

MERMAID

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Headlines would read: Tidal Wave Hits Resort...

Mermaid

By
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Chapter One

They felt just terrible about it, but she was the prettiest girl they had ever seen, and she had just floated up to them -- semi-conscious, her summer dress soaked and torn (so they could see every inch of her wonderful body). At first their instinct was to help, but when they found no broken bones or permanent injury, their minds turned to other things. Shameful things.

They looked around. There was no one to see them, so they couldn't (or didn't) resist the temptation. They simply picked her up and carefully secreted her behind the seats in their truck.

As was said: they felt bad. She wasn't even a bitch, like some of the other girls at the resort. Before the unexpected tidal wave, she had been very nice to them, even though her natural beauty had caused resentment. Somehow her kindly smiles made their lust for her even worse than the ones who obviously looked down on them.

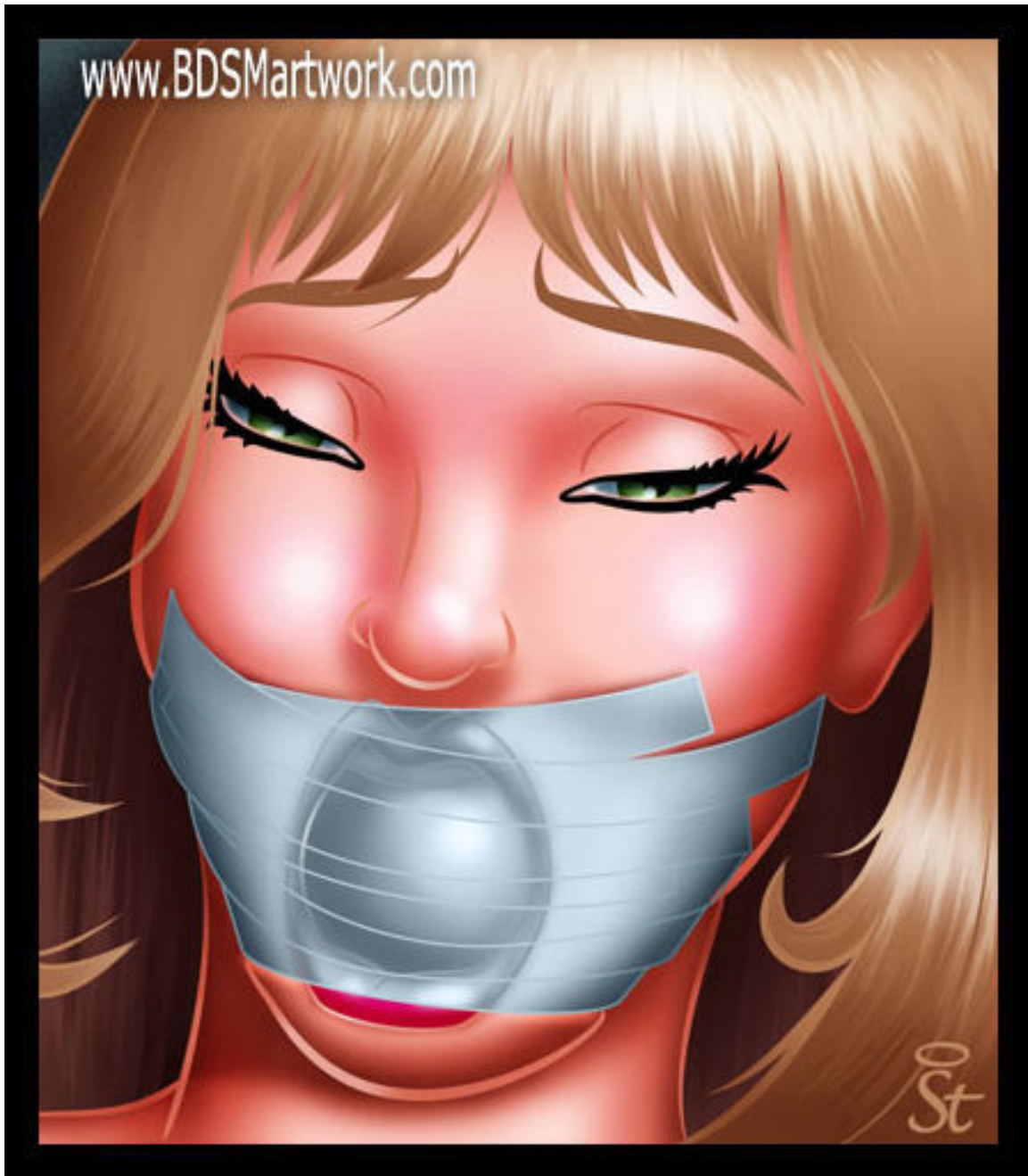
They climbed in and immediately started fondling and caressing her as she moaned in her stupor. Five feet, seven inches tall. Long legs. High, firm, round breasts. Real. C cups. Light brown hair to her shoulders. Grayish-blue eyes. Couldn't be more than 22. One of the men had a tape measure in his truck. He took a moment out from his pawing to discover: 35-23-34.

