

THE BLACK WATCH

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CHAPTER ONE

Randi was excited. She had put on the new dress she bought on Tuesday. It had a bright yellow, sleeveless bodice and a short, flouncy, dark golden skirt flecked by reds and blues and greens. It went well with her long, light brown hair. She had spent an hour in the bathroom making sure that she had gotten her makeup just right. She had adorned herself with a musky scent, and a lacey bra and white silk panties. Not that she thought she would have occasion to expose them, it was a first date after all, but it just made her feel that much more prettier having those frilly things next to her. And besides, you never know.

She had met Tom a few weeks ago. It had been a random kind of thing. She had been waiting in line for a latte at Starbucks when he kind of sidled up to her and they started a conversation. It had felt a little creepy at first, but Tom was so obviously a nice guy that she had gotten comfortable right away. They started off talking about how crowded the place was, what a nice day it was outside. He had said that he was on his way to meet some friends and that they were going upstate for some hiking. She was going shopping with one of her friends. They were supposed to meet there, but her friend was late so it felt kind of natural to sit down and talk to Tom at one of the tables.

He was funny, and she liked that. He also had a serious side and that was good. And he just felt so natural to talk to. Just before they separated, they exchanged email addresses. When Gwen showed up, he just said goodbye gracefully and he slipped away.

Gwen had a thousand questions as they headed downtown. Most of them Randi couldn't answer. But Gwen had made some jokes about being moonstruck and about the glint in her eye. Things hadn't been going to well with Stu. He spent a lot of time with his friends drinking and playing video games. Last

weekend they were supposed to go to a party together, and probably end up at his place afterwards to fuck, but he had shown up 2 hours late and instead they went directly to his apartment where they got high and went to bed almost right away. It wasn't the fucking she minded, Stu was actually kind of hot, but it was the skipping of all the nice parts that were supposed to go before it that she missed. And her parents sometimes gave her a hard time when she came home at 3 or 4 in the morning. It made her feel like such a slut.

At 21, it was kind of hard to be still living at home. But tuition was so high at the private university she attended and between work and school and Stu she was so busy, it was just easier to stay than to leave. She was going to be a senior in September and after one more year things would be different. She could get a full time job and live on her own, or maybe with a girlfriend. Stu had asked her more than once to move in with him, but the way he lived she knew that she would have to spend a lot of her time cleaning and straightening the place since he was more than a little bit of a slob. Twice, she had gotten fed up with it and cleaned his bathroom herself because it had gotten so skeevey.

No, Stu's ship was sinking as far as she was concerned. Tom didn't seem like a guy who would let his bathroom go all to hell and leave his dirty clothes strewn around the apartment and dirty dishes piled up in the sink and on the counters and the table and everywhere else. He had said that he was an account manager for a wholesale clothing distributor and she bet that he made a decent salary. He also probably didn't spend his free time playing Warcraft or any of those stupid games Stu was into. He was a little bit older, maybe 27 or 28, dressed neat and was handsome. Shouldn't she see at least what he was like so that she could make a decision on her relationship with Stashed was only 21, after all, and who said that she had to settle down with the first guy she had had a really serious relationship with.

She looked at herself in the full length mirror on her bedroom closet. She liked what she saw. She thought that her nose was too big, even though Gwen had said the opposite, but the rest of her face she liked fine. Her starry blue eyes were all made up and pretty, not too much, but just enough to make her look just a little glamorous. She had picked out a dark red lip

liner and used just a little bit of rouge. She was exhibiting just enough of her breasts above the low neckline of her top. She was proud of them, not too big, but not too small either. They hung just right, bulbous, but sloping upwards, firm and springy so that they showed just a little wobble when she walked. Her legs were long and well-toned, a product of 3 times a week at the gym, and her belly flat, her hips just the right amount of wide. She had tried on 3 different pairs of shoes, and had gone with the high heeled leather sandals with little pink flowers on the top, not gaudy, but decorous.

She and Tom had exchanged emails for the last 3 weeks. He just seemed to get nicer and nicer. She had tried to find a Facebook page for him, but he apparently didn't have one and he didn't tweet or engage in any other social media. But that was okay. It just showed his serious side.

And so he had finally asked her out. He had invited her to a fancy restaurant and said that afterwards they would go to a jazz club. Randi wasn't too fond of jazz, but she was always ready to learn new things so she was kind of looking forward to it. Her mother had cautioned her about going out alone with a guy she hardly knew, but Randi had blown her off and assured her that Tom was really nice.

She waited in the living room, gazing from time to time out the window to see if he had come. She knew that the smart thing was to hang upstairs in her little postage stamp sized bedroom and make the guy wait, make him come inside and meet the folks, but she didn't want to play any games tonight. She hadn't told her mother about how much older Tom was and she didn't want to get any grief about dating an older guy. And her father was a real dragon when it came to boys. All through high school she had had to make excuses for him and even now with Stu he couldn't, or wouldn't, camouflage his deep seated rage that any boy would dare lay a finger on his little girl.

Randi had three brothers, two older and one younger. Being the only girl had been a pain in the ass. But she had been strong and fought her way to her independence. She had even spent a few overnights with Stu lately and she hadn't gotten more than a few hostile glances from her father. Her mother had had a little talk with her about being protected, but she knew about all

that. She had been on birth control since freshman year at college. She liked the way it made her boobs fill out more.

Tom had said that he drove a silver Acura. She saw one slow down in front of her house then heard the beep of the horn. She had told Tom not to come to the door. She got up, picked up her slender, bright yellow handbag and went to the front door. Her mother was there. "What, he's not going to come in?" she said scoldingly.

"Aw, Mom, please, don't be like that," she replied.

"Well, you hardly know him..." her mother started to continue. Randi just leaned over and gave her a kiss. She opened the door and darted out.

Tom had parked a little bit down. It was about 7 o'clock and it was still pretty light out on this late July evening, although the sun was fading. A couple of neighbors were outside sitting on their porches or tinkering with their lawns or their cars. It wasn't really hot, but it was quite warm and most people were inside with their air conditioning.

Tom was dressed in a dark blue, long sleeved dress shirt and a lavender, flowery tie. He had on well pressed, black dress slacks and shiny black shoes. He was smiling broadly when he saw her.

"Hiya, Randi," he said amiably as she quickly stepped up. He was standing outside his car. Randi came up to him and offered him her cheek. He planted a little kiss on it and squeezed her arms gently. It was nice. Tom was tall, about 6" taller than her 5'5". He had a friendly face, with a sharp nose and thin lips. His chin jutted out a little bit, just enough to make him appear a little rugged, and he had warm brown eyes. His hair, a little long, was black and a little wavy. His shoulders were broad. Not so much so as you could call him muscular, but enough to make him seem manlike and fit.

"Hiya, Tom," Randi replied. "It's nice to see you."

"Same here," he replied. "We gotta get going. The reservations are for 7:30, so we gotta hurry."

Randi nodded. He took hold of her elbow, nicely, just a slight pressure on her, and escorted her to the passenger door. He opened it and she got in. She felt a little embarrassed as she showed him a bit of inner thigh as she spread her legs to get into the seat, but that's what short skirts were for, wasn't it?

He walked quickly to the driver's side and got in. The car was still running, so all he had to do was put on his seatbelt and put the car into gear and they were off. Randi thought it a bit odd that the car had out of state plates, but she figured she would ask Tom about that later.

They travelled three blocks down to Harrison where there was a stop sign, and turned left. About ten blocks down was the entrance to Highway 21. They got on it northbound, the way to the city.

The car was just the right temperature and there was a jazz song on the radio playing softly. "You look great," Tom said. This pleased Randi. Stu hardly ever said that kind of thing.

"Thanks," she replied. "You look nice too."

"Thanks," Tom responded. "Have you ever had Portuguese food?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

"This place makes the best paella you've ever tasted. Do you like seafood?"

"Oh, yes," Randi said.

"You'll love this. It's filled with lobster and shrimp and scallops. It's pretty spicy."

"That's okay with me. I like spicy foods," Randy said.

They drove for a while. Randi would have liked to talk more, but Tom went kind of silent and she didn't want to seem chatty. She figured they would talk more at dinner and she would learn more about him. She watched as he reached into his pocket and pulled out a piece of candy wrapped in cellophane. He unwrapped it and popped it into his mouth. Then he took out another and turned to her. "Would you like a mint?" he asked.

She really didn't, but she didn't want to be impolite, so she took it. She unwrapped it and popped it into her mouth. It was a little large, but it had a nice minty flavor.

Tom turned to her and smiled. She smiled back.

It seemed like it was taking an awful long time to get to the restaurant. She hadn't been that hungry when she left the house, but she had started to feel a little faint. And it was getting a little warm in the car, at least it felt that way because she had started to get a little sluggish.

“Would you mind turning the air conditioning up a little bit,” she asked Tom. The candy clicked against her teeth as she talked.

“Sure, no problem,” he replied. He turned it up a notch. He looked at her. “You feeling okay?” he asked.

“I-I’m feeling a little bit woozy,” she answered. “I didn’t have much for lunch and I guess I’m a little hungry.”

“We’ll be there soon,” Tom said. “Just lean back your seat and close your eyes. You’ll feel a little better.”

She did as Tom suggested. When she closed her eyes, though, things started to kind of spin around. The candy in her mouth was almost gone and its taste had turned a little mediciney. She didn’t want to spit it out, so she crushed it with her teeth and swallowed it.

They kept driving and driving. A strange kind of lassitude had come over her. She knew that they should be getting to the restaurant soon, but the drumming of the wheels and the gentle jostling of the car felt so good. She realized that she must have dozed off because she suddenly heard Tom calling her name sharply.

“Randi! Randi!” he said. “Are you all right?”

She tried to answer, but the words kind of got jumbled up in her mouth. “Rrrrrrrrm....” was all she got out. She opened her eyes. Something was wrong. Everything seemed to have become hazy.

“I’m going to pull over,” Tom said.

Yes, that was a good idea, she thought. The moving of the car was making her sleepy. All she needed was maybe to sit up and maybe get out of the car and walk around a bit. Get some fresh air.

The wheels crunched on the gravel of the shoulder as the car slowed down to a halt. Tom let it idle there. Randi took a deep breath. It just seemed to make her dizzier. She tried to lift her head, but it seemed like too much effort. She closed her eyes again.

“Oh, Tom,” she tried to say, “I think I’m getting sick.” But what came out was just a low, desultory, “...mmmmmmmm ...mmmmmmmm ...mmmmmmmmmm.”

“Here, let me make you feel a little more comfortable,” Tom said. He leaned over her body. He lowered the back of the seat

some more so that she was lying practically flat. She felt him take hold of her right arm. Something clicked over her wrist. She couldn't tell what it was, but when she tried to lift it, it stayed still. He leaned up and she felt something click over her left wrist. Something was wrong. Now she couldn't move that one either.

"Whaurdoinnnnnn?" she was able to murmur. Something went around her neck and was fastened to the seat behind her. Her eyes popped open. She looked at Tom. Tom was staring at her weirdly. She tried to move and found she could not. Suddenly, she got frightened. "...om, whaurdoinnnnnn?" she tried to ask.

"Just stay calm, Randi," he said. "Everything's going to be fine. You're just feeling a little sick now."

"Nnnnnn.... !" she whined . She struggled with her wrists and tried to lift her head. She could tell that her efforts were feeble and she quickly gave them up. She closed her eyes. ".... mmmm... havin.... a dreammmm," she thought lazily. "... 'll coun... t' 5 an ... 'll ...akeuhhhhp."

She heard a sound like the crinkling of cellophane and then the sound of something tearing. Her mind tried to place the sounds. She felt Tom leaning over her and his hand on her face. He squeezed her cheeks and popped in another one of those mints.

"I don't want that!" she thought clearly and began to make an effort to spit it out. But it was too late. Her nerve impulses were going way too slow and it took a full 3 seconds for her to assemble those concepts and translate them into action. In between, Tom's hand jammed her jaw closed. A half second later, something went over her mouth. She tried to open her mouth, but couldn't. Her eyes flashed open. Tom was leering at her.

"...MMMMMMMM! ... MMMMMMMMM!" she tried to scream out. "...MMMMMMMMM!"

Tom leaned over her thighs and his hands fumbled with something down by her feet. It took a couple of seconds, then she realized what he was doing. But she couldn't get the message from her brain to her feet to move them. The message just kind of got jammed up somewhere in between and stopped. She felt a click around her left ankle and then her right. She

wanted to scream, but a haze of fog drifted over her. It was like she had been reading a really interesting book and had lost her place and couldn't remember what she had just read. Her thoughts were just kind of drifting around in her head bouncing against each other. And there was that thing in her mouth. It was so sweet and tasted so good. What was it?

She looked at Tom. He was peeling the backer off something. It was black and looked a little like a pair of sunglasses. She watched as he brought it toward her. When she realized that it was going over her eyes, she tried to move her head, but Tom had taken hold of her jaw. A sharp pang of fear ran through her, parting momentarily the velvety fog that had encompassed her. He pressed it against her forehead first and then closed it over her eyes. Everything went black. She felt him pressing it down over her cheekbones and the side of her face. Then he moved his hands away from her. She felt him kiss her forehead. "Sweet dreams, Randi," he said. She whined and gurgled some kind of feeble protest and started to cry.

Randi's pocketbook was in her lap. Tom picked it up and fished out her cell phone. He popped open the back, pulled out the battery and dropped it back in the purse with the now non-operational phone. He smiled and tossed the pocketbook into the back seat. A second later, the car was put back into gear and they were back on the highway.

The rest was all foggy. She knew she slept for a long time. She hadn't been able to decide whether it was better to keep sucking on the candy or chew it up and swallow it. Neither alternative was palatable since she had realized by now that the candy had some kind of drug in it. The decision was made for her when she felt herself fading off. The candy got stuck in her throat for a second, and rather than choking, she swallowed it. A wave of unhappiness flowed through her as she felt it go down, but there was nothing she could do.

All sense of time left her. Sometimes she fought her way back to near consciousness. The radio was still playing, but on a different station, some kind of loud, raucous rock 'n' roll, and the car seemed to be moving fast. There was cigarette smoke in the car. She would pull at her bonds and try to lift her head. Nothing was giving. The effort exhausted her. She fell back asleep.

At one point they pulled over again. She had been coming aware and her stomach fluttered and her body went cold at the idea that they had arrived at the place where he was taking her. Wherever it was, she knew it couldn't be good. She felt his hand on her face. The tape over her mouth was pulled steadily, but gently off. She was just about to plead and beg for release when she felt Tom's hand squeeze her cheeks again. All she got out was a, "Plllllllluuueee.....!" She realized too late what was happening. Another of those candy balls popped into her mouth. Her jaw was pushed up and the tape went back on. It only took him a few seconds, like he had done it a hundred times.

Randi whined and cried and squirmed in her seat. The big, invasive ball rolled around on her tongue leaking fluid. She didn't want to be woozy anymore! Please take it out! Please take it out! I'll be good! I'll be good!" she thought desperately. She yanked and pulled at her bound limbs. She strained her bound neck. No good. She laid her head back and started to cry. Eventually, she gave into fate and just swallowed it. She couldn't stand it laying there evilly on her tongue anymore. In a little while she was asleep again.

She remembered the next part only vaguely, later. The car had stopped and someone was pulling at her legs. They came outside of the car. Her neck and arms were free and she tried to wave her arms around and ward off whoever was doing this to her. But in a second her arms were captured and she was lifted out. She fell over a shoulder and was lifted up. All of that movement exhausted her and all she could do was just lie there as she bounced along.

There was a sensation like they were going down some stairs and a woman's voice. They went into a room. She was lowered to the floor. And then hands were all over her. She tried to fight them off, whining and screeching and kicking and squirming as best she could, foggy and lazily at best, as they started removing her clothes. There were too many of them, too many hands, and they were too insistent. Twice she tried to scrape off whatever Tom had put over her eyes, but her hand was just dragged away. When her bra was removed she managed to grab one of the straps and she held onto it for dear

life. Someone just pressed her wrist to the floor and pulled back her fingers one by one until it was gone. She burst into sobs.

