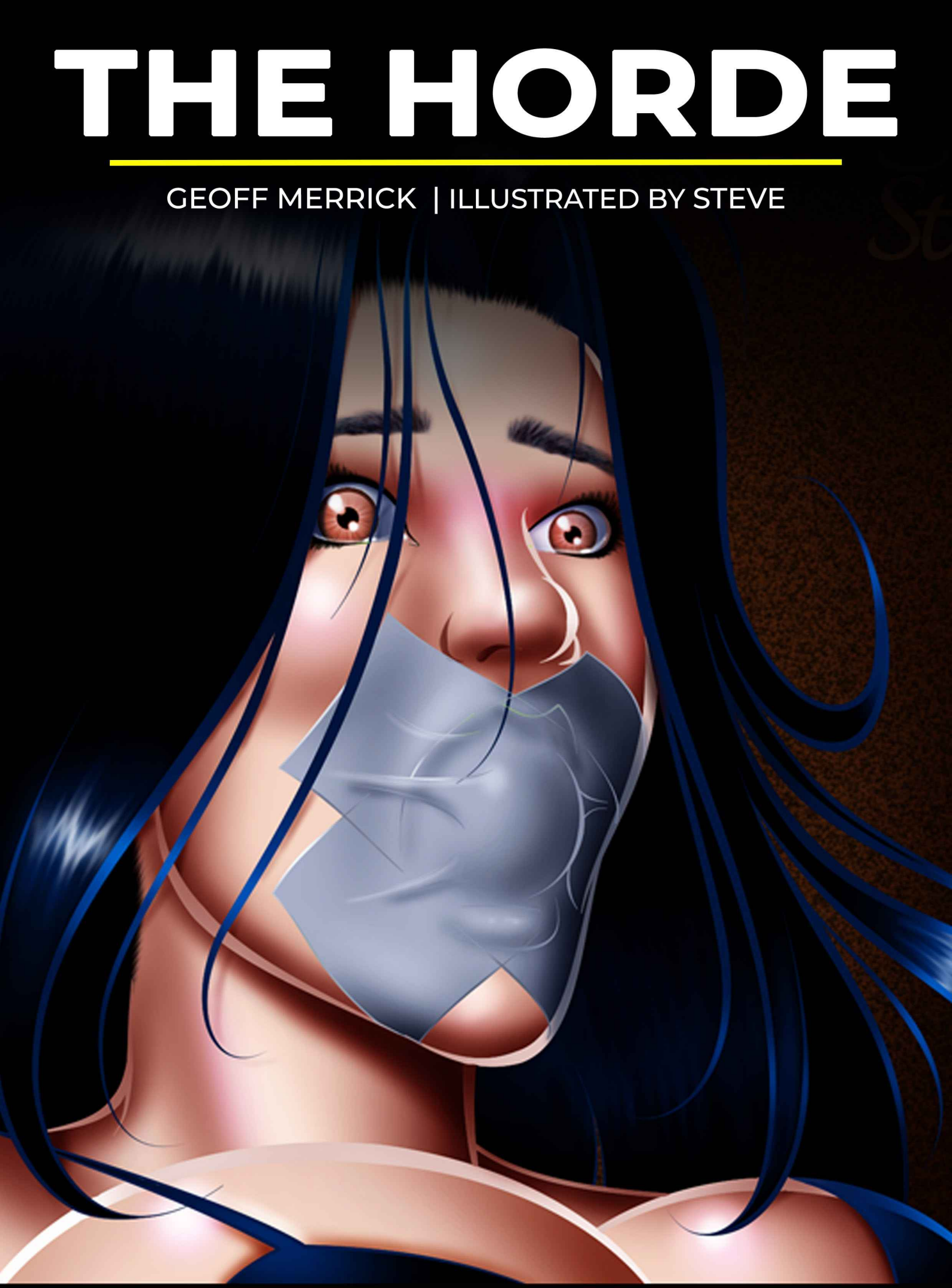
THE HORDE

GEOFF MERRICK | ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE



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IMPORTANT

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All characters are 18 years old or older.
This comic contains entirely fictional work based on cartoon characters for adult entertainment. It shows no real people or events. The characters are shown participating in CONSENSUAL role-play for their own personal satisfaction, simulating activities which involve sexual dominance and submission.
No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

THE ORDE

a Geoffrey Merrick novel
illustrated by Steve

The first one was an awful coincidence.

They were coming out of the Sunset Strip dance club and she was walking toward them to go in. Seth, the youngest brother, liked the way the 18 year-old, 5'4", 105 pound.

Amer-Asian with the long, lustrous black hair looked in the black, plunging v-necked micro-mini dress and four-inch high heels.

And she just happened to be at the mouth of an alley when they were about to pass.

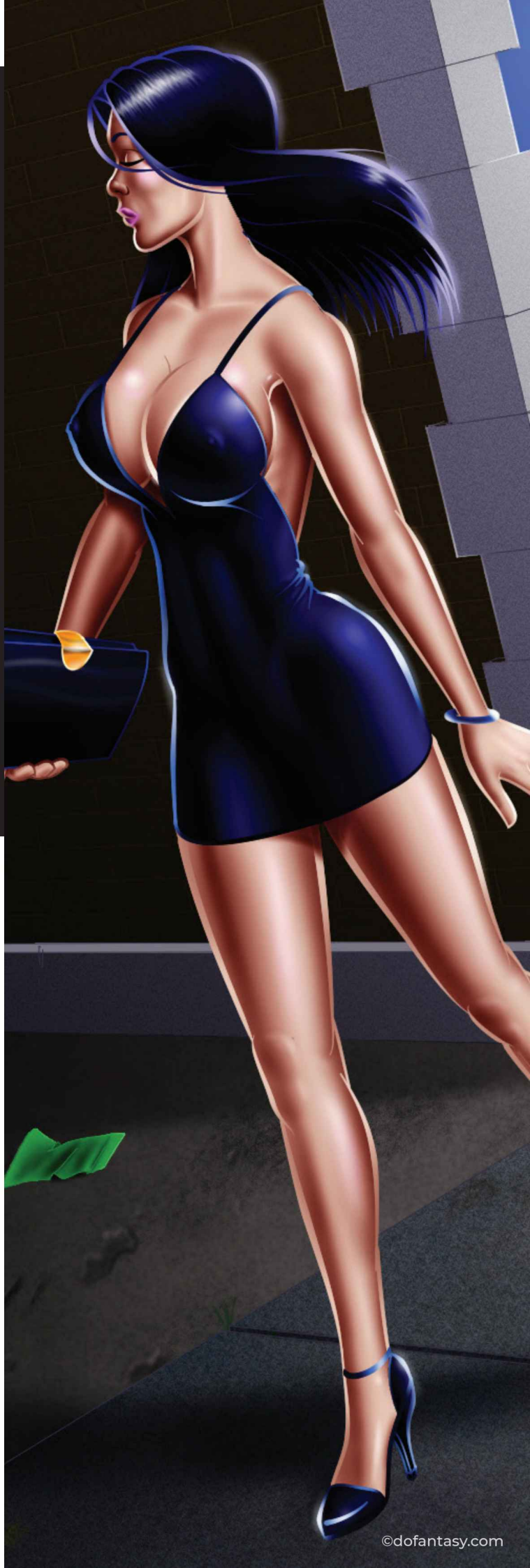
So Seth just shoved her, she stumbled into the alley, and the other boys followed.

"Hey, baby," he taunted, coming at her, "lookin' good!"

"What do you want?" she gasped in a small, surprised voice, backing up.

"What do you think we want, baby?" Sean, the middle brother, chimed in.

"What you got!"





She suddenly looked down, seemingly realizing what she was wearing, and how it displayed her big American breasts against her creamy smooth Asian skin.

"Get away...," she warned unconvincingly. "I'll scream...!"

But then Sam, the oldest, grabbed her wrist and suddenly he was behind her, her arm twisted all the way up her back, his other hand tightly clamped over her mouth.

"You'll do what, bitch?" he whispered sarcastically. "What will you do, slit?"

The others just stared in wonder at how her curvy body was pulled back, her chest heaving, and her eyes pained and trapped by the way he had cut off any sound she could make.



Her free hand was around his gagging arm, where they could see her fine fingers and red-painted fingernails. Then, of course, with her bent back like that, they could also see her black g-string.

Sean was first, not even waiting for any kind of signal. He lunged forward and ripped off her panty with one tug. At the same time he pulled his hard-on out.

Within seconds, they had her sandwiched against the back wall, behind the dumpster, next to the steel emergency exit door, fucking her.

She started to scream, but Sam just wrenched her twisted arm up higher, turning the muffled sounds into a gasp.

Then she groaned, grunted, and moaned as Sean's big cock kept impaling her and Sam clamped ever tighter over her mouth.

She was on the tippy-toes of her high heels when Seth tore her plunging neckline aside. Her fine firm tits popped free and had hardly settled when Seth grabbed them, mashing them like video game handles.



"Boys," Sam grunted. "Come and get it!"

Out front, the crowd waited patiently to get into the club. Around the side, in the alley, a pack of boys took turns raping a captive Asian beauty, only the very tips of her stiletto heels peeking out from the side of the dumpster. There, in the wet darkness, her golden skin, covered in sweat, gleamed in the warm night air, her face flesh bulging around the hand clamping her mouth shut.

She tried clawing or pushing her rapists away with her free hand, but Seth just grabbed her wrist, mashing one breast, as he held her arm away from his thrusting, grunting older brother.



Oh man," he breathed. "She's so tight...!" Then he came in her, her legs straightening, her back arching. She screamed uselessly under Sam's hand as the cum spurted up inside her.

CHAPTER

II

Out front, the lights were bright, but in the alley the lights were dim as the girl sat on Sam's lap...and hard-on.

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They had tied her lovely ankles to her spectacular thighs with the white plastic pull-ties they all carried for just such an occasion—her skirt yanked up to her slim waist. Her arms were wrenched behind her, handcuffed behind Sam's back as he filled his hands with her fine, full tits...squeezing in counter-rhythm to his surging between her kneeling legs.

Over her lower face was tape...lots of it. Sam kept a roll of super-sticky dark gray plaster-tape in his pocket just to feel secure, and he had used it to seal her luscious lips around her sodden panties and the doggy ball Seth always carried to exercise his fingers.

Her eyes widened once again in fear and wonder, then narrowed, furrowing her brow, in pain and disbelief as the cock surged up into her again



Seth and Sean stood on either side of her, holding her lustrous mane of hair tightly in one each of their fists, keeping her head up–away from the edge of the dumpster–and from slamming back into Sam's face.

They masturbated with their other hands.

Cum spurt into the gorgeous, young AmerAsian's face from the left, making her grimace and try to turn away.



CHAPTER III

"Got her address book?"

"Yeah."

"Let's go then."

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That was the last words she heard them say as she sank into unconsciousness inside the dumpster and they walked away

She was inside the big, rectangular garbage receptacle, bound tightly into a ball, her arms wrenched tightly up her back, and tied to the cord which sunk all the way into her breasts.

Her neck was tied to her knees.
Her knees were tied together, as were her ankles.

Then her ankles were retied to her thighs. Her dress was tied over her eyes and taped mouth. She was inside a plastic, knotted garbage bag. Her shoes lay in the corner of the dumpster.

"Kim Henderson," Sean read from her wallet as they walked innocently away. "Jap?"

"Korean," Sam corrected. "Only Kores are that hot."

They stepped out onto the sidewalk, watching the line outside the club jockey for position–blissfully unaware that a teenager who put their seethingly hip looks to shame had been fiercely fucked and trapped just yards away from them. Was there still, in fact; naked, cum-streaked, and bound and gagged so brutally she couldn't crawl to them or call for their help.



No wonder the North Korean prez snatches South Korean babes to rape 'em," Seth muttered, remembering the sensation as he fucked her up the ass as she lay on the bottom of the dumpster.

"Any likely customers?" Sam asked casually as they walked by the line.

"Rebecca Anders," Seth read from the address book's "A" section. "Sounds nice."

She was nice. The brothers couldn't believe it when they staked out her address in West Hollywood.

Into the parking area of the basic apartment house went a little sporty Civic, and out of the compact car came a stunningly sultry but sweet 20-year-old brunette. She couldn't have been more than five feet, three inches tall, even with the three-inch, ankle-strap high heels. She wore a light-brown sun dress which laced up the front, holding in round, high, buoyant breasts that had to be at least C-cups.

The body was great, sure,, but her face made the package complete. Sweet red lips, a pert nose, and sparkling brown eyes held in a slightly triangular face -- framed by bouncy, somewhat wavy hair which swept down to her shoulders. Unaware of their vantage point, she merely slung her pocketbook over her shapely shoulder, walked to the front door of her first floor apartment, and let herself in with her key.

I want her," Seth said from the alley across the street. "Let's get her now."



"Easy, boy, easy," Sam said with a smile, stepping back toward their van. "We will, but not until we're ready."

"When will that be?" Seth whined.

Sam turned back with a grin. "When she can't scream loud enough for her neighbors to hear, and when she can't run, fight, or escape," he answered.

Then Rebecca's roommate came home.

Sean stared in wonder, making little noises and waving feebly for his brothers to look. She couldn't have been more than 18, straight, dark blond hair, slim, maybe 5'6" tall in her sneakers, t-shirt, and overalls, and no more than 110 pounds.

"College student?" Sam wondered.

