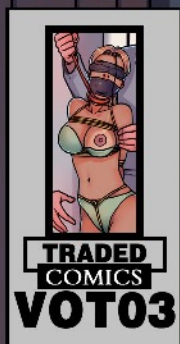


Voyages of the TRADER

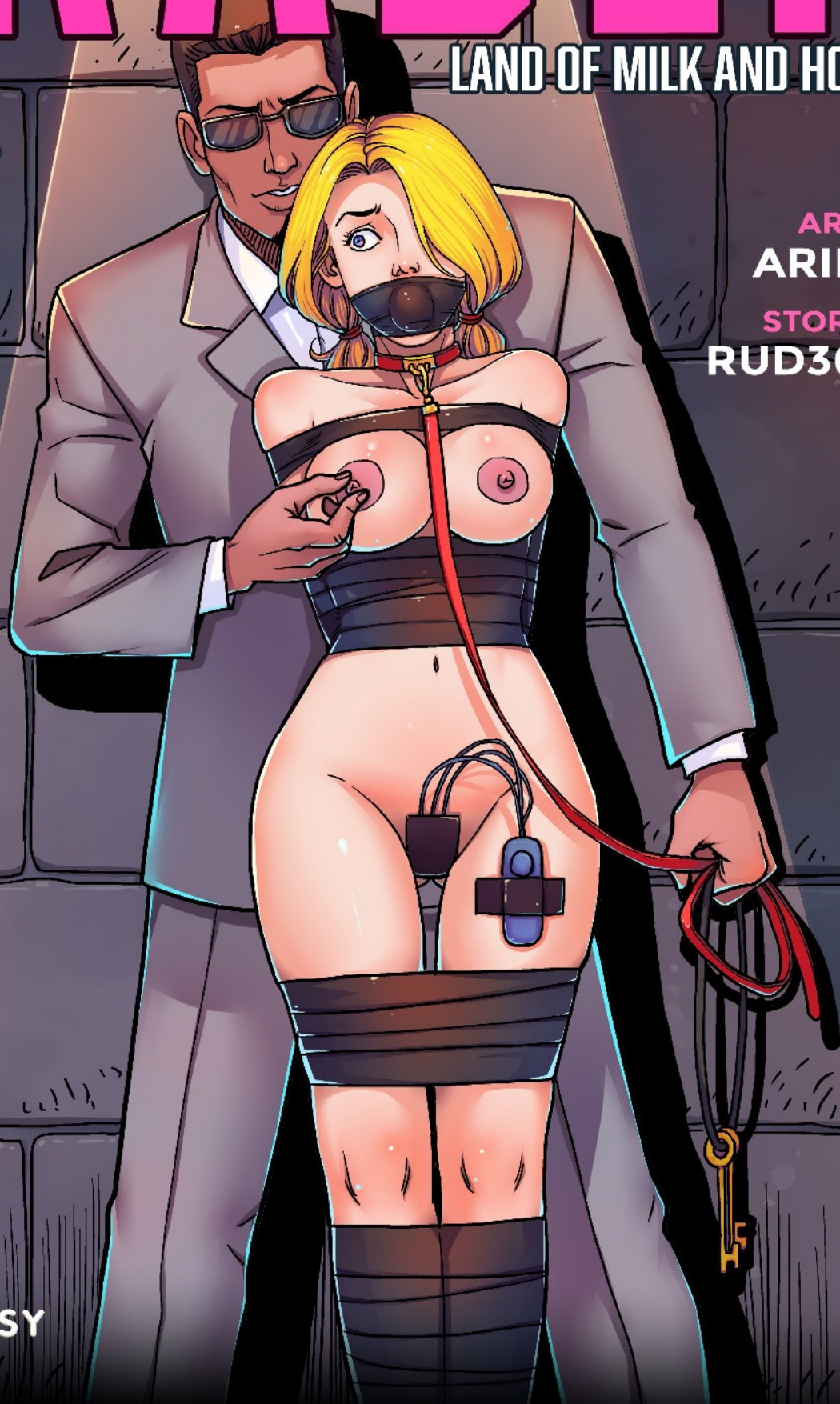
LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

VOL. 3.1.



ART BY
ARIETA

STORY BY
RUD360Y



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VOYAGES OF THE TRADER 3.1: LAND OF MILK AND HONEY © 2026 DOFANTASY.

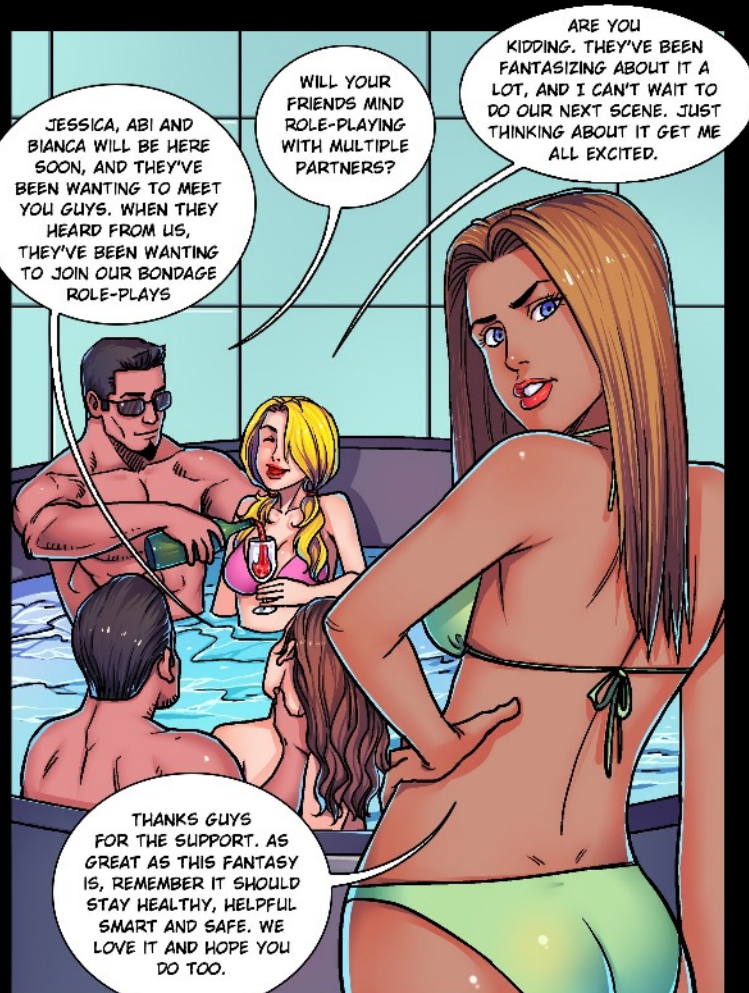
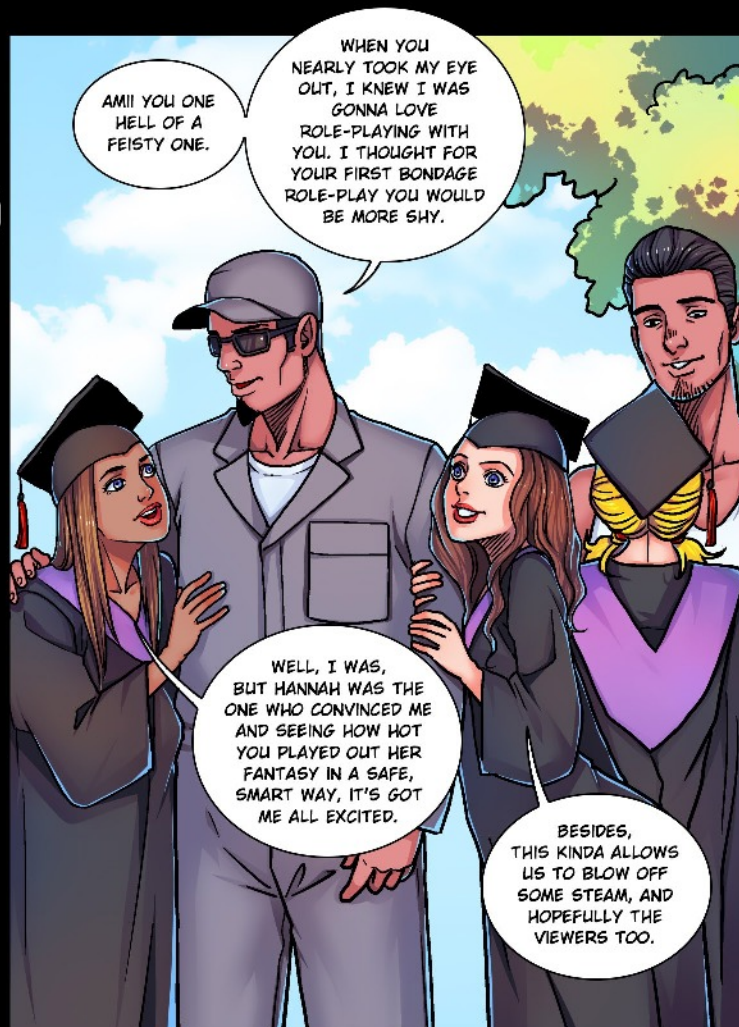
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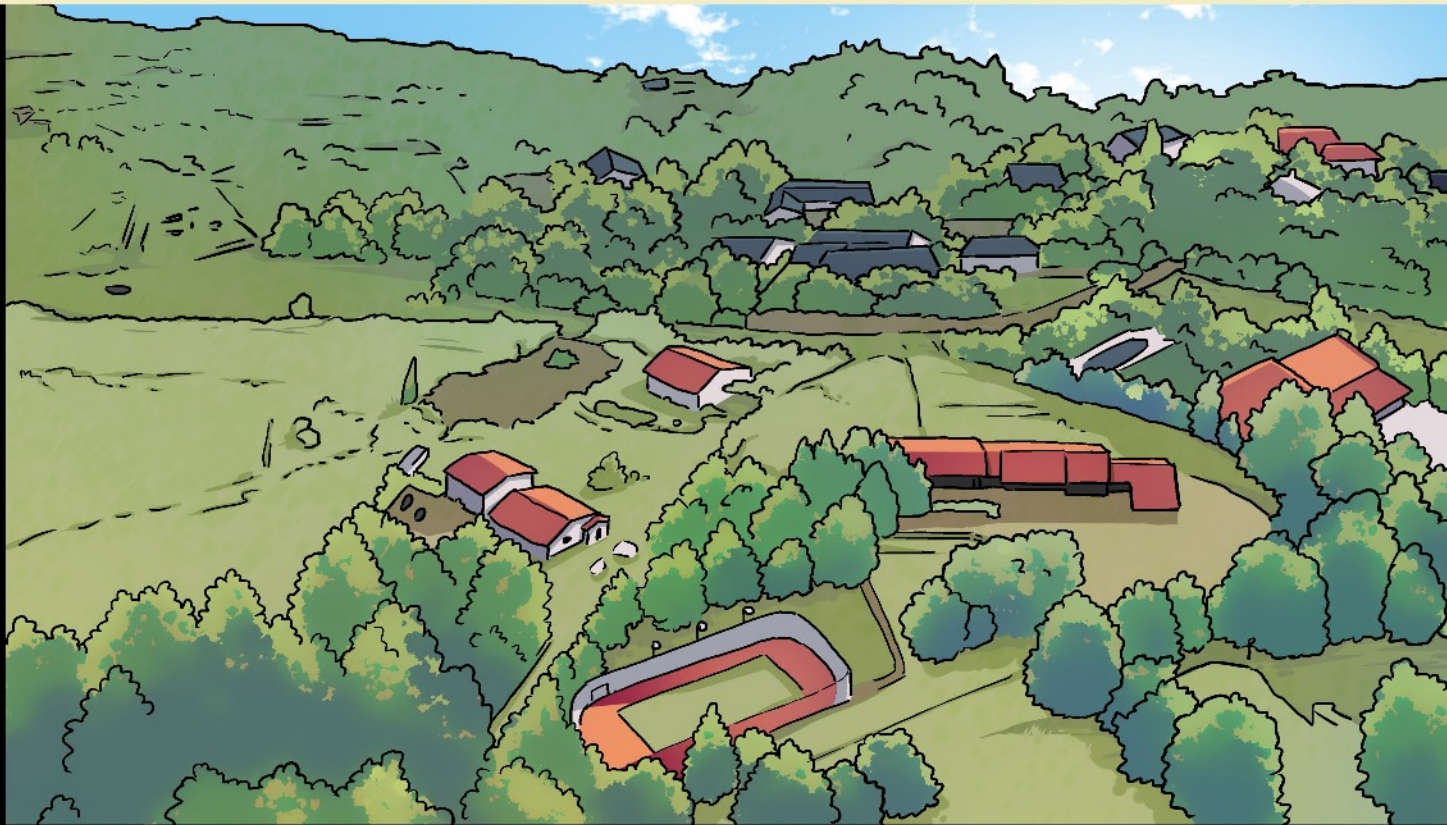


VOYAGES OF THE TRADER

VOL. 3.1: Land of Milk and Honey

ARIETA - RUD360Y

SUMMER HAS JUST BEGUN IN THIS SUN-DRENCHED VALLEY, HOME ONLY TO THE PRIVILEGED: THE RICH, THE BEAUTIFUL, THE AFFLUENT, AND THE UNASSUMING. IT COULD BE ANY TOWN IN AN EXCLUSIVE ENCLAVE AROUND THE WORLD—LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A MOVIE.



EVERY YARD WAS CLEAN, THE STREETS WERE FREE OF CRACKS, AND EVERY HOUSE WAS IMMACULATE. A MERCEDES SAT IN EVERY DRIVEWAY. EVERYONE WAS THIN, ATHLETIC, AND GOOD-LOOKING. BUT THIS IDEAL TOWN WAS NOT DESIGNED THIS WAY. THE POWERFUL PEOPLE WHO LIVE HERE—AND IN OTHER SIMILAR TOWNS ACROSS THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE—MAKE SURE IT STAYS THIS WAY.

THE TRUTH IS THAT THE WORLD IS CRUEL, NOT KIND. MONEY IS EVERYTHING. THE ONLY THING GREATER THAN MONEY IS POWER—POWER OVER A SPECIFIC SET OF PEOPLE. IT'S AN UNASSUMING WORLD — THAT IS, IF YOU'RE NOT A WOMAN, WHITE, AND BEAUTIFUL. IT'S A BUSTLING TRADE—THE OLDEST TRADE. THE PUBLIC KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT IT, BUT THOSE IN POWER DO—PARTICULARLY THOSE WHO HELP KEEP THIS IDYLIC SCENE IN CHECK.



EVERY YEAR, PEOPLE GO MISSING AND ARE NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN. IN THE WESTERN WORLD, A QUARTER OF A MILLION PEOPLE VANISH EVERY YEAR. THAT'S AN AVERAGE OF 250,000 PEOPLE. NO ONE CARES EXCEPT THEIR FAMILIES, AND AFTER A WHILE, EVEN THE AUTHORITIES GIVE UP. THIS NUMBER GOES UNNOTICED BECAUSE IT PALES IN COMPARISON TO THE TOTAL WORLD POPULATION. HOWEVER, UPON CLOSER INSPECTION, THIS FIGURE REVEALS A TRUTH.



LESS THAN HALF OF THESE MISSING PEOPLE ARE WOMEN. THAT'S AROUND A HUNDRED THOUSAND WOMEN. NOT ALARMING, AS IT'S LESS THAN HALF OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION THAT IS FEMALE. BUT MANY OF THESE MISSING WOMEN ARE BETWEEN THE AGES OF 16 AND 27 - ABOUT TWO-THIRDS OF THE 100,000 MISSING PEOPLE.

MISSING

Claire Jennifer Mills




DOB: 12/20/1990
Missing: April 2, 2005
Sex: Female
Race: White
Height: 5'11"
Weight: 125 lbs
Wearing: Blue Jeans, White Top

She was last seen on April 2, 2005, at the Los Angeles Convention Center. She was wearing a blue jeans and a white top. She was last seen with a friend. She was last seen at the Los Angeles Convention Center. She was last seen at the Los Angeles Convention Center.

18 Wheel Angels
www.18wheelangels.com

MISSING

Erica Isly



DOB: 05/12/1987
Missing: 06/21/1987
Age at time of disappearance: 20
Sex: Female
Race: White
Height: 5'5"
Weight: 100 lbs
Missing From: Englewood, CA

Mona left her parents' house in San Diego, CA to call a check. She took a bus to Englewood, CA on June 21, 1987, and has not been seen since. The check was never cashed. She has a tattoo on her right shoulder of the Virgin Mary, and another on her back, which is unknown. Mona may go by the nickname "Mona Lisa".

Any info please call 310-448-8009

ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION SHOULD CONTACT
Los Angeles County Sheriff
(323) 890-5500

This poster was lovingly placed by an 18 Wheel Angel, a program sponsored by Inquest Labs. For additional information, please see www.18wheelangels.com.

MISSING

Katie Cassidy



DOB: 03/07/78 4'11" 115 LBS
BLUE EYES / BLONDE HAIR

She was last seen on March 10, 2011, at the Los Angeles Convention Center. She was wearing a blue jeans and a white top. She was last seen with a friend. She was last seen at the Los Angeles Convention Center. She was last seen at the Los Angeles Convention Center.

18 Wheel Angels
www.18wheelangels.com

MISSING

Amber Pearson



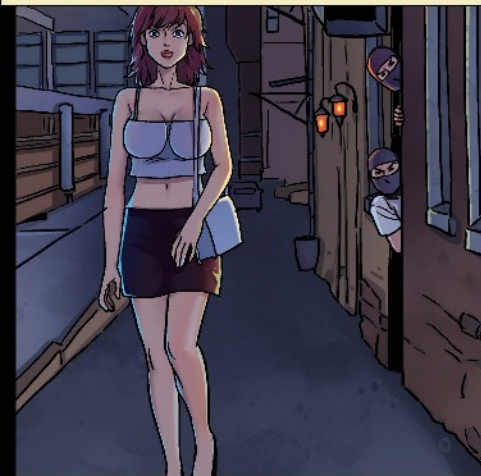
Missing From: Alexandria Louisiana
Resident of: 402 Maple, Louisiana
Date Missing: March 10, 2011
Date of Birth: July 1981
Sex: Female
Height: 5'2"
Weight: 120 - 130 lbs
Build: Slim
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Complexion: Fair
Clothing: Green Sweatshirt
Accessories: None
Identifying Marks & Additional Info: None
Tattoo upper right arm
May be wearing contact eye glasses

Last confirmed being seen 3PM: at
Poyser Regional Medical Center

Possible sightings 5:15PM
walking along outdoor path at Woodmont exit

MANY YOUNG WOMEN ARE OUT THERE. LOOK CLOSER AND YOU'LL SEE HOW MANY ARE BEAUTIFUL, STRONG, INNOCENT, AND SEXY. ABOUT 10,000. THAT MEANS AROUND 10,000 YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE, STRONG, BEAUTIFUL, SEXY WHITE WOMEN DISAPPEAR A YEAR.

10,000 IS A LOT, BUT THAT'S HOW THE WHITE SLAVERY TRADE WORKS. IT MAY BE THE 21ST CENTURY, BUT SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT THIS KIND OF TRADE DOESN'T EXIST.



THESE DISAPPEARANCES WERE REPORTED SO RARELY THAT THE AUTHORITIES DID NOT CONSIDER THEM A REAL CRIME. THE RICH AND POWERFUL MADE SURE THINGS STAYED THAT WAY, TO KEEP THEM IN CHECK. THERE WERE AREAS THAT WERE OFF-LIMITS, WHERE THE TOP-PERFORMING FEMALES LIVED.

THE POWERFUL MADE SURE THAT THESE PLACES REMAINED UNTOUCHED BY THE WHITE SLAVERY TRADE. THEY REGARDED THESE PLACES AS UNOFFICIAL BREEDING GROUNDS OF THE BEST STOCK.

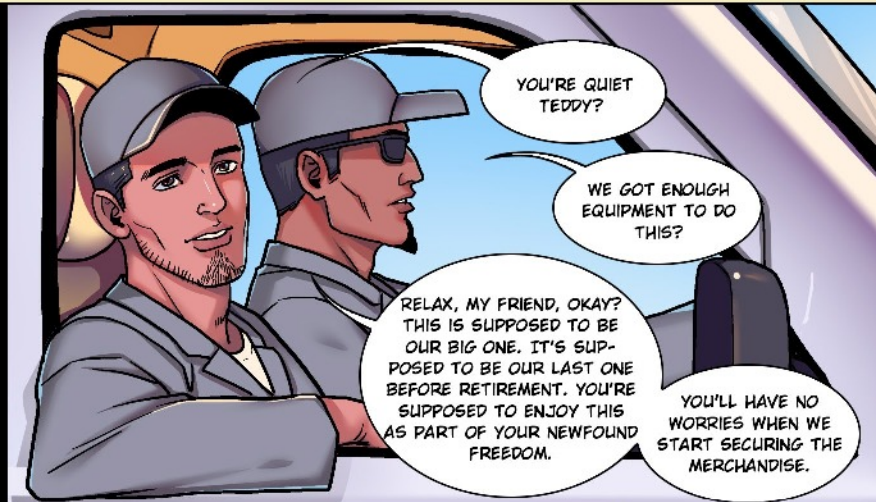


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THIS TOWN IS OFF-LIMITS TO THE TRADE, JUST LIKE THIS ONE. IT PRODUCED THE STRIKING, YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE, AND INDEPENDENT FEMALES, WHO WERE SEEN AS TOO GOOD TO BE TRADED IN THOSE AREAS. THE BEST OF THE WORLD WAS TAKEN, WHICH MADE THE STOCK OF FINE WOMEN RISE. THE TRADER WAS NEXT TO HIS PARTNER, WHO WAS BIGGER AND YOUNGER. HIS FRIEND CALLED THIS PERSON "THE GENTLEMAN," BUT HIS REAL NAME WAS BEN.



THAT IS WHAT THE TWO MEN WERE THINKING AS THEY DROVE. THE OLDER MAN KNEW HE WAS HIS NEW PARTNER IN CRIME FOR A WEEK. THIS PROJECT WAS DEFINITELY ONE OF THE RISKIEST THINGS HE'S EVER DONE. THE TARGETS WERE OFF LIMITS TO TRAFFICKERS.



YOU'RE QUIET TEDDY?

WE GOT ENOUGH EQUIPMENT TO DO THIS?

RELAX, MY FRIEND, OKAY? THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE OUR BIG ONE. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE OUR LAST ONE BEFORE RETIREMENT. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO ENJOY THIS AS PART OF YOUR NEWFOUND FREEDOM.

YOU'LL HAVE NO WORRIES WHEN WE START SECURING THE MERCHANDISE.

IT WAS THE TRADER'S SIX-MONTH SABBATICAL. HE WAS GOING CRAZY BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN STUCK WITH HIS NEW PARTNER FOR A WEEK.

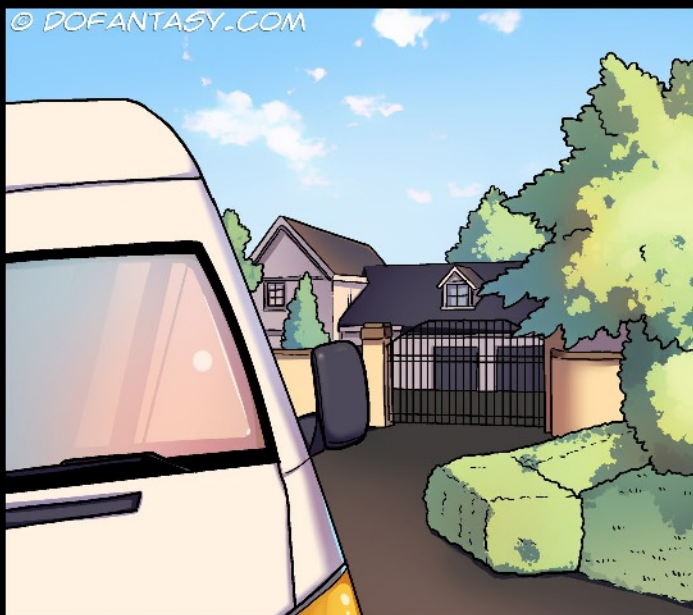
HE WILL MAKE HIS BOSSES ANGRY BECAUSE THEY WERE PLANNING TO SELL THEM TO A DIFFERENT COMPANY. TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, HIS BOSSES WERE STILL PAYING HIM FOR HIS TIME OFF.



JUST..... A LITTLE OUT OF MY COMFORT ZONE, I STILL COULDN'T SEE WHY I COULDN'T LEAD ON THIS?

WE'VE DISCUSSED THIS. YOU'LL BE SECURING THE GOODS. NO ONE IS BETTER THAN YOU AT SILENCING AND CONTROLLING. I'VE GOT THE CHARM, BUT NOT THE PRECISION, AND THAT'S WHY I'M ON POINT.

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HE HAD TO BE CAREFUL BECAUSE HE FELT LIKE HIS CURRENT BOSSES THOUGHT HE WAS DOING SOMETHING WRONG. HE REALLY NEEDED TO STAY LOW. BUT THE PROMISE OF A MONTH OF NONSTOP KEY PRODUCE WAS THE LAST STRAW, IMAGINING THE QUALITY OF SLAVE KEY PRODUCE.



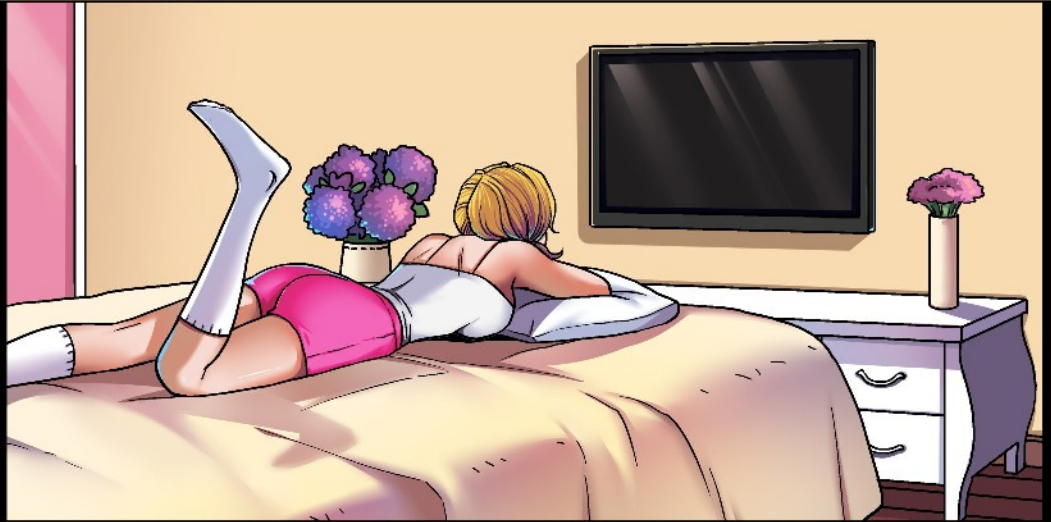
OKAY, I'M UP FIRST. REMEMBER, YOU COME IN WHEN I START TALKING ABOUT SEX.

I'LL NEVER GET USED TO ALL THIS SUBTERFUGE. AH, WELL. I'LL LEAVE IT UP TO YOU.

ATTA BOY, YOU MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING.

THE TWO SLAVERS OPERATED DIFFERENTLY. THE TRADER PLANNED EVERY DETAIL OF HIS ATTACK, STRIKING ONLY WHEN HIS TARGET WAS ALONE. HIS FOCUS WAS ON OVERPOWERING AND SUBDUING HIS VICTIMS AND SECURING THEM FOR TRANSPORT. NO FUSS: GET IN, GET OUT, AND SAMPLE LATER. THE GENTLEMAN, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS ALL ABOUT THE PERFORMANCE. HE NEVER WORKED IN THE SHADOWS. HE LOVED FLIRTING WITH HIS TARGETS TO GET TO KNOW THEM AND MAKE THEM DEFENSELESS. HE SAW WOMEN AS NEEDING TO BE CONQUERED AND THE BUSINESS GAVE HIM THE MEANS TO DO SO WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT.

INSIDE THE HOUSE, A YOUNG FIGURE BEGAN TO STIR. SHE WAS NATURALLY BLONDE WITH A THICK, LUSTROUS MANE OF HAIR AND BRIGHT BLUE EYES. SHE WAS SLEEK AND TALL AT 5'9", WITH CREAMY, TANNED SKIN THAT WAS SMOOTH AND TIGHT. SHE HAD A PERT ASS THAT DIDN'T WOBBLE ONE BIT AND AN AMPLE BUST: 34-24-34. SHE WAS A FRESH-FACED GIRL WITH A NATURAL BEAUTY THAT ACCENTUATED YET BELIED HER SLIM YET STACKED BODY. CLEARLY, SHE TOOK CARE OF HERSELF. BY ALL ACCOUNTS, SHE WAS A TRACK ATHLETE IN PEAK PHYSICAL CONDITION.



HANNAH ROSE GLANCED AT THE ALERT ON THE GATE, BUT IGNORED IT. SHE CONTINUED UPDATING HER SOCIAL MEDIA WHILE RECOVERING FROM LAST NIGHT'S PARTY. THE HOUSE PARTY WAS THE EVENT OF THE TERM-A CHANCE TO LET HER HAIR DOWN AND RELAX WITH A FEW BOYS. BUT SHE WASN'T GOING TO SLEEP WITH ANYONE.



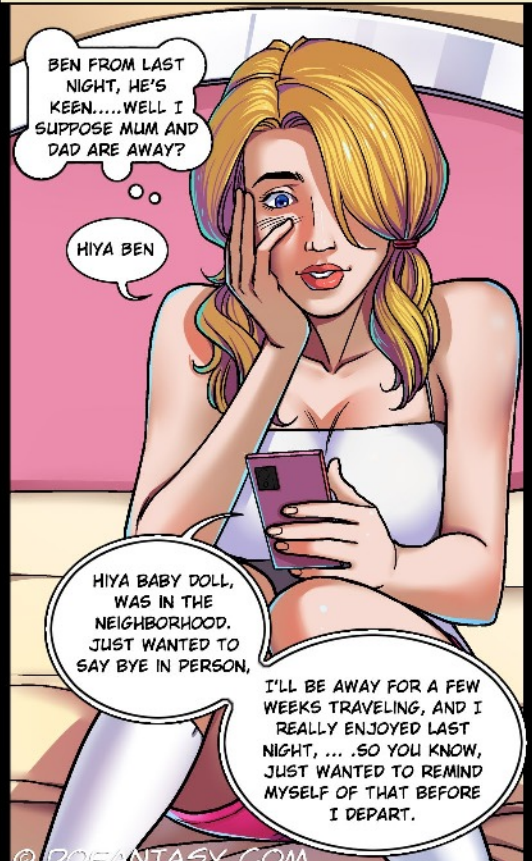
SHE WAS LOOKING FOR WEALTHY COLLEGE GUYS AT THE PARTY AND HAD MET ONE VERY HANDSOME HUNK. SHE HAD SEEN HIM IN TOWN A FEW TIMES WHEN HE WAS VISITING AT THE END OF HIS SEMESTER. THEY MADE OUT, BUT SHE ENDED IT THERE. SHE TOOK HIS NUMBER AND SAID THEY WOULD HOOK UP AGAIN.

THEY HAD CONTINUED PARTYING UNTIL THE EARLY MORNING HOURS, AND HER FRIENDS HAD ONLY LEFT A FEW HOURS EARLIER. SHE WAS RESTING UP AND NURSING A MILD HANGOVER BEFORE HER LAST WEEK OF HIGH SCHOOL. THIS WAS ALL AT ODDS WITH HER GOOD GIRL IMAGE.

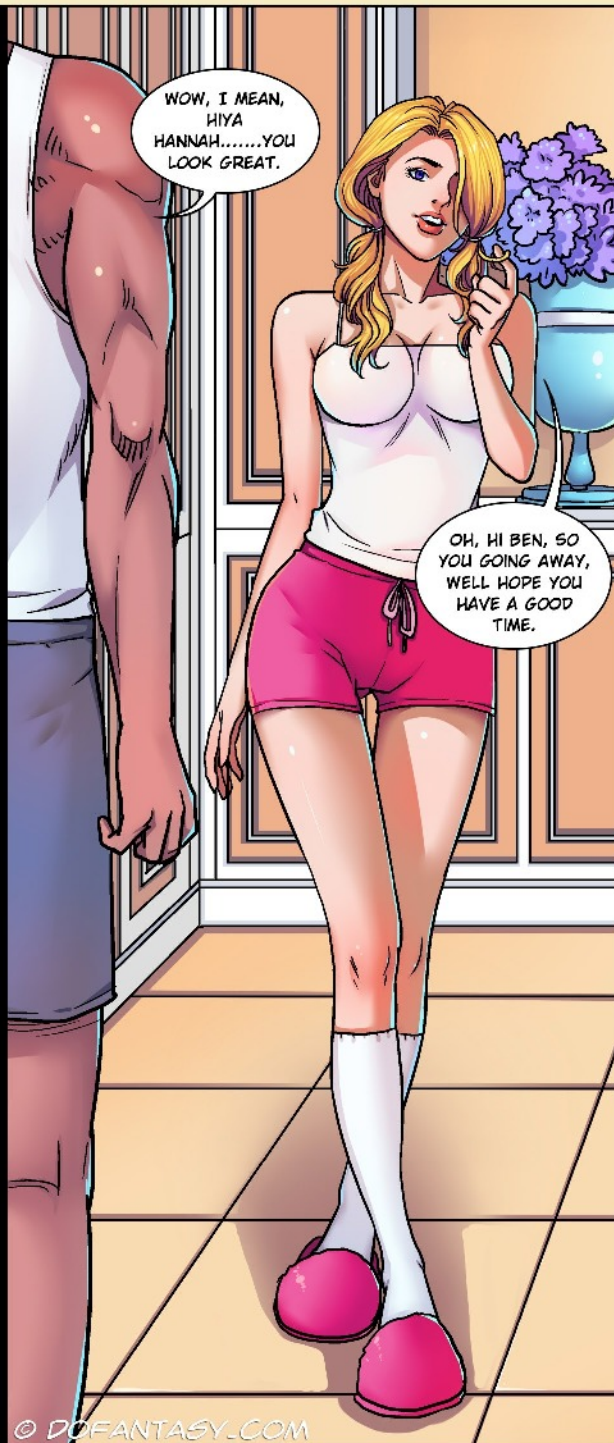
SHE WAS MORE THAN JUST A GOOD GIRL. HER PARENTS TRUSTED HER, BUT ONLY BECAUSE OF THE HOUSE'S SECURITY SYSTEM. THEY DIDN'T COUNT ON HER HORMONES, THOUGH.



