

“Family Ties” by Geoffrey Merrick
Illustrated by Nilsson



Family Ties

Written by Geoffrey Merrick
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He decided to abduct his brother's daughters at the 18th birthday party of the youngest.

Kristie was always the sweetest girl – so happy and innocent. Imagine his delight then, when on her 18th birthday, she suddenly took after her mother and sprouted a great body. 34C, 22, 32 he expertly judged. Imagine, too, his quiet pleasure in the rich, thick sheen of her blonde hair.

She was obviously as pleased as he was, since, even at the winter party; she wore a tight, black, ribbed, short-sleeved mock-turtleneck sweater and soft black "mini-shorts," that, from almost every angle, looked like a frilly miniskirt, or perhaps a rippled belt. He could imagine the firm, strong, tight buttocks nestled just inside.

He had been surveying her sister, Haley, before Kristie had come down from upstairs. Haley was one year older and taller than her sibling 5'7" to Kristie's 5'4". She was rapidly developing into his second favorite type of look: a sultry little mouth, long nose, big blue eyes, just a tad too close together, wavy blonde hair, and a killer body: long legs encased in skin-tight yellow pants which molded her round, firm rear; a narrow waist, and large, round breasts bulging in a overmatched bra beneath a silky, skin-tight black t-shirt. 36D, 24, 35 he decided.

In fact, just about the only thing that kept her from being perfect was the freckles which dotted her alabaster skin. Sure, he loved freckles, but he loved smooth, clear, unblemished skin even more.

And Kristie had that in abundance. It had been two years since he saw her, at her 16th birthday, and since then she had developed from a sweet tom-boy into a sex kitten. Her breasts were now water-balloon-sized, her lips pouty, her face triangular, her yellow hair long, and parted on the side, and her body smooth and firm. What an incredible package!

From that moment, his fantasies of having Haley were put on hold. Oh, he still thought about what it would be like with his cock as far up her as he could shove it, his hands crushing her boobs, as she was so completely gagged and bound that she could do nothing about it, but first things first.

Two days after the party, he was back at her house, only this time in the late afternoon. Her parents worked. Her older brother was out somewhere. Her sister went to college in the city. Kristie left the bus, walked down the street to her house, and went inside. She changed from her school uniform into jeans, t-shirt, and sneakers, and then went downstairs and out the back door to throw her garbage out.

She nearly walked into him.

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"Oh!" she said. "Uncle Sven. I didn't know that...!"

That's all she got out. He slammed the big sodden cloth over her face, clamping down on her mouth. He swung behind her, grabbed her little body with his other arm, trapping her two arms, and held her writhing, kicking, squealing form close to him.

He leaned back against the corner of the back porch enclosure in ecstasy, knowing that her wonderful little cries could not be heard outside the steps and feeling her perfect, young female shape writhing against his. Her pert ass rubbing against his crotch made his wand as hard as a redwood. He looked down and caught his breath.

He could see right down her shirt and her breasts were amazing. She wasn't wearing a bra and the tear drops were shifting in the cotton, her aureoles looking like eyes desperate to find a way out. And her mound skin was so wonderfully smooth and sweetly packed that he almost let go of her arms.

But not quite – it was over in fifteen seconds. She blinked beneath the blinding, gagging cloth, and sagged. Only then did he reach down and hold her up by her face and right tit.

Feeling its buoyancy and succulence in his fingers, he immediately slipped the cloth into her shirt and laid her down carefully on her back. He took a split second to gaze at her sweet, sleeping face, almost came, and then slid the olive-drab duffel bag over her. With a tug, she was inside. Then he moved it to his back. She couldn't have been more than 101 pounds.

He carried the bag to the house's small, one-car garage. As he already knew, it was dark, cob-webbed, and filled with junk: old furniture, broken lawn-mower, rusted bike, unused wheelbarrow, and the like. The light bulb had long since burned out and had not been replaced. He carefully made his way to the back and laid the duffel bag in a patch of dirt near the rear wall.

He only took a few moments to return to the house before returning to the garage, where now two bags of his were waiting, while he carried a third.

Eventually her parents and brother got home. And when their daughter didn't, they called the cops. He knew the cops would tell them they would have to wait 24 hours before an official search could begin. Her mom stayed on the phone while her dad went out looking for her. Her brother, he knew, would maintain that she was probably out having a good time; that it was about time, and he went out to do the very same thing.

He watched his brother get back from searching and carefully surveyed the windows of the house as her parents no doubt worried, maybe even argued or cried, but eventually acknowledged that they would just have to wait. He had raped Kristie twice by then.

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She lay on his lap in a savage hog-tie as he sat on the garage ground, keeping watch through a dirty window high up on the front garage door. Her lovely legs were bent double, her ankles crossed, her toes tied to her wrists (keeping her small, perfect feet brutally pointed).

Her ankles were tied together, and tied again to her thighs beneath the shortened hem of her pleated school uniform skirt. Her knees and elbows were also brutally tied. Her wrists were crossed and tied, and his cock lay nestled in her fingers, where she stroked it as best she could – out of fear and because he demanded it. She was in a very contorted and painful position.

Keeping his eyes on the window, he leaned down and placed his lips against her tape covered ear, his hand slipping up from her waist to slide inside her starched white school uniform shirt.

"That's it," he whispered. "Keep stroking. Easy...easy...like it's the most beautiful thing you've ever felt...like you're petting a dog..." He reveled, feeling her shudder endlessly against him, obviously sobbing in preteen hysterics, shock, and pain...although you couldn't tell that from her face.

You couldn't see her face. He was taking no chances. An orifice-filling pad was stuffed in her mouth, held in by a thin strap wickedly tightened under her hair at the base of her neck. And, over that went a thick swath of tape to seal her lips. Then, a cunningly wired “rubber cloth” was tied tautly over that, followed by an actual strip of glue-coated lycra-spandex.

Over her eyes were two squares of foam, covered by two squares of tape. Over that went a sleeping mask, and over that went a damp cloth tied behind her head. And over both of them went layer upon layer of duct tape, almost completely covering her head...leaving only her nose poking out.

Even with all that, he kept a thick, cloth, drug-soaked pad laying beside her head, and tied a rope around her throat, with the "leash" in his hand...just in case.

It didn't look like he'd need it.

Just about the only sound she had made when he bounced her up and down on his hard-on, while lying flat on his back as she sat on her haunches was a quiet, high-pitched squeal ...when she wasn't grunting, gasping, and moaning in rhythm with her assault.

She had twisted her body this way and that, throwing her head back as he forced her to ride him, but sealed inside her head that way, each ankle tied to each thigh, her arms twisted all the way up her back and tied under and around each shoulder, she could do little else but try to survive the sexual sensations he was overwhelming her with.

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He mostly kept his hands on her wonderful hip bones, forcing her down on him again and again, but occasionally (okay, more than occasionally) he would reach up to grab her bobbing boobs – either under, over, or through the cotton.

She would groan as he squeezed, driving him on to an even greater climax. Once her folks came home, however, he pushed her onto her back, laid crushingly on top of her, ground her left breast with one hand and squeezed her squirming little buttocks with the other.

Then, with her bent, bound legs flopping to either side from exhaustion, invasion, and trauma, he slid his lubricated member into her impossibly tight, warm, and wet cunt.

He fucked her again, revelling in the dark and delicious secrecy, their family no more than 25 feet away across the small yard, completely unaware than their worst

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possible fears – ones they couldn't really even imagine – were coming true just out of their sight.

If there was any risk of discovery, it was from the sounds he made as he fucked her with increasing violence in the back of the garage, scraping her torn t-shirt through the dirt.

He only stilled when he came in her again, lying with his full weight on her tiny but firm, buoyant body. He felt spurt after spurt of thick, creamy cum spewing deep inside her – further than anything had gone before. She stiffened, stretching, her back arching as far as it could, a sound emerging from the gag like a kitten being drowned.