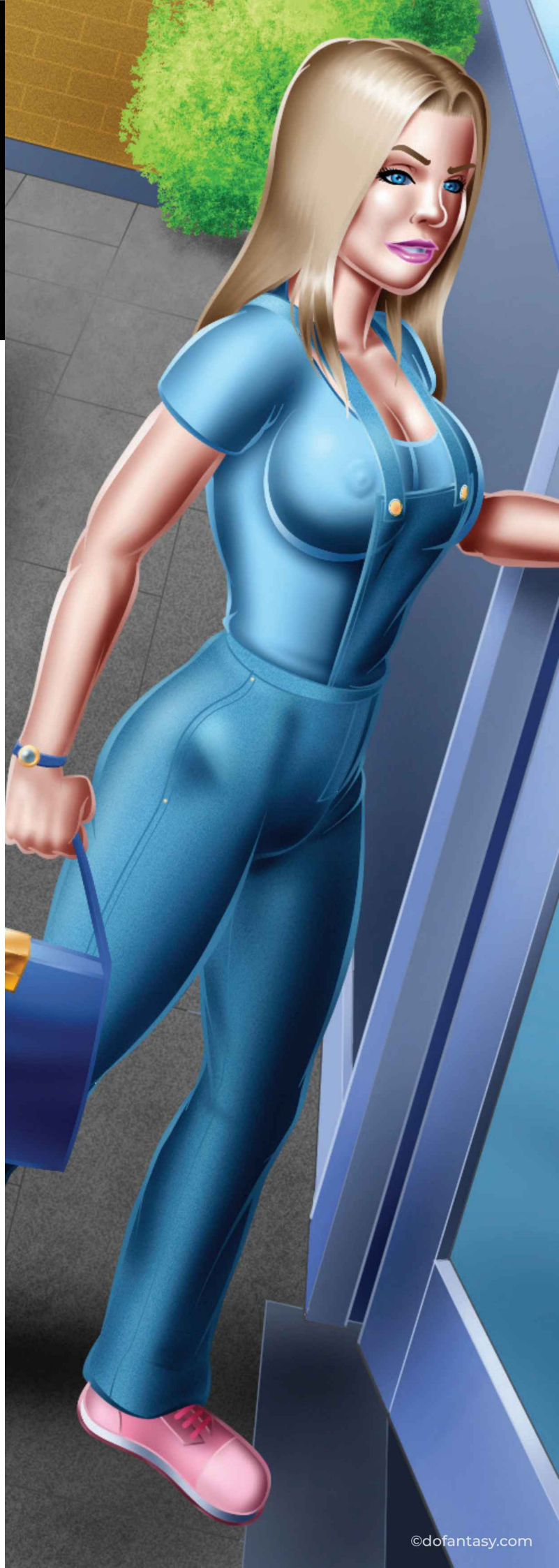
"High school," Sean countered. "Has to be high school. Liberal parents letting her stay away from home, maybe?"

"Living with her sister?" Seth asked.

"Cousin, I bet," Sam said. "Bet she's from the east coast, living with her cousin from across the country."

"How do you know that?" Seth whined, looking up at him partly in wonder and partly in annoyance.

Sam looked down at him with a widening smile. "Psychic," he said pleasantly, before looking back up, his smile shrinking. "In any case, it don't make no difference. They're gonna be in no position to tell anybody anything...."



CHAPTER IV

She seemed to still, sigh, and collapse
as Sean caught her.

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He dragged her silently into her own room and swiftly, silently, swung the door until it was only open a crack.

Sam, meanwhile, pressed himself against the wall near the entrance to the living room.

"Amy?" Rebecca called from the couch. "Come on, you're gonna miss it."

They had been watching movies as the boys had silently come in the back door off the alley that ran behind the apartment building. Sam, who had easily picked the lock, had snuck into the brunette's room, as Seth and Sean slipped into Amy's room to wait. Each was a basic enclosure...only the furniture was slightly different. Amy had an overstuffed mattress on the floor. Rebecca had a four-poster bed. Both had their lights off, and both had their windows closed and shuttered.

Sam hit the younger blond girl on the back of the head with a padded kosh as she came out of the bathroom.





Even in the gloom, the boys held their breaths. Amy was braless, her amazingly buoyant breasts obvious under her pastel blue t-shirt. She wore only white panties under the denim; her waist, hips, and legs slim, smooth and luscious.

"Amy?" Rebecca called again. "Amy, you okay?"

She was not okay. Seth had forced another exercise ball into her mouth behind her teeth. Her eyelids fluttered as her arms were wrenched behind her back, her wrists and elbows secured with plastic pull-ties. Sean pressed the tape over her lips as he kneeled between her slack, shapely legs.

Even as the brunette called, Seth was unclipping Amy's overalls, and Sean was slipping them off her body.

"Amy?" the brunette called once more, standing in the living room entrance, her shoes off, her dress coming only to mid-thigh. "Where are you?"

She stepped toward the blonde's door. Sam came up behind her.

The sound she made as he propelled her through the blonde's door was part bleat, part gasp, then it was all muffled as he slammed her down to the mattress with his body.

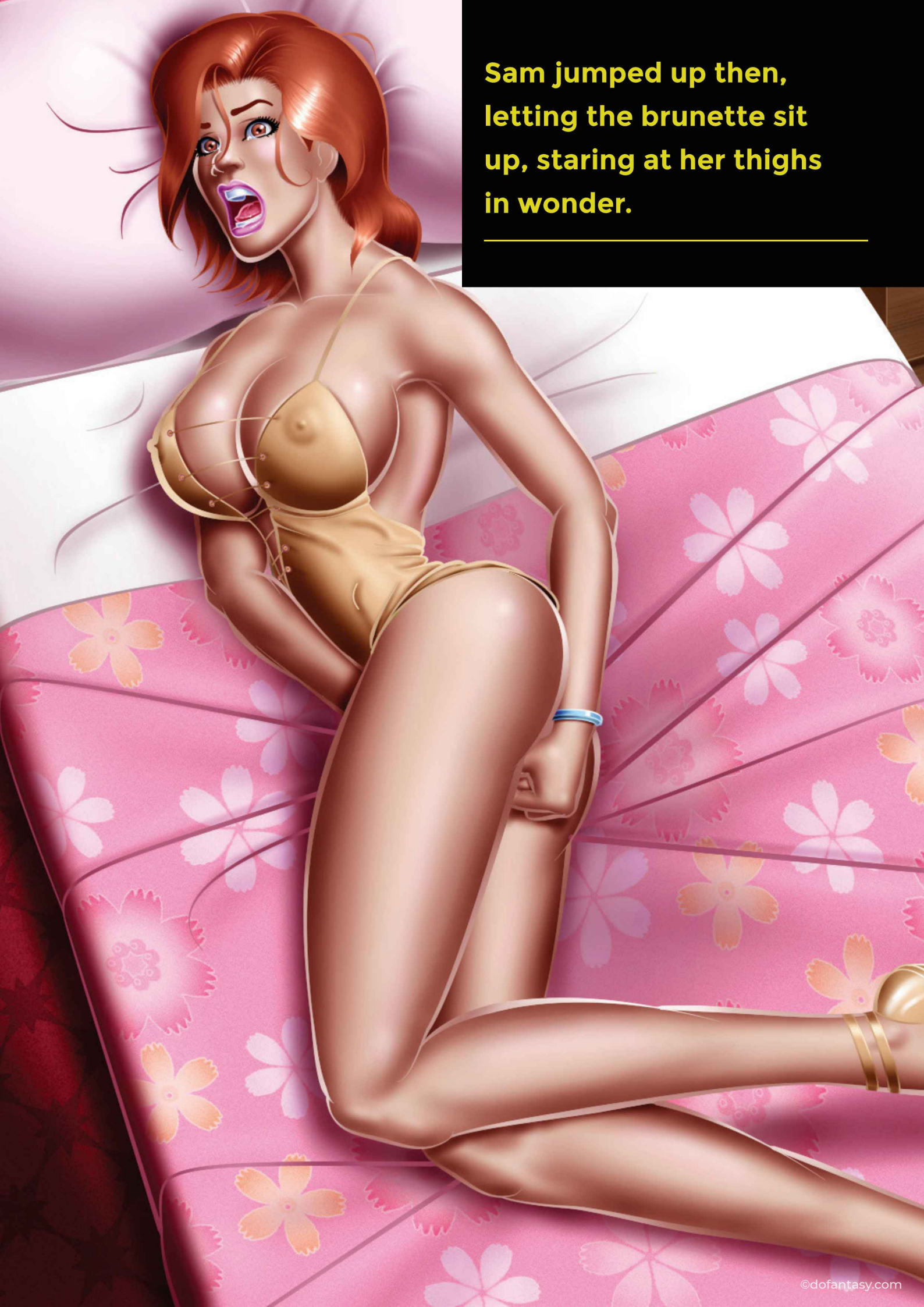
Forcing her head deep into the stuffing and piled pillows, Sam planted his knee in the middle of the brunette's back.

"Shut...up, bitch!" he hissed as he clipped the handcuffs around one wind-milling wrist, then yanked it down between her legs.

Grabbing her other wrist, he slammed his hands between her legs, just under her muff, and miraculously clipped the other cuff around her wrist there. Suddenly the brunette had a chain between her legs, one hand at her firm, round rump, the other at her juicy crotch.

His hand clamped over her mouth and he wrenched her right wrist up her back.

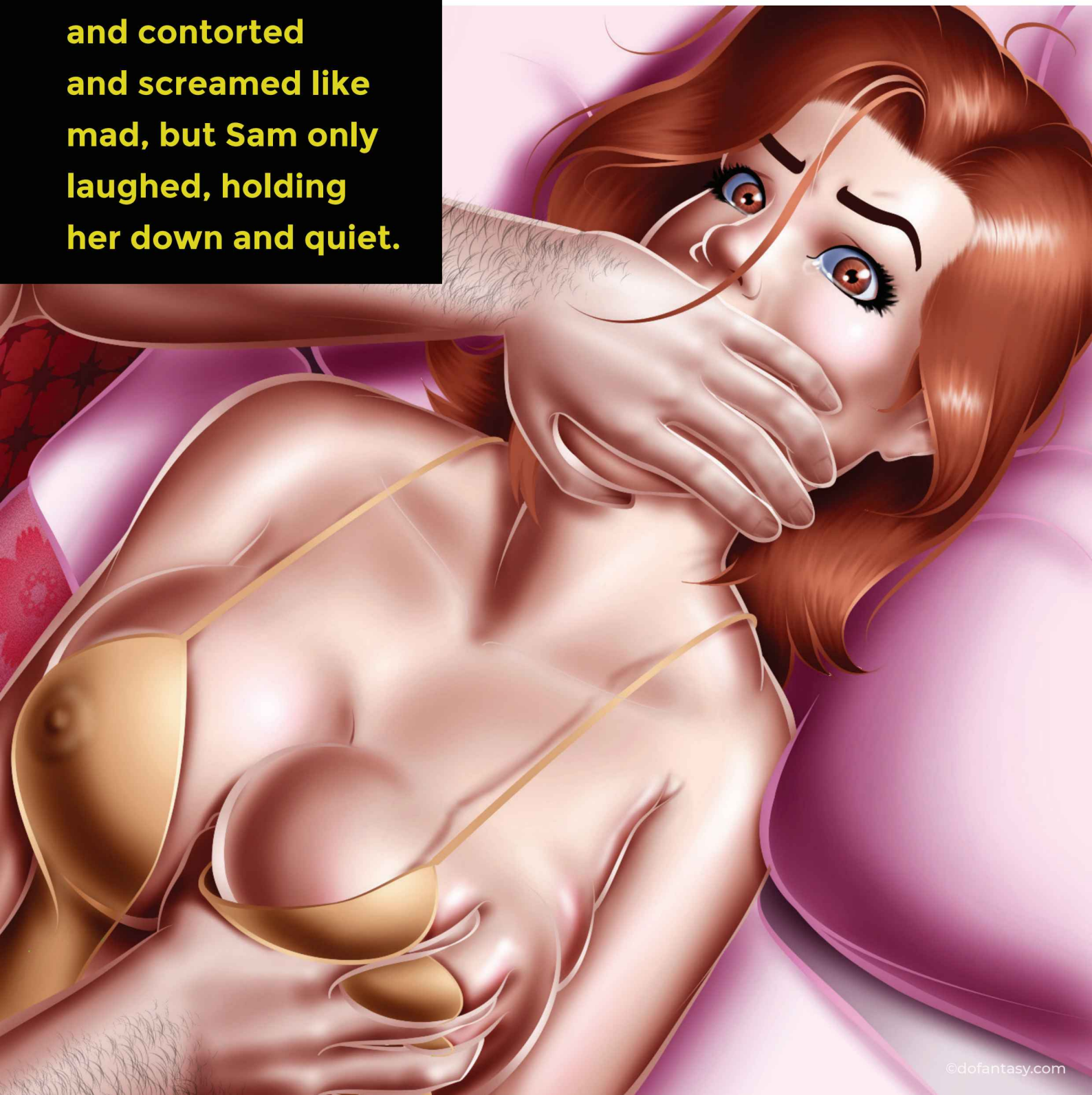



Sam jumped up then, letting the brunette sit up, staring at her thighs in wonder.
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Then she looked up at him, mouth agape. Suddenly her wet, terrified, confused eyes snapped over to where Amy lay: mouth sealed, eyes groggy, overalls off, and arms locked behind her...two young men kneeling behind her and between her long white legs....