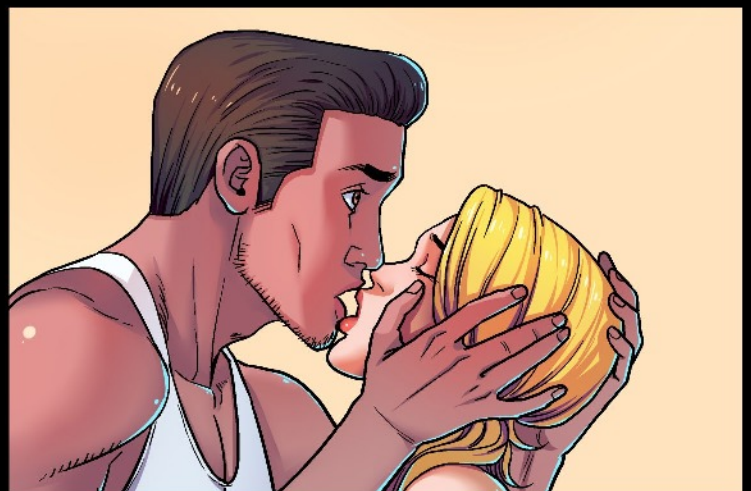
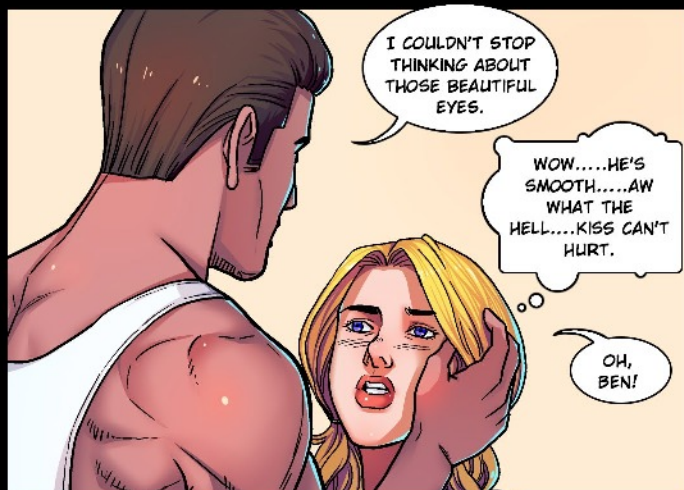
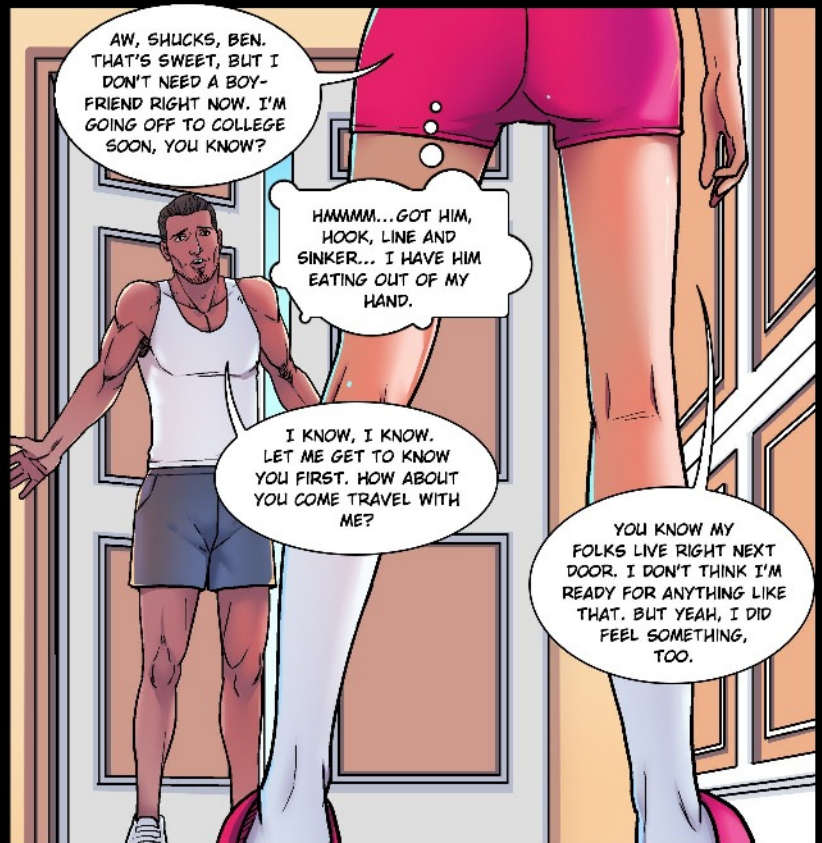
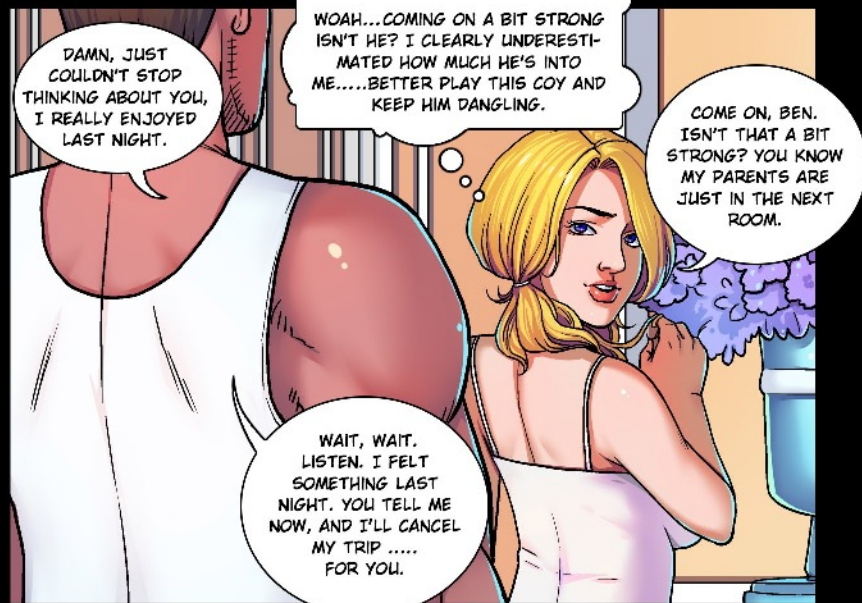
AFTER THE PARTY, HANNAH AND HER FRIENDS CONTINUED TO GOSSIP ABOUT THE HUNK AND LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL AT HER HOUSE. HER PARENTS WERE AWAY AND WOULDN'T BE BACK UNTIL LATER THAT WEEK. THEY TRUSTED HER BECAUSE SHE WAS ALMOST 19 AND HAD ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD GIRL.



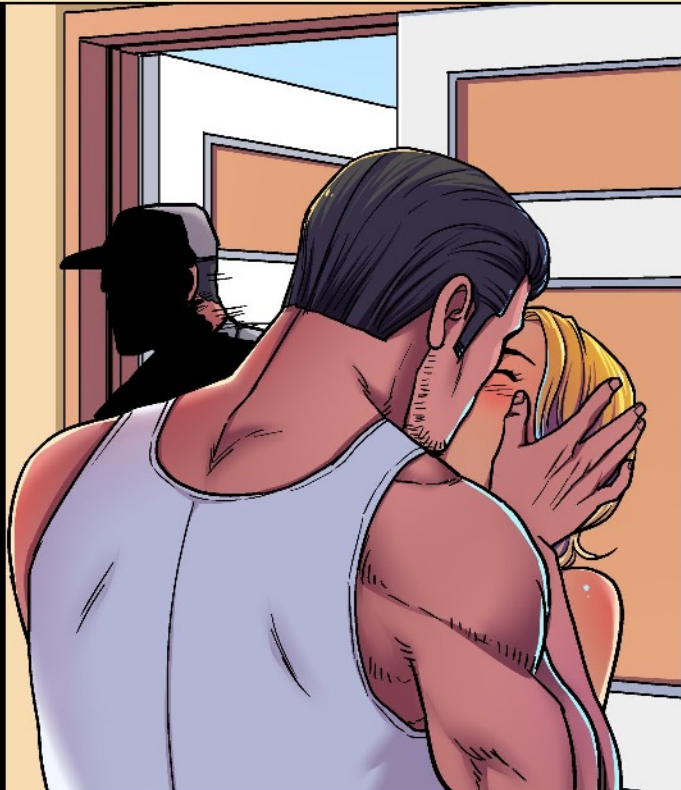
THE GENTLEMAN WAITED PATIENTLY UNTIL HE HEARD THE DOOR UNLOCK AND SLOWLY OPEN. THE SIGHT TOOK HIS BREATH AWAY.



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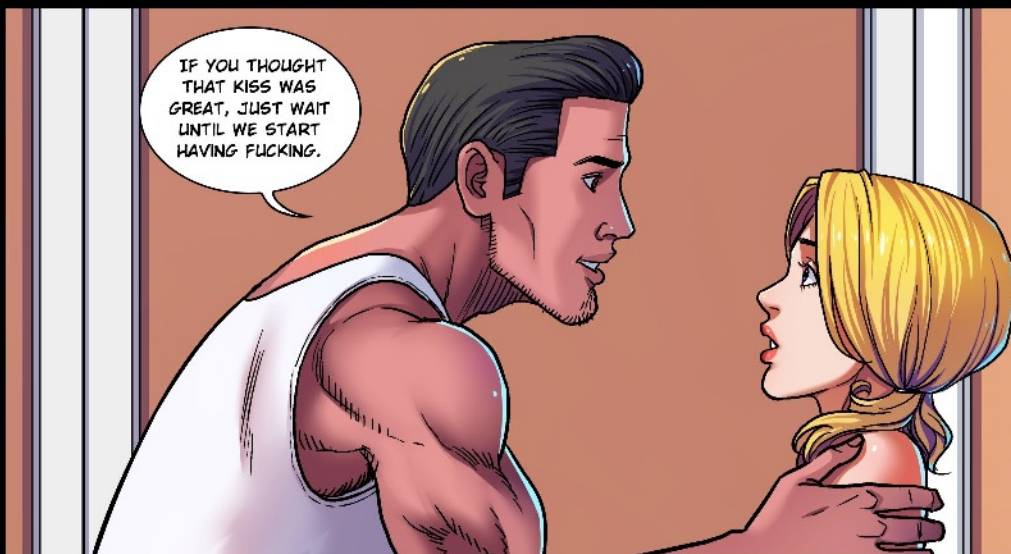
THEY STOOD TOGETHER IN AN EMBRACE FOR SEVERAL MINUTES. HER EYES WERE CLOSED, AND HIS WERE WIDE, SURVEYING THE SCENE BEHIND HER. USUALLY CAUTIOUS ABOUT BOYS SHE HAD JUST MET, HANNAH THREW CAUTION TO THE WIND. AFTER ALL, THEY WERE AT HER HOME, AND HE SEEMED SWEET. IT COULDN'T GO ANY FURTHER, COULD IT?



SHE WANTED TO STAY LIKE THIS FOR A WHILE, BUT SHE KNEW BETTER. IT TOOK ALL HER SELF-CONTROL TO SNAP OUT OF THE TRANCE. SHE PULLED AWAY, EXHALED SEXILY, AND SMILED, TRYING DESPERATELY NOT TO LOOK SWEPT OFF HER FEET.



IF YOU THOUGHT THAT KISS WAS GREAT, JUST WAIT UNTIL WE START HAVING FUCKING.



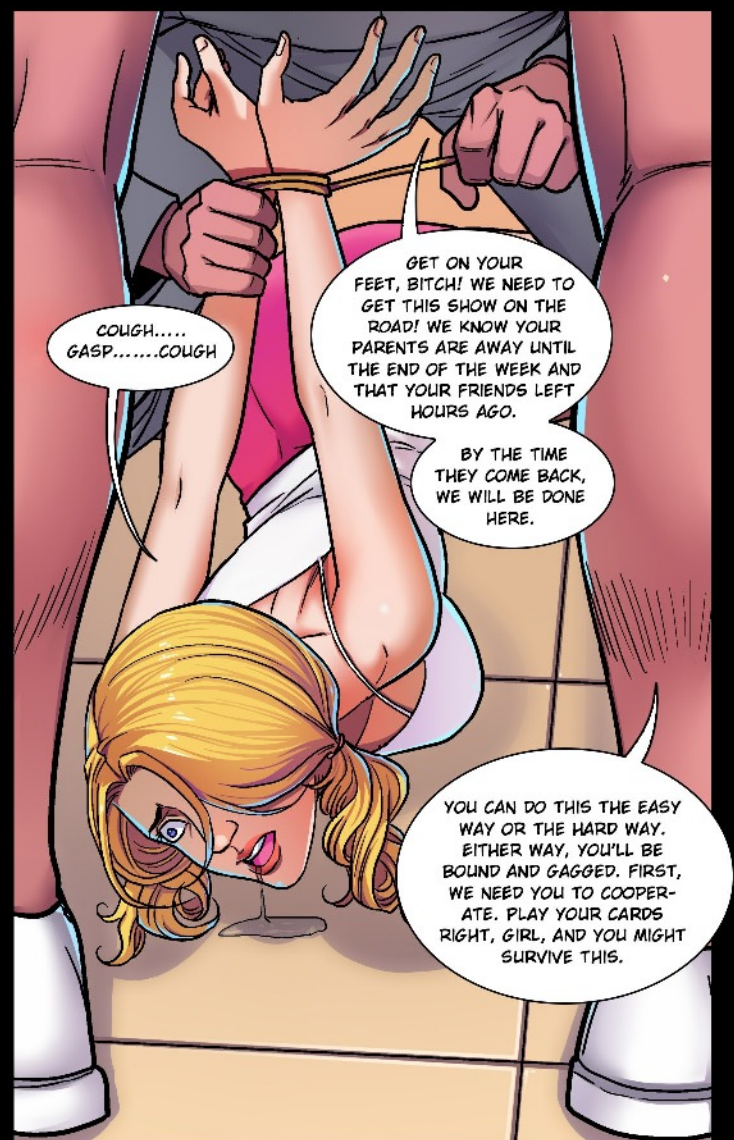
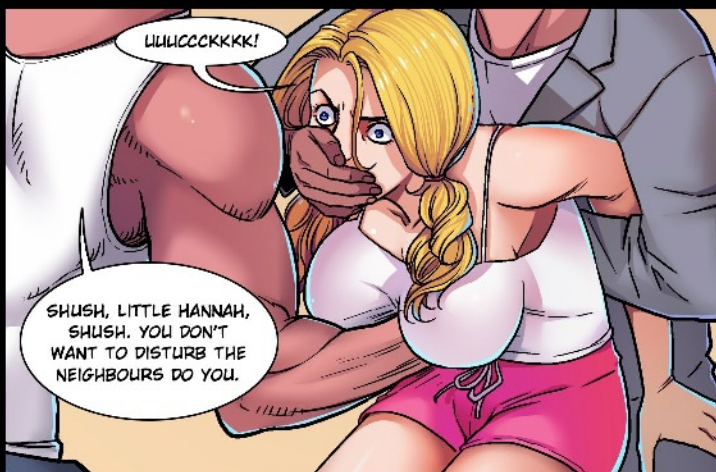
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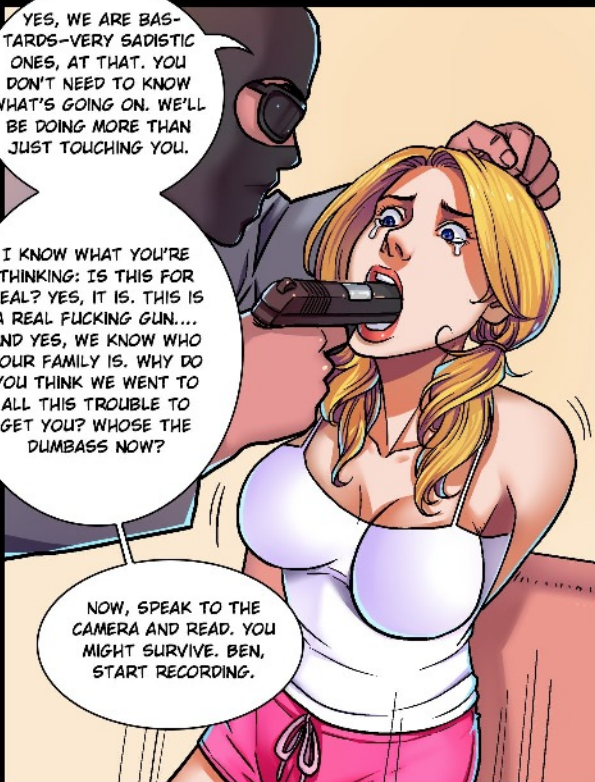
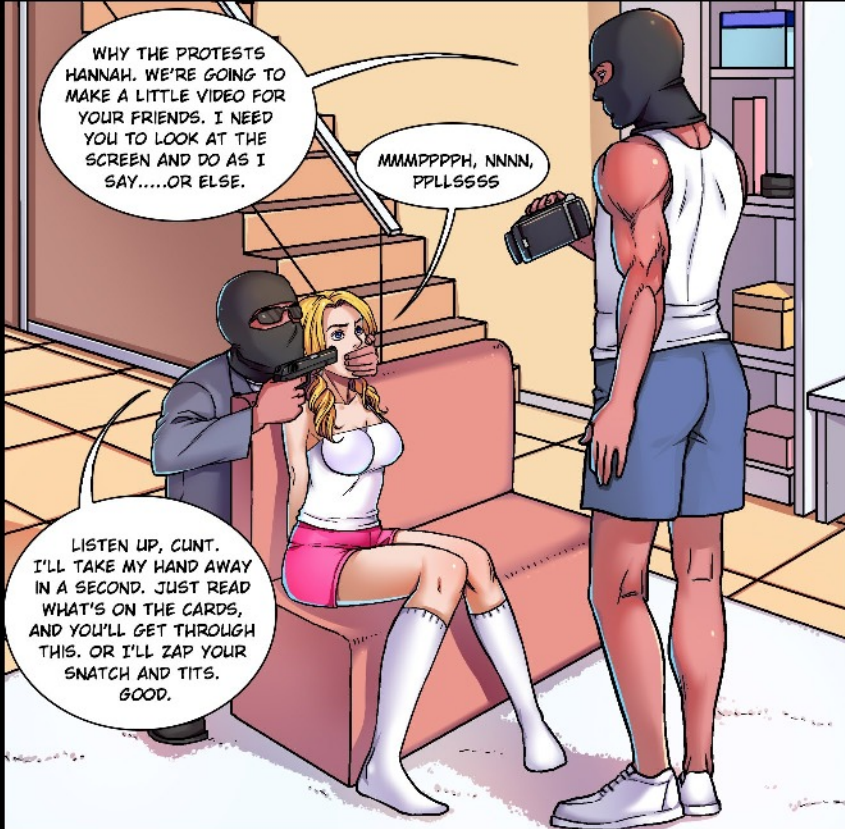
WHAT THE FUCK, YOU PIG, YOU BETTER LEAVE! I SAID GET THE FUCK OFF MY....





HER PARENTS AND TEACHERS HAD WARNED HER IN THE PAST THAT HER BEAUTY WOULD ATTRACT MEN WITH LESS-THAN-HONORABLE INTENTIONS. THEY WEREN'T WRONG. SHE WAS ALMOST IN A STATE OF SHOCK. HOW COULD THIS BE HAPPENING IN HER OWN HOUSE?





SOMETIME LATER.

LET GO OF ME, YOU
FILTHY BASTARDS!
I'LL SEE YOU HANGED
FOR THIS!

SHH!
IT'S ALREADY OVER FOR
YOU, HANNAH. I'VE BEEN
WATCHING YOU FOR MONTHS,
AND I KNEW THIS WOULD BE
THE PERFECT WEEK. YOUR
PARENTS TRUSTED THAT
THEIR ONLY DAUGHTER
WOULD BE SAFE.

WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE A PARTY JUST FOR
OURSELVES. YOUR FRIENDS
ARE THE DAUGHTERS OF
SOME OF THE MOST
POWERFUL MEN IN THE
WORLD. YOU'RE GOING TO
HELP US GET TO
THEM.

THERE'S
NO POINT IN FIGHTING
IT, BITCH. A FINE ASS
PUSSY LIKE YOURS ONLY
NEEDS TO BE SEEN AND
FELT, NOT HEARD. THAT
DUMB BITCH DIDN'T HAVE
ANYTHING WORTHWHILE
TO SAY ANYWAY.

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YOU'VE BEING
ABDUCTED, IF YOU
THINK ANYONE WILL
COME TO HELP YOU'RE
VERY WRONG.

AS FAR AS YOUR
NEIGHBOURS ARE
CONCERNED, THINGS ARE
NORMAL, AND YOUR
SCHOOL WILL THINK
YOU'RE ABSENT
TOMORROW BECAUSE YOU
ARE SICK. YOUR FRIENDS
WILL THINK BECAUSE
OF A HANGOVER.

GASP....CHOKE.....
CAN'T.....BREATH....
HE'S....TRYING....
TO...KILL...ME!

ACK!

IT WILL
STOP ONLY WHEN
YOU BEHAVE. JUST
KEEP PUSHING BITCH
AND I KEEP
TIGHTENING.....
YOUR CHOICE.



UH...UH

DO YOU WANT TO DO THIS THE EASY WAY? OPEN WIDE, BITCH. YOU CAN CHEW ON THE RUBBER BALL AND YOUR PANTIES.

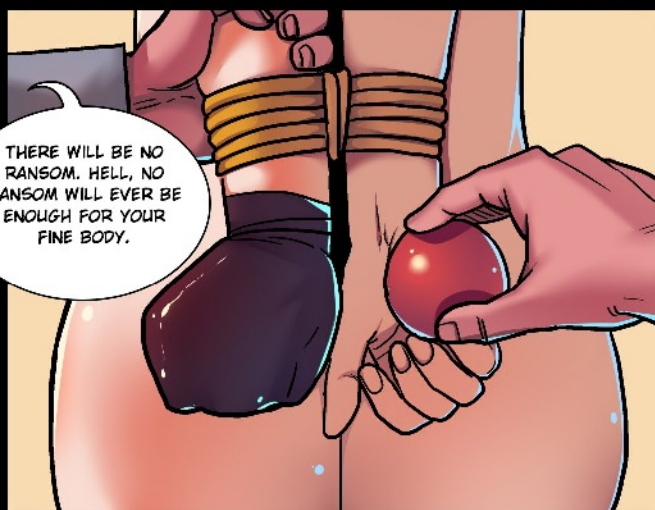
YOUR GAL PALS WILL THINK YOU'RE COMING IN LATER. I TEXTED THEM FROM YOUR PHONE TO TELL THEM THAT YOU'LL BE BUSY FOR A FEW DAYS. BY THE TIME THEY REALIZE YOU NEVER SHOWED UP, YOU'LL BE LONG GONE.



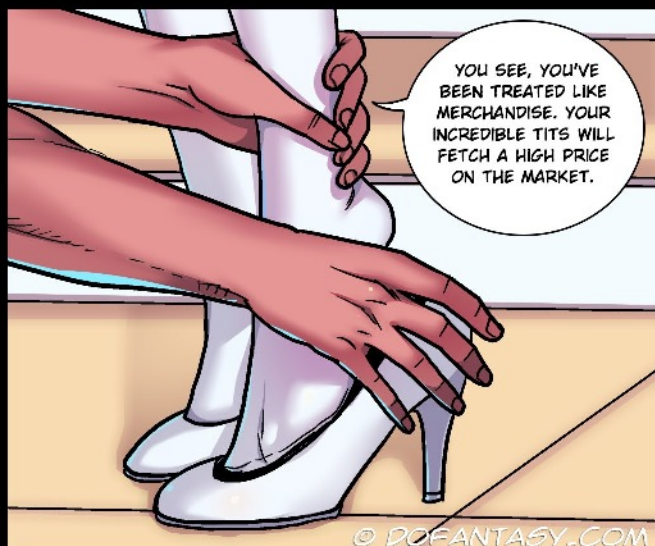
THERE, THERE. HOLD BACK THE TEARS. YOU STILL HAVE AN ACTIVE ROLE IN THIS AS EXCEPTIONALLY SEXY BAIT FOR YOUR FRIENDS.

LIKE IT OR NOT, WE'RE GOING TO STRIP YOU DOWN, TIE YOU UP, AND MAKE YOU COMPLY WITH EVERYTHING WE SAY, SLAVE. OTHERWISE, I'LL USE THE NOOSE AGAIN. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

MMSSSHH.....
YYYYSSSHHH!



THERE WILL BE NO RANSOM. HELL, NO RANSOM WILL EVER BE ENOUGH FOR YOUR FINE BODY.



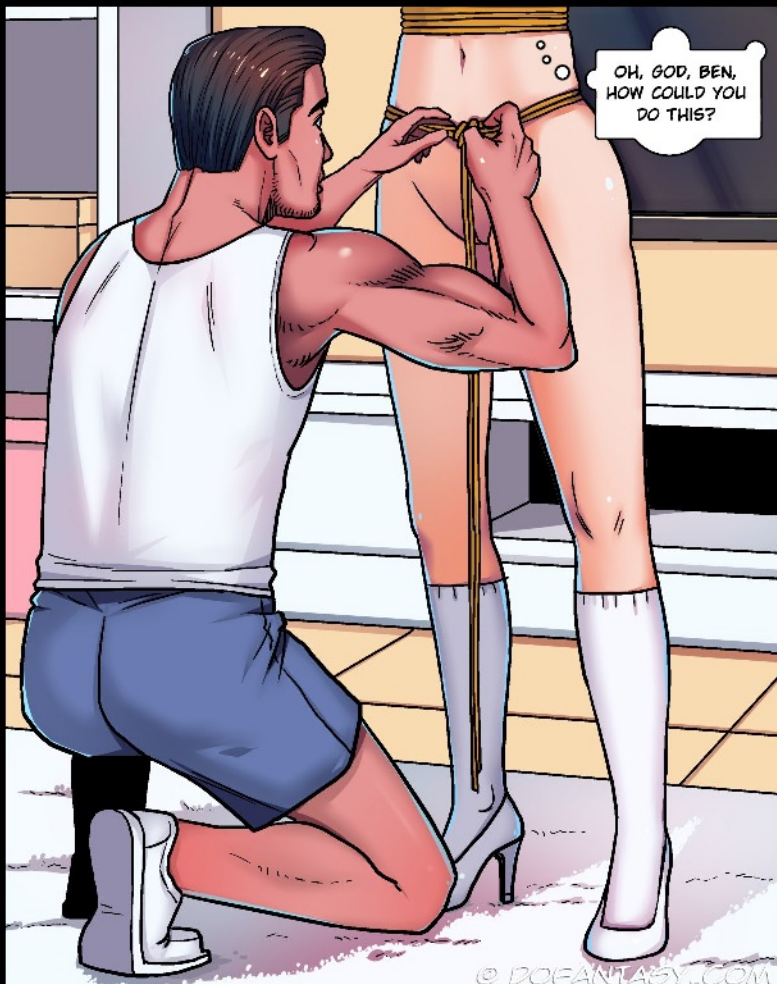
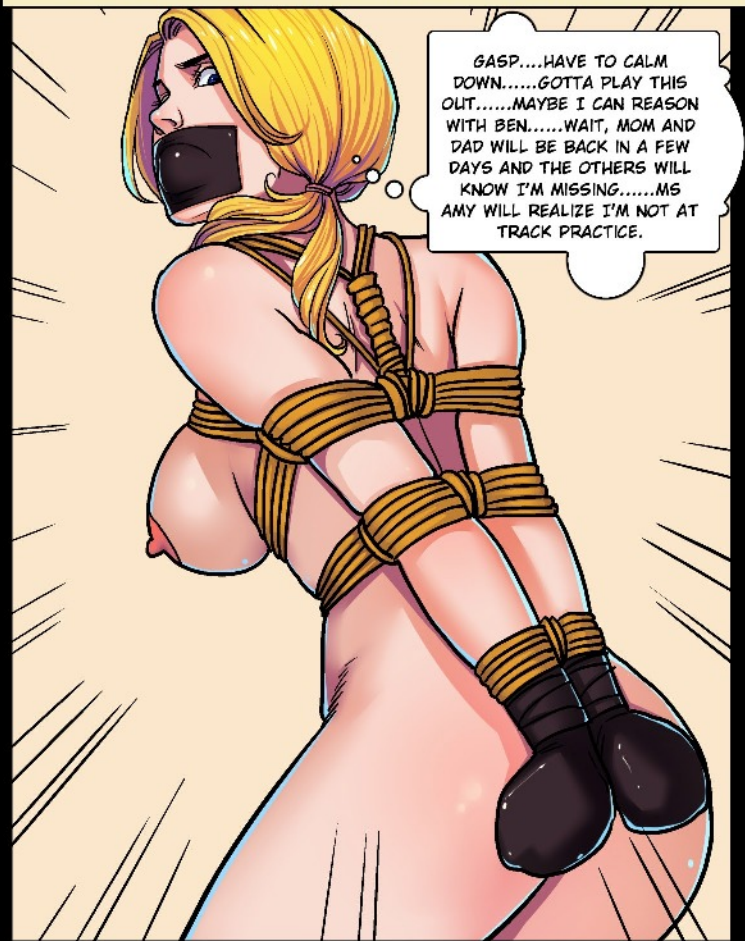
YOU SEE, YOU'VE BEEN TREATED LIKE MERCHANDISE. YOUR INCREDIBLE TITS WILL FETCH A HIGH PRICE ON THE MARKET.

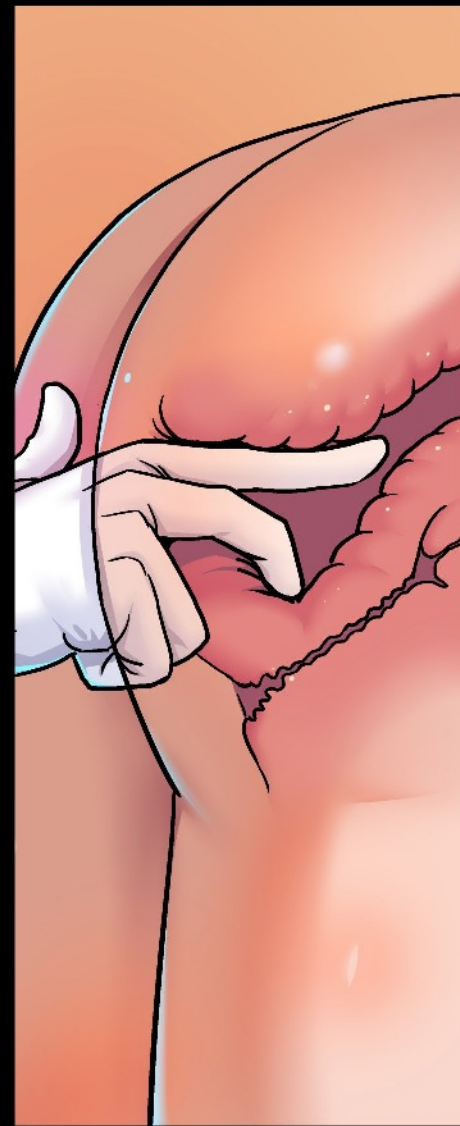


M....
MERCHANDISE....
WHAT THE FUCK IS HE TALKING ABOUT. IS HE INSANE?

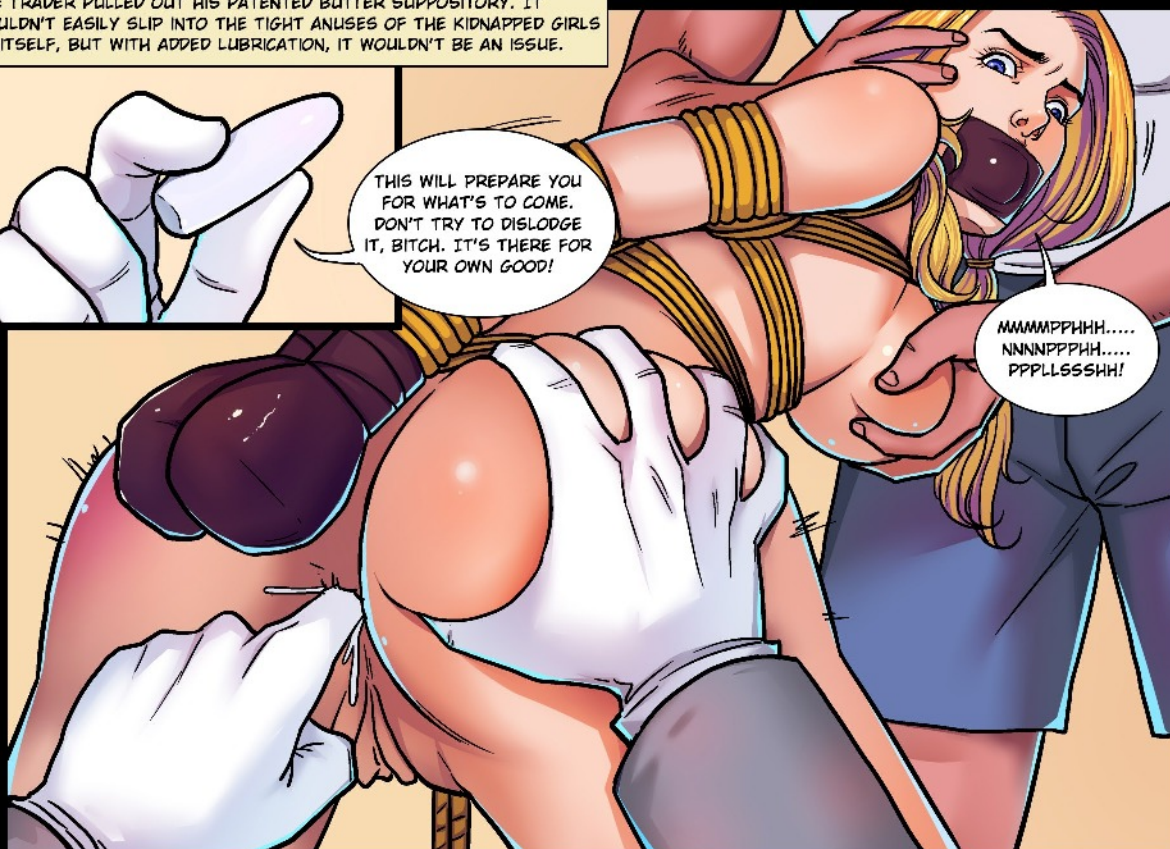
AS THE ROPE TIGHTENED AROUND HER NECK, HANNAH REALIZED SHE WAS HELP-
LESS. THE TALK OF HER BODY AS MERCHANDISE AND OWNERSHIP WENT OVER HER
HEAD. IT BARELY REGISTERED. HER ONLY THOUGHT WAS SURVIVAL.

SHE VAGUELY REMEMBERED TALK ABOUT BEING HELD AGAINST HER WILL. HER
FRIENDS AND THE SCHOOL THOUGHT SHE WAS MISSING BECAUSE OF AN ILLNESS.





THE TRADER PULLED OUT HIS PATENTED BUTTER SUPPOSITORY. IT WOULDN'T EASILY SLIP INTO THE TIGHT ANUSES OF THE KIDNAPPED GIRLS BY ITSELF, BUT WITH ADDED LUBRICATION, IT WOULDN'T BE AN ISSUE.



FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, HANNAH HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO ALLOW HER CAPTORS TO PENETRATE HER. SHE COULD FEEL THE COLD FLUID COATING HER INSIDES. SHE FELT HUMILIATED AS SHE BECAME WET. HER BODY BETRAYED HER. SHE DIDN'T KNOW IF IT WAS BECAUSE OF THE RESTRAINT, THE EROTIC ASPHYXIATION, OR THE STIMULATION. IT DIDN'T MATTER. THEY HAD EXPLOITED A WEAKNESS.



FUCK NO, STOP WRIGGLING YOUR FINGERS. YOU'RE MAKING ME CUM!

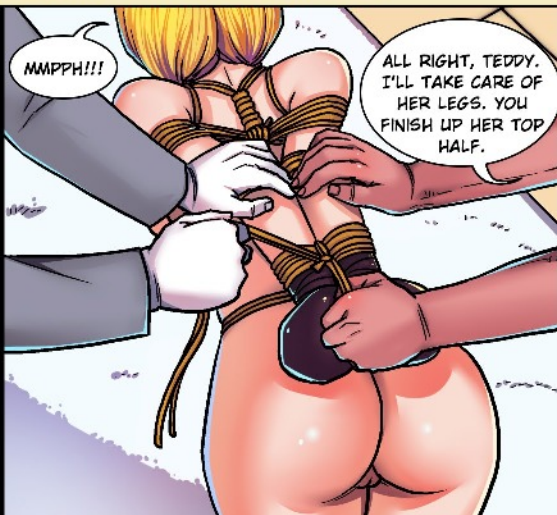
SHH! THE GAG'S NOT ENOUGH. WE'VE GOT TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED BEFORE OUR PARTY TOMORROW.

CLAMP DOWN ON THAT PUSSY. IF THAT DEVICE FALLS OUT, IT'S THE NOOSE AGAIN. NOW, BEN, PULL THE LITTLE SLUT'S ARMS DOWN.

GASP... UGH... MY PUSSY... THE PAINGOTTA STAY ON MY FEET... OH MY GOD, WHAT ELSE CAN THEY DO? THERE'S NO POINT; I CAN'T CATCH MY BREATH TO SHOUT.



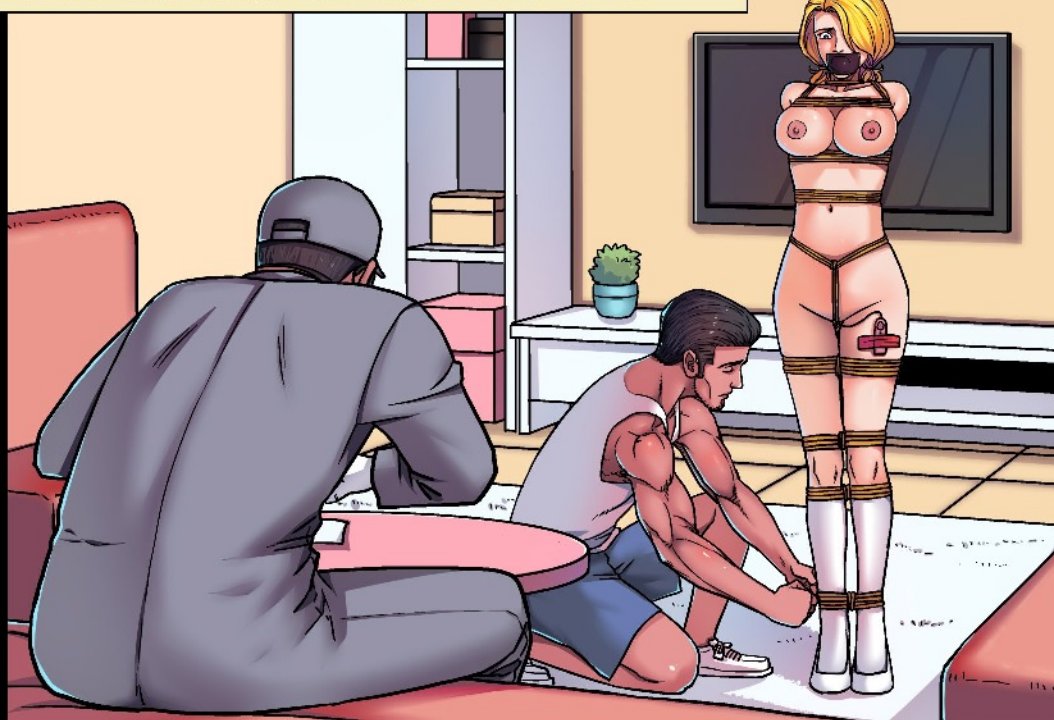
THE ROPES PULLED, ARCHING HER BACK, PULLING HER NECK BACK, AND THRUSTING HER TITS OUT. SHE TRIED TO EASE THE PRESSURE ON HER THROAT, BUT THAT CAUSED THE APTLY NAMED CUNT CUTTER TO CUT INTO HER LABIA.



MMPH!!!

ALL RIGHT, TEDDY. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER LEGS. YOU FINISH UP HER TOP HALF.