Then she was lying on her tummy. Her hands were pulled roughly behind her and she felt something going around her wrists. She realized too late that she was being tied up and when she tried to pull her wrists apart, they just stuck together. One of the people she had been struggling with left and the other one sat over her legs and kept her pressed into the floor with their hands on her back. She whined and cried and struggled.

The other person came back. She felt something wet on her behind, like they were rubbing something on her. This too, she realized too late what was happening when she felt the sting of a needle pierce her flesh. She whined and struggled, but couldn't move. Right away, almost, a wave of heaviness flowed through her. She didn't struggle when she felt her ankles being crossed and tied together. She thought nothing of it when they were raised and tied off to her hands. She heard the lady say something. Her voice was gruff. Tom, or at least she thought it was Tom, laughed. She only knew the people had left when she heard the door slam shut and the lock being turned. There were a few moments of utter, soul wrenching terror and then she passed out.

CHAPTER TWO

She awoke gradually. When she couldn't open her eyes, she panicked. She tried to move her arms and legs, but couldn't. She tried to scream and yell for help, but she could only make muffled noises and couldn't spread her lips. She remembered what had happened. She was naked and trussed up like a turkey. A pang of fear went through her like she had been stabbed by a sword. She started to sob. She pulled and yanked at her bonds, but couldn't budge them. Her shoulders started to ache right away. It was so awful not to be able to move!

"What are they going to do to me? What are they going to do to me? What are they going to do to me?" she thought madly. She remembered the lady's voice. Somehow the thought of a woman being involved in all this made it seem all the worse. "Ohhhhhhhhhhh, god! They're going to kill me! They're going to torture me and kill me! Oh, god, please help me! Please! Please! Please!"

She lay there for a long time. She tried to slip her hands free of their bonds by pulling and yanking at them with all of her strength, but the effort only seemed to make them tighter and she gave that up with an anguished sob. She didn't know if it was day or night. The room she was in seemed small since she could hear the echoes of her whines and moans. It was so unfair! So unfair! How could anyone do this to another human being? she asked herself. "It can't be true! It can't be true! This isn't happening! It isn't happening!" she thought again and again.

Then she just lay there, sniffing and crying. There was nothing she could do to help herself. Her breasts were squished beneath her and she had to keep raising her head and arching her back to take the pressure off of them. Being naked and helpless was so horrible! And the time just kept drifting slowly on. She couldn't hear a single sound except for the ones that she made. The longer she lay there, the more frightened she became. She remembered kissing her mother goodbye. Why

hadn't she listened to her? But Tom had seemed so nice and friendly. How could she have been so stupid? Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! Wave after wave of self-pity flowed through her.

And that candy, that stupid candy! She hadn't really even wanted it! Her psyche cringed and she released a long, loud wail as she thought about how nice Tom had seemed and how she had liked him and had all kinds of fantasies about where their relationship might go and the fact that all along he had been plotting to do this to her. She lay there miserable at her powerlessness, anguished at the sensation of having no control of her body, being tied so cruelly and denied speech and sight. And with soul crushing fear about what was going to happen to her. Was he a psychopath? Undoubtedly he was or how could he have fooled her so completely? He was a psychopath and she was totally in his power! She had seen the movies and read the news stories and knew what a psychopath was capable of. And there was a woman here helping him! She screamed and wailed and struggled and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

After a long, long while she heard a sound upstairs. It sounded like a toilet flushing. She was in a house! At least that was something to know. She was downstairs, probably in a basement. All of a sudden she realized that she had to pee. And she knew she had to hold it in. Whoever these people were, it was a virtual certainty that they would be really mad if she peed on their rug.

Then she heard faint voices upstairs. Maybe a radio or a TV. There was music with it. Then there was the sound of a chair scraping. Footsteps. They were right above her!

Maybe they would come down and say it had all been a big mistake and set her free. "Please! Please! Please, make that happen!" she thought. She knew it wouldn't though. Nobody went to this much trouble to kidnap a girl just to let her go! A wave of misery passed over her again and she resumed crying.

It was so dark! If only she could see! It made everything so much worse. And talk, and move her lips! Why did they have her gagged? Maybe there was someone next door that could hear her if she screamed! She would scream at the first chance she got. She would scream and scream and scream! And she would fight them. She would struggle and kick and bite and punch and do everything she could to get free. She would have

to wait for a good opportunity. She was smart. She could figure something out. There had to be a way out! There just had to be!

Upstairs she kept hearing the murmur of voices. The television was definitely on, but there were human voices too. Her captors. What were they talking about? What were they going to do with her? She squirmed and tested her bonds again almost absent mindedly, just to see if anything had changed. “Oh, why are they doing this to me? Why? Why? Why?” she thought miserably.

There was the scraping of a chair on the floor again and the male voice, (Tom?) said something loudish and the female voice laughed. Then heavy steps walked away. She heard the sound of a door opening and closing and then what sounded like steps coming down the stairs outside her room. Someone was coming! Someone was coming! “Oh my god! Oh my god!” she thought miserably. She had been miserating about being left all alone and tied and blinded and such, but now she started to feel just the opposite. “Don’t come in! Don’t come in! Don’t come in!” she thought madly. Then she heard the lock turn in the door to her room. The door opened and someone was standing over her.

She burst into tears again. She squirmed and pulled at her hands. Every cell in her body screamed the need to protect herself, but there was absolutely nothing she could do. It was so unfair! Then there was a voice.

“Good morning, Randi,” the voice said. It was definitely Tom. But his voice didn’t sound nice now. There was a heaviness and a brutality in it that wasn’t there before.

“I hope you slept well. We did our best to make you nice and comfy.” At this he let out a scornful laugh.

Randi cringed at his voice and at his disdainful irony. If she had had any conception that he might show her mercy and rue his dismal treatment of her, that thought just dissipated like butter in a frying pan. She wanted to beg and plead with him to let her go even though she knew it would be useless. Some need in her promoted the desire, as if she were compelled to play her part in the drama, a part scripted for her by the devil himself, and she was condemned to follow the fiendish plot.

“.... eeeeeaaaaampfffff!” she cried out behind her taped lips.
“...eeeeeeaa...aaaaah... oooohh... iiiihhhh!...
eeeeeeaaaaapfffff!”

She sensed the man crouching down next to her. She flinched when she felt his hand on her bare rump. He rubbed it softly.

“Ahhhhhhhh, Randi, Randi, Randi,” he said playfully. “Please spare us all the begging and whining. We’re not going to let you go. You’re much too delectable for that. I didn’t have a chance to get a good look at you last night, but what I did see was quite delicious. I’m going to get a better look at you in a few moments, but first I want to give you a little lesson in manners.”

He stood up. Randi’s soul quailed at the not quite so veiled threat he had made. She squealed and twisted her arms and pulled at her legs. She heard him opening what sounded like a cabinet. A second later he had stepped back to her. A wave of misery and fear flowed through her. Something poked between her upturned thighs. It pressed up against her vagina. She had only a split second to shrink in terror. There was a loud, ‘zap!’ sound and instantly came a fierce jolt that passed up into her cleft, through her belly and all over her body.

“Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhooooooooouuuu!” she screamed. Her body contorted and jerked. She burst out into virulent sobs. She had never experienced pain like that before. The stick or wand or whatever it was pressed up against her again.

“...ooooooooouuuuuuuu!” she cried as she tried to jam her thighs together. But it was useless. There was another, ‘zap!’ and instantaneously a rabid charge passed up her pussy’s walls, up her backbone and into her brain. Her whole body convulsed in her bonds.

“Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhooooooooouuuuu!” she screamed again. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. She had been right! They had brought her here to torture her to death. And this was just the beginning! “Oh, God! Help me! Help me! Help me!” she prayed desperately.

Through her sobs she sensed Tom, or whoever he was, crouch down next to her again. His hand again took possession of her ass, like it was the most ordinary gesture in the world.

She felt him lean down by her head. His mouth came up to her ear.

“There are only two rules here, Randi, and we expect you to follow them to the letter. The first is that you obey every command and instruction we give you, down to the finest little detail, immediately, without question and without reservation. The second is that you are forbidden to utter a single word, ever, and to remain always silent. Do you understand? Do you think you can follow those rules, or should I give you another zap?”

“...eeeeeeaaaeee ...ohhnnnn!...eeeeeeaaaeee ohhnnnn!...ahhh ...eeeeee ...oooooooooh! ...eye.... ah-usss!...eye ...ah-ussss!” she pleaded desperately through the darkness to the disembodied voice.

“Randi, you disappoint me,” Tom said gravely. “You promise to be good, but you already broke rule no. 2. And any breach of rule no. 2 is a breach of rule no. 1 as well. I’m going to have to punish you again.”

He stood up. Randi released a loud, piteous moan. She jammed her thighs together and pulled and struggled at her bonds. This time though, the wand pressed between her rear cheeks and poked just into her little star.

“Zap!” it went and Randi screamed again. He didn’t even give her time to wail and sob but zapped her again as soon as her first screech died out. She screeched piteously once more and burst into woeful tears.

Tom crouched down by her again. He placed his hand on her rear cheeks. “Poor little Randi,” he said. “She’s just a stupid little cunt who can’t obey the rules. Now I’m going to give you another chance, Randi. And I want you to think carefully about how to answer my question. Now, do you understand the rules I gave you? Answer me now or I’ll zap you again.”

Randi thought about it for an instant. She couldn’t say a word, but she had to communicate assent. The solution came instantly to mind. She nodded her head up and down virulently, releasing a pitiful, high pitched whine.

“Very good, Randi!” Tom burst out. He patted her rump three times hard. “That’s the girl. Now we’re going to get along fine!”

Randi released a woeful sob.

She felt Tom's hand run under her by her vagina. "Did you pee during the night, Randi? I hope for your sake you didn't. It makes my mother very angry when the girls pee on the rug. And if I were you, I wouldn't want to make my mother angry."

She shook her head side to side violently.

"That's a good girl," Tom said. "Would you like me to let you pee now?"

She nodded frantically. Just the idea of being allowed to pee made her need to pee all the more. She released a small, high pitched whine.

"I'm going to release your feet now, Randi, and when I'm done, I want you to get up on your knees, your head to the floor and spread your legs. Okay?"

Randi nodded again. The need to be obedient to the disembodied voice and hands was bizarre. Everything was still dark as if what was happening to her was taking place in some other universe, or in another dimension, one where light passed through at a frequency that human eyes could not perceive.

She felt his hands at the joiner of her wrists and ankles. She could feel the vibration of the rope loosening. Suddenly, her ankles sprung free and the horrible pressure on her shoulders ceased. She released a groan of relief. He had his hand on her joined ankles and he let them fall slowly to the floor. She hadn't realized how much her thighs had been strained, the pain in her shoulders had been so intense, but now that they were allowed to stretch out on the floor, a wave of relief passed through her.

It had been so horrible not to be able to move a single muscle that she promised herself that she would be very, very good, so that they never had to do that again. Or zap her. Or have Tom's mother inflict as yet untold violence on her. She would do whatever they said. But she would watch, watch, watch, for her chance. "I've got to get out of this somehow!" she thought. "Please, God, get me out of this!"

Tom released her ankles and then gave her a fierce swat on her ass. "Get up, shit for brains!" he spat out.

She released a whine at the blow and then quickly rose to her knees. He struck her again, making a loud, 'crack!' "I said spread your legs, dimwit!" he yelled. She gave out a sob and spread her knees. She pressed her forehead on the floor.

“That’s better, whore,” Tom said. He reached under her and gave her pussy a little tickle. “We’ll see what you can do with this later,” he remarked.

Randi quailed at his suggestion. “Please don’t do that,” she prayed to herself. “Please!”

He got up and then came back a few moments later. She felt something pressed up against her sex.

“Okay, now piss,” he told her.

She didn’t want to, not with him watching. But she had no choice. She had to piss sooner or later, and the sooner the better. It was all part of the man’s intent to humiliate her. She was smart enough to know that. But it couldn’t be helped. She gave her bladder a little push and out it came.

“Whoaaaaah!” the man exclaimed. “You really had to piss, didn’t you? Look at that! It’s still coming!”

Randi’s sigh of relief was tinged with remorse at her humiliation. But she was these people’s prisoner now and it was clear that they were going to leave her with no privacy or pride or self-esteem.

Finally, the last drops dribbled out. The man she knew as Tom stood up and carried the little pan away. He came back with a ball of tissue and crouched down again and wiped her. The contact was unwelcome, but the thought of it was not. The last thing she needed was an itchy, burning pussy.

When he disposed of the tissue he gave her thigh a little kick. “On your feet, cunt,” he told her.

Randi knew that no good could come from whatever was coming next, but she also knew that she had no choice. She obediently brought her torso up. She brought one foot forward and laid it flat on the floor. She hadn’t been really conscious of it, but they had for some reason left her high heeled sandals on her feet. Her leg wobbled for a moment and then she gave herself a big push. Up she went. She swayed, unable to gauge her balance due to her still blindfolded eyes, but she steadied herself and then stood waiting for further instructions. Somehow standing had made her more conscious of her nakedness, whether it was the swaying of her naked breasts as she stood, or the knowledge that her pussy was now clearly visible. Or maybe it was the fact that she was still dressed in her

sandals, the covering on her feet making her nudity everywhere else much more pronounced.

The man leaned down and she felt something click around her right ankle. "Move your legs together, bitch," the man said. She obediently shuffled her left foot closer to her right. Something clicked around that ankle too. She heard the rattling of a chain.

The man stepped away again and he came behind her. She felt his body close up, almost right against her and it made her shiver. His loins pressed up against her bound hands, making her queasy. He was hard. Something went around her throat. He connected it at the back of her neck. A collar. He had put a collar on her! Something clicked under her chin. The man gave it a tug. "Come on, fuckbucket," he said to her. "Watch your step."

There was a leash on her collar and the man yanked her forward. But the chain on her ankles only let her take little baby steps. She cringed in fear of where he was taking her and what he was going to do. A coldness swept through her. "Please help me! Please! Please! Please! Please!" she thought madly.

"Come on! Come on, you stupid cunt! Step lively!" he growled at her. She started shuffling her feet faster. They passed through the doorway and they made a left turn. They were on a cement floor. Her high heels clicked on it as she walked. He brought her forward another 15 feet or so.

"Okay, turn around," he told her.

She turned her body. He released the chain from her neck. She heard it hit the floor as he tossed it aside. Then he began to untie her wrists. Panic ran through her. "Is this the moment?" she thought madly. "Should I try and make a break for it?" But then she remembered the chains on her ankles. She wouldn't get more than 10 feet.

Having her hands free felt wonderful. Instinctively she went to bring them forward so that she could rub her wrists, but he immediately grabbed her right wrist and brought it over her head. A second later, something clamped around it. She whined. He took her left wrist and raised it. That too was fastened to something. He stepped away from her. He came around front. There was a pause and Randi cringed as she felt the man's eyes cruising all over her naked, defenseless flesh.

“Now that’s a pretty picture,” he said happily. “Wait till Ma gets a load of you.”

Randi burst into tears.

She felt him step closer. She knew he was going to touch her and she wanted desperately to beg him not to. But her body still reverberated with the memory of the dreadful jolts he had given her. When his hands touched her breasts, she flinched and released a little whine.

“Very nice,” he said as he held them in his hands, lifting them up from underneath and giving them a little squeeze. “Very, very nice. Your one of the best we’ve had so far, Randi. I can’t wait to fuck you.” He took hold of her nipples and gave her breasts a little shake. “Very nice.”

Just then Randi heard the sound of the door upstairs being unlocked. The door opened and closed and then there was a slow, heavy tread upon the stairs. Tom released her breasts and let them fall. She sensed him stepping aside. The steps came closer.