Sam was on her before she could scream, forcing the pliant ball deep into her open mouth. Her eyes widened and sweat popped off her forehead as she was forced onto her back, an obstruction wedging her strangling mouth open. Then his hand sealed her lips, his knee rammed between her thighs, and his other fingers clamped onto her right breast through the dress.

Rebecca kicked and contorted and screamed like mad, but Sam only laughed, holding her down and quiet.



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“That’s right,” he said soothingly. “That’s right. “Get it all out....” Then he swung over to sit on her stomach and clipped her nostrils shut with two fingers.

She soon quieted and stilled...but not before her back arched desperately, her face growing red, thrusting her chest up to bodice bursting dimensions. But then she finally collapsed, and the boys went to work.

Within minutes, the scene was different -- the only light coming from the hall through the open door. The brunette was still on her back on the bed, only her ankles were strapped to her thighs, her knees wide, her skirt flipped up to her waist, her wrists now cinched behind her as well, and her bodice torn open. Her strong breasts flounced free, and even now Sam was cutting her panties away. She stared up at him, horror-stricken, her lower face covered in tape.

Seth was kneading Amy’s breasts through her bunched, sweat-sodden undershirt, as he held her hair tightly in his other hand.

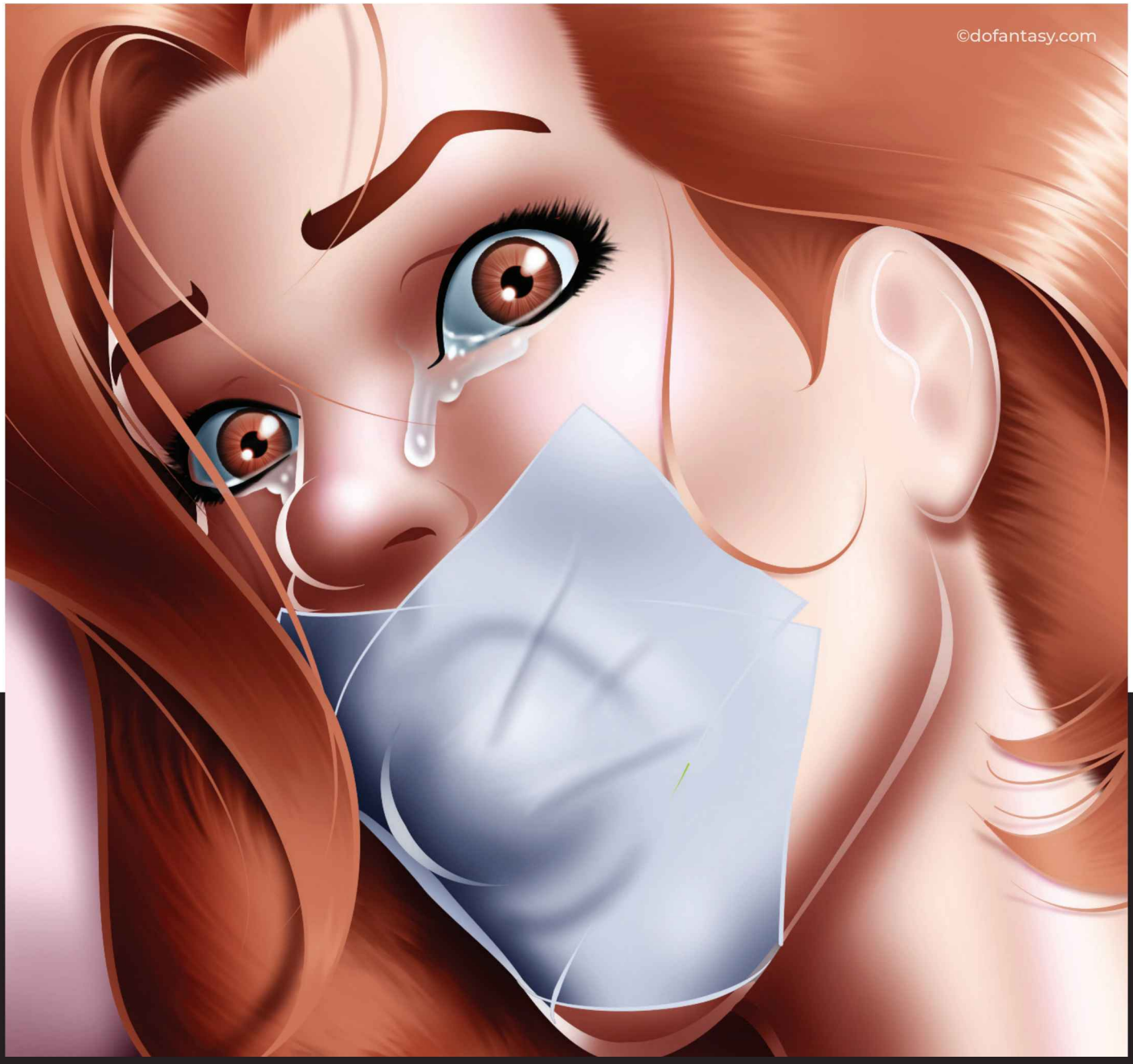


Sean gripped her hips, plunging his cock into her soft, dark blond muff—her panties around one leg at mid-shin. She grunted with each invasion, eyes shut, her lips straining against the tape and around the ball.

Sam grabbed a tit and started slurping at the brunette's dewy dark thatch. Rebecca moaned in rage, her limbs straining against the bonds. Then his head was at her face, his cock already seeking her cunt as he leered down at her.

"Here we go now," he whispered, and then he was in. The brunette stiffened, then started to sob as he started to thrust.

It stayed that way for a few minutes until Amy suddenly slammed down, tits first, onto the end of the bed.



She stared up in shock from over her gag at Rebecca's rape until she had to concentrate on her own.

Seth gathered her boob-balls into his hands, rammed his erect cock up her twat and started going at her like a rabid monkey as she writhed and squealed, the tendons standing out on her neck like coils.

Sean merely came over to the side of the bed, stared down into Rebecca's tormented, querulous, sweating, beautiful face, then planted his lips on her bulbous left tit and started suckling for all he was worth. The brunette's head went back and she groaned agonizingly, but the molestation and raping didn't pause.

Sam and Seth came nearly at the same time, pushing their cocks as deep into their victims as they could, letting their semen spray their vaginal walls for seemingly minutes.



Then Sam crawled off a cringing, crying Rebecca...and Sean crawled on.

A spent Seth slipped off Amy... nanoseconds before Sam grabbed her blond tresses and dragged her toward him. Then the fucking started again, only this time with Sean inside the brunette, and Sam forcing Amy onto his lap, facing him.

Seth quickly bound the blonde's ankles to her thighs and snapped her elbows free as Sam forced his erection inside the shapely teen, then started to bounce the hysterical girl on his lap.



Sean continued slobbering on Rebecca's cringing face as he cruelly thrust repeatedly into her raw cunt.

Seth watched the despoiling for awhile, then struggled to his feet, muttering, "I'm gonna see who else is in the building...."

When he returned, his two brothers were in the living room, sitting on the couch, watching TV. The two roommates were half crouched, half bent over, in front of them, ring gags forcing their mouths open, the brothers' cocks deep in their slobbering, moaning throats.

Seth merely walked up behind the brunette, grabbed her hips, stuck his cock up her ass, and started rutting.



Amy was wearing an impossibly thin, impossibly short, impossibly tight black cotton micro-mini dress with spaghetti straps, and four inch black high heels. Rebecca was in a fire engine red, lace-up bustier, her breasts spilling free, tan lace-topped, thigh-high stockings on her lovely legs, and red lace-up, four-inch high ankle boots on her feet.

Both had their wrists and elbows restrapped, and both men held them by their hair and tits.

Sam grabbed her hair with both fists as Seth reached around to grab her one free, hanging boob. Amy, too, started to bolt, but got nowhere as Sean tightened his grip on her hair as well. They remained in place, high heels clip-clopping the floor like tethered ponies–cocks in their gasping, pried-open mouths, slavering.

"Anything?" Sam asked over the brunette's clogged cries of pain. "Nothing," grunted Seth thrust rhythmically, shoving her hips on his hard-on, squeezing her boob with the other hand.

"Just as well...I wanna concentrate all my efforts on these babes... what great tits...!" Rebecca cringed, moaning.

I think I've got something," Sean said suddenly yanking Amy's head down and spurting cum into her forced-open mouth.





As she yowled and choked in dismay, he suddenly pulled her head up, and with it, forced her to half-sit, half-fall onto his lap. There he aimed his still-erect cock unerringly between her vaginal lips and held her to him with three fingers deep in her mouth, holding down her cum-coated tongue.

She bleated, blinking, as he had her ring-gagged mouth hooked, and started raping her anew—the hem of her black micro-mini just barely covering her impaling from view.

She cried as his cock went in and out.

"In big-boobs' address book," he grunted, pointing with it toward the brunette. Her shining deep eyes tried to glare back at him but the butt and mouth fuck were too much. "There's a name...that looks interesting...." Then his head went up, he bit his lower lip, and luxuriated in the sensations his captive's tight pussy communicated.

Beside them, Sam suddenly gripped Rebecca's hair tighter and shot his load into her mouth as well. She jerked in place, her eyes widening, burbled, choked, and coughed. Then he let her go.

She sprang back, Seth taken by surprise for a split second. Only then, he grabbed both her tits and bore her to the heavily carpeted floor, where they landed with just a thud, the girl taking the brunt of the fall.

Sam could tell she had the wind knocked out of her, and watched with a smile as his brother just kept rutting away, oblivious to her agony. Finally though, she got a big breath through her flaring nostrils and her breasts swelled up into Seth's clutching fingers.



She made strangling, gargling noises, thick white jism drooling from her quivering, pried-open lips.

Seth merely clamped one hand on her entire lower face, gripped her tit tighter and kept fucking her sweet ass. One of her severe high heels was on the floor, her knee bent, while the other leg was straight out, the heel scraping the carpet.

Sam looked at the open address book. He couldn't believe it when he saw the name.

CHAPTER V

Each stared in wonder at the woman as they watched her for what seemed like days.

Coming out of her little house, getting in her little car, driving to the set...they just couldn't get over the wonder of it all.

"Coral Beechum." Sean breathed. She was the "new" girl on the cable T&A series Malibu Life, and one each of the boys had admired on the short-lived show and on the minor talk shows. Five foot, six inches tall, skin the color of milk chocolate, straight, lustrous brown hair, big brown eyes, and a body...!? Incredibly buoyant breasts high on her chest...firm, curved torso, a rock-hard butt, and long, long shapely legs.

And, to top it all off, she enjoyed being a girl. Her skirts were the shortest, her heels were the highest, her shirts were the tightest, and her smile was the sweetest.



Incredibly, today was her last day before summer hiatus.

"So," said Seth tightly, looking at Sam. "How we gonna do it?"

Sam seemingly ignored him, choosing instead to smile down at the photo he held. In it, Amy and Rebecca "looked" up at him from a bed, their eyes bulging, their mouths filled to the bursting point—their lips sealed with tape, covered in padded cloth, and anchored with more tape. Their arms were wrenched behind their backs, wrists tied, their arms anchored by more rope circling their torsos and crushing their breasts.

More rope cinched their waists, burrowed in their hip bones, and cut through their cunts, holding in who-knew-what.



Sam knew, but he wasn't telling. He merely smiled down at their crossed and tied ankles, their legs intertwined. He smiled at the ropes holding their necks to the bedposts.

"Sam," Seth whined. "How we gonna do it??"

Sam just kept smiling. "You'll see," he said quietly.

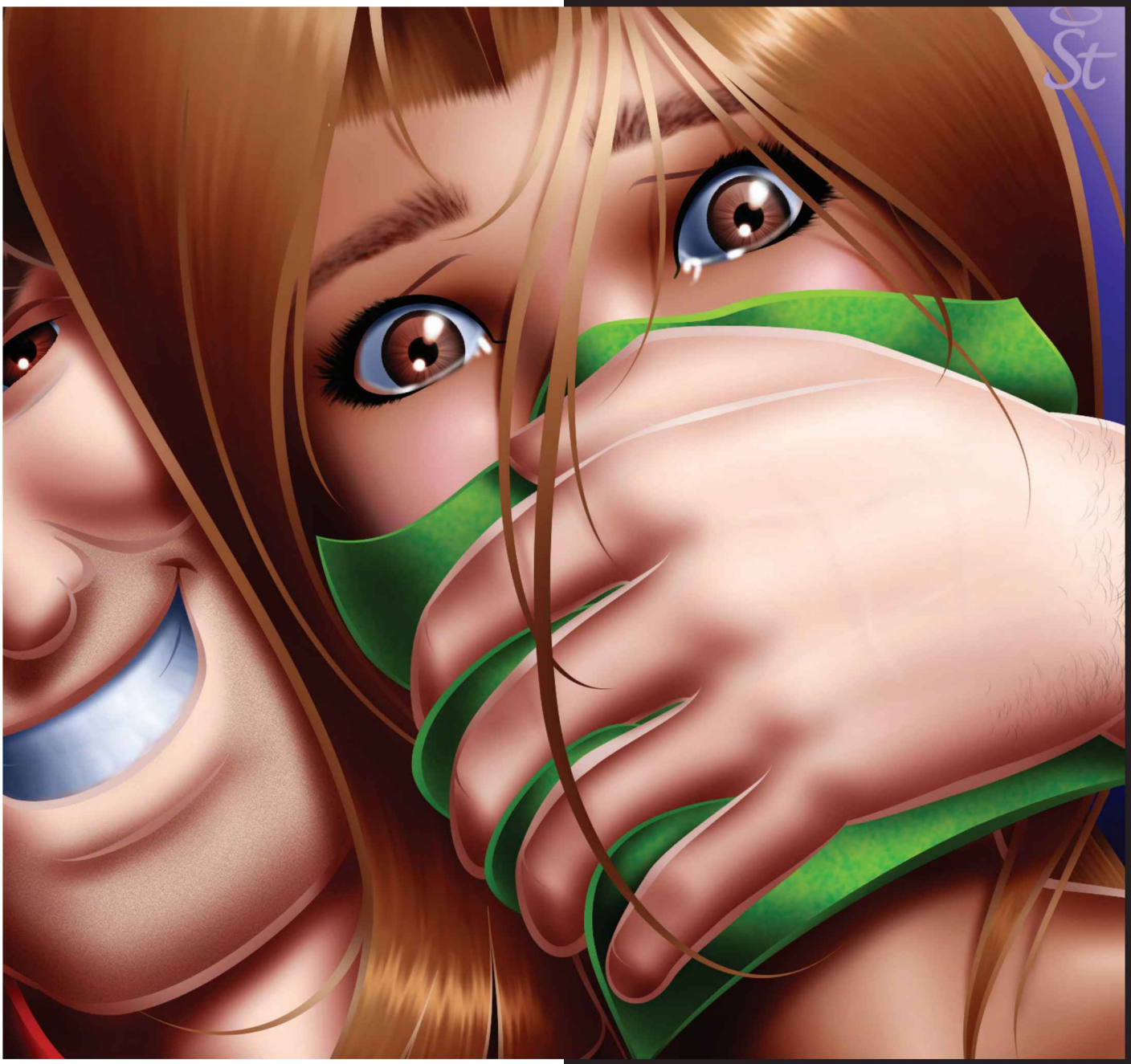
CHAPTER VI

When she drove into the garage they were waiting for her, having used a glass cutter to remove a small oval of the side window pane so they could unlock the obstruction.