He tore down her frilly bodice and light blue bra, and started suckling her strong, full breasts. She started fighting them in her haze; her hands weakly swatting at theirs as she twisted and groaned.



“Will anyone hear her?” the first asked as he held her wrists.

“They will soon,” said the other, and reached for a sack on the passenger side floor. From it he took rags, which he stuffed in her lax mouth, and adhesive bandage, which the local hospital had given him. He used it to seal her lips, wrapping her lower face with it as tightly as possible.



The local authorities had also given the men pull-ties to secure possibly dangerous debris. They used one to affix her wrists together behind her so she could no longer swat them away. The first was about to use another to cinch her ankles, but his friend stopped him.

“No,” he said. “I want her to be available to us.” He then took two plastic straps and affixed each of her ankles to each of her thighs, so her legs were bent, but separate. Then he climbed into the back with her, reaching for his belt buckle as he went.

Within moments he was atop her, between her spread legs. Within seconds he had torn off her sopping panties and removed his erection from his shorts.



“She is really hot,” said his friend from the front seat, looking down at her firm succulent breasts, his mouth dry.

“Yeaah, she is...” gasped the other as he forced his member into the comatose girl.

“Oh God! She’s Tight. Warm.”

She squirmed slowly beneath him, making a muffled sound as if having a nightmare.

“Wet,” the man grunted as his shaft sunk all the way into the poor girl. Then the two men saw, thought, and did nothing else for the next twenty minutes until their cum was on her face, in her hair, across her chest, and deep inside her.

By then her lovely eyelashes were fluttering and her fingers were twisting in their bonds.



“Quickly,” said the first. “Seal her lower lips so none of our seed leaks out. And, hogtie her so she can’t kick or make any noise. I’ll check the area to make sure there are no other survivors.”

As the first made a survey of the area, his friend quickly tended to the girl as he would to a calf. Using rope, he looped her hips so the hemp sunk deep within her vagina. Then he affixed her wrists to her ankles and noosed her knees, making a tidy package of the slim, shapely, sweet girl. Then he wiped his drooling, fetid cock in her hair before pushing it back into his pants.



By then his friend had returned. “Cord her neck to the seat brace,” he instructed. “We don’t want her crawling away,” he said, briefly chuckling.

For a while after they drove away the two men remained silent. Both imagined they could hear the defiled girl’s stifled whimpering within the throb of the old truck engine. The second man had added a soiled blindfold to her restrictions as an afterthought. Both men pictured her in their minds, though neither looked back at her.

Finally the second man could remain silent no longer. “Shall we leave her someplace?”

The other waited a few moments before replying with finality. “The sea has taken her. Do you understand?”

“I think so,” the other said slowly, remembering how it felt inside her, and what she felt like.

“The sea took her,” the other repeated, watching the foliage-covered road carefully. “She will not be found....”