“So, Ma,” Tom said, “wattaya think?”

There was a pause. Randi’s belly was boiling up a sour mash and she felt herself trembling. She wanted to scream so bad that her brain felt like it was going to explode. Whoever this woman was, she sensed that she had much, much more to fear from her than Tom, who at least wanted to fuck her and presumably needed her conscious and able bodied for that purpose. But what could she expect from a woman who was a conspirator with her own son in kidnapping young girls? She sensed the woman peering at her and a sourness spread all over her. Then there was that heavy, grating voice she had heard the night before.

“Not bad, Jimmy, not bad,” the woman said. “Let me see her face.”

“Sure, Ma,” Jimmy replied.

He stepped up to Randi and she felt him pulling the blindfold off of her face. It was all gummy on the edges and it took him a moment to pry it off. Light poured into Randi’s eyes. It took a few seconds for her to adjust. But when she had, what she saw made her tremble with fear.

Jimmy, who until now she knew as Tom, was dressed in a stretchy, white wifebeater. All up and down his arms were

grotesque, colorful tattoos, extending onto his upper chest. He was wearing low on his hips a loose pair of black pajama pants and scruffy running shoes with no socks. He had a heavy, black growth on his face, like angry little stubbles. His hair, which had been so neat, was wild and stringy. Somehow the nice, friendly face she had seen at Starbucks had morphed into a visage of cruelty and hardness. His physique, which had seemed manly and enticing, now seemed ominous. He was staring at her unabashedly, his eyes drifting up and down her body.

But it was the mother, 'Ma', who scared her more. There was hardness written all over her. She was almost as tall as Jimmy, at least 5'10 or 11". Her face was broad and stern, wrinkled around the mouth and eyes. Her eyes were small and steely. The nose was pronounced and thick and looked like it had been broken at least once. She had broad shoulders, broader, it seemed, than Jimmy's. She was wearing a faded, brown shirtwaist housedress, with zigzaggy black designs on it, like some kind of a dark wizard's robe. Her breasts were large and jutted out challengingly. She was wearing stern, black low-heeled shoes with high tops, almost like boots. Her wispy brown hair was streaked with grey and done up in a bun with wild strands streaming out of it. The dress was short sleeved and her upper arms bulged in it as if she had spent her life doing hard, manual labor. There was a definite aura of meanness about her, like some kind of concentration camp kapo or a prison guard.

She saw that she was in a basement, as she had supposed. Above her were the exposed rafter and joists. A small, naked bulb provided yellowish light. She was in a hallway, about 25' wide, with rooms to each side. The walls were of sheetrock and painted a dull brown, except the wall behind the stairs which was concrete block painted a sickly yellow. There was a little line of water stain on the bottom where the room had flooded some time ago. Around the walls were scattered boxes and broken miscellanea, half a child's bicycle, some rusty tools, A number of what seemed to be moldy boxes, some leftover lumber. The steps to the upstairs were in front of her, behind Jimmy's mother, the steps to freedom. At the top was a thick wooden door with a deadbolt built into it. The stairs had been

painted grey. In the middle, the paint was worn down almost to the naked boards underneath.

The mother was staring at her. No one had to tell Randi that it was with ill intent. She was gritting her teeth so that she would not burst out crying. Jimmy took hold of the edge of the tape across her mouth and gave it a rip. It burned across her face and she gave out a shriek. The mother advanced towards her like a leaping cobra. Her arm swung out in a big arc and her lead heavy hand crashed against Randi's face.

"Shut the fuck up, cunt!" she screamed. The force of the blow rocked Randi's brain and a circle of burning pain sprung up on her cheek. She gave a terrible howl and broke out into heavy, piteous sobs.

"Didn't you teach this cunt the rules?" Ma screamed at Jimmy.

"Sure, Ma, just like always," Jimmy replied.

"Get me the zapper!" she barked out at him.

Jimmy jumped at her command. He disappeared for a moment and then came back. He had the electric prod in his hand. Ma grabbed it away from him. "Give it here," she spat out.

Randi was terrorized beyond belief. She wanted to beg and plead for mercy, but she knew it would only make things worse. Her lips were blubbing and her heart was pounding in her chest. There was a sourness spread all over her body. Nothing in her prior life had ever prepared her for something like this! It just about revolutionized her conception of the world. Her middle class existence had walled her off from everything horrible in life. She was clearly in another hellish version of reality. She was in the hands of voracious demons.

Ma took the prod, flicked a button, watched it until it had loaded up and then, like a rapier, lunged it at Randi's flesh. It struck her right breast and she pulled the trigger.

'Zap!' it went. Randi howled with pain. The woman waited a second and zapped her again. Randi's body contorted and she lost her footing. She screamed as loudly as her voice could reach.

"Do you need another, cunt? Do you need another?" Ma screamed.

Randi desperately tried to communicate a negative response, but Ma didn't wait for an answer. She shoved the prod between Randi's legs.

'Zap!' the prod went. Randi jerked and contorted in her bonds and screamed again.

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeiiiiiaaaaaaaaouuuuuu!" She was sobbing so hard she couldn't breathe.

"You need another? You need another?" Ma screamed. Her face was red and contorted. She poked the prod against Randi's belly and pulled the trigger. Randi screamed again and collapsed in her bonds. Ma grabbed her hair with her free hand and shook her head. She brought her face inches away from hers. "Are you going to shut the fuck up?" she raged. Randi's eyes were aflow with tears and spread as wide as saucers. She nodded her head as hard and as quickly as she could, jamming her lips together, trying to suppress all sounds.

"Listen, you stupid little cunt," Ma roared, "you better follow the rules here or I'll make your life so miserable you'll beg me to let you jump into the furnace! The next time you get out of line, I'll make you suffer so hard your soul will turn inside out! Got it!"

Randi nodded her head as violently as she could, tears streaming down her face.

"Okay, then," Ma said, her virulence spent. She released Randi's hair. "Get back on your feet, cumbucket," she ordered.

She brought herself to a full standing position again. Her whole body was shaking. Her wrists ached from pulling on them. Her face still burned where she had been slapped. Her body felt like it was still vibrating with electricity. She felt like her legs might collapse underneath her.

"Okay," Ma said more calmly. "Let's see what we've got."

She tossed the prod to Jimmy who caught it with one hand. Then she grabbed Randi by the chin and peered directly into her face. She turned it this way and that, her grip vice-like. Randi peered back, terrified.

"You've got a pretty face, honey," she said almost amiably. "Your nose is a little big though, but overall it's more than okay. Good eyes, plump lips. It all goes together nice."

Randi was sniffing and her chest was still heaving.

“Come on now, girlie, buck up,” Ma said. “All you gotta do is follow the rules. I’m not a sadist, but it makes me mad as hell when a stupid cunt like you can’t follow a simple instruction. Are you going to follow the rules from now on?”

Randi’s face cringed and she nodded her affirmation.

“Good,” Ma said, “then we’ll get along fine. Now open your mouth. Wide, so I can see your teeth.”

She stretched her lips as wide as she could. Ma peered directly into her mouth like she was counting them, tilting her head back by her chin. “Good. Good,” she muttered. “Nice work in there. I see you wore braces, eh?”

Randi nodded her head. “This is how they inspect horses,” she thought.

“You can tell from the little scrapes here and there. Whoever he was, he did a damn fine job. Must’ve cost your folks plenty.”

She dropped her chin and turned her attention to her breasts, taking hold of them both at once. “Very, very nice tits, honey. You should be proud of these babies. Just about perfect for your size and frame, not like mine, all fat and bouncy.” She squeezed them delicately. “Someone’s going to have a lot of fun with these,” she remarked. She crouched down a little, bending her knees. “And your nips are great. Nice and plump with just the right size areolas.” She flicked her finger across the nipple on Randi’s right breast staccato-like. Randi felt her nipple stiffening and squirmed. “Very nice,” Ma said. “Stiffens up good.” She applied her finger to the other nipple until it too stiffened. Then she leaned over and subsumed it with her mouth.

Randi cringed and her body went sour again. She held her lips tight so she wouldn’t whine or make any sound, but the idea of the cruel woman’s lips on her teat revolted her. The woman suckled it softly, delicately, running her tongue over it and around it. A thin trail of pleasure trekked from Randi’s teat all down her belly to her loins. Unconsciously, she shifted her hips. Ma turned her attention to the other teat and that too, produced a tendril of unwanted pleasure.

Randi had her eyes jammed closed and was gritting her teeth. She sensed Jimmy looking at her and she opened her eyes. He had a wry smirk on his face, as if he was just waiting his own turn to play with her mammaries. A dark cloud passed

through her. He was going to fuck her. Soon, most likely. Soon. Just the thought brought renewed tears to her eyes.

She felt Ma's hand floating down and she shivered. It ran over her flat tummy, down to the lower portion of her belly. The hand crept between her legs and took hold of her quim. The leathery fingers drifted over it again and again as she continued to suckle her breast. She shifted breasts again and delved a finger between her outer labia. Randi wanted desperately to close her legs, but she knew she would be punished again if she did.

A tingling commenced there that she didn't want. Ma's finger slipped across her clit and gave it a little tickle. She did it again. And again. And again. Randi felt a sigh building up in her that she didn't want either. But when the woman's two thickest fingers delved into her now moistened gash, slipped up and down it a few times and then circled over her stiffened nubbin again and again, she could hold it in no longer and she exuded a long, languorous sigh.

Ma raised her head and laughed. "You're a hot one, honey," she said. "Like I said, someone's going to have a lot of fun with you."

She abandoned her breasts and crouched down between her legs. She released one of her ankles from the manacles and told her to spread her legs. Randi moved them further apart. Ma's hand darted up to her pussy and she pressed her fingers against both sides of her outer lips and gave them a vicious squeeze. Randi cringed and suppressed a mighty moan.

"I said spread 'em, fuckbucket!" Ma spat out. Randi quickly moved her legs far apart. Ma released her love lips. "That's better," she said.

She crouched down between Randi's legs and placed her hands on her loins, drawing her love lips apart with her thumbs. Randi quailed, feeling like the woman was peering into her innards. Like most girls, she felt very ambiguous about her sex. When they were 14, she and Gwen once had taken turns holding mirrors up to each other's pussies so that they could get a good look at them. She was a little disconcerted at the wrinkly, inner flesh. She had pulled her lips aside and seen the little hole and been shocked by it. "How big were men's

cocks?” she wondered somewhat fearfully. “How would they ever fit one in there?”

But guys seemed to like it, or at least to look at it. She had cruised a bit on line later and seen all the pictures of women spreading themselves and fucking. That’s when she was really shocked since all the men seemed to have dicks as thick as her forearm. But the women seemed to accommodate them. And almost all the women were shaved down there. She didn’t like the idea of making her cunt seem like a little girl’s. She thought that that was kind of skeevey.

But she had trimmed her unruly bush, shaved the bit that spread up her lower belly down to a line about 2” above the top of her clit, a nice bikini line. And she had shaved back the sides so that there was a clean space between her thighs and where the wiry brown hair began. And she had a little battery powered razor made just for women that even her mother didn’t know she had which she used to trim it down so that there was only about a half inch stubble. She had done that after Stu had complained about getting hairs in his mouth.

Ma remarked on it now. “Nice job trimming your bush, cumdump,” she said. “I’ll be that made your boyfriend happy.” She continued her inspection. “Very nice and fleshy,” Ma said off handedly. “And your clit’s a very nice size,” she said as she ran her thumb over it several times, making Randi shudder. “I’ll bet you have a hard time keeping your hands off of it. Well, don’t let me catch you doing that here,” she warned.

Randi assured herself that that would be the last thing she would do. But the old lady was right. She jilled off practically every night. Sometimes in the afternoons too if she was alone in the house, or in the bathroom at college. Stu, like most guys, liked to roll over and pass out after he came, but she had gotten him trained to come three times a night. She would nuzzle him and stroke him and, when she felt he was ready, take a hold of his cock and gently urge it to hardness again. She used her mouth to get him really excited. The great thing about the second and third time was that it took him a lot longer to come, especially the third time and she could get on top and fuck him until her eyes rolled back and she couldn’t stand coming any more. Then she’d finish him off with her mouth, which made

him groan and moan so loud that she thought that the neighbors might complain.

Ma stood up, her examination of Randi's puss complete. She ran her hands up and down her sides, over her hips. "Nice shape," she murmured to no one. "Nice and firm," she said as she circled her hands around one thigh and then the other running her hands up and down and feeling them and their taut muscles,. She stood up and looked Randi in the face. "You work out?" she asked. Randi nodded her head dismally. "You can tell," Ma observed.

She turned Randi by the hips this way and that. "No tattoos. That's good. "She looked closely at her lower legs. "Mmmmm," she hummed. "I see a little scar here. Not bad though, you can hardly see it. You must have had a good doctor."

Randi had fallen down some steps and sliced her left leg open just below the knee when she was twelve. There had been blood everywhere and her mother had gone nuts. She rushed her to their pediatrician without an appointment and demanded that the guy sew her up. She stood over his shoulder the whole time, demanding that he use his thinnest thread and his smallest needle. As Ma had said, it had turned out very satisfactorily, considering.

She picked up both of her feet, one by one and removed her sandals, undoing the straps that held them to her ankles. She took a look at her toes, commenting on their length. Randi had had her toenails done a week or so ago and they were nice and trim and painted light pink. Ma seemed to admire them.

Ma slid her hand over the soles and heels and found no calluses or bunions. Then she slipped her sandals back on and buckled them up again around her ankles. She stood up and went behind her, letting her hands flow up and down her back and over her ass. "Nice," she muttered a couple of times. "Nice and smooth. Very nice. Just plump enough." She released her hands, one by one, and examined them, taking note of their softness and her long, delicate fingers.

Randi had had a manicure at the same time as the pedicure and her nails were in tip top shape. All the cuticles had been trimmed and the nails had been filed to rounded points. They were the same light pink color as her toenails. Randi didn't like

to let them grow too long. That just seemed bimboish to her. They were just long enough to be remarked on as feminine and her as a girl who took care of her hands.

The way the imposing, cruel older woman was handling her made her skin crawl. It was like she was inspecting cattle. Her hands were rough and her manner brusque, although, at times, faux friendly, calling her 'honey' and all. That didn't fool Randi. She knew the woman was no friend of hers and had only the most evil intent towards her. She wanted to run away, to kick and scream and fight, to prevent the woman from handling her, but she knew she couldn't do it. She just had to stand there in fear and humiliation. And she was doing it right in front of Jimmy, too!

Randi had a ring on her right hand index finger that her mother and father had given her at her sweet sixteen party. It had an opal stone, not expensive, her dad worked as a letter carrier in the city and between him and her mother, who worked as a clerk at the Board of Education, they didn't make much money, but it was pretty. Ma slid it off her finger and put it in her pocket. Randi suppressed a sob.

When she was done with each, she locked both hands back up in their turn.

Randi felt her run her fingers up between the cheeks of her rump and gave a little jump. She closed her eyes. "Don't do it!" she begged silently. "Don't do it!"

Then she felt the woman's finger probe at her little brown star. She looked at Jimmy and he was smiling leeringly. She felt the woman insert a finger and she cringed. The woman poked around the edge as if making the entrance wider and then inserted another. She pushed them all the way in and felt around.

"Ever been fucked in the ass, honey?" Ma asked.

She was revolted at the thought. Stu had proposed it once, but she had said definitely, no. Randi shook her head from side to side. The sensation of being filled that way with the woman's fingers turned her stomach and made her ashamed.

"That's a good girl," Ma said. "Only dirty girls ass fuck, but you won't have much choice about it. And your ass is so nice, you'll probably get it a lot. You look really good from behind, all curvy and soft. My advice is to relax and enjoy it. You'll get

used to it after a while. I hear that some girls really get to like it.”

This news and this suggestion didn’t please Randi one bit. And to her dismay, she was getting the idea of why she had been kidnapped. They were going to sell her into slavery. Sex slavery. Her heart sank and her mind filled with terror and despair. She began to cry again.

Finally, Ma gave her ass a great slap and said exuberantly, “Good job, Jimmy. Very, very nice. A prime specimen. I’d give her a 93. It’d be more except for the nose.”

“Thanks, Ma,” Jimmy said.

“I’ll do her pictures and stuff later. You can fuck her if you want, but don’t mark her up, got it?” Her tone with Jimmy was just a little bit menacing.

“Got it, Ma,” Jimmy replied.

“And don’t fuck her in the ass. I want that left cherry.”

“Yes, Ma.”

“And ice her face up a bit first sos it don’t swell up.”

“Sure, Ma,” Jimmy affirmed.

She turned back to Randi and tapped her face lightly several times with her palm. “You be a good little girl and fuck like a bunny,” she told her. “If you give Jimmy any problems, you’ll answer to me. Understand?”

Randi nodded her head sadly. Ma turned and trudged up the stairs. At the top, she took a key from the pocket of her shirtwaist dress and opened the deadbolt. She passed through the door and then slammed it shut, locking it behind her.

CHAPTER THREE

After the door slammed shut, there was silence in the room. Randi looked at Jimmy, who had a shit eating grin on his face. He stepped closer to her. He still had the prod in his hand and he placed it between her thighs, sliding its shank up and down along her gash. Randi trembled with fear.

“Now, you going to be a good girl?” Jimmy asked her. His voice was heavy and sharp. He was inches away from her face. She nodded her head. Tears were dripping down from her eyes across her cheeks.

“I’m going to give you a little kiss, just to warm you up a bit,” he said, sneering. “And you better kiss me back or Mr. Zapper here will give you a kiss instead. Understand?”

She nodded her head again. A little whine escaped her throat.

“Open your mouth,” he told her. She complied, her body trembling. He lowered his face to hers and covered her lips with his own. His right hand was under her jaw, holding tightly on to the sides of her face. He still held the zapper in his left. His tongue slid into her mouth.

Randi couldn’t help it. Her whole body was filled with nausea and a longer, louder whine erupted within her. Jimmy ignored it. His thick, hot tongue swirled around her mouth, scouring it. It was all she could do to prevent herself from vomiting. She kept her tongue as still as it could be.

Jimmy broke the kiss. “You call that cooperation, shitbag?” he snarled. “Ma said I shouldn’t mark you up, but there’s a lot of ways to hurt a girl without leaving marks. And one word to Ma and your goose is cooked. So I’m going to give you once more chance,” he said gruffly.

A shrill coldness went through her at the threat. She knew that he meant every word of it. The unfairness of everything that was happening to her was deadening her brain. She thought of that moment, just before she left the house the night before, when her mother had given her the warning. She had cut her

off. She missed her mother and her father and knew that she would probably never see them again. Or ever see a friendly face again. Or ever hold someone's hand who loved her or cared for her. Or ever have anything ever again that was truly hers. But there had to be some way out of this! There had to be! She just had to keep things together until then. And save herself from the imposition of brutal suffering.

Jimmy's mouth approached hers again. He held the side of her face as before. His tongue, slimy and vile, entered her mouth. This time, overcoming her revulsion, she edged her own tongue forward and they mated.

He kissed her for a long time. His tongue swirled around and around, intertwining with hers. He pressed himself in closer and wrapped his left arm around her, crushing her breasts against his chest. It went on and on. The heat of his tongue, despite its offensiveness, was causing a buzzing in her pussy. She hated it and wanted desperately to break it off, but she knew what would happen if she did. Besides, his lips were pressed against hers so hard and he was leaning so hard against her that she had nowhere to go even if she were to try. She had no choice but to let it keep going and going and going.

Her hands above her were clenched into little fists of frustration and misery. "Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!" she thought again and again.

The hand that was holding her face dropped down to her left breast and took hold of it. It squeezed it and caressed it, and its fingers tweaked her nipple, pulling at it harshly. It twisted it until she released an unhappy moan and she placed herself on the tippy toes of her shoes. Then the hand dropped across her belly, sliding down to her crux. It seized her mons, taking possession of it, and then rubbed it up and down again and again.

Randi moaned again, in misery and fear. She wanted to close her legs and pull away, but knew she dared not. It was so foul to have this brute of a man, the man who had tricked and betrayed her and kidnapped her and zapped her with the electric prod right in her vagina, had laughed and joked about her unhappy predicament with his mother, to have him stroking her private place, taking possession of it like he owned it. It almost

made her wretch. Her body shivered with a cold unhappiness and her stomach roiled.

But when he placed his finger on her little nubbin and ever so delicately stroked it again and again, a need grew in her loins. She resisted it, held it off as long as she could, fought it off with all her might, but after almost a minute of exquisite torture, she released a deep, whine tinged moan. She tried to draw her hips back, but his hand just pursued her. She tried to shake her hips to dislodge him, but that was futile. She dipped her knees and arched her back, anything, anything to stop the tingling, the electrical strands of pleasure and desire that was flowing through her.

She released a long, drawn out moan, directly into the mouth of her oppressor. He broke their kiss, but his hand continued to agitate her clit. “Ohhhhhh, baby,” he said, “Ma was right. You are a hot one. I can’t wait to get my prick in you. But Ma said to ice you up first, so you’ll just have to wait for the real fun to start. That okay with you?”

Randi’s lips curled into a frown. How could she answer a question like that? Could she wait for him to put his prick in her? Yes, oh, yes! She could wait a thousand years! Of course, yes, the answer was yes. She could wait all right. She nodded her head. Jimmy smiled.

He pulled his hand from her groin and sniffed it. “Mmmmmmmmm, ummmmm, ummmmmmm!” he hummed. “That smells finger lickin’ good. Here, take a whiff.” He pressed his fingers to her nose. Randi’s stomach turned as she detected the scent of her own arousal. She knew she couldn’t turn away. She felt like bursting out crying again, but she held it back. There would be plenty of time for crying later.

He laughed and patted her on the face. “Okay,” he said. “Let’s get some ice on that no. 93 face of yours.” He stepped away, leaned the zapper against the wall and entered a room on the left side of the stairs. Randi heard what sounded like a freezer door opening and then the sound of the chopping of ice. A little bit later, Jimmy came back with a mangy looking towel wrapped around a small block of ice. He put it down on a box by the wall for a moment and stepped over to Randi. He ordered her to put her feet back together and he refastened the chain to her free ankle. He then stood up and released her hands

from above her. He brought them behind her and tied them off again with a leather thong. He picked up the ice filled towel and the leash he had used earlier. He attached the leash to the ring in front of her collar and gave her a not too gentle tug. "Come along, fuckbucket," he said.

Randi stumbled along behind him, shuffling her high heeled feet. It was dismaying to have her hands tied behind her again. For some reason it felt more demeaning than having them bound up over her head. And it was disconcerting, even though Jimmy wasn't watching, he had his back to her, to feel her naked breasts swaying back and forth, jiggling as she moved, especially after so much attention had been paid to them and, undoubtedly, would be again, very soon.

They were heading in the opposite direction from the stairs. The basement was lit by a string of three single, low watt light bulbs. The dimly lit corridor seemed to be about 100' to 150' long and 25' or so wide. There were doors on either side all with deadbolts mounted in them. The floor was of grey painted cement. Jimmy escorted her to the last door on the left. Like the other doors, it was thick and heavy. He took a key chain from his pocket, denoted the proper key and unlocked the door. He pushed it open. He pulled Randi in after him. When she was fully in, he closed the door and locked it.

The room was about 20' by 30'. On the right side, its head against the wall, was a double sized mattress mounted on a low platform. The bed was made up with just a wrinkled white bottom sheet. There was one pillow. Ominously, there was a ring in the wall, just over the bed. A set of manacles was threaded through it by a 3' long chain, 18" on each side. There were rings along the sides of the platform in the middle and at the corners.

On the other side of the room was an old, overstuffed, brown leather easy chair pointed towards a 36" flat screen television in the corner. A small refrigerator sat next to the TV. The room was lit by an overhead light in the middle covered by a yellowish glass shade with faded white flowers painted on it. Next to the bed was a standing lamp with a little dirty white shade at the top. On the other side of the bed, by the outer wall, was a small cage. Over the bed and on the wall directly opposite the door were small, barred windows, about 4' long

and 2' wide. They were painted over with black. The bars were on the inside. On the walls were posters of several heavy metal rock bands from the 70's.

Jimmy pulled her further into the room and, to Randi's dismay, seemed to be escorting her over to the cage. When they got to it he took one of the keys on his ring and unlocked it and swung the door open. He put the ice down on the bed and untied her hands.

"Get in," he said.

Randi looked at it and sobbed. It was about 4' tall and 3' wide and long. It was made of black steel and there was a dirty, brownish blanket on its floor. She looked at Jimmy sadly. "Please don't," she begged silently. Jimmy gave her a fierce, irate look. "Get in the fucking cage you fucking stupid twat!" he yelled.

She bent down instantly and, suppressing a whine, crawled into it. It was a tight squeeze. She was just able to turn around and look at Jimmy. He was holding the ice. "Here," he said, proffering it to her. "Put that on your cheek. You're just fucking lucky that Ma hasn't taken your pictures yet. Let's just say I owe you one, you dumb, fucking shit."

He slammed the cage door closed and locked it. Then he turned and stepped away.

Randi couldn't stop sobbing. Her arms were free for the first time since she had been made a prisoner, but she was locked in a little, tiny cage, so it did her no good. How many humiliations were they going to impose on her, she thought miserably. How was she ever going to live through this? It was clear that they had done this many times before. How many unhappy, terrorized girls had squatted in this very cage, she wondered miserably. And none of them had ever escaped and been able to go to the police and have Jimmy and his ma arrested.

And she had earned a punishment. The thought of it was horrible. What would he do to her? And they were going to take pictures of her, naked, pornographic pictures they could send to people who might want to buy her. Pimps who ran dirty, disgusting whorehouses where she would be a prisoner for the rest of her life. Or maybe worse, to some maniac who would delight in torturing her, slowly, over weeks and weeks and

weeks, until she begged for death. Begged to be allowed to jump into the furnace, like Ma had said.

Jimmy had pulled a can of beer from the refrigerator and popped the top. He took a long gulp. He looked at her, watching her sob uncontrollably. He burped.

“You better put that ice on your face, cuntlips,” he said. “If Ma gives me shit because your face is all swelled up, just remember that shit flows downhill.”

He turned and then flopped himself into the leather chair. He picked up a remote that was on a small table next to it and flicked on the screen. The TV flared up and some kind of reality show was on. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a pack of Newports. He jostled one out of the pack and lit it up. He leaned back and started changing channels.

Randi took the threat as real. Not only would she suffer whatever Ma imposed on her, but she would also suffer again at Jimmy’s hands. She was crouched down on her knees with her head slightly bent. The towel with the ice was in her hand. She looked at it, hesitant to put something so scummy and dirty on her face, but she ultimately gave in.

The ice was cold and ironically a bit of a comfort to her. While she watched Jimmy watching TV, she kept applying the ice for as long as she could stand the cold and then removing it until her skin warmed up again. She looked at the towel. “Maybe if I swallow it I can choke to death before Jimmy notices it. I’ll be free, free forever, where they could never touch me again.” But then she looked up at Jimmy again, his figure divided by the black bars of her little prison. “No,” she thought. “I’ll get out of this somehow. I just have to! I have to! I have to!”

She thought of the pictures Ma was going to take. People would see them. Unknown, scurvy, evil people. And one of them would buy her. She would be their slave. They could do anything they wanted to her. She would have to fuck endless men, do everything they ordered. They would fuck her in the ass. Ma had said so. She might get to like it, she had said. “No! Never! Never! Never!” she thought madly. “I’ll never give in. I’ll fight and fight and fight and somehow get away.”

But then she remembered the electric zaps she had gotten and the fear that Jimmy and Ma inspired in her and her inner

promise to do whatever they said. Whoever her new owner would be, whoever bought her, he, or she, let's face it, it could even be a woman, would treat her as meanly and cruelly as her current captors, maybe worse. If she was too terrorized to resist now, why would it be any different then?

She tried to cast that out of her mind. There was her current predicament to deal with and that was bad enough. The ice had mainly melted and the towel was all wet. Jimmy was on his second beer. It sounded like he was watching some kind of 3rd rate comedy show. The characters all sounded frantic and pathetic. The 'action' was constantly interrupted by various levels of canned laughter. Every once in a while Jimmy would cackle out loud. There were plenty of commercials, for Huggies, one with Jennifer Aniston promoting a skin cr me, a Jello commercial, things like that. All midmorning stuff. It was bizarre. There was a normal world out there somewhere. And she was in here, her feet chained and locked in a cage. Naked and waiting to get fucked.

A haze of smoke filled the room as Jimmy dropped his third or fourth cigarette into an empty beer can. He looked over at her. Then he turned off the TV. He got up from his chair.

A deep, dark hole opened in her chest as she saw Jimmy approaching. He unlocked the cage door and ordered her out. She complied unhappily. When she was standing next to him, him towering over her by half a foot, his whisker darkened face leering at her, he turned her head to look at her face.

"Looks okay to me," he said. "Gimme that rag and get up on the bed," he ordered churlishly.

Randi started crying again, softly and secretly, and crawled up on the bed.

"Get in the middle and lie on your back," he told her coldly. She did as she was told. He tossed the wet towel aside and crawled up after her. He pushed aside the pillow and took her right hand and fastened it into one of the manacles over her head. Then he leaned over her body and did the other one. He looked down on her and smiled. He patted her face. "Give me a minute, fuckbucket," he said softly.

He crawled off the bed and went over to the door. He unlocked it and stepped from the room. The door closed and he locked it again.

Randi looked up at the windows. Could she fit through one? She would have to get the bars off somehow. Could she do it? Maybe she could break the window and yell and scream and get help. Would it work? There was only one way to tell. But she had to free her hands first.

The steel manacles were about 3" wide and had a soft cushion inside of them that enabled them to be pressed down firmly against her wrists as if they had been made especially for her. There was a steel lock connecting them closed. She tugged and tugged and tugged at them, as hard as she could. The manacles were caught on the heels of her hands and wouldn't move past them. She started to sob and cry and started to pull on them maniacally. "Come on! Come on! Get off! Get off you motherfuckers! Get off!" she shouted frantically. She yanked and pulled and pulled and pulled, but they didn't move a single inch, just kind of pressed up against the ends of her wrists.

Then, with a great wail, she gave up. She rolled to her side and curled up into a ball. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed, her useless hands bound above her. She heard the key in the lock. She was struck with panic. He hadn't told her she could move. She jumped and straightened herself out and turned herself to her back. She stretched her legs out. By the time that Jimmy had come in and relocked the door, she was, approximately at least, exactly as he left her.

He looked up at her and smiled. "Had to water my horse," he said jokingly. Randi did not find the statement amusing. He looked at her a second, as if he was considering what to do next. He stepped over to the floor lamp and turned it on. Then he went back to the door and turned the overhead light off. The room descended into semi-darkness. He moved to the corner of the bed and took off his guinea tee. His whole torso was covered with tattoos. The central one was a large yellow, blue and green dragon in the center of his hairless chest. Its mouth was spewing an elongated stream of fiery reds and yellows. It was lying on a bed of skulls and bones.

The rest of his torso and up and down his arms too, was covered with colorful displays, a tiger, a set of crossed pistols over his belly, a dagger dripping blood on one arm. A naked woman in chains on the other. All kinds of hieroglyphs and designs lay in between. He kicked off his shoes and then he

drew his sweatpants down his hips and stepped out of them. His cock was rubbery and partially filled with blood. He took hold of it and gave it a couple of pulls. Up and down his legs were more tattoos. Even over his ass and down to his lower belly just above his black, gnarly pubic hair. He belonged in a circus or a carnival. She had thought Tom was a fine, upstanding, nice and normal guy. But inside him was this hellish freak.

His eyes were feeding on her flesh. Randi closed her eyes and bit her lip. "Oh, god, make it quick, please, please, please!" she thought.

She felt the bed depress. She sensed him next to her, on her right. He crawled up and took hold of her right wrist. He looked at it closely. He laughed. The bit of skin next to the end of the manacle was all red.

"Tried to pull them off, huh?" he asked her. The yellowish light from the floor lamp cast a pall over him. Randi trembled as if a deep, dark secret had been revealed.

"Plenty have tried, but none have succeeded," he said proudly, letting her wrist fall free. "Designed them myself. It would take a hundred years of pulling to get those things off," he said. "I don't blame you for trying, but when Ma finds out she's goin' to be plenty upset. Maybe you should be extra special nice to me and I won't tell. Eh?"

Randi whined and a ball of fear formed in her belly. She had dug herself a deep hole. The thought of being 'extra special nice' to this odious, cruel man revolted her. And even if she did, would he tell anyway? But if she didn't, he definitely would. Dismal at her choices, she nodded her head, tears flowing from her eyes.

He turned his body and released the manacles from her ankles. He tossed them aside. They clunked on the floor. "Spread your legs and lift your knees," he told her.

She pulled her legs back and spread them. Her whole consciousness was on the proffered fulcrum between. He was looking down on it almost hungrily. She felt like there was a secret eye down there that was staring back at him. He lay down next to her, on his side, facing her. She could smell him. He smelt like beer and cigarettes and sweat. The monsters on his flesh rippled as if alive. He drifted his right hand across her chest. He took hold of her right breast, squeezed it gently,

covered it with his hand and caressed it. He let his hand drift to the other one and repeated the process. It was as if he were playing with a gentle, fragile doll. "Very niccccccce," he hissed.

Her body was vibrating with fear and unhappiness. His touch, though despised, had given her a familiar shiver. She closed her eyes.

"Keep them open, slut," he said softly but sternly. "I want to see them while I fuck you. And I want your eyes on me the whole time. If I catch you looking away, I'll make you pay for it. Got it?"

She nodded dismally.

He leaned over and took her right nipple in his mouth. His hand drifted to her other breast, cupped it and squeezed it. He suckled her teat gently, twirling his tongue over it. A tingle went through her that she wanted to deny. He leaned over and shifted breasts. His right hand drifted over her taut belly, slipped down over her mons and then strolled up and down her inner thighs, first one, then the other and back again several times. Her body shuddered. She closed her fists. His hand found her mons again, stroked it lightly, with almost a feathery touch. She had expected him to lie on top of her, shove in his prick and pound away. His gentle, almost loving touch put her off balance. Involuntarily, she squirmed her hips.

Her breast was abandoned. She could feel her teats, stiff and hard. He brought his lips to her mouth. He kissed her lips delicately, lightly. He pressed his lips in and gently nudged her lips open. And then his hot tongue came in.

She couldn't help it. She squirmed her body, sighed and kissed him back. But she had to, didn't she? Wasn't she under orders to please him? Didn't he threaten her if she didn't? But she knew it shouldn't be this easy. He was a foul, fiendish man. He had brutalized her, and would again. He was fucking her without her consent or permission, against her will. He was a skeevy, conscienceless criminal, uncouth and no doubt unlettered, who laughed at pathetically unfunny TV shows. He had locked her in a cage.

Every cell in her body told her that she should reject him. But his tongue was so hot and gentle, his hand so delicate and knowing. His fingers were sliding along her slit, up and down, up and down, stopping momentarily on each upwards trip to

stall for one tiny, infinitesimal moment on her clit and give it a little rub.

She moaned into his mouth. Her hands pulled instinctively at her bonds as if yearning to touch him, to pull him into her. She could hear him breathing, feel the heat of his body pressed against hers, feel his cock on her hip, bold and stiff.

The hand had picked up its tempo. Now, on each trek, he slipped two fingers deeply into her crevasse and stroked her there, one, two, three times. Then he slid his hand all over her mons, along the outsides, all around, then up her slice to the top, where his fingers pressed and rubbed on her nubbin.

She arched her back, she spread her legs. She dug the heels of her sandals into the bed. He was plunging his fingers into her now, again and again and again. His kiss had become harder and more urgent. Electrical pulses were flowing all over her body.

“No! No! No!” she thought as she thrust her hips at the hand that was tormenting her. “Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm!” she moaned into his mouth.

Suddenly, he broke their kiss. His fingers started drumming staccato on her clit. His eyes were peering leeringly into her face. He was watching her come! He wanted to watch her come! He was going to make her come and he was watching, watching, watching. She stared back at him, her eyes frozen by his will. His fingers went on and on and on. She bit her lip. She moaned, she sighed. She whined. She arched her back. She yearned all at the same time to pull her legs together and deny him access to her center, her fulcrum, her seat of desire, and, at the same time, to spread them wider, wider, wider, to press her pussy against his intolerable hand and come! Come! Come!

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!” she called out. “Oh, god, stop! Stop! Stop!” her mind screamed. It was as if a weird creature had taken hold of her love button and was fluttering its wings on it. It was a buzzing that just wouldn’t go away, or stop, or slow down. It just kept going and going and going and no matter how hard she tried to wish it away, it still went on.

She felt a surge of energy swell up from her puss all over her body, down to the tips of her fingers and toes. Her senses were on a razor’s edge. And then a gulf opened up within her and her

whole body was being sucked into it. Her pussy began to throb and throb and throb. She screamed and cried out and shook. It went on and on. She felt her eyes roll back as electrical forces jolted her innards.

And then, after about thirty long, almost agonizing seconds, it was over. The fingers slowed. Her pussy gave off three or four heavy aftershocks. Her heart was beating wildly and her breath was labored. She was covered in sweat. She realized that she had looked away from the man and her eyes darted back to him. He was grinning wildly. He was slowly plunging his fingers slowly now deep into her channel and out again, making her tremble.

“Not bad, cumbucket,” he told her. “Not bad. Now let’s see what you can do with my cock.”

He pressed down her right knee and slid over her leg and then raised it again. He hovered above her. She was staring him in the face. She was so ashamed of what he had seen, of what he had done to her. And here was more. He was going to fuck her now. He had warmed her up and made her hot and now he was going to fuck her. She grimaced as he stared back at her. He looked like some evil cartoon character, his black hair all wild, his whiskers rough and stubbly, the intense gaze on his face, not to mention his ominous body art. “Please don’t,” she whined inside.

He took his cock in his hand and slipped it up and down her slit several times. She tried to draw her hips back away from him but they had nowhere to go. She felt the head of his prick beg entrance. “No! Don’t do it! Don’t do it! Don’t do it, please!” she begged him silently. And then he moved forward. She felt him sliding along her pussy’s channel expanding it. It was as if they were in slow motion and she could feel each individual row of cells as they passed each other as his cock slid deeper and deeper. Then his hips were against hers and he was fully in. She trembled and a sour sickness flooded her. He was in her! Inside her! He was going to fuck her! She wanted to burst out into tears, but she held it back, fearful that she might never recover.

He was towering over her, his hands and elbows planted on the bed to each side of her, with just their hips and loins in contact. The fierce red, blue and green dragon on his chest

looked like it was set to leap off and devour her. He sneered, conscious of his power and her helplessness. And then he began to move.

She gasped. Her whole cunt was electrified and the grating of his tool along the length of her channel sent a feverish chill through her. He was fucking her slowly, slowly, slowly. He was looking down at her and she was looking up. "Start fucking me back, shitbrain," he hissed at her. "Let me see what you can do."

The threat behind his words was not theoretical. She knew what she had to do. She had done it with Stu a hundred times. She had worked and worked and worked at her muscles down there until she was able to grip him tightly. She began to move her hips in rhythm with his. On each outward journey of his cock, she gave him a squeeze. He was grinning. "Ohhhh, that's good. That's goooooood!" he said passionately. "Ohhhhh, that's so goooooood!"

She was trying to concentrate on pleasing him but the trouble was each stroke of his cock sent a rocket of pleasure through her. She tried to think it away as she concentrated at squeezing and thrusting, squeezing and thrusting. She felt like someone who had stepped too close to the edge of a cliff and was teeter-tottering over it. Her feet were on terra firma, but her body was leaning out over a vast chasm. She was trying desperately to stay on solid ground, thrusting and squeezing, thrusting and squeezing, staring into those leering, appreciative eyes. But suddenly, as he concluded one upward stroke and paused before reentry, after she had experienced yet one more, ecstatic trilling of her pussy's walls, something slipped. A clump of dirt collapsed under her foot and she lost all connection with the earth. As he sank within her, she felt herself falling, falling, falling, and her whole body was subsumed with a mad lust.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhh!" she shouted into the small room. "Uggggggh! Uggggggggggh! Uggggggggggh!" she groaned. Her pussy convulsed and contracted and pulsed and pulsed and pulsed. Jimmy groaned too. He picked up speed. He was thrusting faster and faster and faster. Her climax trailed off as if it had disappeared within a

cloud and another one began to boil up just thereafter from the murky sea below.

“Mmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm!
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!” she moaned, her lips compressed, her body rigid, her hips thrusting and thrusting and meeting with ecstatic glee each thrust of his own. She came again, groaning and moaning and squirming beneath him. He kept going and going. A third climax was brewing right behind it. “Ohhhhhhhhhh! Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!” her brain called out. He leaned down and took her lips, he pressed their chests together and his tongue entered her mouth.

“Mmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm!
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!” she moaned as their tongues danced fervently and wildly. Her legs curled around the back of his thighs and pulled him in, harder, harder, harder. He was groaning and moaning and thrusting faster and faster, harder and harder. Suddenly, he stiffened and gave a groan even louder and longer than before. He started to pound away at her hips with all his might. A veil of fog spread over her brain as her pussy jumped into life once more. She moaned and groaned and thrust her hips back just as hard as she got.

Then, with one last, long groan, he collapsed on top of her. A wave of relief passed through her. Her heart was beating a mile a minute. She could hardly catch her breath. Jimmy had his full weight on her, his head over her shoulder. She could feel his chest rising and falling as it strained for air.

And then a wave of misery swept through her. She began to cry. She was so ashamed. She had lost control of herself, had let this fiend drive her to herculean orgasms. She had fucked him like the vilest, lust driven whore in the world. She cried and cried and cried.

Finally, Jimmy lifted himself off of her. His now limpish cock slipped out of her. He was still between her legs. “Not bad, cumbucket,” he taunted her. “Not bad at all. It seems you were born to be a whore. Someday you’ll thank us for finding you a good home where you can fuck and fuck and fuck all day long.” He laughed.

Randi cringed and a thickness filled her, sour and dark. “No! I’m not a whore! I’m not! I’m not!” she thought miserably.

Jimmy raised himself off of the bed. He strolled over to the refrigerator, opened it, and snapped open another beer. He took a long gulp, put it down on the little table next to his chair and lit himself a cigarette. "Boy, am I going to enjoy the next few days," he said to her. "You're going to make somebody a million bucks." He took another deep drag of his smoke. "Turn over and get on your knees and spread your legs," he told her.

With a little whine, but glad of the fact that she would no longer have to look at him and his colorful, weird, tattooed body, she flipped to her belly, raised her knees and spread her thighs. The chain connecting her manacled wrists crisscrossed.

"Arch your back and raise your ass," he ordered. She complied. "Higher," he said. "I want to see your pussy. Put your head down. And spread your legs wider." She obeyed, chagrined at the view she was giving him.

"When I get done fucking you, this is the position you'll get into as soon as I get off the bed," he instructed her. "And when I put you on the bed, but am not ready to fuck you yet. You'll do this then too. In fact, whenever you're on the bed alone, I want to see you just like this. Got it?"

She knew she couldn't see him, but she nodded her head sadly anyway.

She heard him slip on his pants and put his shirt back on. A second later, the TV came back alive. She heard him fall into his chair. He flipped the channels for a while and then settled on a movie with an ongoing car chase.

They stayed like this for a long while. She didn't know and couldn't tell whether he was looking at her or not, but she was ever conscious of her starkly displayed sex. There was a dark spot in her heart. She was a slut, a whore. Maybe she deserved all this. Maybe she was being punished for sinning with Stu, and Earl, her boyfriend before him, who had taken her cherry. And the blow jobs she had given. Just a few, in the back seat of boys' cars and a couple of times at parties in a bedroom. And all that playing with her pussy she had done.

In catechism class, Sister Wilfred had said it was a sin, that they were all required to stay pure before God and man. Afterwards she and her girlfriends had laughed and giggled over it. They were only in eighth grade. But before school was out for the summer, Brenda Potnick had given Johnnie

Gallagher, a freshman, a blowjob in her parent's basement. She and Gwen were friends and she had told Gwen all about it, especially the part about her mouth filling up with jism and how he moaned and groaned.

Randi had given her first blowjob in the beginning of her senior year. She and Kenny Filmore had dated a few times. Well, not really dated, because she wasn't allowed out on dates, but she and he and a bunch of friends had gone to the movies a few times, and she had seen him at the dances that the church held for juniors and seniors in the gym three times a year.

She was at a party at Phyllis Maloney's house. It was Phyllis's birthday. Kenny had pulled her aside and asked her to sneak downstairs with him. They had kissed a few times and had gotten hot and heavy. She assumed that was what he wanted to do and she was more than willing. When they got downstairs, he pulled out a little silver flask from his pants pocket. He said he had found it in his father's dresser way in the back in the top drawer. He had filled it with vodka.

When she tested it, she coughed and choked. But she liked it. He took some and then she forced down some more. They kept drinking it in small gulps. In between they kissed and felt each other up. She had jerked him off inside his bathing suit at Donna Lewis' house once during a pool party that summer, a week after she turned 18. She reached for his cock now, sliding her hand over and over it on top of his pants. Her shirt was open and he was caressing her breasts under her bra.

They finished off the vodka and kissed some more. Her head was reeling. Suddenly, Ken got really serious. He put his hands on her shoulders and pressed her down. She knew what he wanted. She had never done it, although more than a few of her friends had by now. She fell to her knees. Kenny seemed to be at a loss about what to do next. She took hold of his zipper and lowered it. Surprised at her own daring, she reached in and took out his cock. It was stiff and hot and she had never really looked at one close before. She stared at it for a second, worrying whether she was going to do it right. She opened her mouth, hesitated, and then took it in.

She needn't have worried about whether she was doing it right. Kenny came almost right away, groaning and moaning loudly just like Brenda had said. And it felt so strange. Not

strange bad, but strange good. It filled her mouth and was hot and tasted salty. She had a sense of the tremendous power that her mouth could give her over a boy and the tremendous power of the boy's sexuality, a rigid, hot, demanding sword. She only had to give him five or six strokes and then she felt it throbbing against her tongue. She and Gwen had practiced it on a coke bottle. It was much, much better than a coke bottle. And the taste of his spume was weird and mysterious, like she had partaken of a secret potion.

She did Kenny just about every time they got alone. Then Kenny pissed her off one night and she dumped him. All of a sudden, she got a lot of offers for dates. Since it was her senior year, her parents had loosened the reins a little. And a lot of the boys had cars. She did it for a few of them just for fun. Robbie Williams ate her out one night and that had been like rockets going off in her head. But then, in the spring, just before spring break, she had found a note stuffed in her locker. It was a crude drawing of a girl on her knees blowing a guy. Her name was written on it and underneath it in big, red letters was the word, "SLUT!"

She knew who did it. Debbie Andrews had been after the same boy she had dated that last weekend. They had jumped into the back seat of his car and done a 69. He must have told her or someone else who told her. That was the end of her sex career for the rest of the year. She stopped going out on dates. Her mother sensed something was wrong, but she didn't say anything.

Debbie Andrews got what she deserved though. She was caught by Sister Theodora blowing the guy backstage at the Senior Prom. They were both suspended, missed graduation and had to go to summer school.

Yes, she thought. I'm a slut. A fucking sinful slut who deserves everything she gets. This is all a punishment for my sins. And, it seemed, part of her punishment was to be unable to control her arousal when cruel, strange people played with her cunt. The cunt that was so clearly and brazenly displayed between her outstretched thighs that very moment. The cunt that Jimmy's eyes could wander over at his leisure and he could possess at will.

She started to pray. She promised God that if he got her out of this she would never sin again. She would work for the poor, maybe become a nun. She would do good all of her days and pray and worship him with every ounce of her being. She thought of her mother and her father and her brothers, who all must be missing her by now. They had probably, hopefully, called the police. But they had never seen Jimmy. Gwen had seen him briefly at Starbucks, but that was weeks and weeks ago and only for an instant.

There were all her emails, but Jimmy and his ma were probably smart enough to disguise where they came from. And they had driven, apparently hours and hours and hours after she had been kidnapped. Jimmy's license plate was from another state, the border of which was several hundred miles from her home. Maybe, just maybe, his picture had been captured on a video camera at Starbucks, but he didn't look in reality anything like he looked then. And he probably kept his back to the camera as best he could since they were all so smart in everything they did.

And there wasn't much time. Jimmy had said he was really going to enjoy the next few days. If the police didn't hurry, she would be sold and whisked off somewhere maybe hundreds or thousands of miles from where they were now. Jimmy and Ma didn't look like squealers and they probably kept no records of who they sold girls off to. How many had there been? From the way that had things organized it could be dozens and dozens. How come they couldn't be caught? Were they that good or were the police that stupid? How was she ever going to get out of this mess? How! How! How!

After what seemed to be about an hour, Jimmy had gone through a couple of TV shows, she heard Jimmy get up from his chair. He came over to the bed. "Put your legs together," he told her. When she did, he slapped the manacles on her ankles again. "Lie flat," he said. She obeyed him. He got on top of her, straddled her thighs and then leaned up and unhooked her wrists from the chain. He pulled them behind her back and tied them off again with the thong. It was the third time she had felt the leather encapsulate her wrists. It sickened her each time it happened. There was something crueler and more personal in tying them up this way rather than slapping on a pair of

handcuffs or something. Its point seemed to be, “It’s you that’s a prisoner and no one else. This is for you, you, you. I can do this to you any time I want and I decide the rules.”

“Okay, get up,” he ordered. She raised herself to her knees, sat back on her rear and sidled herself off of the bed. When she was standing next to him, he took hold of the ring in her collar and drew her over to his chair. “Get on your knees,” he told her. He sat down in the chair and pulled his cock and balls through the fly in his pants. “Okay, get to work,” he said.

Randi quailed at the order. But she knew she had to obey. She looked at his cock. It was fat and limp, poking out from his mass of curly, black pubic hair, a wooly bully, but she knew it would get much bigger. How many times would she be given the order to, ‘get to work’, in the years to come? How many cocks, soft and limp, but ready to spring into arousal at the touch of her lips would she confront? How was she ever going to get out of this? Oh, please, God, please help me! Please! Please! Please!

All these thoughts took place within a few short seconds. Obediently, she shuffled closer to him on her knees, bent her head down and scooped up his cock with her lips.

She gagged when she received it, but she closed her mouth over it nonetheless. She suckled it softly, like she used to do to get Stu hard the third time around. Jimmy’s cock started growing right away. It got so big and thick, she had to inch herself back again so that it wouldn’t pierce her throat.

The TV was still on behind her. Jimmy was laid back, relaxed and enjoying her mouth. She worked him as best she could without her hands, which she used to like to use to caress Stu’s thighs and hold his balls. When Stu had a hard time coming, she used the whore’s trick, which she had seen in a porno film that she and Gwen had rented once; she and Gwen did everything together. She would circle his cock with her hand and jerk him off while she nibbled and suckled at the head. It made Stu pop his cork almost right away.

But she couldn’t do that now. Her hands were tied behind her back. And something told her that if she made Jimmy come right away he would get pissed as hell.

She suckled the end. She drove his shaft deep within her mouth. She rode his stem up and down up and down, her lips

pressed hard against it. She went slow and then fast and then slow again. Jimmy gave out sighs and moans but didn't say anything else. She tickled the underside of his crown with her tongue and then subsumed the knob, concentrating on it, up and down up and down until Jimmy groaned.

"I'm a whore! I'm a whore! I'm a cocksucking whore!" she thought miserably. Sucking Stu and Earl and the other boys off had made her hot. But not this. This was just demeaning and grotesque. The man at the end of the cock had no feelings for her, not even friendship. He wouldn't kiss her afterwards or hug her or thank her for a great job. He would dump his load in her as if she were a rag or a sock he was beating off in. Only this was much better. It was wet and hot and it moved by itself. And it belonged to a slut who was at your complete mercy.

Jimmy gave out a moan and took hold of the hair at the back of her head. He gripped it tightly, so tightly it hurt. He took command, pushing and pulling at her head, jerking himself off with her mouth. He was going faster and faster. He was groaning louder and louder. The grip on her hair was getting tighter and tighter. She kept her mouth narrow and soft, her lips pressed hard against the shaft. He pressed against the back of her mouth, jamming the head against it again and again, making her gag and cough. He ignored her and went on and on and on and on, faster and faster, harder and harder until she felt that his cock might burst into flame from the friction. She felt demeaned and abused and worthless and sluttish and sad, sad, sad. "Oh, God, let him come! Please! Please! Please!"

And then his cock began to pulse and throb in her mouth. He gave a great groan and his body jerked. He pressed her head down harder and harder until his cock popped into her throat and she gurgled and gagged and whined and cried. At the end, he pressed her head down all the way, his cock lodged deeply within her esophagus, cutting off her air and making her struggle and sob and cough and gurgle.

Finally, he pulled her head free. She gasped for breath and then broke out into sobs. In between she was still coughing and gurgling because her throat still felt like it was in there. The bitter, sour taste of his spume revolted her. Finally, he grabbed the hair at the back of her head again and shook it violently. "Shut the fuck up!" he shouted at her.

She looked at him dismally and suppressed her sobs. Her lips were quivering and tears were streaming down her face. "A few days! A few days! I'm going to be at his mercy for a few days! How will I ever survive?" she thought miserably.

After a few moments he said to her, "That was okay, cumdump. We'll definitely do that again. Now stand up."

She brought herself to her feet, wobbling on her high heeled sandals, which he had kept on her through her entire ordeal like a whore. He stood up, turned off the TV, picked up his beer and emptied it, tossing the empty into a can and then retrieved her leash from the floor. He clipped it to her collar and gave it a tug. "Come on," he told her. "I've got things to do."

She followed him sadly with tiny steps to the door and out. He took her back down the hall towards the stairs. One of the doors to the left was a large bathroom, very large, with cabinets and a long table with stirrups at one end. Randi didn't want to know what it was for. He brought her into the room and made her sit on the toilet and pee. Afterwards he wiped her and brought her back to the room where she had been that morning. He unlocked it and dragged her in.

"Lie down on your belly," he told her. She obeyed sadly. He went to a drawer in a small dresser and took out another leather thong. He ordered her to cross her legs. When he had tied off her ankles, he affixed them to her hands, just like before. Her shoulders strained and her thighs stretched. A vast cavern filled with despair, sorrow, fear and misery opened in her belly. She had been used and now was being put away, just like a toy.

She waited for him to leave, but he went back to the dresser. He crouched down next to her. "Open your mouth," he said sharply. She complied.

When she saw what he had, she moaned in self-pity and began to cry. He shoved the business end of the penis shaped gag into her mouth. It filled her whole cavity. Then he strapped it firmly at the back of her head, pulling it so tight that the shield which covered the plug pressed down hard against her lips and the tip of the prong edged up against the back of her mouth.

He patted her on the head. "Thanks for the fuck and the blowjob, cumbucket. Just relax. Ma'll be down in an hour or

two. In the meantime, look up in the corner there.” She looked. There was a small camera mounted there.

“We’ll be watching,” he said. “So no monkey business. Got it?”

Sadly, she nodded.

He turned, exited the door and slammed it shut. She heard the lock turn. Then she broke out into sobs.

CHAPTER FOUR

She whined and cried and cried and whined, and cried some more, and then she just went silent for a while. In many ways it had been much better when she had been blindfolded. Then she didn't have to look around the room at the same stuff again and again, stuff that never moved or altered themselves. Overhead there was a pitiless light shining down on her creating a shadow under her head. There was a folding chair up against the wall. There was a dresser, although she couldn't see that too well because it was kind of behind her. There were the walls, in this room painted a light blue, and the ratty, well worn, dark blue rug underneath her. There was one of those little painted windows that were in Jimmy's room, covered with iron bars. Light peeked in around the edges of the black paint and in little places where it had peeled. The room was a little musty but there were two air vents she could see coming out of the interior wall, one intake and one outtake.

There was a dusty, yellowish travel poster on the wall about Mexico, the name of the country spelt in large red, green and yellow letters. On it was a guy, definitely Mexican, or at least Hispanic, with a large sombrero and playing a guitar. He was dressed in a short, black toreador jacket with bright golden buttons and in tight black pants with gold fringe down along the legs. He had the widest smile and the brightest teeth you'd ever seen. There was a woman in profile with her head turned to the viewer, kind of behind the guy and to his right. She wore a long skirt with intersecting, concentric red, yellow and green panels that ran to her ankles. One knee was raised. She had her hands over her head with castanets in them and a large black comb in her jet black hair from which descended a veil of black lace. All that was missing was the rose in her teeth. Her blouse was white and frilly and low cut and she had large breasts that formed a kind of shelf on her chest. She too was smiling, but with a come hither look intended, no doubt, to convey mysteriousness and illicit adventure.

Behind the man and the woman was spread various scenes, a long, white beach, a volcano, an Aztec ruin, a girl with long blonde hair in a bikini waving and waterskiing. There was even a mariachi band. At the bottom, in bold red letters, it said "Mexico, the Land of Dreams...."

Randi knew so much about the poster because it was the only semi-interesting thing in the room. She kept staring at it, fantasizing that it was she that was in a dream, not Mexico, or that the somewhat chubby, round faced guitar player with the big, black moustache was about to jump off the wall and save her, or at least play the damn guitar that he held there so silently.

And the woman. She felt like the woman was smirking at her. That she had knowledge of her recent, whorish performance and was teasing her about it, or mocking her, or seducing her, knowing that she was a whore and would fuck anybody. Her opinion of the woman kept changing amongst the three variations depending how deep in her despair she was in at the moment, which she tried not to do for obvious reasons.

That her shoulders ached went without saying. There was no sense pulling at her bonds. It just seemed to make them tighter. And she realized by now how good they were at tying knots. She kept looking up at the camera. It had a little red light on it that, she presumed, meant it was on. It stared down at her implacably. Sometimes, when she looked up at it, and she tried not to, she would beg it with her eyes, for mercy, for forbearance, for freedom, even though she knew it was useless and didn't know even if anyone was watching. It was just part of the role she was playing, helpless prisoner, and the script she was condemned to follow called on her to be supplicative and not to give up hope that her captors might set her free, knowing all the while that they would not.

But the worst of all was the gag in her mouth. It was brutal and invasive. It was unignorable. It kept her, if not in actual tears, on the verge of them all the time. Why did they have to be so cruel? The tape across her lips was much better and seemed adequately efficacious to her, although it hurt coming off, at least the way that Jimmy did it. Why not just use that and spare her at least some of her misery? The prong poked at the entrance to her throat and there was a constant sensation that

she was just about to choke. She had to keep her neck extended and her head up, or the sensation became so strong that she actually started to wretch a little.

Most of all there was sadness, sadness, sadness. Its level rose and fell, varying in intensity with the other emotions she felt: rage, fear, self-pity; although that was so close to sadness it was difficult to tell them apart. And self-hatred. Hatred for being so stupid, stupid, stupid! And hatred for letting that freak, Jimmy, drive her to orgasm after orgasm. And for her cowardice and fear.

All these things occupied her otherwise inactive mind with varying degrees and in varying combinations. The only element that was in rarity was hope. "They have to make a mistake! They just have to!" she would think. And then she would realize that they didn't have to at all.

They had their procedures down pat. Primarily they made her cower in fear whenever they were around, or even when they were not around when she thought of what they might do to her, how they might punish her if she disobeyed them, what evil tortures Ma was capable of. Jimmy said he knew of plenty of ways to hurt a girl without marking her up and she believed him. He had said that he owed her one. Did he really mean it? Was he going to torture and abuse her the next time he saw her, after Ma had taken her pornographic pictures?

And she was always bound in some way that would create a severe disadvantage if she rebelled. Without the free use of her feet, she couldn't run or kick. Without the use of her hands, well, there's no need to detail what a handicap that was. And they were both bigger than her and clearly well practiced at delivering violence to the bodies of young women, unlike her who had never hurt a fly in her life. Not a single scruple held them back. In fact, it was obvious that they enjoyed it, no matter what Ma had said about not being a sadist.

And then there were the times that all these emotions would come together at one time. They would combine and feed off one another, growing larger and larger and larger until she felt like she was going to explode. And then she would. She would release a violent wail and shake and sob and protest the version of reality that had her lying there, her limbs denied her, her mouth rudely stuffed, awaiting the pleasures of cold, cruel,

callous, demonic people. “It can’t be happening! It can’t! It can’t! It can’t!” she would rage. “This isn’t real! It can’t be real! Please tell me, someone, anyone, that it isn’t real! Please! Please! Please!”

A sensation so unbearable would build up in her that she felt that it was impossible that she would go on in existence. There should be an organ in your body, she thought, that you could rely on to make you disappear when your situation in life became so rabidly intolerable. It would wink you out of existence, vanish you into nothingness, total oblivion, no heaven, no hell, just an end of all consciousness like the turning off of a light bulb.

She could hear someone moving around upstairs from time to time. The TV was on for a while. It sounded like a talk show. She listened very, very carefully to see if she could discern what was being said and who was saying it, but all it was was a bzzzzzzzzzz, bzzzzzzzzzz, bzzzzzzzzzz. Maybe Oprah or Cathy Lee, or maybe some show she never heard of; she never watched daytime TV. Sometimes her mother had it on in the living room when she came home from class. She would give it a glance, run up the stairs to her room, put in her ear buds and zone out.

Her room! She would never see her room again! All her things! All her keepsakes! Her clothes, her books, her little figurines she collected, her dolls from when she was younger that she kept in a box in her closet. Her stuffed animals, who used to be her best friends. The view from her window, the sound of the television downstairs in the living room, her brothers pounding their way up or down the stairs. They had a dog once, Tippy, but he died. She would never again have contact with anyone who remembered her. And Gwen and Stu and her other friends. She was going to be a senior! She was going to graduate and get a job, have her own place, live independently. Sew her wild oats, date a bunch of guys, maybe eventually find one good enough to settle down with and have kids. Have fun!

Now all that would be impossible. She would live dark and dreary days of submission and abuse. Men would use her like a fuckhole, just something to put their cocks in that also was warm and moved around and could be made to squeal and cry

when you hurt her. But also someone who would never, never, never dare to be disobedient, complain, protest, argue, refuse, disagree, or have her own ideas about anything.

“It can’t be true! It can’t be true! Please! Please! Please! Don’t let it be true!” she would think and then begin to sob.

* * * * *

Ma was upstairs drinking a cup of coffee and smoking a Winston. She had worked on her emails for the last hour and a half, watching an Oprah rerun with one eye on the TV over on the kitchen counter. The laptop was open in front of her. She never left it to Jimmy to answer the girls’ emails. Unfortunately, socially, he was a bit of a klunker. Except when he was on the prowl, that is. He could adapt himself to just about any role that you wanted. He could be the rocker, the punk, the crusading radical, the sports buff, the poet. Anything. All it would take was a little run through with her and he would improvise the rest. But answer emails? Forget it.

Ma knew girls and how they thought. She knew how to get them to drop little hints about themselves so that she could entice them closer to a commitment to meet for a date or two. For sometimes it took more than one. Not every girl was as foolish as the one downstairs. But plenty were, especially when they sensed the start of a wonderful, new relationship with just the guy they had been dreaming about.

She had the iPad propped up on the table. On its screen was the view from the camera downstairs. She had the sound turned up just enough so that she could tell when the girl was sobbing and wailing and when she was crying quietly. Breaking girls was like baking a roast, every one was a little different, but sooner or later they all cooked. Ma liked to think that when she delivered a girl she was so glad to be out of her hands that she would be a most willing subject for her ultimate trainer. They all had their own styles of course, but getting the girl cut down to the bone was common to about them all.

Isolation, confinement and fierce punishment for the slightest infraction were the prime ingredients. And it was good to break them into use right away, which is why she didn’t mind Jimmy having his way with them. This way they would

have no doubt about their future role in life and would already be on the way to adjustment when they reached their new owner.

The girl from last week was a good example. It took them three days to break her in (they were not all as hot as the girl downstairs), but before she left (Ma liked to keep them about a week), she was fucking like a trooper. She was a skinny blond, part Russian, who scored a 73 on what was often jokingly referred to as the 'Gor' index, based on the popular series. It was a commonly accepted index in the, let's call it the 'involuntary servitude' industry, kind of an Apgar score for kidnappers. She would have liked to keep her for a couple more weeks to put some meat on her, which would have raised her score, but they didn't have the facilities for that and needed to keep moving stock. There always seemed to be the perfect timing to pick a girl up, and if you missed it, you might have to pass on her.

Jimmy was out now doing some scouting. He would troll shopping centers, colleges, Starbucks, parks, even bars and restaurants. And of course, sometimes they got tips. The dark website they subscribed to called The Black Watch had a link for people who wanted to get rid of people. Sometimes, it was just out and out murder, which Ma always stayed far away from. But some just wanted people removed from the scene. Like the new girl's friend Gwen for instance. It seemed that she had the hots for Stu and wanted Randi out of the picture. Her initial tentative query on the web site led her to several different, shifting sites until she finally got to the real one. She was really determined.

The webmasters had her carefully vetted to ensure she wasn't law enforcement and then they had the meet. As an encouragement, she was paid \$5,000 cash for the tip and her assistance, half down and the other half delivered to her this morning by messenger.

Gwen had actually gotten cold feet and had broken out into hysterical sobs when she found the envelope on her kitchen table when she woke up. She had called Randi's cell phone to speak to her only to get voice mail right away. She had been afraid to call the house. But Mrs. Macomber had called about

10 to see if Gwen knew where Randi was. Gwen played dumb, but she could not hide the guilt in her voice.

Two weeks from now, Ma would get the word to pick Gwen up because she kept trying to contact the website to give the money back. Jimmy and a black dude named Cal who worked with them sometimes snatched her when she was coming home from Stu's one night, right outside Stu's apartment house. Gwen, not a bad looking herself, scored an 86.

Gwen had set up the appointment at Starbucks and arranged to be about 20 minutes late so Jimmy could pick her up. Afterwards, she did everything in her power to encourage her. The tip had been passed on to Ma and several other qualified procurers in the area and Ma had put in the high bid for her based on some photos from her Facebook page and some which Gwen had provided. The web site was terrific. You could download her entire medical and school record. They even had some of her college papers there. Her driving history, of course, access to all her emails for the last year and, the treasure, a copy of a psychological profile done on her in her sophomore year of college when she had been suffering from depression and sought counseling. And all the counselor's notes. They even had a list of her magazine subscriptions and all the books she had taken out from the public library over the last 5 years. They would all be passed on to her ultimate buyer. Name, addresses and other identifiers were carefully excised from all records before being made available to customers.

It was a kind of a gamble. Ma paid \$20,000 for the lead, in bitcoins. But she had been everything that she was touted as and, if everything panned out as she planned, she would quadruple that when she put her up for bidding.

The Black Watch handled that too. She had her own page and tomorrow, if everything worked out, she would upload some good content. She usually let it sit up there for a day so as to build up interest before she opened the bidding. Bidding would take place over 48 hours. And, the beauty of it was that the website acted as the middleman for making the actual delivery. Ma would never know to whom Randi had been sold. The bidder paid all the freight and was shown the cost to their location at the time they made the bid. The Black Watch guaranteed delivery practically anywhere in the world, for a

price, of course. Jimmy would just drive the girl to the drop-off point and, as soon as she changed hands, the bid price, less a 15% commission, would be transferred to their account.

Not all the snatches went as picture perfect as this girl's did. But the majority fell for the candy mint bit. Girls were trained to be polite, especially on a first date. Some refused it. For them actual violence would have to be used. Jimmy would always have a spot picked out in advance. Then would come the, 'my car's making a funny noise' routine.

When they pulled over Jimmy had two options. There was a can of ether he kept under the hood in a compartment. He would approach the passenger side with a rag in his hand, a natural because he was supposed to be fixing the engine. He would have the girl roll down her window, reach in and put the rag over her face until she was unconscious. That was best for the winter months when the girls were usually wearing a jacket or a coat.

The other way was more direct. Jimmy would stop the car like he had planned all along. He would fumble for a second to distract her and then give the girl a hook with his left fist right in the solar plexus. (He was a black belt in karate). The girl would lose all her air and be virtually disabled. While the girl was desperately trying to catch her breath, Jimmy would calmly and easily capture her arms and legs with the manacles installed on her seat. He would capture her neck, blindfold her and gag her with a piece of duct tape after popping a candy in her mouth, lower her seat and they'd be on their way.

And, of course, there was the third way, rarely needed, in which he would produce a 7" long pig sticker and threaten to slice the girl's face into ribbons. That usually did the trick.

Ma stubbed her Winston out and finished off the dregs of her coffee. She looked at the iPad. The girl was staring up desperately at the camera. Her eyes were flooded with tears. "Poor little thing," Ma thought, and then she laughed. She was getting ripe. It had been about an hour and a half since she had been left there hogtied and it was almost time to go down and move to stage two, but not yet. She always left them there the full two hours. Sometimes more if she felt the girl needed it.

It was a little after noon. It had probably been about 24 hours since he girl had eaten. She would be weakened and made

more vulnerable by her hunger. That was a good thing. She would be more malleable and obedient, grateful for the fulfillment of her needs. The thought of feeding the girl made Ma realize that she hadn't had her own lunch yet. She got up from the table and took a pot pie out of the freezer and looked at the package. 12 minutes. She punched the time in on the microwave, tossed in the pie, shut the door and pressed 'start'. Add in a half hour to eat, that would give the girl about 2 ½ hours of isolation.

She went back to the kitchen table and closed the computer. Days of Our Lives was coming on. She had been watching it for 25 years and rarely missed an episode. She took the zapper and changed the channel on the small TV on the counter. The title graphics were just rolling.

There was a sound from the iPad. She glanced over. The girl had started howling again, long, pathetic, doleful howls. She laughed. "Poor little thing," she thought. She turned the sound down and turned her eyes to the TV.

* * * * *

It was actually about a quarter after two that she finally came down. It had taken her that time to put the computer and iPad away and to heat up the girl's food. It wasn't anything special, just a large can of Campbell's Chunky Soup. Beef and dumplings with some carrots and peas and stuff. She didn't believe in making the girls eat dog food or any of that crap. Their owners could do that later if they wanted. But Ma's girls all ate good. She made sure of that.

Randi heard the door to the upstairs opening and a wave of relief and hope, tinged with fear passed through her. And she hoped beyond hope that Ma was bringing her some food. Her stomach was as empty as she could ever remember it being. Yesterday, at lunch, in anticipation of a big dinner she had only had a tomato sandwich with a little bit of mayonnaise and salt and pepper. She was literally starving. She wondered, with great trepidation, what would happen if she begged the woman to feed her. There was nothing she could trade for it; they already had everything she had to give, including, but not limited to, her good behavior. She had proved her willingness

to grant Jimmy any sexual favor he desired. And she knew that she didn't have the fortitude to withhold it. She was so fearful of punishment that it made her heart quiver.

She listened to the heavy sound of Ma coming down the steps and then the lock being turned in her door. When Ma came in Randi was looking dolefully up at her, tears streaming from her eyes. Her heart leapt when she saw that Ma was carrying a tray of something covered by what looked to be a dishtowel.

Ma put the tray down on the floor and then stepped out of the room for a second. When she came back she had the electric prod in her hand.

Randi suppressed a whine and bit down on her gag. Was she going to be punished? Why? What had she done wrong? Had Jimmy ratted her out for trying to escape? "That fucking bastard!" she thought.

Ma locked the door behind her. She stepped up to Randi, towering over her. She glared into her eyes. "Are you stupid or what?" she asked caustically. She waited for a reply. Randi was so panicked she didn't know what to do. She didn't think of herself as stupid, but wasn't that exactly what she had been calling herself for the last 2 hours or however long it had been? Wasn't she stupid for going out with 'Tom'? Wasn't she stupid for getting caught? Wasn't she stupid for thinking that she would have a happy life and that she was insulated from all the horrible things in the world? The answer to all these questions was yes. But was she stupid stupid? She knew that she wasn't. But of course all those things she had learned were no good to her now. She was living in a new, not quite parallel universe and all the old laws didn't apply anymore.

So, yes, she was stupid, and the sooner she acknowledged it, the better.

Sadly, she nodded her head. This brought a wry smile to Ma's lips.

"I thought so," she said. "You'd have to be stupid to break the most simple instruction that could be given, wouldn't you?"

Sadly, Randi nodded her head. She was starting to sweat and her heart was pounding. What was the simplest rule that could be given? No talking? Obedience? They were both rather simple things. No, it had to be the instructions part, since that

was the simplest. That motherfucker Jimmy had ratted her out like she thought.

Her anger at Jimmy did not assuage her fear of punishment, however. She saw the ire building up in Ma's face. She pointed the prod up at the camera. "I've been listening to you the whole time," she said. "You've been wailing and moaning and creating a general ruckus for the past 3 hours. What, did you think that the rules didn't apply because we weren't in the room?" She was shouting now.

Randi burst into tears. She shook her head no.

"That's right you stupid shit!" Ma yelled. "You are to follow orders to the letter from now on and for the rest of your life. You are not entitled to interpret them, to stretch them, to honor them in their breach! All you are is a particularly attractive package for carrying around a cunt! Nothing you say or think is of any importance anymore! You have no past, no friends, no family! Nothing except a pair of shitty little shoes! And you're going to learn to be obedient if it's the last thing I do!"

Randi's mind was screaming with terror. She watched with horror as Ma stepped behind her. A moment later she felt the business end of the prod shoved between her thighs and push up against her slit. "Noooooooooooo!" she screamed in her head.

An excruciating blast of electricity shot up her innards. She screamed behind her gag, "Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiouuuuuuuumppppf!" and started to sob. She was just beginning to recover when Ma crossed around her front again. She looked up at her miserably.

"Don't forget, shit for brains," she shouted, "a violation of rule no. 2 is a violation of rule no. 1! And don't look up at me with those fucking cow's eyes! You're being punished because you deserve it! You're a dimwitted, stupid fucking cumbucket that can't follow the rules!"

Randi suppressed a wild howl as Ma disappeared again from her view and took up position behind her. Her whole body was radiating a cold, wrenching fear. The prod nudged up against her vulva again. She closed her eyes and bit down hard on her gag.

'Zap!' the prong sang again. The current went up her crevasse into her belly and all up and down her legs and arms. She screamed again.

“Eeeeeeeeeeiiaaaaaouuuuuuummmmmmmppffff!”

Although she was screaming with all her voice, the sounds emerged as a minute disturbance of the air. She bit down again on her gag and tried her best to suppress the sobs that were bubbling over from deep inside her.

Ma circled her again. “And that’s not all you stupid little shit!” she yelled. “Jimmy told me all about how you tried to get the manacles off your wrists when he left you alone for 3 minutes. That’s just what I am talking about! You think that because we’re not within earshot or we can’t see you that the rules don’t apply anymore. Well, if you think that, you’ve got another thing coming! And you just better forget about escaping or anyone coming to your rescue! First of all, no one has ever escaped, otherwise we wouldn’t even be here! And why would anybody come and rescue a little shit like you? I’ll bet your family is just as happy to see you gone!”

“And if you think your little friend Gwen is going to be any help to you, you can forget about that right away. She’s the one who turned us on to you. Seems she couldn’t wait to get at your boyfriend’s cock. Stu? That’s his name right? Well Gwen and Stu are probably fucking each other’s brains out this very minute, having a party because they finally got rid of you!”

Randi issued a deep, soul wrenching wail in her head. She bit her gag and closed her eyes and screamed inside as loud as she could. She looked up at Ma, as cruel and hard as anyone she had ever known or ever had conceived as knowing. Gwen? Could it be true? How else would they know her name? Gwen, Gwen, Gwen, how could you do this to me?” she thought madly. “You’ve thrown me into hell! We’ve been friends so long that...” She couldn’t even finish the thought. Her body was shaking, her soul was in tattered shreds. But her family? Her family loved her! Didn’t they? Didn’t they? How could this be happening? How? How? “It isn’t real! It isn’t real!” she prayed.

Ma circled around to her feet. Randi shook and cowered as she awaited another blast. “Oh, god! Don’t do it again! Don’t do it again!” she begged in her mind.

This time Ma pushed the end of the prong against her little bung hole. “Oh, god, nooooooooo.... .!” Randi screamed to herself. The blast jetted up her rectum, up her belly and all

around her body. She jumped and contorted and squirmed and screamed and screamed and screamed.

When she recovered her senses Ma was standing over her again, like a prize fighter who had just sent his opponent to the mat. She swallowed a whine of misery as she peered up at her helplessly.

Ma seemed to have calmed down. But she was still staring at her with a fiery intensity. Her eyes seemed devoid of humanity, two bead-like things buried in the concave holes of her sockets.

“And one more thing,” she said menacingly. “When you’re told to get in a cage, you get in the motherfucking cage! You’re just a stupid little cunt who deserves to be in a cage. You have no rights, no pride, no dignity! You’re just a stupid little cumbucket who when nobody wants to fuck you deserves to be put away in the tiniest hole possible so she don’t get any bright ideas about herself! Understand?” she screamed suddenly.

Randi nodded as emphatically as she could. She was so frightened she would have confessed to the most heinous crime possible if Ma had demanded it, jumped in a torrential river, leapt off of the highest building, thrown herself in front of a runaway locomotive. That she had no rights, no pride, no dignity now was as clear to her as, well, the nose on her face, the nose she had known all along was too big but had to wait for a cold, cruel, fiendish force of nature to give her an honest opinion of it.

“Understand?” Ma yelled again.

Randi nodded as vigorously as she could, tears streaming down her face.

“Understand?” Ma screamed even louder.

Randi was frantic now to convey her understanding. She shook her head up and down so hard she thought she would break her neck. “Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!” she screamed inside. “I understand! I understand! Please don’t hurt me again! Please! Please! Please!”

Ma took the prod and inserted it under Randi’s chin. Her eyes widened and she pleaded with them with all of her being. The prod slipped down her neck to her right breast and poked at it hard. “Please don’t! Please don’t! Please don’t!” she begged internally. Ma stood there for a moment staring at her, driving deep inside her with her will. Randi felt it enter her through her

eyes, circle her rabidly distressed brain, pierce her soul and then spread like a wild virus to every cell in her body. She frowned and cringed and bit down on her gag.

“Zap!” Her chest heaved and it felt like her backbone was going to split in half. She screamed again and started to sob and sob and sob.

Ma put the prod down and leaned it against the wall. She crouched down in front of Randi, her dress pulled out by her knees. She patted Randi on the face. “Poor little shitbird,” she said softly. “I don’t want to hurt you, but it’s the only way you’ll ever learn. Do you think your new owner is going to take any shit from you after they’ve paid thousands and thousands of dollars just to own you? Do you think anyone out there is going to cut you any slack because you’re unhappy or sad or you think that something is demeaning or below you or upsets you? Do you?”

Randi had stopped sobbing now and shook her head sadly ‘no’.

“That’s right,” Ma said. “I’m doing you a favor, shitbird,” she said. “I’m just trying to save you a lot of trouble down the line. Besides, it pisses me off when a stupid little fucking slut like you disobeys me. I’m miles above you honey. Miles above. You’re just a little tiny little piece of shit stuck to my shoe. So don’t fuck with me anymore, got that?”

Randi sadly shook her head ‘yes’.

Ma smiled. “I’ll be your pretty damn hungry by now. Am I right?”

Randi signaled yes.

“Do you think that a stupid little shitbird like you who can’t obey the rules deserves to eat?”

Randi suppressed a sob. Her belly was achingly empty. She couldn’t bear being left her all alone again waiting for some pitiful scrap from their table. Right now she would do anything for food. But Ma was right. Stupid little shitbirds like her didn’t deserve to eat. They didn’t deserve anything except to crawl into a little hole and die. Which is exactly what she wanted to do. After she ate, that is. But she knew she had to tell the truth, the truth being what Ma defined it as, and there was only one answer that would be acceptable to her. Sadly, she shook her head ‘no’.

Ma smiled. "That's right, shitbird. But I'm going to show you that I'm not all bad. I'm going to do you a favor and let you have something to eat. But you've got to promise me that you'll be a very, very good shitbird from here on in. Can you do that?"

A piteous ache broke out all over her body. She felt like the heavens had opened up and granted her a great boon. And she would promise anything to be able to eat. She nodded, her eyes tearful, but hopeful. "I'll be a very, very good shitbird," she thought unhappily.

Ma patted her on the head. "Good girl," she said, smiling.

She reached behind her head and loosened the gag. She pulled it from Randi's mouth very slowly. Randi almost broke out in hysterics to feel it gone. Her jaw ached and it felt like the cock-like prong had caused her oral cavity to expand. She looked hopefully at Ma, anticipating the release of her feet from her hands. But Ma just moved over to the tray she had brought down. She lifted off the cloth. There was a large ceramic bowl there with a lid on it, the kind you get with room service at a hotel. Ma removed the lid, placing it upside down on the floor. She placed the gag inside the lid. Then she picked up the tray and slid it under Randi's head. "Eat it up quick," she said, "I've got things to do."

Randi looked down on it. She saw it was soup, with large chunks of meat and dumplings and vegetables. It was still warm and a wonderful aroma wafted up to her nose. But she never expected to eat like this! Part of her psyche dried up inside her and blew away. She knew that if she hesitated, she would be punished. Even worse, Ma would take it away. So she steamrolled over everything inside her that told her that she should preserve some pride, some dignity, the idea that she wasn't an animal to be fed like a dog. She took all those feelings, crushed them into the smallest ball she could make of them and locked them away in a cavern deep, deep, deep within her brain. She leaned over and selected a big piece of meat with her teeth and started to chew it. She looked up at Ma. "That's the good girl," Ma said, smiling.

It tasted so good! "Ohhhhhh, god!" she thought. "It's so good! It's so good! It's so good!"

Ma folded out the chair that was leaning against the wall, plumped down in it and watched her eat. She took the pack of

Winstons from her pocket and lit one up. The grey smoke billowed across the room. Randi didn't care. She hated cigarette smoke, but she didn't care. She had to tell herself to slow down, to enjoy each and every little piece. She kept looking over at Ma, expecting her to get mad because she was eating so slow, but she didn't say anything. She just smiled every time Randi looked up.

As her belly started to fill, the reality of what was happening began to sink in. She was naked and grotesquely bound, except for her shitty little shoes as Ma had called them, obsequiously grateful for a \$2.00 bowl of soup and lapping it up lovingly like some kind of dog under the amused eyes of her oppressor. And then she thought of what Ma had said about Gwen. For a second she had to stop eating as bile bubbled up into her throat. "How could she do this?" she thought miserably. "It's so horrible!" But she only halted for a few seconds, wanting to make sure that she got every drop of the soup in her stomach.

When all the meat and vegetables were gone, she lapped up the remaining liquid. When she was done the bowl was spotless. She looked up at Ma expectantly. Ma had put the cigarette out on an ashtray she had pulled from the drawer of the dresser. She opened a cabinet that was built into the wall and took out a bottle of light green colored Gatorade. She pulled the tray away and then screwed open the top. She brought it to Randi's lips.

She made her drink slowly even though Randi was frantic with thirst. She would tip it over, letting Randi have a few mouthfuls, and then tip it back until she swallowed it and caught her breath. Then she gave her some more. When the bottle was empty she patted Randi on the head again, saying, "Good little girl." Randi found herself taking succor from the gesture. Wasn't it better to be a good little girl than being a stupid fucking shitbird?

Ma put the bottle on the tray lying sideways in the soup bowl. She picked up the gag off the lid. "Open up," she said almost merrily.

A wave of unhappiness coursed through her, but she obeyed. She suppressed a sob as Ma pushed it in, gentler than Jimmy had, but just as deep and firm against the back of her throat. She affixed the straps behind her head.

“I’m going to go clean up, shitbird,” Ma told her. “I’ll be back down in a little while and then we’ve got a lot of work to do. So rest up.” She chuckled.

Randi panicked at the thought of her leaving her while at the same time reproaching herself for needing the presence of a woman who had tortured her without conscience. But she didn’t want to be left down here all alone, all tied up and gagged for a long time again. How much time was a ‘little while’? Ma had fastened the gag even tighter than Jimmy had and she gave out a little involuntary ‘glug!’ as Ma picked up the tray. She looked up at Ma sadly and twisted her hands. “Please don’t be long,” she sent out to her telepathically. “I’ll be good, I promise.”

Ma opened the door with her key, holding the tray with one hand. After she exited, she pushed the door closed with her foot. Randi heard the lock turn. She heard Ma trudge up the steps.

Then all that had just happened, all that she had been through rushed through Randi’s brain like a freight train. She wanted to wail and scream and rage against the world. As it built up inside her, her brain began to boil. “Gwen, oh Gwen, oh Gwen, oh Gwen!” she thought in her mind. How could she have been so horrible? And she was getting ready to dump Stu anyway. How could a person who loved and cared for you for all those years do this to you?

And her family. She knew her family loved her! They were probably frantic with worry at that very moment. She tried to send out another telepathic message. “Mommy! Daddy! I’m here! I’m here! Please find me! Please! Please! Please!” But she didn’t even know where here was. She thought she knew the state at least. She remembered the plate on Jimmy’s car.

But what she didn’t know was that that was just a decoy should any of the neighbors get a glimpse of it. That state was east of the city, like Randi had thought, by a few hundred miles. They were really in another state entirely, several hundred miles to the northwest. Jimmy had registered the same car several times in every state within 500 miles using the VIN of similar cars destroyed in wrecks. He had a stack of plates in the barn behind the house where he parked the Acura when he wasn’t going out to make a pickup. For trolling he used the 1965 maroon, four on the floor Camaro Ma had bought him.

As we know, the Acura was specially equipped for captures. But Jimmy had made some other modifications. The driver's door had a fold out panel in which he kept a Glock, with armor piercing bullets and two extra clips, in case he ever got stopped by the cops with a dazed and confined girl next to him. He kept two grenades, one smoke and one fragmentation, in the console. The engine was actually a Mercedes, the biggest they made. He kept a pair of night goggles in the glove compartment so that, if necessary, he could run the car at high speeds with no lights. He had practiced it repeatedly until he had gotten good at it. The radio picked up all police channels. There was an extra gas tank in the trunk so that the car could go over 800 miles without a fill up and the trunk was armor plated to ward off police bullets and the back window bulletproof.

He was working on a device that could let loose an oil slick on the road, just like James Bond. And just in case, they rented a few two car garages here and there along his probable routes where they stashed cars in case the one he was driving got too hot. When he was on the prowl, he often stopped off just to make sure that they were in starting condition so he could make a quick getaway, and take them out for a little spin so that the oil stayed good and the tires didn't rot. And in each garage there was a specially built cabinet in which a gagged and bound girl could be stored safely until he could come back and get her.

Once he had to leave a girl in one for four days. The cops, the state police and the FBI had all hands on deck looking for her, she was the daughter of a congressman (even they made mistakes sometimes). Someone had seen the snatch and a class one, three state APB had been put out. She was sure glad to see him when he came back and after she stopped crying, got cleaned up and had something to eat and drink, she gave him no trouble getting into the trunk of the Camaro.

Jimmy might not have innate social skills, but he had a lot of other good qualities.

Randi was trying desperately not to make any noise. It was almost impossible due to the terrible emotional state she was in. But some kind of preservation instinct had kicked in and her psyche was filing away all of those woeful feelings until later. Right now she actually had it kind of good. Her belly was full and no one was torturing her. Ma had said she would be back in

a little while. Something was going to happen when she got back, in addition to the dirty pictures she was going to take, but Randi couldn't guess what it was. She hoped it wasn't what she thought it might be. Ma had seemed particularly interested, beyond that commercially necessary, in her sexual parts. The thought of it distressed her beyond belief. She hoped and prayed that it wasn't true.

Upstairs, Ma was in no hurry. It was a little after 3. As long as she got the girl's information posted by 11 a. m. tomorrow, it would be online at 12:01 a.m. Greenwich Mean Time the next day. Jimmy would drop off the lab work tomorrow morning first thing and they would have the results, by special arrangement with a local processor, by 10 p.m. She used to do the lab work and everything else right away, but she had learned through experience that it was better to be patient and make sure the girl's resistance was broken down to about zero first so as to get her complete cooperation. Did you ever try and get a blood sample from a girl who was screaming and squirming and doing everything she could to stop you? You get the idea.

It was a beautiful July day, about 82 degrees and sunny. Since it was after 3 o'clock, this was one of her firm rules, she made herself a whisky and soda, grabbed the small basket of peaches Jimmy had bought yesterday, a paring knife and a silver, metal mixing bowl, and headed out onto the front porch. She brought the iPad along so she could keep an eye on the girl.

She passed out the screen door, letting it slam shut behind her and sat in the old glider they kept out there. She took a deep swig of whiskey, checked out the girl on the iPad and then, with an old newspaper on her lap, started to peel the peaches. She had decided to make some cobbler tonight. It was one of her specialties and she would give some to the girl if she behaved later. Jimmy loved it. She would hold dinner until about 9:30 when he should be home.

The house was on an isolated stretch of Rte. 398, a county road. There was a large front lawn, and the house was set about 200' back. They owned about 67 acres all told, mostly roadfront property, on both sides a half mile either way. Jimmy's grandfather on his father's side had bought it back in the 30's, he had robbed a bunch of banks out in the Midwest

and was practically the only one around with any money. The family had been sitting on it ever since. Behind the house was the Mt. Kemble Nature Preserve, 250 square miles, so no one lived back there either. There was a barn where Jimmy kept the cars and the property ran about 400' back before you hit the woods.

As she peeled the peaches, she kind of ruminated on things. Things had been going well. They had about 2 million in bitcoin saved up. She had been leery about keeping their money in that imaginary currency at first, but Jimmy had showed her how impossible it was to trace and all the theories behind it and she had been convinced.

She had been offered another 2 million for the property by a developer a couple of years ago, but she had turned it down for obvious reasons. The Black Watch provided a money laundering service where bitcoin could be traded into seemingly legitimate dividends from seemingly legitimate companies. Ma had filtered about a million through this service, which cost her 15% in service fees and about 30% in taxes. She researched the market almost every day for a couple of hours after dinner before going to bed and had parlayed the \$500,000 she had converted into cash into about \$1.2 million today, and growing. They used these funds for living expenses and in making legitimate expenditures in support of their operations. She also converted bitcoin into cash as needed for other, surreptitious purposes.

She checked the iPad from time to time just to make sure the girl was not wailing and hollering. She didn't want to have to go down there and punish her again, but she would if she had to. The girl was doing pretty good other than a whole lot of crying. That was one reason she gave the girls Gatorade. They tended to dehydrate with all the bawling they did, at least for the first day or two.

The summer flowers were all out and the rain had been good so the lawn was good and green. Two squirrels were scouring the ground for food and several birds were jumping on and off of the feeder. Two hawks were circling lazily way high up. The sky was a deep blue with little puffs of fluffy clouds ambling along to the east. The TV had said they would have rain again

tonight, a real corker of a storm, but you wouldn't know it by looking now.

The peaches were lying in the bowl next to her on the glider, the peels and pits wrapped up in an old newspaper. She was cradling the remnants of her whiskey and soda on her lap, sipping away at it, gently rocking the glider and just watching the occasional car speed by. They didn't get much traffic since the state highway had been built about 15 years ago.

She yawned. It was a beautiful day all right. If it was up to her she would just hang out here for the rest of the afternoon and watch the sun go down. But duty called. She looked at the iPad again. The girl was staring up at the camera. Her eyes, peering out dolefully over the dark leather shield of the gag, were the saddest you ever saw. They were watery, but she wasn't crying. It was kinda cute. "Poor little thing," she thought.

She tossed back the rest of the whiskey and headed inside.

CHAPTER FIVE

Randi heard Ma's footsteps on the stairs and burst out bawling. She had said she would be back in a little while, but it had been ages and ages and ages. She heard the key enter the lock and she gathered herself. She was still sniffing when Ma came in the room.

She closed the door and locked it again behind her. It probably wasn't necessary. The girl would be always confined one way or another, her hands, her ankles, something. And she would have to overpower her, which would be no mean feat. But a girl had slipped out of a binding three years ago, had pushed Jimmy to the floor, darted from his bedroom and made a dash up the cellar stairs. Jimmy had been drunk and he had left the door to his room unlocked and had forgotten to lock the cellar door.

Fortunately, Ma was just coming out of the bathroom down the hall from the kitchen, where the stairs were, and heard her involuntary scream as Jimmy had come roaring up behind her. Ma tackled the girl as she passed by and they dragged her kicking and screaming back down to the basement. They mounted her with her hands above her in the central room where she had done Randi's inspection and whaled at her with whips for 2 hours. Ma postponed her sale for a week of hell.

Could you imagine if she had gotten out of the front door and ran screaming naked down the street and someone had seen her?

Ma had denied Jimmy access to the girls for a month. It was an ironclad rule. All doors must be locked at all times. Last month Jimmy had bought the hardware for a locking system where you had to punch in a code before a door could be unlocked. The door would lock automatically when it closed. This would do away with the necessity for keys. So even if a girl managed to clock one of them on the head, she wouldn't be able to leave the room she was in. He had promised to install it this week.

Ma stepped up to Randi and crouched down by her head. She patted her on the top of the head a few times. "Have we been a good little girl?" she asked her sweetly.

Randi nodded her head emphatically.

"That's good," Ma said. "Now we've got some work to do and I am going to want your full, 100% cooperation. Got that?"

Randi nodded again.

"If I don't get your full cooperation and enthusiasm I'm going to make you suffer. Understand?"

Randi's stomach went cold and she nodded again.

"Okay," Ma replied. She stood up and untied Randi's wrists from her ankles. She lowered her feet gently to the floor and untied them. She rubbed her thighs thoroughly to build up the circulation and then told her to get up on her knees and spread her legs.

Randi made the assumption, and it was a good one, that Ma wanted her more or less in the position that Jimmy had taught her, so she put her forehead on the floor, arched her back and raised her rump. