



Geoffrey Merrick - HAT TRICK

# HAT TRICK

## Geoffrey Merrick

He discovered the Carlsen sisters, at least the youngest one, at a garden party. Despite what he did as a vocation, there would have been no missing Jill Carlsen. Five feet, four inches tall, blonde hair in a

hopping ponytail, bright blue eyes shining, and swaths of smooth, firm, slim, youthful flesh showing in her delightful outfit of denim shorts just barely holding onto youthful hips, a girlish, elastic, short-puffy-sleeved, midriff-baring top, and sandals which laced up her slim, smooth, curving

shins.

Her legs were as long as her smile was natural and unaffected. Her breasts were as firm and hard as

two new peaches, and they punched into her simple top with the energy of newly born kittens. He heard her tell someone she was sixteen ... which meant she was fifteen, tops.

She was there with her divorced father, enjoying displaying herself, reveling in her freedom and growing beauty (while honestly interested in meeting new people).

Of course he wanted to take her right there, waiting until it got darker before he clamped her lips shut, dragged her back into the surrounding woods, and nailed her writhing form as her father wondered where she had wandered off to, but he managed to control himself.

He also managed to control himself when he discovered her living arrangements. She stayed with her mother in a big, ramshackle old house in East Woodlawn ... along with her two sisters. Megan, a less effervescent beach bunny, was going to take a year between high school and college to get some sun

and experience. She was 5'5", slightly more filled out, with round, high breasts, a nice waist, and sleek

hips. Her eyes were also blue but not as bright, while her cuteness was tempered by a growing coolness.

She kept her darker blonde hair at medium length, to her smooth, creamy shoulders.

Then there was Kelly. A sprite denying her heritage. With the brightest blue eyes in almond shaped lids, little nose, and blindingly cute smile, he wouldn't have been surprised if she had pointed

ears beneath her the sweeping blonde bob which barely came down to her neck. Except, of course, she

was 5'6" tall, with the longest, smoothest, sexiest legs imaginable. She knew it, of course, because despite

her little business suits, her skirts were as short as possible, showing off her hint of a tan and the promise of the rest of her. And she always wore pumps with three inch heels. The rest of her wasn't bad either. Her ass was round and high and

firm, befitting those legs, her waist was small, and her chest was incredible - hanging melons filling out her starched off-white shirts.

He could just imagine the frilly lingerie beneath that fresh-out-of-college, junior exec surface...

She was that kind of girl: ambitious, dedicated to getting ahead, practically bursting with personal power and will. It was Kelly, more

than her two sisters, that made him decide to try a hat trick.

Mom, of course, was also pretty cool looking, although thickening and settling a bit - but Audrey,

his 'fence', as it were, wouldn't get much, if anything, for her.

No, it was the daughters, who came and went on a fairly well planned schedule, who would finance

them for years to come. Mom got alimony, but she also worked every day, and with one child still in school, had plenty of meetings to occupy her evenings.

He managed to stay off Jill until a few months shy of her sweet sixteen.

Getting into the two-story, colonial house was no problem. He had been casing the place for months. It

was, like most of the houses in the area, spaced wide apart, with plenty of forest and farm land between dwellings. Coming through the woods in back, the house itself blocked him from the street, and the family collaborated with him by not trimming the bushes ... especially those near the small cellar windows.

Suffice to say that when Jill got home that Friday from school a little after three, he was behind the door of her second story room, having already drawn the opaque, frilly curtains around the three paned bay window.

Her closets were to the right of the door. Her brass bed was to the right.

Her desk was in front of the windows. Bureaus were to the left and right of that.

Stuffed animals were all over the place and posters of teen stars were on the walls.

She came in, wearing a short, pleaded, plaid skirt; knee socks, white sneakers; a button-down, white

cotton shirt, and one of those chokers all the teens were wearing around their long necks.

She had just tossed her books to the desk when he was on her like a deer tick.

The heavy, thick, drug-soaked cloth clamped over her nose and mouth like melting plastic. His other

arm clamped around her arms and waist like a yanked seatbelt. Then he reared back, jerking her off the floor. She was so stunned she only gasped and froze for a second. Only then did she start to bleat like a frightened ewe, and struggle.

She jerked in his grip, ramming her tight ass against his hips, her torso surging against his arm. He could feel her lips working beneath his hand and the violent hum of her shrieks. Her legs kicked, which only managed to make him grip tighter as their firm sleekness rubbed his body. Then the drug

began to claw into her brain.

She made a surprised sound, her eyes widening. Then her fingers gripped his arm and thigh spasmodically, her legs grew heavy, and her eyes

began to droop.

“That’s it,” he whispered to her. “Just breathe....” And then it was over.

Jill Carlsen hung in his arms like a life-size, hundred pound sex doll. He immediately twisted to his

left and dumped her on the bed, watching her flop down laxly. She came to a rest on her back in the mid-afternoon diffused sunlight -

legs wide, one arm crossed over her chest, her mouth open and her eyes gently closed. He felt his hardon threatening to tear open his pants.

He quickly retrieved a bag from behind the door, reached in, and stuffed a big, pliant, pink rubber ball

in her mouth, filling the orifice behind her teeth and opening her jaw to its widest aperture. Then came the gray tape over her lower face, then the padded bandage, then another swath of red tape -

all

under her cute ponytail. He bound her arms in the small of her back - wrists to elbows,



forearms to forearms. Then her ankles, still in the shoes and kneesocks, spreadeagled, hanging from the

brass baseboard. Then he kneeled between her legs, dragging her pillows down to her haunches, forcing up her hips.

When he saw the virginal white panties peeking out from under the skirt he nearly messed himself.

But he

held on long enough to cut the panties off, release his erection, slather it with lubricant, and jam himself

inside the soft, silky, blonde triangle. Suddenly she was no longer a virgin, and in no condition to react

to that reality.

Then he started pumping in earnest. She was amazing.

So tight and so warm he thought he'd explode. For all intents and purposes he did, within seconds, only barely containing a shout of pure

animal exultation.

She only reacted when he came, stretching in the bonds and moaning in the gag as if having a nightmare.

Only then did he tear open her shirt and yank down her plain tan bra. Her tits weren't peaches anymore. He grabbed her grapefruits before starting to rut again. Her eyelids started to flutter a minute or so later. Then her legs began to bend and her torso twist. Finally her eyes snapped open.

It took her a second to remember.

It took her another to see what was happening that very moment. It took another for her to truly comprehend it. She started, jerking in her bonds. She made a surprised, frightened noise beneath the gag.



Finally she realized: she had been attacked. She was being raped.  
And there was no way to escape or

scream. His fingers slipped into her hair and his hand gripped her tit  
as if holding a baseball just before

she started to buck and cry. Her beautiful body surged beneath him,  
her head shaking madly, tears pouring

out of her eyes as he merely pressed down, gripping and grinding,  
jamming his meat up into her like corking a wine bottle.

“Nothing you can do,” he hissed, thrusting, lowering his mouth to her  
sweet little ear.

“Nothing...you...can...do!” Then he wrapped his hands under her  
sweat slickened shoulders, trapping her like a bug under a rock, and  
plunged madly into her, his mouth slobbering her sweet neck.  
Outside, a car passed by every thirty seconds or so as he rutted  
away - the teenage girl bound to the

bed, her mouth stuffed, sealed, and muffled. He just kept fucking the  
sweet young thing, stabbing his tongue into her ears, sucking at her  
throat, as she writhed helplessly beneath him. He heard her sister  
Megan being dropped off by her friends. Jill didn’t, above the roar in  
her head, his tongue in one ear, and his hand over the other.  
Twisting slightly and pushing off her chest, he kept sliding his log all  
the way in her warm, tight cunt, while lazily reaching over to the  
nightstand. Jill did

hear Megan come in, however, unlocking the back door. Her eyes  
grew huge, staring up into his bland

face. He saw hysteria overcome any reason left in her expression.  
Her head snaking up on her neck, she

stared imploringly at her closed door and started to scream.

“Megan...help...help me... run... run...”

Megan... nooooo!" It sounded like a distant cry of a kitten which had been buried alive. And just at its

most wrenching and pleading, he plopped the drug-soaked cloth wad back over her nose and jammed his

cock so hard up her ass nearly came off the pillows. Her screams were now the sound of a falling butterfly, her body taut beneath him, her legs kicking uselessly on either side. He held the cloth loosely over her nose, but kept his other fingers clamped tightly over her filled and sealed mouth.

He listened carefully for any sounds on the stairs outside but watched Jill's eyes - staring at him in horrified disbelief, filling with the realization that he would get away with this... that he had fucked her

and would keep her from alerting her sister.

She tried to escape one last time, rolling like a wave crashing to shore, her chest thrust up, her hips thrusting, and her legs kicking out in one last spasmodic surge beneath him. All it did was make

him come again, just as their hips locked. He saw her feeling it, her desperate eyes widening one centimeter more than seemed possible, and then starting to droop in desecration and despair. He jammed his cock up; once, twice, three times - pressing her head back in rhythm with one hand, holding the drugged cloth against her nostrils with the other. Jill went under with a rattling sigh, slipping under the surface of consciousness like a child being pulled down by a great white shark.

He slowly, carefully, lessened his grip on her head, still listening intently from any warning sound from

downstairs. There was only a second when he did not - when he looked full in the face of the unconscious Jill Carlsen. Her face was covered in sweat, her lips sealed, her ears drooled, and her neck

was covered in hickeys. It took his breath away. He cautiously pushed himself off her, revealing back into his sight her torn open shirt, proud chest, skirt pushed up to waist, her long spread legs, and cum-dewy thatch. He could hardly walk, so he quickly came into her sleeping face, and, with her eyes and hair cum-splattered, quickly untied her ankles from the strong baseboard. He nimbly removed her shoes and socks, undressed her, and retied her crossed ankles together - all while

listening for Megan's progress.

Leaving a gloriously nude Jill 'sleeping' beneath the covers (her torn bra, cut panties, ripped shirt and rumpled skirt under the bed), he hitched up my pants and hazarded leaving the room, his bag in hand. As he approached the stairs, he heard the TV on in the living room and popcorn popping in the

kitchen microwave.

He waited until the microwave beeped, hearing Megan heading toward the kitchen before moving silently across the dining room. He heard her opening the bag and pouring the snack into a bowl as he retrieved the 120,000 volt zapper from his bag. He saw a flash of blonde hair, creamy flesh, and gray stretch cotton go by, then he stepped forward, pressed the zapper onto her back, and thumbed the switch while reaching beyond her. She made a surprised gasping noise and went down as he

grabbed the bowl of popcorn and set it on the rustic dining room table without spilling a drop. Only then did he survey my handiwork, twitching on the wood floor at his feet. Megan was wearing a V-necked, gray stretch-cotton pull-over dress that came to her knees but had a slit up the side that came

to her thighs. Her feet were bare, her sandals kicked off at the front door. Her small, kewpiedoll-like mouth and dark blue eyes were opening and closing like a beached fish while her shapely body moved sensuously beneath the tight fabric.

He grabbed her around her twenty-four inch waist and dragged her up. Then with one arm around her arms and waist, and the other around her throat, he dragged her to the cellar door between the kitchen and living room. Pressing the zipper beneath one thirty-six inch tit, he thumbed the switch again. She jerked in place, jiggling, her mouth making a cut-off alarm noise, then collapsed

back into his grip.



He dragged her down the cellar steps to a plain, dark cavern, interspersed with iron support beams, an exposed wood ceiling, and a floor that was half concrete and half earth. Suddenly

twisting around, he threw her against the basement wall, watching her bounce and go down. Taking just

a second to see her undulate on the cellar floor, he went up to retrieve his bag. When he returned, she was

trying to pull herself up the basement wall, making gasping groans with each breath.

Standing on no ceremony, he grabbed her, dragged her up, pushed her face-first against the cellar wall, and handcuffed her wrists behind her. Then, dragging her head back by her blonde hair, he

jammed a big leather sack in her mouth, which was attached to a thin strap he buckled brutally tight behind her head. Then on went swath after swath of plumbing tape. Only then did he reach around, grab the V-neck of her simple pullover, and start tearing. Within seconds her bikini was revealed: seamless, bright pink, with a top that gathered and thrust up her full creamy boobs and a bottom that molded her round, firm rear. Megan started to twist and bleat by then, so he gave her a quick punch to

the kidney. She slammed into the cellar wall, her sounds cut off as if by a spigot, then started to crumple with a pained moan.

He took the moment to drag her back up, sandwich her against the wall, and slip a thin rubber coated wire through the central link of her handcuffs, which he then tightened brutally around her waist - the wire all but disappearing into her flesh. She started at that, but it was, as before, too late. Her blue eyes pinballed around their sockets, trying to understand the attack, but it just continued

with brisk, savage efficiency ... as if her defilement was just a distraction from things that really mattered. Within moments a cord had been affixed to a pipe in the ceiling and wrapped around her strong chin. Seconds after that, her ankles were bound wide to two iron support beams six feet away

from each other. Then he came up behind her and thrust his hands down into her bikini top and bottom. He let her undulate against him as he kneaded her bulbous tit, rolled her nipple, and pinched her clit

repeatedly. He heard her gasp and then moan, her body jerking, and then choke, trembling. He kept doing it until she came, her face getting red, then purple. Finally as her eyes rolled

back into her head he suddenly and expertly cut the noose, dropped her to the floor on her back, and jumped on top of her. He dragged her tits from the top and tore her bikini bottom off. Even before she regained full consciousness he was in her. She was no virgin, but she was no slut either.

Her cunt was nice and tight, warm, and wet from the abuse, and he plugged all the way in with no further lubrication than her sister's dried juice. Finally she was completely awake and trying to rebel

from the invasion. But the way her legs were spread and her mouth packed made it doubly difficult. Then, too, he would occasionally push her head against the floor or lay his forearm over her

throat to weaken her even further. Soon she just stared, astonished and defiled, at the cellar ceiling, grunting as he pumped and mauled her. Finally he came in her cringing form, hearing her whimper and

cry. Hardly pausing, he merely pulled out, jerked up, and thudded his cock between her crammed together boobs.



For the next fifteen minutes he gave himself a nice long tit-fuck, hardly bothering to look at her. Only when his cum splattered onto her visage did he stare at her terrified, uncomprehending face. Then, feeling the need for a mouth fuck he reached for her lips...but that's when her older sister came home. He heard the car pull into the drive, then looked down at Megan's shocked, frightened eyes trying to look through the wall to wish Kelly away. He sunk the zapper into her

left tit and thumbed the button. Megan slammed down to the cellar floor. He pushed the zapper into her other tit and switched it on again. Megan jerked in place as if having a fit ... then grew still.

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Hat Trick Part 2

Geoffrey Merrick



As you may remember last time, 'The Taker' had

scouted the three Carlsen sisters before assaulting two in their home. The spirited high school student is cruelly bound, gagged, and unconscious beneath the covers of her own bed, while the sexy, bikinied, college grad is secured brutally in the cellar - just as their pretty young executive older sister arrives home...

Full of venom and power, he marched upstairs, across the dining room, into the kitchen, and through

the back hall just as Kelly was unlocking the back door. He got a look at her trying to twist the key and the doorknob while pushing in her thin briefcase with her long stockinged leg. But then the door

swung even further open and suddenly there she was, revealed. She wore a form-fitting, probably tailored, pale blue, miniskirted suit, matching high heels with three inch pumps, and a peachcolored silk shirt with the first three buttons open, giving him a peek at a frilly lace lavender bra.

She was just becoming aware of someone approaching her, and was looking up, when he punched her in the stomach. Kelly made a woofing sound and doubled over. Grabbing her without stopping, he clawed his fingers over her mouth and slammed her against the door jam. Her bright blue eyes opened wide again, one hand grabbing at her own face, her other hand clawing out, when he

punched her in the stomach again. Kelly doubled over once more, this time unable to make any sound

except a retching gasp, drool splattering out of her lax mouth. He grabbed her hair and yanked her back, slamming her repeatedly against the door jam. She tried to grab onto something, she tried to focus,

she tried to cry out... but he punched her in the stomach a third time.

Kelly went down to her knees in the narrow hall, unable to breathe or make a sound, overwhelmed by the attack. He kicked her in the side, sending her against the wall. She fell onto her back, her eyes rolling in pain and

shock, her blonde hair fanning out, her arms up. He planted his knee in her stomach and jammed a big, pliant plastic wedge into her mouth, bulging her cheeks. Then blue duct tape went over that and under her chin, sealing her working lips. Then a padded bandage went over that, anchoring itself on her nose. Then, grabbing her hair and a fistful of her jacket and shirt, he dragged her outside and around the back of the house.

He dumped her into the bushes, where he had put all the garden shed stuff. He would have put her in the shed if there had been enough room, but there wasn't. Instead he ripped off her jacket, and wrenched her arms across her back. He strapped her elbows together, then yanked each wrist to the opposite side of her waist where he used thin, coarse rope and plastic pull-ties to cinch her flesh to a special, extra long, plastic, multi-rooted garden spikes, which he nailed deep into the hard-packed earth. When it was done, she lay on her back, her crossed arms thrusting up her crotch, her hands peeking out on the wrong side of her waist, twisting in bonds that attached to anchored plastic spikes - ones guaranteed to remain sunken no matter what the upward pressure. Already she was beginning to writhe in pain as he tied her ankles to two more spikes and nailed them wide into the earth within the bushes. Her magnificent legs were now stretched their longest, revealing the tops of her stockings and garter belt, as well as her lavender silk and lace panties.

He kneeled, as if worshipping, as she tried to rear up, sweat pouring down her pain-wracked face. But he just grabbed her shirt and tore it open.



There were her whopping teardrops in a matching

lavender satin and lace underwire bra, and all the tan smooth skin around it. He grabbed her face, threw her down to the dirt, and climbed atop her. She tried to rear up again, but he slammed her back

down, ripping at her panties. Then he tore open her bra before grabbing a fistful of hair and unzipping his pants.

When her mother came home, she walked no more than thirty feet away from them, but Kelly was

in no

condition to cry out. Her hands were dark and limp, while his hands were around her throat, squeezing carefully. Kelly's face was dark, straining silently, and her long, beautiful legs spasmed, making the bush cover shiver only slightly. His cock was all the way in her... 'Darn raccoons,' her mother thought, quickly unlocking the back door. 'We have got to trim those hedges...!' But she didn't

like vermin, so she moved quickly inside, closing the door tightly behind her.

Only then did he relax the grip on Kelly's throat.

She shuddered in her asphyxiated stupor beneath him, quivering, her tits jiggling. He started rutting again even before her back arched, dragging in her first new breath.

Inside, their mother saw the popcorn and TV, then shook her head. Megan, she thought, probably got an offer she couldn't refuse and went out again without a thought to conserving energy. She turned

off the TV and took a handful of popcorn before heading for the stairs. Megan's eyelids fluttered when

dust drifted down from the steps onto her comatose face in the cellar. Upstairs, their mother saw Jill's

closed door. She was going to respect her youngest daughter's privacy, when she decided to risk a rejection. She tapped lightly on the door with her knuckle. "Jill?" she called softly. "Jill? You in there?"

Opening the door quietly she looked into the gathering gloom of dusk to see her youngest daughter in

bed, her face at rest... the sheet coming up to her delightful little nose. Practically under sedation, she

thought. Seeing her look so angelic - practically glowing

- she stepped in and gently kissed her daughter on the forehead. They grow up so fast, she thought, tasting the slightly sweet saltiness of the sweat that had dried in the hours since Jill's arrival home.

She

went back to the door, oblivious to the gag and bondage beneath the sheet. As she closed the door silently, the pile of torn, sweat-soaked and cum-stained clothing shifted

from the tiny gust of air created.

Outside, gripping her hair and the side of Kelly's head as if they were handles, he twisted this way and that - both checking on her mom's whereabouts through the windows above as well as grinding his cock deeper into the eldest daughter's spiked-down form beneath him. Her long, beautiful

legs practically hummed in their bonds as his violent, but all but silent, fucking took her breath away.

He would pull back quietly, all but the very crown of his log coursing out of her. Then, with an explosive grunt, he would launch back into her like a catapult. And his mouth would be at her neck, or her breasts would fill his drooling maw, his tongue and teeth rough on

her nipples. She literally couldn't comprehend it. A man she didn't know had attacked her, beat her, choked her, and was fucking her brains out in the bushes just outside her home as if punishing her for something specific. It was as if an anvil had dropped onto her mind, eliminating all reason. The violence and lack

of air did the rest. She was just a slim, statuesque shape beneath him. Finally, he clamped onto her like an octopus, his cock cannoning what seemed like a quart of cum up inside her, his fingers tearing at her scalp, his breath hot on her face. He waited until all the jism seemed to sink into her before quickly - almost like an afterthought - pinching her nostrils closed through the bandage, and pushing his forearm down onto her slim throat.

Beneath her mother's window, Kelly's legs snapped in the ropes and her body surged beneath her attacker. He felt her tits mash repeatedly against his chest as he held on during her frenetic but all but silent struggle - her deadened fingers scratching against the dirt. Kelly lost consciousness just as her mother started to wonder where she was. If her mom had gotten into her casual clothes in front of

her window, she would have seen her 23 year old daughter being dragged by her ankles to her own sporty car.

He pulled on her feet, staring at how it made her skirt ride up to become a bunched belt around her slim little waist, and how her yellow hair trailed around her head like a halo. He watched the way her breasts would jiggle with each pull, her nipples like little eyes rolling around her chest in disbelief. And he

watched her mottled face clear back to a flushed elfin beauty, her eyes sparkling under fluttering lids.

Taking a quick second to look up toward

her mother's bedroom window, he hastily grabbed Kelly's hair and the nape of her shirt's neck to bundle her into her own car's

passenger seat. He silently raced to the other side, and jumped behind the wheel - all the time watching the window. It remained empty until he plugged the key into the ignition. Kelly's

mother only turned when he started the car up, quickly driving out onto the road before the girls' mother had any real chance to see that both seats were filled and Kelly wasn't driving.

The mother only wondered about that for a second, however.

Kelly had long been independent, seeing no reason to say hello or good-bye to everyone during their busy lives.



When she left a few minutes later for the school meeting, he was waiting in a small dirt and gravel roadside just down the street. He took a quick look at his passenger - still gagged and elbows cinched - crumpled on the passenger's seat. Kelly's eyes were closed, her sweaty head drooping, her shirt torn open and dirty, her pendulous breasts hanging free, a glistening drop of dewy sweat hanging from one pink nipple. Her skirt was streaked and ripped, her stockings decorated in runs to reveal smooth, sexy, tan flesh - the high heels still clamped to her feet. He dragged her head to his lap just before her mom's car drove by, its driver oblivious. Then, rubbing her gagged lips against his hard-on by gripping her hair, he drove back into the three sisters' driveway and

parked right behind the back door.

When Jill's eyes began to slowly open, he was there, kneeling by the bed, forcing a padded, penis-

prod gag into her mouth. He was holding the back of her head, pushing it in, even before she was fully awake. But by the time

he had tightened it cruelly behind her head, she was crying and kicking for all she was worth, despite

the fact that her wrists and ankles had been retied with thin, coarse rope. To her shock, she was now wearing her cheerleader's outfit of a deep v-necked midriffexposing sweater, short pleated miniskirt,

and kneesocks - only the underwear was now her sexiest black wonderbra and thong. Her eyes bulged

above the gag as he buckled it tightly behind her head, then rolled her over to yank her wrists to her ankles for a wicked hogtie. Jill bleated and tried to roll over on the bed, her pushed-up tits getting further squished in the process. Taking that as inspiration, he took a moment to squeeze her breasts as



if juicing grapefruit, then went through her closet and bureaus, throwing interesting items of denim, cotton, lycra, leather, and lace onto her crying, writhing, form. He shoved them into one of Jill's own

knapsacks, then sat on the bed, gathering her up in his arms. She stiffened when she felt his finger tracing her vaginal lips through the thong, then started to sob as he carefully and methodically began to

anchor cord in her hip bones. The hemp was forced between her legs and then yanked deep, deep, deep

into her cunt, folding the silky satin of the thong into her girlhood like lettuce into a hotdog bun.

She

groaned in agony as he flipped the skirt back to just cover the invading crotchrope, then gave her tit a

pinch as he headed for Megan's room.

As he plundered the middle girl's dresses and shoes, Megan was in the cellar, her wrists twisting in the

handcuffs, her spread legs spasming, desperate little grunts coming from behind the gag. When he was in

Kelly's room, reveling in her silk and satin finery before shoving it into one of her overnight bags, Kelly

was outside, stretched out in the car, all but laying in the passenger's seat. The seatback had been laid

all the way back, a rubber-coated wire around her throat and the headrest. Her elbows were loose, but

her wrists had been wired to the metal slats at the seat's sides, and her ankles wired to the underside of the

dashboard. She jerked in place, moaning and crying - her face covered in cum, the gag still filling her

mouth and sealing her lips... nipple clamps biting into her aching tits... and a wire snaking from the cigarette lighter up between her quivering legs and under her skirt... a hum filling the interior of the otherwise empty car...

Megan was dumped in first, now wearing a tight, backless, u-necked sundress, which he was able to slip up her legs and tie behind her neck. A rubber penis was stuffed in her mouth, her lower face covered in dark gray cloth tape. Her arms were likewise taped behind her, from just under her elbows to her wrists. He stuffed her in the back seat, wedging her legs under the passenger seatback, wiring her big toes to the wire around Kelly's throat. He then wrapped her knees with one seatbelt before wrapping the other around her throat - holding her down just under window level.

Kelly's bright blue eyes rolled back in her head, trying to stare into Megan's darker blues warningly, but soon the car interior was filled with the sound of choking and muffled begging.

Upstairs Jill swung into view, her face wracked with pain, her hogtied body in a painful backwards "O", as he carried her by the wrist/ankle ropes like an overnight bag. He pulled a garden sack over her and stuffed her into the little car trunk along with the bags of clothing. Then he kneeled on the driver's seat, grabbed one of Megan's tits through the clinging cloth, as well as one of Kelly's tits, and squeezed them both reassuringly. "All set?" he whispered pleasantly as they gasped, then choked again. Taking only a moment more to survey their remarkable sexiness, torture, and helplessness, he hopped in and restarted the motor. He pulled out of their driveway and headed north.

Three hours later he pulled into his own driveway. It had taken a while to transfer them into his own car and dump Kelly's vehicle, but it was worth the extra time to make sure it, and them, were never

found. He pulled into his one car, barn-like garage on the extra patch of land down at the end of

his road, and turned to check their progress. Kelly still had the small bruise where she hit her forehead on the opening of his passenger side, but otherwise she was as lovely as ever, complete with black sleeping mask - the kind you can buy in any luggage or travel store - crossed and wired ankles, wrists likewise bound behind her, elbows affixed to her torso by more rope, and breasts straining against the thin cloth of her rebuttoned, cleavage revealing shirt. The dildo was out of her cunt, but a clip had been fastened on her clit, which he had played with all the way up... when he wasn't sinking his fingers into her cunt.



Megan lay on the back seat, semi-conscious, the dildo jammed in her beneath the hem of her sundress, which had ridden up to her hips as she writhed. Her taped together legs helped hold in the

vibrator, her mouth was now filled with a black prod gag and her eyes blindfolded by a seemingly matching black sleepmask. She had lost consciousness near the state border so he had unplugged the device from the lighter socket.

He got out of the car, closed the two barn-like doors behind him, switched on the overhead yellow light, and opened the trunk. Jill came awake as he cut open the hogtie and dragged her out onto the

dirt garage floor. She moaned and then tried to scream through her gag as her limbs started to revive.

Not standing on ceremony he dragged her up by her arms and leaned her against the driver's side door. "See?" he said, holding her in place by grabbing her bunched tits through her bra and sweater.

"You're not alone. The whole family's here." He heard her trying to say "Kelly? Megan?" in surprise

and then start to wail in fear. "That's all right," he soothed, grinding her tits in a circular, shining motion. "Don't worry... I'll still have plenty of time for you..." She started to shake and buck, but he grabbed her pony tail, yanked back, and shoved his hand under her sweater and bra to grind her right breast like bread dough. "It's okay, Jilly," he assured her tightly. "You'll always come first."

Then he dragged her to the ground.

Jill awoke, sunlight blinding her. For the merest of moments, feeling the warmth on her body and the

coolness of drool on her chin, she thought she was awaking from a nightmare. A moment later, she realized she was waking into one. She was standing in a small attic room, in the middle of the rectangular space, against a thick wooden support beam. Beside her, to the left, was a simple, metal bed bolted to the thick wooden floor. Ten feet in front of her was a simple, uncovered, wood-framed

window. She could see the rooftops of a normal residential street stretch off in the distance. She tried to

cry out to them, and moaned in pain. Something was in her mouth. Invading, jutting, wedged there.