Then she went lax. After a few moments he realized she had fainted. Taking no chances, he woke her with smelling salts. She started, then began to shake, as if, for a split second, she thought it all had been a horrible nightmare...only to awaken still blind, mute, and essentially paralyzed in tightly roped pain.

He quickly sat her up on her knees, shins, and calves, grabbed a fistful of hair, and clamped the drug cloth over the center of her face.

"Breathe," he whispered warningly, shaking her head. "Breathe...."

At first it seemed she couldn't believe it; he had woken her to knock her out again. But within moments her lovely little body slackened once more, and he went to work. That's when he dressed her in her school uniform – bra and all – which he had gotten from her room.

Retying her, he watched the house and waited until she regained consciousness of her own accord. That's when the bondage "lap dance" started.

He decided it was only right he teach her to masturbate him. The rest of the education would come later, when her open mouth posed no risk to their whereabouts.

He pulled down one bra cup and kneaded the lovely, firm, teardrop breast he freed there. He lightly held her chin and neck with his other hand (the one the rope "leash" was wrapped around) and enjoyed the fresh, captive glory of her.

"Come on, now," he hushed against her tape-covered ear. "You're mine now. You're filled with my seed. You're marked. I own you. Now, whatever happens is up to me. You have to do what I say. Remember that."

“Here’s my dick in your hands...start wanking until you feel a handful of gism.”

She started to plead, her arms and hands spasming.

"Hey," he hissed. "You want to get fucked again? If you don't get me off, I'll stick my rod back in you. So it's your choice, dear niece. It's either in your hands or all the way up your ass. And, you know how bad that's gonna hurt."

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She attempted to jack his cock up and down, but her contorted position and resulting pain made her lurch and heave from nausea. Rather than have her throw up and suffocate from her own vomit, he plopped the sodden rag over her face again until she convulsed and stilled.

Eventually all the lights in the house went off. Even so, he waited until 4:30 in the morning before moving her. By then she was naked...save for a slick, shiny coating of masturbated semen in her hair, on her face, neck, chest, stomach, back, and between her legs. He never thought he could cum so many times, but just looking at her gave him a hard-on.

Her arms embraced herself, thanks to ropes creating a "straightjacket-tie." Her legs were bent; her ankles, knees, and thighs bound; her thighs rebound to her stooped back so she was bent over in a ball.

She lay in the duffel bag amongst her torn school uniform and after-school outfit, hardly bigger than a sack of potatoes. He walked quietly and quickly to the nondescript rented van, which was parked on a street behind the house, and placed the duffel bag onto the front passenger seat.

Then, with a final look to make sure the street was quiet and all the lights were out, he started the purring engine and drove away.

He emptied her out onto the carpeted floor of his hotel room by 6:30 that morning. His wife Inga caught her breath. The overweight dirty blonde couldn't believe how young and lovely and fresh and natural Kristie had become.

"My goodness," she breathed in the bright light of the hotel room – every thick curtain closed. "I thought she would get prettier, but I had no idea this pretty...!"

Inga's hand went out, hovering in mid-air over the unbound, un-gagged, unconscious, bare, blonde. He could see she already wanted to push her wriggling fingers up the girl's snatch as far as they would go. She already wanted to grip both breasts and lift her off the floor by them. He and his wife was a perfect match for one another, since they both enjoyed sexual proclivities considered by most to be extremely perverted.

She wouldn't have to wait long. "Where's her sister?" she asked hoarsely.

"Don't worry about her; she's going to college in the city. There will be plenty of time for a reunion...later."

He had met Inga by chance shortly before the Archdiocese "retired" her. She had been a careful, cautious den mother to novice nuns...the kind of caring caretaker who

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would visit their rooms late at night to "test" their devotion...keeping their mouths tightly covered just to make sure they didn't disturb their sisters with any unwilling cries.

Naturally the organization covered-up what few accusations there were. And, naturally they transferred her whenever there was a doubt, and finally, when the doubts became a clear pattern, she was retired, on full pension, without her new neighbors being aware of her reputation.

Nor would they ever be...she would see to that. He had married her soon after.

"Little girls," she said in a hush, watching Kristie breath as if hypnotized. She stared at the round breasts rising and falling, the tiny pink aureoles like candy-corn nubs on jello mounds. "Perfect, sweet, little girls. Oh, she must be taken care of...this one has to be tested...!"

"Of course," he smiled. "How thin are these walls, anyway?"

She glanced at him for a mere second. "It doesn't matter," she maintained with conviction. "No one will hear a thing...." And then she marched to her suitcase. She reached in and when she pulled her hands out her fingers were filled with coils of soft, studded straps which moved around her palms and wrists like sneering snakes. "That I promise," she said.

They took turns on her once Inga had her washed, dried, and prepared. She lay, naked, back on the practically sterile hotel room carpet, attempting to "escape."

Her wrists were crossed behind her and tied to her tiny waist. Her elbows were cinched as tightly as they could be with her wrists crossed. Straps bunched her breasts from the bottom and top, while another, thinner one, crushed them. Her ankles were hobbled by a four-inch length.

And in her mouth...in her mouth was a great gag – a gag that almost did more to imprison her than all the ropes and straps. For it filled her mouth while wrenching it open as far as it would go, stunning her, while covering and crushing her lips with a wide, soft, but almost unyielding rubberized leather cover.

You could tell she was stunned by this obstruction...you could tell by the way her head went back and then fell forward. You could tell by the choking, gasping sounds she made. And you could tell by the way she writhed, rubbing her legs together, flopping on her side, contorting this way and that like a snake exposed to the sun.

Topping it all was that her eyes were wide open, and I do mean wide. Inga had used powerful dilation drops in them, so all Kristie could see was fuzz. But all they could see was her terror, helplessness, and sexuality.

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There was just enough room between her legs for him to squeeze in between, jamming his still erect cock all the way up her. Inga watched it slide in before kneeling behind the girl, locking her head between her knees then kneading her breasts like an expert baker.

"How wet do you want her?" Inga asked as the girl made tiny, choking squeals, frantically heaving her body up...only literally playing into their hands.

"How wet can you get her?" he asked, cutting off the question with a gasp as Kristie's tight vagina unavoidably clamped onto his cock.

"You'd be surprised..." Inga breathed, then concentrated on vigorously massaging the girl's chest. Much to his delight (and Kristie's growing agitation) the sluices started to open. It grew damp, then moist, then wet...so wet that vagina juice began to bubble and drool into both their crotch hairs.

The smell of sex was thick in the room, and the captive's sounds had turned to tortured moans and panicked sobs; her body thrusting up in a vain attempt to get away from the assault and overwhelming stimulation.

He came once into her helpless body, then again. And then they had to wait several minutes until he was flaccid enough to remove his flesh plug from her sopping hole.

He crawled out between her vibrating legs, watching her scrape her side against the carpet, her hands tightening into fists then flopping down again. Her chest was flushed red, her breasts clearly showing the echoes of Inga's strong, expert acupressure. She managed one weaker moan before Inga grabbed her thighs.

"Sit on her," she instructed. "Sear your member into her memory... and mammaries...."

He didn't need to be told twice. One of the reasons Inga and he worked so well together is that their thought processes were similar. Kristie was on her back, staring in terror at the ceiling. He sat on her stomach and began to rub his still erect cock on her torso.

"Feel that?" he cooed. "That's your lover, your best friend, your reason for living. That is the end all and be all. That is your whole world...." She started to moan and cry, her big, blind eyes squeezing shut, but he knew it wasn't because of anything he was doing. It was what Inga was doing to her behind him, between her legs.

It didn't matter. He thoroughly enjoyed rubbing his penis all over her body and face; between her raw tits, across her throat, over her covered mouth, against her nostrils, into her ears, through her hair....

