

“New York Bound”
Written by Geoffrey Merrick
Illustrated by Steve



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It all happened so fast. One second she was a 26-year old, up-and-coming assistant to a New York District Attorney; standing in the front hallway of a Manhattan apartment building waiting for a female police detective. She was wearing her office uniform: a tailored dress suit consisting of gray mini-skirt, lightly pinstriped with matching jacket, a dark blue silk satin blouse, and three-inch blue patent-leather high heel shoes. The next second the door of apartment 1A opened behind her (she vaguely felt the wind ruffle her short, bobby-styled hair), and her life, as she had known it, was over.

A second later, fingers clamped over her mouth and yanked her backwards. A second after that the door closed behind her swiftly and silently. The only other sound besides the rustling of her stocking legs rubbing against each other was the deadbolt chunking home.

Then it was as if assistant D.A. Chloe Kinsley had never existed.



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"Those sluts!" the Inmate seethed. "If it wasn't for them, I wouldn't be sweating it out on death row."

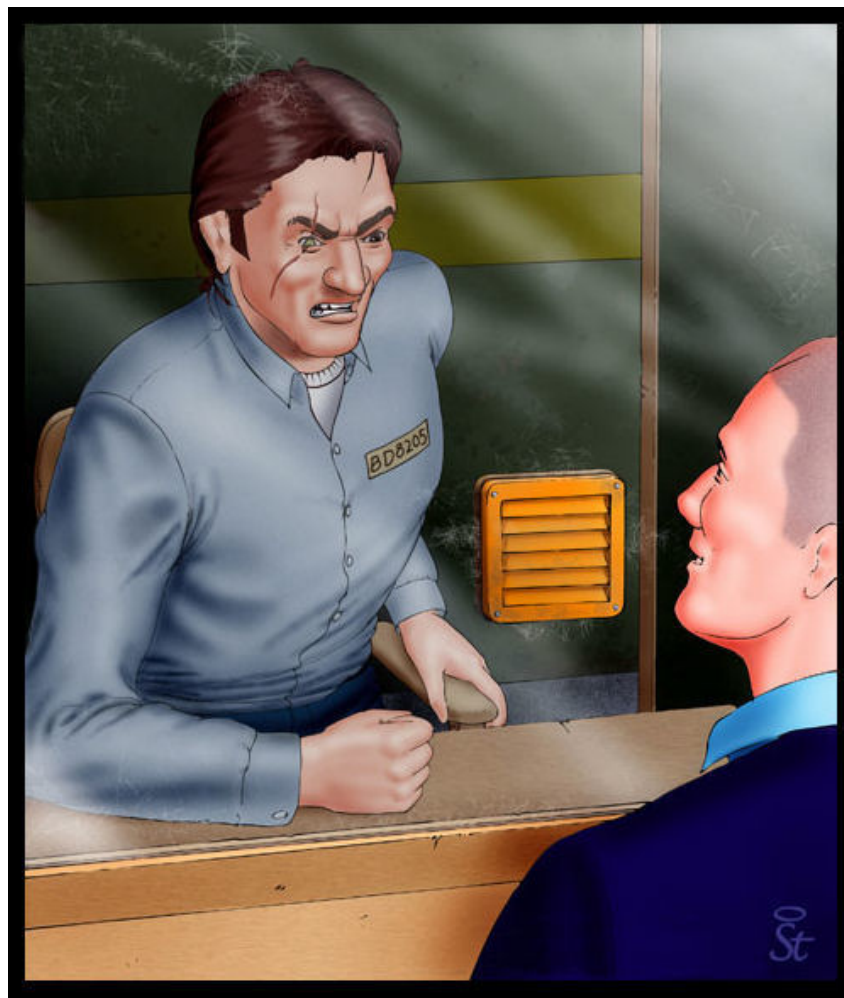
"Hey, bro," said his sibling on the other side of the glass, not caring if it was an assistant D.A. and a precinct detective they were talking about. "What do you wanna do?"

"What do you think?" the coarse, ugly Inmate snarled. "Hey, I got away with all those other ones when it was men arresting and trying me... but, no, when it's the bitches, they're after blood!"

"They deserve it." echoed his brother. "Let me give it to them."

"Yeah... ," the Inmate whispered hoarsely. "Yeah... that would keep 'em from prosecuting me and testifying, too. Get Aggie... she'll help you out. She'll do anything for me..."

"You got it, bro," said the sibling, already beginning to smile as he thought about their pretty faces and killer bodies. "For you, we'll give it to 'em, good..."



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Chloe was staggered by how fast it happened and how savage it was. One second she was out in the hall, safe; waiting for her detective friend. In fact, just before the fingers clamped in her hair and over her mouth, she thought she saw Julie’s tousled blond head coming up the apartment house's front steps.

The next second, she was slammed face down onto a mattress just inside the apartment door, and then it was all sensation – all terrible sensation.

She couldn't see the rapist or his assistant... the room was dark, the windows were covered. She couldn't scream... something soft and filling... yielding but pulpy was being shoved into her mouth, completely filling her oral orifice like an inflating balloon.

She tried to fight... she tried to pull the obstruction from her mouth, but her hands were yanked backwards, and pulled around the person lying heavily on her back... her wrists were being tightly cuffed in steel. She felt other hands.

Then the thick, sticky, patch was adhered to her lower face. It stank of petroleum, stinging her flaring nostrils, and it seemed to sink into her skin, becoming one with her lips and flesh.

She tried to kick... to get the weight off her back... but then steel encircled her ankles as well, clicking tightly around her long, shapely legs.

Suddenly Chloe's olive eyes bulged, her body was like a strung bow. The “someone” on her back, between her handcuffed arms, was sweeping a thick, damp cloth over everything under her perfect nose. With a twist, it was knotted tightly at the back of her head and neck, tightening the muffling material in her mouth, making it like a third skin.

Chloe screamed... too late! The sound which emerged in the dark, almost empty apartment was a distant humming bleat. It was cut off by the heavy weight of the man on her back as he placed his hand on her mouth and applied pressure. Suddenly she felt him ramming his knees between her legs, forcing her into a very uncomfortable position as he rested his entire upper body weight atop her – her arms, and now her lower limbs, seemingly embracing him.

It all happened in less than a minute. And then, without preamble, the vicious rape began.

Like a frenzied animal he shoved her miniskirt up around her waist. With unbelievable strength his cold fingers gouged a hole into her pantyhose. Once torn, he continued ripping them until he could access the elastic waist band of her panties. Tugging with all his might, he literally ripped them off her, but not before the material covering her crotch became a garrote cutting into her vulva and vaginal slit. She groaned in pain.

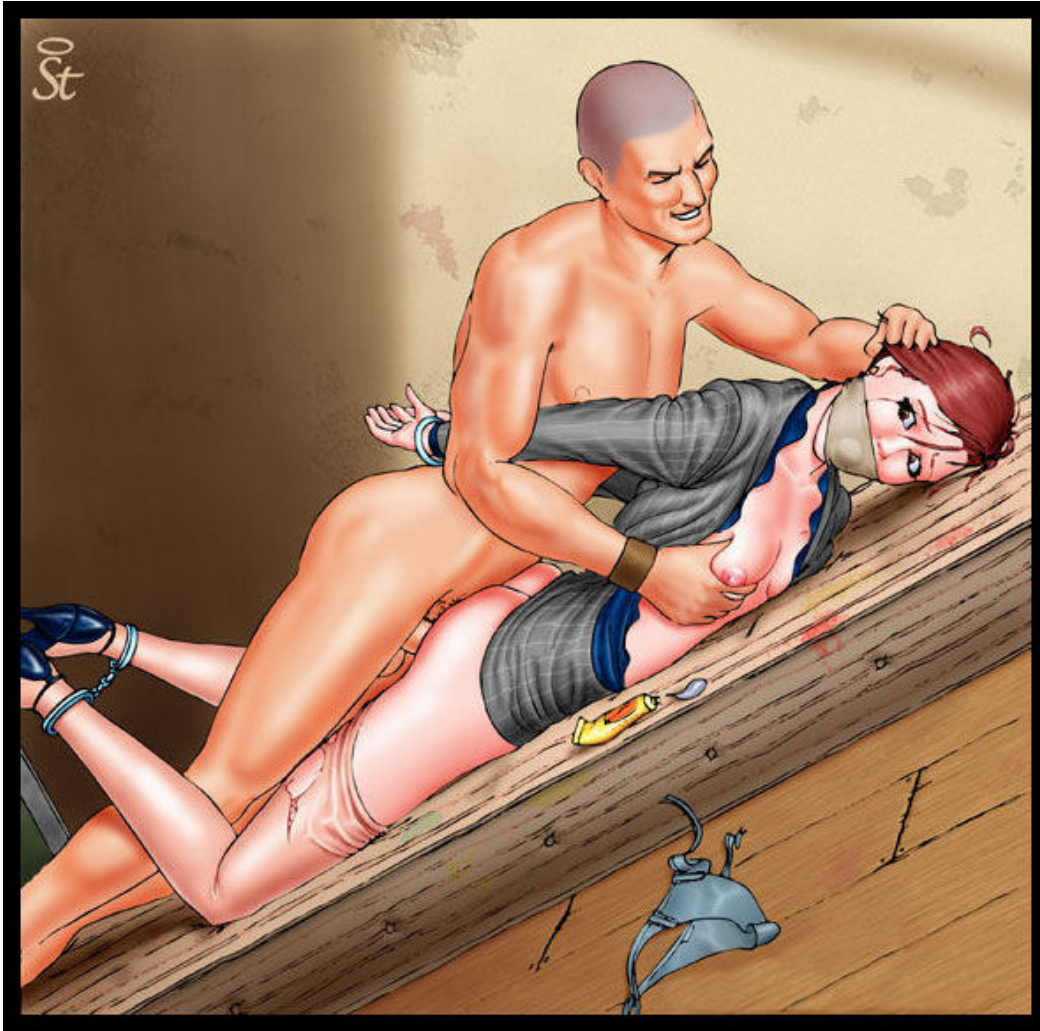
She tried to surge up when she felt the cold steel tube of jelly lubricant as it was shoved into her cunt, but the weight of her attacker sandwiched her to the mattress. She felt the cool ointment spurt into her, and then the unmistakable sensation of a rock-hard erection replaced it, surging all the way up inside her snug vaginal channel without so much as a pause.

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Chloe screamed and screamed and screamed, but her attackers ignored the laughably useless sounds. Instead his hands grabbed her shirt front, tore her buttons open with one strong pull, and ground his rough hands under her gray satin bra. He filled his fingers with her 36B teardrop tits and squeezed as if trying to make juice.



Chloe's breath was taken away by the shock and the pain, and then the assault truly started in earnest. When he wasn't mauling her tits he was slamming her head to the mattress by her hair. And while he did either he kept thrusting inhumanly into her silky, fur-lined cunt, ignoring the feeble movements of her arms and legs.

There was a knock at the door.

Chloe struggled and screamed anew, but the effort and volume was so negligible it made no difference. Aggie looked from the door to the sibling, who craned his neck to stare back... not diminishing his fucking of the pretty assistant D.A. for a single nano-second. Aggie motioned with her head and he nodded.

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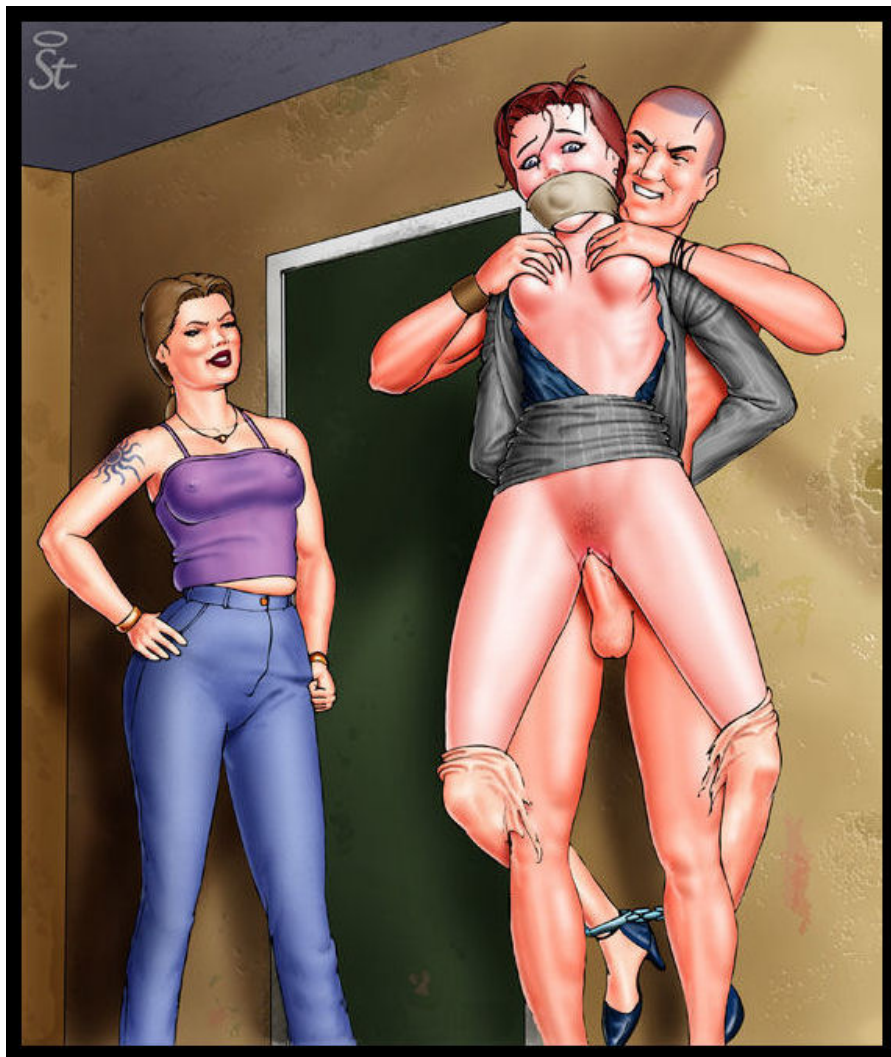
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"Just a sec," Aggie – a squat, big-hipped, pig-faced woman – said aloud to whoever was on the other side of the door. Then she watched with sneering satisfaction as the sibling grabbed Chloe's breasts, shoved his hips against her tight, round ass, and surged upward – holding Chloe to him as he stood, his hard-on still plugging her cunt like a long cork in a wine bottle.

Chloe gasped, standing in mid-air pinned to her rapist, her feet inches off the floor, her fleshy chest shining in the gloom, her rather large breasts squeezed like pliant plastic handles, and her huge eyes glowing in amazement and horror over the tight, swaddling gag.

Her arms were wrenched behind her, embracing her impaler, and her long, wonderful legs hung down, metal glinting at her ankles. Then she started to turn against her will as the sibling moved slowly, but purposely, toward the bedroom.

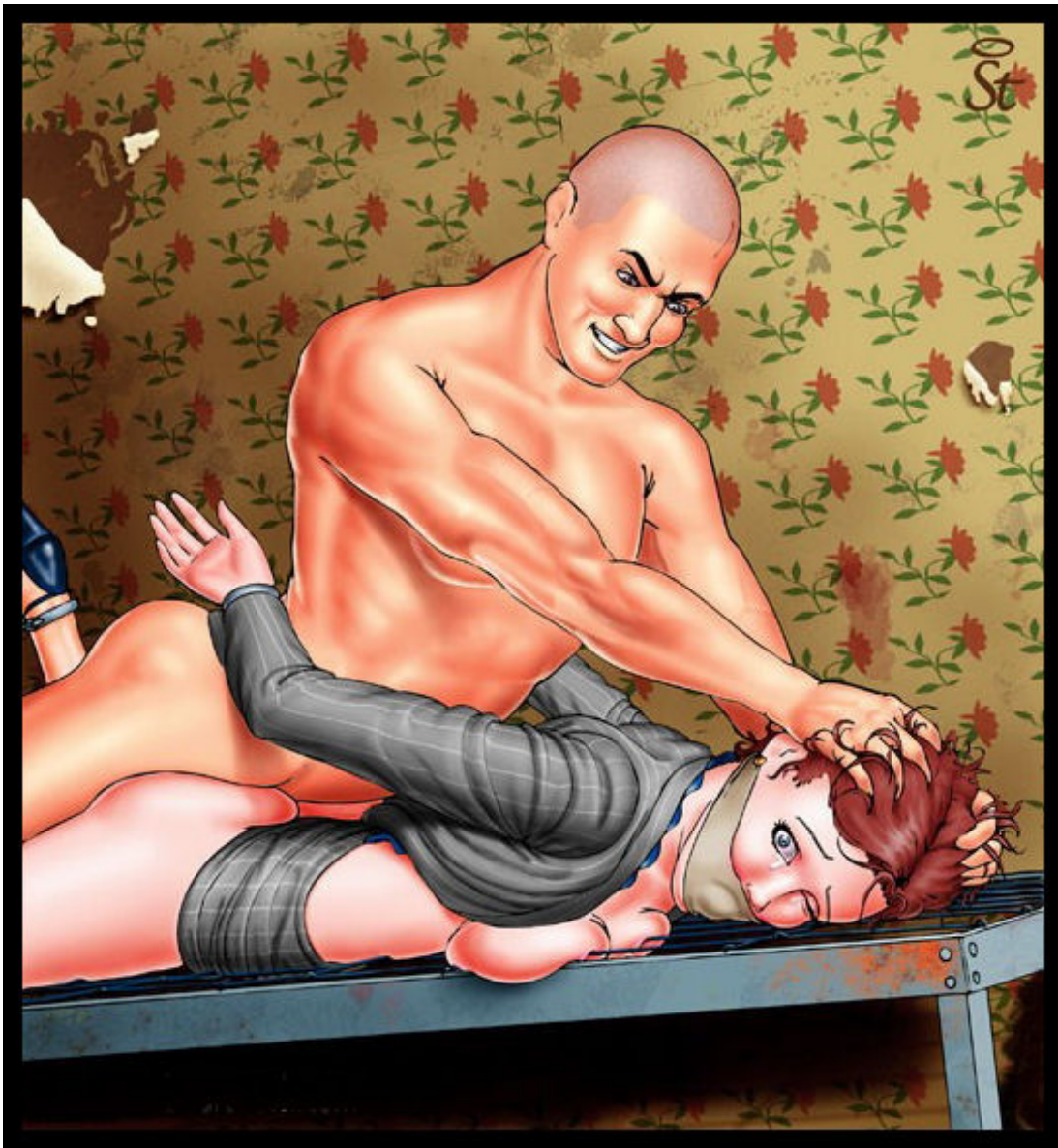
The knock repeated at the door. "Hold on," said Aggie pleasantly, admiring the assistant D.A.'s terror. "I'll be right there."



The sibling slammed Chloe down across the bed on her front, slamming himself on top of her. She moaned, screamed, bleated, and mewed, all while trying to yank herself forward, away from him, which was impossible since she was restrained to him.

"None of that," he hissed, grabbing her hair in both hands and shoving downwards. He brutally forced her head into the bedsprings as he kept thrusting, and fucking her for all he was worth – her too, for that matter.

At first, she stiffened in stunned disbelief at what had happened to her and what was continuing to happen – then she cringed, writhed, and sobbed, for all the good it did her. The ferocious raping continued unabated.



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"Excuse me, ma'am," said Detective Julie Kirkorian, holding up her badge. "I'm looking for a young brunette woman who was supposed to meet me here. Have you seen her?"

Aggie admired the cop's smoky blue eyes; short-cropped pure blond hair; full, pouty lips; creamy skin; and shapely, buxom body in the cream colored pant-suit and silky, open-necked, off-white shirt.

"No--oo," said Aggie, imagining what was happening one wall away. "I can't say that I have."



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One wall away, the sibling was holding onto Chloe's hair like reins and ramming his cock all the way up her snatch like a hydraulic piston. The fucking was so violent the woman couldn't even get the air to make any sound other than pained grunts.

He felt himself swelling, he felt the cum warming, he felt his balls ready to explode....



"Are you sure, ma'am?" the detective asked. "We were supposed to confer about a case...a man who committed a crime in this very building...."

"Crime...?" Aggie echoed. "What sort of crime?"

The detective stared coolly at the fireplug of a woman standing in the doorway. Normally she wouldn't have replied to the question. But there was something about this woman...something somehow engaging...as if, of all the people in New York, this one could truly understand what the detective was going to say.

"Rape, ma'am," said the voluptuous blond with the rich lips and heavy lidded blue eyes. "Multiple rapes...serial rape...and maybe even murder."

"Maybe...?" Aggie echoed.

"Never found the body," Julie mused, wondering anew why she was saying all this. But there was something in the back of her mind...an instinct that this woman might actually know something that could help the investigation... "Nineteen year old," she continued. "She was fresh out of nursing school...first time in the city...right upstairs."

"Right upstairs...? Really...?"

Kirkorian nodded. "We think the Perp followed her back here...took advantage of her naiveté... knocked on the door and said he was the building super. She opened it just enough for him to spray her with mace."

Aggie almost laughed at the irony but managed to keep her expression solicitous. She smiled inside, though, from the memories....

Detective Kirkorian looked up idly, seemingly staring at the door of the young nurse's apartment. "As near as we can tell, he kept her captive in the room for days...maybe weeks...."

"You're kidding," Aggie said, secretly mocking. "In a crowded city like New York...with walls this thin...? How is that possible?"

The sibling slammed Chloe's head down again – hard. Then he held it tightly in place while craning forward, using her hair like reins, as he continually slammed his nine inches of rock-hard meat up her cunt from behind. She gagged and gasped as he choked off the building torrent of cum with all his muscles and will power. No, he wasn't letting this bitch off that easily. She was going to remember her fucker and this fucking for the rest of her life – as long or short as it may be. He intended for her to feel every steely inch of his hardened cock as he rammed and battered her tender insides. She was going to suffer more than just embarrassment – she was going to suffer unimaginable physical pain.

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"He apparently kept her tightly bound and cruelly gagged, ma'am," Detective Kirkorian explained.

"Cruelly?" Aggie echoed in wonder.

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Kirkorian grimaced. "It's not like in the movies, ma'am. A piece of tape or a cloth over the lips would keep no one quiet. The vocal orifice has to be filled...the mouth pried open to its widest aperture..."

"I see," Aggie said wonderingly, as if understanding for the first time. "Maybe cut the air off a bit with a rope around her throat...then maybe a towel or something would muffle any leftover sound. That way her neighbors would think any cries she made would be the furnace or pipes or something...."

Aggie bit her lip, looking up innocently at the buxom blonde in the cream colored clothing. She was afraid maybe she had pushed that a bit too hard, but Kirkorian just looked at her from under her half-mast lids, then replied, "More than likely, ma'am."

"Well, that explains it, then," Aggie said, savoring every second she could keep the cop talking as her attorney friend was no more than ten feet away, unable to alert the detective as she had a cock rammed repeatedly inside her. "Because I've been in this building, at least for some of the time, when that girl must have been here, and I never heard anything."

Aggie loved that line because it was true. She had been in the building while the nurse was there. She was indeed, because the girl's rapist had asked her to bring some groceries. She'd never forget the image as she stepped into the small one bedroom apartment upstairs.

The five-foot, three-inch tall strawberry blond was lying on her back on the thinly carpeted floor in a tattered and torn nurse's uniform. Tears were pouring out of her wet green eyes. Her forearms were lashed behind her in the small of her arched back, and her firm, buoyant 36-inch breasts were revealed, thrusting at the ceiling. Her lusciously long, shapely legs were encased in white thigh highs. Her white leather uniform shoes were tossed to the side.

And, yes, her mouth was pried open with her balled-up bra and panties – cream colored as best as she remembered. White cord, wrapped around her head, was holding them tightly in place. The cord ends extended downward to wrap around her lovely throat like a python, preventing her from getting much air, thus keeping her from screaming.

The future Inmate was doing push-ups off her firm, perfectly round milk jugs, as his cock corkscrewed tightly into her dewy strawberry tufted cunt. Perspiration was dripping from his body onto her, as she groaned and writhed on the floor beneath him.

"Dinner is served," Aggie had announced.

While the future Inmate had eaten something other than the girl's tits and snatch, she had “attended” to the 19-year-old, 105-pound teenage nursie, by attaching nipple clamps onto her pert pink nipples and by making sure a studded silver dildo was buried inside her tight, already cum-coated, fuck-canal.

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"We think he may have moved her," Detective Kirkorian commented.

"Geez, then you may never find her," Aggie said solicitously, remembering the feel of the abused, trembling teenager in her arms – her mouth severely gagged; the thin

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corded white rope cutting cruelly into her arms, tightly bound behind her back. She almost felt sorry for the teenager being forced into the graffiti-sprayed van in the alley out back., her muscles cramping beneath the hooded overcoat, as she teetered on four-inch black high heels.

"It's possible," Kirkorian reluctantly agreed. "But don't count on it. We're pretty good at finding people."

Aggie did smile then, changing the leer to a supportive, positive, grin at the last possible second. "I'm sure you will," she said quietly while silently shouting: "You stupid cunt, you can't even find the sweet little D.A. bitch who's right on the other side of this door getting her fuckin' brains screwed out!"

"I'm sure you will," Aggie repeated to Detective Kirkorian. "Now, about your friend...?"



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At that moment, the sibling yanked back on Chloe's hair as if pulling back on the reins of a galloping horse, plugged his cock all the way inside her, and blasted a flood of cum into the very womb of her cunt.

He yanked on her sweat-soaked hair, pulling her up off the bed, her groggy face a mottled mask of bruises from the metal frame, her skin dark with blood pooled just under the skin.

"There," he whispered into her quivering ear as he drew her toward him by her hair. "There we go...nothing like doing to you what you did to my brother, eh?"

"Are you sure you haven't seen a young woman...about five-six...maybe a hundred and fifteen pounds...slim...attractive?"

"Sounds like someone I'd remember," Aggie replied, not answering the question. Then she nearly did a double take as a young woman answering that description emerged from the bedroom – only this one had her shirt nearly ripped off, her bra nowhere to be seen, her skirt hem tucked into its waistband, and the tips of her high heel pumps just barely scraping the carpeted floor.

Her rapist propelled her slowly and silently toward the back of the open door, just barely blocked from Kirkorian's sight – one hand held tightly over her multiply-gagged mouth and the other hand rooting deeply inside her soft, light brown beaver. A tiny trickle of blood was running down from one nostril to merge with the drool-filled cloth covering her sealed mouth.

Aggie forced herself to concentrate her gaze on Detective Kirkorian, who was looking carefully out the front door, trying to catch a glimpse of her friend, who was now very late – who was now just on the other side of the apartment door,

"See her?" Aggie asked the cop helpfully.

"No....," said the blond, still looking outside. "Not yet."

Aggie took that second to stare at the sibling and his victim. Chloe's eyes were rolled back into her head, her eyelids quivering. Her arms were still behind her, cuffed around his rapacious body. Her legs were still cuffed around his. He wore her sexy body like a robe as he crushed her labia and masturbated her already abused clit. She moaned from under his clamping hand.

"Ohhhh," Aggie joined in, looking beyond a curious Kirkorian. "Maybe she's waiting for you outside."

"Maybe....," the blond said slowly, alarms going off in her head.

Aggie didn't give her a chance to formulate a theory. "Let me join you," she said quickly. "I gotta take this garbage out anyway."

"Yeah...okay," Kirkorian said carefully, as, no more than two feet away, a bound, gagged, comatose, and raped Chloe Kinsley was being vigorously molested.

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Aggie moved quickly out from the door way, carrying a small, plastic pull-tie garbage bag in her left hand. She quickly and firmly closed the door behind her, and then moved purposefully down the front hallway.

"Hey," said Detective Kirkorian from behind her. "You really should lock your door."

"It's okay," said Aggie, as the sibling just on the other side of the obstruction slipped from between Chloe's arms and legs, twisting the insensible assistant D.A. around so they faced each other. "I'll be right back."

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Kirkorian shrugged and started to follow the pug-ugly woman. At the same time, the sibling dropped Chloe to the floor with a thud. The detective stopped and turned around. The sibling, realizing the cop had to have heard the noise, fell atop the prone young woman and stuck his cock back up her cunt. Chloe's head craned back on her neck and, in her nightmare state, screeched unknowingly into her gag.

The cop went for her gun. Aggie dropped the garbage bag over the blonde's head and pulled the drawstring tight around her throat.

The blond opened her mouth to cry out, but rotten fruit fell onto her tongue. Her hand spasmodically gripped the butt of her revolver, while her other hand attempted to rip the plastic. Too late – Aggie hit her on the head with a lead-filled leather slap-jack.



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NYPD detective Julie Kirkorian dropped to the front hall floor like...well, like a bag of garbage...an extremely sultry, sexy, stacked bag of garbage, but a bag of female garbage just the same. Her large breasts shifted just under her silk blouse like honeydews in a plastic grocery sack. Aggie took a nano-second to appreciate them, then grabbed the cop's ankles and started dragging her back toward the apartment building's cellar door.



Detective Kirkorian's smoky blue eyes fluttered open. Sweat was pouring down her face and across her body. Beads of sweat dripped off her nose to further wet the tight cream colored plasticized tape-like cloth tied brutally around her aching head. It was

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securing in place the largest ball gag available. Detective Kirkorian's mouth was pried open to its ultimate aperture, then sealed with a square of plaster tape, and over that went the plasticized cloth. It was the kind that seemed to shrink and adhere tighter, the wetter it got. She blinked, finally feeling the heat over every centimeter of her exposed skin.

Her pants were gone, as were her blouse and jacket. Her breasts were exposed, her big dark pink aureoles seemed to stare accusingly at her predicament.

She was lying, practically in a fetal ball, in the cellar, near the throbbing furnace. It had to be ninety degrees down here in the dirt. Even bound and gagged, the detective quickly made a mental inventory.

Wrists: tied brutally behind her, palm to palm. Elbows: also tied together with thin, biting cord. Shoulder blades practically together, chest thrust out.

Legs: bare and bent. Ankles: roped to thighs. Cream-colored lace paneled panties: still on...helping to hold in the cut-off night stick pushed deeply into her cunt.

Kirkorian moaned; her head going back, as the full impact of the situation dawned on her. That thump, that cry before...it had to have been Kinsley. What had happened to her?

"Yeah, bro," the sibling was saying on the phone, as he fucked the brunette again. "They're getting your message, loud and clear."

A dazed Chloe was bent back over an ottoman, her wrists wired to the front legs and her ankles wired to the back legs. A pump gag filled her mouth, and its pump-bulb was in Aggie's hands. She was naked, and both captors were admiring her abused tits.

The sibling shoved his cock back up her again as he chatted on the phone with his brother in jail. "Hey, don't worry," he said. "You think I don't know she has cop training? Believe me, she ain't going anywhere, cop training or no cop training."

"Here, listen to her "apologies" for what she did to you." Holding the phone's ear piece next to her mouth, he began violently thrusting into her raw and sore cunt. A smile bloomed on his face as Chloe emitted muffled shrieks of pain.

Now, bro, ain't that nice the way she's "apologizin'" for sending you to prison. She just can't feel badly enough for what she done to you, but she keeps trying. Believe me, I'm making sure of that." For emphasises, he delivered an extra hard thrust.

"Just make sure you make the bitches suffer! Then, get rid of 'em," the Inmate spoke with conviction.

"Don't worry, I know how to make a tight-cunted bitch suffer. These two will hurt plenty before I'm finished with 'em. And, I know exactly what to do afterwards."

"Yeah, and I know you'll have fun doin' it," he said, chuckling. "Now, about that number I gave you..."

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Downstairs, Julie Kirkorian had very carefully, very purposefully, torn off her own panties. As difficult as it was, as long as it had taken, she had managed to get her wrist-and-elbow-cinched arms around her hips to tear at the satin and lace.

Finally the painfully tiny patch of material lay beside her thigh, and her clawing fingers reached achingly for the wood invading her vagina.

"Yeah," continued the sibling upstairs. "I called the number you gave me. He was...how shall I put it? He was enthused about your proposal." He listened for a second, surveying the classy prime piece of fuck meat spread out before him, savoring the warm wetness of her captive pussy as he sank his meat into her once more. "Yeah, yeah," he continued. "Oh yeah...I think it's safe to say she'll be ready when you are...."

Aggie smiled at that, giving the pump another squeeze. She loved the way the inflating plug made Chloe's gleaming, tear-streaked, bruised eyelids open and her light brown eyes roll around their sockets.

Julie arched her back for the fifth time, groaning horribly as her flat stomach muscles tightened, and her vaginal muscles strained to force the shaft of shellacked wood from inside her.

She gasped, choked, and coughed; her wracking body was making her massive mounds jiggle as her increasingly deadened fingers wriggled. Mucous and saliva poured from her wrenched-open lips, mingling with the plaster tape to brackishly drool into the cloth around her head, sticking her skin to the gag as if she were dribbling glue.

Snorting air through increasingly clogged nostrils, the cop gathered her strength and prepared to push with all the agony of childbirth. Girding her loins, she pushed, letting out a gagged shriek the furnace seemed to rumble at.

But...! But the cut-off tip of the nightstick appeared, poking out from her pure, soft blond beaver. Then more, and more, like a piece of wooden shit.

Kirkorian collapsed on her back, gasping, her cinched arms snaking out. The cord wrapping her thighs had sunk so deep, they seemed part of her skin. The cop's eyes almost crossed, then her eyelids squeezed shut. She tried again.

She heard the basement door slam at the same moment the nightstick finally came out of her cunt and clattered on the dirt covered cement floor.

Her eyes snapped open and she saw the most terrifying sight in her entire ten year police career.

Standing at the base of the cellar stairs was Butch Tammany, the worst bastard she had ever arrested...worse even than the nurse rapist. At least the nurse rapist hadn't fucked his own twelve year old stepdaughter; then forced her to lure her schoolmates to his home, where he abused them also. Afterwards, he threatened to kill them all if they talked.

Incredibly, he had gotten a slap on the wrist. The judge, in his wisdom, had decided that the pre-teens had been "too provocative" in their school uniforms... That Butch really needed psychological therapy – bullshit.

Now Butch was standing less than ten feet from where she lay bound on her back, unable to call for backup, naked – her cunt glistening with dildo juice. And he was carrying two bags. One was from Frederick's of Hollywood...and the other was from the Pleasure Chest....

"I don't believe it," he murmured, stepping toward the sex bomb, who had arrested him. "They called me, but I didn't believe them...."

"Well, I'll be damn...if it ain't you...the prettiest cunt-cop I've ever laid eyes on. You have no idea how many times I've wanked off thinking about your big tits and sexy body...wondering what your pussy would feel like wrapped around my cock."

"Guess I'm gonna get to find out, at last...hope you're ready, 'cause I sure am!"

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Chloe was standing unsteadily on red, ankle-strap four-inch high heel shoes. Over her head was a tied kerchief. Over her eyes were taped sunglasses. Across her nose and mouth was a scarf. Over her body a long overcoat.

If anyone had looked underneath, they might have seen the single glove which pushed the brunette's arms between her shoulder blades and her hands deep between her

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own firm ass cheeks. They would have seen the mono-filament garter hobbles which stretched between her thighs and knees. They would have seen the plaster tape sealing her lower face, and the squares of duct tape keeping her eyes closed. And they may have even seen the hearing "aides" deafening her with screaming acid rock. But no one looked.

Aggie had prepped the prison guards well. For the past six months, she had hired a prostitute, who was approximately the same height and weight as the assistant D.A. to play her "sister-in-law" on every connubial and conjugal visit. The sister-in-law, who was "married" to the Inmate.



Because of that, the guards only grunted and looked away when they opened the gate to the prison's connubial trailer area. She had also seen to it, by her obnoxious and demeaning behavior, that the guards would go out of their way to avoid her gaze.

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For her part, Chloe had no idea where she was, thanks to the drugs stolen from the hospital by Aggie while using the captive teen nurse's stolen identification. So, in addition to the sibling's "preparations," the drugs helped make Kinsley even more compliant. So it was easy to lead her right to the trailer and inside...directly in the midst of a compound filled with cops who were doing everything they could to find her.

Once Aggie had her inside the conjugal room, out of sight and with the door solidly closed, the Inmate immediately grabbed the prosecutor by her hips before tearing open her coat. Chloe stood in a red garter belt and stockings...nothing else, her mouth and lips sealed.

The Inmate stared in wonder at her obvious beauty, and then started to sneer. "Get the single glove off," he whispered hoarsely, his hard-on threatening to tear through his pants. "Then get her onto the bed...."

Meanwhile back in the cellar, Kirkorian screamed into the gag as Butch's log ripped deep inside her from behind. He had her standing, bent over forward at the waist; her legs wide, wrists and elbows pulled up and attached to a pipe in the cellar ceiling. He reached around her fine torso and filled his rough hands with her mammoth mounds, squeezing them like a muscle-enhanced beach show-off trying to burst a fully inflated volleyball.

"Ah, yeah...!" he grunted. "Oh yeah, baby, this is almost as good as preteen poontang!"

Julie nearly vomited, choking on bile, but then he was thrusting and his horrid rod was moving back and forth inside her, tearing at her vaginal walls. He gripped the shining black sides of the dreadful merry widow corset he had forced on her statuesque figure, her breasts bulging out the top. His thighs rubbed the tops of the matching, shining, thigh-high boots with the five inch high heels he had tugged onto her alabaster legs. Then he fucked and fucked and fucked her. Julie twisted and shouted and writhed and screamed, but no one outside the room heard or saw her vicious violation.

"Oh yeah, baby," Butch repeated, grabbing what there was of her hair and yanking her head backwards. His other hand spasmodically clutched her big left tit, also yanking backwards.

"Who woulda thought it, eh? Not only do I get to fuck a buncha kids and walk away, but now I get to fuck the big bosomed cunt who caught me. Sweet, huh?"

He pushed her head forward and grabbed her other breast as ballast, his hips thrusting like a rap star in hysteria. "And what are you gonna do about it, huh? What are you, or any of your other pig pals gonna do about it? Huh, bitch?"

Julie moaned, her head lolling, the muscles of her shoulders stretching unbearably. "Ah, shit," she heard, and then, incredibly, the raping stopped. "This is no good...."

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Julie’s eyes popped open, heaving a sigh of relief. But then Butch stepped beside her head and punched her across the face.



Aggie tore the tape from Chloe's eyes. It took the brunette with her wrists bound behind her a few seconds to focus, but then she saw who she was sitting on. Aggie and

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the Inmate laughed as Chloe's body writhed desperately to hurl herself off the prone body of the man she had sent to jail. But his hands were filled with her tit meat and hips while Aggie stood behind her, feet straddling the Inmate's body, holding Chloe in a headlock. And, all the while, the Inmate was forcing his cock up her slit like a tree repeatedly sliding into a fir bush.



Butch had cut the rope attached to the ceiling so Julie slammed down to the cellar floor, a cloud of dirt rising around her beautiful white body, her left eye already swelling.

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Then he was on her, forcing her legs back open, grabbing at her breasts and swinging an open hand. The slap sent Kirkorian's head back, her neck snapping on the floor.

Dazed and in pain, it was easy for him to shove his cock back into her. Then he applied his body weight on top of her, his forearm pressing on her windpipe. "Yeah," he grunted. "That's more like it, isn't it, cunt? This is the way I like it. Nice (he rammed) and tight." To get his point across, he punched her in the stomach.



Back at the prison, the Inmate came into Chloe, wrenching down on her tits as Aggie anchored her head lock with a meaty hand pressed violently over the brunette's still gagged mouth. Only Chloe's eyes could be seen and they were huge, wet, and insane with agony and grief.

"Ahhhhh!" the man moaned. "Ooooooh, baby, was that goooood!" Then, without further preamble, he grabbed her torso and threw her down onto her back.

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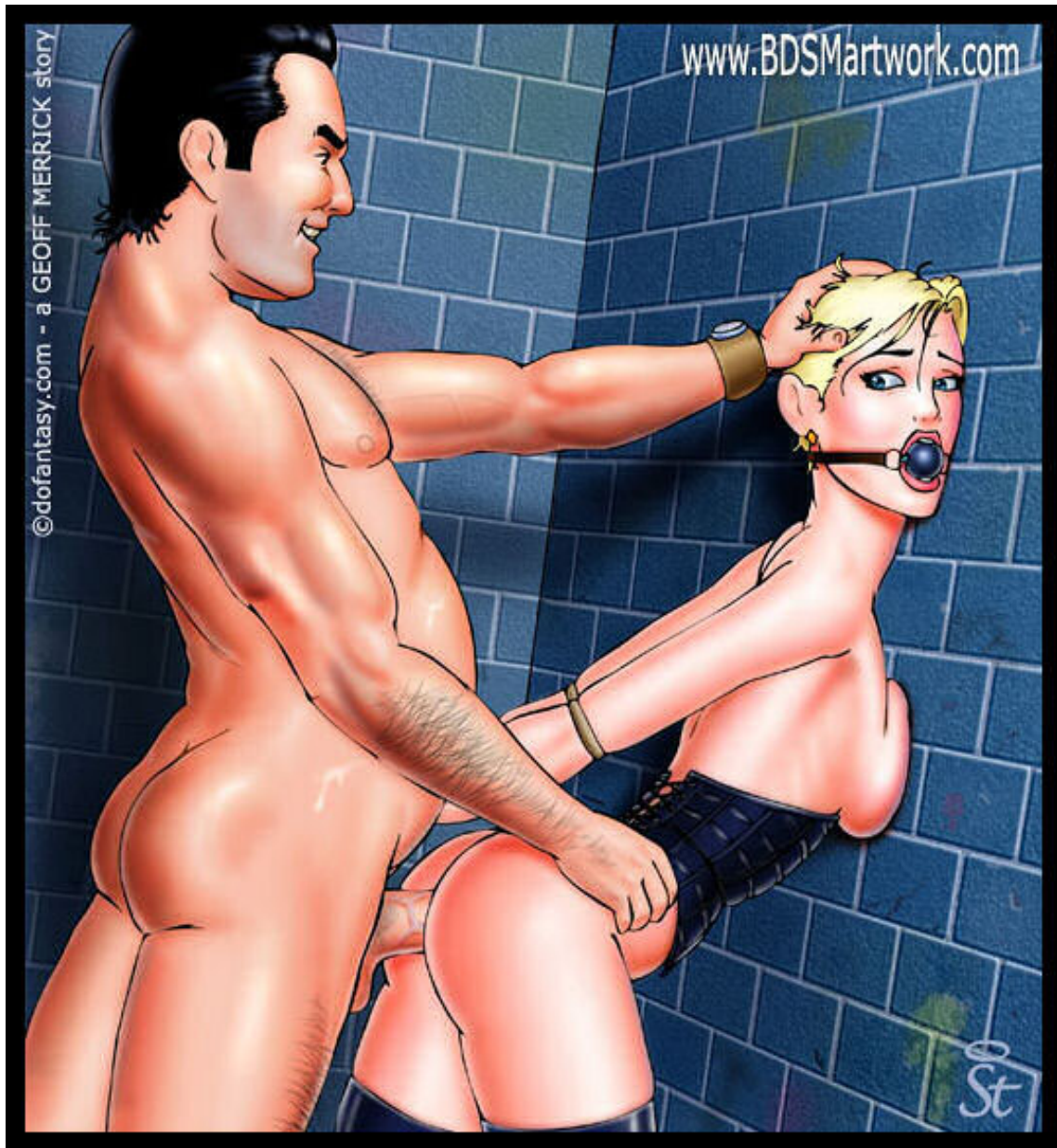


As Chloe was being violently raped, Butch slammed Kirkorian face first into the cellar's stone wall. Shoving her bound arms out of the way, he wedged his cock up her ass while grinding her face and tits into the rock. He hit her in the kidney, dropping her to her knees. Then he slammed her on the side of the head with an open palm, sending her crashing back down to the floor.

Grabbing both sides of her head, he lay atop her, ramming his cock back into her. Not quite able to lose consciousness, Kirkorian started to sob wrenchingly.

"That's it, baby!" he seethed. "Now that's music to my ears...."

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Aggie lay under Chloe, holding the brunette's taped mouth tightly shut as the Inmate lay atop her, raping her a second time.

"You see?" he hissed in her face. "This is what happens when you mess with me. You didn't even have a corpse, for pity's sake! And you know what? That's exactly what's gonna save me from the chair, cunt. They'd never fry a guy with no corpus delecti as proof. And you know what else? It's gonna be too late for you by then." He twisted her

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tits as if angrily changing channels. "Hell, it's too late for you now!" He slammed into her for the thousandth time as Aggie gripped her tighter, giggling.



Butch came in Detective Kirkorian, pushing up off her tits and spitting down into her bruised and swollen face.

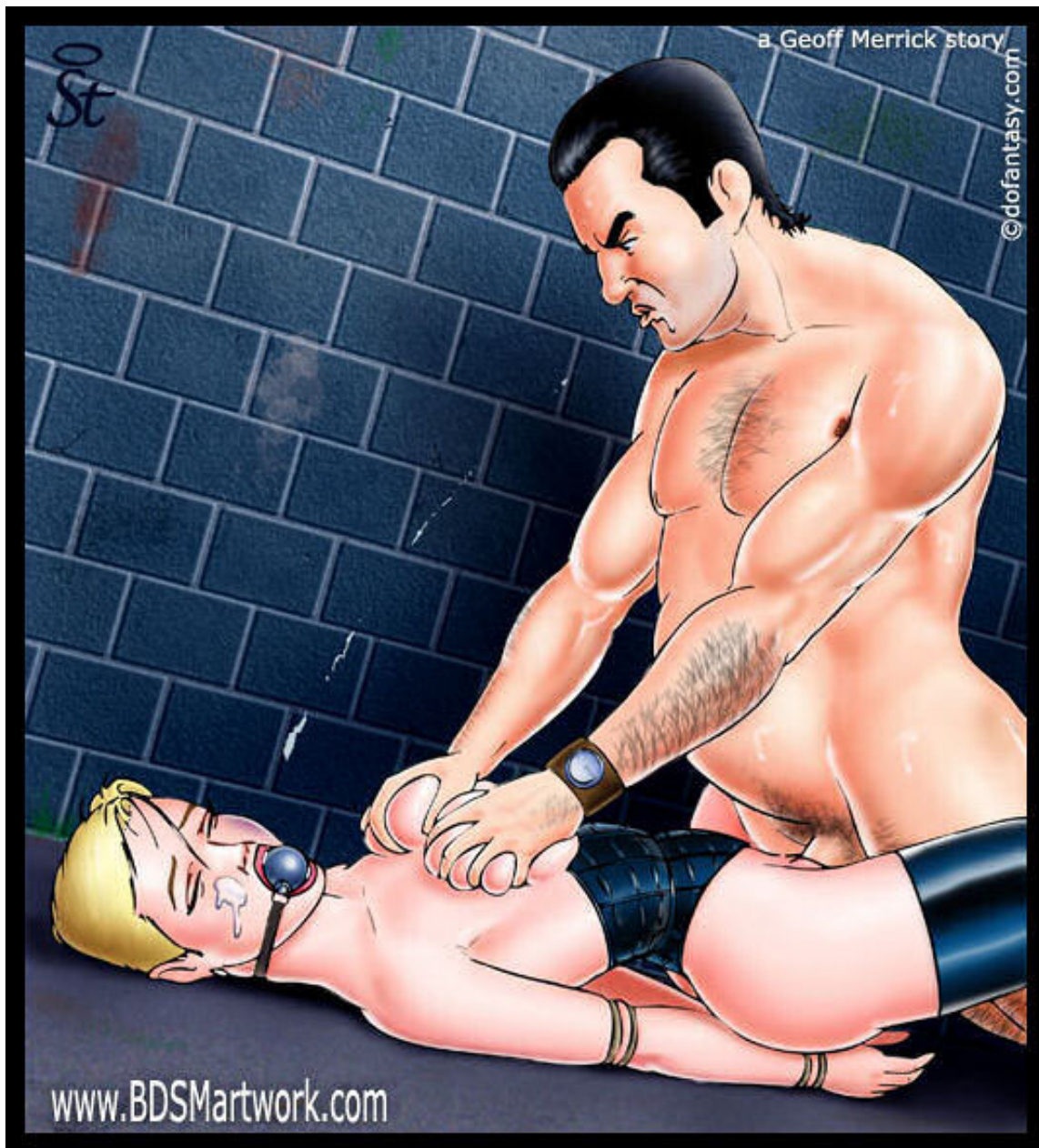
Then it was electric dildo and tit fuck time, but only after he squeezed her nostrils shut...waiting for her to flop around like a fish out of water, turning colors, before he'd let her breathe again.

Finally, with her nearly oblivious, he sat down hard on her stomach and slammed her breasts along each side of his erect meat. "...nothing better than a good hard tit fuck!"

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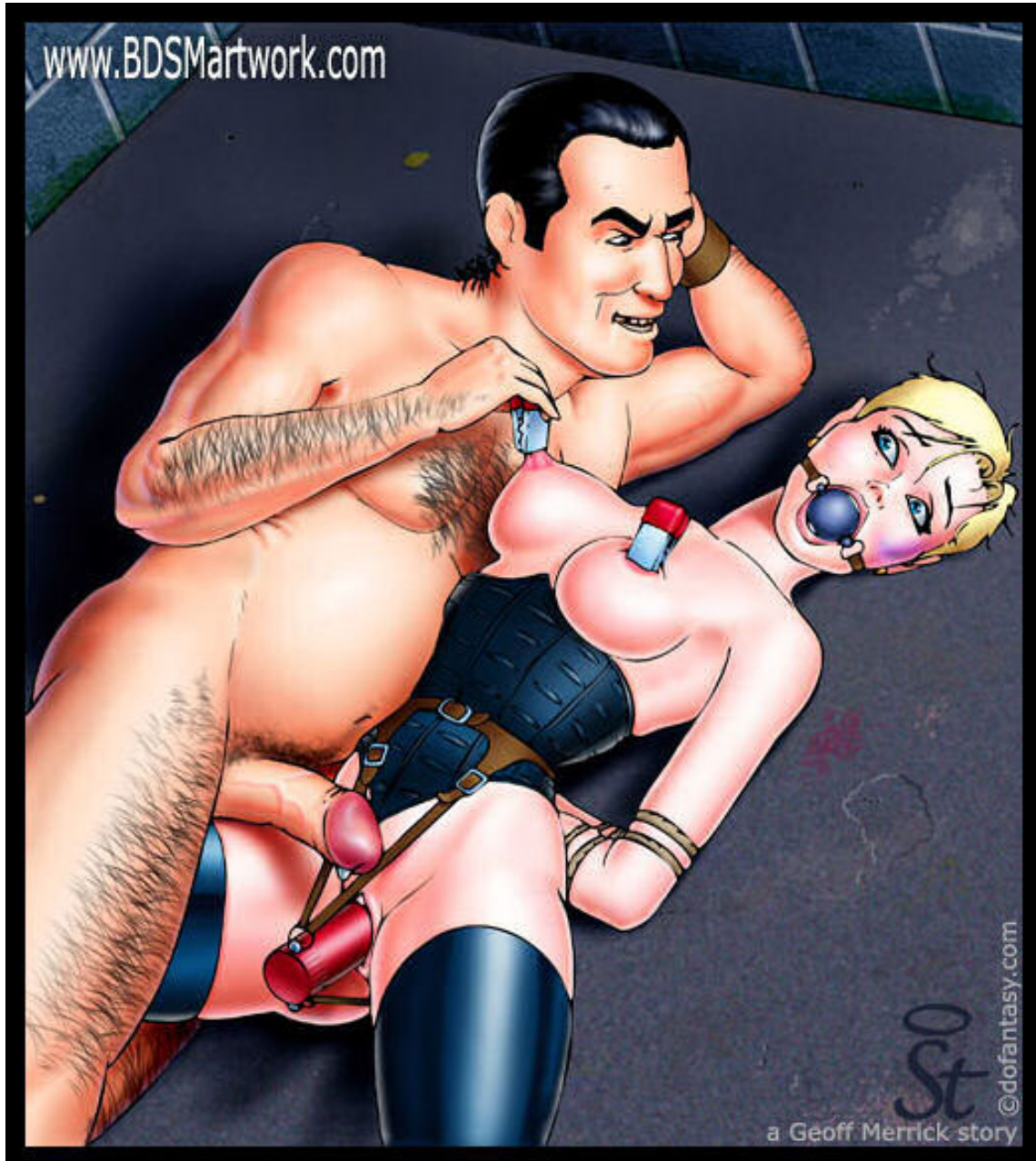
When he finally exploded, with each ejaculation, his cum arched upward to cover her cheeks, nose, chin and neck. At the same time he was calling her a, “cunt, worthless piece of fuck meat, whore, and a bitch that’s good-for-nothing but fucking!” The verbal abuse obviously made him cum that much harder.

“You fucking cunt! You look good with my jism running down your face and neck. This is just what you needed: to be taught a lesson. Next time you won’t mess with us... Will you, fuck-face?”



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Then he strapped in the twelve-inch electric dildo. As it did its work, making her quiver and jerk, he clamped her nipples with alligator clips and lay beside her, holding her to him in the dirt by her mouth and playing with her nostrils again. Pressing them shut, Julie just knew Butch was going to suffocate her. But, he was having too much fun.



The Inmate was fucking Chloe up the ass as Aggie held her by the hair, forcing her throat

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tighter and tighter onto the bed's metal headboard. As the beautiful young lawyer lay on her front, her head over the edge of the bed, her face grew darker and darker as the air was cut off.

"Feel that, bitch?" Aggie whispered in her ear. "That's how close you are to the death sentence. You like it, cunt? You like the way it feels?"

The Inmate grabbed the brunette's sweet hips tighter and rammed his cock all the way up her tight anus.

"But, unlike your lover here, you got a choice, bitch," Aggie hissed directly in Chloe's ear. "Suck and you live. Bite him and your die! You get me, motherfucker?"



Butch had the huge ring-gag in Kirkorian's mouth, underneath her teeth. Getting it in was little problem; the cop was so whacked out from the abuse, rapes, and strangulation, she wasn't even aware of what was happening until she was turned over onto her stomach and her pried-open mouth was filled with his stinking cock.

Her eyes snapped open, her arms wrenched, her fingers clawed, and she choked, gagged, and wretched, causing muscle contractions around his cock, as he forced more down her throat.

"Hey, baby," Butch laughed, "You're good at this!"

Julie's blue eyes pin-balled in their sockets...coming to rest on the drool-covered ball-gag lying by Butch's thigh. To her own astonishment she was looking at it longingly as Butch grabbed her head and continuously thrust his erection down her throat.



Aggie was behind Chloe, her meaty fingers pressing downward on her head, forcing more and more cock into her tightly constricted throat. She couldn't have smuggled a gun or knife into the prison, to force Chloe's compliance. But, with cock stuffing her throat, she could breathe only through her perfect little nose.



With the first errant look from the Inmate, Aggie, using her fingers, would clip Chloe's nostrils shut. The abused captive would have to open her mouth wider in an attempt to suck air into her lungs. This enabled Inmate to get more of his dick down her gullet. She squirmed and turned blue. Eventually, they would let her breathe, and she gulped in air, wanting to live. Only they knew something she didn't know....

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For now, Chloe was on her knees, between the Inmate’s legs as he sat on the edge of the bed. Aggie was "helping" her head and torso move back and forth, back and forth, back and forth aiding the log to move in and out of her slavering, choking mouth.

"Ooooo," cooed the Inmate, reveling in the sensation of her hot, smooth lips along his shaft. "No wonder you were promoted so fast...!"

Aggie smiled at the comment, taking a second to reach down with one hand, and one hand only, to give Chloe's right tit a playful squeeze. "Finally," she whispered, "you're using your mouth for what it was made for!"



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Julie Kirkorian was bound naked to the cellar's main upright, with a dildo wedged into the opening that the ring-gag made. Cum and saliva drooled and bubbled out from the underside of the metal ring-gag, to run down her chin and drop off onto her gorgeously large milk bags, and there mingle with flecks of already dried cum. Rope, that ran around her neck and under her chin helped keep her in a slumped but erect pose. Of course, so did the ropes tied tightly under her aching breasts and deep in her cunt crack.

Her arms were bound around the pole, which was almost a relief after being bound together for so long. Almost, because the stabbing tingles of the re-circulating blood acted like fire in her veins. But, nothing matched the pain across her front as Butch whipped the voluptuous female detective with his belt.

The thin black leather stung her tits, her stomach, her vaginal lips, even her face. Over and over again it stung her, her body jerking uncontrollably with each blow, the dildo impacting her teeth with each involuntary jerk of her head.

So violent were her head movements that finally the electric wanker shook itself out from the ring gag, bouncing off the floor. Only then did Butch pause in his torture, but then only to step forward to grab her chin, and yank her tongue out to attach a big metal bull-clip onto the tip. The silver handles of the bull-clip clipped onto the upper and lower portion of the ring-gag, thus keeping Kirkorian from pulling her tongue in. Gagging and choking, the blond wriggled and thrashed within the confines of the ropes.

Then the whipping started again.

"Quick! Quick! I think she's fainted!"

Aggie raced from the trailer, calling for the cops. When they charged the door, they saw a naked young woman lying on her back, her eyes rolled back in her head, cum covering her face and drooling out of her slack mouth.

"Call the doc! Move it!" boomed a guard.

Within moments, an unconscious Chloe was being hustled out of the yard and into a waiting van...a solicitous "sister-in-law" by her side.

Most of the guards remained behind, making sure the hardened Inmate didn't get any ideas about joining his "wife."

One of the guards, who shared similar ideas about women with the Inmate, was closest to the "grieving" husband. "Pretty bride," he commented quietly.

The Inmate shrugged, secretly reveling at the way they were getting the D.A. out of there without alerting the troops. "She's a good fuck," he answered casually.

The guard looked at the Inmate with a sly, insinuating grin. "Not much of a semen receptacle, though, huh?" he said, thinking of her cum drenched body and the girl's slim sexy shape. "Not with that figure...."

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Only then did the Inmate turn to the guard with a big beaver-eating smile. "What can I tell you?" he said expansively, loving the way his semen had kept anyone from identifying her. "When I cum, I really cum with bucket loads...."

They never made it to the emergency room. Somewhere between the hospital parking area and the doors, the "bride" and the sister-in-law disappeared. As the cops and medics searched quizzically, a small brown sedan slowly drove away. If anyone had taken notice of it, they would have seen a man and a woman in the front seat.

If they had looked in the trunk, they would have found a naked young assistant D.A. covered with cum, wrapped in a blanket bound around her with straps, her mouth stuffed with cotton, her lower face sealed with bandage.



Aggie and the sibling met Butch in the back of a motel parking lot. They stood outside a car with dark-tinted windows. Each glanced into the back door to make sure their charges were "all right." Chloe and Julie were slumped there, each in a different state of disrepair.

The attorney had a huge ball gag wedged in her mouth, covered with a leather strap pressing into her face flesh, her cheeks bulging. Other than the pain in her eyes and the way she leaned back, gasping in air between sobs, she looked none the worse for wear. A thorough shower in the motel room in the arms of Aggie and the sibling had washed away much (but not all) of the evidence.

Then, of course, the new clothes helped too. Her new suit was a fairly vicious satire on her office "uniform" in that it was an ultra-tight, ultra-short dark gray miniskirt with an extra tight matching jacket and off-white colored blouse. Adorning her legs and feet were thigh-high stockings and black ankle-strapped five-inch high heel shoes.

Her ankles were crossed and bound together, as were her knees. Her wrists, arms, and elbows were bound behind her with straps, resulting in her pointed breasts thrusting outward. They were barely contained by her tight blouse, which was open to her stomach.

The cop's swollen, bruise-covered lower face was swathed with duct tape in a big asterisk shape.

"We're not gonna find broken teeth under there, are we?" the sibling asked pointedly.

Butch held up his hands innocently. "No way, man! I ain't gonna mess with your bro, in or out of stir. Don't worry, I followed orders."

"So, nothing is broken, then?" Aggie repeated.

Butch seemed to think about it. "Maybe a split lip," he admitted as Kirkorian seemed to blubber, her body shaking, her cheeks fluttering. "But that's all, I swear! She'll recover, good as new...." He looked at the blond, savoring the memory of her assault. "Maybe better...."

She wore only a dark suit jacket, buttoned at the stomach, barely covering her bulging breasts and blond tuft. Her ankles, too, were crossed and affixed with black industrial tape (the kind strengthened with inner wire), and her feet were also encased in black, ankle-strapped five-inch, high heel shoes. Her arms were behind her, wrists also crossed and wrapped with the industrial tape.

Her NYPD badge was clipped to the jacket's breast pocket in a mocking salute.

The sibling looked carefully at the two women, firmly seat-belted in place. "Yeah," he agreed, straightening. "They'll fetch a good price, even in this condition."

"They sure will," Aggie said with obvious anticipation. "A cop and an Assistant District Attorney, who look like they do? They'll be a gold mine for some industrious pimp...as long as he keeps them hidden away for special clients – the ones who were "wronged" by the system."

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"Shit," the sibling drawled. "As soon as the guys they put away hear about it, there'll be a line...with many, many 'repeat offenders....'"



"Hey, don't worry," Butch said. "Everybody at this sale will be discreet. They know it would be a slow, torturous death by the sellers or their friends if they fuck up. These guys are pros. They know what to do with such prime product...!"

Aggie leaned down into the opening of the car's back door. "You hear that, girls? Today's the first day of the rest of your lives...as sex slaves. Got any questions?"

The brunette and blond just stared at her in horror from over their gags.

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"Ah...oh yes," Aggie continued, ignoring their reactions. "I'll bet you'd like to know why all your attempts to fry my incarcerated soul mate won't work...why, in a few short months, the man you worked so hard to convict for killing a sweet, innocent, little nurse will be paying his money and waiting in line to fuck you again... just like every other scumbag in New York..."

Julie just seemed to collapse, her head thumping on the door frame under the rear window, and Chloe started to sob hysterically.

"No corpse," Aggie concluded happily. "No corpse, because, honey-darlings, she's not dead. That's right! Shocking, isn't it? I will tell you this...like both of you; she's been fucked within an inch of death and wished she was dead. Oh, yes. She was unable to scream or fight or come forward? She has been held captive, raped multiple times by numerous horny scuds, and she's been abducted and sold several times...always after her new owner gets tired of using and abusing her. Absolutely, she's been raped, fucked, pissed and shit upon. But dead...no way...."

She closed the door on the wide-eyed raped captives as they struggled and she turned toward the two men. "Let's get this show on the road," she ordered. "There's a place we gotta be in a few hours...."

Across the city, a young girl's green eyes opened back onto her nightmare. If anyone had been watching, they would have thought that a lovely strawberry blond had awakened in the arms of her rich lover. But the old man who gripped her spasmodically even in sleep knew better.

Unable to move, she stared out the penthouse's picture window, seeing the sun come up. Her mouth opened to cry out to the millions of windows surrounding them, but no sound emerged.

The sleeping Surgeon, who had paid the Inmate to abduct this extraordinarily attractive teenage nurse, after she spurned his sexual advances at the hospital, had permanently damaged her vocal chords.

She strained to bring her arms up over her owner, but they remained pinned between them, her fingers filled with his cock. A series of surgical skin grafts had permanently crossed her wrists behind her as if she had been born that way.

She moved her tongue around her mouth, trying to rid herself of the taste of cum. But it remained: he had medicinally suppressed her gag reflex and surgically hinged her jaw so she couldn't bite his shaft no matter how hard she tried.

And, of course, he had rendered her incapable of pregnancy. Now, no matter how much cum was pumped into her, there would be no reason to postpone the unending rapes.

But today would be different. Today she would be fucked even more...since she was to be fucked by those who had kidnapped her originally.

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Because today, you see, was her twentieth birthday... and the bestial old bastard who had her abducted and kept her as a bondage bride was having a party for her...and on her.

There would be a fucker and a fuck for every year of her young life. She was to be a cum receptacle for all of them, and they would be depositing their loads up her still tight cunt, up her sweet ass, down her deep throat, between her big, natural breasts, and in her elegant, soft hands... until she was totally covered, coated and lay in virginal white pools of male cream, her firm young body; perfect tits, and angelic face twisted in sexual agony. Her twentieth birthday would be an exhausting day for her; a very satisfying day for him and his friends.

Then, only after all the others had fucked her, would her horrid "husband" come to her... to give her the traditional "one to grow on...."



THE END

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