She tried to reach up to remove it. Her fingers spasmed, but her wrists were locked by her sides and slightly behind her. She tried to step away. Her legs spasmed, her feet jerking in place. But that was not the worst. Something else was nailing her there. Something that mirrored the thing in her mouth. Something that plunged and locked in between her legs, curling inside of her very girlness... Her breasts bulged in the wonderbra. The hem of her pleated cheerleader miniskirt tapped the very top of her thighs. Her sweater's v-neck gripped the sides of her cleavage. She was forced on her very tip-toes. Jill tried to speak. The words were mush and mucous coursed over her lip and out the edges of her yanked down mouth to pour across her chin... dripping between her tits and across her chest. Her hands reached, her knees bending, but she only seemed to walk slightly in place, the clacking of thick wood reaching her ears. Her eyes closed, then rolled around her head. At the very edge of her peripheral vision she saw a glint of bright

silver light. She froze, trying desperately to see. It was a mirror, leaning against the right wall, placed

so she would be just able to stare into it. Her reflection stared back in shock. She was forced back against the support beam, her ass tight against it. Her wrists were beside and behind her ass cheeks, shackled to the beam with thick black leather cuffs, closed with heavy key-locks and spiked to the back of the beam. Her ankles were shackled to the back of the beam, on either side. But that, of course, wasn't the worst. Her pony tail was tied to the beam. Her throat was collared, and coming off the collar was a "C" shaped wooden prod, the top part of which plunged two and a half inches into her mouth, forcing open her jaw, pushing down her tongue, and ending just before her uvula. But even that wasn't the worst. The worst was that she sat - if you could call the crotch crushing position

“sitting” - on another “C” shaped prod, this one attached to the beam itself, the bottom section between her legs and the top section curling six inches into her cunt. Again, her skirt hem covered the invasion from view, but she could feel it... all half-dozen thick, slimy inches of it, snaking up between the flesh of her thighs - as it also stretched her legs to their optimum, keeping only the very tips of the high heels touching the floor. Jill tried to scream, her mouth instinctively sucking on the intrusion, then sneering off of it, as saliva poured over her lips and chin...

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### HAT TRICK Part 3

Geoffrey Merrick - TAW

He heard tiny thunking - like a heating pipe coming on for the first time that season - from his bedroom in the two

and a half floor colonial. He turned to where Kelly unwillingly lay on the bed beside him. “That would be your youngest

sister,” he said with a smile before rolling over toward the door. “A guardian’s work is never done.”

Kelly was in no

condition to answer. When she had awoke in the dimly lit room, she was spreadeagled across his mattress, thumbs

and toes viciously wired to his bolted-down bedposts, wrists and ankles cuffed as a supplement. She was wearing her

sexiest lace-up blue underwire corset

-

the one which crammed her tits up, together and out... the one that had the garters which stretched down to hold flesh-colored stockings

that adhered to her long, shapely gams like a second skin. And in her mouth was a horrible clamp-like

instrument

-

a dental device which snapped under the front upper and bottom teeth to hold the jaw open.

He had been sitting on her chest, coming down her throat. Then, as she had choked and gagged and sputtered, he had

merely slipped down, pulled her tits from the lingerie, forced his cock up into her cunt, and started fucking her again. He

had laid atop her, arms curled under her shoulders, fingers tightened in her hair, crushing her tits with his chest, and

rutted as she moaned in desperate, disbelieving despair, unable to stop him in any way. Her sleek, sexy shape jerked in

defilement, her mind tumbling. Just a few hours ago, she was a young executive with ambition. All she had done was

come home, and then suddenly she was in the bushes, mouth stuffed and shut, limbs lashed down, her very sex

attacked. Then, even more incredibly she was imprisoned in her own car, sexually tortured, her own mother driving

by without a glance. And now... She gargled in rage, trying to make words, trying to hurl him off her, trying to pull

away from him, but the cuffs merely clacked and the wire hummed, the bed only vibrating with her pain.

"Now... now... darling," he had grunted, pushing off her, pulling her head back by her hair even farther (but hardly



slowing his thrusting). "It's... all right. You'll... see..."

Then he looked down into her sweating, cumdrooling face and disbelieving eyes - savoring the sight of her jiggling

tits and her firm, smooth stomach jerking with each thrust of his hips.

Finally he came, her entire body stiffening, then shuddering in revulsion.

He ignored her, choosing instead to start cramming a thick, fluffy washcloth into her wedged-open

mouth.

She almost screamed, then started to choke as he unratcheted the dentifrice, jerked it off her head, tossed it to the

floor, reached over to the right end bedtable, and started affixing swath after pre-prepared swath of wide, bandaids

colored, ready-made tape to her lower face.

When she had a big asterisk of tape from her nostrils to her chin, and from ear to ear, he merely half-pushed up

again, snatched the remote control from the night table and clicked in the direction of the big TV in the far corner of

the room. The unit flickered into life, but instead of showing a sitcom or drama, it revealed the interior of his garage.

"See? See?" he said, lifting Kelly's head by her hair. "You're not alone."

Kelly froze, her eyes widening. Megan was on TV, her face wracked with pain, her head covered by a horse-like

bridle harness - only instead of a bit, it covered her entire mouth... seemingly holding something inside.

He clicked the volume switch. Kelly could hear her sister's choked gasps of pain and muffled cries for help.

He pressed another button and the view widened, revealing Megan on her tippy-toes in the dirt, her ankles tied

with rope, her cuffed arms yanked up high behind her, and hung from a cross beam at the ceiling.

Her backless

summer dress barely covered her chest. Almost the entire round sides and backs of her succulent breasts were

revealed - her sweat making the outfit even more tight and transparent.

Kelly could see Megan's back muscles straining and her ribs jutting out from her slickened skin.

She was crying like a

child, which made Kelly start to tear up too, her eyes glittering in the gloom. Megan was teetering, her toes barely

touching the ground as she tried to relieve the pressure on her arms. "Wow," he said. "She's in pain.

I better do

something about that." He turned to Kelly, squeezing one saliva suckled tit. "You wait right here."

And then he was gone. Kelly had stared after him, waited until she heard him go down the stairs, and then tried to get

away, jerking and straining and pulling with all her might. When the bondage and bed didn't budge, she tried screaming again and again and again, hearing only a distant, incomprehensible wail.

Finally she stopped when she saw new movement on the television.

He had entered the garage. "Well, isn't this a pretty picture," he said quietly. Megan had started to plead through the

gag and shake with exhaustion, her arm muscles humming.

"Well," he repeated, coming around her. "We better do something about that...!"

He untied her ankles. He gripped each foot and forced four-inch, pink, ankle-strap high heels on her. Then he jammed

a triangular tire stopper under them - the kind backyard mechanics use to keep a car from rolling -

which fit perfectly

under the shoe's severe instep and stiletto heel. He slid them purposefully so that Megan's legs widened, her torso

bending even further forward.

Kelly stared in dread, knowing the added height relieved Megan's arm pain, but not enough that she could fight or

flee. For her part, Megan groaned in relief and fatigue, her head drooping, her sweat dotting the car's hood.

There, in the sunrise's preliminary light, her skin practically glowed, and with the way her smoky eyes shone and her

eyelids drooped, she had a softness that hadn't been apparent in the cellar where he had first assaulted her. He abruptly

realized that beyond her place as a middle child, stuck between a fresh teen and a sexy sprite, she was extraordinarily sensual.

“There now,” he whispered huskily, coming up behind her as she moaned. “Isn’t that better?” Then, with a purposeful

look at the camera, he cut open the back of her sundress with a pocket knife. It dropped down, revealing her mounds,

which were a round, ample cross between her younger sister’s jello-molds and her elder sister’s teardrops

-

complete with the pink, pert Carlsen nipples and nickel-sized aureoles. And, with each of her deep breaths, they rose

and felt like inviting handles. Kelly found herself holding her breath, and not just because she was trying not to choke

on the gag. Her head was all the way up, her chin on her chest, her body frozen, as she watched him reach around and

slowly, carefully, take hold of Megan’s breasts. Her head came up, her eyes closed, humming as he squeezed.

And then he was behind her, between her legs, lifting her skirt. “No,” Kelly choked through the cloth and tape. “No!”

She tried to look away, but couldn’t.

Alternately holding up Megan’s head by the gag harness, mauling her tits, anchoring himself with her hip bones, or

holding onto the inside of her thighs, he fucked himself into her from behind - leaning on her back, slobbering on her

neck, or tonguing her ears.

Megan grunted, squealed, and groaned in anguish, but otherwise could do nothing about it. Even if she stepped

off the tire stoppers, she couldn't go anywhere, so she stayed there, legs wide. And there she remained, locked, him

surging into her from behind. She only seemed to rise up, seemingly trying to leap off, when he came, but his grip on

her tit, hair, and then his embrace - crushing her chest and wrapping her throat - held her there.

"Good girl," he

gasped. "Good, good girl." He then lifted her head purposefully toward the camera. "Smile. You're on candid

camera. Say hello to your sister..."

She made a little noise of surprise and wonder, then almost screamed as he yanked a doubled rope tight across her

tits.

Kelly watched, sickened, as he stripped and retied Megan on camera... ropes crushing her breasts, holding her

crossed wrists between her shoulder-blades high up her back - and sunk deep, deep, deeply along

her hip bones and up

her cunt lips. Then he tied her ankles to her thighs and cinched her knees before covering her lower face - from her

nose to her chin - with elastic bandage. He then unceremoniously dumped her in the back seat of his car, wrapping a

seatbelt back around her throat.

“Thanks for the sugar, sweets,” he said and left the garage, leaving Kelly to watch only the shoes and remnants of a

torn sundress before he returned to her side. And that was when he heard the small thumping from the attic.

He surveyed his handiwork in the attic doorway. Jill was jerking like a newborn calf in her bondage, the equipment

holding her upright clattering against the support beam and her teeth. There was even that little extra wet sound that

came from the “C”-shaped shaft up her cunt and deep in her mouth.

Her skin shone in the early morning light, drool coating her chin and front, and her lithe muscles were stretched to

their utmost by the shackles.

Her fresh, young sexiness was enhanced even more by the midriff and leg-baring cheerleader uniform just barely

covering her, and her penetration.

“What is missing from this picture?” he murmured, making her start with surprise. She couldn’t see him in her

position, but as he walked around her, her huge, frightened eyes followed him with pleading and dread.

“Oh yes,” he said as he stopped in front of her. “I know.”

And then he yanked down the sides of her sopping sweater, jerked down the cups of her saliva-soaked black bra

(with a audible sucking sound), bunched her half-moon breasts together with one hand and clipped a two-headed nipple clamp to

her tits so that they were pulled together.



Jill squealed in agony

and chagrin, then gasped as her movement caused the dildo to jerk up into her even more. She choked, almost

whinnying, as he undid one wrist at a time, reshackling her arms to the beam so her fingers now fluttered near the back

of her neck.

“Now, that’s better, isn’t it?” he soothed sarcastically, caressing the side of her head and the side of her left breast

at the same time. “Now you can almost reach your mouth and your tits, can’t you? But not quite, right? Not with your

ponytail tied to the beam that way, huh? But if you try really, really hard... and maybe scalp yourself in the process...

maybe you can get those things off your sweet little nips... and get that awful thing out of your succulent little mouth,

huh?”

Jill begged and pleaded and cried, but all it did was make the wooden prod gag clack, and mucous pour out of her

jammed open, invaded mouth. “There, there,” he chided, letting his hands course down her delightful shape. They came

to rest on her hips. “Just be glad that thing isn’t electric, right?” Then, with a slap on her thigh, he went off to start the

day.

Kelly watched her youngest sister on the closecircuit TV reach achingly for her breasts, just barely managing to scratch

the sides of her pert orbs again and again and again - trying to drag the flesh back so she could get her nipples in her grip -



only to always fail. She watched as Jill then tried to reach her mouth, painfully turning her head as far as she could, her

ponytail tightening and twisting, her middle finger just barely able to slip into the sides of her yanked down lower lip...

before more mucous would drool and the finger would slip out. But then he was back in the room and on her.

Kelly's handcuffed palms slapped the tile of the huge shower stall mere seconds before he jerked them up and snapped

the center steel link to the clip-hook bolted into the wall just under the shower head. Kelly found herself standing on

the balls of her bare feet, leaning forward, her arms over her head, just scant seconds before water splashed down on

her.

The sound she made from behind and around the cunning plastic plug in her mouth was drowned in the strong

deluge. No water pressure problems in this house. Within moments, her naked body was soaked, her hair plastered to

her head. She tried to sink down, forcing the new gag from her mouth, but it was useless. The cuffs held her up, and the

gag was wedged good and tight by both the plastic strap tightened behind her neck, and by the structure within her lips. It

was a plug,

yes, but more than a plug. It had tiny plastic arms that pressed against the plug as it was forced in, then clicked open

when it passed her teeth - to push into her cheeks and behind her molars. Even without the strap, she probably

couldn't force it out. She made a little "awwww" sound to test, but then his loofa-enclosed hand slapped her chest. The

loofa was thick with soap, the lather coursing across her torso. She leaned there, skin shining, crystal beads of water

dripping from her chin and nipples, as he completely and expansively bathed her. Of course he held her to him as he

did it. Of course he jammed his crotch against her firm ass as he continued. Of course he took special notice of her

breasts and cunt... lathering, lathering, and lathering again with extra insistent pressure as she groaned and writhed

against her will.

Then, as suddenly as it started, it ended, and she was jerked down to her hands and knees, her handcuffs affixed to

another clip by the drain. He quickly cuffed her ankles wide to two more clips in the back corners of the enclosure...

and then out came the enema equipment. Even before Kelly was able to recover from that invasion, she was affixed

to a nearby toilet, her wrists clipped separately to the edge of the bowl. Then she was forced to sit on the

neighboring bidet. As if that, and what she had suffered in the bushes, her own car, and his bedroom, wasn't enough

to make her founder, he then pressed a sickly sweet cloth over her nose while holding the back of her head.

Within seconds she was comatose, and easily moved, dressed, and injected with an i.v. while lying back on his bed.

Once or twice she was able to fight off the effects of the sedative just enough to become aware of the nutriment

being fed into her arm, the sight of her black-ribbed, second skin turtleneck minidress, flesh-colored thigh-highs, and

black high heel pumps, and the sound of another shower being filled with grunts and thudding flesh...

When Kelly finally awoke fully, her eyes snapped open at the sight of Megan being forced into the room.

It wasn't so much Megan's outfit of a yellow, skintight, scoop-necked micro-minidress with matching high

heels which concerned her, nor the way Megan's hands were cuffed behind her or her knees were cinched, but by the

new gag-harness Megan wore on her head... complete with a big, nine-inch long, black rubber penis extending from

the mouth-piece like a rhino horn.

Kelly started, only then realizing that her mouth was refilled by a black leather prod gag; her hands were cuffed

around a metal slat in the bolted-down headboard above her head; that her knees were bent over the baseboard -

forcing her crotch up

toward the ceiling - and that her ankles were strapped wide to the bottom of the baseboard. Her minidress' hem couldn't

hope to compensate - it had long retreated to her hips, revealing her angelic tuft of pure blonde cunt hair.



Megan's tired eyes also widened in disbelief at the sight, then she tried even harder to wrest herself from his grip.

But it was no good. He quickly pushed her to the back of the bed, undid her knees, strapped her ankles wide to the bed

legs, and grabbed her head in both hands.

