in her mouth and down her throat. But she found that if she tried to breathe too much then something made it harder for her to suck that breath in. The slower she tried to breathe the better it was for her. But she had to keep it to that - a slow and steady breathing or it would be cut off again. Or it would be severely restricted again. And then there was the realisation that she wasn't breathing at all but that her breathing was being done for her - like life support.

Christa was just 17 when she was taken by the abductor. A girl who had come from a broken home and yet one who had risen above that. She hadn't done particularly well in school and had no intentions of going on to further education. She took cleaning jobs, and other menial jobs. But that didn't mean she was less than intelligent. The main thing was that she was street wise and smart. At least she thought she was. She'd been to a friends before she was snatched - just minding her own business walking the main drag down to the side road that she lived down. She would actually be taken just yards from the friend's house, the one she was staying with for the time being.

It's pretty hard to fathom that this girl had been targeted by the abductor. But then that could be said about any of the others - like 'why'? Christa was just a pretty girl who maybe needed a break. Correction she was an

impressively pretty, attractive girl who really did need a break. But she was also one who could be taken with ease. She had left what was left of home when she was just sixteen and from then on she had just floated around sofa surfing at friends. At one point she had taken a flat, but that had been short lived because with no regular job, and nothing coming in in the form of money she had been 'told to go'. Not evicted exactly - just told to go. And she had done that.

But it made her an easy target. It made her easy meat for the abductor. She would have the usual safeguards to ensure that Christa could be taken from the street without either of them being traced but she wouldn't have to worry too much about a whole lot of people being concerned about her. Oh no doubt she would be reported as missing by casual friends, like the one she was staying with at the time. And she built that in to all of her abductions. But this would be one of the easiest- it would be one of the most simple street takings that she had embarked on. And in a way, because it was so simple, it excited her. It would be simple it would be quick and because Christa's journey would be a long, long one of isolation and rubber occlusion, everything was already in place. Everything was exactly the way it should be.

Christa hadn't even seen the abductor coming from behind. By the time she realised there was someone behind her it was too late. The leather gloved hand was clasped over her mouth and she was off her feet. If truth be known the woman hadn't needed to use the lit up hood because Christa hadn't known what was happening or why. To say she had been shocked would be an understatement of drastic proportions. The hood though, that was for CCTV - that was what she had primarily designed it for. And she hadn't been aware of any CCTV in this specific area, but she had been concerned about domestic CCTV in the houses. The ones on the sides of houses that were trained onto high value vehicles and the like. She could hack the city's CCTV but the domestic ones couldn't be, not without a lot of forethought and planning. In the scheme of things, that wasn't worth it. So the hood came in to its own. By the time Christa was paralysed with fear and shock, the abductor was home and dried.

Christa tried to move. She'd had enough of that smell and taste and now she wanted to move but she found she couldn't. It wasn't just that she couldn't move but that she seemed to be 'shrink wrapped'. Of course she was shrink wrapped in latex rubber and sucked to a vacuum bed that held her spread eagled. As she came to she was in the upright position in that vacuum bed. But that was a vacuum bed on a plinth that could be set and adjusted to any angle and any height. She was aware of her body being shrink wrapped like this, but she was aware of that tightness, that thin layer of something across her face as well. If she could have 'felt' herself with her own hands she would have felt the smooth rubber skin across the features of her face but that skin would have been doubled. And there would be a cushion of air between those double latex skins so that it provided an extra level of isolation. But she couldn't feel for that she could only sense it. She could only sense that there was a layer of 'something' between her and the real world.

It was pointless her trying to speak because she knew she couldn't. Her mouth was prised open and held like that. She was sucking on that appendage and she could feel something down her throat - deep down her throat. She could feel that constriction down her throat and she could feel her throat squeezing on the tube that was down there. But that was just it - for Christa everything was magnified for her. She was waking up and coming to in shock. And everything seemed magnified - everything seemed worse than it was and that was because it was. And it wasn't at the same time. The reality couldn't be much worse for Christa. She could feel that her sexuality had been spread open and stretched as well - and her anus. Something was inside her. Something had been slipped inside her and then inflated - in both of her most private places. It was like Christa knew this and that as she was coming to she accepted it. But at the same time, if she could have she would have cried because of what she could feel. Why was she here? Who was doing this to her and why? She could feel these things, these appendages up inside her and she could squeeze them. But if she squeezed that just brought home to her how big those thing up inside her were and how much she had been opened up and stretched. And it brought home to her how she had been violated.