Only then did the passenger turn, reach down, and fill his hand with the girl’s bobbing left breast. “I understand,” he said, and squeezed.



Chapter Two

She just kept trying to get away and they just kept stopping her. Sometimes they would knock her out. Sometimes they would choke her until she lost consciousness. Sometimes they'd simply let their hands fall across her gagged lips until her potential rescuer had moved out of sight or hearing.

Sometimes they kept her in their truck. Sometimes they kept her in their hovel. Sometimes they even kept her in the abandoned resort rooms. Sometimes they dragged her away from the door or windows. Sometimes they hid her behind trees, in steamer trunks, in cellars, in attics, in closets, in cars, or under porches until it was safe to drag her out again.

And all the while they despoiled her, dressing her in clothing left behind by other survivors or victims.

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As relief workers came from the airport, she would be in high heels and sexy dresses, her legs wide, her raw wrists cinched, screaming with all her might into a variety of tight, filling gags as they held her down, their hard-ons spiking her to the floor...just out of sight.



Late at night, after the exhausted humanitarians slept, the first abductor would grip her head in a sleeper hold, allowing the second to force his member into her slack, drooling mouth while his hand snaked into the top of an impossibly tight bikini.



Then, in turn, the second would hold her re-gagged head in a full nelson as he forced her bound, shuddering, bikini-less body to sit on his friend's haunches.

From the victim's list they found out her name: Patricia Nichols. They would whisper it when they came or they wanted her to be quiet. "Patricia, Patricia, Patricia," they would say in a soft singsong, "Hush now child. No one can hear you. No one can see you. No one can find you. It is too late. You are ours, now and forever."

Then they would soothe her as she cried, screamed, or struggled -- gently smoothing their semen into her skin or inexorably pushing their cocks between her thighs.

Sometimes they would simply lie with her between them, a hand tight over her filled mouth, their penises corking her snatch and anus while their other hands sought her chest, clit, or hair.



She would sweat and tremble and jerk and stretch and shutter, crying to the sun or moon to save her. But then the day or night would end, only to start all over again.

On the day she was officially added to the list of missing guests, they kept her in a revealing pink, skin-tight, low-cut, evening mini-gown.

When her name was read off for the media, she was outside the window, in the shrubs, their hands squeezing her mouth, neck, and chest while they raped her. As the reporters went to report their story, she was pushed over the sill into the room, where they held her just out of sight until the last news vehicle cleared the area.



Only then did they cruelly tie her to a chair and force her to watch the reports of her disappearance on the TV that had been so conveniently left behind. Unwilling to risk removing her gag, they masturbated and ejaculated onto her face and down her cleavage as she writhed, sobbing, in the seat.



Chapter Three

A night watchman almost found her but the men had quickly pinched her nose, dragged the chair back, held her until her eyes fluttered, then dumped her behind a blackboard where she lay as the custodian's flashlight beam just missed her. She stayed there, insensible and inaccessible, as each man took turns relieving his lust inside her.



Only after the watchman had fallen asleep did they walk her past him to the door.

Then, still in her tattered evening dress, they forced her back into the truck. The next day she was kept under their crawlspace in a party mini-dress and matching high heels, her hands lashed behind her, her mouth plugged by a knot of wood strapped around her head, and her ankles tied to stakes nailed wide to the ground.



Every so often one of them would crawl down there with her, lay atop her, slobber across her face and neck, maul her breasts, and rut away inside her until they were spent.



It had been less than a week when most of the reporters packed up. New headlines had replaced the old and there were other disasters to exploit. The two men watched it all, one at a time; while the other was tending to his needs inside their hovel...inside her. They even drove to the airstrip to see off the last of the aide workers.

Patricia Nichols was there with them, sitting on the floor in front of the passenger seat, her ankles tied to her thighs, her wrists tied behind to her waist, her mouth filled and her lips sealed, wearing just a ripped, white, skin-tight t-shirt.