And all the while she moaned and undulated in increasing intensity, once or twice jerking in a cataclysm of climaxes. Then her eyes would cross and her nose would run,

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and she'd nearly lose consciousness, seemingly trying to cry herself to sleep. But her pried open mouth, and Inga's darting tongue and fingers, would prevent it.

He came once more with her locked in his arms, his penis across her cheek, and then there was a knock on their hotel room door.

"Room service!" announced the maid. Then the unmistakable sound of a passkey in the lock.

You wouldn't think Kristie could do much after all that, but she was still surprisingly strong as she wrenched in their grips, surging up to scream with all her might.

Inga immediately grabbed the girl's legs in a bear-hug as Sven bore down on her torso, knocking the air out of her.

"Occupied!" Sven called as he dropped forward, his forearm on the squirming, sobbing girl's windpipe and his hand over her already gagged mouth.

The door started to open; then stopped. Kristie's eyes bulged as beads of sweat erupted across her brow.

"We need to make up the room," the voice announced uncertainly from the other side.

"My wife and I aren't dressed," Sven said quickly, pressing down on the young blonde's throat. "Could you give us just a few moments?"

"Certainly," said the maid. "Certainly." And the door slowly closed, clicking softly as Sven suddenly hauled Kristie up off the floor and dragged her to the door.

Their naked niece was stunned as he carefully, purposefully, silently, forced the girl's gorgeous front tight against the portal, her breasts squishing flat against the laminated wood.

"You hear?" he hissed into her quivering ear as he furiously motioned with his free hand at Inga. "There's someone right behind this door who could save you! Call to her. Quickly! Get help! It may be your last chance!"

Then he felt his wife plop the sedative-soaked washcloth into his hand. And, as Kristie reared up, just getting her breath back for a final screech, he dragged her head back and clamped it over her nose and sealed mouth.

Outside the maid waited, essentially ignoring the noises that came from within thinking they were the sounds of a couple dressing...and not the frantic struggles of a beautiful little blonde trying to escape her bondage and anesthetizing.

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She tried to kick, but Aunt Inga was pressing her thighs against the door. She tried to knock, but her bound arms could just barely touch the door's surface. She tried to bang her head but Uncle Sven held her back by her face and hair.



Within seconds she was lolling in their arms, and seconds after that she was back in the duffel bag. Only then did Sven swing the door wide, and, with a big smile, announced "Come on in!"

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When Kristie awoke, she was back in her school girl outfit – bra, panties and all – sitting between them on the front seat of her uncle’s rented van out in the hotel parking lot. By then her eyes were focused again...for all the good it did her.

Aunt Inga had dressed her, removed all the ropes save for the wrist one, then sat on her stomach exchanging gags. She replaced the ultimate silencer with a big pliant ball, which plumped up Kristie’s cheeks and filled her aural cavity just enough so that she could just manage to close her pushed out lips...but most often her mouth was slightly open with the off-white color of the ball showing through.

Inga tied her wrists and elbows further behind her with the seat belts, then they piled in on either side of her and waited until she awoke. Kristie freaked when she saw the first guest coming out the front door and walking toward his car. They almost laughed as they grabbed her and held her back: Sven by her chest and mouth, and Inga by her hips and legs.

And that's what they did for the better part of an hour: kept Kristie from kicking the walls and windshield or screaming loud enough that they could hear her. Of course Kristie didn't know that the heavily shock-proofed van was soundproofed and the glass was one-way, but they decided not to spoil her fun....



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Instead, she wrenched herself every which way and reared up to scream while he held her working lips shut and shoved his hand in her shirt and bra. Inga was busy wrapping her legs around her niece's legs and shoving her fingers up her dress and down her panties.

As Kristie strained, sweating, they molested and masturbated her, making her slither up and almost over their bodies, shudder in their arms, and jerk rhythmically. Finally, she lay panting on their laps; his left hand still pushing down on her lips and his right rubbing, kneading, and pinching both breasts. Inga had her legs gathered up in her arms, idly binding her crossed ankles.

"Here," he said, pulling the exhausted girl up toward his wife while pulling out his cell phone. "Take her in back. Keep her quiet and available."

Inga didn't need to be told twice. Sven dialed his brother.

"Carl," he said. "I wanted to let you know that we'll be leaving in a few minutes."

He heard a bleating from the back of the van at the mention of his brother's name, but then it was cut off by a soft grunt and a low humming.

"What?" Sven responded to what his brother was saying. "Well, how do you know she's missing?"

He started to get out from the driver's seat and step back into the rear of the van. "Well, what I mean by that is that she might not be missing, exactly, but away from home for a little while."

He crouched, listening to his brother, but didn't look down at the van floor until he started speaking again. "Carl, Carl, Carl, you know as well as I do that parents are often the last people to know what their children can be like. I know you think Kristie is not that kind of girl, but the difference is that I know that she's human."

He looked down at her. Her aunt had been busy. His niece's hair was fanned out around her head and her body was laid out in a severe "T" shape. Her lovely legs were spread as wide as they could go, each ankle tied tightly to a small hook on the inside metal skin of the van.

An incredibly tight strap was cinched around her waist, to which her wrists were wired at her sides – her fingers straining toward her crotch. Of course they were clawing, because her aunt had sliced open her panties and was even now rooting around inside her cunt with her fingers.

The ultimate silencer was back on her face, yet her expression was still stretched into a silent scream, her eyes bulging, as her uncle continued to soothe her father. "What I mean," he said as he knelt down beside his wife, "is that she doesn't have to be 'that kind of girl' to have a little fun. Come on, Carl, she's 18, she's finishing school, and face it, we both know she's more than just a little attractive...."

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Sven undid his zipper and reached inside his shorts as his niece began to thrash, her breasts quavering in the bra. "Yes, of course she'd want to blow off a little steam," he said calmly. "Didn't we? Didn't Haley? Oh, all right, maybe not Haley, but Kristie's not Haley, is she?"

Inga moved up to her niece's face and slowly, carefully, placed a towel over the blonde's lower face to muffle her cries even more as her husband started to unzip one of his suitcases. "Just check her room," he continued. "If any of her clothes are missing, that probably means she's on a little R and R." He pulled some of Kristie's dresses and lingerie out of the satchel – items he had stolen from her room as she lay unconscious in her garage – and waved them at her.



"All I'm saying," Sven cooed as he began to lie atop the girl, "is you might want to think before calling in the hounds. Let her have some fun," he continued as he batted her shirt aside and filled his free hand with her right breast. "Then, when she comes

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home, it'll be out of her system." He jerked his hips up, his cock surging between the lips of his niece's cunt as Kristie's wail was swallowed up by the gag and towel. "Ooooooh, yeah," he almost gasped, feeling her tight warmth.

"No," he said, "that's not a shock jock's tagline." He started rutting in earnest. "I think it's off some commercial." He looked down into his niece's astonished, horrified, big blue eyes as he said "Kristie would know."

The girl tried to surge up. Her aunt held her down. Her uncle just kept thrusting. "Yeah, no problem, Carl, anytime. Let me know how it goes. Wait a minute...hold on, will you...?" He quickly laid the phone by Kristie's hip and started fucking her harder than ever before.

Inga had to twist the girl's head away and press both hands on the folded towel to keep her muzzled wails from being picked up by the sensitive phone mouthpiece. The girl's fingers clawed for the phone, but it was a mere fingernail out of reach.

Sven pushed all the way into her, gripped her tit like a baker kneading bread, and reared up. He pumped inside her, jerked out, grabbed his cock, and shot her in the chest, throat, and hair with three streams of thick white jism.

Kristie jerked as if punched, and then shuddered, cringing, her lovely body wracked by sobs. Sven grabbed the phone.

"What? Oh no, it was nothing," he told his brother. "I was just coming...to a decision." He idly started to massage his cum into the girl's skin. "Do what you think is best. But I bet you anything that no one will find her missing...."

The brothers made their good-byes as Inga kneeled by the trembling girl's head. Sven snapped the phone shut and pointed toward the driver's seat.

"Let's blow this dive, dear. We've got some distance to cover...."

By the time they neared their destination, Kristie was a vision in a crushed velvet micro-mini-dress, frilly little lace socks, and wicked high heels. A clear plastic strap cinched her elbows behind her. An even tighter one was deep in her mouth, viciously forcing her tongue down at its very base. Then, it tightened around her head, and beneath her hair.

She was drooling all over her neck and chest, soaking the outfit, which was essentially a sixth layer of skin, glowing red, black and purple, barely containing her heaving mounds with its wide "U" neck. Its frilly skirt ended just an inch below her snatch and then her impossibly wonderful legs stretched down to filly white lace ankle socks and tight, thin-strapped pink high heels.

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Two more plastic straps held each of her ankles tightly to her thighs. The girl was without her panties and bra, of course.

With her flopping around the back of the van, he didn't need to flip her skirt up, and with her elbows tightly cinched, there wasn't much she could do about anything he wanted to try. So he occupied the drive with her on his haunches, then with her on her face. Regardless of what position she was forced to assume, he had his cock up her and was rutting away, her forearms flailing.



She kept trying to straighten up, kept trying to get away, kept trying to punch him, but none of it worked. Instead, he kept her hips tight in his hands, and her cunt kept getting impaled by his shaft. Although it was painful for her, he was having the time of his life.

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Soon, she hardly fought anymore, just gasped with every thrust. Only then did he lean over, grab her dress' bodice, and yank it down. Her tits surged free, but hardly had time to shift as he grabbed them, filling his palms with her chest flesh.

Kristie tried rearing up again, but his grip was merciless. She shook, slid, but otherwise was locked against him.

"Grab her hair," he heard his wife say over the engine noise. "Nail her."

"Keep your eyes on the road," he replied, but did as she said. Kristie's eyes bulged as he pulled her head back, forcing the rear of her head onto his shoulder as he continued rutting.

Soon her eyes were closed again as he continued to thrust, rubbing her naked chest brutally against the metal walls, each surge taking her off the floor; her forearms flopping uselessly on either side.

Finally he came, grabbing both her tits and emptying himself. And then she was on her face again, her face twisted in pain as Sven brutally crossed her wrists and viciously bound them. Even then he didn't let the young girl up. Instead, he grabbed her hair and pulled her head so far back that her drooling mouth was gaping open.

"It's time," he grunted. "...Time for you to learn a new trick."

And all he did was step forward and push his cock into Kristie's mouth.

It didn't last long. Kristie heaved uselessly in his grip, choked, grew red, and then her eyelids fluttered before she fainted.

Sven just let her fall, and for a while, merely looked down at her wonderful body, with its perfect chest; slim torso gripped by crushed velvet; long, lovely legs tapering down from a wonderful round tush – tormented sweat-covered, sleeping face – and expertly bound arms.

When he looked up, he met Inga's eyes in the rear view mirror.

"Perfect," she said. "Let her taste it. Before the next phase kicks in, she has to know its taste."

He leaned down and purposely jacked off until he spurted a cream stream across Kristie's tongue and down her throat. Only then did he stuff her mouth again, seal her lips with tape, and gag her lower face with a thick, expertly tied cloth.

"Good timing," Inga told him. "We just crossed the city line."

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Kristie awoke in a light brown lace-up dress, purposely bought several sizes too small so her naked breasts bulged through the laces. The waist was impossibly tight, and the skirt slid up her tight rump. Her elbows and wrists were crossed and tied with matching laces, as were her knees and ankles. She was in a seemingly impossible position – a position only young, pliant muscles could withstand.

On her feet were tight, matching high heel pumps which made that leather-stretching sound whenever she tried to move – “tried” being the operative word. The gag was joined by a blindfold, and Kristie lay, slowly writhing, on a new hotel bed.

Sven sat a few feet away, watching her. Inga was on the phone with realtors.

"How many times did you fuck her?" she asked him quietly after hanging up.

He thought about it. "Not enough."

She smiled and shrugged. "How much is enough?"

He smiled back, his mind going from what he had to what he didn't. "Until I'm ready to get her sister," he replied. Then he went over to Kristie to christen her new outfit with cum.

"Haley!" he called. "Haley, is that you?"

Kristie's sister turned around on the crowded city street, making Sven almost catch his breath. Not because her face was so beautiful – it really wasn't – but her body was even better than he remembered.

The 19-year-old college freshman's neck was elegant and long. Her chest was magnificent, with full, almost too-ample breasts beneath the ribbed, u-necked, black mock-turtleneck. He even saw the nubs of her tits poking into the cloth. The hanging 36D orbs were so full and strong they didn't need a bra.

There was even a flash of skin at her midriff before her tight black jeans began, ending at black sandals. But even they didn't mar the intrinsic beauty of her long, shapely legs.

To his pleasure, she showed no shock and spoke evenly in her husky, quiet voice. "Uncle Sven! What are you doing here?"

"You won't believe it," he replied. "I think I've got a lead to your sister!"

Her reaction was gratifying. Her expression lost its city veneer and suddenly she was the young, eager sister again. She even swallowed his story of Kristie running away with a boy, who he was rushing to meet. He didn't have to invite her along and she didn't

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have to ask to come, since, as he told her all this, they were both walking quickly into the downtown loft area.

And then they were at the building on the side street, with him pressing a button, and the buzzer letting them into a dark, cool interior. The door closed behind Haley...and that was the last the city ever saw of her.

He went up first, only slightly annoyed that he wouldn't get to watch her wonderfully round ass move as she mounted the stairs. It was not that he hadn't seen it before, but rarely from this close, and there wouldn't be another chance to see it in its natural, unfettered state.

But then they were at a metal door on the first floor landing and his thoughts turned to what was about to happen. The door opened and then there was Inga, of course, letting them in to a big loft room, with windows only on the front wall.

"Aunt Inga! You too?"

"Oh course, my dear," said Inga quietly, closing the door firmly behind her. "I know you think I'm aloof and don't like to get involved with your family too much, but with your parents and my husband so worried, naturally I wanted to help. Would you like to see her?"

"What?" Haley blurted. "Kristie's here?"

"Of course, my dear," Inga said kindly. "She's in the back...right through there." She pointed into the darkness at the far back of the room.

"Back...?" Haley echoed, confused. "Is she okay?"

Inga smiled absently. "She seems...alert," she replied with a small smile. "See for yourself."

So Haley did, walking slowly, seemingly a little off-balance, into the back. As she went, she no doubt heard a distant buzzing hum getting louder and louder as she walked. They were right behind her as she turned the room's final curve...Sven's eyes affixed on her luscious rump.

And there was her sister Kristie: bound spread-eagled to a bed, headphones clamping her ears, dressed in a form-fitting cheerleader outfit, a virginal white blindfold tight around her head, her face further obscured by the ultimate silencer gag, and a huge black dildo strapped into her cunt, grinding away, operated by four "D" batteries.

They didn't give Haley time to even gasp. He slammed into her back, clamping the drug-soaked cloth over her nose and mouth while grabbing her hair and yanking her head back. Inga grabbed her wrists to keep her from flailing and scratching her uncle Sven.

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Haley managed one muffled scream, and then Sven was propelling her forward until her thighs hit the edge of the bed and they both slammed down across her sister's trapped body.



Kristie surged up, squealing, but all Haley could do was stare in wide-eyed amazement at nothing. Her arms and legs sought purchase while he pulled her head back, applied the drug soaked cloth and sapped her strength.

He felt her fists bunch. He felt her feeble blows on his haunches. She tried to chop, she tried to scratch, she even tried to kick, but it was already too late. "Feel that?" he hissed at her blinking, staring, blind eyes. "I ask you, what good is all your training now?"

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He let go of her hair and pressed his palm tightly across her sweating forehead. "Yeah, baby," he chided. "I know all about you and your karate classes. Come on. Kung-fu me. Do it, babe, before I cock-fu you."

She started and even tried to fight back, but it was too little, too late. Finally, with the drug oozing into her senses, all she could do was sag.

He enjoyed her contortions, feeling her more ample curves rubbing against him. "Oh, baby," he cooed, "you're the one." He leaned in close to her longer, lustrous hair and breathed into her ear. "I can't begin to tell you how long we've waited for a new sex slave who can pull off...the more sophisticated stuff."

He nearly came in his pants at her expression: quarter realization, quarter despair, quarter anger, and a quarter deep, deep fear.

Getting Kristie to the new apartment had been no problem. Over her nose went the drugged rag, into the duffel bag went her body, out of the van went the bag, and into Inga's newly rented loft she went.

By then she had already adjusted to her new schedule: being fed, emptied, bathed, and exercised during the day, then prepped and fucked all night.

She tried to speak once during her first blindfolded feeding, but Inga's reaction was so definite that she never tried that again. A gag had been immediately rammed into her mouth, her lips were sealed, and she was sent to fuck without supper.

The sight of her taut, naked body undulating in bondage, trying to push a dildo out of her or pull a nipple clip off was stunningly exciting.

Even after days of this, she still made a wonderfully unwilling bed mate; bound, gagged, most often blinded, and dressed in her sexy finery. Still, he eventually longed for someone who would look more natural in stockings and bustiers. That's when his mind filled with memories of Haley. That's when he knew it was time.

And now, here she was, exactly as he had pictured her. All of her face, except her big blue eyes, was covered in a thick, form-fitting, rubberized hood; her mouth pear-plugged, straws up her nostrils, her ears padded; her body encased in a matching, demi-cupped, french-cut, crotchless corset; her legs in matching thigh-high, wickedly high heel boots; and her arms encased in a matching single sleeve.

They lay her on her stomach on the bed exactly as she had been. It took all his willpower not to fuck her up the ass as she lay comatose, but he managed to satisfy himself with a minute survey of her expansive sexuality. Finally, her head snapped up, and then they enjoyed her full comprehension of her predicament. No one knew where she was.

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They got another rush when she finally became aware of her outfit. She made noises she couldn't hear and struggled to take in her limitations, but every move she made only served to agitate her more...not to mention her still bound and gagged sister.

"You wanted to find her, didn't you?" he asked, starting to step forward. "You wanted to save her, didn't you? Well you have...you will. For you see, we now have someone else to fuck beside her...!"

He grabbed her before she could hurl herself away. She tried to scream and head butt him with the back of her skull but he bore her to the floor, squeezing her breasts like balloons. Then Inga grabbed a knife and pressed the flat end against her throat.

"Feel that?" she seethed against the side of Haley's head. "Feel that? With this I can cut right through the rubber and leather to your pretty little flesh...so just shut up and sit down and take your punishment!"

Soon the only noises in the loft were the whirring hum of a dildo and the sound of Haley going "Unh, unh, unh, unh, unh" every time she bounced on Sven's erection. She sat on her haunches, her soft, tight cunt getting wetter and wetter as Inga massaged her beautiful big breasts from behind like huge wads of pizza dough.

"Man," he grunted, "she sure feels like a virgin...."

"She certainly could've been," Inga grunted back, not slowing in her expert stimulation, "but not anymore...."

"Well, technically...," he grunted again, then grabbed her hips, pressed her down, and thrust up hard. Haley screamed into the gag, choking, as he filled her previously off-limits love canal with whipping cream. "Okay," he agreed, "not anymore...." Then his hands went up to her big boobs, squeezing until they bulged between his clawing fingers.

"Now watch," Inga commanded of Kristie.

Waiting until his elder niece's eyes focused on him, Sven climbed up until his knees were on either side of Kristie's body. He un-straped the lower face obstruction and pulled a wickedly penile prod gag from the younger sister's mouth...leaving only the ring gag which wrenched her jaw to its widest aperture.

Only pausing long enough to let Haley comprehend the irony of a plastic penis being replaced by a fleshly one, he pushed his cock all the way into Kristie's mouth. Her bound legs kicked and her hands became fists, but her orifice took it...what choice did it or she have? And then he grabbed her hair and pushed and slid and swung, so the unmistakable indentation of his cock crown appeared against Kristie's cheeks.

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She gagged, choked, and slobbered as he cleaned and lubricated his cock in her painfully forced-open mouth. He started to move in rhythm with the dildo, getting cunt and mouth fucked at the same time. The only difference was that he finally came.

Kristie's arms went out as far as the ropes and straps would let her, her fingers reaching agonizingly. Her leg muscles stretched as if they would tear, and then her body went limp, her head twisting as she coughed. He quickly pushed the prod gag back into the ring, and then hopped off the bed as Inga suddenly threw Haley to the floor on her back. Even though the hood was padded, Haley was no doubt blinded by stars for a few moments.

And when she could see again, he was kneeling beside her. "What's the one thing you can give me better than your sister?" he asked. But before he let her realize what it was, he was already swinging his leg over her torso and sitting on her stomach.



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His cock flopped between her mountainous breasts.

"Tit fuck," he announced quietly.

There was really nothing Haley could do. Tied that way, she couldn't kick or sit up. Lying on her arms, she couldn't get balance or ballast. Instead she could only jerk in place, trying to pull her breasts away, but they were too big for that. Instead she only succeeded in making them wobble and jiggle all over his cock, and as a result she involuntarily milked his cock.

"Tit fuck, tit fuck," he said happily as Inga re-buckled the ultimate silencer around Kristie's cum-drooling mouth.

The sensation the sides of Haley's tits made on his shaft were delicious. She wrenched against the single glove with all her might, but it was a lot stronger than her. She just had to lie there and take it as he mashed her glorious tits around his shaft. His member swelled, grew warm, and finally spurted all over her neck and hooded face.

She wailed, eyes squeezed shut, as he gently took the cum and rubbed it all over her chest. "There, there," he cooed. "It's all right." He smiled down at her, using her boobs as handles. "At least I didn't do this...!" And then he slid his lower body back, pressed between her bent legs, and shoved his still erect cock into her crack.

Her head went back on her craning neck as she desperately clamped down with her leg and vaginal muscles, but it's not like he hadn't done this before. The cock pushed on through, reveling in her tightness.

"Oh yeah," he breathed. "Oh, yeah...!" And then he was all the way in, the base of his shaft against her lustrous, soft yellow beaver.

He pushed off her big, buoyant tits and wiggled his hips to plug her even tighter. She started to scream into the gag and hood, then choked, and started coughing. He didn't care. He lay carefully on her chest, letting her nipples press into his, wrapped his arms around and under her shoulders, then started plunging into her warmth with conviction.

She tried to call out with every thrust, then started grunting, and kept grunting until he came. Then the noise became a high-pitched wail of deepening anguish.

"Ah, what's the big deal? Never been fucked before?" he drawled cruelly as Inga slapped the drugged cloth into his up-raised hand. With his cock still all the way inside her, he pushed the sodden pad against her nostril straws.

Evening in the city... The loft's French windows were open, looking out onto the street from the second floor. The sidewalk was busy with cars and pedestrians while the floor and wall just inside the loft was busy with bound and gagged girls.

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Haley was standing between two open windows, mere inches away from either. Her elbows were tied together and her wrists were cruelly bound behind her to a radiator. Her feet were encased in black, five-inch, ankle-strap high heels, and her legs were

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encased in flesh-colored, lace-topped thigh high stockings. On her body was a tight, open, poly-spandex shirt, as if they had just abducted a business woman and stripped her.

Every time she'd move, her shirt would gape open and her breasts would flop into view, exposing the chain hanging from tiny clips on her nipples. Her cunt hair shone in the moonlight, set off by the knotted crotch rope which sank along her hip bones and so deep between her vaginal lips they looked like a gagged mouth.

And speaking of gagged mouths, hers was filled to near bursting by her black ribbed shirt, held in place by strips of her black stretch pants, more rope, and swaths of shiny silver duct tape.

Lying on the floor ten feet away was Kristie; her wrists and elbows cinched, her ankles crossed, and her knees tied. On her feet were lace socks and pink high heels. On her body was a pink bathing suit, the top pulled down just beneath her breasts to reveal her nipples, and the bottom of the suit was forced up and into her crack.

Her hair was in a pony-tail which didn't obstruct the huge pink ball gag around which was wrapped her candy-apple-red painted lips. She strained toward the open window, each move scraping her sensitive nipples against the rough wood floor. But each time it seemed that her gagged, frightened, tormented face would emerge, either her aunt or her uncle would walk forward and drag her back...sometimes by the ankles, sometimes by the hair, sometimes by the tits.

Finally, when he could stand it no longer, Sven and Inga got up from their seats, and went over to the wall. Inga undid the crotch rope, and Sven forced the appalled girl back with his body, grabbed her hair, held her head against the wall, crushed her big left breast with a clamping hand, forced his body between her weakened legs, and shoved his cock back up Haley's cunt.

For her third screw of the night, she handled it pretty well. He "danced" with her as tears streamed down her tortured face, forcing her back over the radiator until all she could do was try to stay balanced in the high heels. She sobbed and screamed "Help me!" uselessly into the gag. What it didn't muffle, the street sounds outside did.

Enjoying the show, Inga gathered Kristie up into her arms and watched, while playing the girl's chest and cunt like a virtuoso.

He finally came again, having mauled Haley's bulbous tit like a mound of salt water taffy. She was up on her tiptoes, like an electrocuted ballerina, her eyes straining for the ceiling.

When he finished forcing the last drop of cum deep inside her, he finally, carefully, let go of her hair. Her head lowered, exhausted, and, for a split second, their eyes met.

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Then, suddenly, he slapped her face so fast she probably was more surprised than hurt. But before her head even snapped back front, he punched her in the stomach. He heard Kristie gasp in fear, but he didn't turn. Instead, as Haley doubled over, he ripped open the straps holding her to the radiator. He kneeled, rammed his shoulder into her solar plexus, and then stood.

She was bent over his back, her legs down his front. As Kristie wailed, crying in renewed terror, he walked quickly to the back of the loft, threw Haley down on the bed and leaped atop her before she could recover.

From then on it was a blur of savage sex. It was as if all those years of pent-up lust finally exploded. He had literally waited years for Kristie to develop into girlhood, but Haley had been ready all along; her legs so long, shapely, and smooth, her breasts so round, firm, and fully packed, her ass so succulent, and her face so haughty...!

Well, it wasn't haughty now as he rammed his cock back into her, grabbed fistfuls of her hair and ravished her brutally. There had to be a better, more feral word, but "ravish" would do. All he knew was that, this time, he wasn't interested in having her; he was interested in showing her that she could scream all she wanted but she couldn't stop him.

Unbelievably, he came in her cunt once again, then wrenched her over and fucked her up the ass, all the while crushing her tits in man-filled hands that were practically fists. He had waited forever to do this, watching as she grew from child into a young girl, then into her present stage, those 2 or 3 years when she was between being a young girl and a young woman. Almost fully developed but without the maturity of a grown woman.

She screamed and wailed in terror, so he grabbed her throat, yanked her up, held her back to his front, and plunged his fingers up her cunt, pushing to gain as much depth as possible, as her legs twisted in the bed clothes. She was so hot and he was so horny for her.

He threw her down on her back and fucked her again. It had all taken less than a half-hour. By then Haley was nearly unconscious. One hand was pulling her head back by her hair; the other was mauling her right tit. He finally slammed his meat up into her for the millionth time. There was a spurt and he held her like a taut wire, pulling her hair and boob with all his might.

Finally he collapsed on her slack body, one hand still in her hair, the other squeezed across her gagged mouth. He just lay there for minutes more, his fingers spasmodically clutching at her chest. Finally, he stood on his knees on either side of her torso, staring down at her comatose form, trying to control his breathing.

He was only distracted by a tiny, sustained, muffled high-pitched shriek from behind him. He turned to see Inga still sitting in the living room, with Kristie standing spread-legged in front of her. One meaty paw was tight over the girl's mouth, bending her head back. The other was out of sight, up Kristie's cunt to her wrist.

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The dawn's early light began to stream in through the window, lighting the bed in an ethereal glow. It made the captives' flesh gleam with unnatural sinfulness.

The only sound was a rhythmic slurping. The only movement was Haley's blindfolded head nodding as her uncle raised and lowered it onto his erection. Exhausted, barely conscious, her crossed wrists bound behind her to her waist, he had simply inserted his cock into her slack, drooling, ring-gagged mouth and began pumping.



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Meanwhile, Kristie's eyes rolled for the thousandth time, her mind struggling to understand the way she was hanging, naked, her full weight resting on her crotch, from a rope attached to a coat rack against the wall. Her arms were bent all the way up her back and tied to her shoulders. Her mouth was filled with the off-white inflatable ball, wired in, and taped shut.

The nails of her yearningly pointed toes were just barely touching the floor and she gasped every time she moved. But Inga was right next to her, leaning on the wall, smiling down at her, diddling with her tits.

The fat woman only moved when she heard him grunting. He grabbed Haley's head as he came, forcing her completely down on his cock. After he finished, Inga dragged her head up, cum streaming out of her slack mouth like liquid from a water pistol. She immediately sealed the co-ed's lips with a cloth pad, but it hardly seemed necessary: Haley's eyes had rolled up into her head, showing only white.

It made no difference to Inga, who carefully gagged the girl anyway, forcing the cloth all the way in to fill the orifice of her mouth, then taping her lips, and anchoring that with a thick, tight cloth. Only then did she drop the nearly naked girl onto his shins. Incredibly, her thigh-highs were still on.

As he rolled her over and closed her eyes, Inga went and removed Kristie from the wall simply by cutting the crotch rope. It snapped with a twang and the trembling girl immediately collapsed into the woman's hefty arms.

"There, there, hon," Inga soothed as she dragged the naked little girl back to the bed. "There, there." Then she hefted her up, grabbed her knees, spread them, and deposited her on Sven's lap in an impressive show of strength. "Now let's get you a little relief."

He stared, almost laughing, into Kristie's surprised, disbelieving eyes. As tired as he was, her fear revitalized him, turning his limp dick into a hardened post. He grabbed her still bound shoulders and forced her onto his erection with Inga's smiling help.

"Three, two, one, blast-off," he said happily, and Inga began to quickly slide her up and down on his still standing shaft.

Kristie started to go a little wild, so Inga cupped her chin, grabbed her hair, and dragged her back until she was stretched like an upside down "U" on the mattress, the top of her fine young head resting in the small of her sister's back. He kept her loins locked to his, however, and in that position, he was able to rut away with abandon.

Kristie lost consciousness before he finished. He came in her anyway.

Sven and Inga carefully tied the two before crushing them between them on the bed.

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He embraced Haley, whose arms were bound in the small of her back, whose chin was tied to the headboard, whose ankles were crossed and tied to the baseboard, whose knees were bound, and who was blindfolded. One of his arms sunk into her tits while the fingers from his other hand sunk into her wet, raw, cunt.

Inga embraced Kristie, whose arms were above her head, wrists tied to the headboard, whose ankles were crossed and tied to the baseboard, whose eyes were taped shut, and whose knees were tied. Inga wrapped her legs with her own, and wedged her slim body between her floppy breasts.

Making sure their gags were secure, they both got some much needed shut-eye.

When he woke up, it was evening, and the girls were attached to each other. Inga had bound them back to back, their arms behind them, around each other's bodies. Their tied wrists were close to each other's belly buttons (both "innies"). Their ankles were also crossed and bound; only one of Haley's legs was between Kristie's.