SURVIVAL TOOK OVER, AND SHE ACCEPTED HER FATE. THE VILE CROTCH ROPE SLID FURTHER IN, SAWING AT HER CLITORIS. WITH EVERY TORTUROUS BREATH AND SHIVER, THE SLIPPERY KNOT STROKED, SAWED, AND STIMULATED HER RAVAGED CLIT.

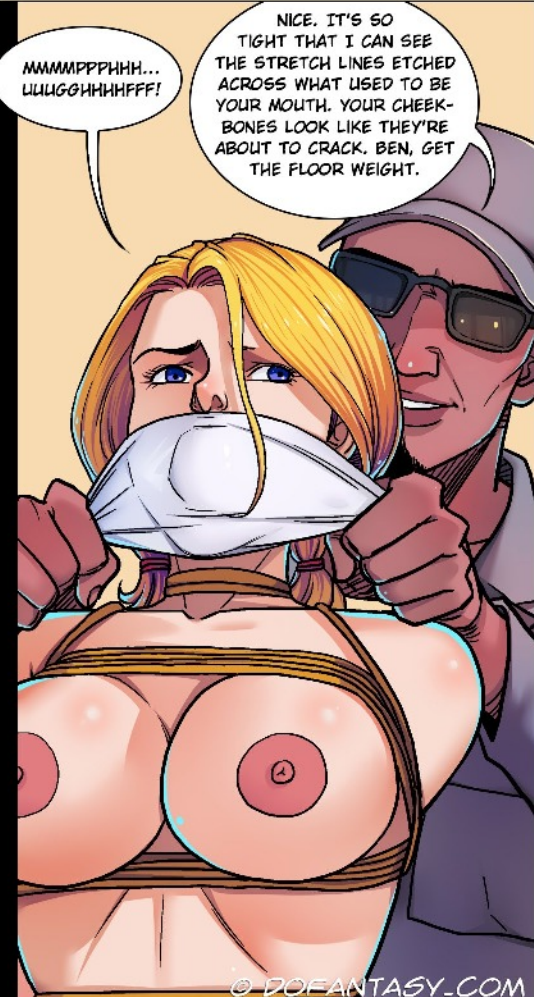


MEANWHILE, THE TRADER PREPARED THE FINAL PIECE OF MS. ROSE'S GAG. HE SMEARED A THIN LAYER OF SOCK GLUE ON THE INSIDE OF A CLOTH TO ENSURE THAT IT WOULD STICK TO THE TAPE THAT WAS ALREADY AFFIXED.



IT WAS THE SAME STICKY SUBSTANCE HE REGULARLY USED TO ENSURE THAT GAGS AND STOCKINGS STAYED IN PLACE ON HIS CAPTIVE VICTIMS. HE BRUTALLY APPLIED THE INSULATED STRETCH MUZZLE, WHICH WAS DESIGNED TO KEEP UNWILLING WOMEN QUIET.

THEY COULD HAVE WATCHED HER ALL NIGHT, TIED UP, NAKED, AND GAGGED. THEY FORCED HER TO SIT, AND THE RAVAGED BLONDE BECAME MORE ACUTELY AWARE OF THE ROUGH ROPE AT HER CROTCH. SHE TENSED UP, GRIPPING THE ROPE WITH HER PUSSY, AND HER ASS CHEEKS CONTRACTED, SLOWLY THREATENING TO SWALLOW IT UP. EACH MOVEMENT CAUSED HER BREASTS AND ASS CHEEKS TO JIGGLE, AND SHE MEWLED AS THE ROUGH HEMP ROPE BIT INTO HER SENSITIVE ASS AND PUSSY.



WHEN THE TRADER RETURNED FROM THE KITCHEN WITH A NEW INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE, HANNAH KNEW WHAT HE INTENDED TO DO.

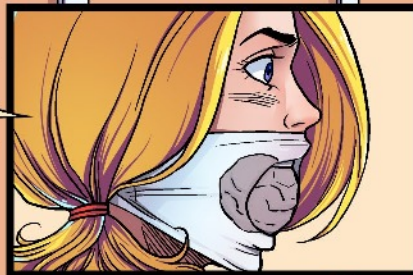


I HOPE THE FUCKING YOU GET LATER GIVES YOU SOME INSIGHT INTO YOUR SITUATION. BUT FIRST, YOU NEED STIMULATION.



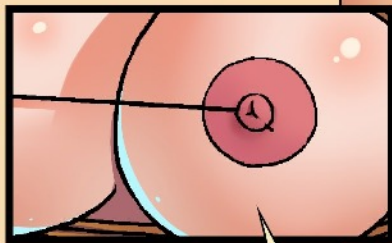
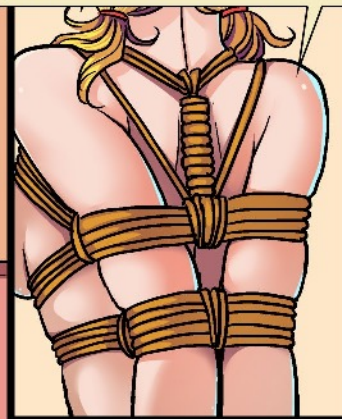
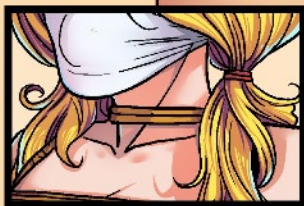
THE TRADER DID EVERYTHING WITH A PURPOSE. THIS INCLUDED THE ELABORATE BONDAGE OF HIS VICTIMS. HE CALLED THIS CONTORTION THE "BODY TIE-UP." HE WANTED HER TO BE STILL, TO RENDER EVERY PART OF HER ANATOMY USELESS, AND TO KEEP HER INTERNAL ANATOMY ON THE EDGE, WITH HER AS THE WILLING PARTICIPANT. THE MEN JUST WATCHED, AS IF TAKING A MENTAL INVENTORY OF HER BONDAGE.

IT WAS A COMBINATION OF A PLIANT RUBBER BALL WRAPPED IN PANTIES THAT ACTED AS SOUND-ABSORBENT STUFFING.



A ROPE NOOSE, SIZED JUST RIGHT TO CHOKE AND SILENCE, IS CONNECTED TO THE REST OF THE ROPE WORK AND TIGHTENS WITH EVERY MICRO-MOVEMENT.

HER ELBOWS WERE LASHED TOGETHER, KNOCKING OUT HER DIAPHRAGM, AND SHE WAS LASHED TO THE NOOSE, WHICH KEPT HER BACK ARCHED.

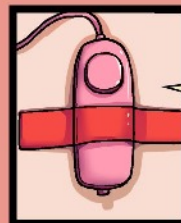


THE NIPPLE WIRE CUTS OFF CIRCULATION AND HYPER-AWARES THE VICTIM OF HER NIPS, WITH EACH BREATH SENDING BOLTS TO HER BRAIN.

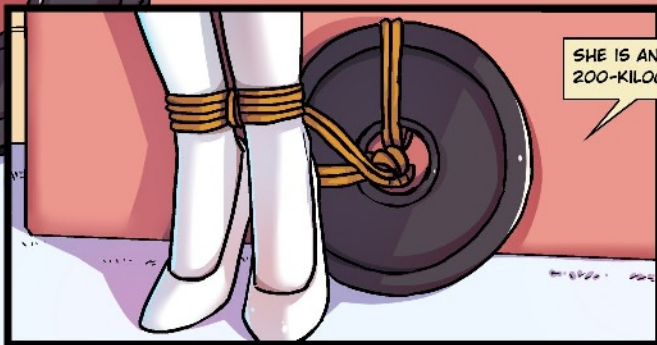
SOCK HOOVES PREVENT FINE FINGER MOVEMENT. THE CROTCH ROPE IS ATTACHED TO THE WRISTS, ALLOWING THE VICTIM TO CONTROL IT.



THE BUTTER SUPPOSITORY SLOWLY LUBRICATES HER BACK PASSAGE, AND THE VIBRATING EGG STIMULATES HER SILENTLY AND EFFECTIVELY.



THE STIM'S HANDSET. IT'S SET TO HER INTERNAL TEMPERATURE AND STOPS JUST BEFORE SHE CLIMAXES. IF SHE WANTS TO CLIMAX, SHE'LL HAVE TO USE THE CROTCH ROPE HERSELF.



SHE IS ANCHORED DOWN BY A 200-KILOGRAM DISC WEIGHT.

SHHHH, DON'T FIGHT IT. EMBRACE IT... JUST CONCENTRATE ON MY VOICE, BREATHE SLOWLY, AND THE REST WILL TAKE CARE OF ITSELF. YOU'RE TIED UP TIGHT AND GAGGED, BUT IN A VERY PECIAL WAY.

GET USED TO THIS. THIS IS HOW YOU WILL BE FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS UNLESS YOU HAVE OTHER DUTIES TO.....ERM.... FULFILL.

GASP..... THERE'S NO..... GASP..... END TO THIS..... GASP..... MADNESS..... GASP..... MY.....GASP..... TITS.....GASP.....ON FIRE..... GASP.....I CAN'T TAKE..... GASP..... IT ANYMORE.

THIS WILL KEEP YOU QUIET, STUFFED, AND STIMULATED WHILE WE GET TO WORK. YOUR SODDEN PANTIES WILL PROVIDE AN EXTRA LAYER OF INSULATION. THE WAY YOU'RE TIED UP IS WHAT'S KEEPING YOU QUIET.

THE ROPE AROUND YOUR BREASTS ALSO RESTRICTS YOUR ABILITY TO EXPAND YOUR LUNGS. YOU CAN'T USE THAT SET OF LUNGS WITH YOUR CHEST FORCED OUT, EH? YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE A DEEP BREATH. NO DEEP BREATH MEANS NO DIAPHRAGM AND NO LOUD SCREAMING.

ACK....ACK!

THE BODY WILL DIVERT ALL THAT LOVELY BLOOD TO YOUR TITS, MAKING THEM MORE SENSITIVE.

THE NOOSE IS CONNECTED TO THE ROPES ON YOUR CHEST AND ARMS, SO ANY STRUGGLING WILL TIGHTEN IT JUST ENOUGH TO ALLOW AIR IN, BUT RESTRICT IT FROM COMING OUT. THIS WILL FURTHER RESTRICT ANY UNNECESSARY SHOUTING.

PLUS, YOU ENJOY EROTIC ASPHYXIATION. THIS MEANS A LACK OF OXYGEN AND A HEIGHTENED MASTURBATORY SENSATION. IT'S A STIMULATION THAT YOU WILL LEARN TO CRAVE.

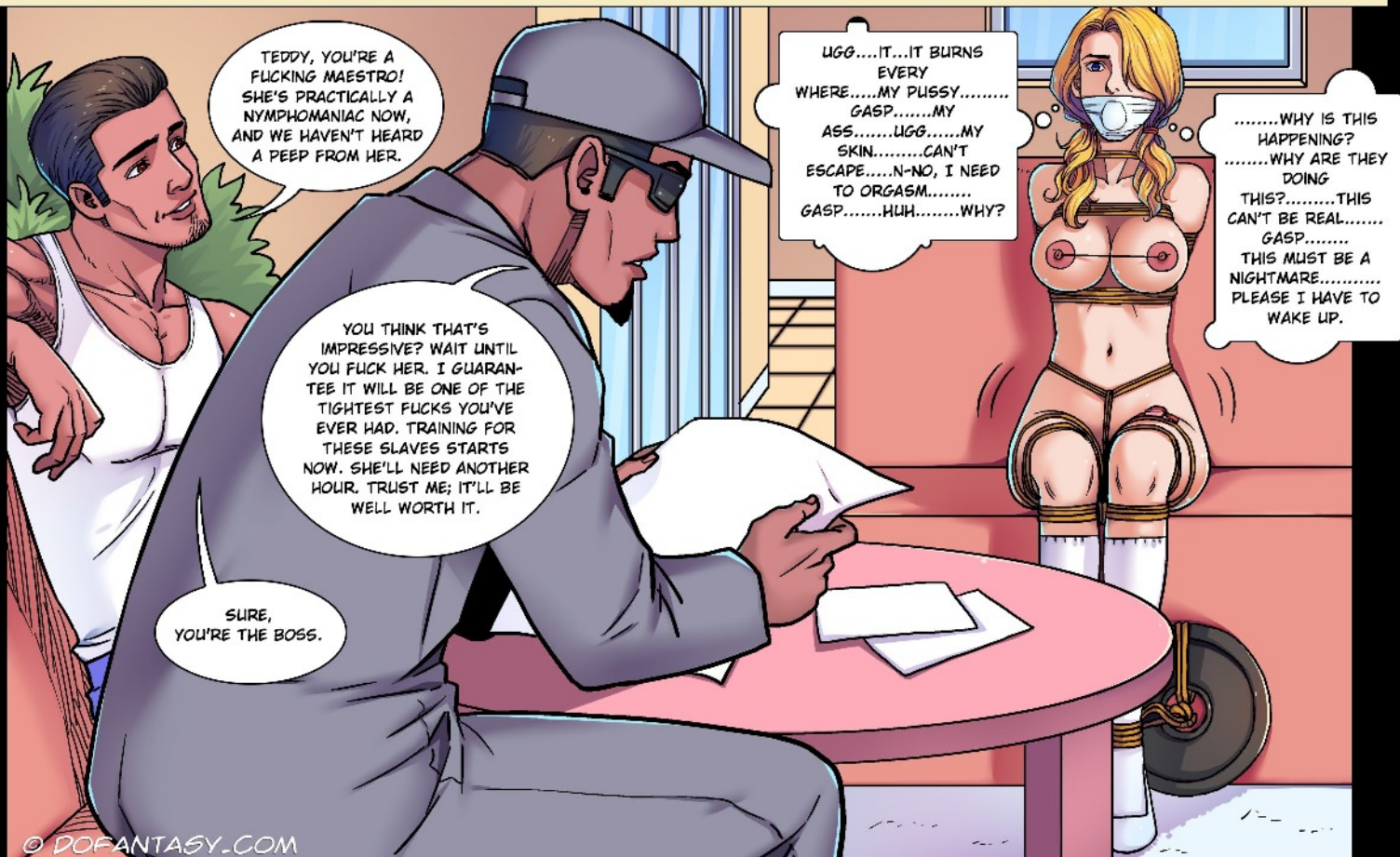
IF YOU TRY TO SCREAM, YOU'LL LOSE YOUR BREATH. THAT WILL EITHER CHOKE YOU OR TURN YOU ON MORE. GO AHEAD AND TRY SCREAMING. I'LL ALLOW IT.

THERE'S NO POINT IN TRYING. IT'S USELESS. EVEN YOUR HANDS ARE USELESS.

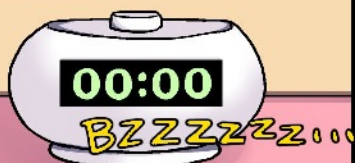
THOSE RIDICULOUSLY TALL HEELS AREN'T JUST FOR SHOW. EVEN IF YOU MANAGE TO GET UP, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP YOUR BALANCE. THE ROPES OVER THE JOINTS WILL ONLY ADD TO THE PAIN IF YOU MOVE.



FOR THE NEXT HOUR, THE KIDNAPPERS LEFT HANNAH ROSE ALONE. SHE WAS SO PREOCCUPIED THAT SHE DID NOT NOTICE THE MEN HAD OPENED DOCUMENTS RANGING FROM SCHEMATICS OF HER SCHOOL TO HER FRIENDS' HOUSES. THERE WERE ALSO VARIOUS PHOTOS OF ALL HER FRIENDS. PERIODICALLY, THE GENTLEMAN TURNED TO GAZE AT HIS NEW SLAVE. AT FIRST, SHE QUIVERED IN RESPONSE; WITHIN MINUTES, SHE HAD SUCCEMDED AND STARTED TO RUB HER ACHING CLIT.



AN HOUR LATER.



IS EVERYTHING RUNNING WELL THERE? NO, IT WILL BE A FEW MORE DAYS. ...YOU WILL BE IN CHARGE UNTIL THEN. ...KEEP YOUR NEW CHARGES UNDER CONTROL.



NO.....NO..... YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS..... NO MORE DISCUSSION.... UNDERSTAND.....GOOD....YOU HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT TASK....I EXPECT YOU TO DO YOUR BEST. ... REMEMBER, THE PETS BELONG TO SOMEONE ELSE. ... SPEAK TO ME AGAIN IN TWO DAYS.

IS EVERYTHING WELL AT HOME BASE?

TOTALLY, TEDDY. WE JUST NEED TO STAY FOCUSED FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS.

GOOD... THAT'S THE ALARM. THE SLAVE SHOULD BE READY. TAKE YOUR TIME. WE HAVE ALL NIGHT, AND THERE ISN'T MUCH ELSE TO DO.

UULINN....
UULINN....
MMMMNNN

ARE YOU READY FOR YOUR FUCKING? YOU SURE LOOK AND SMELL LIKE YOU ARE. THE SMELL OF YOUR PUSSY IS GETTING TO ME. DON'T WORRY, HONEY. I'LL RELEASE YOU FROM MY EMBRACE.



UULUU
GGGHHH!

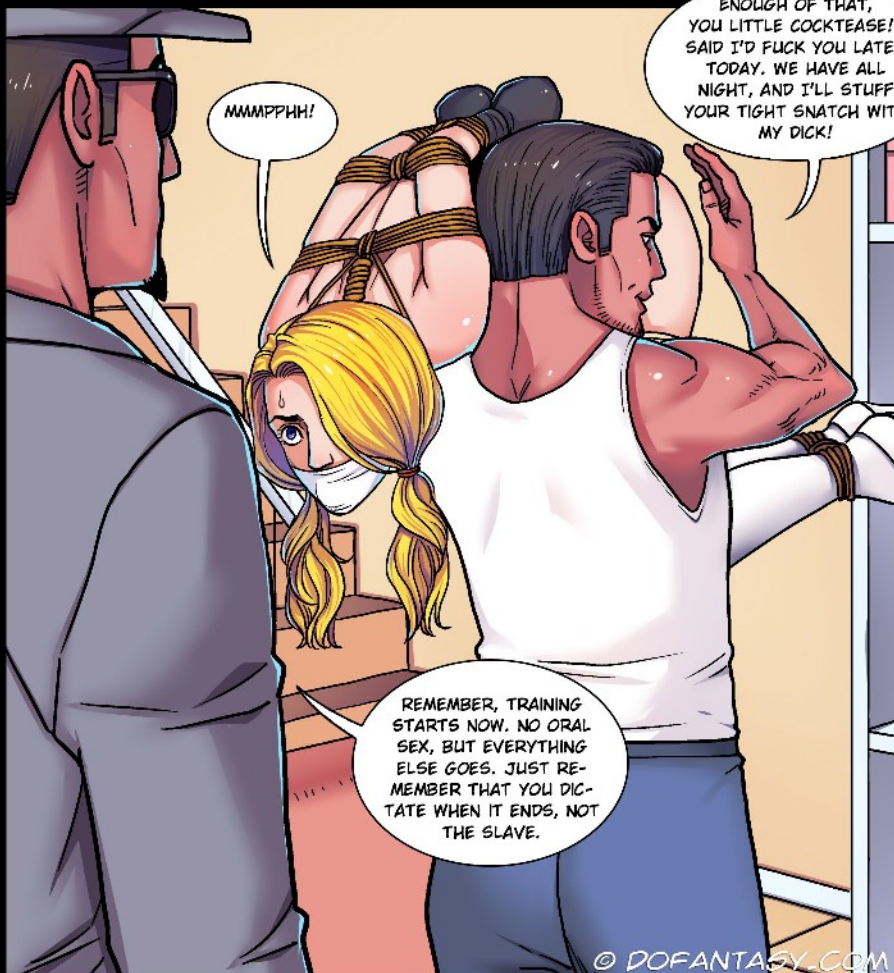
HAHA, THAT'S QUITE THE SHOW, HANNAH! KEEP WRIGGLING FORWARD. THAT ROPE HASN'T GOTTEN ANY LOOSER, HAS IT? WOW, YOU'VE GOT SOME NICE, BIG TIT-TIES! GET UP, BITCH!



MMMMPPHH!

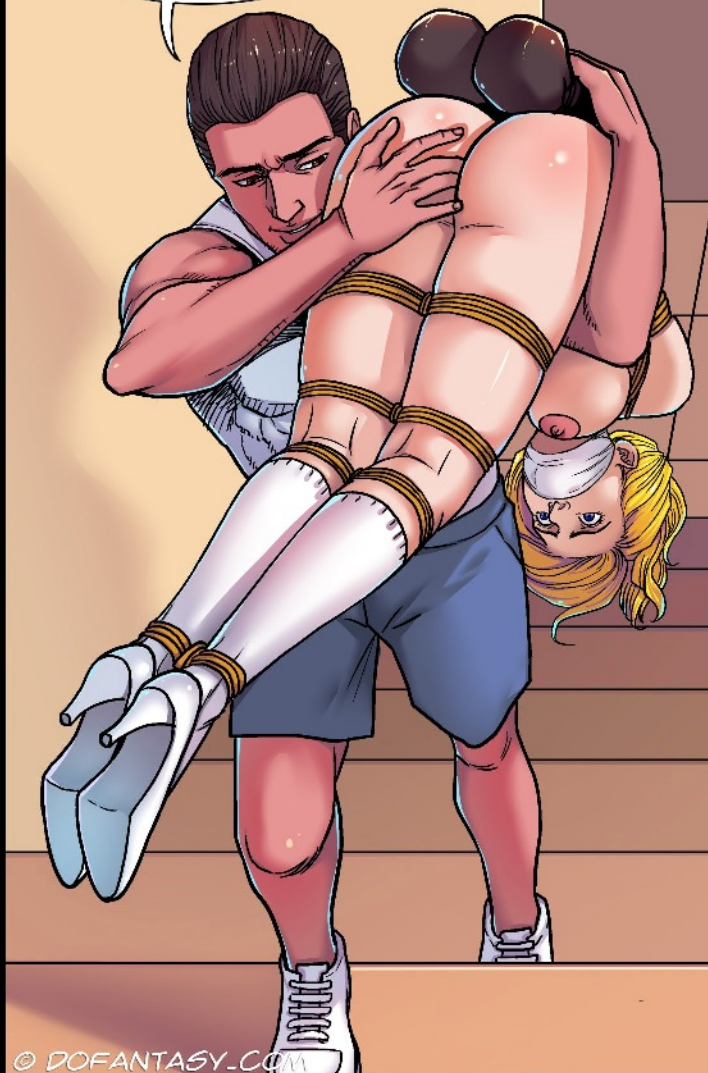
ENOUGH OF THAT, YOU LITTLE COCKTEASE! I SAID I'D FUCK YOU LATER TODAY. WE HAVE ALL NIGHT, AND I'LL STUFF YOUR TIGHT SNATCH WITH MY DICK!

REMEMBER, TRAINING STARTS NOW. NO ORAL SEX, BUT EVERYTHING ELSE GOES. JUST REMEMBER THAT YOU DICTATE WHEN IT ENDS, NOT THE SLAVE.

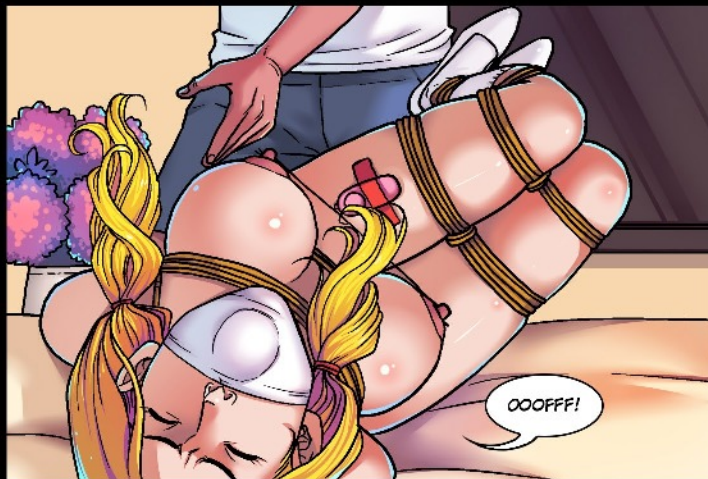


TRANSPORTATION WAS AN AGONY FOR HANNAH. SHE WAS HELD ON THE BRINK OF CLIMAX, AND WITH EVERY STEP, SHE FELT A BURNING SENSATION IN HER BREASTS, NECK, BUTTOCKS, AND PUSSY. THIS ADDED TO HER ALREADY STIMULATED LIBIDO.

HMMM... SHALL I NAIL YOU ON YOUR BED OR YOUR PARENTS' BED? HELL, SINCE IT'S THE FIRST OF MANY TIMES TONIGHT, WE MIGHT AS WELL START BY STUFFING YOUR TIGHT CUNT ON YOUR BED.

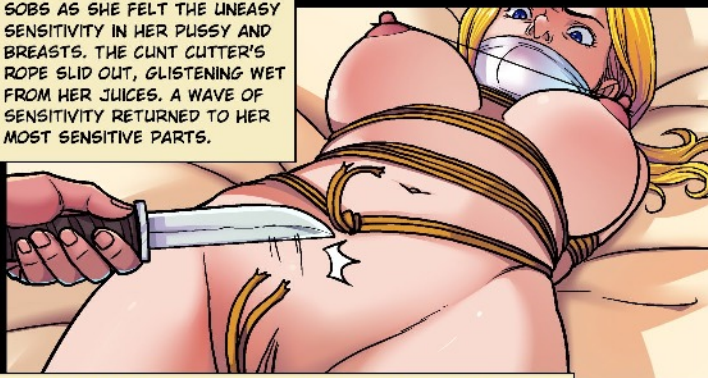


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OOOFFF!

HANNAH WAS WRACKED WITH SOBS AS SHE FELT THE UNEASY SENSITIVITY IN HER PUSSY AND BREASTS. THE CUNT CUTTER'S ROPE SLID OUT, GLISTENING WET FROM HER JUICES. A WAVE OF SENSITIVITY RETURNED TO HER MOST SENSITIVE PARTS.



HE PULLED OUT THE VIBRATING EGG. HANNAH FELT THE DEVICE SLOWLY RUB HER LINING AS IT POPPED OUT. SHE THOUGHT HER ANGUISH WOULD EASE, BUT IT HAD THE OPPOSITE EFFECT. SHE FELT EMPTY AS HER PUSSY QUIVERED, YEARNING FOR MORE.

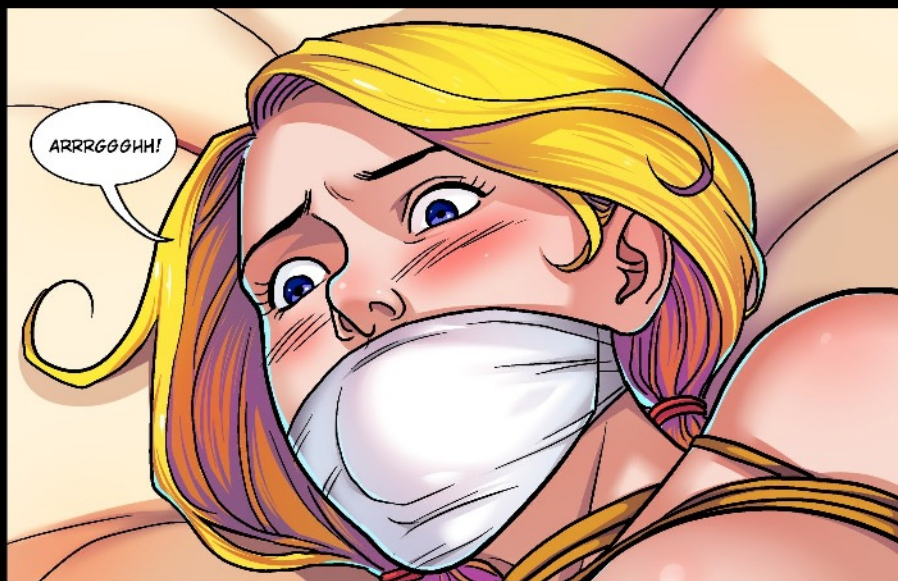


LULULNNNN!

I BET YOU'VE NEVER BEEN FUCKED WHILE BOUND AND GAGGED BEFORE. GET USED TO IT, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW YOU'LL BE FUCKED FROM NOW ON.

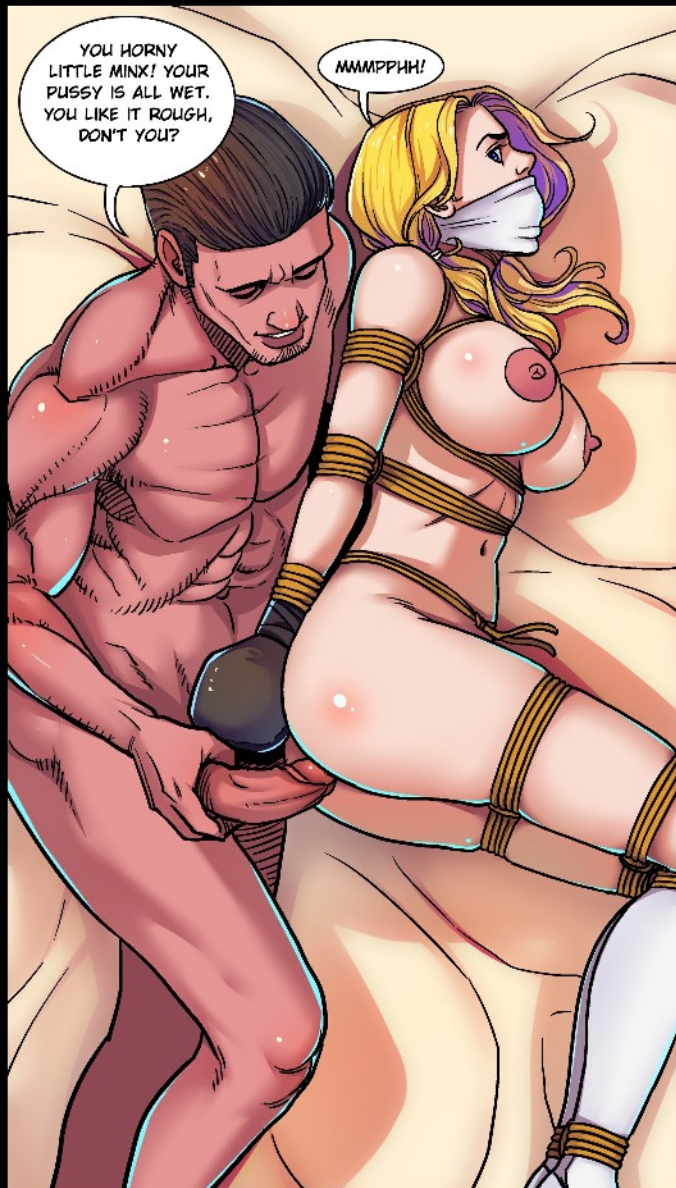


YOU WERE BORN FOR THIS. YOUR SPECTACULAR BODY WAS MADE FOR THIS TASK.



ARRRRGGHH!

A RUSH OF BLOOD TO HER NIPPLES THREATENED TO OVERWHELM HER SENSES. SHE WRITHED, WAITING FOR THE SENSATION TO PASS. BUT IT DIDN'T; IT JUST BUILT UP UNTIL SHE NEARLY CLIMAXED. THE INTENSITY AND ASPHYXIATION INCREASED. THEY WERE RIGHT. SHE WAS DYING TO BE RELEASED.



YOU HORNY LITTLE MINX! YOUR PUSSY IS ALL WET. YOU LIKE IT ROUGH, DON'T YOU?

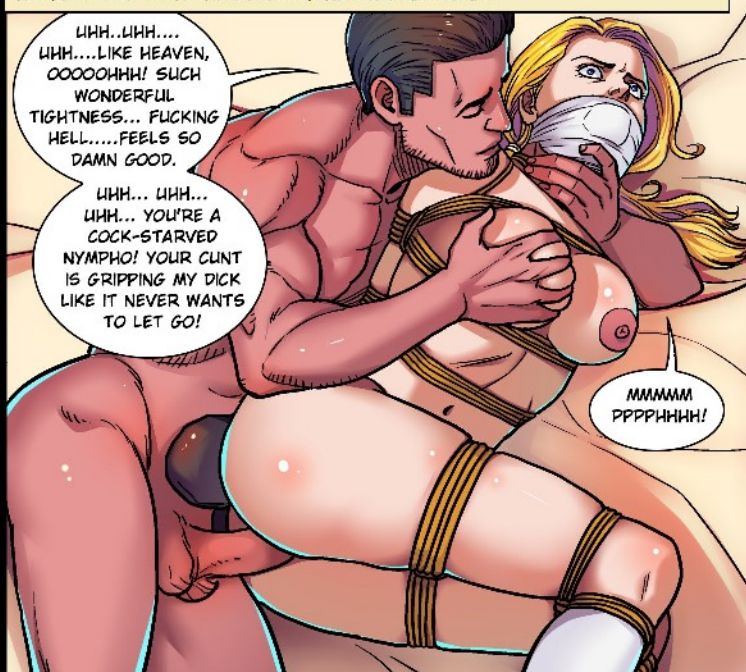
MMMMPPHH!



TIGHT.....
UGH.....
AMAZING!

SLOSH.....

HANNAH TENSED UP. AFTER HOURS OF BEING ON THE VERGE OF CLIMAX, HER SELF-CONTROL WAS NONEXISTENT. HER BODY WAS NO LONGER HER OWN; IT BELONGED TO HER KIDNAPPERS. DESPERATELY TRYING TO CLIMAX, SHE GRIPPED HIS FETID LOG WITH THE WALLS OF HER VAGINAL CANAL.

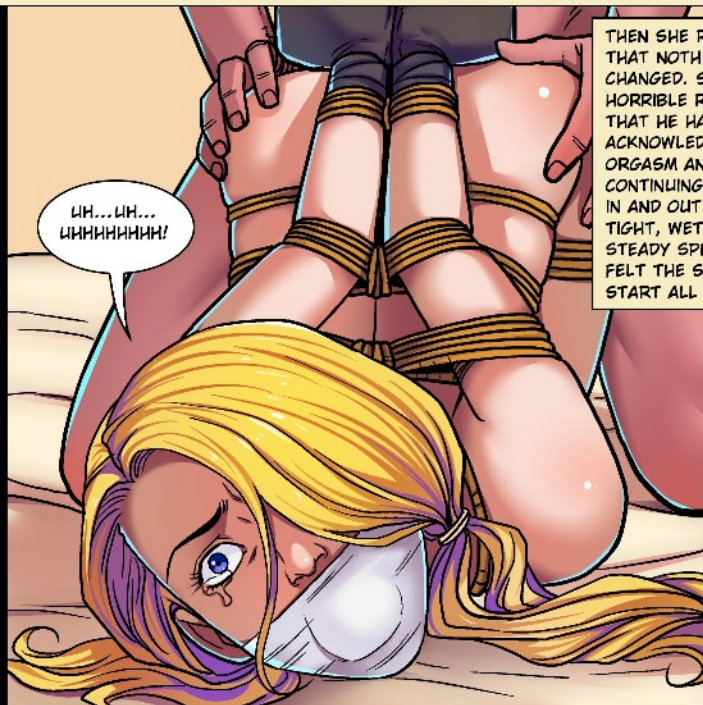


UHH...UHH...
UHH...LIKE HEAVEN,
OOOOHHH! SUCH
WONDERFUL
TIGHTNESS... FUCKING
HELL.....FEELS SO
DAMN GOOD.

UHH... UHH...
UHH... YOU'RE A
COCK-STARVED
NYMPHO! YOUR CUNT
IS GRIPPING MY DICK
LIKE IT NEVER WANTS
TO LET GO!

MMMM
PPPPHHH!

HE STARTED BY STIMULATING HER, FUCKING HER, AND STIMULATING HER AGAIN, BRINGING HER CLOSE TO ORGASM. SHE BEGGED HIM TO STOP, BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR HER TO CLIMAX. HIS EJACULATION EXPLODED THROUGH HER CROTCH AND TORSO, ACROSS HER RED, RAW NIPPLES, AND INTO HER HEAD. THEN, SUDDENLY, IT WAS GONE.



UH...UH...
UHHHHHHH!

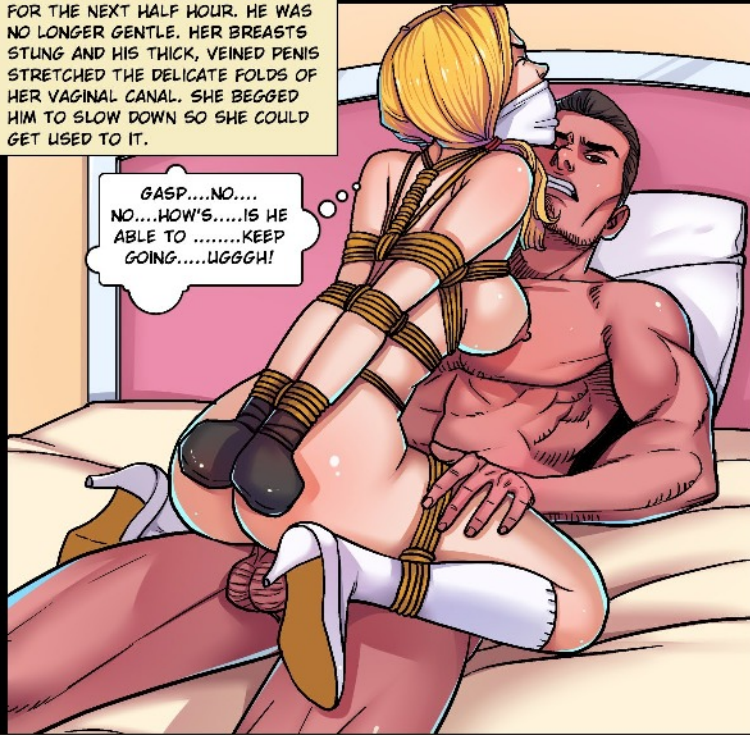
THEN SHE REALIZED THAT NOTHING HAD CHANGED. SHE HAD THE HORRIBLE REALIZATION THAT HE HADN'T ACKNOWLEDGED HER ORGASM AND WAS CONTINUING TO THRUST IN AND OUT OF HER TIGHT, WET PUSSY AT A STEADY SPEED. SHE FELT THE STIMULATION START ALL OVER AGAIN.