They saw her wonderful leg emerge from the car first, all but completely naked save for the four-inch high heel, held to her arched foot by strands lacing up her calf.

Then out came the leatherette miniskirt, followed by what looked like a lace teddy embracing her body, with strategically placed panels just barely covering her aureoles.

She had an amused smile on her face and carried only a small pocket-book, but all was forgot-ten when Sam clapped the sodden cloth over her lower face and Seth grabbed her arms and torso in a bear hug.



She made a surprised sound—a combination of a bleat and screech—then Sam had her head pulled back to his shoulder and Seth was hugging her up against the garage's side wall. Only then did Sean kneel and grab her legs. They locked her there that way, the sleekly muscular 24 year-old undulating like a marlin.

Suddenly Sam's free hand moved down and slipped inside her v-necked top. "Ooo-hoo-hooo!" he exclaimed quietly as he kneaded what he found there. "I don't believe it, I just don't believe it. They're real, boys!"

She stiffened, made a sound of surprise and despair then started to struggle with vehemence. The brothers, for their part, simply held on tighter, enjoying it.

"Come on, baby," Sam said lightly, gripping her left breast and pulling. "Breathe... breathe deeply...!"

It seemed her eyes would pop out of her head, and her breasts pop out of the teddy, when finally her lids started to flutter and droop.

"Okay, boys," Sam said as she grew slack. Then Sean released her bending legs, grabbed her fallen purse, and found her keys. Within seconds the door was opened, the alarm was disconnected, and she was inside.

Incredibly enough," Sam grunted, doing a push-off off her chest, jamming his hips tighter against hers. "Tight."



It was a teddy. A g-stringed teddy in fact. The g-string lasted as long as it took to identify it, and then Sam was in her as Sean stuffed a big pliant ball in her mouth and Seth tied her crossed wrists behind her. Her tits were popped from her bodice and then Sam's hands were filled with them, his mouth slobbering her neck as Sean sealed her lips with tape.

"How is she?" Sean asked.

“You mean all her cock-teasing on TV was for show only?” Seth asked as they kneeled in her small living room off the hall to the garage.

“Of course,” Sam said, thrusting. “It’s all for show. These babes can’t afford to have anyone damaging the goods.” He smiled down at her comatose form, her eyes rolled back into her lovely head.

Bunning his erection with her breasts, he started a tit fuck as Sean’s member searched for her already lubricated cunt.



Sean crawled over to cross and tie her ankles around his brother’s legs with her own shoe straps. Seth covered her eyes with two tape squares. “Geez, she’s something,” he breathed. “Best body I’ve ever seen.”

“Just wait ‘til you feel it,” Sam breathed, exulting inside her. She was fully awake, shaking, by the time he came. By then all their cocks were out, spurting on her as they saw fit. Seth came in her hair, which he used to jack himself off. Sean came on her hip and leg as Sam crawled onto her stomach and plopped his member in her mammary valley.

She moaned and writhed, sealed off inside herself as the wet, sticky stuff spurted on her silky smooth shining skin.

"Hey," whispered Sam. "You knew this was coming, didn't you? You knew this is what you were for, right? Why else did you dress and act that way, huh?"

"Sex of her choice," Seth responded with a grin. "She wanted to choose her own fun."

Sean shrugged. "Too bad," he said, plugging her with his cock.

Coral started and tried to slither away, but they were all around her, weighting and holding her down. Sam and Seth came on her chin and face while Sean came inside her—each listening to the phone machine answering several calls.

"Hi, this is Coral. Leave a message and I'll get back to you to you...I am definitely good, but I may not be ready. Bye!" BEEP...!

"Hey Coral," said a man's voice. "It's Tad. We're having an impromptu post-wrap party down at the Brewski. Come on by if you're not heading out on vacation tonight. Love to see ya...." BEEP...!

"Coral, you there? It's Bill. Did I catch you before you headed out? I'm in the neighborhood, so I thought I could help you pack. Let me know on the car phone okay? Love ya...." BEEP...!

"Hi, Coral. It's Pat. Say hello to your folks for me, will ya? They're dolls. If you're not heading out tonight, we could go to dinner and a movie. Whattaya say? I'm home. Later...." BEEP...!

Sam looked knowingly at Seth as they held her burbling face down by her hair and chest. "Seems very popular," the eldest mused.

"And I guess her family's waiting," added the middle brother.



Better get this show on the road," the youngest grunted, his hard-on still up her as she grunted and her wrists twisted in their bonds.

Within moments, Coral was changed, packed, and in the car, seated on Seth's lap. Sam was in the driver's seat of her vehicle, her suitcase was in the back seat, and Sean was at the wheel of the brothers' car, which had been parked down the street.

Sam took a moment to survey the scene before he started the engine. Deciding what Coral should almost wear was particularly difficult. She obviously loved being a girl and liked showing off what genetics had given her, so the boys had a wealth of choices.

They finally decided on a sleeveless, turquoise, cotton-lycra micromini dress which clipped up the front from her belly button to mid-tit. They left all the clips undone so her firm, buoyant breasts all but erupted from the deep v-neck, and shoved the rest of the rainbow lycra, spandex, vinyl, rayon, and nylon into an overnight bag.

Seth held her to him by her chest as Sam thought about the bag. "Overnight," he scoffed quietly and started the car.



Seth gripped Coral harder and wrapped his legs inside hers, making her baby blue five-inch ankle strap high heels scrape across the floor pads as her wrists twisted in the cords and her neck tendons stood out as she tried to scream.

But her mouth and eyes were still sealed, letting out only a hum as her nostrils flared.

Sam warmed the car, glancing over at his brother, who nodded. Seth finally released one of Coral's succulent breasts to reach down and pull up the seat back release. With a jerk, Seth practically laid down in the car, a squealing Coral pulled down on top of him.



One hand still squeezing a ripe, tight tit, the other holding her head down by her hair, Seth looked back as his older brother and nodded again.

Sam glanced at the passenger door, smiling at how Coral's curves were held down just below the bottom lip of the window. Only then did he notice the snake that appeared between her legs at the top of her thighs.

The crown of this flesh snake slithered unerringly up to disappear under the micromini's hem.

But even over the purring engine he could practically hear the plush sound of it burying itself between her soft, warm cunt lips. And he definitely heard her gasp and tiny, muffled squeal, then saw how her body surged before collapsing again to his brother's prone, waiting body.

"Okay then," Sam said quietly. "Let's go."

CHAPTER VII

They kept to the back streets, Seth humping her from beneath as the auto slowly made its way west.

The whole time Coral moaned and writhed in his grip, one fist tight in her yanked back hair, the other hand brutally clamped over her gagged mouth (her cheek flesh bulgingly pressed against his fingers).

Sam saw that his brother's pushing harder, his wet shaft surging into her faster and faster as she struggled more and more to pull her lower body away.



Sam reached over, placing his hand flat against her lower stomach, feeling its sleek smoothness beneath the cotton lycra. Then he pressed down firmly, forcing her onto him.

She let out a long groan, and then he came. Sam nearly crashed into the side of the alley. He watched with amazement as his younger brother's cream began to drool out from between his knobby slick cock and her light brown cunt.

Coral stretched to her absolute optimum, her head scraping the back seat and her high heels thudding into the bottom of the glove compartment. With a sudden twist of the steering wheel, Sam had parked in a small lot behind a closed body shop. Sean pulled in right beside him.

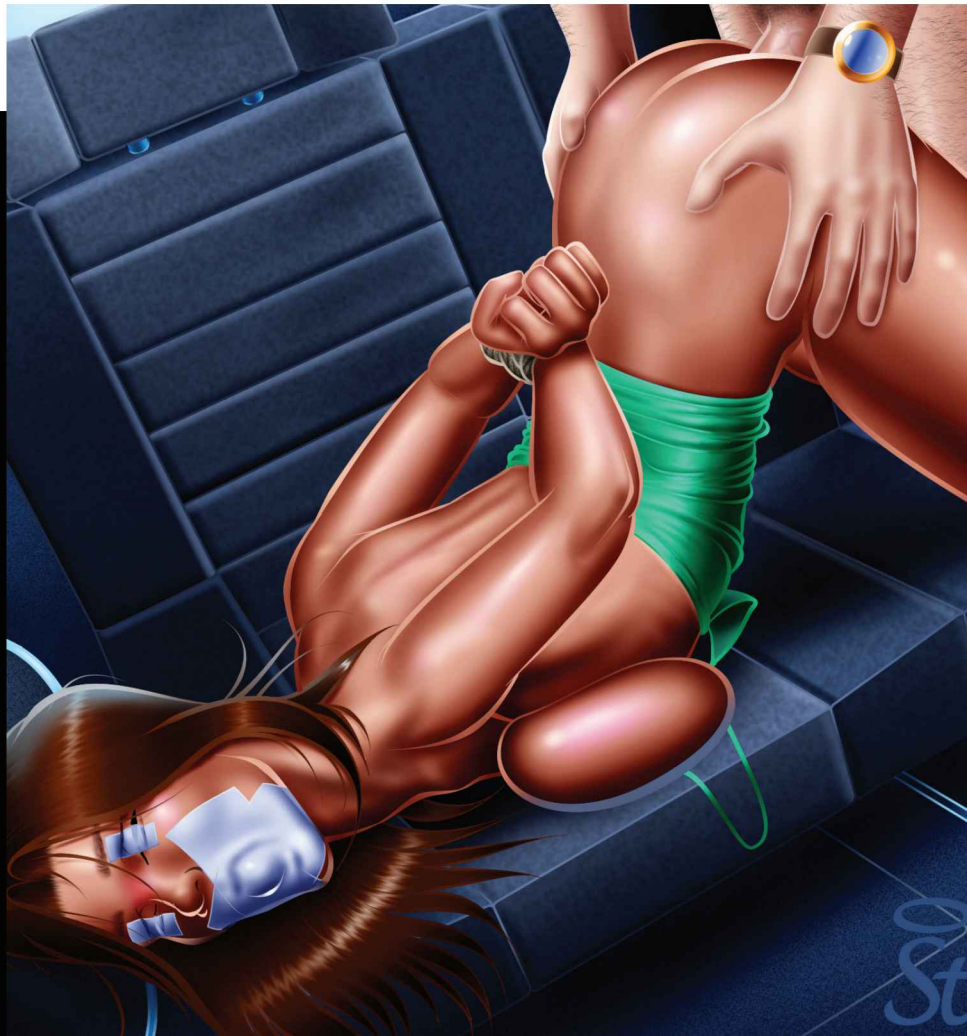
Sam turned to where Coral was gasping for breath, surging, slick and sweaty in Seth's arms. "Take her out," he choked out. "Get her in the back of our car...."

If anyone had been watching they would have seen three young men hustling a bent-over brown beauty from one car to the next. If anyone had looked closely, they might have noticed that the pretty, shapely brunette with the milk chocolate skin was missing eyes and lips. And they might have thought that her dress was so short and so low cut that both her chest and butt were exposed.

No matter; within a nanosecond she was in the other car and out of sight. Then the three young men piled in after her, and that vehicle was soon moving down the rest of the alleyway....

Sam kept his eyes on the road while Seth watched Sean in the back.

The youngest had Coral on her knees, bent forward across the rear seat.



His cock was up her doggie-style and his hands were filled with her bulging tits as he bent over her heaving back. Her micromini skirt was now at her waist while its straps were at her elbows.

Her lovely fingers clawed the air as he fucked her, unintelligible noises of torment coming from behind her tight gag. Her head shook, her sealed eyes straining upwards. It didn't make any difference to the young man as he reveled in her brown sugar.