Leashes of rope, attached to each other, were around their lovely throats. Knotted crotch ropes were deep in their vaginal lips, but also attached the two girls rump to rump. Their mouths were obviously filled and their lips were covered with sealant tape. Best of all, the tapes now dry cement-like glue was drooling down their cheeks and chins.

They lay there in a sexual heap, their eyes pinballing around their sockets, unable to move lest they cause the other to gasp or squeal.

He stared down at Haley's luxuriant tits and filled his hands. He squeezed, and Haley's eyes closed and her head went back....causing Kristie to start, which yanked the crotch rope across Haley's clitoris. Her eyes popped open and she moaned, which only made him knead, pinch and press harder.

Even though she was obviously trying desperately not to react, eventually Haley's nostrils flared, mucous began to drool out, and her arms trembled with the effort to break free. Kristie started to cry, shaking, and the sawing crotch rope did its work until Haley's eyes grew unfocused and smoky.

She called out once in a long guttural cry, before quieting to a whimpering sound as Sven continued his abusive onslaught. As his abuse slowed, her body slackened, her head lolling downward, tightening the neck rope, but not enough to choke them. Tears began streaming out of her eyes as she looked at him beseechingly.

"Okay," he said reasonably. "Okay." He let go of her chest and showed her his empty hands.

Then he reached around her and grabbed Kristie's' tits, crushing Haley to him.

He molested the younger girl for awhile, delighting in her shrieks and thrashing...causing Haley to make muffled, strangling sounds against his chest. Finally,

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knowing he really couldn't fuck them in that position, he gave Kristie's chest one last tug and pinch, then rolled out of bed.

"About time," said Inga from the kitchen area off to the side. "We've got to get them out of here today."

"Yeah," he said, yawning and stretching. He took another look at their intertwining captives, just imagining what they might be thinking. "I guess we could all use a change of scenery."

If they had been smart, they would have knocked them out, put the younger one back in the duffel bag, the co-ed into a small steamer trunk, moved them into the van, and driven away. But looking at their wonderful shapes and enjoying their helplessness, they couldn't resist rubbing it in.

So, instead, they prepared them. Kristie was in a tiny black, spangle, micro-mini, poly-spandex dress with a deep, wide, u-neck and a filly skirt. Haley was in a "hydraulic" neon blue, Lycra-spandex, micro-mini with a tight skirt which moulded her butt, and a vicious v-neck which pushed her mounds up and out. On their feet were matching high heels – six inches for Kristie and five inches for her sister.

Their wrists and elbows were bound. Their knees were hobbled with a two foot length for Haley, and a one foot length for her younger sister. The sealant tape remained on. Over their heads went scarves which completely covered their visages. Then over the scarves went cheap plastic, hooded rain ponchos.

They strapped their ankles side by side, then he grabbed Haley around the thighs and hefted her onto his back. Inga did the same with Kristie. Together they quickly carried them downstairs to the door. Inga placed a squirming Kristie down on the bottom step and walked out to the parked van.

Checking the dark, evening street both ways, she slid open its side door, motioned toward him, then walked back as he quickly undid Haley's ankles, grabbed her by the arm, yanked her across the sidewalk, and pushed her into the back of the van.

Almost before he was finished he first felt, then saw Kristie's obscured shape go flying by, and then she too was in the van. Inga jumped in, closing the door after them, as he slowly made his way to the driver's seat, trying to categorize what he saw.

Two vaguely human shapes on high heels leaped into the van, exposing their unrecognizable features to the outside air for no more than a split second. He stared down the city street for a few moments, imagining what was happening inside, and then finally unlocked the driver's side door.



He got into the van, started the engine, and then slowly turned to peek through the cloth partition behind the front seat. The sight was gratifying. Haley was already on her back, the scarf and rain parka gone.

Her legs were up, her crossed ankles tied to a hole near the top of the inside van wall, forcing the hem of her severe dress up. So he could see the strap tight between her vaginal lips, held tightly there by another belt strap impossibly tight around her waist. What ground away inside there he could only imagine...until his eyes shifted to Kristie.

Her aunt had her by her gagged mouth, dragging her head all the way back as she squirmed on her knees. The woman was leaning over the girl's shoulders forcing an eight inch dildo deep into her snatch just under her skirt. The straps which would keep it there was beside them.

Sven turned, closed the curtain, and drove away. Within 20 minutes, after he had paid two tolls, and was out on the highway, Inga's face appeared in the partition opening

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and suggested a rest stop. Once found, she headed out to the ladies’ room. He merely stepped back into the van.

All he saw was her perverted diorama which could have been called a kinky "are we there yet, uncle?"

Kristie was back in her pink high heels and lace-topped socks. Her ankles were crossed and tied. On her hips was a tight denim skirt with a slit up the thigh. A white, lace-topped, spaghetti-strapped t-shirt barely covered her heaving chest. Small, pink, plastic hair clips gripped each nipple through the shirt cloth. She had ribbons in her hair and around her throat. He could also see she was wearing little white lace gloves with frilly wrists even though they were crossed and bound behind her.

The grinding dildo between her thighs did its job while, in her mouth, a huge ball gag, covered with an "X" of tape, was sealed beneath a tight white cloth tied behind her pony-tailed head.

She was the little girl about to become a little lady. Haley was obviously the rebellious teen. Her legs were barely covered by woefully tight jeans with huge holes torn in them. He could see much of her thighs, calves, and ass hanging out. The jean's top button and zipper was pulled down, revealing an incredibly taut crotch rope nearly tearing into her hip bones and splitting her in two.

On her feet were lace-up, yellow suede ankle boots with wicked five inch heels. Her ankles were crossed and tied with rubber-coated wire to one of the van’s metal slats. Her lower thighs were likewise tied.

Her midriff was bare and her chest was barely covered by a torn black, ribbed turtleneck. He could see most of her tits and part of one aureole jiggling through the holes. He could also see through a hole in the cloth that something was clamped to her nipples.

Her elbows and wrists were still cinched behind her, and then affixed to a bolt in the floor. Her lower face was encircled with swath after swath of duct tape, which even anchored itself over the bridge of her nose. She stared at him in sexual pain and burning hatred as she tried to jerk or rub or undulate the rope from her vagina and ass crack...a futile effort.

"Wow," he breathed in awe. "Wow." Then he said nothing more as he ministered to their needs.

When Inga came back he was already forcefully massaging Haley's tits from behind as she sat, writhing, on his lap. She nodded approvingly at how he had pulled Haley's jeans to her knees, cut off the crotch rope, and forced his own spike-like cock into her tightened cunt from behind and below her.

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"Oh, dear," Inga chided. "Don't you love your uncle anymore?" Inga stared into Haley's sweat-covered, shaking, straining face, finally realizing that the girl wasn't trying to yank herself off her uncle's lap...she was trying to slam back, and smash her head into his face.

Then she noticed that her husband wasn't just mashing Haley's tits...he was holding her away from him by them...his fingers so deep into the orbs they almost touched through the mammary tissue.

He jerked his cock up into her again, making her groan in agony.

Inga hurriedly hopped into the driver's seat to Kristie's squeals, closed the partition on Haley's hysterical, attempted screams, and took her turn behind the wheel.

By the time Inga returned to their home garage and looked into the back of the van, Haley was lying on her side in a vicious hogtie, so thoroughly gagged and blindfolded all that could be seen of her face was the very tip of her nose.

The rest of her face was obscured by sodden, sticky cloth, obviously stained by sweat, saliva, and semen. Her jeans were almost entirely torn off, as was her shirt. Her dewy thatch of white-spotted cunt hair was completely exposed, as were her hanging breasts, which were both raw and reddened as well as bruised black and blue. Her crotch, puffy, reddened and swollen, was wet with cum, cunt juice, and urine, from where she couldn't hold it any longer. There was a puddle of the yellow liquid between her legs and on the floor, and her back was soaked with it, as well as her pant legs.