The men waved at the plane with one hand while, just out of sight behind the dashboard, they clutched her tits with the other and ejaculated into her face. Once the plane was out of sight, they drove to a crop of trees by the ocean, dragged her beneath the truck chassis and had their way with her. Then it was back to the hovel to continue her new “duties.”

She was always dressed in the finest of revealing resort wear, her wrists manacled and her mouth muzzled as they fucked her again and again and again. For days after, they kept her chained like a dog, feeding and tending to her much the same way. Whenever her mouth was free, she quietly begged them to let her go, promising never to tell, but all they did was quickly gag and violate her again.



Chapter Four

With the foreigners gone, it wasn't too long before other people realized the situation. One day, when both men were absent, Patricia Nichols was shocked to see an old woman staring at her from the window. At first she twisted toward her in her bondage, mewling piteously through her gag. But the old lady did nothing to free her.



The girl was stunned. What had just happened? Had the skin-tight lingerie the men had forced on her scared the old woman away? The second time the old lady appeared, the girl's muted pleading became more desperate and insistent. But still the old lady left without a word.

The old lady didn't return. Instead, the next day, an old man appeared. Much to the girl's heartbreaking horror, he simply turned her onto her face, forced her to crouch on her knees, wrapped one long, gnarly hand over her already gagged mouth, gripped one of her hanging breasts spasmodically with the other, and entered her from the rear. After huffing and puffing for a few minutes he shot a load up her sorely abused vaginal sheath. Grunting, he released and let her flop on her side. Slowly he ambled out.



From that day onward, the men had a nearby couple as allies. The old woman would tend to the girl's feeding and toilet while the men would use her as they saw fit. The old woman knew no English, so it didn't matter what the girl said during feedings. The old woman didn't care; at times force-feeding the girl if she wouldn't shut up or her pleadings became too strident. She was just glad the girl was available for her husband. As old as he was, his sexual demands had long worn thin with her. Now, this young girl would have to service his cock, relieving her of the dirty task.



The old woman also scavenged for new clothes for the girl. She expertly picked through piles set to be burned, as well as clothes at charity events arranged by local aid organizations. They all thought that the old woman was gathering pretty things for her

grandchildren to play dress-up. That would certainly explain the high heels, club-wear, and extreme lingerie she favored. Little did they know.

There were some nights when the men and the old couple discussed what they would ultimately do with the girl as she sat, bound and gagged, in the corner. The old lady floated the idea of burying her somewhere, but the men were adamant. They were all becoming expert at silencing her with their hands, cloth, sticks, even rocks, and, despite her treatment, she remained almost as appealing as ever. She had at least ten more years of optimum beauty left, and they were going to take full advantage. They would never experience such satisfying sex again.



All were aware of the injustice: from her expressions and behavior, they knew that she didn't deserve this treatment. But no love was lost on the tourists, and it was she who had the terrible misfortune to have been the one who floated up to them wearing next to nothing in an area where no one could witness her abduction.

They stopped talking. They all looked at her. She wore a low-cut, v-neck, micro-mini sundress. Her wrists were lashed behind her. Her ankles were crossed and lashed together. Stockings were balled and stuffed in her mouth; another stretch of hosiery was tied so deeply between her lips that she looked like a beached fish gasping for air.

She stared back at them, and then started to cry piteously. Within seconds, she was on her back. One man was inside her. Another had his member between her breasts. The third had his between her gasping lips. All the while, she squirmed and twisted, but they held her firmly in place. The old woman listened to the mewling sounds of the young woman and the grunting sounds of the men, and as she watched each of the men came, then exchanged places: once, twice, three times.



The men went to sleep as the old woman dragged the naked girl to the beach where she slowly, carefully, washed the semen from her face, chest, and thighs. The old woman thought about keeping the girl's head underwater and letting the tide take her out, but she knew what would happen then.

So, instead, Patricia Nichols was taken back to the hovel, dressed in another girl's camisole, bound, gagged, leashed, and left to sleep in preparation for another day.

The End