Sam drove placidly through town, other pedestrians and drivers only able to see the three brothers—the youngest bending over the backseat as if retching. Secreted under him, however, his cock deep inside her vagina, was one of the town's most beautiful, most sexy, most exotic, young starlets—her hands bound behind her in the small of her back, her mouth filled, her lips sealed, and her eyes taped shut.

Sean wrapped his hand in her hair, pulled back as if on a rope and pushed hard with his hips, bending her back, her spine arched, her cunt clamping on his hard-on as her feet slammed onto the inside door.



"Here we go," baby," he grunted, and came.

His fingers scrambled for her left tit as he ejected his jism as deep as it would go; her writhing all but pushing it into his hand. With a squeeze of one hand, a pull of the other, and the jerking of his hips, he nailed her to him as his creamy cum filled her loins.

"Uh, unh, uh, unh," he muttered tightly as Seth marveled, reaching absently for the glove compartment.

"Here," he said simply, tossing the plastic bag with the thick, drug-sodden cloth inside it. "Give her some beauty rest...."

Sean dropped her tit and caught the bag neatly. Smiling widely, he pulled her up to a near sitting position, then nimbly tore the tape patches from her eyes.

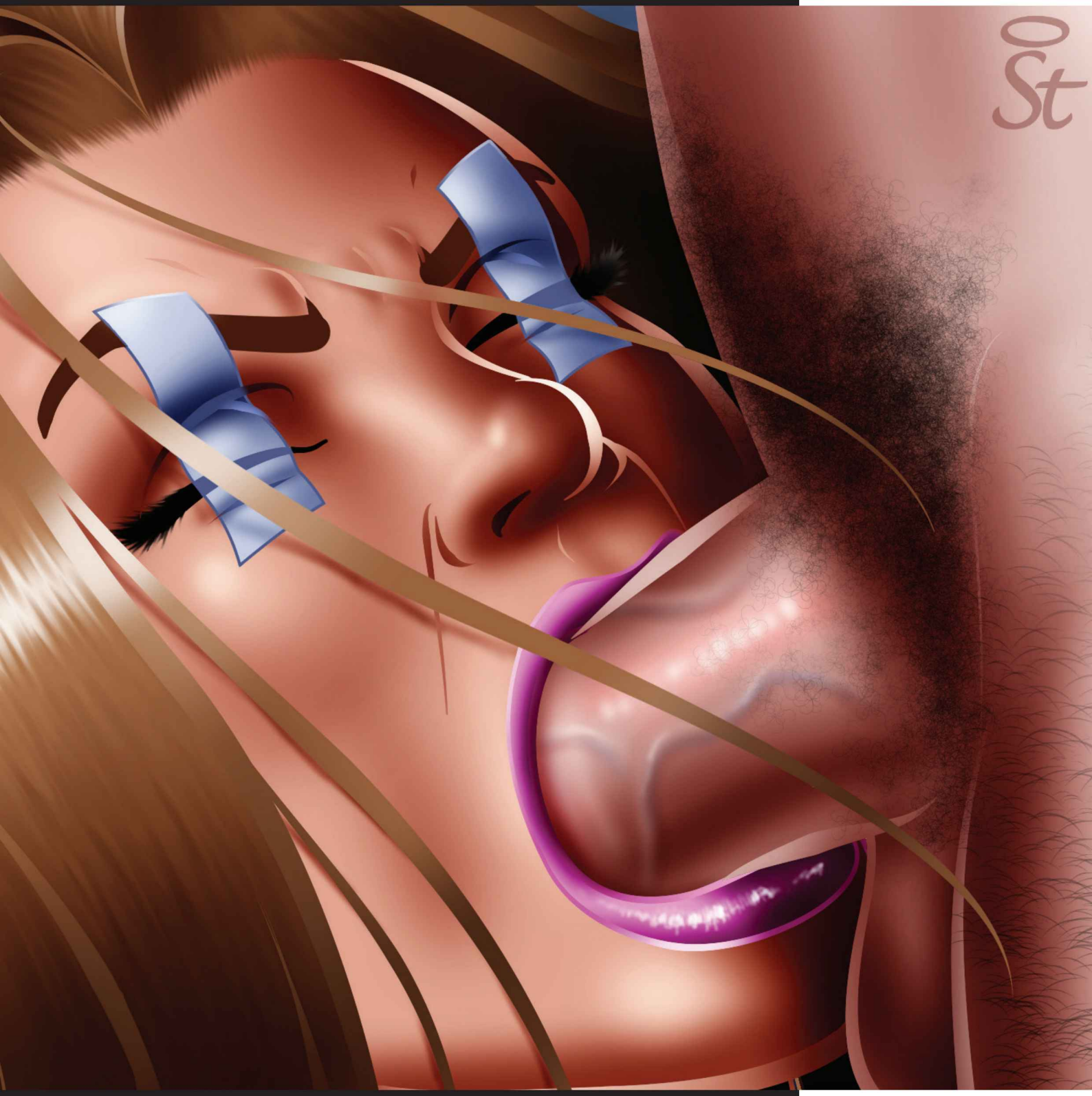
Coral blinked in astonishment at the light that flooded her vision. Just as the fuzz began to recede she could make out the wide, busy city street she was on, and the many buildings that went by.

Then, before she could turn toward the men in the front seat and the one behind her, Sean planted the cloth over her nose. "There we go, baby," he sighed. "See what you're missing?"

And then the drug was clawing up into her brain and she was blinking for a different reason; desperate to stay awake but unable to fight the exhaustion, assault, and sedative, she cringed in amazement as the outside world—the place she could escape to—became indistinct. The people who might see her, who she could cry out to, became blurry.

She mewled and contorted as it went all gray, then brown, then black. Then slowly, ever so slowly, Sean smilingly pulled her head back down below the window and onto his lap.

Sam pulled into another alleyway and the three went to work again.



Then he carefully peeled back her gag, unstuffed her oral cavity, then purposefully placed his erection all the way into her slack mouth.

CHAPTER VIII

"Hey," said the tall, muscular, blonde motorcycle cop.

"What are you guys doing there?"

The three brothers turned around from the trunk of the car. “Just securing something, officer,” said Sam lightly, “We were about to leave.”

“Securing what?” the blond cop said, hand on his gun. There was a lot of drug deals going down in this area.

“Nothing white or green, I assure you,” Sam continued mildly. “No powder or paper, that’s for sure.”

“Could you open your trunk, sir?” the cop inquired mildly, stopping ten feet from the boys, his hand still on the gun.

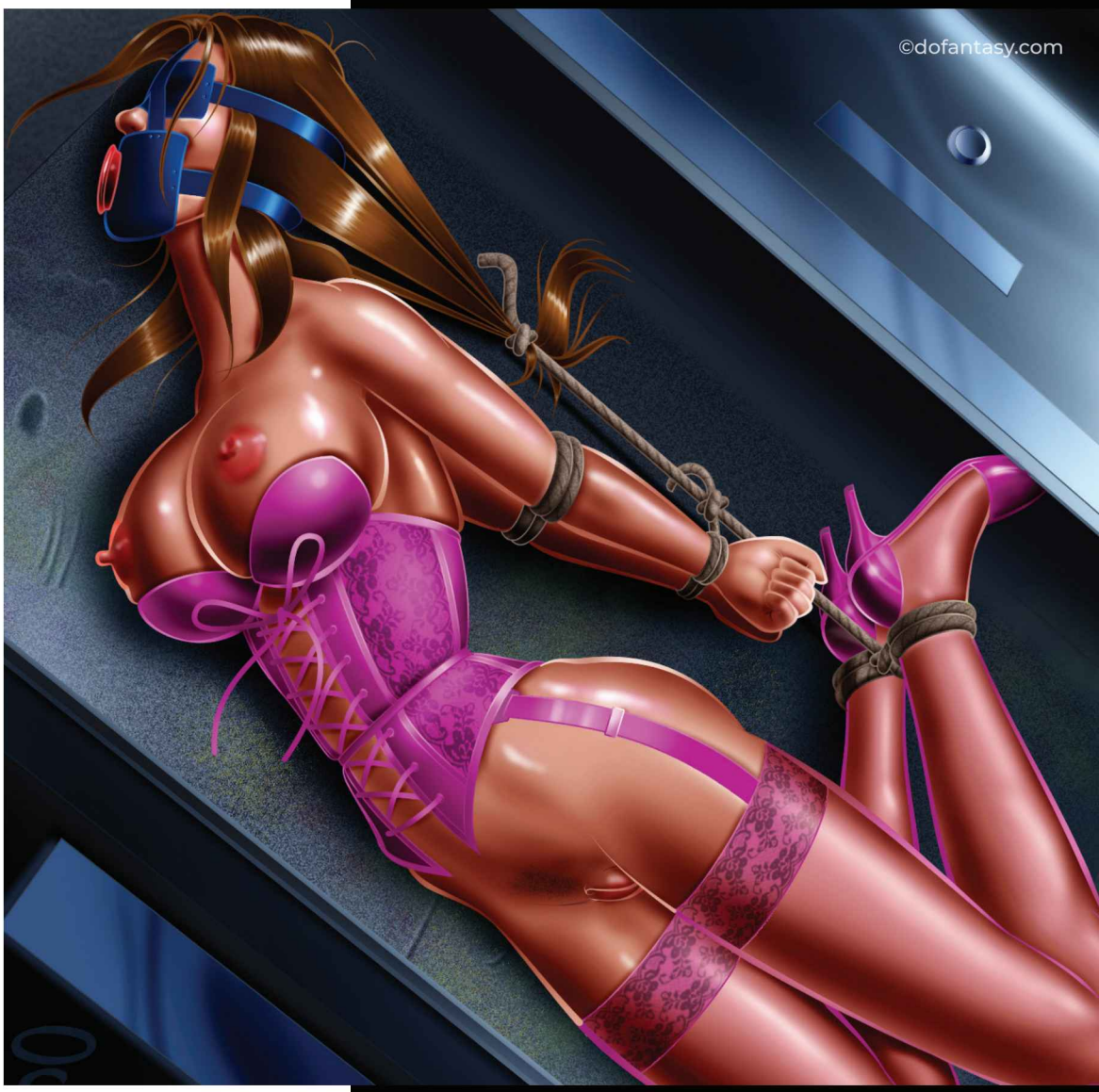
“Not without a warrant or probable cause,” blurted Sean.

“Shut up,” Seth immediately reacted while Sam rolled his eyes.

The blond cop merely smiled with honest pleasure. “I can call for backup and bring you all down to the station,” he said. “Now are you going to open the trunk here or downtown?”

Sam looked at his brother, then shrugged and got out his keys.

The hood opened and the cop looked down to see Coral Beechum lying there in a severe hogtie and spectacular lingerie.



Her legs were bent double. Her arms were as one in the middle of her back. A harness gag encircled her head, a leather and cloth blindfold over her eyes and a huge prod gag strapped in her mouth. Her elbows were cinched, as were her wrists, ankles, and knees.

A plum-colored lined lace bustier gripped her curves, laced up the front. Underwire cups thrust out her luscious boobs. Straps and garters held on her matching stockings. On her dainty feet were matching four inch high heels.

The only thing missing were the matching French-cut matching panties; her triangular snatch gleaming with dried cum.

"Good god...," the cop breathed in amazement. Before the guys could try jumping him, he immediately looked directly at Sam, his face filled with disbelief ... and delight. "Can I fuck her?"

Sam looked down at the bound and gagged lovely in the trunk of the car, his mind reeling. Then he looked back at the smirking, collaborative cop. "Of course," he said.

CHAPTER IX

His strong hands squeezed her revealed tits as he bounced her up and down on his erection.

"Good thing he wasn't gay," Seth commented as they watched her bound arms swing from one side of her trapped body to the other.





The three brothers stood at the side of the small garage as the cop lay on the mattress beneath the sobbing bound and gagged girl who sat on his haunches.

Soon he came inside her, then dumped her onto the mattress on her back.

Coral cringed, her gorgeous body wracked with sobs, making her tits bounce. The cop walked back to the brothers, cinching his belt with a carefree nonchalance.

"Now you listen, boys," he said. "You got anything like this again, you just let me know. There's all sorts of places you can secure them, okay? Not in some lousy little parking lot where anyone might see you."

Sam stared at him in ever growing wonder. "Well," he replied, "now that you mention it...."

CHAPTER X

The “special squad” retrieved Kim just before the garbage truck was set to collect the refuse behind the rock club. She was awash in her own filth, dehydrated, and near starving, but still alive.

They removed her bondage and got her to the police emergency room where her dress was cut off, an i.v. was administered to replenish her lost nutriments, and an oxygen mask covered her lower face.

Near catatonic, Kim was slowly nursed back to health, her wrists and ankles bandaged, and a medicated cloth covering her abused mouth. She lay peacefully in a private recovery room off the main clinic, unaware of the passing of time...and the fact that her parents had not been contacted.

Soon her skin was smooth and complete again, and her failing body brought back up to its optimum. Even so, the carefully administered i.v. kept her dazed and unaware. Finally, however, even it was unnecessary.

With a soft smile, Kim awakened from her nightmare to see a handsome blond cop standing by her bed.

"Ms. Henderson?" he asked. "Are you all right?"

"Yes...," she murmured. "Yes, I think so...." Then she noted that the windows were curtained and barred. Then she noted that there was no other patient in the room beside her. Finally she realized that there were three other cops in the room, all staring intently at her.

Only then did she look down to see what she was wearing....