This was a seventeen year old girl who, the more she came to, was struggling with what was happening to her. But in the normal run of things, being taken and then penetrated like this would have been traumatic enough for her to cope with. But, she had this occlusion and total bondage to deal with as well. She had this isolation and this rubber 'thing' to deal with. And there was nothing worse that could be inflicted upon her than this isolation and this separation from reality that had been heaped on her. There was nothing worse than this. She could sense her breathing pretty much being done for her somehow. She couldn't work out how, or why again. And she could feel that things, that various things had been done to her. That she had been penetrated and changed in various ways. That inflation inside her most private places for start.

And yet this was a hardened girl. One who had experienced how hard life could be and it was like this was just something else that she had to deal with. She shouldn't have been able to deal with it all like this, but she did. But she wished she could see. Even if she could hear it would be something. But she couldn't. She became aware of her ears having little inflated plugs in them, closing out any kind of natural sound so that she was deaf - and all she had was the 'sound' of her own thoughts. All she had was the sound, the white noise in her own mind. Although, there was a tiny speaker inside one of those ear plugs. The abductor would be able to talk to her, eventually. Just not yet. Christa didn't know about that speaker. She wouldn't until she heard it crackling to life in a little while.

For this time the abductor, this woman in leather and lipstick and high heels would just watch this teenager shrink wrapped in latex - she would just watch and listen to her adapting to her new world. And this was the display, this was the exhibit. A seventeen year old girl taken out of her comfort zone and forced to exist in this other 'dimension'. This was a girl, a teenage human being completely covered, and shrink wrapped in black shiny latex and held like that on a vacuum bed. It was intentional to take this girl so out of her comfort zone, so out of the simple world that she was used to, and then watch how she coped with it. Listened to how she dealt with it.

Maybe this was the display, the exhibit, the abduction that was the sickest yet. They were all sick in their way and yet this seemed to have another level of perversion about it. The girl wasn't being used for sex. That is she wasn't being physically used for sexual purposes. And yet she was being violated. She had been violated sexually and she had been violated psychologically. And that was the thing for the abductor. This was what it was for her. This was the peak of what she had been doing so far. There was one more to take, and that would be Brenda Tavistock and then, then there was the 'main event'. The main event of course being DC Pepper Reed. She had something extra special planned for her, and for Brenda. But for now it was about this seventeen year old girl who was existing and trying to deal with a living rubber nightmare. Victim one had been inflicted with a crude level of breath control. But that had been different. That was supposed to be crude and it was supposed to be stark in that it was a sixteen year old girl staring back from that plastic bag and not knowing when her next breath would be granted, or if it would be granted. This was just the complete circle being formed. This was arriving back at that point, but in a more sophisticated way. In a more specialised way.

This was taking control of this girl in totality. This was enveloping her, shrink wrapping her in that vacuumed latex bondage and then taking control of her breathing. Having her breathing done for her, or restricted for her. This was her toileting being hijacked and controlled, and it was about her sexuality being very slowly, very gradually manipulated and aroused. That would happen to Christa on such a gradual basis that she wouldn't even realise it was happening at first. There was the rubber clinging to her breasts, and the pinching, piercing feeling that she could sense to her nipples. This was a girl who was as close to hell as it could be. There was no intense pain for her to deal with. No physical pain anyway. The pain to her psyche might have been something to write about, if one could describe it. Because there would be psychological pain. This girl wouldn't get through this without there being scars and that was if she even got through it at all.

The abductor watched - she just watched the human rubber doll inside that vacuumed bed. Completely still, completely silent. There was the noise of the vacuum but that was silenced to some degree in that it existed in the

background. But there was this inverse imprint of Christa in shiny black latex and there was this stillness that was almost too creepy and almost too 'sad' to comprehend. There was no real sign of life, except for the slight rise and fall of this rubber girl's chest. Her breathing was by artificial means and so if the abductor so chose, she could cut that off. Christa's life was really in her hands. But in a way she was safe. She was safe because she was no good to the abductor if she was dead. And that was the thing. She had to be alive. And she had to cope with what was being done to her. She had to deal with it. She had to live through what was happening to her. So she was as safe as she could be in the hands of some kind of maniac who happened to be a female sadist.