MMMMPPHH!

THE DEEP, HARD FUCKING CONTINUED FOR THE NEXT HALF HOUR. HE WAS NO LONGER GENTLE. HER BREASTS STUNG AND HIS THICK, VEINED PENIS STRETCHED THE DELICATE FOLDS OF HER VAGINAL CANAL. SHE BEGGED HIM TO SLOW DOWN SO SHE COULD GET USED TO IT.

GASP....NO....
NO....HOW'S.....IS HE
ABLE TOKEEP
GOING.....UGGGH!

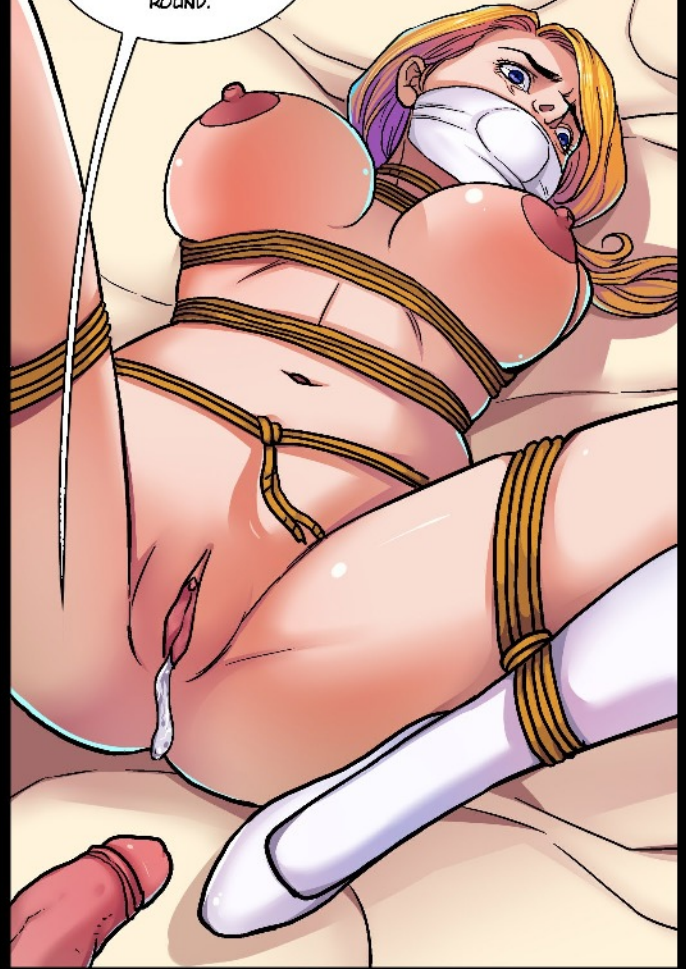


PART OF HER WANTED TO ORGASM AGAIN SO BADLY THAT SHE BIT DOWN ON HER GAG AND SCREWED HER EYES SHUT AS HE THRUST INTO HER OVERSENSITIVE PUSSY BALLS-DEEP AND ERUPTED INSIDE HER LIKE A FIRE HOSE. HANNAH WAS REPULSED BY THE FEELING OF HIS HOT SEMEN FILLING HER.



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I COULD KEEP GOING FOREVER, BUT YOU'VE DRAINED ME. EVEN I NEED TIME TO RECHARGE MY BATTERIES, AND SO DO YOU BEFORE THE NEXT ROUND.



MOMENTS LATER ...

ALL YOURS, TEDDY. SHE'S A REAL STUNNER: CLASS A, TIGHT AS A DRUM, AND FIRM TO THE TOUCH.

THAT'S GOOD TO HEAR, BUT SHE NEEDS ANOTHER HOUR OF STIMULATION FIRST. HER TRAINING STARTS NOW, AND SHE'LL BE FUCKED PERIODICALLY THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, IN BETWEEN BOUTS OF STIMULATION.



LISTEN UP. WHEN YOUR HOLES AREN'T STUFFED, YOU'LL BE KEPT STIMULATED. IF YOU DON'T FUCK BACK, THE NOOSE WILL GET TIGHTER. I WON'T BE AS GENTLE AS BEN.

NNNSSHH
....PPPLLLSH!

YOU WON'T ENJOY IT; YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO ENDURE IT. BEFORE YOU'RE SOLD, YOUR PUSSY AND THAT RIPE ASS OF YOURS WILL NEED TO BE TRAINED. HENCE THE ENEMA. I DON'T WANT ANY ACCIDENTS WHEN I'M SHOVING MY COCK INTO YOUR TIGHT ASSHOLE.

THEY SOON LEFT HER. THEIR THREATS DID NOT REGISTER. HER SHOULDERS SAGGED FOR A MOMENT, THEN SHE STARTED GYRATING AGAIN AND RUBBING THE CUNT CUTTER. ALL SHE COULD THINK ABOUT WAS CUMMING.



AN HOUR LATER: THE SUN HAD SET, FEWER PEOPLE WERE OUT, AND THE STREETLAMPS WERE SWITCHING ON ONE BY ONE. FROM THE OUTSIDE, THE ROSE HOUSEHOLD LOOKED NORMAL. BUT INSIDE...



AFTER HANNAH'S HOUR OF STIMULATION, THE TRADER WASTED NO TIME. HE CARRIED HER UPSTAIRS, DUMPED HER ON THE BED, ORDERED HER ONTO HER BACK, AND REPLACED THE VIBRATING EGG WITH HIS NINE-INCH, HARD-AS-ROCK COCK. HE WAS ROUGHER. HE CONTINUALLY REFERRED TO HER AS "CUNT" OR "SLAVE." IF SHE DID NOT RESPOND, HE ZAPPED HER WITH THE TASER.

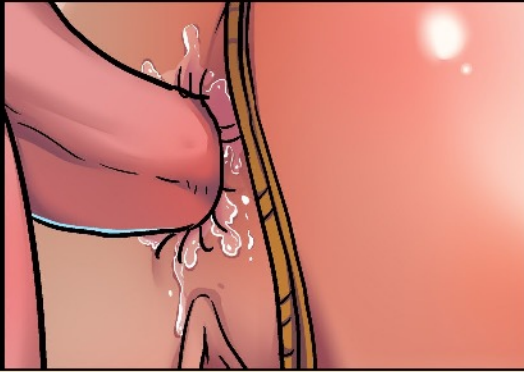


HE HAD BEEN FUCKING HER FOR 10 MINUTES, STILL OBLIVIOUS TO THE OUTSIDE, BUT SHE WAS AWARE THAT IT WAS DARK, AS THE TRADER PISTONED INTO HER CONSTRICTING VAGINAL CANAL. THE BONDAGE AND STIMULATION, ENHANCED THE BLONDE'S EXCITED STATE. SHE WAS BOTH ASHAMED AND AROUSED AS HER PUSSY GRIPED HIS SHAFT.

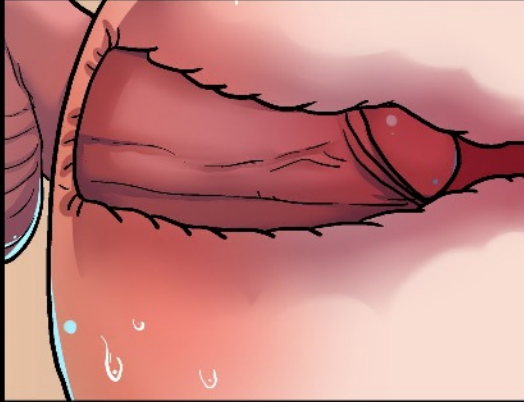


BEN PROBABLY TOLD YOU THAT I HAVE A THING FOR ASSES AND THAT I WANT TO SAMPLE YOURS. WE HAVE 50 MINUTES LEFT-ENOUGH TIME FOR A GOOD BUTT-FUCKING.

IT TOOK HIM FIVE MINUTES TO SLOWLY WORK HIS COCK INTO HER RECTUM. HE HAD TO PROBE LITTLE BY LITTLE AND TWIST TO GET AN INCH IN AT A TIME. ALL THE WHILE, HANNAH SILENTLY WAILED.

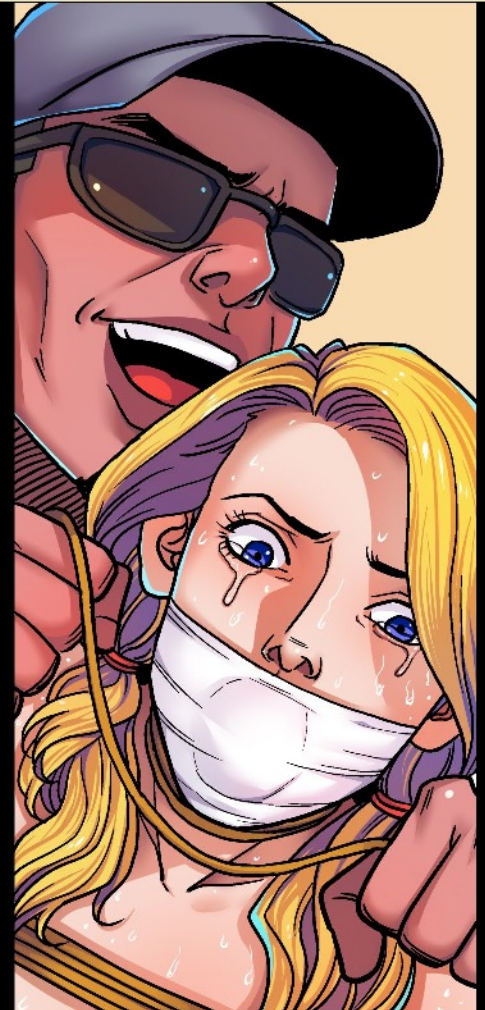


HE EVENTUALLY SLIPPED MOST OF HIS SHAFT INTO HER RECTUM. HE BEGAN THRUSTING, PURPOSEFULLY FORCING MORE OF HIS COCK UP HER ASS.

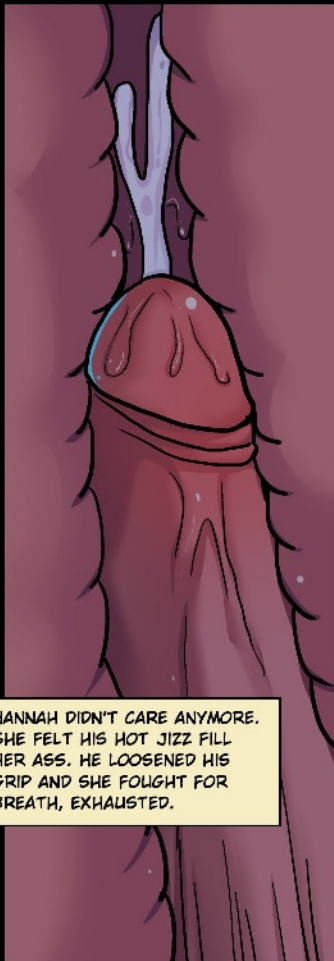
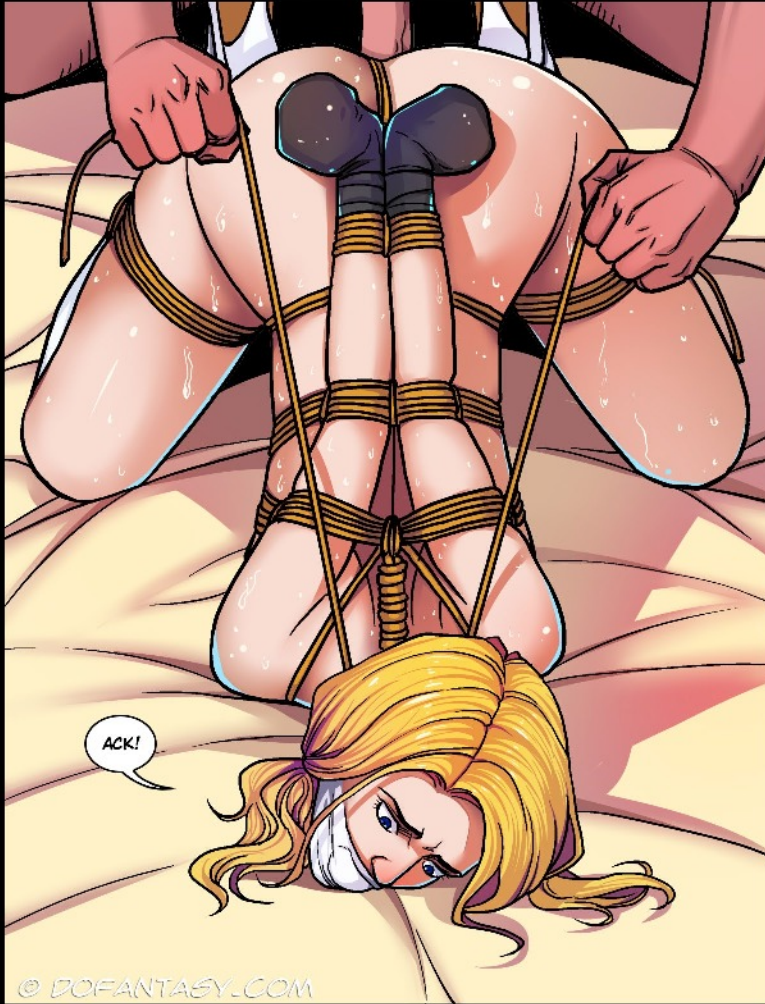


HE FUCKED HER IN THE ASS FOR FIFTY MINUTES. HE WAS MORE SADISTIC THAN THE GENTLEMEN. HE TOOK HIS TIME, SLOWLY SURGING IN AND OUT. SHE COULD FEEL THE LINING OF HER ANUS STRETCHING AGONIZINGLY AND THE TIP OF HIS PENIS PRESSING INTO HER GUTS.

SHE BEGGED HIM TO BE GENTLE SO THAT SHE COULD GET USED TO IT. GETTING USED TO ANAL SEX WAS THE LEAST OF HER CONCERNS.



THE STRANGULATION CAUSED THE HAPLESS BLONDE TO CLAMP DOWN ON EVERYTHING. HE RELISHED THE NEWFOUND TIGHTNESS IN HER BODY. HANNAH STARTED TO BLACK OUT, THINKING IT WAS THE END. SHE COULD FEEL HER MOST INTIMATE PARTS BECOMING HEIGHTENED AND MORE SENSITIVE, ALMOST REVELLING IN THE ORDEAL.

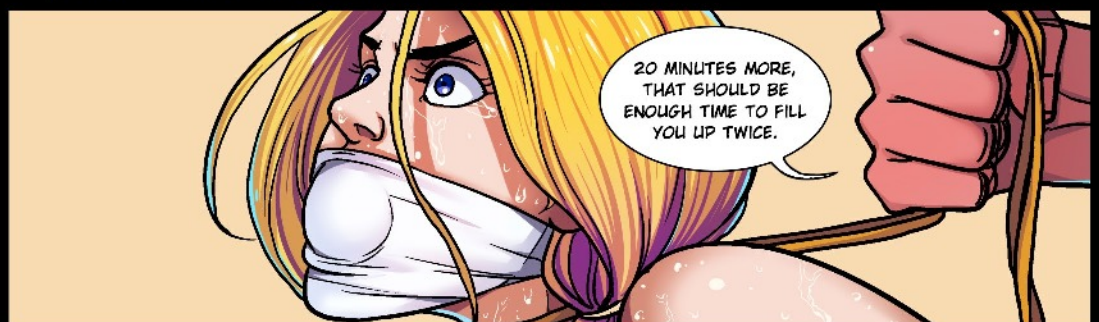


HANNAH DIDN'T CARE ANYMORE. SHE FELT HIS HOT JIZZ FILL HER ASS. HE LOOSENED HIS GRIP AND SHE FOUGHT FOR BREATH, EXHAUSTED.



HANNAH BIT DOWN ON HER GAG AND CLOSED HER EYES, TRYING TO ESCAPE THE ORDEAL IN HER MIND.

IT WAS USELESS. SHE WAS SNAPPED BACK TO REALITY WHEN SHE FELT HER ABDUCTOR TIGHTEN THE CORD AROUND HER NECK AGAIN AND FEEL THE PISTON START UP AGAIN AT HER ANUS.



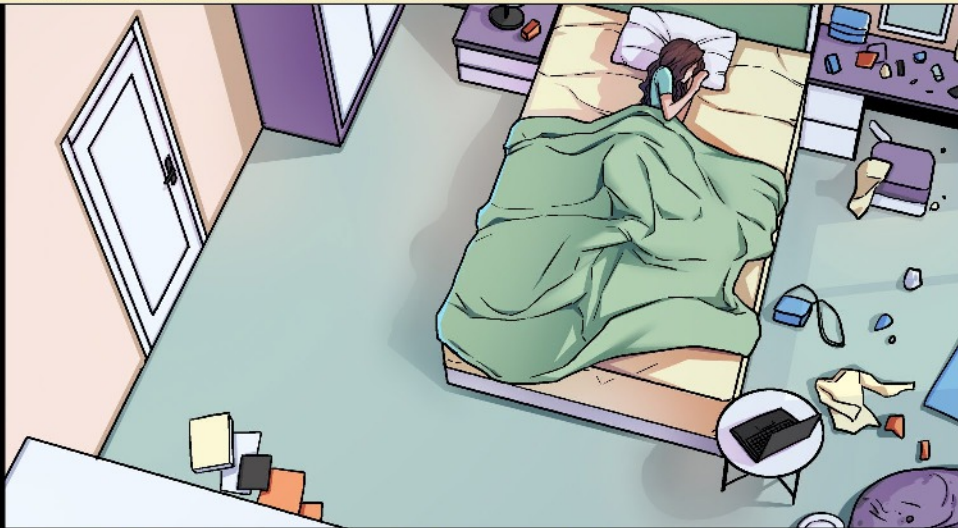
HER WAILS WERE DROWNED OUT BY HER BONDAGE AND GAG, AS WELL AS THE NOOSE AROUND HER NECK, WHICH TOOK HER TO A NEW EXTREME. IT WAS GOING TO BE A LONG NIGHT FOR HANNAH ROSE.

THE NEXT MORNING, ELSEWHERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, FAMILIES WERE WAKING UP. THE KIDS WERE EXCITED ABOUT THE LAST WEEK OF SCHOOL, WHILE THEIR PARENTS WERE DRAGGING THEMSELVES TO WORK. IT WAS NO DIFFERENT AT THE WARDS'. BOTH WARDS WERE LAWYERS FOR A BANK IN THE CITY. MR. WARD HAD ALREADY LEFT FOR THE OFFICE. MRS. WARD AND THEIR 11 YEAR OLD SON WERE DOWNSTAIRS, ABOUT TO GO TO WORK AND SUMMER CAMP, RESPECTIVELY.

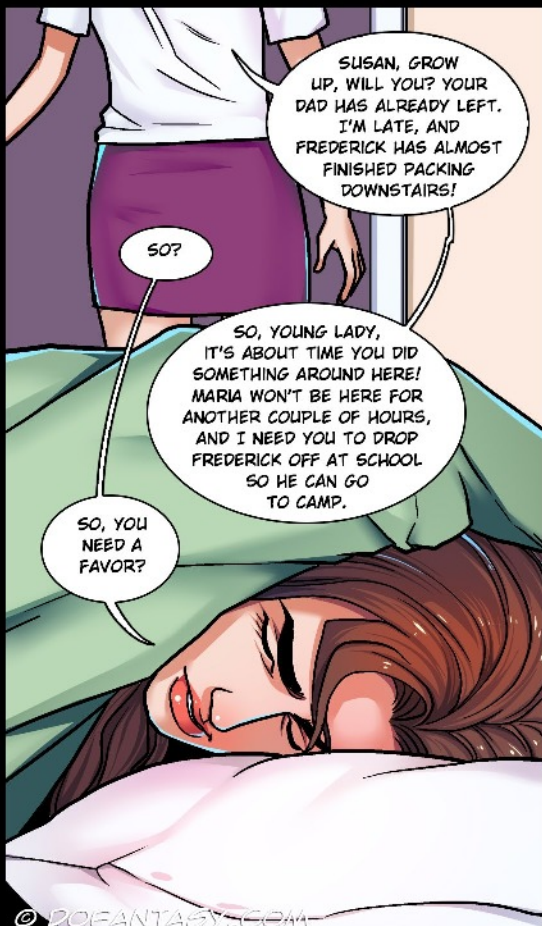
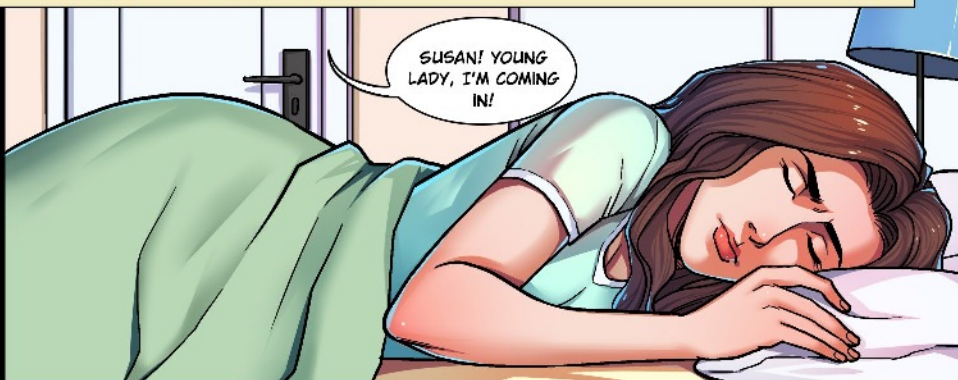


THE WARDS WERE A MODERN FAMILY. THE PARENTS RAISED THEIR KIDS TO BE INDEPENDENT AT A YOUNG AGE BECAUSE THEY COULD NOT DEVOTE 100% OF THEIR ATTENTION TO THEM. THE KIDS APPRECIATED THE TRUST AND INDEPENDENCE.

UNTIL RECENTLY, THE WARDS' 19-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER WAS THE MODEL DAUGHTER. WITH THE END OF SCHOOL, STUDYING AND BEING ON THE TRACK TEAM WEREN'T HER PRIORITIES ANYMORE. HER PARENTS CUT HER SOME SLACK SINCE SHE HAD GOTTEN INTO HER COLLEGE OF CHOICE. HOWEVER, WHEN HER PARENTS WEREN'T AROUND, THEY EXPECTED HER TO HELP WITH HOUSEHOLD CHORES. THIS WEEK WAS DIFFERENT, THOUGH.



SUSAN WARD STIRRED IN BED. SHE HAD MADE A TOKEN ATTEMPT TO ATTEND THE LAST WEEK OF SCHOOL. INSTEAD, SHE SPENT HER TIME WITH HER FRIENDS, SKIPPING SCHOOL AND PLANNING THEIR SUMMER TRIP TO PARIS BEFORE COLLEGE.



SUSAN, GROW UP, WILL YOU? YOUR DAD HAS ALREADY LEFT. I'M LATE, AND FREDERICK HAS ALMOST FINISHED PACKING DOWNSTAIRS!

SO?

SO, YOUNG LADY, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU DID SOMETHING AROUND HERE! MARIA WON'T BE HERE FOR ANOTHER COUPLE OF HOURS, AND I NEED YOU TO DROP FREDERICK OFF AT SCHOOL SO HE CAN GO TO CAMP.

SO, YOU NEED A FAVOR?

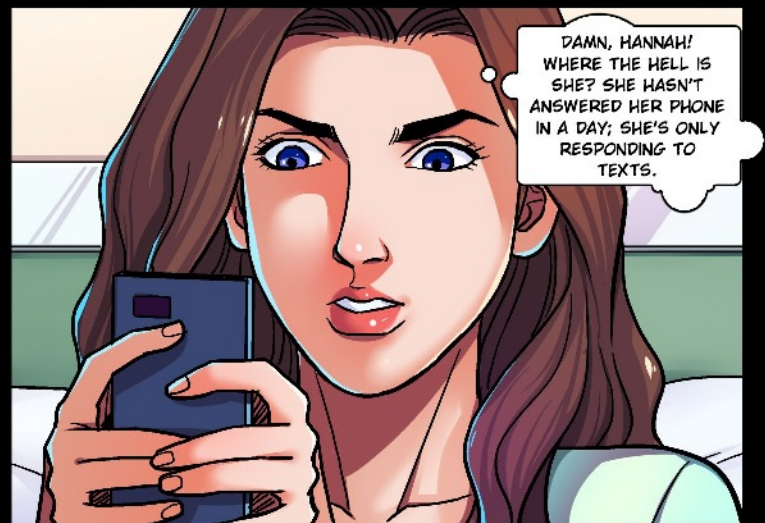
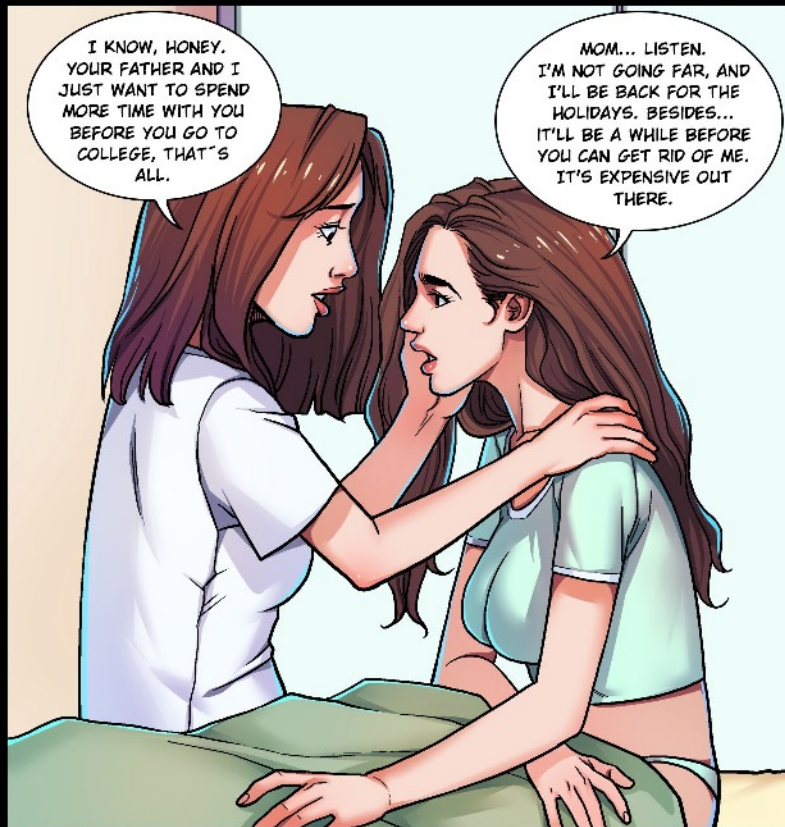


I KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, YOUNG LADY. YOUR FATHER SAID NO TO PARIS, NOT BECAUSE OF THE COST. HE'S JUST WORRIED. BESIDES, THIS IS YOUR LAST SUMMER BEFORE COLLEGE. HE WANTS US TO SPEND IT TOGETHER AS A FAMILY. IS THAT SO UNREASONABLE?



I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I HAVE TO SAY THIS: THERE WILL BE FOUR OF US. WE WILL BE STAYING AT JESSICA'S FAMILY VILLA, WHERE HER RELATIVES WILL BE STAYING TOO.

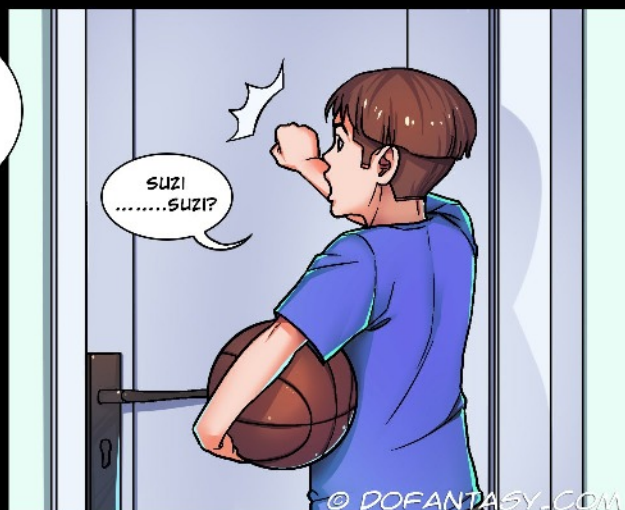
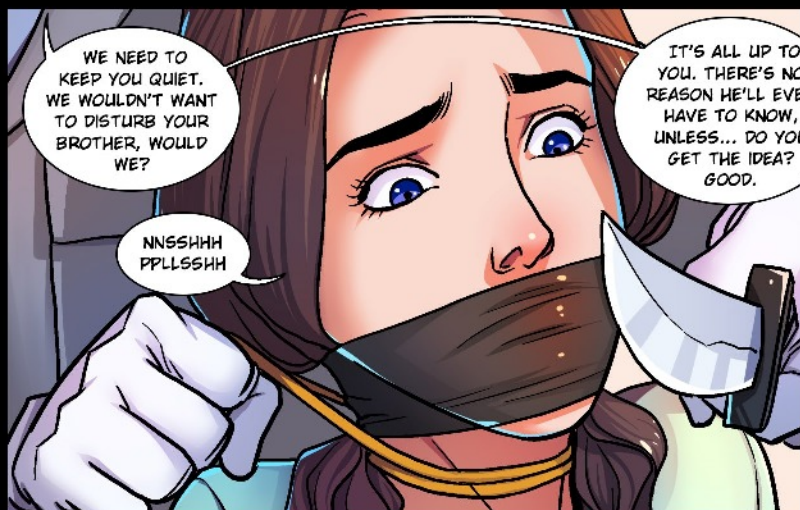
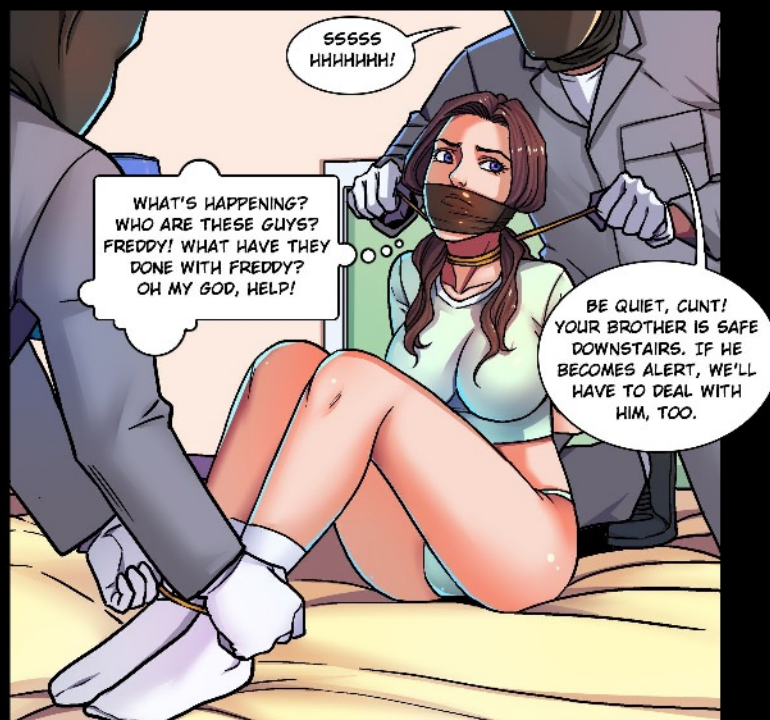
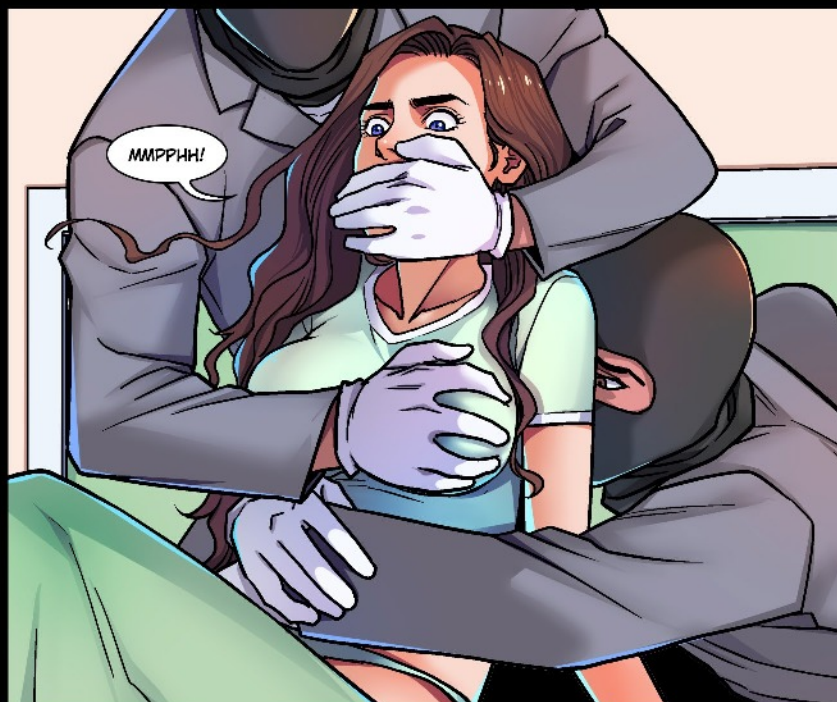
FOR GOD'S SAKE, MOM, THIS ISN'T THE MOVIES. TAKEN WAS JUST A MOVIE. I'M RESPONSIBLE. THIS IS JUST NOT FAIR!

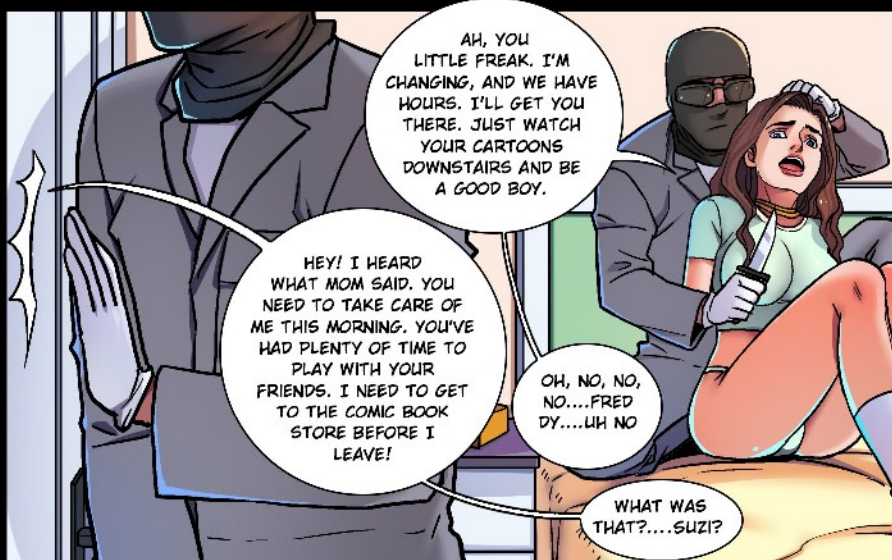


SUSAN WOULD HAVE FELT WORRIED FOR HER BEST FRIEND, HANNAH, BUT SHE WAS ACTUALLY JEALOUS OF HER. SUSAN WAS INTERESTED IN HANNAH'S LATEST MALE CONQUEST, BUT ALAS, THE HUNK ONLY HAD EYES FOR THE BLONDE.



BEAMING AT THE PROSPECT OF PARIS, COLLEGE, AND HER LIFE AHEAD OF HER, SUSAN SMILED AND TEXTED BACK THAT SHE WOULD BE A LITTLE LATE. HER PHONE CHIMED, INDICATING ANOTHER TEXT. IT WAS FROM HANNAH.







SOB...
NNNNNNN!

WOW! YOU'RE
THE BEST OLDER SISTER
I'VE EVER SEEN! WE
WOULDN'T DREAM OF IN-
TERFERING WITH YOUR
DUTIES. DO YOU WANT TO
MAKE SURE HE'S OKAY?
DO YOU WANT TO GO
CHECK ON HIM?



I DIDN'T THINK SO.
WE HAVE A MESSAGE
FOR YOU. ALL YOU HAVE
TO DO IS WATCH IT AND
TAKE IT ALL IN. YOU
MIGHT SURVIVE THIS.
NOW, SIT DOWN AND
BE QUIET.



SUZI.....SOB.....
SUZI.....IT'S ME,
HANNAH.....I'VE BEEN
TAKEN.....SOB.
I'VE.....I'VE.....SOB.....
NOT BEEN WITH A
GUY.....