It was a black, supple, cotton, ribbed, micromini skirt with a lace-up front, thigh-high black lace stockings, and ankle-strap, four-inch high heels.

She almost got a scream out, but then the shank of a billy club was between her teeth and they were grabbing her flailing limbs.

CHAPTER XI

The “special squad” retrieved Kim just before the garbage truck was set to collect the refuse behind the rock club. She was awash in her own filth, dehydrated, and near starving, but still alive.

The special squad unlocked the door and moved quickly into the apartment. Rebecca and Amy were where the brothers had left them. They had been there only for the better part of a day, so they were in better shape than Kim had been.

Even so, they were weak, abused, and terrified, so they were glad to be moved to the police clinic where they bathed, were fed, and allowed latrine privileges. Then, back in bed, wearing hospital robes, they gladly gave their statements.

Every once in awhile, one of the cops would walk into another room, giving Rebecca and Amy a glimpse of another patient in another bed, her head turned away from them, her naked arms by her side under the single white sheet which covered her.

What they couldn't see, of course, was how the lower half of her face was sealed with bandage, or the way the hospital restraints kept her wrists and ankles locked wide under the sheet.

Rebecca asked when they could leave. The blond cop, who seemed to be the boss, said, "When we're done."

Amy asked when they would be done. He replied "Well, that's up to you...."

"In what way?" Rebecca asked quietly, beginning to notice how they were looking at her...like hungry wolves....

CHAPTER

XII



Sam drove through the night, Coral feverishly sucking him off through a ring gag, her bound arms twisting as she fought to keep from gagging on his cock and from falling out of the seat.

All she wore was a jade-colored "eyelash" lace thong teddy that barely covered her chest and exposed her entire leg from her waist down—with only a tiny triangle of cloth obscuring her abused cunt.

Seth kept the gun pressed tightly against the back of her head from the back seat as he played with one of her tits with his free hand. "That's it," he breathed, watching her slurp and lick. "Suck him dry...."

Meanwhile Sean kept a sharp look-out for the girls who walked down the strip toward the dance club where they had first spotted Kim. The only thing the club hoppers saw if they looked toward the car were three brothers. One with his eyes on the road, the other leaning over the front seat—his lower arms out of view—and the third staring straight back at them, his eyes gleaming....

Sam came in Coral's mouth.



She was about to jerk up when Seth knocked her out with a sharp hit from the butt of the gun. She dropped back down heavily, her mouth filled with cock and cum.

Sam smiled as both he and Seth started to "pet" her shapely, nearly naked body. "Fuck this," Seth breathed. "Fuck this...."

"Soon enough," Sam assured him.

Then Sean said. “I think I see somebody...!”

“What?” Seth asked. “Who?”

“A redhead...,” Sean reported. “Redhead...killer body. White lace minidress. White heels. Over there...you see her?

Sam glanced over and pinpointed her immediately. Five-seven in heels. Slim, young, curves. Water balloon tits bulging in a deep u-necked bodice. Rich red mane falling to her shoulders. Bright green eyes. A sweet smile with curling ruby red lips.

“Perfect,” he said. “That’ll complete the collection.”

“What do you mean?” Seth wondered.

“Well, we’ve had a slash, a black, a blonde, and a brunette,” he answered.

At that moment Kim had a thick gauze pad clamped over her nose and mouth as one of the cops fucked her in the hospital bed, her limbs twisting in the restraints.



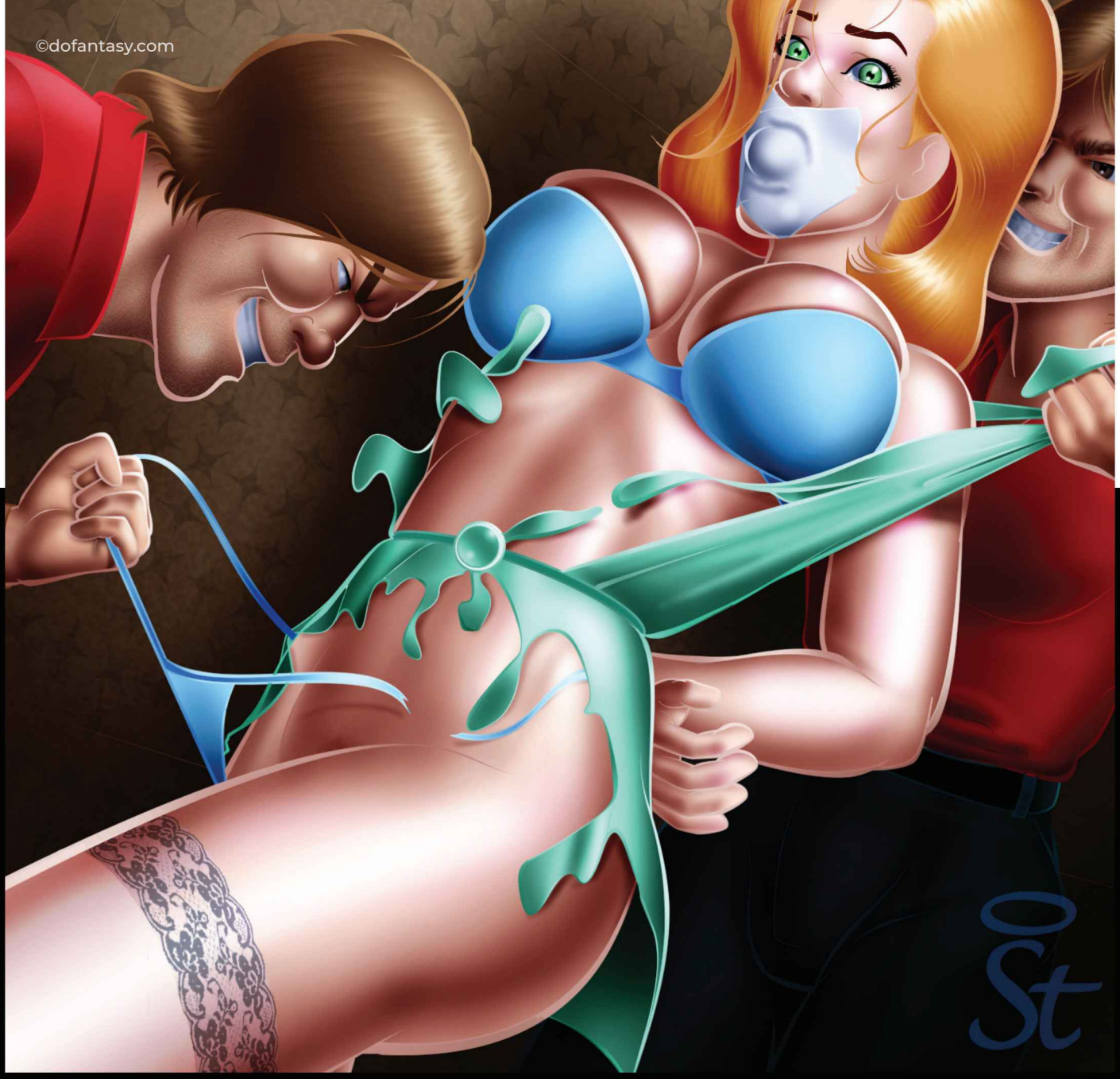
Amy was being fucked, standing, up against the clinic wall, a hand clamped over her mouth, her hands cuffed behind her, her robe in tatters around her.



Rebecca was on all fours, also handcuffed, her ass in the air, the nightstick now bridling her mouth, a cop coming up the rear, his hardened hands inside the robe, milking her ample hanging boobs.

"...Now all we need to make our vacation complete is a redhead," Sam finished, looking for a place to park.

Within fifteen minutes the interior of the dark dance club exploded with slashing multi-colored light, throbbed with bellowing noise, seethed with special effect snow, foam, and smoke, and thudded with the loud, driving beat of the pumped-up music ... all serving to make any sudden, minor noise coming from the broom closet between the men and ladies room unnoticeable.



But inside Caitlin Connelly screamed into the pliant rubber ball shoved in her pretty mouth and the thick, sticky, wide swath of tape cruelly sealing her lovely lips, as the boys tore open her dress top and ripped up her dress' skirt.

Her hands twisted in the cuffs viciously holding her wrists behind her, the links of which were slipped under the murderously tight leather belt tight around her slim waist.

Her bulbous, firm, round breasts fell into Sean's hands as Sam steadied Caitlin's hips with his fingers. Behind her, Seth grabbed her ass in preparation for his own log. The stunned redhead only had a second to realize what was about to happen. She gasped, her green eyes bulging, as Sean gripped, Sam plunged into her cunt, and Seth rammed his cock up her ass.



Caitlin wailed as the boys raped her in the tiny enclosure – teetering on the white high highs that clacked uselessly on the cement floor.

She cried for help again and again as they mauled and fucked her, her sealed mouth making a mockery of the dancers' proximity just inches beyond the broom closet door.

The whole thing had been pathetically easy. The boys waited until she went to the bathroom, and, as soon as she came out again, they surged onto her as if her friends. Practically before she knew what was happening, she was forced into the broom closet, its door shut behind her. The club was so dark, loud, and chaotic that no one was the wiser. Only a friend right beside her could've realized something was wrong, but her friends were yards away, obliviously gyrating on the main dance floor.



Meanwhile their pretty, sexy, little friend Caitlin was doing her own, unwilling, gyrations, her strawberry hair flying this way and that as she was molested and despoiled.

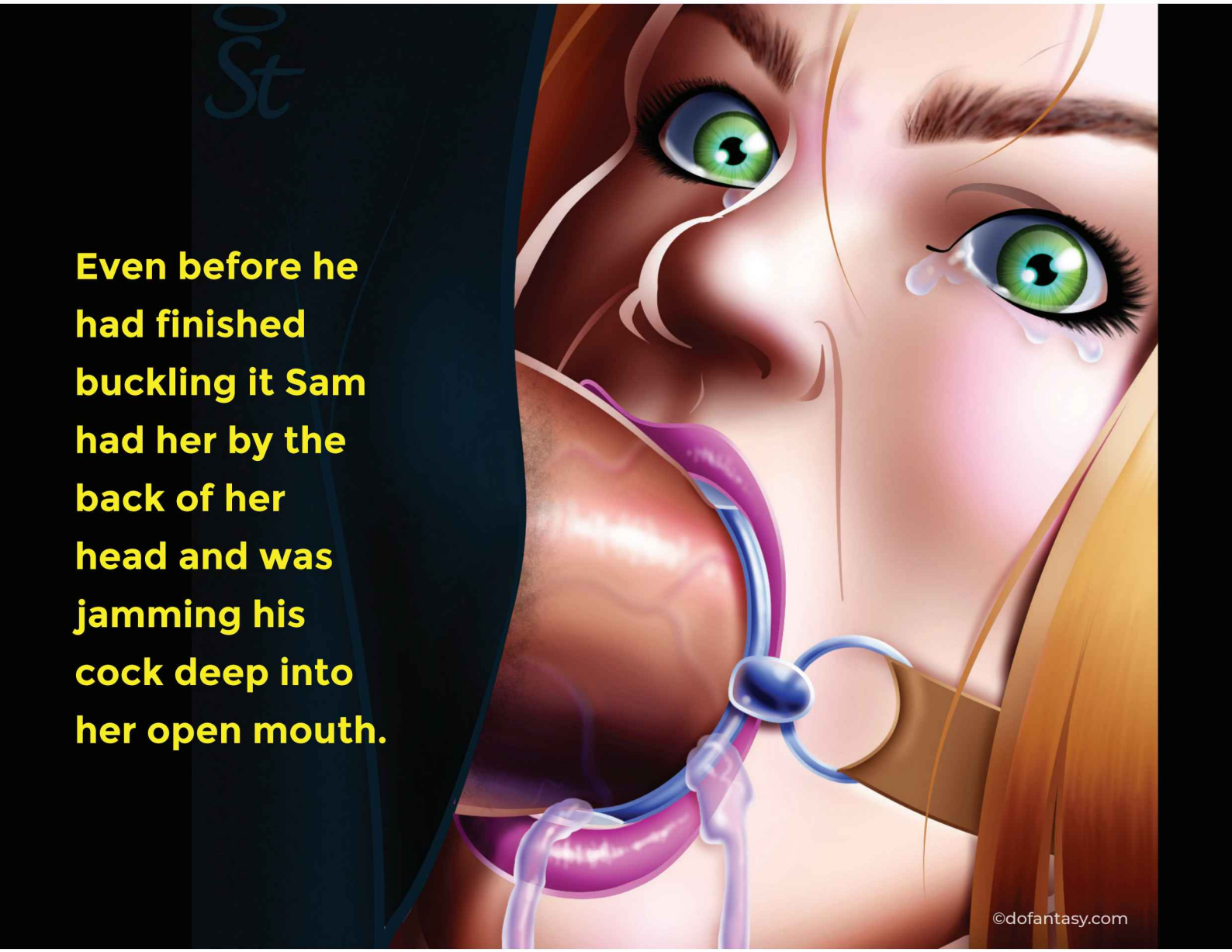
Her pinioned fingers clawed, her back arched, her breasts bounced, and her jaw worked from beneath the adhesive as the boys rutted, slobbered, pawed, and squeezed.

She groaned agonizingly as Sam, and then Seth, shudderingly came. But even before she could slump, crying, Sean dragged her to the floor where he forced her to sit on his haunches, and erection.

Before she knew it, he was thumping her up and down on his shaft as she stared horrified at the erect cranks aimed at her face. She tried to cry out, but then cum was smacking her in the face, forehead, eyes, and hair.