“I think you get the picture,” he said evenly. “Tell you what... the sooner you finish, the sooner I finish.” And then he

forced her head down, bending her flat tummy over the baseboard, and unerringly pushed Megan’s face between

Kelly’s legs as he flipped up the miniskirt’s hem and shoved his own cock deep into her pantyless tuft. For awhile he

just didn’t seem to care whether Megan’s head stayed in rhythm or not. He was too busy enjoying himself inside her

while his fingers clawed and squeezed inside her neckline. No, he seemed more interested in how his own hips thrust

and the way her luscious little body surged with each invasion - groaning against the baseboard, her high heels lifting

off the carpet again and again. Her fingers splayed out, scratching, pushing, and pulling uselessly at his shirt as he

fucked her.

Then, as if to entertain Kelly, he absently clicked on the television, the attached videotape showing her how he had

dragged Megan from the back seat of his car in the garage, stuffed her into the duffel bag that once held their youngest

sister, then carried her to the bathroom, where she had gotten the same cleansing treatment.

Kelly stared in renewed terror, finally realizing that they were well and truly trapped by a stranger, imprisoned where no

one might find them, and fucked anyway he wanted to. Kelly threw her head back and made a sound that caused the

hair on the back of Megan's neck to stand up. But then he jammed Megan's head down again, ramming the black dildo

deeper into Kelly, while jerking his own hips up into Megan as he mauled her succulent right boob.

Finally he grabbed the tops of her creamy thighs, yanked her back, and jerked up straight -

cannoning his latest

stream of cum all the way inside her.

Megan unavoidably surged up in reaction, trying to pull the dildo back and out of her sister, but was only able to hook it

up in her instead. The blondes groaned as he collapsed across Megan's smooth back, grabbing and rubbing her tits like

genie lamps.

"Ohhh, that's good," he breathed. "That's very, very good..." That seemed to remind him that there was more than just him and his fuck toy in the room, so he glanced up at Kelly. "Was it good for you, too?" Her

expression mixed anguish and disbelief. "No?" he responded. "Well, we're just going to have to do something about

that..."

He quickly strapped Megan's waist to the top of the baseboard, then promptly left the room.

The two girls stared after him, unmoving. But when he didn't return in ten long seconds, Megan very carefully began

to slide the dildo out of Kelly's cunt. She then stood unsteadily straight - the rubber cock like a perverse unicorn's

horn. Once it was out of her, Kelly undulated very slowly with unmeasurable repugnance.

But then he was back - a small, hook-shaped cheese knife against Jill's throat. The youngest girl was taut with

fear, up on her tiptoes in her cheerleader sneakers, her ankles hobbled by a one foot length of rope.

Her crossed

wrists were tied behind her, and a new gag sealed her sweet mouth; an ankle sock covered in duct tape. Her sisters

could clearly see how her cleavage and sweater's v-neck (now stuck back over her bulging tits) was

soaked in

gleaming sweat and drool, and her sleek, vital young muscles hummed with tension. "Now," he said to Megan. "Your

older sister is very unhappy. Here you are, having all the fun, and she doesn't even manage to get off. So you get her

off, you hear me? Get her off or you get to watch me cut little pieces off little sister, okay?" He turned to smile

sickeningly at Jill, who was already crying - eyes squeezed shut, head up as high as it could go - and trying to say

"NO" through the cloth and tape.

"Go!" he yelled at Megan, who's head immediately dropped. "And you," he said to Kelly, shaking the knife at her.

“No faking.” He returned the knife to Jill’s throat with a smile. “And believe me, I’ll be able to tell...”

The memories of what he had done to her in the bushes, the car, and the bed stabbed into her brain as if they were

the knife... and then the dildo’s crown pushed inside her as well... He smiled even wider as Kelly’s eyes closed and her

head fell back. He had judged the situation well. Megan liked her younger sister... used to think she had a “chance.”

But she wasn’t crazy about her older sister... thought she had “sold out.” And that made all the subconscious

difference.

After just a few moments of tentative probing, Megan started to let go, using her more extensive knowledge of sex

to really fuck her sister... no doubt telling herself that she had no choice. Megan’s head began to move up and

down in rhythm, then with noticeable little twists and turns. First sweat beaded up on Kelly’s brow.

Then her legs

stiffened. Then her skin began to redden. Then she began to grunt and twist in her bonds.





Finally she began to sob.

He smiled even wider, noting how Megan and Kelly weren't even looking at him anymore. Letting the blade slide

slowly down from Jill's throat, he whispered deep into her ear. "Now don't move, little darling..."

don't you move a

muscle..." And then the hook of the knife was in the "V" of the sweater... slowly cutting the cloth.

"Don't you make a

sound..."

The knife moved slower and slower as it went deeper and deeper into the material, opening her sweater more and

more. He alternated watching its progress to enjoying the show on the bed - now both older sisters lost in the tortuous

rapture. They didn't even react when Jill's sweater fell open, revealing the reattached bra.

"Now," he whispered to the shivering girl. "Now stay very very quiet, or somebody's going to get hurt..." And the blade

slipped down to the belt of her cheerleader skirt.

Kelly started to pant behind the gag, her hips unwillingly jerking in rhythm with her sister's head. Her fingers were

like claws in the cuffs, then bunched into tight, white fists. Every muscle seemed stretched to the breaking point.

The knife cut purposefully through Jill's pleated cheerleader skirt as if it were made of butter. With one last deft cut, the

cloth dropped to the floor with an audible sigh. Even so, neither Megan or Kelly knew. Only Jill knew and her eyes

snapped open, staring in panic as his hands came to rest at her chest and hip. "Shh, ssh, shh," he warned in her ear.

"Nobody should know but us, okay? Nobody but you..." His hand slipped into her right bra cup and the knife was inside

her thong panty. "And me..." Her eyes closed, her head went back again, and tears silently streamed down her cheeks as

she tried not to scream.

Megan thrust the dildo all the way in and out, in and out, again and again as Kelly gasped behind the gag and Jill's

thong panty whispered down her legs and around her ankles. Megan started alternating her thrusts with head twists as

Kelly jerked in place and he carefully gripped Jill's throat tighter, then started squeezing his erection up into her cunt from

behind.

Jill made a sound like a stabbed deer, making him clamp his hand over her mouth, and press the blade tighter against her

lily white throat. "Hush little baby," he whispered in a sickening sing-song, "don't you cry...

daddy's gonna ram up

between your thighs..." And he did just that, her legs spreading simply to relieve the pressure -

pulling the hobble

rope taut, the toes of her sneakers twisting on the floor as he filled her.

Megan yanked up on the horn and twisted her head before plunging. Kelly shrieked behind the gag, her body

contorting like a wave. Megan

sawed the dildo against the roof of Kelly's cunt, crushing and twisting her clit. Kelly slammed her head to the

pillow again and again, begging incoherently. And he moved slowly and nearly silently up and down inside Jill,

tears streaking her face, his fists twisting in the ropes.

The orgasm exploded in Kelly like napalm, her body surging so violently it brought Megan's chin against the

baseboard lip, nearly knocked her younger sister out.

Almost immediately he forced Jill forward and onto the bed, her ponytail slapping Kelly's stomach like a

whip. The youngest girl bleated in surprise as he wrenched her onto her back, swinging her legs up and over him,

the rope hobble below his ass. Yanking her knees wide, he grabbed her hips like a man possessed.

Megan's head reared up, vaginal juices splattering off the rubber cock.

Kelly screamed in agony, writhing like a madwoman. But he ignored them both, plunging his hardon like a

spear into Jill as he tore her bra off and grabbed her bobbing tits like a life preserver as she shrieked in renewed terror.

Megan stared, enraged, trying to rip her arms, legs, and body free, the dildo dripping, as he raped Jill right in front of

her. The back of the youngest girl's head repeatedly slapped Kelly's stomach, her wails like drowning gargles behind

the gag, as he mauled her chest and pumped into her.

The other girls stared in shock, then seemed to collapse.

Megan sagged in the straps as Kelly looked away. Meanwhile Jill tried to cry out and claw with all her remaining

might, kicking frantically, but his hands were like vises and his hips like a hydraulic press. He was on top of her, free

hand clamping her tit like a orange juicer, face gibbering over hers. "That's it, that's it... sssh...

sssh... that's right, nice

and quiet...

no screaming...

no screaming...Take it... take it like the sex kitten you are...All of

it... there you go... there you go..." And he came in her once more, one tit bulging in his hand, the other holding her

mouth shut tightly atop her oldest sister's flat stomach.

Jill shook in disgust once, then choked. Her eyes rolled back into her fluttering lids. For his part, he just looked

mildly at the others.

"She fall down, go boom," he said casually. Megan started to swear and shake hysterically. Kelly wanted to

vomit, but couldn't. She wanted to lose consciousness, but couldn't. She did the only thing she could. She lay there

as he put Jill on the floor, untied Megan from the baseboard, recinched her knees, and dragged her out. She lay

there as he returned to drag Jill out by her ankles. And then, eventually, she lay there as he came back for her.

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## Hat Trick Part 4

Geoffrey Merrick - TAW

Episode 4. Previous in Fansadox 9 to 11

Usually he could take or leave blondes. His tastes ran toward sweet, balloon-breasted brunettes. But there was something about the Carlsen sisters...

First and foremost, they were actual blondes, with lustrous golden yellow hair, not some dyed in the

wool types. And second, all the equipment was original, not with artificial flavorings, colorings, or preservatives. These were the sort of blondes all the bottle, boob-job blondes were

unconsciously trying to emulate. These were the blondes men lost their way for. And finally there was

just something about them; something fresh, unspoiled. It wasn't that they were unaware of their beauty. It wasn't that they weren't using it, per se. It was just that they were natural in look and manner. They

were beautiful and free and happy.

The operative word in that sentence was "were." Now...well, one out of three ain't bad, he thought, as he secured Megan in the "guest room."

Megan was the middle child, the nineteen-year-old, the shortest of the three, but the one with the most aggressive shape and roundest, maybe biggest, tits. They bulged now out of the yellow wet-look

micromini he had forced her into, and raped her out of.

Her eyes were the darkest blue and her hair, coming to her shoulders, was the shortest. Her skin was

the most tan, but still creamy and maybe the softest. He felt it now as he held her seated on the bed and

slowly applied pressure to her neck.

He loved the way she struggled against him, making wet, desperate strangling sounds, as he cut off her air. She was already exhausted by the assault and then being forced to rape her twenty-one year old sister with the dildo that was attached to the across-the-head harness gag he had strapped onto her.

Now the dildo crown jerked toward the ceiling as he expertly choked her.

Finally she grew lax in his arms and he let her drop back onto the pillows. He stared at her for a few

seconds, savoring her rich form, sultry face, and helplessness. He almost went down on her again, but controlled himself. After all, he had fucked her twice already that day, not counting

having screwed her sisters once each... So, instead, he made sure she was set for the evening. He dumped out the clothes he had stolen from her room at the house he had kidnapped them from.

A short-sleeved, red, cotton shirt immediately caught his eye. Dragging off the yellow minidress, he slipped the crimson cloth over her, discovering it to be the perfect nightdress.

Its buttoned, u-necked top, opened to almost the bottom of her breasts, revealed a lovely swash of cleavage. The body of the shirt adhered to her torso lovingly, and the hem just barely managed to cover her succulent ass and angeltuft of silky yellow cunt hair.

Pulling off the yellow ankle strap high heels he had forced onto her feet, he found a wonderful set of red leg warmers that practically matched the shirt. When he was done only a foot-long portion of her firm thighs were visible. It was an incredibly sexy outfit that suited her beautifully. Then off came the head harness and out came the straps.

The room had been prepared for her particularly. It lay between the stairway door to the attic and the bathroom. His room, where he kept the elder sister, was just a door to the right of the attic.

That way, all three girls were only a few feet away from him.

Originally all the rooms had their recessed, gabled windows shuttered and covered with rugs.

But he liked sunlight, and he liked what sunlight did to his “guest’s” skin, eyes, hair, and attitudes.

It

gave them hope, which led to even more desperation. So all the shutters were opened, the rugs taken down, and the glass treated so no one could see in...

A padded prod gag was absolutely required for sleep so she wouldn’t choke on anything. But there were holes on the inside of the padding so her drool could seep into a sponge within the leather. He thought about spread-eagling her, but she looked so sexy lying there, he taped and strapped her





wrists behind her instead, then attached her ankles to the bottom of the baseboard with more tape and straps.

Then, just to be on the safe side, he strapped a narrow leather dog collar around her throat and clipped

that to the headboard. All the beds in his house were made from a single metal frame instead of welded steel. They were then outfitted

with the deepest, strongest, most costly box springs and mattresses, then bolted to the floor thirty-six times — nine times on each leg base.

He stepped back to consider his handiwork. Megan looked absolutely wonderful. His eyes rested on

her breast skin, which glowed, slowly rising and falling in the shirt's neck opening as she breathed.

Then his eyes inevitably settled on the line of the shirt's hem and her hips. But the pain in his crotch was greater than the ache, which was his signal to call it a night.

He dropped a bulky, heavy vib with fresh batteries on the bed and switched it on. Just to make her think about something interesting when she woke up.

He affixed an i.v. into her arm, which had a nutriment drip in a stand alongside the bed, and left her

there. He returned to his room, where Jill lay on the floor where he had dropped her. Perhaps she had

fainted after he had cut the tight cheerleader uniform from her lithe sixteen year old body, or perhaps she

had lost consciousness after he had assaulted her, but either way, she was comatose enough for him to

half carry/half drag her to the bathroom.

There he cut off the black lace bra he had pulled from her pert tits, peeled the tape from her lips, and

pulled the sweatsock from her mouth. She managed one pained groan before he quickly forced the plastic plug gag he had used on her siblings into her own mouth. That having been strapped under

her hair, he then untied her wrists and handcuffed them in front of her.

Then he did to her what he had done to her sisters beforehand. Her hands clipped to the shower wall above her, she was cleaned, “irrigated” on the shower stall floor, flushed on the toilet, and then freshened on the bidet.

When he brought her back up to her attic room, she was absolutely sweet, her flaxen hair cascading

down her back and front, her wrists retied behind her with plastic pull-ties, and her lips resealed with

tape. He stood her by her bed, which was pushed against the ceiling’s eve, and reached for a plastic bag on

the end table as the sunset light covered her from the one round window at the end of the room.

He had only released her a split second, but it was long enough. Jill let out a short despairing sound, than ran as fast as her young legs could carry her toward the window.

He caught her in midair from behind. Her bare feet actually managed to touch the thick, bullet-proof glass as he pulled her back and clamped the thick, drug-sodden cloth from the plastic bag over her nose.

Her bright blue eyes were huge over the top of the pulpy, sopping cloth and she writhed like a hooked marlin in his arms. But he was anchored heavily on the floor and much stronger than she was.

So he just held on, enjoying the sensations of her youthful body contorting against his, the begging sounds coming from beneath the cloth and tape, and the sight of her breasts shaking.

She started jerking against him as if being jolted. Once, twice, then a third time before her entire body shuddered once, then trembled. Her eyelids fluttered as her orbs dimmed and rolled up in her head. Then she sighed and went lax. He stood there for a few moments, holding her to him still, making sure that the drug had truly taken effect. He could afford to; the days of brain-damaging chloroform were long gone. These sedatives were positively gentle in comparison, and had virtually no side effects, such as the raging headaches and vomiting chloroform caused even when applied correctly. He stood, enjoying the sunset, as the girl he had deflowered in her own bed, practically above her downstairs mother's head, slept in his arms. He slowly turned, brought her back to her new bed, and laid her slim, sleek, naked body down.

He straightened, savoring her streamlined form, appreciating the way her chest was a growing combination of her middle sister's melons and oldest sister's teardrops. In fact, he could've sworn that her mounds had gotten bigger in between the time he had attacked her and now.

He couldn't help himself. He slowly kneeled and gently suckled on her tiny pink nips and coin-sized aureoles. Finally, when the ache in his loins threatened to team with the pain, he got down to



business — dumping the clothes he had brought from her closet onto the floor.

There he found a pale blue, spaghetti-strapped, midriff-baring camisole and a hipbone-hugging pair of blue satin French-cut

panties with a triangular patch of lace just above her tawny tuft. He slowly peeled off the tape from her mouth, appreciating the naturally pink lips beneath.

He set those off with a blue ballgag. Usually he let his guests' jaws relax during sleep, but given that Jill was the youngest and most resilient, she could survive a night of aperture. Then he cuffed her big toes around a steel slat in the baseboard and, then, using two pairs of handcuffs, shackled each of her wrists on either side of her waist to the bed frame.

Then, again being unable to resist, he curled her hair into a ponytail and tied it to a slat in the headboard. Now she couldn't get her fingers to her mouth without scalping herself. But, even if she wanted to try, he would be back long before she could. After all, she had tried to throw herself out the window...



So he knew; things were going to change. That kind of attempt revealed the last vestiges of everyday sanity. Now a combination of fear and resignation might set in; a hysterical blind panic that

would make her both dangerous and malleable...

But that was tomorrow. Now he affixed an

i.v. to her arm, went slowly down the stairs, locked the attic door, and returned to his own bedroom.

There Kelly lay, following her

assault, the one he had forced Megan to perform on her, and the witnessing of Jill's violation.

At twenty-one, she was the oldest, and, somehow, the sexiest, but maybe it was because he liked sweet, bright, sprite-like faces, glittering blue eyes, big (but not quite too big) teardrop tits, and a perfect body — consisting of a tiny waist, tight ass, and the longest, shapeliest legs possible.

He had to admit he also liked the fact that, while Jill and Megan were still maturing, he had caught Kelly on the absolute edge — just as she had finished growing and just as she was about to leap completely off into her own life. She was at her absolute optimum and so ambitiously enthusiastic about her possibilities that it was orgasmically exciting that he stole her just at that moment... and that he possessed her now.

She lay as he had left her; spread-eagled, wrists, thumbs, ankles, and big toes strapped, a corset on her shape, stockings on her gams, and a prod gag strapped in her mouth. Leaving her that way

— either semi-conscious or pretending to be — he went to the bags of clothing he had taken from her room and emptied them on the floor between the baseboard and walk-in closet.

His eyes immediately went to one of her few business ensembles. He had already ruined one in the bushes of her mother's house, and he remembered how amazing she looked in it, staked down in the dirt, her lower face encased in tape. He looked over at her now, wondering if he could risk not making sure she was out before tending to her.



He shrugged and then poked a 75,000 volt zapper against her side and thumbed the switch. Her eyes snapped open, and she surged in place, making a sound of surprise and defeat. So...she had been awake and was just waiting for her chance. No matter; she was out now. And he took advantage of that fact, untying her from the bed posts, and redressing her in a wicked white teddy he found deep in the bag.



A teddy? Boy, he thought, they all must've been just getting by if she still had a teddy. Those were long out of style. But he had to admit, it looked amazing on her; tight in the crotch, as high as possible up the leg, and bunching her tits together in white lace.

He found some white thigh-highs as well and got those on her before cuffing her ankles to a slat on the far left of the baseboard and cuffing her wrists around a slat on the far right side of the headboard. Then he turned off the lights, undressed, and got into bed with her.

Rolling her onto her left side, he spooned her, wrapping his left forearm around her throat, and squeezing his other hand deep in the left cup of her teddy. "G'night darling," he whispered, then started slowly and carefully nibbling her ear, sucking her throat, and kissing her face.



His hand wandered down until it rested on her inner thigh like a misquito. Then he played her skin with dandelion soft touches and caresses. And he kept going, never getting more intense, until he felt her skin flush and she began to react in spite of herself.

Ah yes, he thought, licking her inner ear, there was something about the Carlsen sisters...

the working of their lovely lips... the heft of their breasts ... the firmness of their tummies, the trimness of their waists... the sheen of their hair... the creaminess of their legs...

The clenching of their fists... the flash of their blue eyes... the fear and dread in their faces...

the crawling of their flesh... the shuddering of their bodies...

Kelly started to moan and sob quietly, her shoulders and legs trembling, until he finally fell asleep. Then she tried to get her hands and legs free. She tried to get her head close enough to her hands to drag the gag from her mouth. She even tried to get herself away from his arms and legs.

She failed at all of it.

She cried for about forty-five minutes more, then lost consciousness.

Light flooded into the rooms, waking Megan and Jill. They moaned in anguish, realizing that it had not

all been a nightmare. They had been attacked in their own homes. They had been bound, gagged, and

raped. They had been affixed in a car and moved to their attacker's house. They had been held captive

there. They were still bound and gagged and vulnerable to his every whim. They were still unable to

fight, run, or scream for help...

And they were both still exhausted, so they did nothing about the i.v. in their arms. They both just lay there, hoping to wake up again out of their torment.

By then their sister Kelly had been molested for almost two hours.

She had woken from a drugged stupor to find herself just barely seated on the left hand edge of the bed, facing the window. Her feet were wedged in peach-colored high heels, her legs coated with flesh-colored thigh-high stockings, her ankles affixed to a fourfoot long spreader bar, her arms wrenched up

behind her, and her wrists cuffed to the top of the left bedpost.

The position thrust her torso forward, bending from the waist, her breasts bulging out of a sheer, ruffled,

bone-colored silk shirt open to the waist. It was firmly tucked into a peach-colored suit miniskirt, which

was jammed up to her hips by her spread legs.

And he had been there beside her, fingers fluttering just inside her shirt and just beneath her skirt's hem. He was there for more than a hundred minutes — at first just tickling her inner thighs and her breast's undersides. Then, after almost a half hour, he started barely touching her labia lips and just barely scraping her nipple tops with his fingernails.

For a while she managed to keep from reacting at all ... but then her body betrayed her. Flashes started

inside her eyes. Goosebumps, then sweat, rippled across her skin. Then needles started to prick into her brain.

Her fingers began to splay. Her toes pointed inside the peach high heels. Her wrists and ankles twisted achingly. She began to gasp,

then moan behind the wiffle-ballgag. Then drool started to course out the wiffle holes. Tears came out of her eyes. Her nose began to run.

But ... he ... just ... kept ... doing it!

Tickling, tickling, always lightly tickling until she thought she'd go insane. "Do it," she tried to pant.

"Get it over with." But either it came out as indecipherable gasps, or he wasn't listening.

Finally, at the ninety-minute mark, he began to move slowly over until he was lightly pinching her clit and left nipple. Kelly thought her head would come off, and the sounds she started making went beyond moans or gasps into something desperate, pleading, and indescribable.

Then his cock crown was there. Not pressing, not entering ... just there, touching her labia lips the way a cone cradles a scoop of ice cream. But his fingers never stopped stimulating her clitoris and nipple, until it was she who tried to force her hips down onto him.

But the bondage wouldn't let her. She gave out a noise of insane frustration and revulsion, but then just had to stay there as he continued touching, and tickling, and caressing so lightly it was like a moth's wings.

She started babbling at him, trying to wrench herself up, but he just placed his hand over her mouth and kept lightly caressing her girlhood. She moaned into his hand, letting her head go back as far as it could.

She only closed her eyes for a second. Then his tongue was at her nipple, too.

It was the sharp, sudden sound she made then that might have helped waken her sisters. But then he had brutally pressed a brick of tape over her ballgagged mouth, hitting her in the face with his cock as he stood.

“There,” he said. “Now you’ve gone and done it.” Then he quickly and neatly affixed nipple clamps

to her sensitized tits and, before she even knew what was happening, two more to her labia lips.

He left her as she tried to scream, leap out of her skin, or tear herself apart. But the two hours had exhausted her more than she knew. She only managed one or two shrieks and wrenches of her body before she slumped, moaning in increasing sexual agony as the clamps’ fire caught and burned within her.

Her eyes grew smoky and their lids drooped. While she really didn’t lose consciousness, the last thing she coherently remembered seeing was mucous and drool coursing down her chest and between her breasts like an Egyptian river.

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## HAT TRICK Part 5

Geoffrey Merrick - HAFFNIUM’72

Episode 5. Previous in Fansadox 9 to 12

If he had thought the family was just getting by before, he knew it now. The same frugality that limited Kelly wardrobe to two suits and her nightclothes to an out-of-date teddy also effected her sisters’ wardrobe.

“ You girls are lucky,” he joked to a anesthetized Megan, holding up her minimal outfits.

“Pretty soon you’d have to start putting out to get nice clothes. Haven’t you heard of basic black?”

Then he stilled, realizing that there was not an article of clothing in any of their bags that was black. He had a revelation. That must have been purposeful. Their mom must have known that black would have set off their eyes, hair, skin, and bodies so strikingly that they would become the targets of every man who saw them....

Suddenly he knew what he was going to do

that day. By the time he got back to Kelly, her head was hanging down to her knees, sweat making a stain on the carpet beneath her hair. She was making some sort of dying noise behind the tape, the clips bobbing in the air off her hanging nipples and lower lips as if of their own accord.

He had been right. If he hadn’t taped her mouth, she would have used her lips, teeth, and even the holes in the small wiffle ball to tear the clamps from her nips and lips. He quickly moved over to her already dazed body and hit her on the back of the head with a padded blackboard eraser.

The delivery man rang the doorbell. No one answered. He rang it again. He waited for a few moments, then looked at the package in his hand. He immediately recognized the return address. Everyone knew that name. Someone was getting some nice lingerie.

He rang the doorbell again.



Upstairs, Kelly screamed again, her arms jerking, her legs trembling, her tits jiggling. She was standing on her knees, her ankles lashed to her thighs. Her arms were together behind her, lashed to the rear bedpost closest to the bedroom door, as were her calves. Her hair was actually braided to the bedpost, keeping her from banging her head. In her mouth was an orificefilling pump gag attached to a half-hood that adhered to everything between her nostrils and collarbone.

And on her nipples, tiger balm and Ben-Gay ointment. Between her legs, just under her cunt, was a turned-off dildo. On her body, the remains of her shirt, skirt, and stockings hung.

The doorbell rang again. Kelly screamed and screamed and screamed, shaking.

Nothing moved. Outside the room, on the other side of the door, there was silence.

Out on the porch, the delivery man shrugged and left the package between the screen and inner door. Somebody's going to be happy, he thought, as he got into his truck and drove away.

Megan couldn't believe it. She was one sheet of metal and one pane of glass away from rescue. She looked up from the floor of the van, seeing people actually walking by. She shouted at them for help, but the bandage around her lower face, anchored under her chin and over the bridge of her nose — holding in stuffing made from her own torn up clothes — wasn't having any of it. She tried again to hit the van door, but the single glove laced up her arms, keeping her hands deep in her ass crack, prevented her. She tried to kick the floor, but the single boot laced down her legs, tying her feet to the seat base, stopped that, too. Otherwise she was wearing her best dress; a purple velvet v-neck mini.

"Jill," she tried to call out. "Do something!" But her younger sister had her own problems.

She was sitting in the passenger captain's chair, wearing what looked to be an eleven year-old's party dress with ruffles at the mid-length skirt and high neckline. There were ruffled white

ankle socks and shiny, black, low-heeled "Buster Brown" shoes on her feet. To all the world, who could barely see her through the van's darkened windows, she looked to be a young lady waiting to go to a friend's birthday party.

But if anyone had been able to see through

the glass closely enough they would have seen that, while some of her hair was in pig-tails with ribbons around them, the rest of her hair behind her head was cunningly tied to the headrest in four places.

They may have also noticed the clear plastic strap around her throat, which was also attached to the headrest. And they might have also noticed that her small smile was just a tad artificial. Then they may have noticed that her mouth was actually just painted on clear tape

pressed deeply into her skin, its edges blended in with more makeup.

Maybe they still wouldn't have been able to see her pleading eyes from behind the Sailor Moon sunglasses, but, had they have looked even closer, they certainly might have seen the tears running down her cheeks, mingling with the sweat that poured down her body.

Or the way her arm muscles strained, or the way her white lace wrist-gloves seemed a little stiff, or the way her flat torso shifted, or the way her legs seemed to hum in place — her crossed ankles disappearing under the lip of her seat. They also might have noticed the dark single wire, chosen to blend into the upholstery, that snaked from the cigarette lighter socket on the dashboard to under the hem of her party dress. He had run that dildo mercilessly in the garage, while he was affixing Megan in the back of the van — waiting for it to push Jill, her chest brutally taped under the dress, beyond struggle into fatigue. Now he watched with a small smile as people passed him on the sidewalk, no one taking a second look at the shadowy figure in the van parked far away from the rest of the

mall.

His investment in the van was paying off. The super strong shocks was taking whatever the girls were dishing out, and the tinted windows plus sound-proofing were taking care of business too. What were 222 pounds of female flesh vs. several tons of fine automotive engineering?

"Hey," he said, opening the back door so, even

if there were anyone nearby, they couldn't see Megan attached to the floor of the second seat, and Jill blocked by the headrest and passenger seat. "Miss me?"

The sisters tried their best to scream, but it had all the effect of a two crippled doves. Then he was in with the packages and the door sealed behind him.



“Oh, you lucky, lucky girls,” he mocked, showing them the bags from Rave On, Fredrick’s, and Eight East. “You’re going to thank me for this. But first...” He suddenly dropped to his knees, his legs on either side of Megan’s waist. As she shrieked and tried to sit up or kick, he sat on her stomach, grabbed the neckline of her dress, and tore it down to her waist.

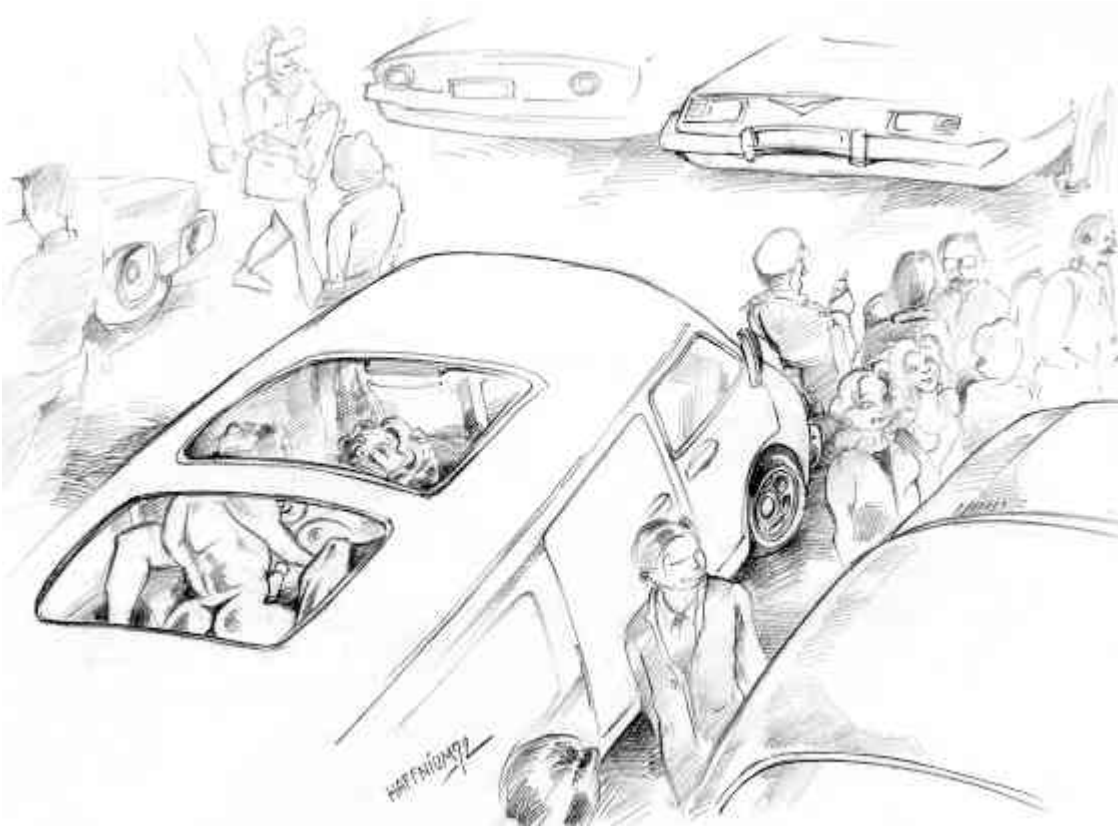
“I’ve been waiting all day for this,” he grunted as her mounds came free. Then his hands were on the outside of them, his cock was wedged between them, and he started getting a tit fuck without another word.

Megan stared up at him in hatred and disbelief, her face growing scarlet at the attempts to swear, but he didn’t care. With the single glove forcing her to lay on her arms, and the single boot keeping her from kicking, her sex sacks were fair game.

It didn’t take long. After all, it had been more than twelve hours since he fucked anyone, but his potency was proven when the cum spewed across Megan’s neck and face. She shuddered, turning away angrily, but then he was up, redoing his pants.

“Now no complaints,” he chided as he made his way to the driver’s seat. “That’ll have to do until I can get your legs spread safely.”

However she responded was drowned out



in the engine starting, and then he smiled over at Jill. “Hey there, little darling,” he sneered. “You miss your widdle dada?”

Her head seemed to jerk, but even he couldn’t see her eyes behind the dark, dark shades.

“ Geez,” he said, putting the van in gear. “Wouldn’t it be great to even make a fist? But that’s what taping your fingers do.” Then he was out of the parking lot and heading for the open road.

He nearly stopped a few times before he got home, but his smarts were stronger than his desire. To risk losing them now when he only had a few more miles to hold out wasn’t worth it. But as soon as he pulled into his property’s garage and the door closed automatically behind them, he was on the youngest girl like a deer tick.

First he pulled the seat lever, and she dropped, with a squeal, to a lying position. He yanked off the sunglasses to see her wet, frantic eyes. Then he cut loose her ankles from the strap holding them

beneath the seat, and quickly restrapped them wide to the seat bottom.

Then, slowly, agonizingly, out came the still humming dildo.

Then his knife came out and the dress was

cut from its frilly neck to its waist. Then he carefully sliced the tape, exulting in removing it slowly from her chest as she cried out in pain, watching as her c-cups seemed to blossom and grow.

Then he was on her in the remnants of her child-like party dress, sliding his erection across the seat, under the skirt's hem, and between her legs. Its crown found her lower lips, spreading them.

Then, with a surge, curling his arms under her shoulders, he was in as she groaned miserably and Megan bleated below her head. Inside the quiet garage, lit by one overhead bulb,

the van rocked slightly, as if quivering. Within the vehicle he gloried inside her still tight, still wet, still warm cunt, her silken thighs caressing his, her freed mounds squashed by his chest.

Staring

down at her pained eyes over her fake smile, he swiped his hand across her lower face until the makeup disappeared and he could clearly see the tape silencing her.

"There," he said cruelly, "that's better." She spasmed as he rammed deeper inside her again, her feet twisting in their bonds.

She grunted and grunted and grunted as he rutted until, after awhile, even Megan stopped trying to yell. Only then, without pausing in his assault on Jill, did his right hand drop down and purposefully started smearing his cum across the middle sister's tits.

That got them both going again, crying and contorting, until he ejaculated. Jill stiffened, sobbing, feeling his jism spurt inside her, while Megan squealed, his climax making him squeeze her left tit like playdough.

Then he grunted, growled, and collapsed, making Jill wheeze with the pressure. “There,” he finally huffed. “That takes care of that. What do you say we see how your sister’s doing?”

“The problem with you guys is that you don’t dress sexy enough,” he said to the air as he carried their drugged bodies back in the duffel bag. “You got the equipment, why not announce it?”

“Why, sure, your bikinis and business suits are sexy, too,” he told the oblivious, practically catatonic Kelly as he undid her limp form from the bedpost and dropped her onto the mattress,

“but nothing to what you could achieve with just a little imagination. You know what I mean?”

She didn’t even try to reply. She was too far gone for that. He was about to continue, but then stopped. He stared at her: privates peeking out from the torn shirt and skirt, long limbs marred by bondage burns, blue eyes closed and red lips slackened....

“Hey,” he said softly. “You’re pretty cute, you know? How’d you like going out on a date tonight?”

He spent the next six hours tending to his new guests’ daily beauty regimen. Each was drugged, laid out on their respective beds, given nutriment, cleansed, and then treated with every imaginable moisturizer, revitalizer, ointment, and lotion he had found — getting to know every centimeter of their bodies as he poured it on and rubbed it in until they practically glowed with smooth, soft beauty.

Only then did she dress them, tie them, and shut them up.

Jill looked like an R-rated teen star, all decked out in a back and midriff-baring ensemble of a shiny, plasticene, skintight, v-necked, halter top that tied at the bottom of her tits — gathering them up and yanking them toward each other

— and matching “pant-boots” whose waist adhered right at the very top of her first beaver hair and through her hips, while the legs ended in a wicked five-inch boot.

In deference to that outfit, he pulled out a five by six foot triangular wooden wedge he had built in the cellar workshop. Then he affixed a wider black leather collar around her slim white throat, handcuffed her behind her back, and clipped the middle cuff chain to a ring in the back of the collar. Her arms were now held high up her back.

He gagged her with a huge black ball and then sat her on the wedge, strapping her ankles tight against the sides so there was no way she could hurl herself off. The top of the wedge immediately separated her vaginal lips and she sank down onto it. She groaned in her stupor then started waking up.

Within seconds her brow had furrowed and then her bright blue eyes had snapped open, her body straightening with a jerk.

He laughed in spite of himself, then approached, shaking his head. “Jilly, Jilly, Jilly,” he chided. “What will you get into next?”

As she began to bleat and plead in panic, he simply walked behind her, wrapped his first in her hair, and tied it to a pipe overhead.

“Noooooooooooo!” Jill tried to scream before the sound disappeared into a choking and gagging fit. Then all she could do was sit there, twisting this way and that, her fingers clawing, and her feet pointing, her toes desperately trying to reach the floor to relieve some of the pressure.

Drool started coursing over her wet lower lip and her groans became moans and her moans became gasps before they dissolved into

disbelieving sobs.

Resisting the urge to at least give her tits a squeeze, he closed the door behind him and went to Megan's room. After a time he stepped back from the strict wooden chair he had made for her room, and saw how this makeover had turned out.

The prod gag was impossibly tight, mashing her lower face into a rubberized leather block of black, which set off her skin and eyes spectacularly. Her shoulders were back, thrusting her proud

chest forward, her elbows and wrists tied together behind her with black tape.

Her legs looked wonderful in the black

stockings, held up by the black lace garterbelt on her waist and hips. The pointed toes of her wicked black high heels barely touched the floor as her ankles were affixed to the back legs of the bolteddown chair by more black tape.

And the small triangular wedge of wood he had forced her to sit on went through her crack and ass cheeks as if tailor made.

Her upper body was magnificent, so smooth, so curvy, so soft, yet so firm — interrupted only by the black strap holding her upper chest to the chair back. He couldn't resist with her, so, as she watched in disbelief and dread, he slowly started sitting on her lap, facing her.



She shook her head wildly. “No, no, no, no, no,” she tried to squeal. She jerked in place, trying to get away or send the seat over. It was all no good, and she wailed in torment as he sat, and settled, pressing down on her girlhood with his full weight.

She head-butted him then, but it was a blind, panicky movement, glancing off his chin. He just laughed, moved his own head back and slowly placed his hands over her mountains.

“There,” he cooed. “Isn’t that nice?” He then pressed and squeezed while grinding down with his hips.

Megan’s head went back, her eyes clamping shut as she screamed uselessly.

He didn’t care. He just sat there for awhile, milking her mams with cruel purpose until he had his fill.

Megan’s eyes only opened again when she felt something familiar slide into her cleavage. “Not again!” she tried to groan through the lip-mashing pad, but then his hands were in her hair on either side of her head, pulling back, as he

slid his cock up and down her chest. “Well...,” he grunted, “...at least I’m not sitting on your lap anymore.” No, to get another tit

fuck out of her, he had to stand, straddling her thighs.

Their respective heights aligned perfectly, convincing him that it was meant to be.

It wasn’t so much the sides of her breasts that stimulated him this time, but her chest flesh and the situation. The situation became clear to her as well

as he finally grunted, let go of her

hair, stepped back, and shot his load directly into the canyon at the top of her tits.

“There,” he said. “That’s what I was looking for.”

And they both looked — him with savage satisfaction, her in disbelief — as the semen started to trail through her cleavage and make its way down the slight groove in her torso, heading toward her navel.

Megan’s head fell back and she started to sob bitterly. She wriggled as much as she could, trying to deter the cum from its target, but her



smooth, shapely musculature made it a fait accompli.

His smile widened as it drooled and drooled and drooled down her like a white snail, and then he laughed in wicked triumph as it gathered, ticklingly, in her oval inny.

Megan's head came up, cursing him through the gag, but he just started pushing her head back and forth with his open hand. "Oh yeah?" he said. "What are you going to do about it? Huh?

Huh? Come on blondie, what' re ya gonna do?" Then he attached black rubber coated nipple clamps to her shaking nubs.

He left her sobbing and wailing, using all her remaining strength to get her cunt off the wedge and shake the clamps loose from her aching nipples.

He closed her door too and went to his bedroom to put the television into its picturein-picture mode so he could watch the girls' progress as he prepped their oldest sister for the evening's festivities.



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## Hat Trick Part 6

Geoffrey Merrick - HAFFNIUM'72

Episode 6. Previous in Fansadox 9 to 13

“Come on now,” he said, standing out on the landing between the stairs and the bathroom, guest, attic, and bedroom doors. “Come on...,” he repeated softly, lightly tugging the leash he loosely held in his hand.

A foot came carefully out of his bedroom. A foot encased in a five-inch black patent leather high heel. A

foot attached to a naked leg — one of the longest, silkiest, and shapeliest ever.

Kelly moved unsteadily out into the open. You couldn't blame her. The leash went to a studded collar around her elegant throat. Without the leash, it would simply look like a glittering loose choker or a tight necklace. Her legs were free of bondage, but her arms ... her arms were wrenched

behind her, side by side, straight down, tied at the wrists and elbows by thin, rubber coated wire.

It thrust her chest out, bulging her breasts even more in the breathtaking, sleeveless, backless, black,

halter-topped, corset micromini dress. With every breath her tits bulged out the top and sides, the outfit still impossibly containing her nipples. And she needed to breathe, because her head was all the

way back, her hair viciously tied to the knot at her elbows.

"In case head-butting runs in the family," he had hissed when yanking the knots tight.

She couldn't reply. Already the ball-bit gag was strapped deeply in her shining red mouth. The black ball was in the middle, with an inch bit through it. So the bit section could be yanked deep down,

spreading her teeth, jaw, and stretching her lips, while the ball filled her mouth and blocked her throat.

Now, with her head all the way up, her eyes toward the ceiling, all she could do was make slurping, choked gasps as she tried to remain upright in the wicked shoes.

“You ... look ... unbelievable tonight,” he breathed, then tugged slightly on the leash. “Shall we go? Dinner awaits. ”

Getting down the stairs was an adventure that took fifteen minutes. He merely tugged the leash and

waited as she carefully found the edge of the stair, then stepped down. Bringing her other leg alongside was at least as risky, especially since she couldn't look down. Despite the fact that her baby

blues ratcheted wildly in their sockets, she might as well have been blindfolded.

Then, with another tug, the process started all over again, as they made their way down three steps to

the top landing, then a twist to the left for another dozen, then another left twist for the final four.

He

admired her stamina and balance as well as her stunning sexiness. Then again, the threats of how he'd

hurt her if she fell might have had something to do with it as well.

As they stepped into his small living room, his hope swelled. If there was one thing he learned about the Carlsen girls, they didn't want to be hurt, and that desire would go a long way to keep them

fresh and exciting in the coming minutes, hours, days, and....

He checked the area to be sure. The shades were down and the curtains drawn, so he didn't have to worry much about that. There was only a piano against the right wall, and a television, couch and two

easy chairs along the far wall. The left wall was really just an entrance to the dining room. With a tug,

they started in that direction.

The only light came from candles placed in their own glass lamps far away from the long, rectangular table and four chairs. Kelly couldn't see any of it — just the weird, dim shadows they cast on

the ceiling.

"Please," she tried to beg despite herself as she teetered on the shoes, her fingers fluttering. "Yes, dear," he replied. "All for you. Now, come. Let's sit down." But only he sat down, at the head of the table, tugging on the leash so

she had to stand facing him.

"I said," he repeated. "Sit down."

His tug on the leash made it clear what he wanted.

Kelly tried to say, "No, I...can't," but even before the unintelligible sounds burbled from her mouth, she knew it was useless. She started to quiver forward.

"Widen your legs," he advised. "Come on, step around ... on either side ... Don't tell me you weren't ready to do this for your boss!"

She burbled then, her shoulders spasming. "Not with my arms and mouth like ... no!" She gasped, cutting off the thoughts and babbling. Her skin reddened and then she had done it; her standing inner thighs rubbing his seated outer ones, the skirt forced up even higher.

"Now sit," he said, hands resting on her hips. "Sit."

And he bore her slowly down. His zipper was open. She felt his cock crown touching her cunt lips.

She tried to jerk up again, but it was too late. He had already wrapped the leash around his palm so there was no slack, and his hands held

her hips like clamps.

“Come on,” he urged, slipping his lubricated shaft into her as she sunk. “Don’t tell me you don’t want it ... not after this morning...!”

And then she was there, facing him, sitting on his lap, her breasts in his face, and him impaling her.

“There,” he sighed, holding her down on him as she gagged, choked, and gurgled. Drool splashed out of both sides of her mouth as her rosy wet lips rose off her perfect white teeth.

“That’s better, huh?”

His hands slid to her firm rear. In the flickering candle light, he started pumping her on him.

The only sound in the room was the creaking of the chair and her bubbling grunts as he slid her back and forth on his thighs.

“Kelly,” he breathed ... “Kelly...!”

Her hands started bunching into fists, then straining out, and red began to flare across her neck and up into her face. There was a single clocking sound as one of her shoes fell off onto the floor.



And then she squealed in terror as he stood. Suddenly she was on her back on the table, staring at the front wall, the hair noose yanking her mane, and he was fucking her in earnest, her legs wide and

her feet on the floor.

He slid her back and forth on the slick, smooth table top as drool spilled out of her mouth and up her face

— into her flaring nostrils, furiously blinking eyes, and hair. Her breasts jiggled wildly but the corset-style

top not only crushed her waist and bunched her tits, but held her nipples just within as if they were clenched by teeth.

“Ah ... ah ... ah ... ah...” Kelly cried as he rutted, the sensations that had built up during the day being

scattered by the violence of the assault. But finally she heard him growl and felt herself being spiked all

the way on his shaft.

Her legs bent off the floor and her torso rolled to the side, off her arms, as she felt him cannon a fresh

spray of cream inside her.

The only sounds in the room were her muffled sobs, and virtually the only movement was the shivering

of her body. But then he inhaled deeply and straightened, stepping back.

“Wow,” he said, looking down at her despoiled white creaminess in the glowing black dress.

“Wow.”

There was a puddle of saliva under her cheek as he pulled her up, sitting her on the edge of the

table.

He looked down into her wild, wet, fearful eyes.

“That was amazing, Miss Carlsen,” he said. “Thank you.” Then he cupped her chin and kissed her.

She tried to pull away, but his other hand was cupping the back of her head. She tried to twist away, but

the hand cupping her chin shot down to her left tit, rammed itself inside the top, gripped the teardrop



crammed there and yanked back toward him.

Her feet, one still in the shoe, scraped the carpet, and her hips grinded, but his mouth kept sucking, his

tongue everywhere. With the ballbit she couldn't even bite him.

Then suddenly it was over and he was forcing the shoe back on her foot again. "What a great start," he

said. Before she could even react, he had crossed her ankles and black-taped them together. Then, with a tug on the leash she had slid to her feet, and he was there, sweeping her up into his arms.

Kelly was stunned and stunned again as he carried her over and sat down on the easy chair nearest the side window with her on his lap. She stared at the curtained and shaded window with her arms straight down, held out from her back by the chair's padded, upholstered arm. She complained in gagged wonder as he turned on the TV and picked up a newspaper from an end table.

"Now let's see how they're doing on your disappearance," he said pleasantly. And he read the paper

and zapped all the news channels as she sat there in shock.

"Hmmm," he considered. "Three young blonde girls disappear, and nothing? Maybe on the local channels ... or the tabloid shows..." She sat and he watched, his hands wandering on her chest and between her legs.

"Hmmm," he said again. "Maybe ... since your clothes were gone too, they thought you ran away.

But all of you? On the same day? Or maybe they're waiting for a ransom demand..."

He dropped the paper and wrapped his arms around her shoulders and over her thighs. "Well," he concluded briskly, "face it,

honeybunch. No one has a clue.”

Then, before she could react to that, she was thrown, stomach-first, onto a thick ottoman. With another squeal, she found herself staring at the TV screen from two feet away, her knees on the floor,

as a reporter nattered away about the President’s penis.

“Now,” he wondered. “What would create the correct romantic mood? Your sisters again? No, that wouldn’t be right. Oh, I know...”

And he clicked on a videotape that had already been loaded into the machine. Kelly stared in horror as scenes from movies played one after the other; the abduction scenes from *The Collector*, the rape scenes from *The Accused*, the captivity sequences from *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, the attack

scenes from *A Stranger Among Us*, the violation sequences from *Beloved*, the stalking scenes from *Midnight*, and on and on and on....

She tried to close her eyes. She tried to turn her head away, but then he was there, on her back, fist in

her hair, fingers on her eyelids, hissing in her ear. “Oh no, Kelly, look. Look, Kelly, at the feelings your

short skirts and tight shirts and high heels create. Look what happens, Kelly, when your sexiness combines

with psychotic perversion...!”

Then his cock was out again, rubbing across her lips and the tops of her tits before he sank down on

her again, spreading her knees with his own, and started slowly rutting her from behind.

“Are you to blame?” he slowly whispered in her ear as he forced her to watch bound girls being suffocated in three different low-budget

exploitation films while thrusting. "Naw, you're not to blame,

Kelly. It's just that you're so ... damned ... fuckable!"

He finally came again during the soap opera portion of the tape. Only then did he absently slice open

the wire at her elbows with his knife and sit back.

Kelly's head jerked down with a moan, and her arms snapped wide. Then she slowly curled over to

fall to the floor with a thump. She cried and cried and cried as he kicked the ottoman aside and rested

his crossed ankles on her ribs. "Aw, I didn't like this part anyway," he said, clicking off the VCR to watch music videos,

loveline, and spring break specials.

Finally he got up, stretched, and clicked the television off. The candles had long since melted by then,

so they were alone in the dark. She heard him before she saw him.

"That was great Miss Carlsen. Would you ... would you like to come upstairs for a drink?"

The walk up was easier than the walk down, but just barely. Her ankles were free, but now her knees

were cinched. Her elbows were free, but now she was exhausted. But she made it all right ... until they

reached the second landing.

Suddenly he pushed her face first into the wall. Before she could recover from that, he had lifted her

wrists, pressed himself against her back, and forced her arms to embrace him behind her, her bound wrists at the small of his spine.

She nearly went insane, angrily fighting with everything she had left, but he just kept pushing her back

into the wall with his body as his hands stabbed into the sides of the dress, his fingers clamping onto her

tits from inside.

“Come on, Miss Carlsen,” he hissed into her ear. “You know you want it. You’ve been giving me signals all night...!”

Kelly realized that he was pretending to be a first date masher, but her hysteria only grew when she

realized where it was going. He

wasn’t playing a masher ... he was playing a date rapist ... and his intensity was matching the video scenes...!

She should have gone limp, but she was too tired and desperate to think. She should have known that struggling would only inspire him further, but she was overcome with only one desire; not to turn out like the girls on the video. Not to have it happen again. Not tonight...! “Come on, you stupid bitch,” he seethed, his hips thudding her ass again and again, his hands tearing at her chest.

“Don’t give me that! Not

now!”

And suddenly he stopped. Kelly stiffened, cringing, waiting for the blow. But all she heard was a quiet, empty voice.

“You don’t really love me, do you?”

He suddenly and powerfully threw her onto her back on the landing between the doors. She stared up, cringing, eyes wide, as he slowly stepped up the final three stairs.

“It’s all been an act ... I’m not good enough for you, am I? There’s someone else, isn’t there? Some rich, handsome, hunk...!”

And then he fell on her, cutting her knee bonds, tearing the dress’ strap from behind her neck, wrenching her skirt up, and clamping his hand over her mouth.

“Take this, you fucking bitch,” he seethed into her tortured face. “Take it all!” Then he nailed her.

She stiffened. They both did, but not for long. It was the longest, most brutal one of the night. He pounded into her like a battering ram into a castle door, mauling her tits as if trying to open a birthday present.

Within seconds, she was gasping for consciousness, her tied hands wrenched up around her waist, trying desperately to push or claw him off. Her beautiful creamy legs kicked at him from either

side, then scraped at the carpet in pain as he surged up inside her.

Kelly’s teeth came off the ball gag, her nostrils sucking in air, but his heavy hand was there, crushing her lips, hooking deep into her face skin as he kept her from screaming. His body thudded into hers with all the force of a stomach punch.

Then his hands were in her hair and his lips were crushing hers, his hips thrusting brutally. Kelly lost her breath, her fingers splayed in midair. Then her head was smacked against his bedroom door and her body wedged into the corner as he pushed up off the floor, sending her hips and legs back.

Up in the attic, Jill, in her buzzed stupor, vaguely heard someone kicking the walls. In the guest room, Megan heard stifled screams and the sound of writhing. But then, both sweat-soaked, numbed, comatose blondes went back to surviving the night.

Downstairs he grabbed Kelly's throat and left tit as if trying to tear them off her body. Then he came inside her, grunting like an animal. She choked and wailed, and finally began to sob.

Only then did he seem to come out of her bestial trance, sliding back so he could sandwich her body with the floor.

He took a moment to study her. Even with her breasts bulging out of the dress and the skirt mashed up to her waist, she was excruciatingly lovely. He fell back on her, his hand finding her mouth and his lips finding her ear.

"Ssh, ssh, shh," he hushed. "We...can't let anyone find you ... Not now ... not after this..." Kelly tried

to scream, tried to beg, tried to yell

at him: "Stop it, stop it, stop it!" But there was nothing she could do about it. Nothing ... not from the moment he had first attacked her in the doorway of her home all those hours ago.

"Come on, you fucking cocktease," he hissed, and dragged her to her feet, slipping between her arms, forcing the back of her head to his shoulder by clamping closed her mouth, and wrapping his other arm around her 23 inch waist.

To her amazement, he didn't drag her into his room. Instead, he started forcing her back down the stairs....

Eventually, when he released Megan and Jill from their evening's agony, they fell to their beds limply.

Megan he strapped there at the wrists, elbows, waist, thighs, and ankles with hospital restraints. He even wedged her mouth onto an electroshock therapy muzzle, which kept patients from biting their tongues or screaming loudly enough to disturb other patients. He then



slathered her cunt, inside and out, with medicinal ointment. He taped Jill's mouth closed, then shackled her wrists

the way he had initially prepared her oldest sister for the night — with wrists in front, cuffed to the headboard, and ankles to baseboard slats.

Then he crawled in next to her, spooning, leaving her wet-look, skintight outfit on. He enjoyed the cool feel of the slick, shiny material on his skin, and loved the way her flesh filled it.

Slipping one hand inside the top and the other down the front of her pants, he started kissing and cooing into her ear.

“Yes, it’s your turn tonight, dear. My date is kinda tuckered out.”

She stirred in her sleep, brow furrowing, her body beginning to squirm as his fingers found her nipple and clit. The noises she then made were like music to his ears. Even with her mouth unstuffed, the tape was firmly sunk into her skin and sealing her lips.

Within moments he had her crying, the imprint of his hands moving within the sticky black material of her plunging top and secondskin hip huggers. The wickedly pointed toes of the high heel boots kept cringing as he masterbated her.

Otherwise, the house was quiet. His bedroom was empty. Downstairs, in the cellar, Kelly lay where he had brutally dragged her. He had savagely tied her wrists, knees, and ankles with tape, and then hogtied her with rope. He had stuffed her mouth with a square of sponge, then viciously bandaged and taped

her lower face shut.

She lay there now, near the cold stone wall, on the dirt floor, on her side, in the darkness. Her dress was in ruins, her legs revealed, her cum-soaked tuft barely covered, her tits wrenched by the corset out the sides and top. Her thighs, arms, face, and chest were bruised and sweaty.

Her smoky blue eyes fluttered, then closed. A single small drop of blood ran from one nostril to soak into the bandage and disappear.





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# HAT TRICK

## Geoffrey Merrick - HAFFNIUM'72

Episode 7. Previous in Fansadox 9 to 14

She couldn't help but giggle. The situation was so drenched in power and perversion, there was no way he could prevent a sadistic chuckle from escaping his lips and shaking his body.

The sexy figure below him stilled for just one moment, then renewed her desperate, angry, despairing struggle with renewed strength. He had beaten her, bound her, gagged her, raped her, held her captive, but to laugh at her agony as well?

Kelly Carlsen, the 5'6", 23 year-old blonde with the long legs and sweet, almost pixish face, couldn't stand what he was doing now. Holding her down, keeping her quiet, just out of sight of anyone outside the van.

Her wrists writhed in the black steel handcuffs, her fingers squashed between her upper back and his torso. The center link was clicked between her shoulder blades to the clip which hung down from the black leather collar around her slim throat.

He looked down now at her glorious, bunchedup cleavage in the plunging neckline of the sleeveless, backless, black vinyl microminidress, remembering clearly the feel of her wonderful tits

in his hands.

His eyes shifted to her upturned face, her bright blue eyes closed in despair as she tried to get any sound past the black leather prod harness gag he had affixed across her head, the back of her neck, and around her throat. It kept a brick of black leather pressed tightly

into her lower face, sinking into her cheek flesh, and the padded prod which held down her tongue and filled her mouth tight within.

She could only make muffled coughs or distant hum when she wanted to scream.

His eyes shifted again as her long legs jerked spasmodically. At first his gaze caressed the swath of creamy flesh between the hem of the vinyl micromini and the top of the thigh high boots, but then he studied the shiny black material of the five inch, high heeled, lace-up boots themselves — as her ankles twisted in the simple black straps that kept her spread feet tight against the steel legs of the van's rear seat. "There, dear," he grunted in her ear, one arm around her throat, the other hand slipping down under the dress' neckline. "No need to speak.

Everything's being taken care of..."

She stiffened again when she felt his hand gripping her left breast like a football, but then shrieked with all her might — the strangled sound ending in a coughing fit.

"There, there," he soothed, kneading her chest while slowly choking her. "Why fight it? You knew this day had to come..."