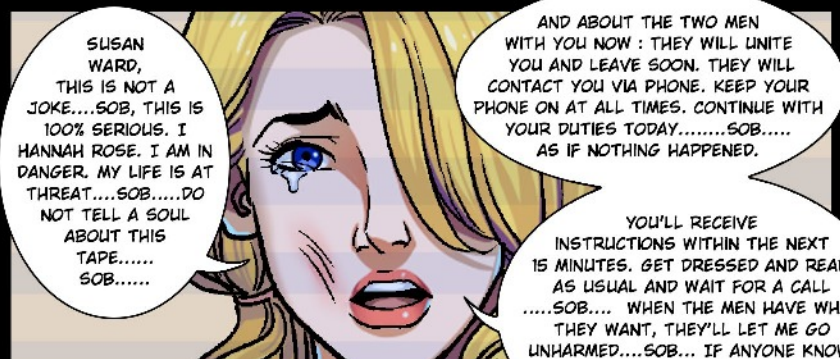
I'VE BEEN TAKEN
BY THESE MEN AND HELD
FOR THE LAST
DAY.....SOB.....THEY ARE
SERIOUS SUZI.....
SOB.....THEY'RE GOING
TO HURT ME.....
SOB.....

IF YOU DON'T
DO WHAT THEY TELL
YOU.....SOB.....IT'S NOT
US THEY WANT.....IT'S
YOUR PARENTS.....THEIR
BUSINESS.....
SOB.....



SLAP

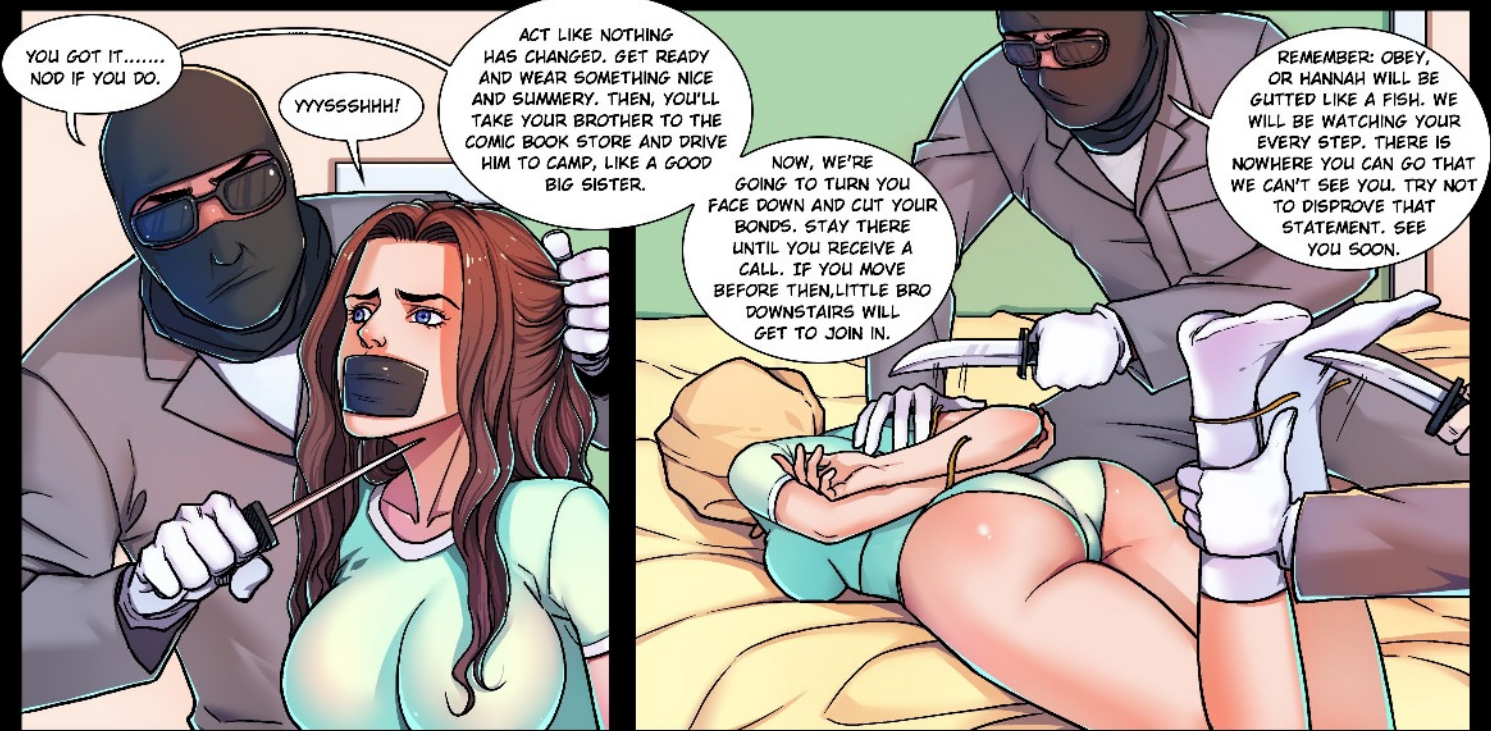
PLEASE WHY DO
WE HAVE TO GET
HER INVOLVED?
.....
AAARRGGH!



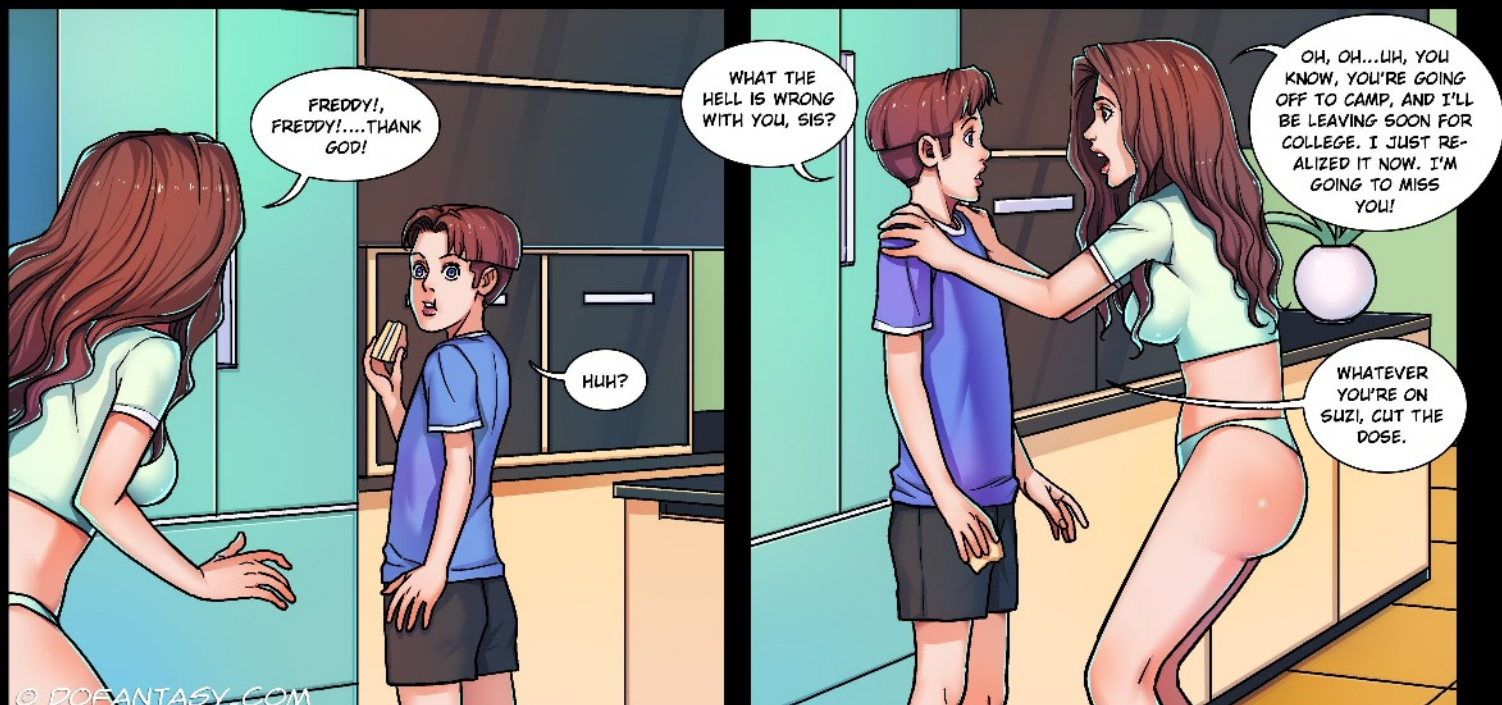
SUSAN
WARD,
THIS IS NOT A
Joke....SOB, THIS IS
100% SERIOUS. I
HANNAH ROSE. I AM IN
DANGER. MY LIFE IS AT
THREAT....SOB.....DO
NOT TELL A SOUL
ABOUT THIS
TAPE.....
SOB.....

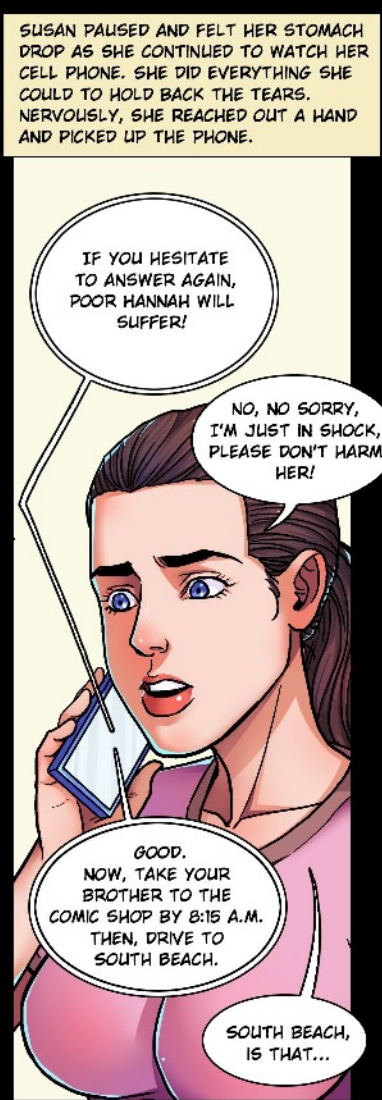
AND ABOUT THE TWO MEN
WITH YOU NOW : THEY WILL UNITE
YOU AND LEAVE SOON. THEY WILL
CONTACT YOU VIA PHONE. KEEP YOUR
PHONE ON AT ALL TIMES. CONTINUE WITH
YOUR DUTIES TODAY.....SOB.....
AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED.

YOU'LL RECEIVE
INSTRUCTIONS WITHIN THE NEXT
15 MINUTES. GET DRESSED AND READY
AS USUAL AND WAIT FOR A CALL
.....SOB..... WHEN THE MEN HAVE WHAT
THEY WANT, THEY'LL LET ME GO
UNHARMED....SOB... IF ANYONE KNOWS
ABOUT THIS, OR IF ANYTHING GOES
WRONG, OR IF THEY SUSPECT
ANYTHING, THEY WILL....



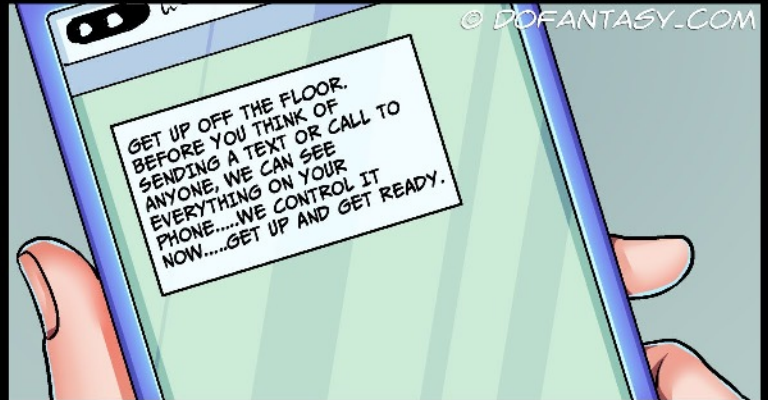
THE SILENCE ALMOST SEEMED TO LAST FOREVER. HIDDEN BEHIND THE HOOD, SUSAN BALLED UP AND HYPERVENTILATED, PARALYZED WITH FEAR. IMAGES OF HER BEST FRIEND, BROTHER, AND PARENTS BURNED IN HER MIND. HER SURVIVAL INSTINCTS KICKED IN, AND SHE KNEW THAT OTHERS NOW RELIED ON HER. SHE FOUND HER RESOLVE UNTIL HER PHONE RANG.



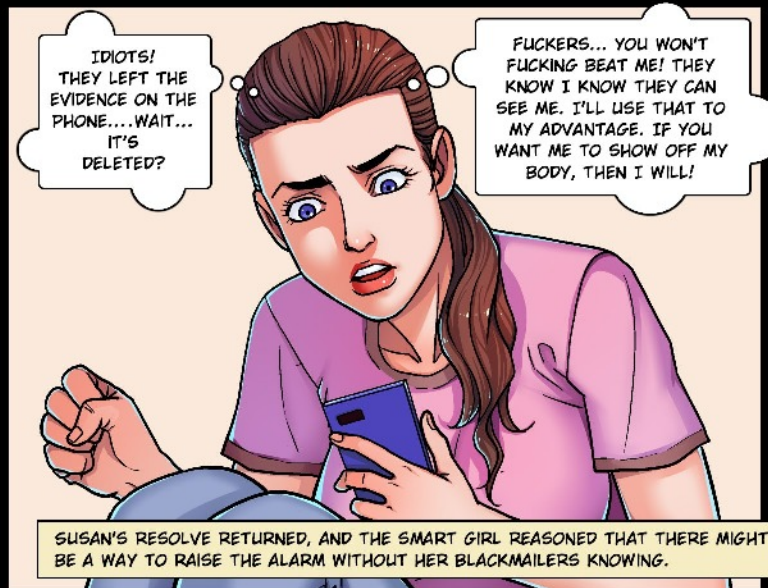




GOD, NO! THERE'S NO ESCAPE... EVEN IF I FOUND A CAMERA, WHAT DIFFERENCE WOULD IT MAKE? THEY'D SEE IT, AND HANNAH WOULD BE AT RISK. MAYBE I SHOULD TEXT SOMEONE.... NO, THEY CAN SEE WHAT I DO ON MY PHONE.... THINK, GIRL. THINK. I MUST GET A MESSAGE OUT.



GET UP OFF THE FLOOR. BEFORE YOU THINK OF SENDING A TEXT OR CALL TO ANYONE, WE CAN SEE EVERYTHING ON YOUR PHONE....WE CONTROL IT NOW....GET UP AND GET READY.



IDIOTS! THEY LEFT THE EVIDENCE ON THE PHONE....WAIT... IT'S DELETED?

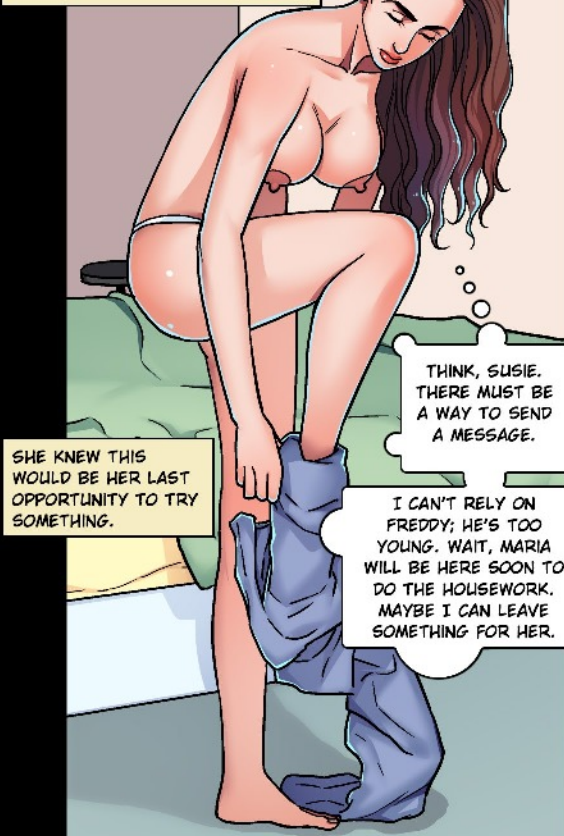
FUCKERS... YOU WON'T FUCKING BEAT ME! THEY KNOW I KNOW THEY CAN SEE ME. I'LL USE THAT TO MY ADVANTAGE. IF YOU WANT ME TO SHOW OFF MY BODY, THEN I WILL!

SUSAN'S RESOLVE RETURNED, AND THE SMART GIRL REASONED THAT THERE MIGHT BE A WAY TO RAISE THE ALARM WITHOUT HER BLACKMAILERS KNOWING.

SHE WAS RUNNING ON PURE ADRENALINE NOW, METHODICALLY UNDRESSING AND FRANTICALLY THINKING TO HERSELF ABOUT HOW SHE WOULD GET OUT OF THIS SITUATION.

SUSAN WAS CONSUMED BY A MIX OF ANXIETY AND RAGE. BOTH EMOTIONS STRUGGLED TO SPILL OUT AS SHE MAINTAINED HER COMPOSURE, HER SURVIVAL INSTINCTS KICKING IN. YET, IT WAS AS IF HER WILL HAD ALREADY BEEN BROKEN, AND SHE WAS COMPLICIT IN SOME WAY.

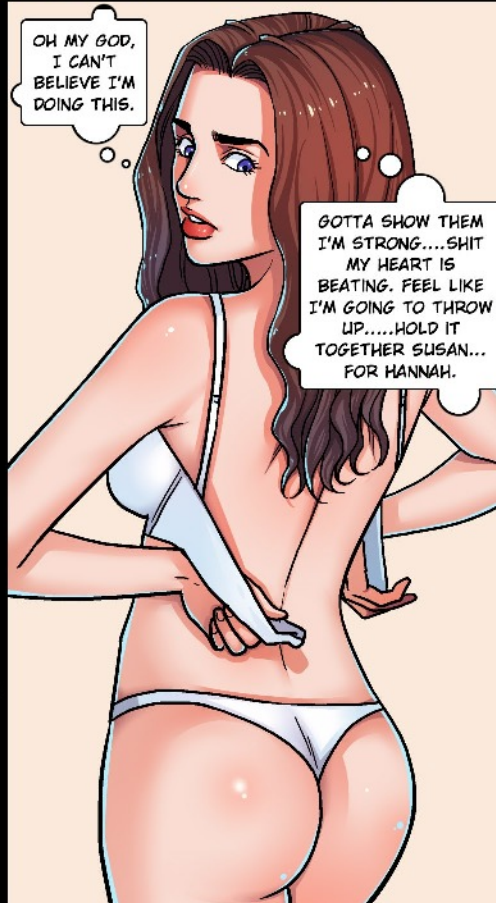
FOR NOW, SHE ACCEPTED THAT SHE HAD TO COMPLY WITH THEIR DEMANDS. BUT THE TRUTH WAS THAT SHE WAS DRESSING HERSELF UP FOR HER BLACKMAILER'S PLEASURE.



THINK, SUSIE. THERE MUST BE A WAY TO SEND A MESSAGE.

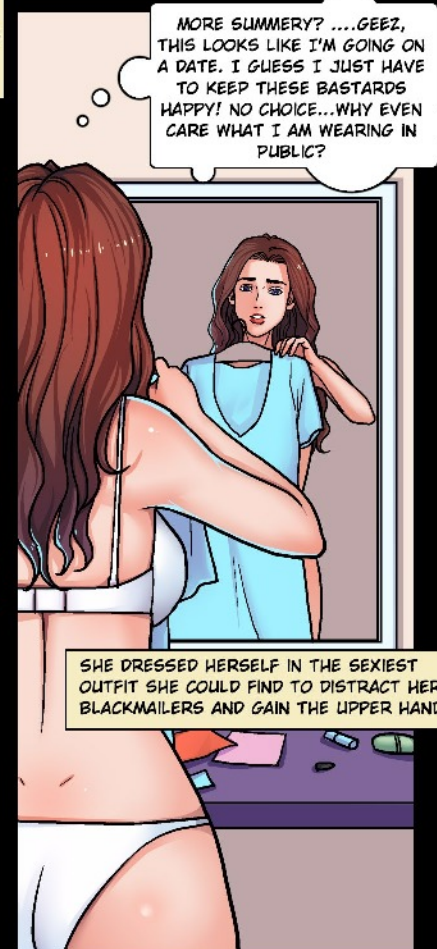
I CAN'T RELY ON FREDDY; HE'S TOO YOUNG. WAIT, MARIA WILL BE HERE SOON TO DO THE HOUSEWORK. MAYBE I CAN LEAVE SOMETHING FOR HER.

SHE KNEW THIS WOULD BE HER LAST OPPORTUNITY TO TRY SOMETHING.



OH MY GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M DOING THIS.

GOTTA SHOW THEM I'M STRONG....SHIT MY HEART IS BEATING. FEEL LIKE I'M GOING TO THROW UP....HOLD IT TOGETHER SUSAN... FOR HANNAH.

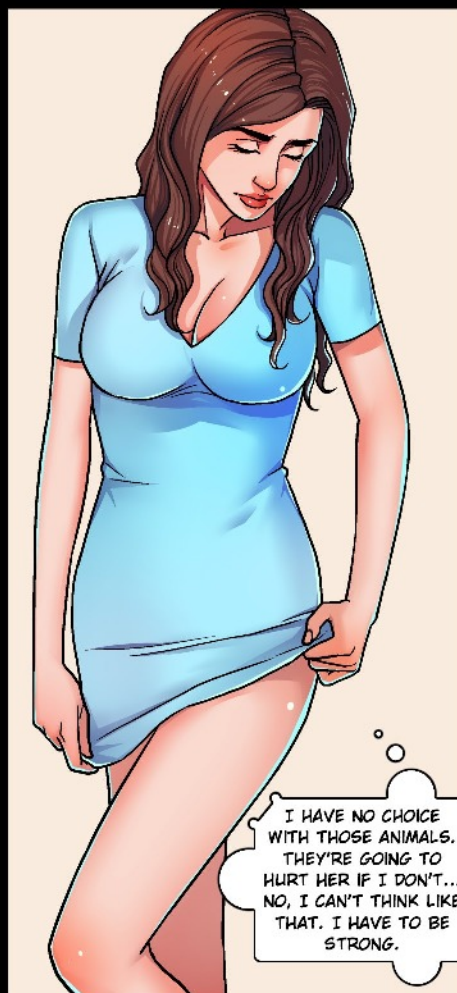
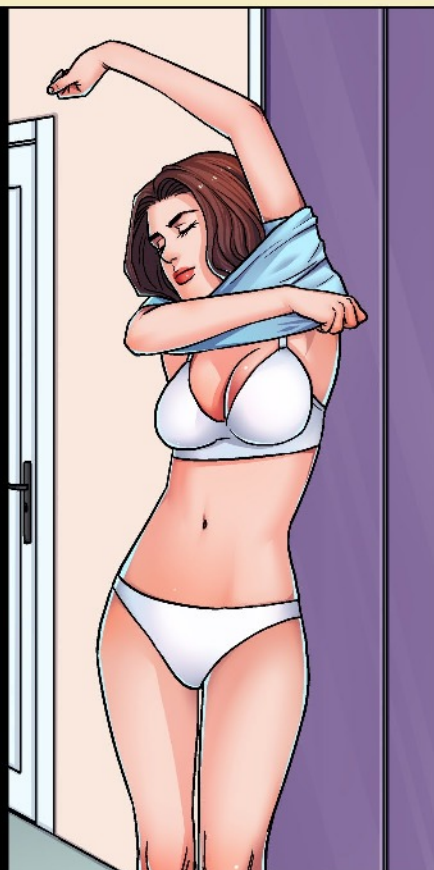


MORE SUMMERY?GEEZ, THIS LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING ON A DATE. I GUESS I JUST HAVE TO KEEP THESE BASTARDS HAPPY! NO CHOICE...WHY EVEN CARE WHAT I AM WEARING IN PUBLIC?

SHE DRESSED HERSELF IN THE SEXIEST OUTFIT SHE COULD FIND TO DISTRACT HER BLACKMAILERS AND GAIN THE UPPER HAND.

BUT REALITY WAS MUCH CRUELER. SHE WAS DRESSING HERSELF UP FOR HER BLACKMAILER'S SADISTIC DESIRES.

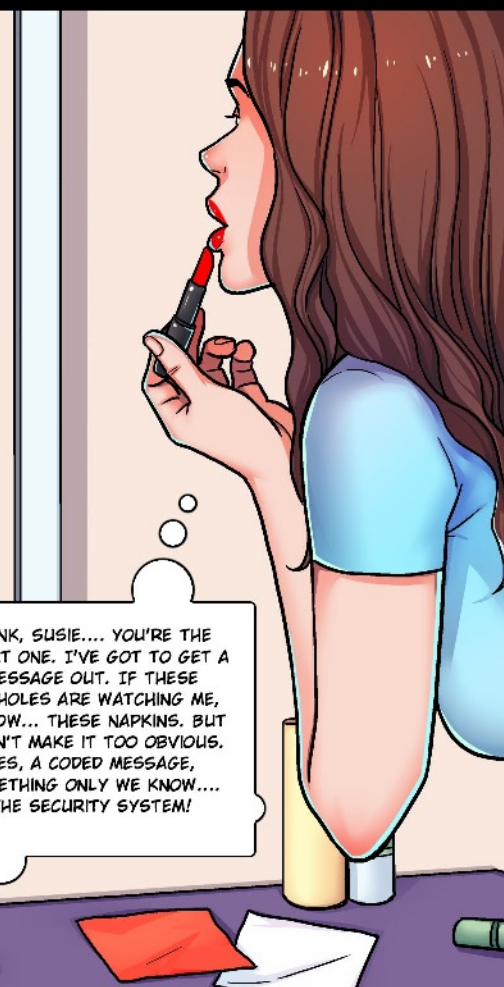
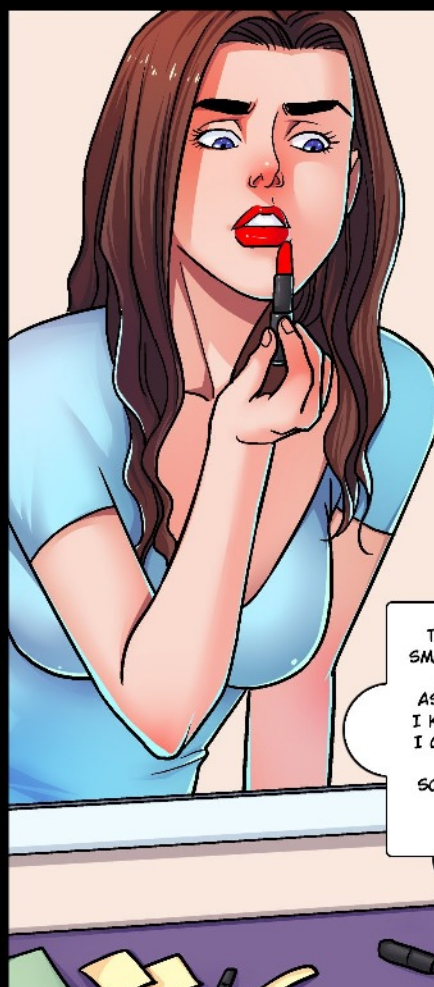
SHE FOUND HERSELF DRESSING HER BEST TO REGAIN SOME SEMBLANCE OF CONTROL. IT WAS ALL SHE COULD DO WHILE HER MIND WORKED OUT A PLAN. SHE WAS STILL IN THE PIT OF HER STOMACH, KNOWING SHE WAS ACTING OUT OF FALSE BRAVADO, BUT SHE DID NOT WANT TO ADMIT IT. A SICKLY FEELING BEFELL HER AS SHE GOT READY.



I HAVE NO CHOICE WITH THOSE ANIMALS. THEY'RE GOING TO HURT HER IF I DON'T... NO, I CAN'T THINK LIKE THAT. I HAVE TO BE STRONG.



CALM YOURSELF. THEY'RE GONE NOW.... OH MY GOD! THEY JUST WALKED IN HERE. THEY COULD HAVE HARMED ME OR FREDDY.... SOB ... IT'S NO USE. I HAVE TO DO AS THEY SAY.... GOD.... NO, I CAN'T THINK LIKE THAT. I HAVE TO BE STRONG. NOT JUST FOR HANNAH, BUT FOR MOM AND DAD TOO. THEY'RE BLACKMAILING ME TO GET TO THEM.



THINK, SUSIE.... YOU'RE THE SMART ONE. I'VE GOT TO GET A MESSAGE OUT. IF THESE ASSHOLES ARE WATCHING ME, I KNOW... THESE NAPKINS. BUT I CAN'T MAKE IT TOO OBVIOUS. YES, A CODED MESSAGE, SOMETHING ONLY WE KNOW.... THE SECURITY SYSTEM!

SUSAN'S HEART WAS IN HER MOUTH AS SHE HURRIEDLY WROTE A MESSAGE ON TWO NAPKINS, HOPING THE KIDNAPPERS WOULDN'T NOTICE. SHE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT, BUT SHE MADE HER MEANING CLEAR.

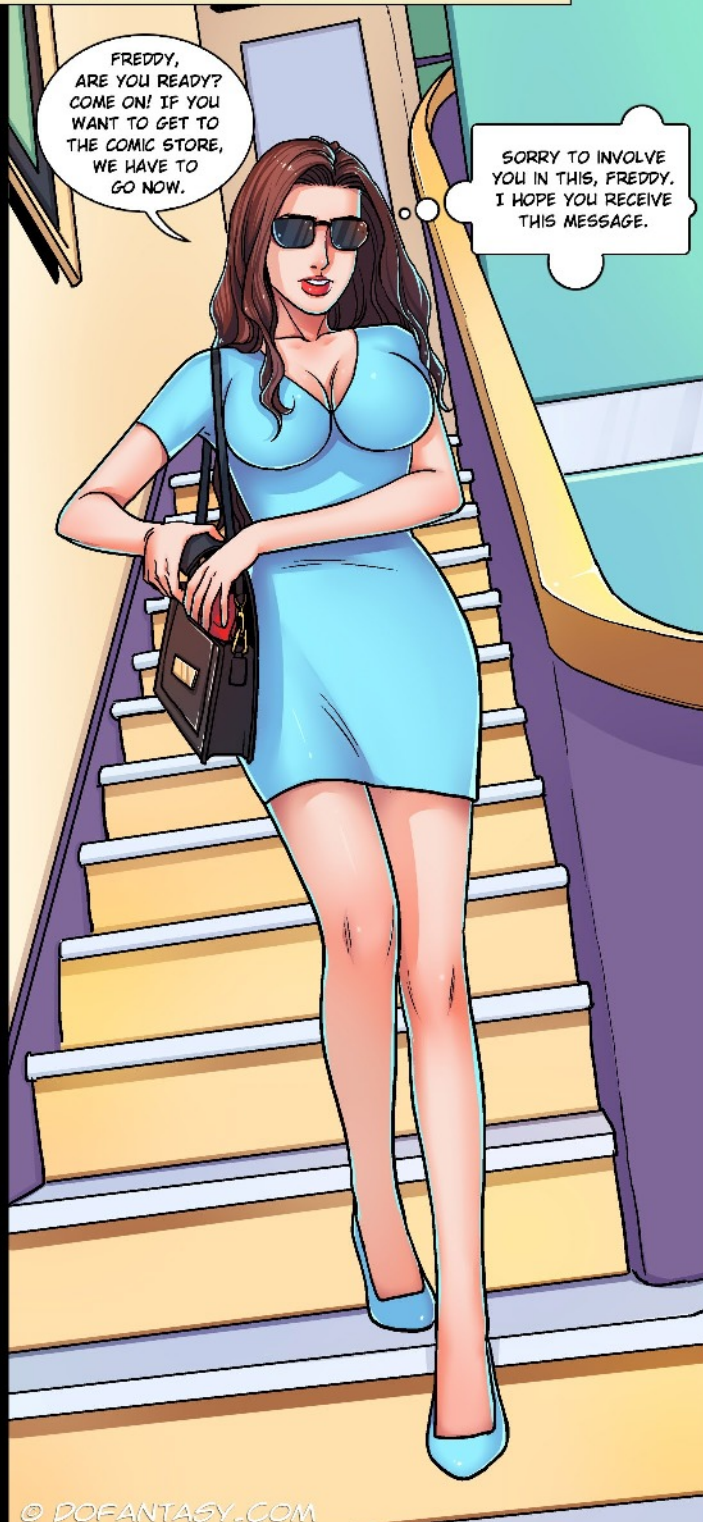


I CAN'T CALL THE COPS, BUT I HAVE TO TRY. MOM, DAD, AND MARIA WILL KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS. THIS MIGHT ACTUALLY WORK-IT JUST HAS TO WORK!

DESPITE HER FEAR AND ANXIETY, SHE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO USE A CODE. ROSEBUD WAS THE PASSWORD FOR THE HOUSE SECURITY SYSTEM, AND ONLY HER FAMILY KNEW IT.

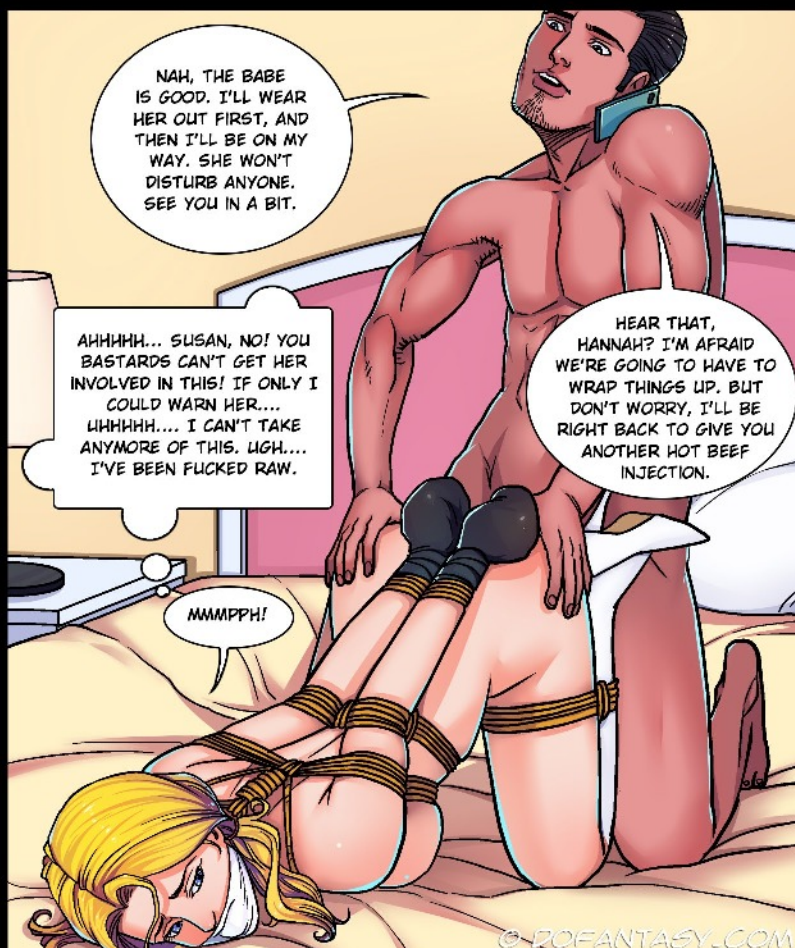
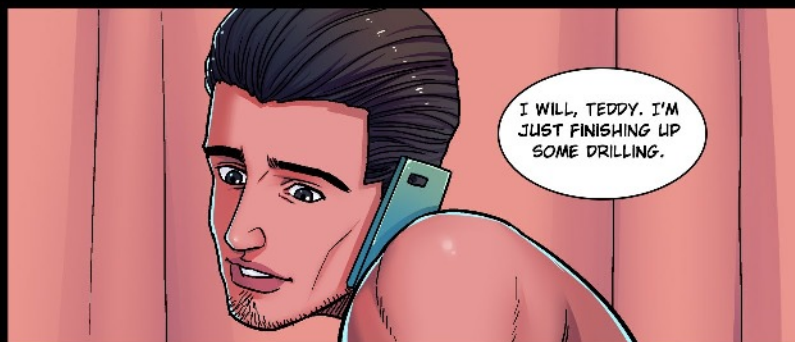
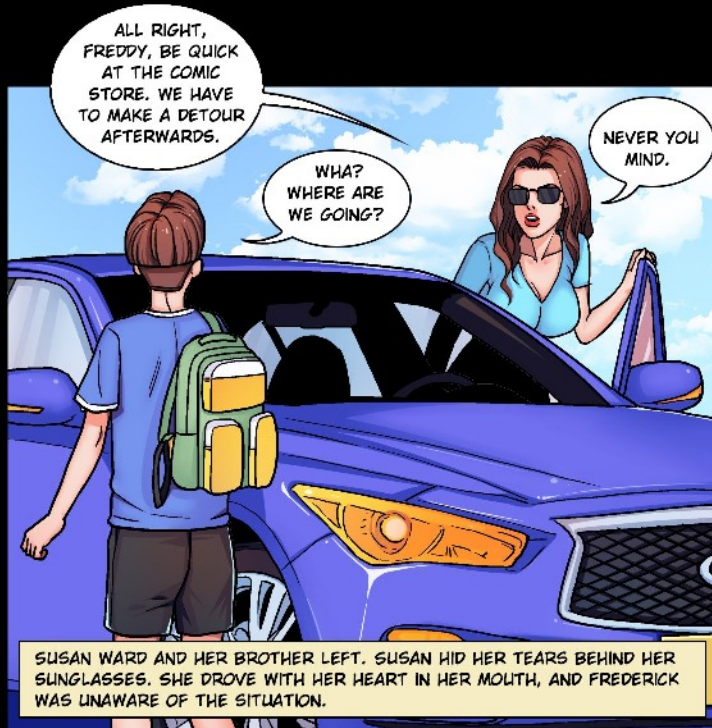
HELP KIDNAPPED AT HANNAH'S ROSEBUD

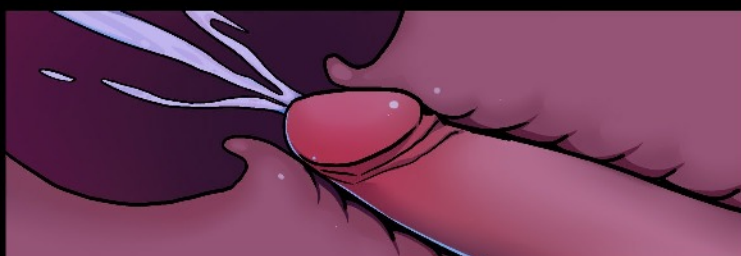
AFTER CHANGING, SUSAN HEADED DOWNSTAIRS, WHERE SHE NOTICED HER BROTHER'S BACKPACK. SHE TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO PLACE THE MESSAGE INSIDE AND ZIP IT BACK UP.



SUSAN DARTED BACK TO THE KITCHEN. SHE TOOK ONE LAST LOOK AT HER HOME, PICKED UP THE BAG, AND LEFT A MESSAGE IN ITS PLACE.



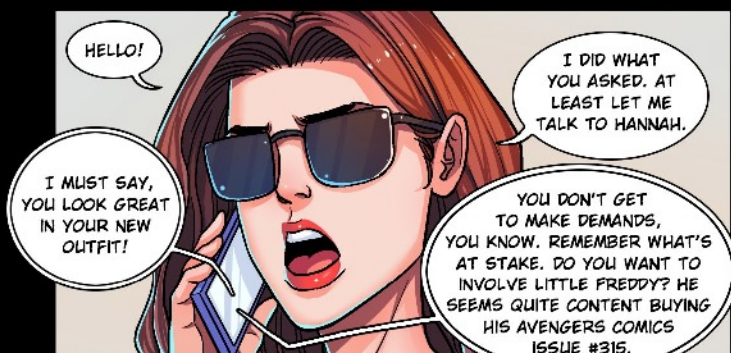
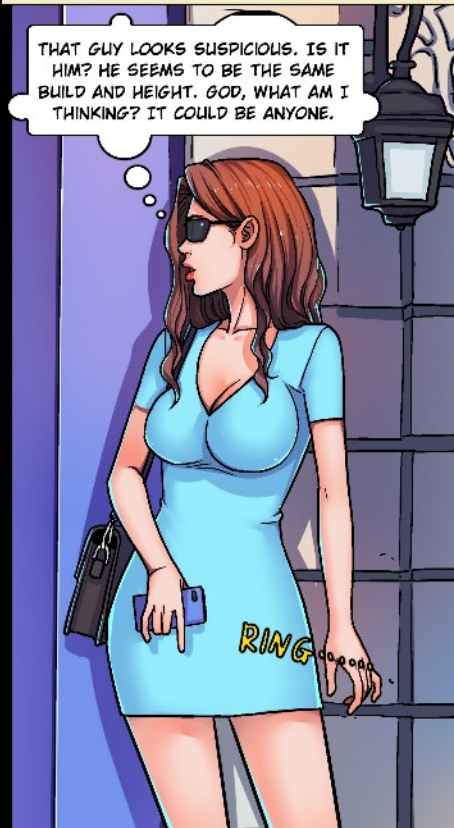


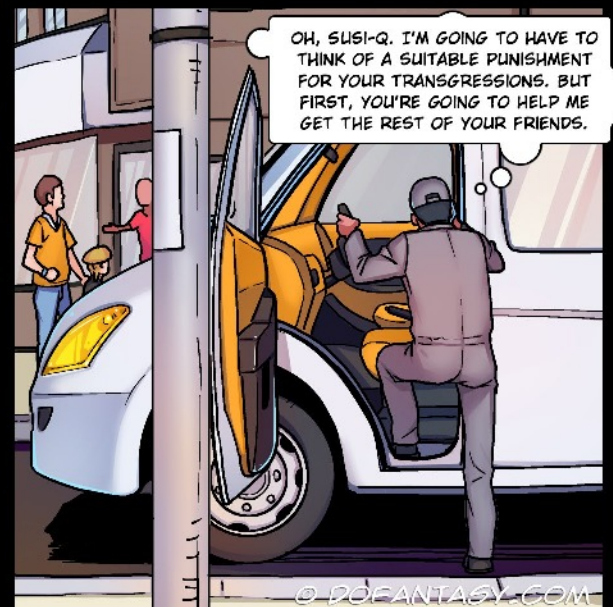
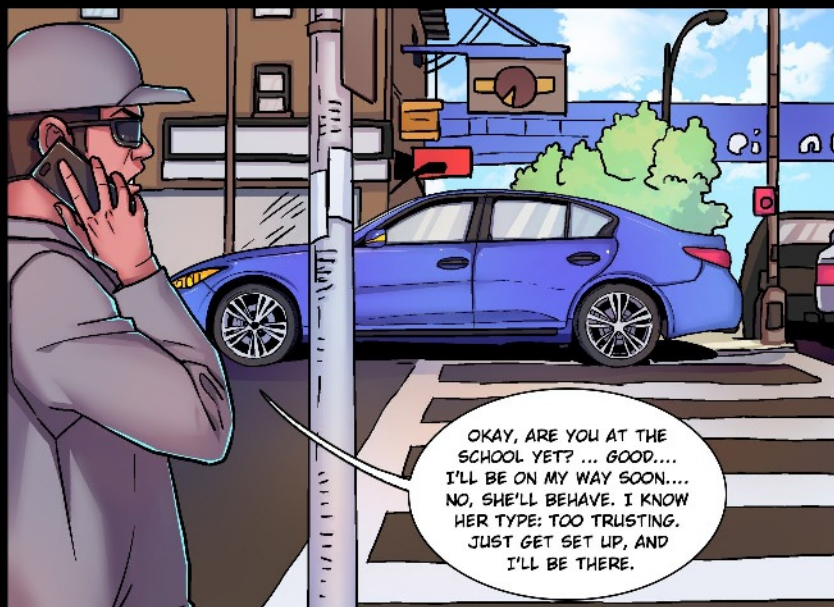


30 MINUTES AFTER LEAVING THEIR HOME, SUSAN AND FREDERICK WARD FINALLY ARRIVED AT THE COMIC BOOK STORE.



SUSAN LOOKED AROUND, SURVEYING THE AREA TO SEE IF SHE WAS BEING FOLLOWED. AT THIS POINT, SHE CONSIDERED EVERYONE A SUSPECT.





A BIT LATER ...

SUZI, CUT IT OUT! PEOPLE CAN SEE. OKAY, I GET IT, YOU'RE EMOTIONAL. I'LL BE BACK SOON. OKAY?

I'LL MISS YOU, TOO, LITTLE BUDDY. DON'T WORRY. I PROMISE I'LL BE HERE WHEN YOU GET BACK.

FREDDY, I NEED YOU TO LISTEN VERY CLOSELY AND TAKE WHAT I'M ABOUT TO SAY SERIOUSLY. WHEN YOU GET ON THE BUS AND LEAVE, I NEED YOU TO DO SOMETHING.

OK, SIS I KNOW...

NO, LISTEN, FREDDY. THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT. THERE'S A NOTE IN YOUR BACKPACK. I NEED YOU TO GIVE IT TO YOUR TEACHER. DON'T LOOK AT IT. JUST GIVE IT TO THEM AND MAKE SURE THEY READ IT. YOU GOT THAT?

OKAY, BUT WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT IT? HEY, YOU GUYS, ARE YOU TRYING TO EMBARRASS ME?

WHAT? NO.... IT'S.... IT'S JUST MOM'S CONTACT DETAILS. THAT'S ALL. THEY DIDN'T HAVE THEM, AND THE REST OF US WILL BE BUSY.... THAT'S ALL, I SWEAR.... MOM WOULD KILL ME IF YOUR TEACHER DIDN'T HAVE THEM.

OH, WELL, OKAY THEN.

BYE, FREDDY! REMEMBER THE NOTE IN YOUR BACKPACK!

OKAY, SIS. I'VE GOT MOM'S CONTACT DETAILS FOR MR. CUTTERS. SEE YOU!

FREDERICK HAD A KNOT IN HIS STOMACH. SOMETHING DIDN'T FEEL RIGHT; IT FELT LIKE THE LAST TIME HE WOULD SEE HIS SISTER. TO FULFILL HIS PROMISE, HE SEARCHED HIS BAG, BUT, MUCH TO HIS FRUSTRATION, HE COULD NOT FIND A NOTE.

WHAT...THERE'S NO NOTE HERE, AM I GOING CRAZY? DAMN WE'VE LEFT, IS IT TOO LATE TO CALL FOR SUSAN?

FREDDY, WHY DID YOU EMPTY EVERYTHING OUT?

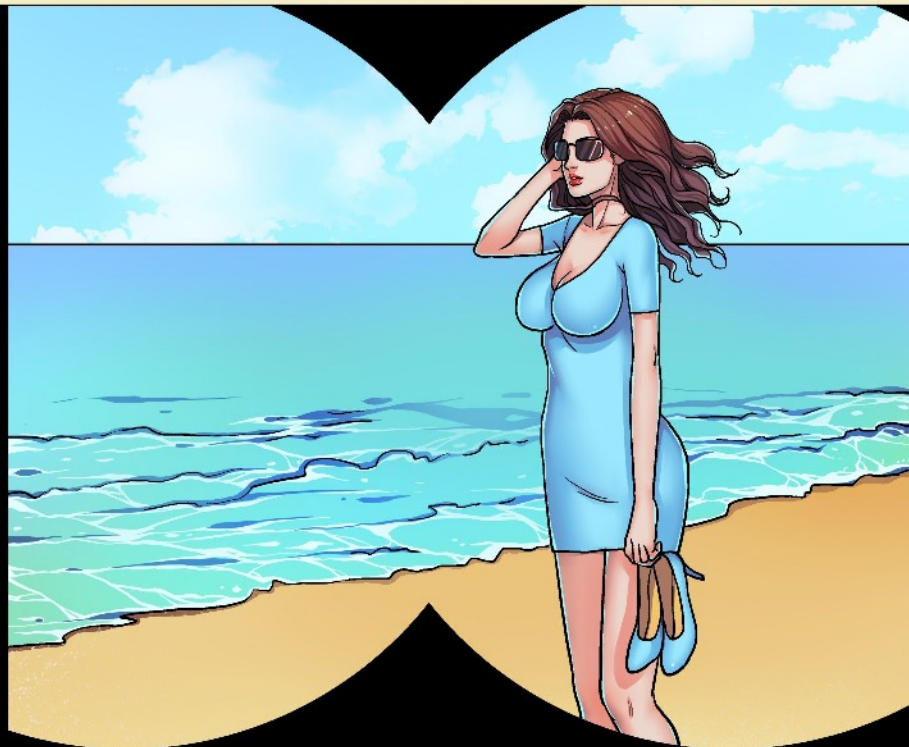
MY SISTER TOLD ME TO GIVE YOU THE DETAILS MY MOM WROTE DOWN ON A PIECE OF PAPER, BUT I CAN'T FIND IT.

DON'T WORRY, FREDDY. I ALREADY HAVE YOUR PARENTS' CONTACT DETAILS. THIS WILL BE CLEARED UP SOON, SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

FREDDY LET OUT A SIGH OF RELIEF. HE LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW AND SAW HIS TOWN SLOWLY DISAPPEARING. IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND, HE HAD A FEELING THAT HIS SISTER WAS TRYING TO TELL HIM SOMETHING.

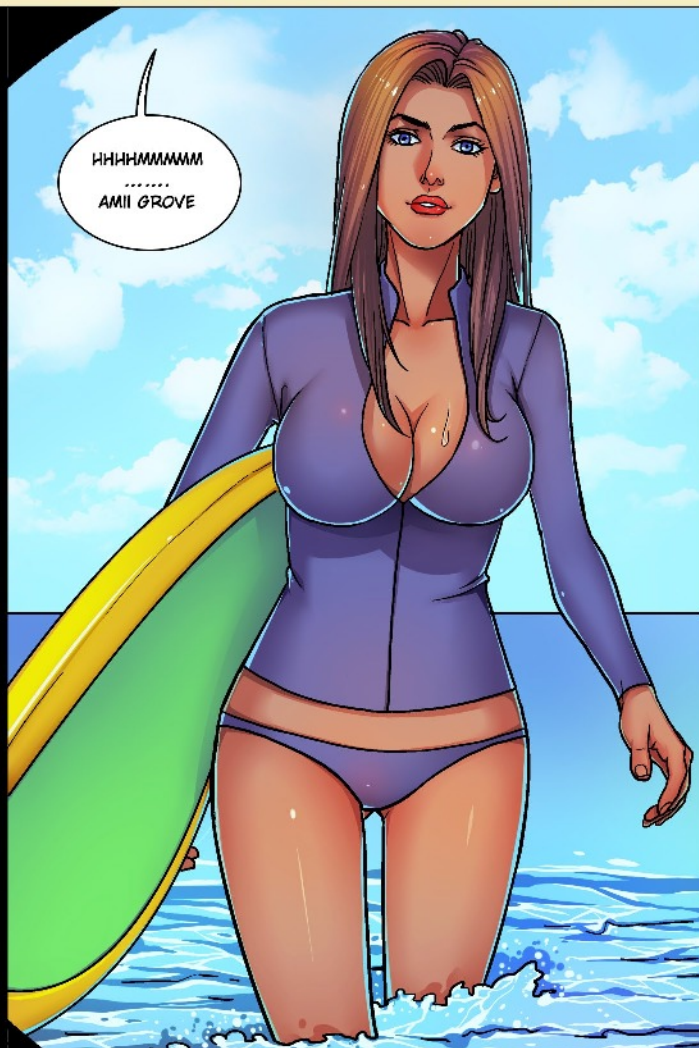
IT WAS 8:00 A.M. THE SUN WAS HIGH IN THE SKY, BEATING DOWN ON THE PICTURESQUE SOUTH BEACH, WHICH WAS USUALLY INHABITED BY LOCAL FAMILIES AND HORMONAL TEENS. IN A FEW HOURS, THE BEACH WOULD BE FILLED WITH RUNNERS, JOGGERS, AND LOCAL ART GROUPS PAINTING THE SCENERY. FOR NOW, THOUGH, IT WAS QUIET, WITH ONLY A FEW SURFERS CATCHING AN EARLY MORNING WAVE.

SUSAN WARD STOOD PATIENTLY ON THE EDGE OF THE BEACH, LOOKING OUT AT THE WAVES. THE TRADER HAD BEEN FOLLOWING HER FOR THE LAST TEN BLOCKS. HE ACTIVATED THE MICROPHONE ON HER PHONE AND WAITED TO EAVESDROP ON HER CONVERSATION. THE SUN, BEACH, AND WAVES HELD NO INTEREST FOR HIM. A GRIN FORMED ON HIS FACE AS HE WATCHED SUSAN GREET SOMEONE OF PARTICULAR INTEREST.



THE TRADER LOOKED OUT INTO THE DISTANCE AT A SMALL BUT STATUESQUE FIGURE HOLDING A SURFBOARD ROUGHLY THE SAME SIZE AS THE PERSON HOLDING IT.

AMI WAS 5'8" TALL AND PROUD OF IT. SHE HAD A SLEEK, ATHLETIC 34C-22-33 BODY WITH FIRM, BUOYANT BREASTS; A CURVED TORSO; AND LONG, TONED, SHAPELY LEGS. SHE HAD A NATURAL BRONZE TAN FROM YEARS OF SURFING AND LIGHT BROWN, ALMOST BLONDE HAIR THAT CONTRASTED WITH SUSAN'S DARK HAIR. SHE HAD PERFECT, CHISELED CHEEKBONES AND GRAY-BLUE, FELINE EYES. SHE WAS MORE MATURE THAN HER FRIENDS. ALTHOUGH SHE WAS 19, SHE COULD HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN FOR 29. HANNAH MAY HAVE HAD THE AMPLE CHEST AND SUSAN THE PRETTY FACE, BUT AMI HAD THE PERFECT ASS-A FACT THAT MADE HER THE TRADER'S



HHHHMMMMMM
.....
AMI GROVE

SUZI,
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE? I
THOUGHT WE
WEREN'T
GOING TO
MEET UP
UNTIL
LUNCH.

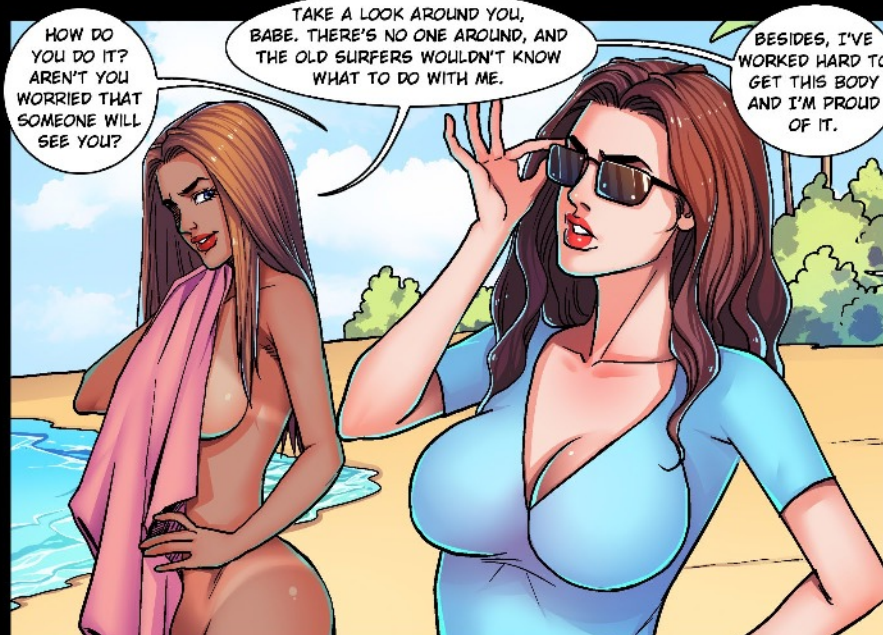
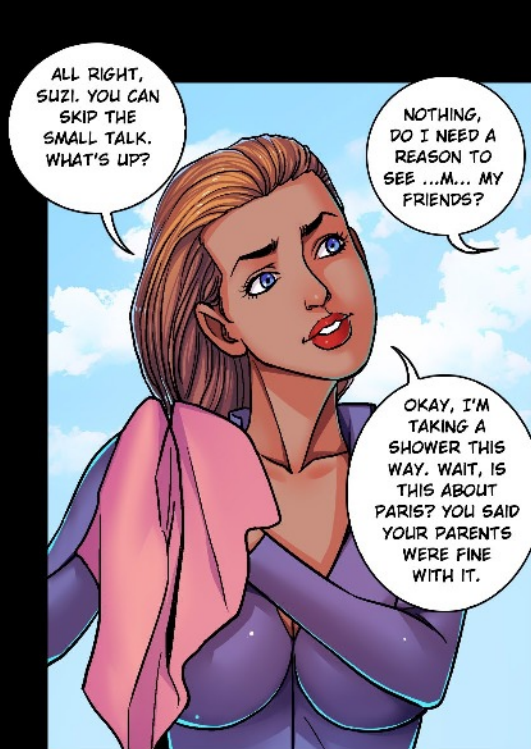
OH, WELL,
I WAS JUST
DROPPING FREDDY
OFF AT CAMP,
AND I SAW YOUR
CAR AS I
DROVE BY.

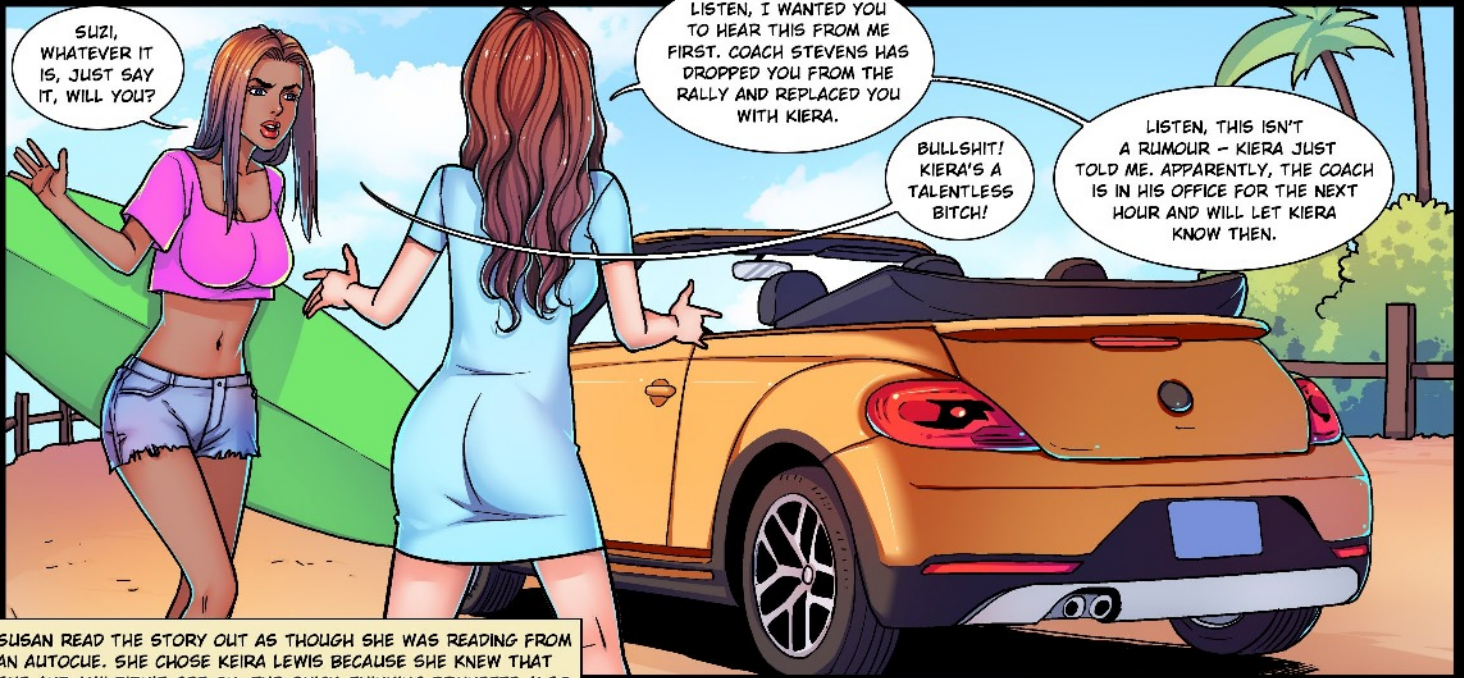
OH, OKAY.
I DIDN'T THINK
SURFING WAS YOUR
THING AT THIS
TIME OF DAY.

WELL,
YOU KNOW,
WE MIGHT AS WELL
MAKE THE MOST
OF THIS
WEATHER.

WHEN THEY STARTED THIS PROJECT MONTHS AGO, HE WAS READY TO ABANDON THE OTHER TARGETS AS SOON AS HE SAW HER. SHE WAS COVERED UP BACK THEN; NOW, NOT SO MUCH.

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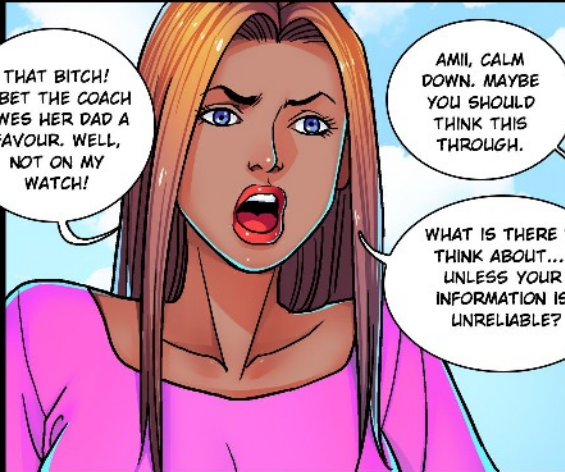
SUZI,
WHATEVER IT
IS, JUST SAY
IT, WILL YOU?

LISTEN, I WANTED YOU
TO HEAR THIS FROM ME
FIRST. COACH STEVENS HAS
DROPPED YOU FROM THE
RALLY AND REPLACED YOU
WITH KIERA.

BULLSHIT!
KIERA'S A
TALENTLESS
BITCH!

LISTEN, THIS ISN'T
A RUMOUR - KIERA JUST
TOLD ME. APPARENTLY, THE COACH
IS IN HIS OFFICE FOR THE NEXT
HOUR AND WILL LET KIERA
KNOW THEN.

SUSAN READ THE STORY OUT AS THOUGH SHE WAS READING FROM
AN AUTOCUE. SHE CHOSE KEIRA LEWIS BECAUSE SHE KNEW THAT
SHE AND AMII DIDN'T GET ON. THE QUICK-THINKING BRUNETTE ALSO
KNEW THAT KEIRA'S FATHER WAS CHIEF OF POLICE. THIS GAVE HER
THE POSSIBILITY OF GETTING A WARNING TO HIM.



THAT BITCH!
I BET THE COACH
OWES HER DAD A
FAVOUR. WELL,
NOT ON MY
WATCH!

AMII, CALM
DOWN. MAYBE
YOU SHOULD
THINK THIS
THROUGH.

WHAT IS THERE TO
THINK ABOUT....
UNLESS YOUR
INFORMATION IS
UNRELIABLE?



WAIT! WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

I'M STORMING
RIGHT DOWN THERE
NOW TO TEACH
THAT BITCH A
LESSON. ARE YOU
COMING?

I WOULD STOP
YOU, BUT I'LL HAVE
TO SIT THIS ONE OUT.
I HAVE TO RUN A FEW
ERRANDS FOR MY FOLKS
BEFORE SCHOOL TO
STAY IN THEIR GOOD
BOOKS.

PROMISE ME
YOU WON'T DO
ANYTHING
STUPID.

YES, SURE.
ARE WE GOOD
FOR LUNCH
LATER?

YEAH...TEXT
ME LATER...

WELL, OF COURSE IT
IS.... SHE TOLD ME
HERSELF. JUST MAKE
SURE YOU BEHAVE
CALMLY.



WELL DONE,
SUSAN! THAT WAS
QUITE THE
PERFORMANCE. NOW
WE JUST NEED TO
GET YOUR OTHER
FRIEND OUT OF
THE WAY.

OKAY, I'VE
DONE WHAT YOU
ASKED. LET'S GET
THIS OVER WITH.
WHAT'S NEXT?



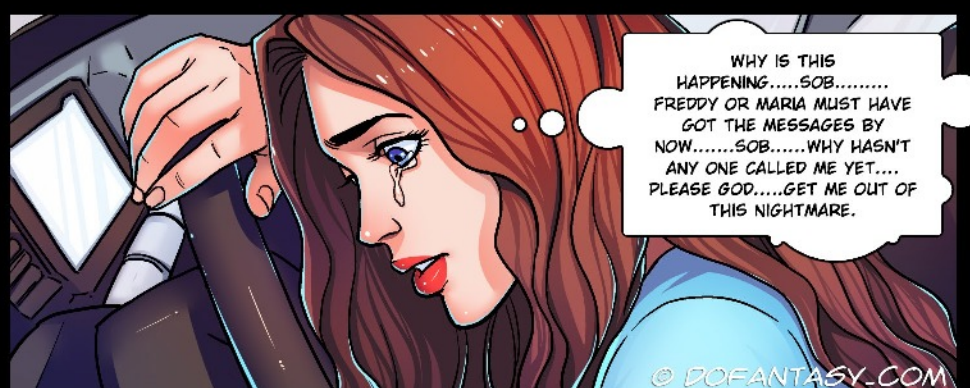
FIRSTLY, YOU MUST
STAY AWAY FROM HOME AND
YOUR FRIENDS. STAY WHERE
YOU ARE FOR THE NEXT 20
MINUTES, AND THEN DRIVE
TO SCHOOL AND JOIN
EVERYBODY ELSE.

EXCEPT THAT
YOU WILL GO TO THE
SECOND-FLOOR
LIBRARY, FIND A BOOK,
AND SETTLE DOWN TO
GET BUSY.

KEEP YOUR PHONE
ON SILENT AND WAIT
FOR A CALL. ONLY
ANSWER OUR CALL,
NOT ANYONE ELSE'S.
UNDERSTAND?

I
UNDERSTAND!

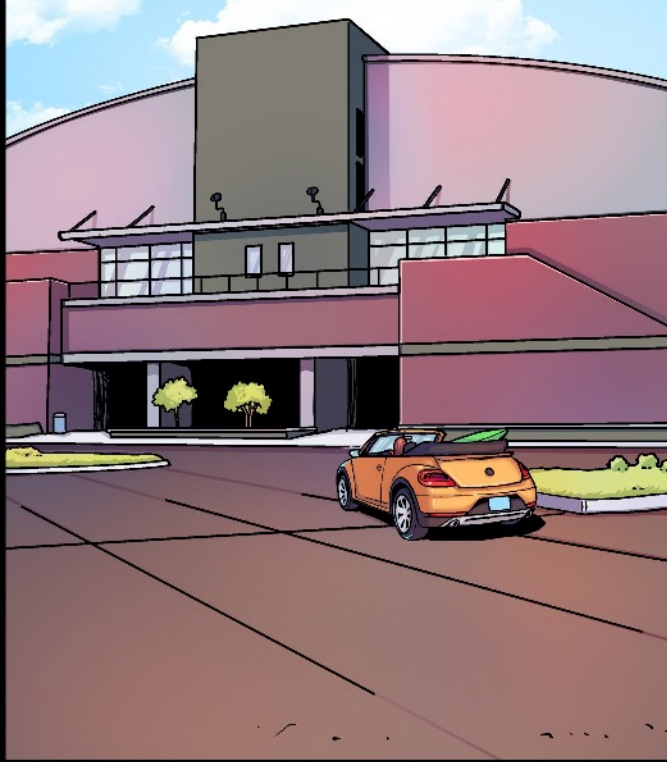
AND WITH THAT THE CALLER HUNG UP.



WHY IS THIS
HAPPENING.....SOB.....
FREDDY OR MARIA MUST HAVE
GOT THE MESSAGES BY
NOW.....SOB.....WHY HASN'T
ANY ONE CALLED ME YET....
PLEASE GOD.....GET ME OUT OF
THIS NIGHTMARE.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER... THE HIGH SCHOOL WAS ALMOST DESERTED, NOT JUST BECAUSE IT WAS 45 MINUTES BEFORE THE FIRST CLASS STARTED, BUT ALSO BECAUSE IT WAS THE LAST WEEK OF SCHOOL. THE SENIORS COULD COME IN WHENEVER THEY WANTED BEFORE GRADUATION, AND THE OTHERS HAD ALREADY BROKEN UP FOR THE SUMMER. THE HIVE OF ACTIVITY IN THE GYM WAS DUE TO THE GRADUATION REHEARSALS. PEOPLE WERE ENTERING AND EXITING THE BUILDING, INCLUDING WORKMEN FROM A CONSTRUCTION COMPANY WHO WERE SETTING UP A TEMPORARY STAGE. THE PERFECT COVER FOR AN UNREMARKABLE CONSTRUCTION VAN.

TUCKED AWAY AT THE BACK OF THE SMALLER GYM WAS COACH STEVEN'S OFFICE. AT THIS TIME OF DAY, THE ONLY PERSON LIKELY TO BE THERE WAS THE EVER-POPULAR COACH. HOWEVER, HE WAS NOT THERE THIS MORNING; HE WAS NEEDED IN THE LARGE GYM TO HELP COORDINATE THE GRADUATION PROCEEDINGS.



THE STUNNING MS GROVE ARRIVED WITH NOT A HAIR OUT OF PLACE. NO ONE WOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT SHE HAD JUST COME FROM THE BEACH. DISAPPOINTED TO FIND THE OFFICE EMPTY, SHE TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO LOOK AROUND.

ALTHOUGH SHE WAS GORGEOUS AND GLAMOROUS, SHE HAD A SHORT TEMPER. BEING AN ONLY CHILD AND BEING RICH AND GORGEOUS DID NOT ALLOW FOR A CALM DEAMEANOUR.

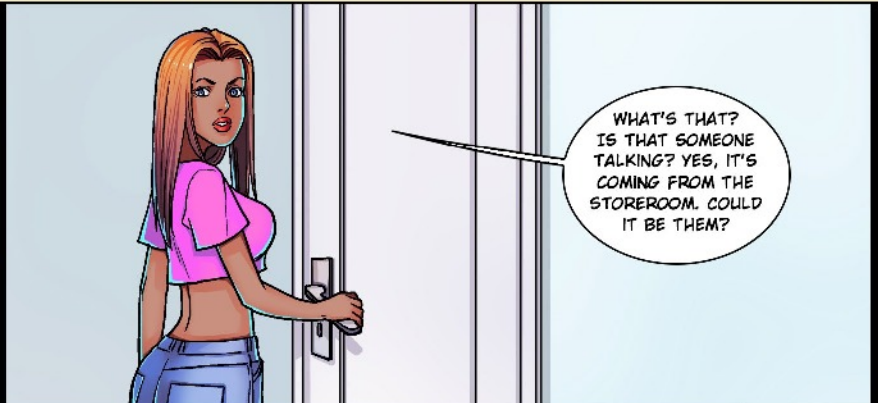
PERHAPS IT WAS HER NATURAL COMPETITIVE STREAK. SHE WAS A WINNER AND EVERYONE KNEW THAT WAS HER ACHILLES HEEL.

IF IT MEANT GETTING ONE UP ON SOMEONE, SHE WOULD ALWAYS THROW CAUTION TO THE WIND. SHE WOULD HAVE MADE AN EXCELLENT SPORTSWOMAN OR BUSINESSWOMAN. LITTLE DID SHE KNOW THAT SHE WOULD NEVER GET THE CHANCE.



SHIT! THERE'S NOTHING HERE. WHERE'S THAT PERVERT? I'LL MAKE HIM REGRET HIS DECISION! HE MUST BE IN THE LARGE GYM WITH THAT SKANK, KEIRA!

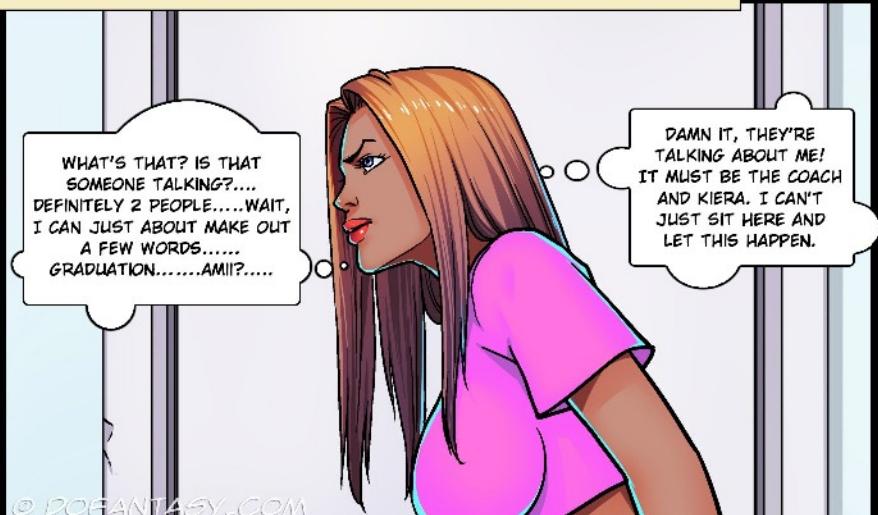
JUST AS SHE HAD DECIDED TO GO TO THE DOOR, SHE HEARD A MUFFLED SOUND. AT FIRST, SHE IGNORED IT, OPENED THE DOOR, AND STEPPED OUT. THEN SHE REMEMBERED THE STOREROOM ATTACHED TO THE OFFICE. SHE WENT BACK INSIDE, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HER. SHE COULD HEAR THE MUFFLED TALKING MORE CLEARLY NOW, BUT STILL COULDN'T MAKE OUT WHAT WAS BEING SAID. SHE WENT UP TO THE DOOR LEADING TO THE STOREROOM AND LISTENED CLOSELY.



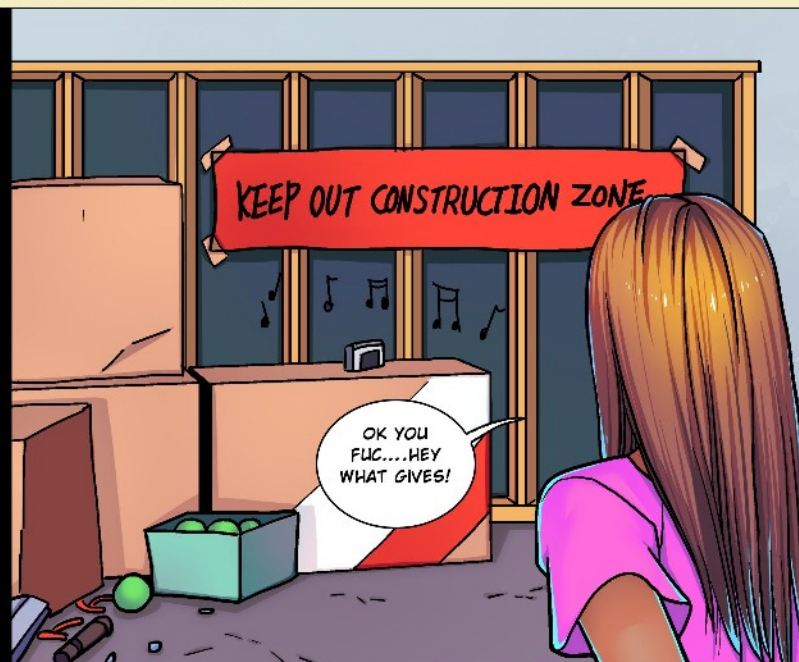
SHE RE-ENTERED THE OFFICE, CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND HER, AND LISTENED IN.

WHAT'S THAT? IS THAT SOMEONE TALKING?.... DEFINITELY 2 PEOPLE.....WAIT, I CAN JUST ABOUT MAKE OUT A FEW WORDS..... GRADUATION.....AMII?.....

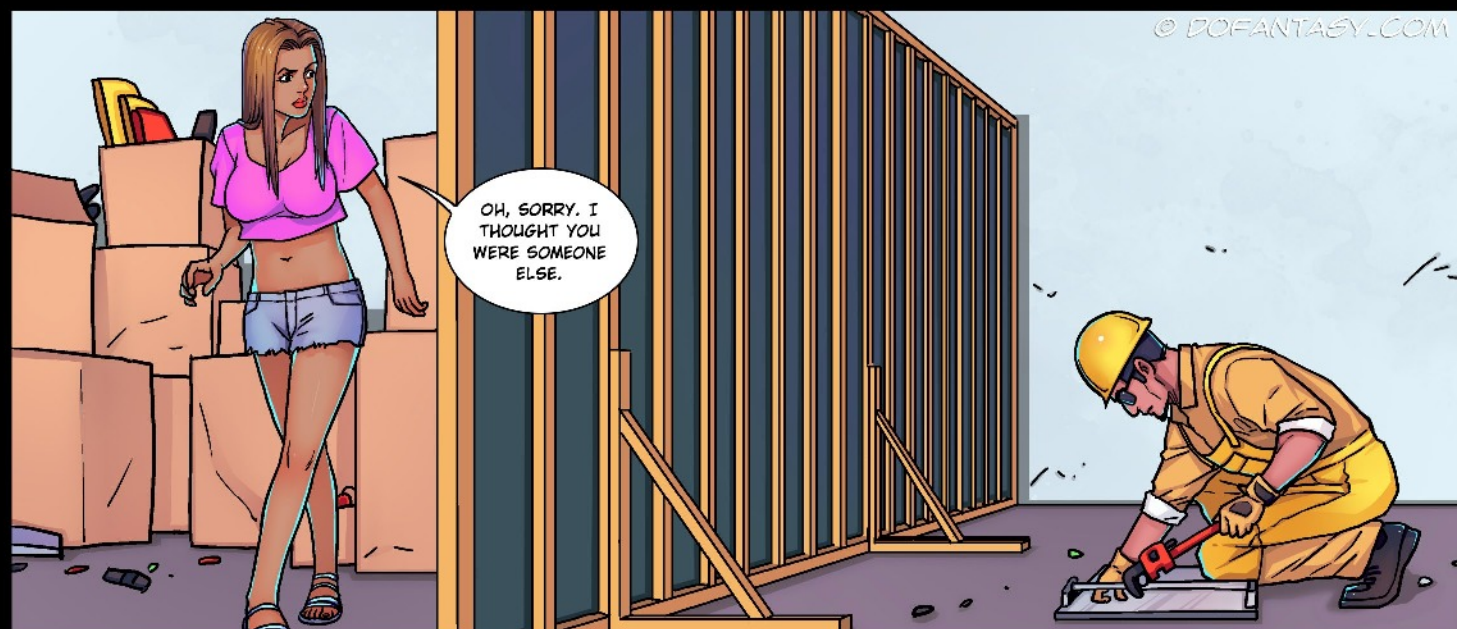
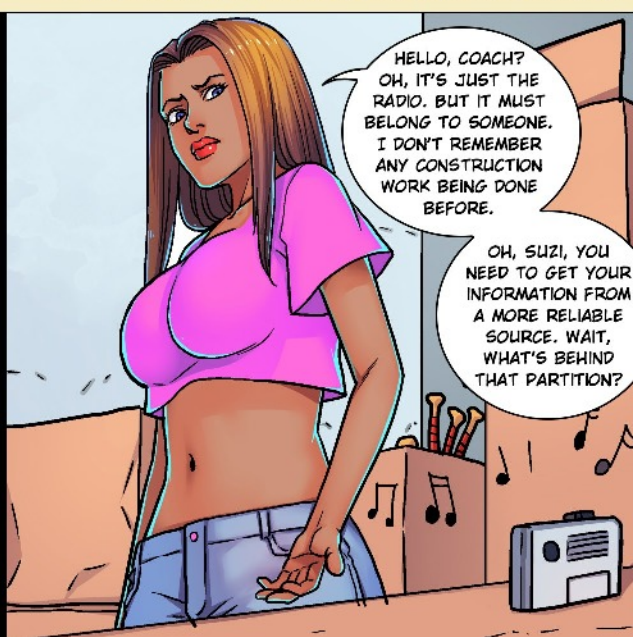
DAMN IT, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME! IT MUST BE THE COACH AND KIERA. I CAN'T JUST SIT HERE AND LET THIS HAPPEN.



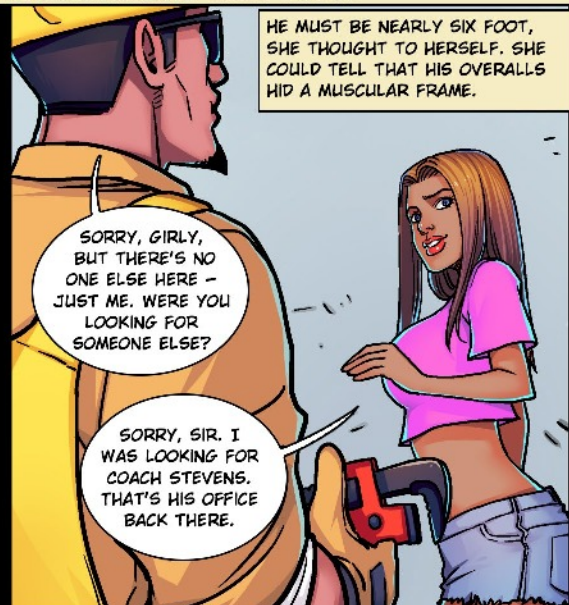
WITH THAT, SHE MADE UP HER MIND TO CONFRONT THEM. AMII BURST INTO THE SMALL STORAGE ROOM, READY FOR A FIGHT. HOWEVER, SHE WAS GREETED BY ANOTHER LESS-THAN-IDEAL SITUATION.



MUCH TO HER SURPRISE, IT WAS JUST AN OLD GYM STORAGE ROOM. THERE WAS A MUSTY SMELL. THE THIN LAYER OF DUST ON THE BOXES MADE IT CLEAR THAT THIS ROOM WAS RARELY USED. AMII REALISED THAT THE SOUND WAS COMING FROM A RADIO BROADCASTING A TALK SHOW.



SHE STOPPED IN HER TRACKS WHEN SHE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A MAN IN OVERALLS. HE GOT UP SLOWLY, LIKE AN UNCOILING SNAKE, AND TURNED AROUND.



THE MAN LOOKED THE SHAPELY SURFER GIRL UP AND DOWN AS THOUGH HE WERE APPRAISING PREY. SATISFIED THAT THE COACH WAS NOT THERE, AMII RELAXED AT THE SIGHT OF THE MAN'S WRENCH AND STARTED TO LEAVE, BUT WAS INTERRUPTED.



HELL,
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE THE OTHER
GIRL WITH HIM, THE
ONE DOING ALL THE
CUDDLING AND
CONGRATULATING.



AMII STOPPED AND PRICKED UP HER EARS. IF SHE HAD KNOWN WHERE THIS WAS LEADING, SHE WOULD HAVE TRUSTED HER INSTINCTS AND WALKED RIGHT OUT OF THE GYM. BUT HER CURIOSITY GOT THE BETTER OF HER.

WHAT GIRL?
WHAT DID SHE
LOOK LIKE? LISTEN,
MISTER, WAS SHE A
BLONDE ABOUT MY
HEIGHT?

WHOA!
YEAH, I SUPPOSE
SO. BUT SORRY,
GIRL, YOU ALL
LOOK ALIKE IN
THE SUN.

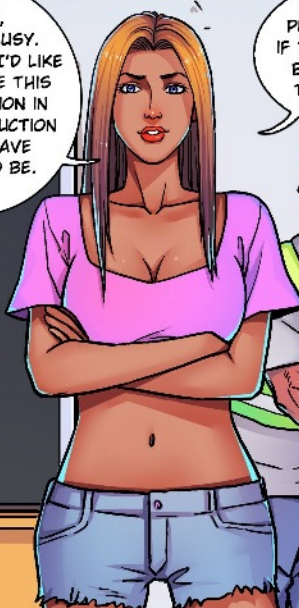
SHE KIND OF
LOOKED LIKE YOU-THE
CHEERLEADER TYPE. YOU'RE
MUCH PRETTIER, THOUGH. SHE
WAS HAPPY FOR SOME REASON.
THAT COACH MUST HAVE GIVEN
HER SOME GREAT NEWS
BECAUSE HE WAS GRINNING
LIKE AN IDIOT.



AMII WAS ABOUT TO RESPOND WHEN HE REALIZED HOW SEEDY HIS COMPLIMENT WAS.

LISTEN,
MAN, I'M BUSY.
AS MUCH AS I'D LIKE
TO CONTINUE THIS
CONVERSATION IN
THE CONSTRUCTION
ZONE, I HAVE
PLACES TO BE.

COULD YOU
PLEASE TELL ME
IF THE COACH WILL
BE BACK WITHIN
THE NEXT FIVE
MINUTES?



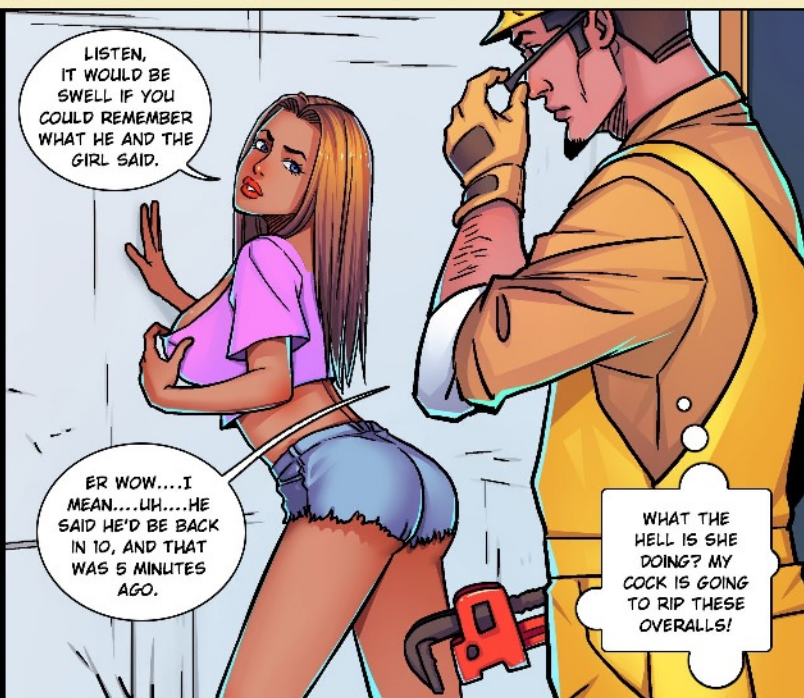
HEY DOLL,
I'M JUST HERE TO
WORK. I'M SORRY IF
YOU'RE BUSY.
HE SAID SOMETHING
AS HE LEFT.

AMII THOUGHT IT WAS TIME TO CHANGE TACTICS. SHE REALIZED THAT, LIKE MOST MEN, THIS MAN WAS PERVING ON HER, AND SHE KNEW HOW TO USE THAT TO HER ADVANTAGE.

LISTEN,
IT WOULD BE
SWELL IF YOU
COULD REMEMBER
WHAT HE AND THE
GIRL SAID.

ER WOW....I
MEAN....UH....HE
SAID HE'D BE BACK
IN 10, AND THAT
WAS 5 MINUTES
AGO.

WHAT THE
HELL IS SHE
DOING? MY
COCK IS GOING
TO RIP THESE
OVERALLS!



THAT'S IT, BITCH. JUST
A FEW MORE SECONDS.

KNEW IT.....WELL AT LEAST
THIS MORON WAS USEFUL...
IDIOT.....WAIT...WHAT, DID
THE RADIO JUST GO
UP....SHIT IS THERE SOMEONE
ELSE HERE?



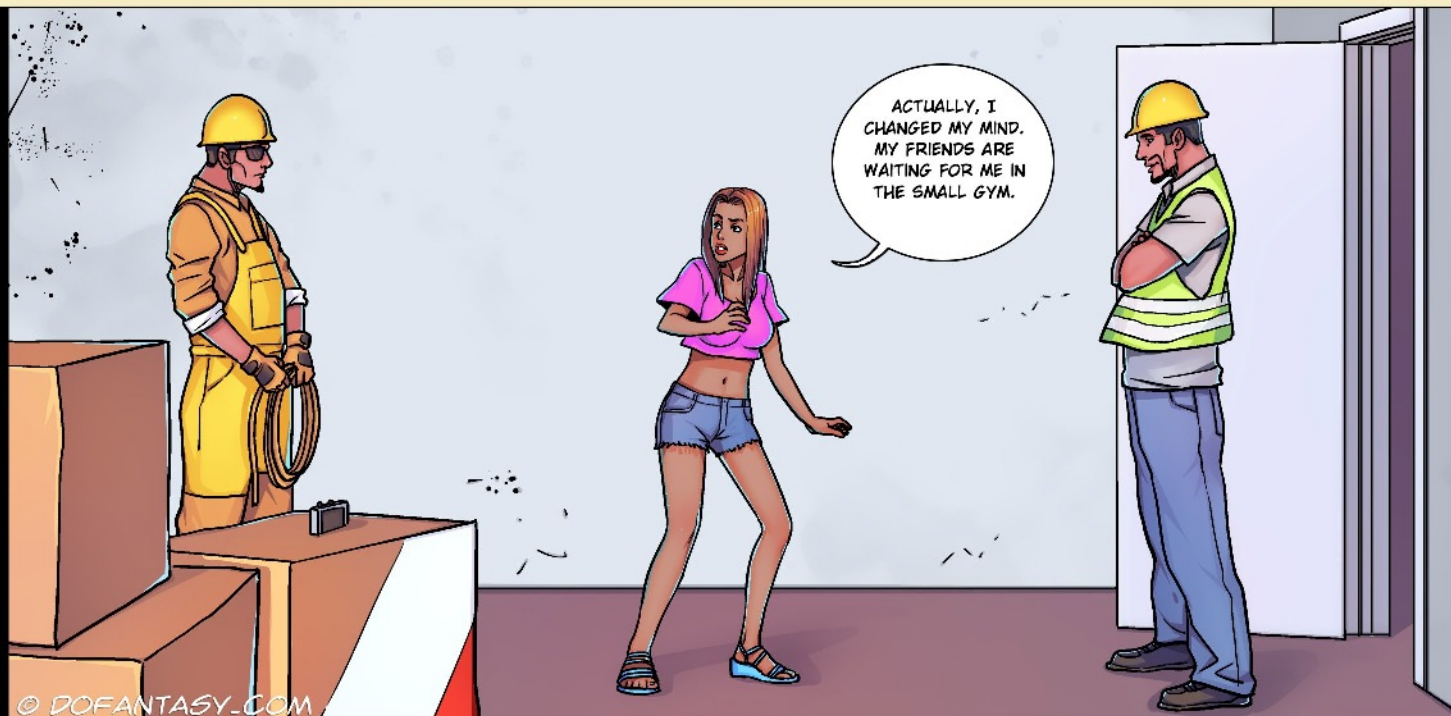
AMII RESPONDED TO A MOVEMENT IN HER CORNER OF HER EYE AND TURNED TO FIND ANOTHER MAN IN THE DOORWAY. THIS ONE SEEMED FAMILIAR.



AMII WAS TAKEN ABACK BY THE COMMENT. THE SIGHT OF THE MAN STARTLED HER. THE SIGHT OF THE OTHER MAN WITH THE WRENCH ALSO UNSETTLED HER. SOMETHING DID NOT FIT.



AMII'S HEART STARTED POUNDING, BUT ONLY SHE COULD HEAR IT. EVERY FIBER OF HER BEING SCREAMED AT HER TO GET OUT OF THERE. SHE WAS AWARE OF HOW SHE LOOKED AND HOW VULNERABLE THE SITUATION WAS, BUT SHE WAS MORE WITS ABOUT HER.



ACTUALLY, I CHANGED MY MIND. MY FRIENDS ARE WAITING FOR ME IN THE SMALL GYM.

THE ATMOSPHERE CHANGED. THE LUSTFUL LOOKS WERE UNMISTAKABLE. THERE WOULD BE NO SUDDEN OFFERS OF A FRIENDLY HANDSHAKE, NO STEPPING OUT OF THE WAY LIKE GENTLEMEN, AND NO LAUGHTER ABOUT AMII'S NERVOUSNESS.

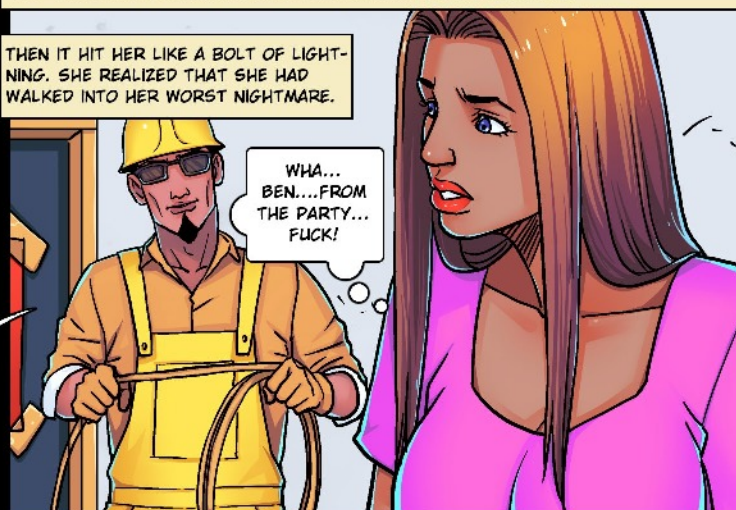


SWEETHEART, I THINK WE ALL KNOW THERE'S NO ONE OUT THERE.

I THINK I'D BETTER GO. PLEASE, I WON'T ASK AGAIN!

WHY THE RUSH? YOU JUST GOT HERE! DON'T MIND BEN. HE WON'T BITE.

THEN IT HIT HER LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING. SHE REALIZED THAT SHE HAD WALKED INTO HER WORST NIGHTMARE.



WHA... BEN... FROM THE PARTY... FUCK!

BUT AMII WAS NO OTHER GIRL. SHE WAS A WINNER AND A SURVIVOR.



LEAVING SO SOO... UUUURGGG!..... YOU BITCH!

SHIT! NO, THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING. I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU BASTARD! I DID WARN YOU!



YOU'RE THE BEN GUY FROM THE PARTY. I KNEW I RECOGNIZED YOU. IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE? IT'S NOT FUNNY, ASSHOLE. WHERE'S HANNAH?

ANSWER ME, YOU DOUCHEBAG!

AMII WAS A HOTHEAD. HER ANGER TOOK OVER. MOST OF ALL, SHE HATED BEING THE BUTT OF A JOKE. HOWEVER, HER RAGE BLINDED HER TO THE IMMEDIATE DANGER. SHE SURPRISED THEM, AND AN ADVANTAGE PRESENTED ITSELF. IF SHE HAD HAD HER WITS ABOUT HER, SHE WOULD HAVE RUN. BUT AMII NEEDED TO MAKE HER POINT, A SILLY MISTAKE.

BEFORE SHE HAD A CHANCE TO LEAVE THE ROOM OR SCREAM, EVERYTHING HAPPENED TOO QUICKLY. SHE FORGOT ABOUT THE OTHER MAN.

YOU PERVERTS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, BUT I'LL BE REPORTING YOU! AARRGGH!

YOU CAN'T LEAVE YET. THE COACH WILL BE BACK SOON. YOU'LL MISS HIM IF YOU LEAVE NOW.

FUCK NO! ... WHAT THE HELL? ... THESE FUCKERS ARE ACTUALLY... ATTACKING ME. I HAVE TO FIGHT MY WAY OUT. KEYS!

AARRGGH!

AAARGH! ... FUCKING CUNT! THANK GOD FOR MY GLASSES... SHE'S HEADING FOR THE OFFICE... NOT SO SMART. YOU'LL WISH YOU NEVER UNDERESTIMATED ME, HELLCAT!

SHIT... THAT WAS CLOSE! I HAVE TO GET OUT. I HAVE TO WARN SOMEONE, ANYONE!

HELP! HELP! I'M BEING ATTACKED!

SHIT, IT'S LOCKED! NO, HELP! I'M IN HERE. SOMEONE HELP! I'M BEING ATTACKED. GET THIS FUCKING DOOR OPEN!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, BITCH?



HEY! HEY,
THAT'S COACH
STEVENS! HEY,
COACH, HELP!
I'M IN HERE!



I'LL MAKE YOU
PAY, YOU LITTLE
BITCH. IT'S JUST
US AT THE PARTY,
NO ONE ELSE!

AMIL GROVE WAS CERTAINLY A HELLCAT. SHE WAS WELL AWARE OF THE EFFECT HER BEAUTY AND STATUS WOULD HAVE ON THOSE WHO LUSTED AFTER HER.



YOU'LL BE IN A
WORLD OF
PAIN...HOLD
STILL!

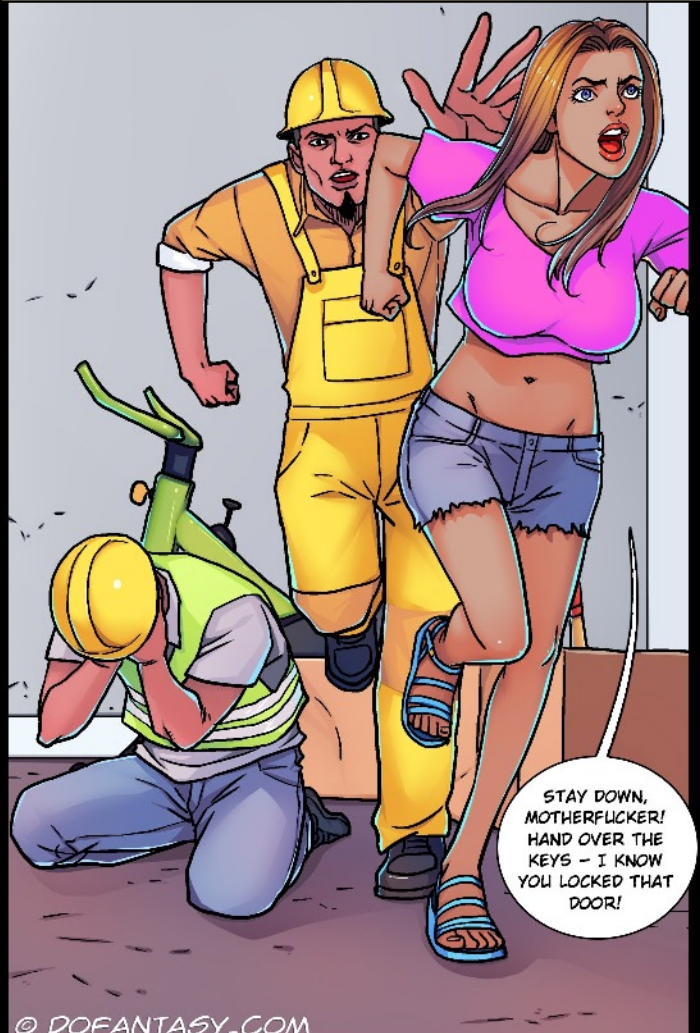
GET OFF ME,
YOU BASTARD!
I'LL RIP YOUR
FACE OFF!

LUCKILY FOR HER, AND UNLUCKILY FOR HER ATTACKERS, SHE HAD SPENT YEARS PREPARING FOR THIS MOMENT, EVEN THOUGH SHE HAD NEVER WANTED TO BELIEVE THAT SHE WOULD EVER HAVE TO USE IT. YEARS OF TAI KWANDO CLASSES AND GYM SESSIONS HAD MADE HER PHYSICALLY READY, BUT NOT MENTALLY.



AARRGGHH...
YOU BITCH!

THE SITUATION THREATENED TO OVERWHELM HER. IF IT WERE ANY OF THE OTHERS - HANNAH, SUSAN, ETC. - IT WOULD BE ALL OVER BY NOW. BUT NOT AMIL; SHE WOULD FIGHT TOOTH AND NAIL FOR SURVIVAL. IF IT WERE JUST THE GENTLEMAN, SHE WOULD HAVE HAD A CHANCE, AS HE HAD UNDERESTIMATED HER. SADLY FOR HER, IT WAS NOT JUST THE GENTLEMAN.



STAY DOWN,
MOTHERFUCKER!
HAND OVER THE
KEYS - I KNOW
YOU LOCKED THAT
DOOR!

THE TRADER'S ARMS MOVED FASTER THAN A SNAKE, AND HIS FINGERS WERE AS SHARP AS FANGS. HE HAD DONE IT SO QUICKLY THAT IT WAS CLEAR HE WAS VERY EXPERIENCED. AMII WAS PARALYSED, HER SCREAM CUT OFF BY HIS TIGHTLY CLENCHED FINGERS, HER MIND NUMBED BY FEAR AND UNABLE TO RESPOND. HOWEVER, HER BODY REACTED TO THE PAIN.

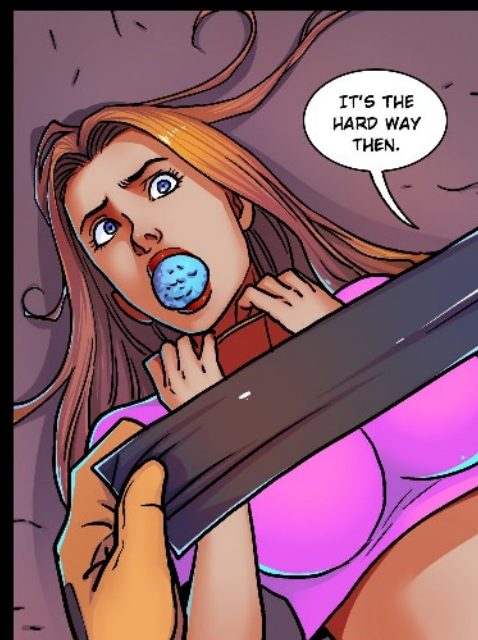
SOMEHOW, SHE'D CAUGHT A SECOND WIND. SHE BEGAN TO HEAVE AROUND, USING HER FREE HAND TO LAND A FEW GOOD PUNCHES AND CLAW AT HER ATTACKER'S FACE. BUT HER BLOWS JUST BOUNCED OFF HIM.

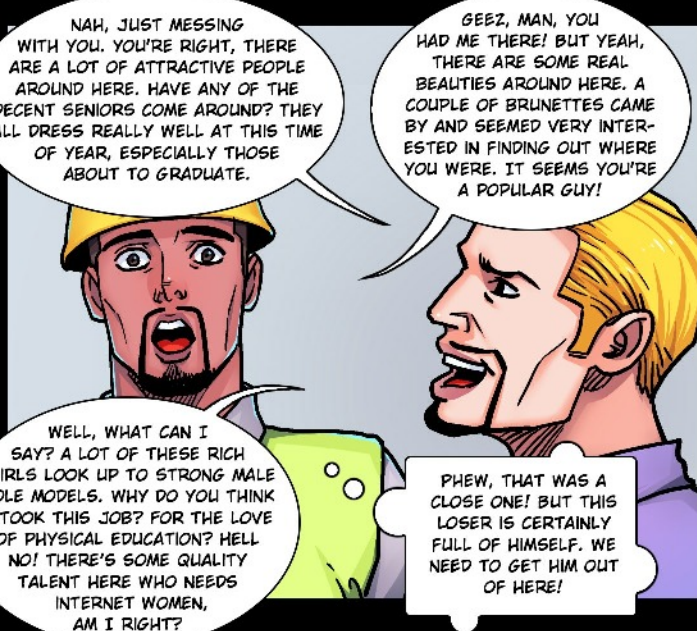


AMII WAS STRONG AND ATHLETIC, BUT THIS ASSAULT WAS STILL TOO MUCH FOR HER. HER EYES BULGED IN DISBELIEF AND SHE CRINGED, DESPERATELY TRYING TO WRENCH HER ARM FREE. HOWEVER, THE TRADER YANKED HER ARM UP FURTHER. BY THEN, HER OTHER ATTACKER WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER, FILLING HER ENTIRE FIELD OF VISION.



AMII FROZE, STUNNED BEYOND COMPREHENSION. HER HANDS INSTINCTIVELY REACHED FOR THE PULL-TIE AT HER NECK AND HER LEGS QUIETENED. HER EYES POPPED WIDE OPEN, TAKING IN EVERYTHING THAT WAS NORMAL AND REGULAR BUT CLASHED WITH A TERRIBLE NEW REALITY.







YES, THERE'S A HELL OF A LOT OF NOISE COMING FROM THERE. IS YOUR FRIEND OK?

HE'S FINE, SO IT'S JUST THE SENIORS, THEN? JUST ABOUT THE RIGHT AGE, EH?



WHAT? DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! THEY'RE LEGAL. WHAT'S THE FUSS? IT'S NOT LIKE THEY'RE SOPHOMORES. BUT, BETWEEN YOU AND ME, SOME OF THEM ARE BLOSSOMING... IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.



MMMMPPHHH!!!!

KEEP QUIET YOU CLUNT, OR I'LL TIGHTEN THE THING AROUND YOUR NECK.

GEEZ, YOUR COACH REALLY IS A PERVERT. HE'S GIVING US A RUN FOR OUR MONEY! I WONDER HOW HE'D RESPOND IF HE SAW YOU LIKE HE DOES? WANT TO FIND OUT?



MPH!

YOU REALLY THOUGHT THAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN, DIDN'T YOU, DUMB BITCH? SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT WE'RE KEEPING YOU ALL TO OURSELVES.



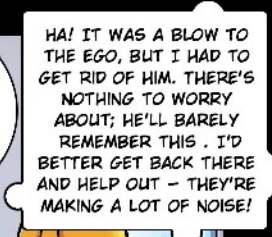
SORRY, DUDE, BUT I CAN'T SAY I DO. AS HOT AS THEY ARE, I'D ONLY GO FOR SOMEONE OF LEGAL AGE. THAT'S JUST MY PREFERENCE - NOTHING PERSONAL.



YES, WELL, I CAN'T WASTE MY TIME HANGING AROUND HERE. I CAN HEAR YOUR PARTNER CALLING; HE PROBABLY NEEDS YOUR HELP. YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO WORK. I'LL BE BACK IN TEN MINUTES, AND IT HAD BETTER ALL BE DONE BY THEN.



SURE THING, COACH. WHEN YOU COME BACK, IT'LL BE AS IF WE WERE NEVER HERE.



HA! IT WAS A BLOW TO THE EGO, BUT I HAD TO GET RID OF HIM. THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT; HE'LL BARELY REMEMBER THIS. I'D BETTER GET BACK THERE AND HELP OUT - THEY'RE MAKING A LOT OF NOISE!

ALTHOUGH AMII WAS STRONG, INDEPENDENT AND RESOURCEFUL, SHE STILL NEEDED OXYGEN TO PUT UP A FIGHT. UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, SHE MIGHT HAVE MADE A REAL CONCERTED EFFORT TO FIGHT HER ABDUCTOR, BUT THE COLD, HARD PLASTIC PRESSING AGAINST HER THROAT WAS SO EFFICIENT AND BRUTAL THAT IT RAPIDLY DEPLETED HER ENERGY RESERVES.



MMMPHH
...UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

GEEZ, TEDDY! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU HAD MS GROVE UNDER CONTROL HERE. SHE WAS MAKING SUCH A RACKET THAT THE RADIO COULD BARELY COVER IT. I GOT RID OF THE LOSER - YOU CAN THANK ME LATER!

THIS ONE IS A REAL HANDFUL COMPARED TO THE OTHERS. I HAD TO TAKE EXTRA SPECIAL MEASURES JUST TO KEEP HER UNDER CONTROL. HURRY UP AND HELP ME WITH HER - I HAD TO CORD HER NECK. I DON'T THINK SHE'LL LAST LONG.

THE TRADER TOOK NO CHANCES. HE NORMALLY WOULD HAVE JUST CHLOROFORMED HER BUT KNEW WILD THOROUGHBREDS LIKE HER NEEDED DISCIPLINE EARLIER ON. BUT SHE WAS PROVING A HANDFUL. HE WANTED TO MINIMISE ANY INJURY BUT NEEDED AN EFFECTIVE WAY TO TIP THE SCALES IN HIS FAVOUR. IT WORKED AND SHE WAS NO LONGER ABLE TO MAKE HER LIMBS RESPOND TO HER MIND'S COMMANDS TO RUN, FIGHT, OR SCREAM. THE BONDAGE WAS JUST THE ADDED TOUCH TO ILLUSTRATE HER HELPLESSNESS.



ARGH! THAT STUCK-UP BITCH! YOU WAIT UNTIL I GET HER BACK!

HURRY UP, BEN! IT SEEMS YOUR CHARMS DIDN'T WORK ON THIS HELLCAT.

YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO TAKE IT OUT ON HER LATER, BUT FOR NOW, LET'S GET HER INTO THE VAN, SECURE HER, AND REMOVE THE GARROTTE. AS ATTRACTIVE AS SHE IS, SHE WON'T BE OF ANY USE TO US IF SHE'S NOT BREATHING.

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UGH... OK, OK. I FEEL THAT, AMII. NOT SO ARROGANT NOW, ARE YOU? NO COMEBACK? DON'T GET YOUR KNICKERS IN A TWIST... YOU DO WEAR A BRA, DON'T YOU, AMII?

UUUUCCCCCKKKK!



AMII DESPERATELY TRIED TO SCREAM AND KICK HER LEGS, BUT THE MEN JUST GRIPPED HER HARDER AND HAULED HER UP. UNABLE TO BREATHE, HER BRIGHT BLUE EYES BULGING, SHE COULD NOW SEE THE INSIDE OF THE VAN.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, IT WAS OVER. AMII'S LAST CHANCE TO ESCAPE WAS GONE. SHE WAS IN A STATE OF DELIRIUM AND UNAWARE OF HER IMPENDING FATE. THE ONLY SOUNDS BESIDES THE RADIO WERE THE DEADLOCK CLICKING SHUT ON THE VAN. IT WAS AS IF AMII GROVE HAD NEVER EXISTED AT ALL.



AMII'S MIND WAS NOW SCREAMING AT HER TO SCREAM; HER LAST CHANCE TO ESCAPE WAS ALMOST GONE. BUT SHE COULD NOT TAKE A BREATH. SHE STARTED TO FLAIL AROUND BLINDLY JUST AS THEY MADE IT TO THE FIRE EXIT AND THE OPEN VAN. SHE CHOKED AS A MUFFLED SOUND CAME OUT, BUT THE BONDAGE AND THE VILE CHOKER MAINTAINED PRESSURE ON HER NECK.

MEANWHILE, AT THE SAME TIME... THE BUSIEST PARTS OF THE SCHOOL WERE THE GYM AND THE CAFETERIA. THERE WERE ONLY A FEW CLASSES. LIKEWISE, THE LIBRARY WAS QUIET, WITH MAINLY SOPHOMORES EXCEPT FOR ONE SENIOR. SUSAN WARD WAS SITTING WHERE SHE HAD BEEN FOR THE LAST HOUR, PRETENDING TO STUDY, STILL CONVINCED THAT SHE WAS BEING WATCHED.

JEEZ! NO MESSAGES OR CALLS. WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY HAVEN'T FREDDY OR MARIA CALLED OR MESSAGED? THEY MUST HAVE RECEIVED MY MESSAGE BY NOW. I CAN ONLY HOPE THEY WERE SMART ENOUGH TO REALISE NOT TO CALL MY PHONE. STILL, NOT EVEN A CALL FROM AMII ABOUT BLOWING HER OFF. I BET SHE'S ANGRY NOW.

THIS IS CRAZY. THEY CAN'T STILL BE WATCHING ME. WHAT PURPOSE DOES IT SERVE TO KEEP ME HERE UNLESS THEY WANTED ME OUT OF THE WAY? BUT WHY? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. THEY WANT TO GET TO MY FOLKS.

WHAT.... A TEXT?

BUZZZZZZ

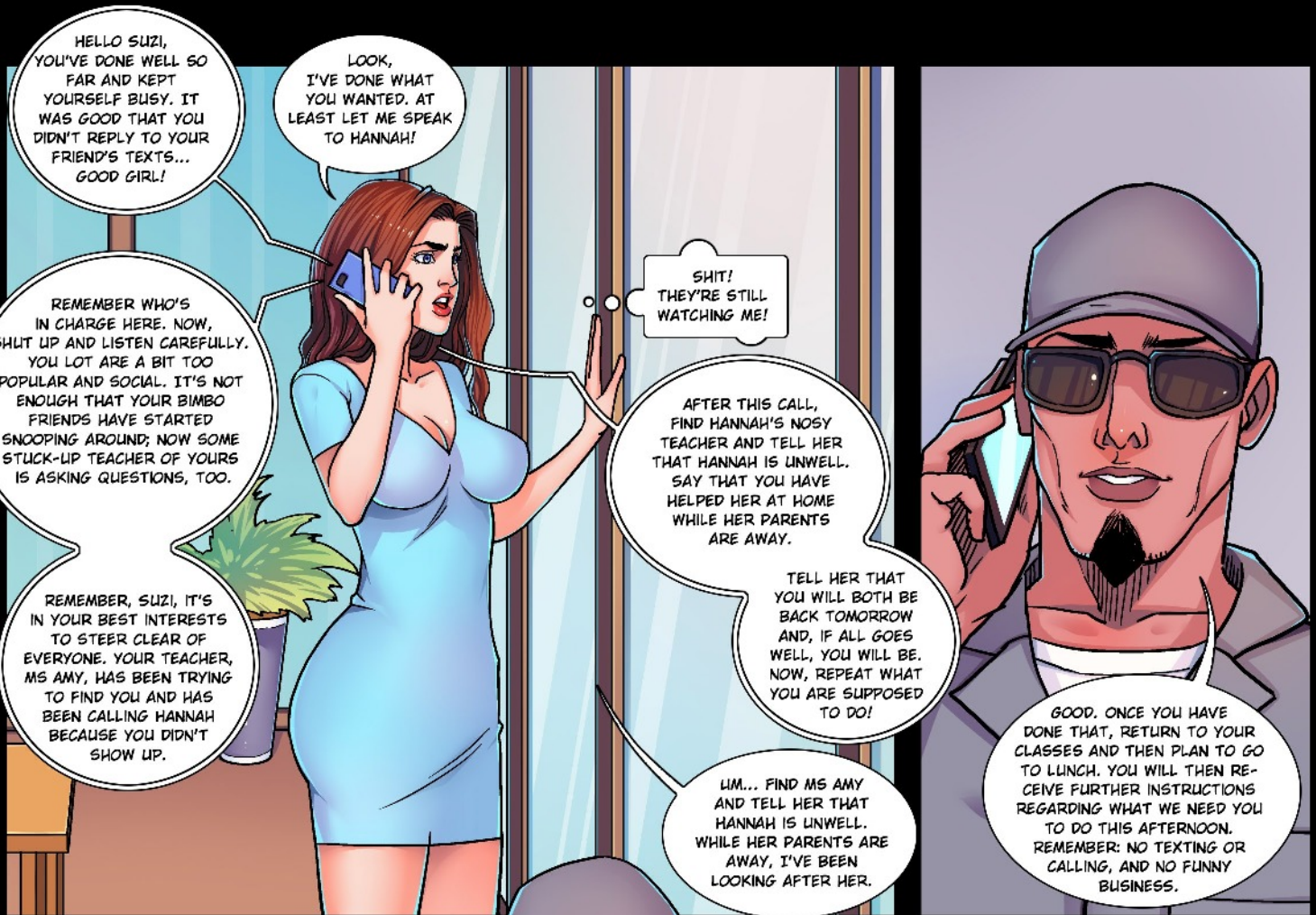
WHAT A RELIEF! AMII'S FINE, BUT SHE'S ANGRY WITH ME. I SHOULD TEXT HER BACK, BUT WAIT... I CAN'T. I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO CONTACT A SINGLE SOUL.... WAIT, ANOTHER TEXT? BUT FROM WHO?

WTF? THE COACH HAS NO IDEA WHAT U TALKING ABOUT. HAD A HUGE ARGUMENT WITH HIM. KIERA IS DENNYING EVERYTHING. GOT THROWN OFF THE TEAM AND TOLD TO CALM DOWN. WHERE DID U HEAR THIS NEWS. DAMN I'M PISSED, WHERE ARE YOU? RING ME OR I'LL SEE YOU AT LUNCH.

YO GIRL, WE STILL MEETING UP FOR LUNCH? I'LL MEET UP AT THE DINER AT AROUND 12.30. IS HANNAH COMMING. AMII SAYS SHE HOOKED UP WITH THAT GUY. YOU HEARD FROM HER?

DAMN IT! SORRY, GIRLS. I HAVE TO KEEP YOU OUT OF THIS. IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE THIS. IT'S THE SUMMER BEFORE COLLEGE; WE WERE SUPPOSED TO GO TO PARIS. EVERYTHING WAS PLANNED. GOD, HANNAH, THIS IS SO FUCKED UP.

I BET THAT BEN GUY IS INVOLVED. I WAS INTO HIM, BUT AS USUAL, HANNAH GOT THE GUY. IT LOOKS LIKE HE ONLY HAD EYES FOR ONE OF US... IT LOOKS LIKE SHE GOT MORE THAN SHE WANTED... SHIT, WHAT AM I SAYING? WHAT KIND OF FRIEND AM I? I HOPE SHE'S OK... WAIT, THE PHONE IS BUZZING... IT'S THEM!



THE GENTLEMAN WOULD HAVE BEEN GRATIFIED TO KNOW THAT AMII GROVE WAS WEARING A BRA. HAD HE NOT BEEN DRIVING HIS NEW TOY TO THEIR NEW HIDEOUT, HE WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT HER BRA AND PANTIES WERE THE ONLY ITEMS OF CLOTHING SHE WAS WEARING. BUT THAT WASN'T WHY SHE WAS DISTRESSED.

THE WAY AMII WAS TIED UP GAVE A WHOLE NEW MEANING TO THE WORD 'HOG-TIE'. HER LEGS WERE ONE THING, BUT THE TRADER HAD LASHED HER ELBOWS TOGETHER WITH A TOUGH, NARROW CORD THAT BIT DEEPLY INTO HER SMOOTH, UNPROTECTED BRONZE SKIN. A GIRL'S ELBOWS AREN'T MEANT TO MEET BEHIND HER BACK. BUT THEY DID, BOWING HER BACK AND FORCING HER 34C BREASTS DEEP INTO THE CUPS OF HER BRA.



YOU REALLY ARE THE HOTTEST BODY IN THIS SCHOOL. YOU HAVE A PERFECTLY PLACED SET OF HOLES.

I'VE BEEN WAITING TO GET MY HANDS ON THIS HOTTIE FOR A WHILE NOW, AND TRUST ME, YOU'LL BE GETTING A LOT OF ATTENTION.



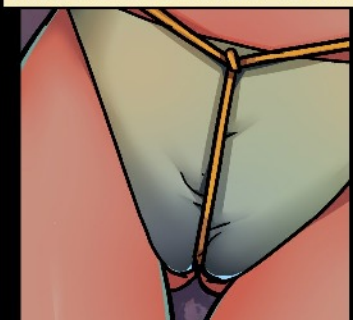
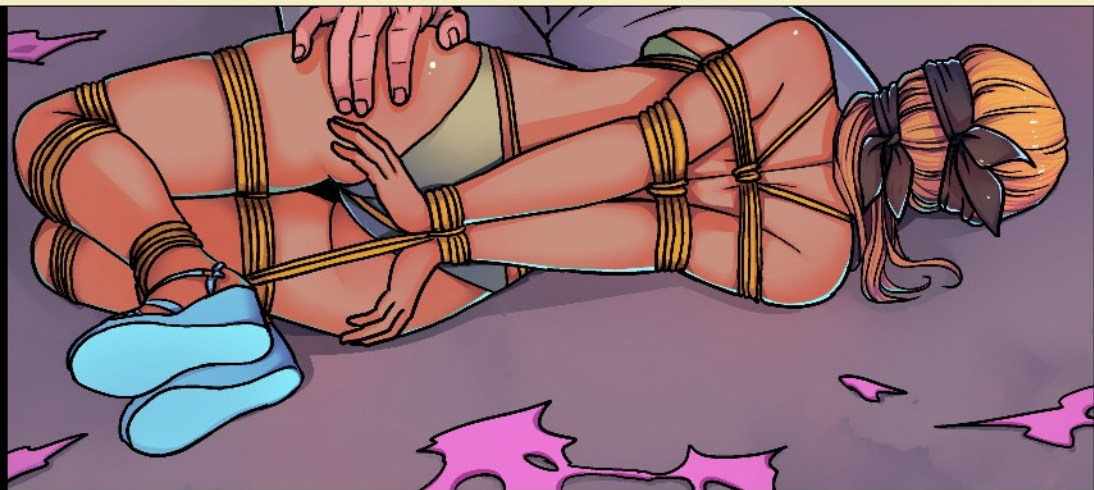
MMMMPPPHHHH!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: PEOPLE WILL MISS YOU. YOUR FRIENDS WILL SOUND THE ALARM. SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU.

IT'S THE LAST WEEK OF SCHOOL, SO NO ONE'S AROUND. NO ONE KNOWS YOU'RE HERE. NO ONE WILL KNOW IF YOU'RE TAKEN. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO YOU USED TO BE. YOUR STRENGTH, FRIENDS, INTELLIGENCE AND MONEY MEAN NOTHING ANYMORE. NONE OF THAT WILL HELP YOU ESCAPE.

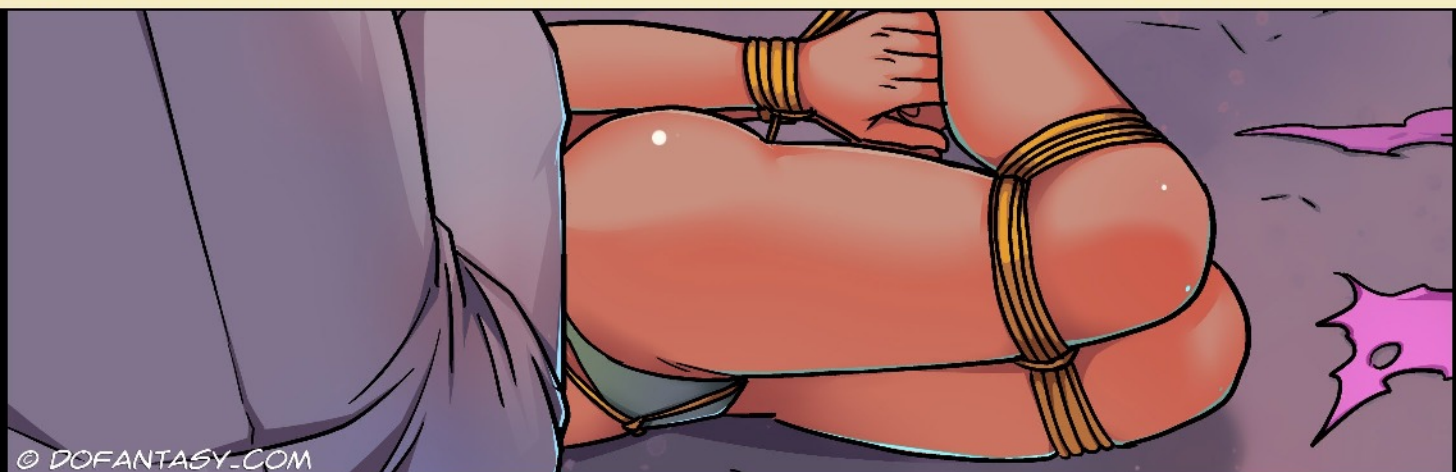
BELOW THAT, ANOTHER STRAND WAS WRAPPED SO TIGHTLY AROUND HER 22-INCH WAIST THAT IT WAS ALMOST INVISIBLE. AT FIRST GLANCE, THIS STRAND SEEMED TO EXIST ONLY TO CAUSE HER PAIN. HOWEVER, IF YOU LOOKED MORE CLOSELY, YOU COULD SEE THAT A LINE OF CORD RAN FROM HER WRISTS, BETWEEN HER LACE-COVERED BUTTOCKS AND DOWN BETWEEN HER LEGS.

THE ROPE EMERGED FROM THE CROTCH AND RAN UPWARDS, BISECTING THE SMALL TRIANGLE COVERING HER TIGHT PUSSY. IT WAS FASTENED TO THE WAIST-CUTTER.



EVEN BEFORE THE HOGTIE, IT WAS CLEAR THAT THE CROTCH TIE HAD BEEN PULLED SO TIGHTLY THAT IT HAD DRAGGED THE GUSSET AT THE BASE OF HER KNICKERS WELL INTO HER VULVA.

HER LEGS WERE NO BETTER. THERE WAS APPARENTLY NO SHORTAGE OF THE HARD, PAINFUL CORD. THERE WAS NO SLACK IN THE LEG TIES. BENDING HER LEGS AND FASTENING HER ANKLES TO HER WRISTS FORCED HER LEG MUSCLES TO EXPAND AND TEAR AT THE CORD. THE PAIN WAS SO INTENSE THAT IT ALMOST MADE AMII FORGET THE AGONY IN HER ELBOWS. THE FACT THAT SHE COULD STILL FEEL THE PAIN IN HER ELBOWS WAS TESTAMENT TO HOW PAINFUL THE ELBOW TIE WAS.



THE MUSCLES IN HER LEGS WERE LIKE COILED SPRINGS, ACHING TO BE RELEASED. THE ONLY THING PREVENTING THEM FROM FLYING OPEN WAS THE CROTCH ROPE. THE NOW TRUSSED-UP AND MUZZLED STUDENT HAD TWO OPTIONS. SHE COULD EITHER CONTINUE TO FIGHT THE PAIN IN HER LEGS, OR SHE COULD LET THE CROTCH ROPE TAKE THE STRAIN. SHE HAD CHOSEN THE FORMER. HOWEVER, HER NUMB LEGS WERE TELLING HER THAT THIS CHOICE WOULD SOON BE TAKEN AWAY FROM HER. NOT EVEN THE LACE FABRIC OF HER PANTIES WOULD PROVIDE ADEQUATE PROTECTION WHEN THE TIME CAME.

THE TRADER KNEW HOW TO EXPLOIT THE FEMALE FORM. REMAINING PROFESSIONAL AT ALL TIMES, HE FOCUSED ON HIS JOB OF KEEPING THEIR TARGET QUIET AND DISTRACTED. TO KEEP HIS PRETTY CAPTIVE BREATHING, HE REPLACED THE PLASTIC PULL-TIE ON HER NECK WITH A LENGTH OF CORD, LEAVING IT TIED TO THE ROPE AROUND HER ANKLES. HE HAD TIGHTENED IT SO MUCH THAT IT PULLED HER HEAD RIGHT BACK, HER KNEES CLEAR OF THE FLOOR. THIS PUT EVEN MORE STRAIN ON THE CROTCH ROPE. THE REAL BEAUTY OF IT WAS THAT THE FORMERLY FEISTY SURFER GIRL COULD ONLY LIE STILL.

YOU SEE, YOUR HOT BODY IS WORTH MORE THAN MONEY. HOWEVER, IF YOU TRAIN IT WELL, IT WILL SERVE A PURPOSE.

STOP FIGHTING! WHEN I TIE A WOMAN UP, SHE STAYS TIED UP. WHEN I GAG HER, SHE STAYS QUIET. THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT. YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET COMFORTABLE. WHEN TRANSPORTING MERCHANDISE, IT'S IMPORTANT TO KEEP THEM SILENCED, STUFFED AND STIMULATED.

FUCK NO! ... LET ME GO! YOU BASTARDS!

THE EFFECT WAS BOTH PARALYSING AND INDUCING SPASMS. SHE WAS LITTERLY SHOCKED BY HER OWN HELPLESSNESS. SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD KICK AND SCREAM, BUT AS SOON AS THE VAN DOOR SHUT AND THE ENGINE STARTED, ALL SHE COULD DO WAS TREMBLE AGONISINGLY WITH EACH BREATH, AS IF LIGHTNING WERE SHOOTING FROM HER CHEST AND BETWEEN HER LEGS.

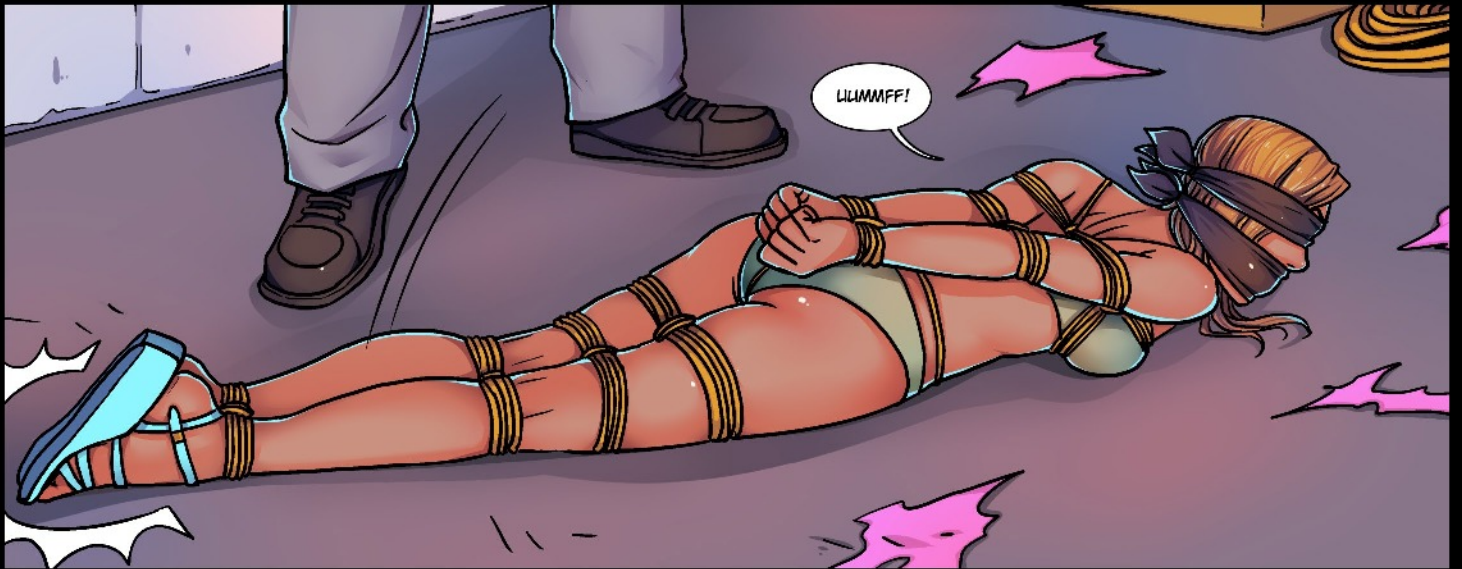
HE TOOK HIS TIME WITH HER SPECTACULAR BEHIND, SQUEEZING AND KNEADING HER PLUMP BUTTOCKS AND PARTING THEM. HE MARVELLED AT HOW EACH BUTTOCK SPRANG BACK INTO PLACE AND AT HOW THE ROPE SANK DEEP INTO HER ASS CRACK.

LYING ON HER WASHBOARD STOMACH, SHE SPASMED FEBBLY. SWEAT POURED OFF HER SKIN AND TEARS STREAMED FROM HER EYES. HER TWO-PART GAG WAS SOAKED WITH DROOL.

HE REGRETTED PUTTING THE ROPE THERE; HE HAD WANTED TO TEST HER ANAL RING'S RESISTANCE, BUT THAT WOULD HAVE TO WAIT.

GET THE LITTLE BITCH READY - WE'RE HERE!

THE TRADER KNEW THAT TRAINING HAD TO START NOW. HE KNEW THAT HE HAD TO START THE POWER PLAY IMMEDIATELY, LAYING THE GROUNDWORK FOR HIS DOMINATION OF HER AND DEMONSTRATING HER HELPLESSNESS.





THEY HAD ARRIVED AT HANNAH ROSE'S HOUSE, ALTHOUGH MS GROVE WAS UNAWARE OF THIS. THE ABDUCTORS QUICKLY TRANSPORTED THE EXHAUSTED CAPTIVE. SHE STILL HAD SOME FIGHT LEFT IN HER, KICKING AND SCREAMING. THIS MADE THE TRADER HARD. THE COOL AIR FELT REFRESHING TO AMII; THE SWEAT FROM ALL THE RESTRAINT AND STRUGGLING GLISTENED, AND SHE WAS NOW MORE AWARE OF HER BODY.

THEY PASSED THROUGH THE DOOR INTO THE LOUNGE OF THE LUXURY HOUSE. ALTHOUGH AMII HAD NO IDEA WHERE HER KIDNAPPERS HAD TAKEN HER, SHE WAS NOW ALL TOO FAMILIAR WITH HER SURROUNDINGS.



SAY HELLO TO
MS HANNAH ROSE! OH,
I SEE, YOU KNOW EACH OTHER.
WE'VE BEEN ENTERTAINING HER
SINCE YESTERDAY. I'M AFRAID
I LIED ABOUT THE FAMILY
VINEYARD, BUT I DID SHOW
HER MY OWN VINE.

MMMMPPHHH!

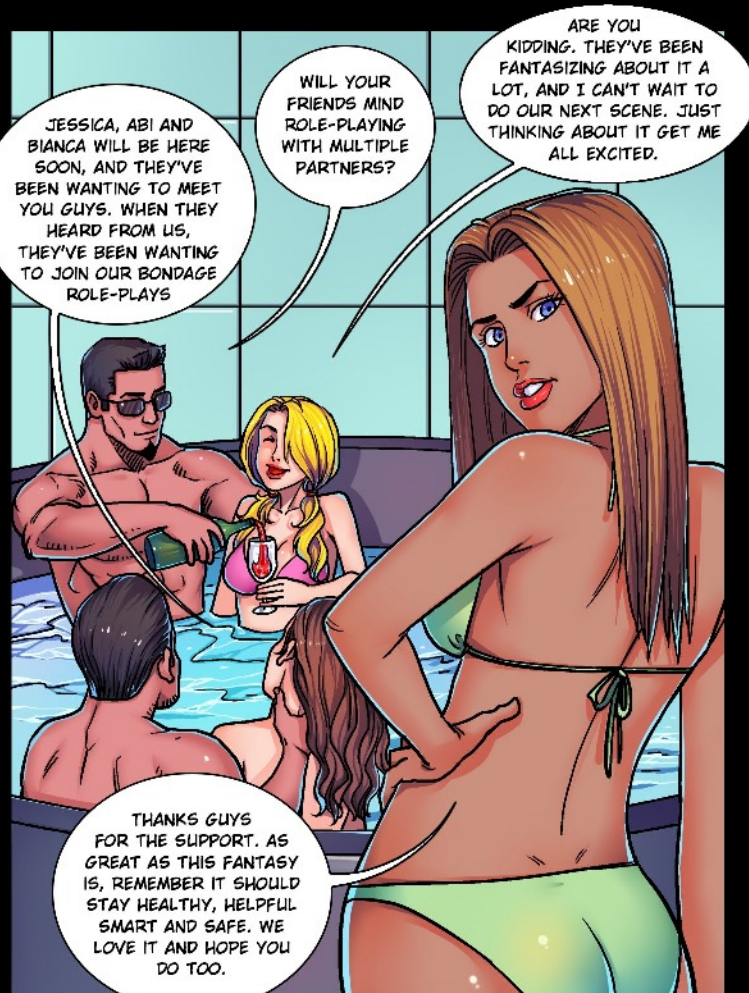
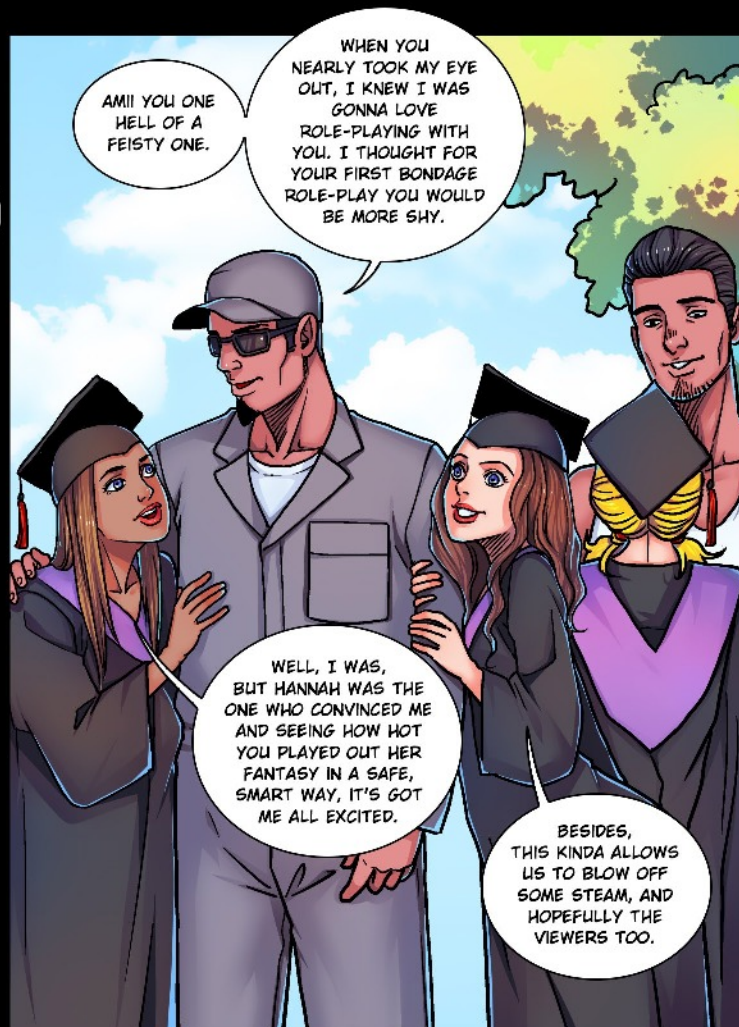
AMII WAS UNAWARE THAT HANNAH HAD BEEN THERE
SINCE LAST NIGHT. SHE HAD BEEN BOUND AND
GAGGED, AND FUCKED, SODOMISED AND STIMULATED
EVERY HOUR BY HER TWO ABDUCTORS ALL NIGHT.
SHE WAS ONLY GIVEN A BREAK AT 3 AM, WHEN
SHE WAS TIED UP AS SHE IS NOW. WHILE HER
KIDNAPPERS MAY HAVE GOT SOME REST BEFORE
THEIR 'PROJECT', SHE CERTAINLY DIDN'T. AMII WAS
ABOUT TO FIND THAT OUT FOR HERSELF.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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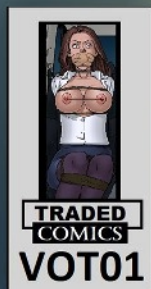
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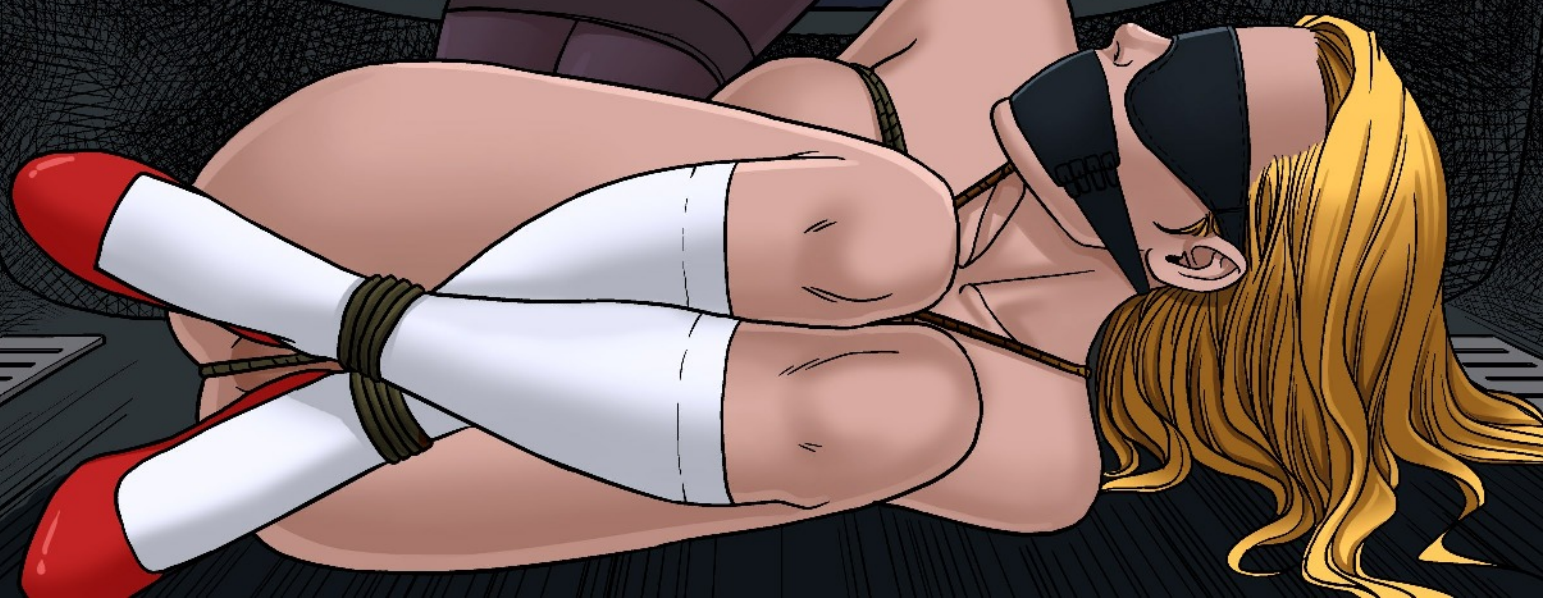


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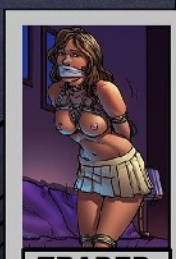
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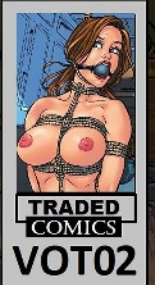
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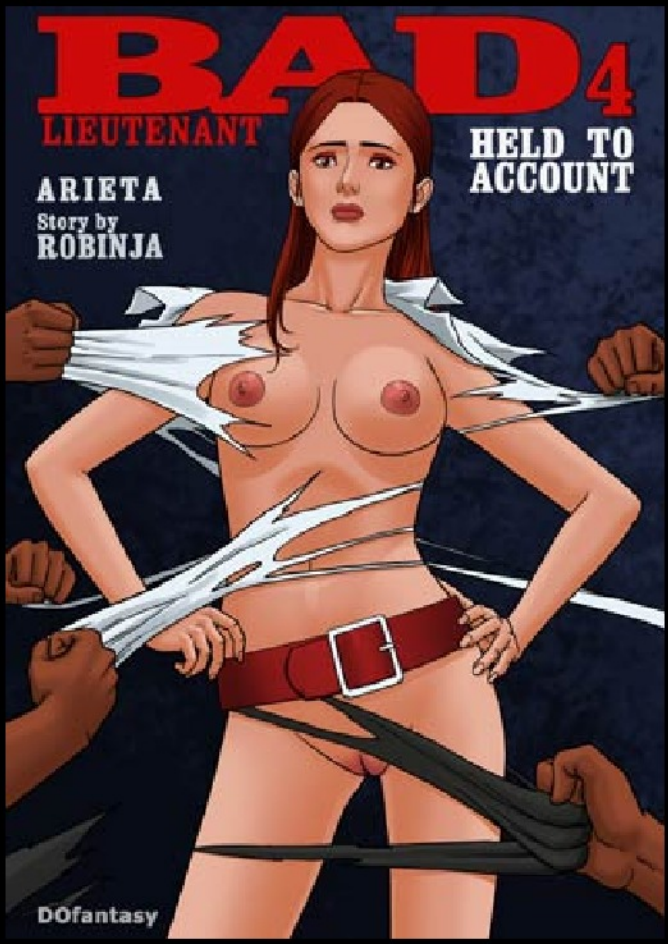
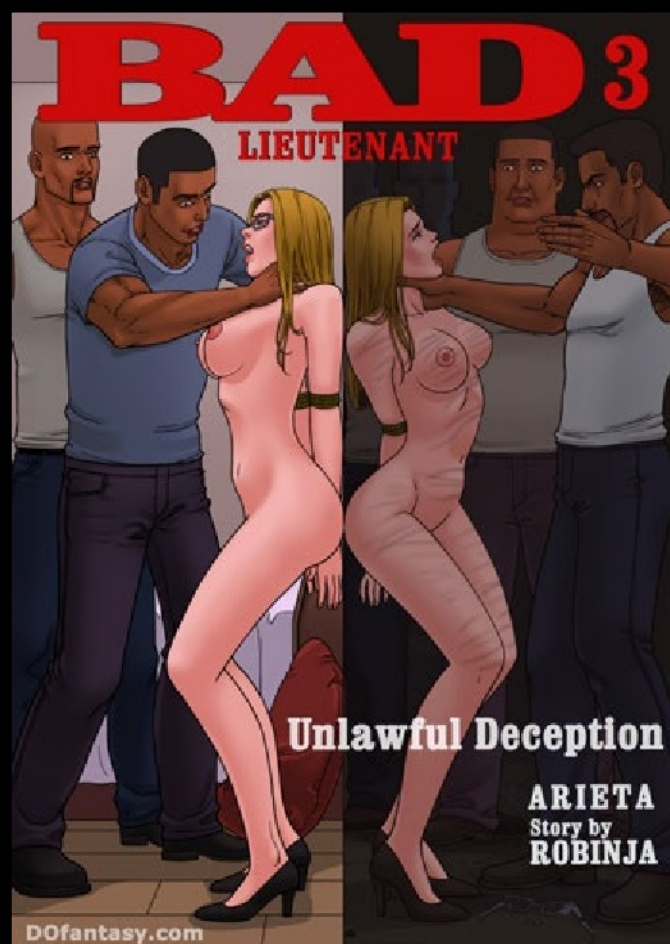
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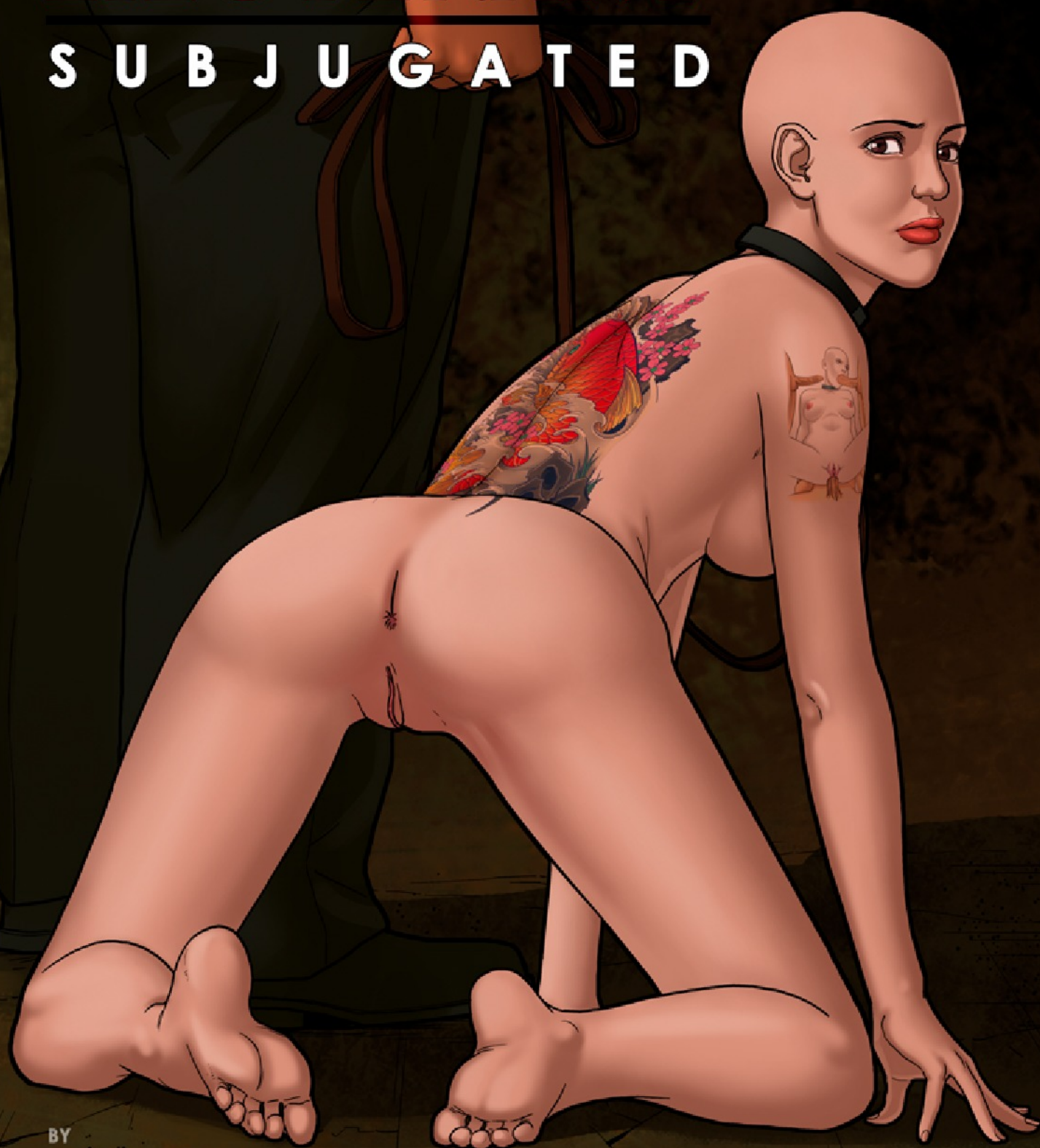
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