She reeled back, but Sean held his grip on her hips, forcing her ever deeper onto his cock. Sam looked quickly at Seth, who nodded eagerly. As Sean continued his rut, Sam grabbed the cute redhead's face and tore off the tape as Seth yanked out the ball gag.

Caitlin managed to get one useless shriek out before Sean had forced a wicked ring gag behind her teeth.



For his part, Sean crouched to bop his cock onto Caitlin's elegant hands.

Her fingers snapped away as if electrified, but Sean responded by grabbing her tits in a death grip, even as his brothers were still fervently cunt- and mouth fucking her. Her fingers spasmed, and Sean slapped his member into her palms again. A low, despairing moan escaped her throat, then her fingers uncertainly, unwillingly gripped his rod.

In the small, dark, enclosed, windowless space, the sweet little redhead with the big tits in the torn white lace minidress and sexy white high heels had cum cannoned down her throat, up her vagina, and across her back.

CHAPTER XIII

"Hey, chief," Sam said into his phone out in the alley.

"What can I do for you, perp?" the blonde cop asked.

He had Kim by the hair, sitting, her back to his front, on his lap.



Her wrists were tied behind his torso and her ankles were tied, wide, to the chair legs as she teetered in red ankle-strap high heels.

Her great tits were flouncing out of a red, low-cut, skin-tight minidress she had been forced into, and her mouth invaded and mashed by a padded prod gag. He pulled her tremblingly down onto his cock again as he finished his sentence. “More miscreants to be taught the error of their ways?”

“Yeah,” Sam drawled. “Got another one for ya.” He thought of Coral, naked, getting brutally humped back in the car with Sean, her mouth and eyes sealed with industrial tape, her wrists and elbows strapped behind her. That image was crowded alongside a comatose Caitlin, white lace stretched across her smeared torso, her ankles cinched to her thighs.



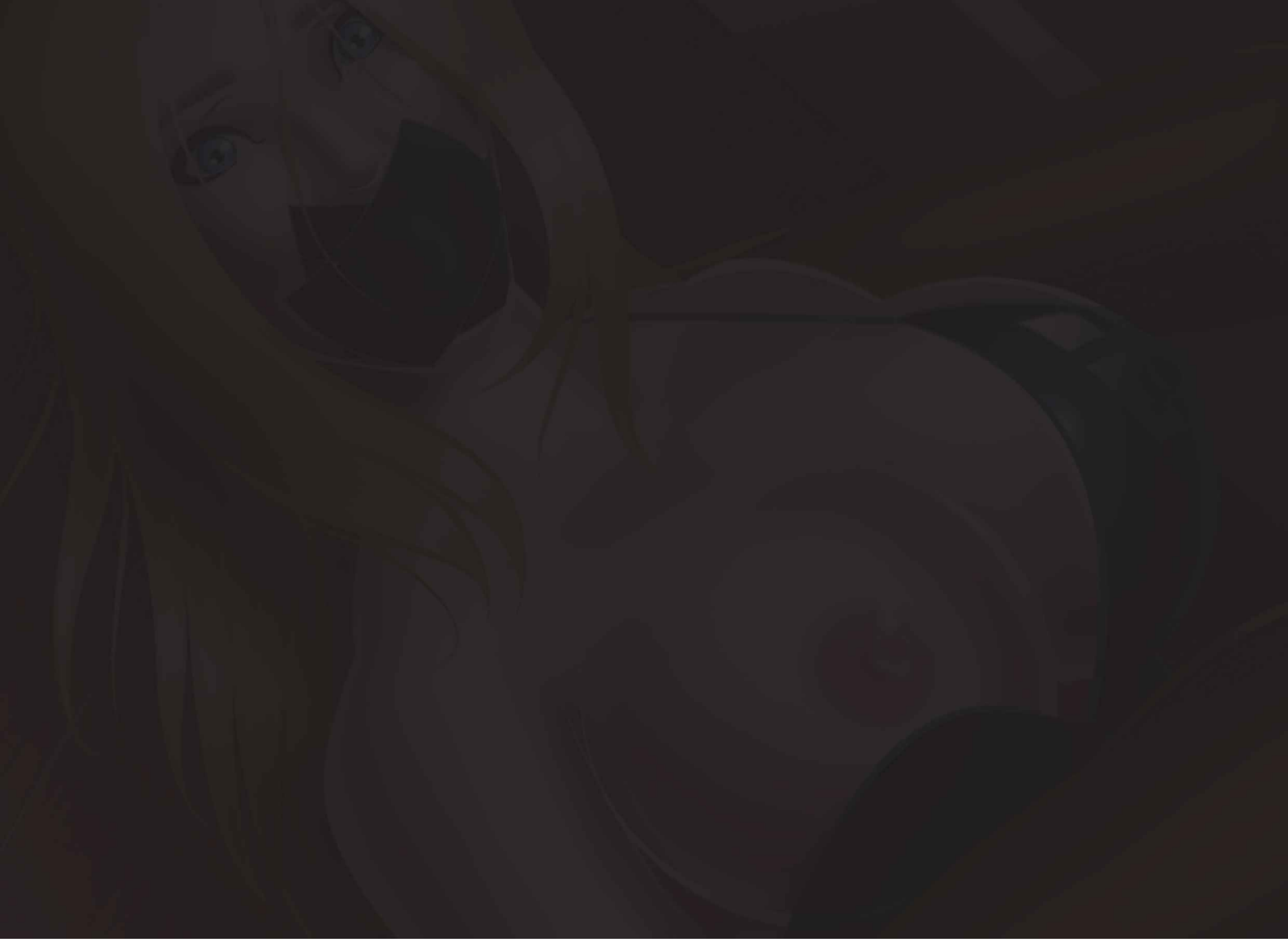
Seth had her on her gagged face on the broom closet floor, fucking her up the ass as her pinioned arms were crushed between them.

"Okay," said the special squad chief, gripping Kim's left tit. "We'll take care of it." He automatically recorded the relevant info and location as he finished ejaculating into the weeping Asian. "Hey guys," he called, "wrap it up. We got work to do."

His fellow special squanders looked up from where they were fucking Amy and Rebecca.



The once happy blonde writhed on the floor in a black, low-cut, micromini, rubberized latex dress -- her wrists cinched and her mouth sealed with black super-adhesive latex tape, her high-heel-booted legs rising and falling like a lazy sledgehammerer as she was screwed.

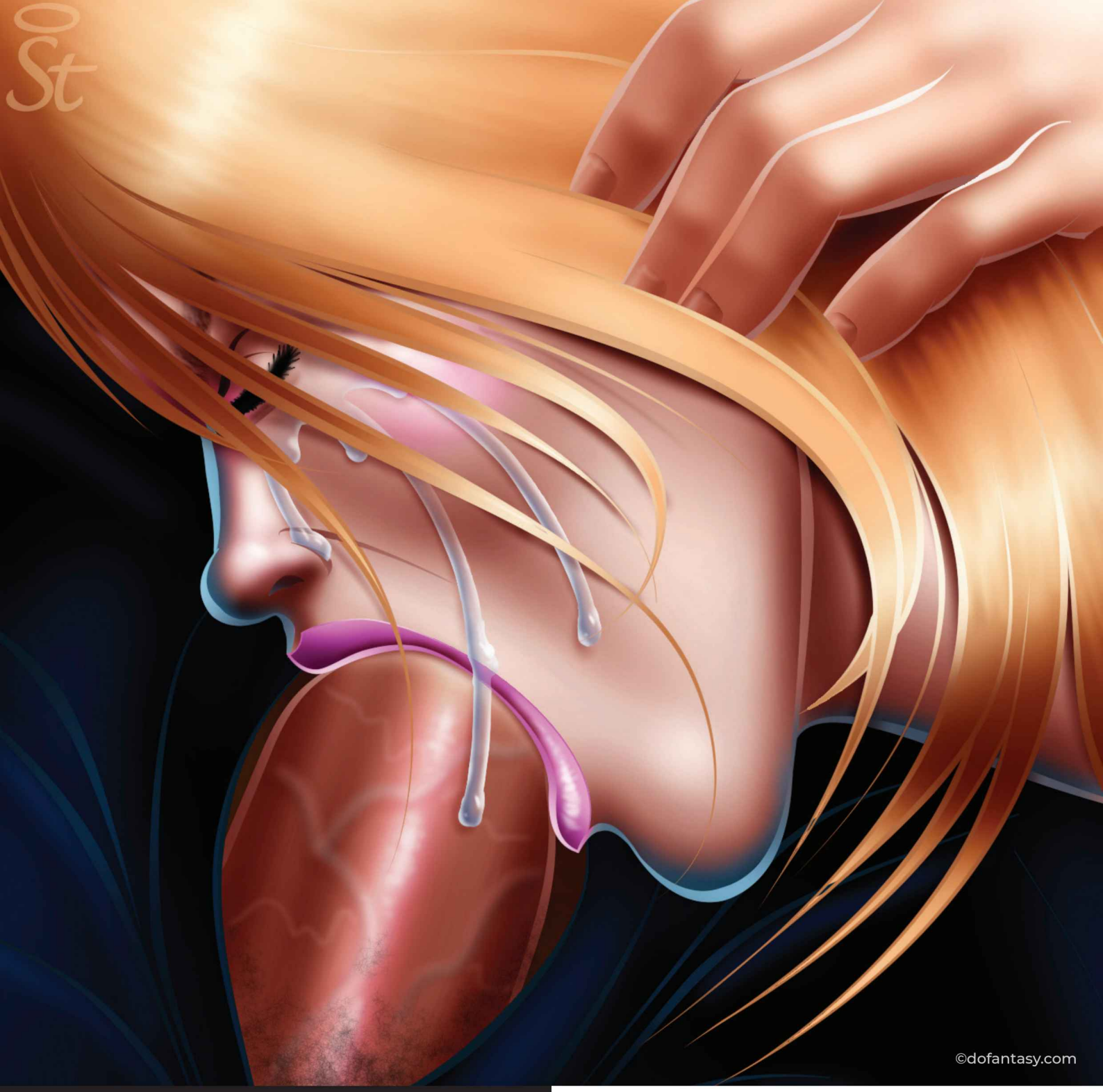


The blue-ball-gagged, still sultry, brunette squirmed on a desk in ridiculously revealing clubwear, her wondrous breasts erupting out of a blue leather bra, and a matching frilled micromini skirt doing nothing to prevent the cop humping her from the rear as her cuffed wrists and strapped ankles twisted.

The men followed their orders. As the special squad marched a jacket-covered Caitlin out the back of the club, looking to the few who witnessed it as a legit arrest, Kim, Amy, and Rebecca struggled desperately in a holding cell, their mouths plugged, their heads covered in lace-up, strapped, hoods, their hands mittened, their wrists and ankles cuffed to the bars, cot, and sink, respectively. Just under their skirts, belted-in vibrators whirred as their clipped nipples shook.

Two men held Caitlin's arms, while, under the obscuring jacket, their other hands squeezed her tits. Under the jacket her mouth was stuffed with a clear plastic plug – the kind that was used in mental hospitals – held in place by clear tape. Already dazed by the assault, she was in no condition to resist the firm control of the experienced special squanders.

They got her to the car, followed procedure getting her into the back seat, then, as soon as the one-way-glassed doors were closed, dragged her head down to their laps.



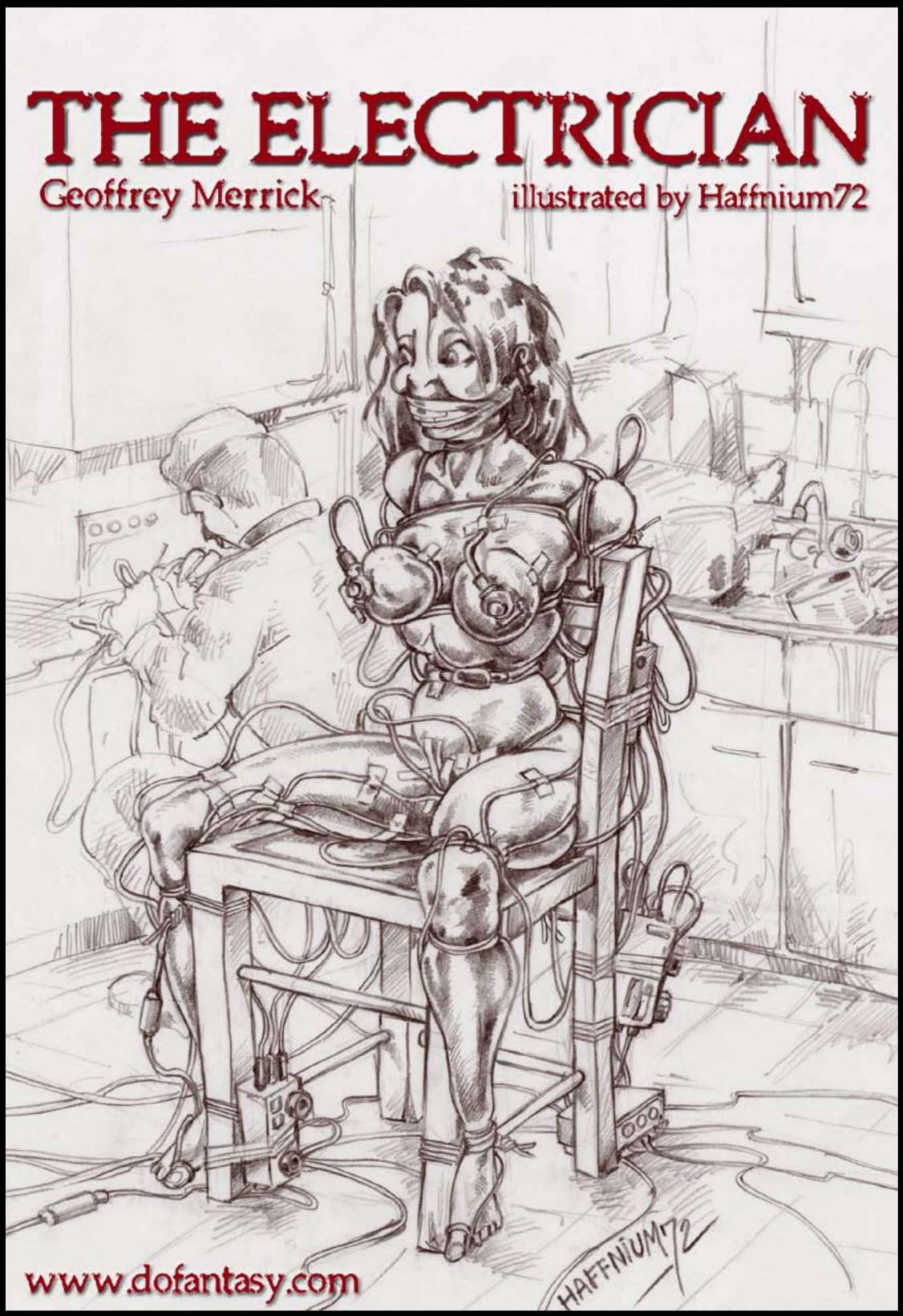
As they drove away, her mouth was refilled with cock while another man crouched behind her raised rump on the back seat.

Sam, Seth, and Sean watched the squad car disappear from view, then turned back to their own vehicle. The eldest was already wondering how much the milk chocolate beauty would get on the underground market, and, with the tacit approval of the local authorities, whatever they could get away with next.

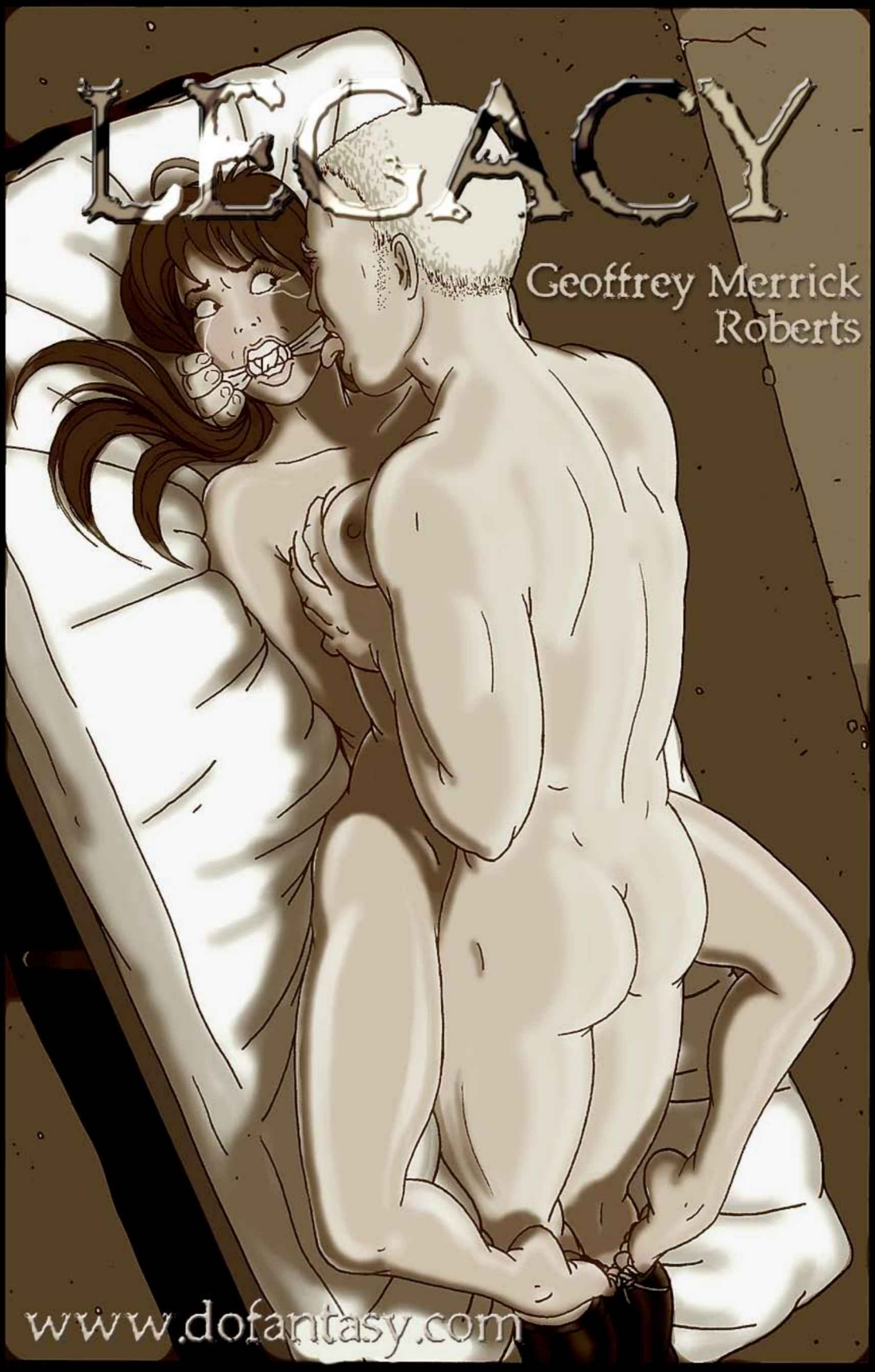
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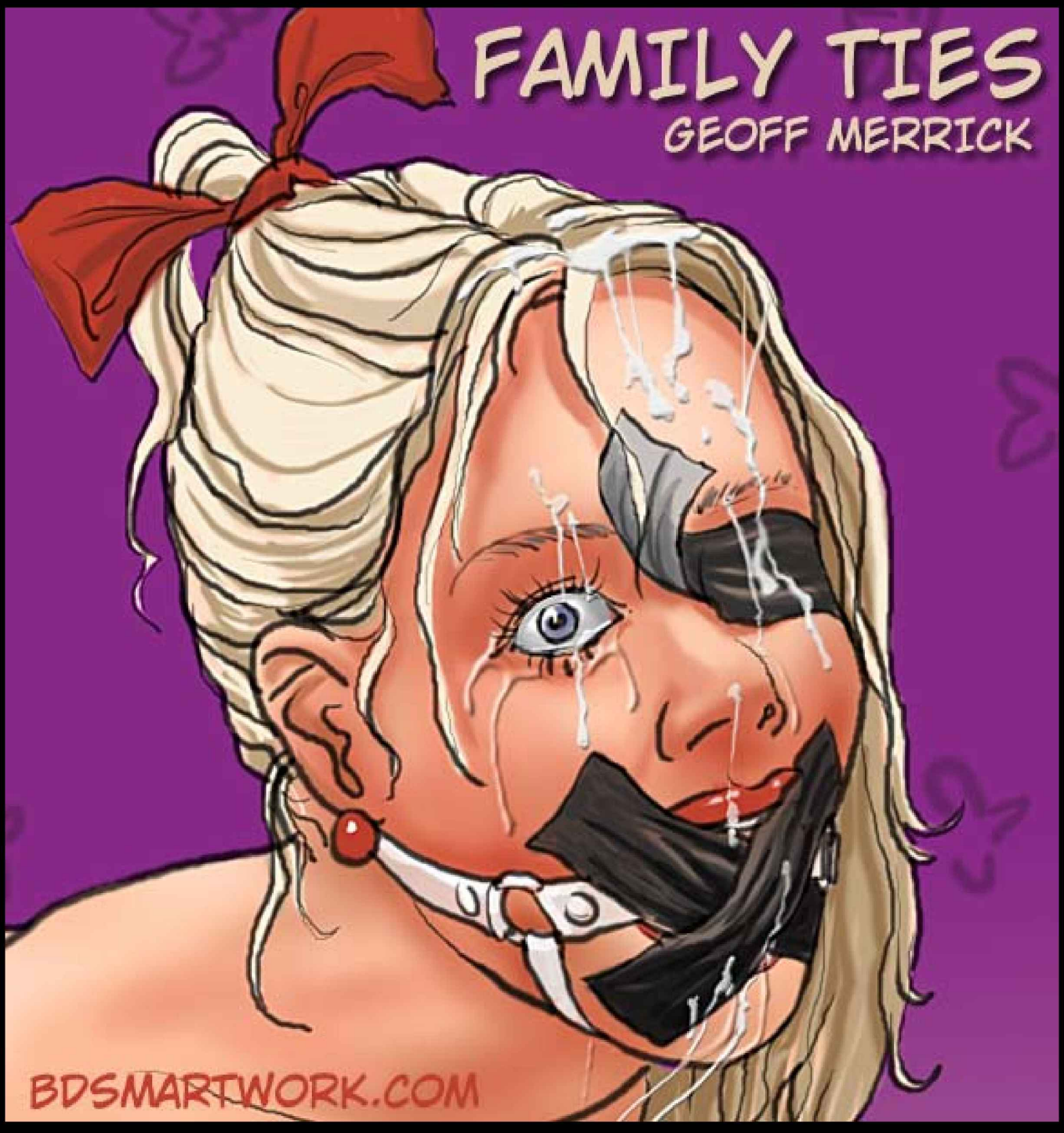
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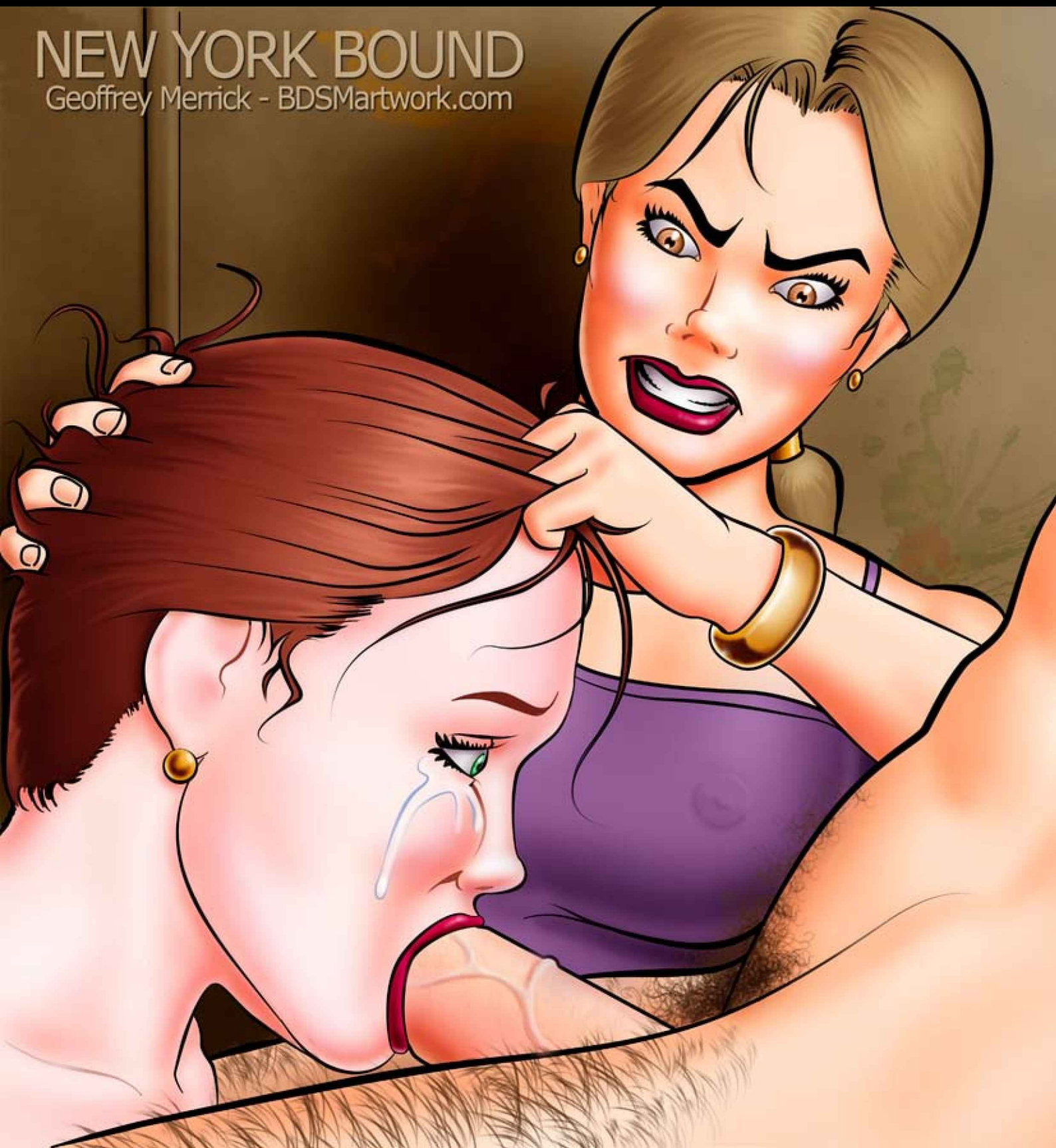
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