Her big blue eyes flew open, her forehead wrinkled in pain. He practically saw her recent life pass before her eyes: how he had attacked her in the back doorway of her family home, how he had dragged her out into the back bushes, brutally gagged her, and viciously staked her down to the ground. How he had dragged her to her own car and molested her. How he had driven her to his own house and kept her in his bedroom ... how he had masturbated her, tied her to him, assaulted her on the dining room table, abused her down in the cellar. And now ... and now...

Kelly tried to scream again — tears pouring from her shut eyes, her torso lurching forward, the tendons almost ripping out from her

throat. Although her strangled sounds hardly reached the van windows, he knew what she was saying. Two names.

“Jill...! Megan...!” Her younger sisters. The ones he had attacked, bound, gagged, and fucked before he got his hands on her...

The last she had seen of them was early that morning, when the rest of the residential street had been fast asleep. She was staggered by the sight of them, already in the van. Sixteen year old, 5'4" Jill was sobbing and writhing almost hysterically in the front seat, which had been lowered so her blonde, pony-tailed head rested just below the window.

She wore a sick version of a school uniform, only the short-sleeve white shirt was little more than a bra barely covering her 34C breasts and the red, plaid, pleated skirt was micromini in length. On her cringing feet were frilly white lace ankle socks, and over them red, four-inch high heels.

A collar was around her throat as well, holding her to the seat's back rest. A huge white ball gag was in her pried-open mouth, covered in thick, insulated tape. Her arms were wrenched back, her wrists cuffed around the back of the seat, and each ankle was strapped to the seat's steel legs.

He had attacked her first, all those days ago, violating her in her own room, then bundled her into her big sister's car, and kept her in a special section of his attic where she couldn't be seen or heard.

Kelly heard another sound and looked back to see her nineteen year old sister, Megan, in the back seat, trying to get 'comfortable.' The sullen, 5'5", darker blonde had not been trying to draw



her attention, but couldn't help grunting. Little wonder. She wore a two piece, shining spandex, baby pink ensemble, which could be more rightly described as a four piece outfit; for while the halter top barely covered half her 35D breasts, Kelly could see a tight chain going from one to the other, slipping under the material to

obviously noose her tormented nipples. And while the microminiskirt barely held onto her hips and covered her succulent rear, Kelly could see a 'thong bikini' deep into her hip grooves

— obviously serving as a crotch rope.

She wore pink, five-inch, ankle strap high heels, her ankles wired together. She was wrenched back, her arms behind the top of the seat, her elbows wired together and her wrists wired beneath the seat to her ankles — making the nipple and crotch torment all the more severe. In her mouth was a big pink dildo gag, her drool coursing between her tortured tits.

He had first attacked her just for something to do while waiting for Kelly to get home; dragging her into the basement, stripping her of her bathing suit, and, after transport with the others, kept her in the garage and then in his 'guest' room.

Kelly had tried to call to them, cry to them, beg them for help or forgiveness, but their cap tor had simply dumped the eldest girl into the back, strapped her ankles to the rear seat legs, and drove into the early, early morn.

The three stared out at the dark houses and nearly empty streets, already knowing that the van's darkened windows were one way. They had learned that the hard way when he had taken them 'shopping' at the mall. Even so, they couldn't help but try screaming through their gags — filling the vehicle's interior with the sound of female helplessness.

He felt himself getting hard, his erection all the stiffer with each glance into the rear view mirror or

at the passenger seat. The way their breasts bulged, their skin shone, their bodies writhed ... He remembered again how it felt inside each of them — Jill so tight, Megan so warm, Kelly so sweet...

He drove straight through for three hours, almost erupting in his pants. He had wanted to fuck them again so badly, but he wanted to get caught even less. It was a big enough risk having them out like this, instead of drugged inside laundry bags.

So he channeled his lust into finally dragging Jill and Megan out of the van and onto the floor of a large garage. He exulted in the way they felt, writhing against him, as he dropped them unceremoniously onto the mattresses laid there just for this delivery. He took one last look at Jill's frightened face and Megan's hate-filled expression, then down at their wonderful, undulating bodies before climbing back quickly into the driver's seat.

"Hey," said a quiet, deep voice. "Don't you want to say 'good-bye?'"

The Carlsen sisters' kidnapper looked blandly at the middle-aged bearded man. "Been there," he told him. "Done them." He quickly backed out of the garage and drove down the street before even the first light of dawn...

He giggled again, feeling Kelly surge against him uselessly, her breast bulging into his gripping hand. "Come on, now," he whispered huskily. "I thought they'd never leave. It's just you and me now..."

Kelly cried out in horror, almost soiling herself, saliva pouring down her chin.

He had parked behind a minimall that opened for business four hours later, in the narrow shadows by a tall fence. There he had joined the sobbing, contorting girl in the back — filling his hands with her mounds and snatch.

Unable to contain himself any longer, he dragged her up, slammed her flat stomach against the back of the rear seat where Megan had just been so recently affixed, and bent her forward — her wrists and ankles still strapped and cuffed as they had been. He slipped his hands under either side of the backless bodice, filled his fingers with her chest, and unerringly aimed his hard-on into her from the rear.

She wore no underwear, of course, and the skirt was so short it didn't even need to be pulled up.

There was nothing she could do but take it ... as she had so many times before.

"You know what happens now?" he grunted as he rutted inside her, grinding her tits like meat.

"They get sold," he told her. "That's right. I do all this to you and I get paid." Kelly tried to prevent it, but she couldn't help but wail in despair.

He looked out the front window, feeling his cock deep within her, his front on her heaving back, her mams squeezed in his hands. “I wonder where they’ll end up,” he thought aloud.

“South America? Africa? China? The silicon valley?” He felt the remaining girl shudder in sorrow.

“That’s all right,” he mockingly soothed, jamming into her even harder, holding her tits even tighter. “Once it’s all done, they promised to tell me...”

He came in her, then threw her under the dashboard in front of the passenger seat. He wired her throat to the underside of the glove compartment, pulled the boots from her legs, and wired her big toes to a passenger seat leg. Finally, he slit the strap of her dress so her breasts bounced

free.

He kept her like that all the way home, jacking off on her at least five times as she wept, wailed, and writhed. Dragging her out in his garage, he fucked her again in the dirt by the van, her head dragged back, her legs kicking wildly.

“Videotape time,” he announced.

It was only a short time later — one Kelly had mostly spent getting over her trip. She lay, tied to his bed, in a drugged stupor, medication throughout her body. As far as she knew, she was just waking up when she found herself viciously tied to a chair, naked, two feet in front of the television.

Her arms were wrenched behind the chair back, her elbows and wrists lashed together. Her legs were wide, her ankles and knees cruelly bound to the chair legs. A crotch rope was deep along the groove of her hip bones and through her legs, while more thin rope crushed her agonized breasts.



A big ball gag was deep in her mouth, but over that an incredibly tight vulcanized cloth gag sunk into her lower face, threatening to split her lips and break her jaw.

He stood on no ceremony, kneeling beside her. “See this?” he said, showing her a strange, small, grooved plastic ‘C’. “It’s what surgeons use to

keep patients’ eyes open.” he informed her. “You slide it between the eye and the socket. You don’t want me to do that to you, do you?”

She had learned long ago that when he asked, you had better answer. She shook her head, staring at him in fear and dread.

“Good,” he said. “Then watch. Don’t turn away. Don’t close your eyes ... or else.” Without turning his head from her he slid a videotape into the VCR and pressed the play button.

It was a home video. It showed Kelly’s sisters in a cheap, nondescript office, getting gang banged.

The walls were paneled. There were no windows. The desks were basic. The carpeting was utilitarian. The lighting was florescent. There were five men, and they were taking turns.

Both Jill and Megan had ring gag harnesses on, strapped across their heads, behind their necks, and under their chins. Their hands were tied behind them with plastic pull-ties, then also tied around their waists to the small of their backs. Their legs were free, but obviously exhausted.

They wore only push-up, demi-cup lace bras, matching garter belts, stockings, and high heels

— black for Jill and red for Megan.



Kelly almost turned away. She almost closed her eyes, but then she felt his hand in her hair and her head was jerked warningly at the screen. Her eyes filled with tears as she watched Jill bent forward

over a chair, a cock in her mouth and another up her ass. Kelly was wracked with sobs watching Megan laid on a desk, her head bent over one side, a cock in her mouth, as one man thrust between her legs and another sat on her stomach for a tit fuck.

She watched as they all took turns at each orifice, a man coming to replace the cameraman every so often. Then she watched as they strapped dildoes and butt plugs into her younger

sisters before starting to affix them in separate boxes — built to be shaped like natural seats, with straps at their foreheads, chins, shoulders, arms, elbows, wrists, chests, waists, hips, thighs, knees, and ankles. Finally they removed the ring gag harnesses and covered their heads with pear gag-equipped, lace-up hoods.

They stuffed the rest of the box with padding, then sealed it shut with nail guns.

“Okay,” she heard her rapist say. “You can stop watching now.”

Drenched in sweat, exhausted, Kelly’s head drooped, then started to turn aside. He waited until she looked miserably up at him, then ejaculated straight into her face.

That night had to be the best for him. Her shock was so total, she didn’t so much as suffer the rest of the evening, but survive. He tied her upper body in a rope harness — cords above and below her bulging tits, more ropes going behind her head, ropes around her wrists and elbows, ropes around her tiny waist — and then fucked her against the wall until her ball gag was exposed. Even so, she tried to scream and escape when he slapped onto her the same sort of half bra, garters, and shoes her sisters had been wearing. But within minutes she was on the floor, her legs hobbled, white tape covering her lower face, as

he fucked her again.

He ran for the pile of her clothes, then found her trembling by the back door. Even after all that, she had managed to crawl there, but of course had no luck getting the locked partition open. Taking advantage of her fatigue, he dressed her in the last remaining tailored silk suit he hadn't already torn off her: light purple shirt, black miniskirt, lace-topped thigh-highs, black high heels, and matching embroidered white lace bra and French-cut panties.

He tied her ankles, he tied her wrists, he duct taped her mouth. He dragged her into the basement and attacked her there, forcing her knees wide, ripping up her skirt, and tearing open her shirt. Minutes later they were back in the kitchen, him forcing her toward the stairs up to his room, her shirt hanging open, one mauled

breast hanging out of a bra cup, her ripped skirt barely covering her crotch, her stockings torn, her panties wrapped around her ankle ropes.

He tied her in his bedroom closet that way, her arms pulled high behind her, noosed to the hanging bar, forcing her to bend deeply forwards. He took her that way from the rear, then up the ass, his hands clawing her chest as she moaned, grunted, groaned, then grew silent.

Her hair hung down. Her eyes were rolled back into her head. Her eyelids fluttered. And he dressed her in a skintight, light blue, velvet microminidress, her abused breasts bulging out of the taut neckline. He dumped her onto the bed, her shining body shivering from the multiple assaults.

Regagging her with a leather bit gag covered in tape, he fell into bed beside her and was soon fast asleep.

When he woke up in the morning, she was gone.

For a split second, he couldn't help but wonder if it had all been an incredibly realistic dream.

After all, the odds that anyone could abduct and hold captive three incredibly pretty, sexy blonde sisters for as long as he had were astronomical.

But then he saw a new videotape on his bedside bureau.

“Those bastards,” he thought. He had given them his address. How else could they have sent the video of the other sisters’ shipping? He thought they would be satisfied with the two, but of course they had their own background checkers. They had to, given the business they were in...

He watched the tape immediately, not even bothering to dress or wash. In it he saw Kelly Carlsen lying beside him in the bed ... then a couple of men appeared, dressed in black. They

expertly lifted and carried her without disturbing him in the slightest. Then the camera followed them as they moved her glorious body soundlessly out the back door and into their own van.

The last thing on the tape was a medium closeup of the girl as she started to groggily awake.

He stared into her tired, bloodshot, but still bright blue eyes as the image filled with her creamy skin, bulging breasts, and sex-soaked shape...

Carly Simpkins stopped dead in the cheerleaders’ locker room when she heard the noise.

The 5’3” brunette looked away from the makeup mirror and stared down at the darkened, empty area.

Stupid, she thought. The other girls just left. The last one either thought she was being funny or just unconsciously switched off the lights. No big deal. The automatic lights always stayed on, and that gave her just enough illumination to finish her face.

She looked back into the mirror. Nice, she thought, referring to the lipstick color as opposed to her somewhat sweet, but slightly sultry face, and the mane of chestnut hair that came down to her chest.

And what a chest. The others called her 'Bubble Boobs,' and why not? The things had started growing at fifteen and didn't look like they were stopping anytime soon. Better enjoy

'em, as her mom suggested, 'cause they wouldn't stay this buoyant and full and round, forever.

Carly checked to make sure they were well and truly harnessed in the brown lace underwire bra and the midriff-exposing, brown wraparound shirt that went over them. Add to that the brown, crushed leather miniskirt and high heel boots, and she was all but ready to go. She gave a last check of herself. Not bad, she thought. Satisfied with her necklace and earrings as well, Carly started to close her locker.

Out of the corner of her eye she caught a glimpse of her school sweater.

"Damn," she said. She forgot to put that back in the uniform closet. She had been so intent on getting changed that she somehow missed bringing that back. It was no wonder, since tonight was another one of their meet and greets

— trying to impress possible freshmen with the quality of their school. More like trying to get their daddy's checkbooks out by sex appeal, but, hey, whatever worked.

No time to dwell on that now. The gym would be emptying out and she had to get to her car before the parking lot lights automatically switched off. Besides, they were expecting her at the after-party. She quickly grabbed the sweater and trotted to the long, narrow, walk-in uniform closet.

“Now, where the hell is my hanger?” she muttered, moving deeper and deeper into the compartment.

“Right here,” she heard a man’s voice quietly say. And before she could react in any way, he thumbed the zipper against her exposed side. She was on the floor, her nerves overwhelmed. Something was being stuffed in her mouth. Something was being pulled around her wrists. Something was pushing her up against the back wall of the dark, narrow closet, her legs rising...



She felt a hand under her skirt. She heard ripping and felt her panties being torn. Then a great weight was atop her, surging between her

numb legs, wedging her against the wall.

He tore open her shirt and grabbed her boobs, his erection shoving deep into her soft thatch. He watched as she started to squirm, trying to force the sweat sock out of her mouth. He watched as her cute

face started to collapse in surprise, then shock. He watched as she tried to bring her imprisoned wrists forward, the fingers trying to motion him to stop.

But they both knew he would not, as he knew he would take her as soon as he laid eyes on her during the game. The timing was fortuitous. He had just received the pile of money and the new videotape that morning: the one with Megan servicing camel jockies in the Middle East, Jill dressed as a teen pop star to excite sadists in Japan, and Kelly straightjacketed in a Mexican sanitarium, being “counseled” by only the wealthiest clients...

“That’s all right,” he whispered to the brunette bombshell crushed beneath his thrusting body, already formulating how he’d get her to his car and where he would keep her safe from even white slavers. “You’ll do fine. Don’t you know how tired I am of blondes...?”





**THE END**