"I know you can hear me Christa. I want you to know that you're safe. As long as you fall into line, you're safe." And there would have been this shock applied to Christa's mind the moment she heard that voice. No electronic alteration to the voice now. This was this woman's silky smooth voice. There would have been the little crackle of the speaker, in Christa's ear coming to life and then the voice. And there would have been the immediate penetration of the isolation that Christa had been feeling and experiencing. The abductor was in close to the vacuum bed. She knew the shock that she had applied and she would have been looking for visible signs of that. But there were none. It was because the vacuum held Christa tight, shrink wrapped and tight. She couldn't move. She couldn't even hold her breath as a sign that she was so shocked to hear that female voice in her ear. And this was the 'kick', this was the 'buzz' for the woman. That she knew the shock was there, she knew it had been applied but that this young, helpless girl was unable to do anything about it. That she was unable to express her shock. She liked that. She liked that Christa, this poor girl from a broken home and too young to really understand was in shock but she couldn't speak to anyone about it, or express it in any way.

"This is your new life now." And the abductor spoke now not in a way that would soothe the girl or make her relax in any way. Her voice wasn't meant to comfort her. What the abductor was doing was heaping more torment on Christa. She was speaking deliberately so that rather than make the girl feel better, she was making her feel more confused and more fearful. And indeed it would have been about now that the fear would be

hitting home to Christa. When she'd come to there was the confusion and the knowledge and that fucking aroma and that 'taste'. And then there was the isolation and the occlusion but now there was this voice. This female voice that was also a voice of doom. Christa was hearing the voice and she was processing it. She was understanding each and every word but she wished that she wasn't. It couldn't be that this woman meant that this was 'really' her new life now? It couldn't be that. But it did and deep down she knew that. So now she had that to contend with as well. And the abductor was watching, and she was tilting her head in close and listening. Between her words she was listening for any sign of distress coming from the vacuum bed. But there was none. And that was what she liked. She knew it was there but that it couldn't come out. It was all contained within this rubber vacuum. All of this distress, all of this anxiety contained within this seventeen year old girl and unable to get out. The girl herself unable to expel all of her anxiety. And so all it could do was build and build and build, until she broke.

“I know, I know you don't feel too good right now. I just want you to know that it won't get any better for you. You need to learn to live with your torment and your internal anxieties because this is how it is going to be from now on. This is your life.” And this was cruel. This was beyond cruel. If there were any of the abductor's actions that conveyed her cruelty most, then this was it. Every single one of her words designed and delivered to emphasise already existing anxiety and horror and also to add more layers of it. And the abductor watched and she listened to the latex doll in the vacuum bed. Just the steady rhythm of controlled breathing and the rise and fall of the chest and breasts. Inside that occlusion Christa blinked tears. But that was all she could do. And this was Christa the exhibit - the display. And now she had a new purpose in life. This was her life! But she had a journey to go on. A journey of despair and torment that would be contained within her and prevented from erupting by the layers of latex rubber.

# Chapter 20

## End Game

### Now - Special Crimes Unit - Incident Room

How long it took for every officer in the room to get it, one couldn't be sure. That murmur faded to an almost pure silence. One has to say almost because from time to time, one female officer or another could be heard to sob gently as they processed what they were seeing. The abductor held that camera zoomed in on Pepper's face for what seemed like an age before she moved it. Pepper had blinked throughout, as though she was trying to communicate. But communicate what? Even she didn't know where she was. Communicate who the abductor was maybe - now that would be a revelation. The abductor a woman after all and not a man - and a woman who had been in the police service and who had access to things she shouldn't and had the abilities that would throw the investigation yet again. She would be a woman probably known to the DCI - now if this was known, it would shake the incident room, and the police service in London to the core. But this would be a revelation if only Pepper could convey it to them. The simple fact was that she couldn't. All she could do was look into that camera lens even though she wished dearly and deeply that she didn't have to. All she could really convey with her eyes was that she wanted not to be there and that probably she would give anything to not be there.

And now the camera was on the move again, up and away from that view directly down into the toilet bowl and moving, angling towards that thick glass floor. The auto focus at first having trouble penetrating the glass and doing that 'hunting' thing that it did. And when it did that it was like a

special effect that was unintentional. There was that out of focus zooming of the camera lens and then all of a sudden the snapping into focus through the glass. And once it had found that focus, what was below the glass was crystal clear, and sharp. That is, below the glass, the agony that Pepper was being held in became sharp and obvious. No words were necessary to describe or explain what was being seen.