Kristie, in the meantime, was back on his lap, her jean skirt yanked up around her waist, her front facing him. Her knees were on either side of his waist and her tight young vagina was impaled on his shaft. Her head was all the way back, staring upside down at Inga, since he had one fist pulling tightly on her hair. His other hand squeezed her left breast, carefully kneading the mammary which was bulging from the top of her stretched shirt.

Inga snorted. "How many?" she asked.

First for this one here," he grunted. "Twice for sis...once on the edge of the seat, and once on the floor. I nailed her just before she peed."

"You splashed her face," Inga reminded him, looking at the cum-spewed Haley.

"Okay, three times," he grunted, jiggling Kristie up and down on his hard-on as she snorted and gasped.

"Whatever," Inga said, grabbing Haley by the arms. "Bring her in when you're finished. And, try to get that pee up; we don't want it stinking up the van." Then she dragged the comatose older girl out. He waited until they were gone before slamming

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Kristie’s stomach against the front seat, bending her over the back, and filling his hands with her breasts, as he forced more of his cock up her. She writhed and surged, as the top of her thick, silken hair hit the van ceiling. As if that wasn’t torture enough, the warm aroma of urine drifted up attacking her nostrils and causing her to gag.

After extracting his cock, he pulled Kristie out of the van and let her struggle toward the garage door, only to slam her face against the unbreakable one-way window before grabbing her hair as if it were reins. He then squeezed his erection up her tight anus and fucked her up the ass, while pressing her head against the one-way glass. She squealed from the abrupt intrusion, being forced to accommodate its massive girth. Stretched as her anus was, he continued forcing more cock up her poop channel, making her squirm and stand on tip toe in an effort to avoid further penetration. With more and more cock meat sliding in, her bowels began to cramp something awful. She felt like she needed to shit in the worse way...just like she had a big turd needing to come out.

When her eyes weren't screwed shut from the pain and discomfort, she was watching pedestrians walk to their front doors, unable to see her cheek or gagged face flattened against the glass.

Finally he came again with her groaning and on her tiptoes. He then dragged her down to the cold floor by her throat. With her body lying on the cold concrete, he lay on top of her resting and recovering from his very satisfying orgasm. Afterwards, he dragged her back into the house by her ankles. When he arrived, Haley was a vision of ravaged loveliness in black lace thigh-high stockings, stiletto high heels, and a wicked black lace teddie with high leg openings and a plunging v-neck.

Black lace gloves were on her hands, ascending to her upper arms, while her elbows and wrists were cinched behind her with black-rubber-coated wire. A huge red ball gag was in her mouth and her eyes and even nose were covered with a black lace cloth tied around her head. Inga held her by the arm while a foot-long knee hobbler kept her from running.

He dropped Kristie where she lay and moved forward to drag Haley down to the carpeted floor. She squealed weakly and tried to fight as he grabbed a round, bulbous breast and started tearing at the teddi's crotch.

Inga merely smiled, shook her head and walked toward the fallen Kristie. Picking her up, she took her to the bedroom for more abusive sexual play.

Having ripped Haley’s crotch away, he squeezed her fleshy milk orb with all his might. Grabbing her hair in one hand, he jerked her head back until she was looking backwards. With the other hand still on her breast, he clipped her nipple between his thumb and index finger. He applied pressure and started twisting and pulling until her muffled screams were hysterical shrieks. Not being able to wait any longer, he mounted her vagina with his raging hard-on, shoving it all the way with one mighty lunge. She was already extremely wet and hot from the other fucks he had given her, and her strained position made her extra snug and tight. He didn’t last long until he erupted once again

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with a tremulous grunt. By the time he had come into the straining Haley, her head craning away from beneath him on her elegant neck, Inga had returned from her bedroom with Kristie in tow.

He lay on Haley as he took in Kristie's splendor: long gams encased in furry pink leg warmers, pink high heels forcing her on her toes, and a furry pink, wrap around ballet-dancer's sweater hugging her upper body – her breasts bobbing free in the deep v-neck. Elbows and wrists were tied behind her with thin rope, and her mouth was sealed with red tape.

He left Haley where she lay and charged his original victim. Haley started to struggle to her feet, but Inga tackled her. The two flew back to the heavy, padded sofa. Inga filled her hands with Haley's hair, yanked her head back, and started whispering feverishly in the co-ed's ear as Haley kicked and twisted in vain.

He, meanwhile, had Kristie pinned to the wall, his chest crushing her tits, his cock forcing her feet off the floor and her back up the wallpaper. She sank inexorably on his hard-on, shrieking and crying in despair, as he filled his hands with her small, strong, round ass cheeks and felt the furry pink clothing caress his skin as he assaulted her one more time.

Later, when the two lay in a bound, gagged, violated, drugged heap in the middle of the living room floor, their skin gleaming, their sexy clothes and high heels making a mockery of their sweet sexuality, he asked Inga what she had been hissing in Haley's ear.

"I told her what she had to expect," the sadistic woman said simply. "That, if she thought this was bad, just wait. I told her what she would be gagged with, bound with, and what she would take in her cunt, her ass, and her mouth. I told her what would happen to her strong, lovely breasts. And I told her what she could do about it...."

"Which was?"

Inga smiled, looking down at their defiled forms, their sexiness still so potent both of them wanted to let them go, simply so they could kidnap them all over again. "Nothing," she said. "Absolutely nothing."

Sven never asked his wife what she did with the girls ... and she never told him. He assumed, because she never worked, but never needed money to buy lofts and vans (not to mention food, clothes, lingerie, and high heels), that she sold them.

All he knew was that after many months of evil bliss binding, gagging, secreting, taunting, tricking, mauling, molesting, and fucking his nieces, he woke up to find cum stains, but an otherwise empty bed. There was no sign of Haley or Kristie, and he could somehow tell that it wasn't because they were waiting for him, bound, gagged, redressed, and exposed, somewhere else. They were gone.

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Later, much later, he would receive an anonymous videotape in the mail, showing a breath-taking blonde with proud 37-inch chest, a 23-inch waist, and 35-inch hips, wearing a skin-tight, gleaming white shirt and black v-necked micro-miniskirt with five inch high heels. It wasn't until he watched her stride quickly across an empty office and get attacked at the door that he realized it was Haley...now 24 yet still a captive sex slave.



He watched her fight, but still be brutally silenced, viciously restrained, cunningly secreted just out of sight, and then repeatedly assaulted by her three anonymous attackers before the videotape ended eight hours later. The last he saw of her she was being wheeled out of the building, bound and gagged in a janitor's cart, to be dumped into a waiting car's trunk. There was one last look at her terrified face under the gag, her stocking, gartered body struggling, before the trunk slammed shut over her.

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He watched that tape over the next 12 months several times a day until it all but wore out.

The year after that, on his birthday, he received a keychain with two keys and an anonymous invitation to a condemned motel, instructing him to one of the "sealed" rooms. There he found the now 20 year-old Kristie, her hair a luxuriant mane, her now fully voluptuous body barely encased in an orange satin bustier, her magnificent legs in matching, lace-topped hosiery, and her feet in five inch high heels.

Her wrists, eyes and mouth were taped, while her ankles were cuffed to a ring in the dirty floor. The first key unlocked the door; the second undid her ankles. For the rest of his birthday, he assaulted her, leaving her wearing only the tape, hose, and shoes.

When he closed the door behind him twenty-four hours later, he savored the last glimpse of her writhing body on the floor, cum smearing her face, coating her tit-fucked chest, soaking her hair, streaked on her inner thighs, and thick in her luxuriant beaver. Only now it was her clamped nipples which were in the floor ring. That made it all the more interesting to gauge her reaction when, finally, he let her see who was raping her.



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He never did see them again...but it was no matter. He kept their final expressions, shapes, and predicaments with him. Besides, his brother's sister had finally gotten over the disappearance of her daughters. And with her son and husband's help, she had continued a "normal" life... even getting pregnant again.

The End