There had been that slight delay in every single one of the officers in that room in identifying Pepper through the glass bowl of the toilet. But there was none of that now. Pepper had already been ID'd and there was no question of whether that was her tortured body beneath that glass lid to the pit she was in. But with that immediate recognition and process of what they were seeing there was this collective intake of breath as that camera snapped into focus. The spread legs, the bound arms, the touching elbows. The nipple clips piercing and distorting the erect nipples, the labial clips attached to stretched distorted labia. And the abductor was 'helpful' in moving the camera and zooming in and out so that every painful detail of how Pepper was being held was transmitted to the team back in the incident room. This was an additional cruelty - this was an additional mental anguish that this woman could inflict with ease.

There was another sob from the room. But this time it wasn't a female officer at all, it was the DCI. He had his face in his hands - he didn't want to see any more. The abductor moved around the toilet bowl slowly making sure every angle was catered for. Making sure that every one took in every detail of Pepper's suffering. "Oh come on now DCI. A big strong man like you, shedding a tear for this little slut. You're supposed to be the strong one. You are supposed to be the glue that binds all of this 'elite' team together. And there you are crying like a baby, tut tut tut!" This time the electronic voice was dialled down a bit. And where the abductor, this woman, was turning up the torment - where she was turning up the psychological torture and especially the cruelty to the DCI, she was also giving them a little bit more. Heads came up, more alert, an officer towards the back of the room spoke. "That's not a man, that's a female voice. I'd put money on it. THAT is a woman." And there was this murmur of agreement. There was this little commotion in the room. This was the biggest revelation yet. The DCI didn't

say anything. He just looked back at the screen. He wiped his eyes, he was back on it.

“I swear to god, when, WHEN not if, I catch you, you and me are going to have some ‘us’ time. And during that us time, I’m going to show you how we look after our own.” That was anger, and frustration coming to the fore. It would have been frustration mostly because this person, this abductor had let it be known now that she was a woman. They hadn’t found that out at all. That was not uncovered during the hours and hours of police work. This woman was playing games with them. She was just toying with them, throwing them little bits for free - patronising the fuck out of them.

And for her to play the game like this, for her to let little bits slip out like this, then she must have been confident that she would never be caught. Or she must be confident that she controlled the whole situation. But this was a revelation that almost shocked the incident room to the foundations. “Now now DCI. You need to try to keep those emotions in check. I’d like to say I will look forward our ‘us time’. You need to think, if I can do THIS to one of your officers, then imagine what I can do to you? But it’s not going to happen. You are already niggled, to say the least because ‘I’ am controlling this whole little game. If we meet, trust me when I say that it will be on my terms, not yours.” And the electronic voice had been dialled out even more now. And now there was this crystal clear, feminine clarity about the voice. There was still a little bit of alteration in there - still just enough to throw anyone off recognising by chance, this woman for who she was by voice alone.

But that didn’t matter. The abductor was going to reveal more. “But just to show you that I hear what you’re saying DCI, I want to show you, I want to convince you that there are no depths to my sadism, or my cruelty, or my perversion that I won’t go to in order to cause pain for the victim, and those close to her. And those who work with her. Yes, I’m talking about Pepper here. DC Pepper Reed, super star officer, and now human toilet. You know, she’s already consumed the contents of my bladder today. And I can already feel bowel movements coming on.” And she stopped right there. There was a collective intake of breath in the incident room and then someone was heard to explain “oh for gods sakes.” And that came out in this disturbed and

outraged way. As though to say that this was enough now. Enough was enough. And there was even more outrage because of the perversion involved in what this woman was hinting at. A perverted man yes, they'd get that. Each and every one of the officers in that room would have seen the worst of the worst in the form of deviant and perverted men. But a woman - and what sounded like a well-spoken woman? It was too much for the mind, the normal mind that is, to contend with.

There was movement on the screen again. This time the abductor was placing the camera at ground level a little back from the glass floor and the glass toilet, taking it all in. She took time to place it precisely - and then she zoomed in to the glass toilet with Pepper's head in it. The whole screen filled with that glass toilet and the aperture so wide open that everything behind the toilet was out of focus and blurred. This was a woman who liked the spectacular. She liked to inflict and create the spectacular. And then she was walking away from that camera and there were the leather pants. Tight leather pants and high heel boots. This was further confirmation that this was indeed a woman. And the further away she walked the more of her came into view. Her curves, her shape, her slightly top heavy upper body, and finally her head. Now her only disguise was a cat like mask over her eyes. Now there was total attention in the incident room. This was the woman who had run rings round them. This was the woman who hadn't just run rings round them, she had totally destroyed and disrupted their investigation. In fact she had made it a non-investigation. And now she was showing herself. And this was worry - if she was showing herself, albeit in disguise still, then why was she doing that. Was this her end game?

"Don't you dare do anything else to that poor girl, you bitch!" That was Lorraine, the older female officer. She had been sitting with her hand clamped to her mouth all the way through this reveal. It was clearly too much for her. The abductor moved towards the camera again and this time got down and squatted on her own heels to look into the lens. As she did that there was this creaking of the leather of her pants as it stretched. And this time her face was more clearly visible. Her face and her red lips, and some of the eyes through the mask. "I know her! I know her, but I cannot place her." That was the DCI. "Lorraine, shut the fuck up or you'll be here next - you understand, bitch?" And the abductor ran her fleshy wet tongue

across the front of her teeth. Lorraine didn't say anything else she had been scared half to death that this woman knew her name. The woman got up again and this time she was undoing her belt and her pants and she was pulling them down over her hips and ass. There was utter silence in the incident room. This woman was doing this in front of the camera knowing that they would be able to see Pepper in the background, slightly out of focus. And when she moved, Pepper was snapped into focus again.

Someone in the room sobbed, another female officer, as the abductor moved to the glass toilet and took a seat. Every single one of those officers would have wished they couldn't see what they were seeing. Every single one of them would have wanted to look away but wouldn't be able to. It was a case of being tortured by images - by moving images. Pepper wouldn't be able to turn her head to the side to look at the camera. Because of the moulding and the design of the toilet, her head was held in that one position. She was an integral part of the toilet design, she was looking up - right up at this woman's private parts and ready to receive and swallow. She would have seen that view before - just before she emptied her bladder into her mouth. And now she was about to empty her bowels.

The abductor pulled back one of her high heels on the glass and there was this little 'scratching' of that glass. And then there was this little sigh out of the woman just before she 'pushed'. And again there was this collective sigh of outrage around the incident room. There was movement - a couple of officers left. What they were seeing was too much for them and they needed to get out. Most though, even though feeling like they should look away, didn't. Their eyes were fixed to that glass toilet and to Pepper inside it. The abductor was evacuating the contents of her bowels slowly, almost 'casually'. And in the toilet bowl, Pepper's throat could be seen undulating in that automatic swallow. The young DC couldn't avoid those smooth, almost fluid wastes from dropping into her mouth, and she couldn't avoid swallowing them.

The DCI was pale. He wouldn't have wanted to see what he just saw and yet it was something he needed to see. If it killed him, he would bring this woman to justice before he retired. There was a hatred for her building inside him and it was something that he had never experienced before. He

had dealt with and had needed to take the pits of humanity to justice and through the judicial system before this day but none of his cases, none of the people he had dealt with came close to him hating them as this woman now did. Inside there was this pit of revulsion for a woman who could do, who was doing what she was doing, and there was dire need, like an addictive need in him to find this woman and finish her. If he had been asked, he wouldn't be able to promise anyone in that incident room, that he wouldn't kill this woman with his bare hands. That was something else that was alien to him - that feeling of needing this woman, this abductor, this deviant sadist to not exist anymore - needing her to be dead.

He had taken perverts of the worse kind out of circulation and he had been happy that the judicial system would give them their due deserts. He hadn't always been happy with the sentences handed down to rapist and child molesters but he had nodded it off knowing that there was nothing else that he could do and that they had been through the process of the law. But this woman - the starkness, the absolute perversion of what she did and was able to do - the cruelty of what she did - the pure evil of what she was able to put another woman through - it was a shock to the DCI's system. And it was that shock that convinced him that this woman had to die. It was that shock that told him that putting her through the system was not enough. She had to die before she got taken into the system. That was something that he made his mind up about as this woman rose from the toilet seat. He had decided that she would die, and that he would be the one who would kill her.

But this twisted woman wasn't finished yet. And it was because she wasn't finished that made this leather clad, red lipsticked woman more shocking. She had just made Pepper consume her shit, in front of her friends and colleagues, and that in anyone's eyes would have been enough, surely. But it was like it was nothing to her. What she had just done was spectacularly perverted and deviant but to her it was nothing. Just nothing! And now she was picking up the camera again and she was moving. She was allowing her red lipped mouth to fill the screen - just her mouth. Every so often her tongue would slash across her lips. And maybe for the first

time now, the incident room would have been aware that this woman was not white. It wouldn't have been something that they thought of before because of the sense of shock in that room. But now, now they were coming down the other side, and now with this close up of this woman's mouth, there would have been the fullness of her lips giving away that she was a woman of colour. The DCI was wracking his brains trying to think, trying to remember who she was. But then he was distracted again when she spoke. "You'll want to know what happened to the others. You'll want to know about all those other delicious females I've simply taken out of circulation."

And the answer to that question would have been normally a 'yes'. And there was that familiar murmur in the room again. This time it was one that said the everyone in that room agreed that they weren't sure if they could take any more of the finer details of the missing females fates. They had just sat through what amounted to minutes as this woman evacuated her bowels into the digestive system of one of their dearest colleagues. They had been shocked deeper than their cores with this. But now they were wondering what else they could be shown. What else was this woman capable of. Each and every one of them, including the DCI had the feeling that there wasn't anything she wasn't capable of. The DCI knew sadists - he knew how they worked. He knew that they usually worked on an escalating scale of violence and torture - always looking for the next big buzz. Pepper was the last to be taken, so her fate, human toilet, should have been the worse to date, and maybe it was, who knows - but what levels in-between for the other woman and girls?

"Oh get on with it you sick cunt. You're going to show us, so come on, bring it on because you need to enjoy it whilst you can 'cause your days are numbered, I promise you that." The DCI snapped again. He was still pale but it was clear that he'd played this woman's game long enough. There was a little smile from those lips on the screen. "That's what I like DCI, an eagerness to view my work." And that was followed. By an almost sadistic 'chuckle'. "An eagerness to view your 'crimes' you mean. Crimes for which you are going to pay a fucking high price." Again the DCI was showing that he wasn't interested in playing games anymore. The abductor chuckled again and this time she was working, and moving as she chuckled.

She was flicking switches, a series of them but her lips were the only things that could be seen. When she eventually moved the camera and pointed it into the room again there were a series of spotlights that had been lit up. Each of those spotlights lit a specific point in that huge space. And each of those spaces was separated by sound proofed glass screen. Each of those spotlights lit up one of eight 'presentations'. And each of those presentations included one of the missing nine. It had been the missing eight, but with Pepper it was nine. The abductor gave an overview, a distance view of the whole micro designed display. And then she went on a walk about, showing each of the displays in turn and in detail. There was Gemma, with her head in the plastic bag, and her breathing controlled and restricted. There was Samirah and her brutal anal violation. There was Selina and her brutal beaten and bleeding ass and thighs. There was the Marilyn Munro look alike forced to hold the oily thick enema inside her bowels as it tortured her. And Chantelle forced to endure a never ending orgasm that debilitated her and melted her mind. There was Suzy in her weighted, and stretched bondage agony and there was Christa in her insanity inducing latex occlusion and violation. And it was during this time that there were more collective sighs, and sobs. There were signs of shock with each revelation. There were more signs of outrage. And there was silence from others. The image of the incident room in a state of shock was one to behold. The scene of all of these hardened, experienced and not so experienced taking in what they were seeing on the screen was something that did not belong in a police incident room.

The investigation had made no progress at all. Not one single clue. And yet this woman had given them everything on this day. She had given them everything and yet given them nothing at the same time. "Take a good long look officers. I want each and every one of you to think, which one of you is next. And a word to the wise, for the men, don't think you're all safe because I have something extra special planned for the men once my female programme is complete. NONE of you are safe and you need to realise that. I'll be where you least expect it. Bye bye for now." And that was it, she was gone leaving just this stunned silence and the flickering of the lights again as all systems booted back up. All eyes turned to the DCI - they wanted answers. They wanted reassurance that this fucking lunatic woman wouldn't come for them. But he couldn't give them that reassurance. And

they were no further along in the investigation than they had been before this biggest of all reveals.

**THE END**

*or is it?*

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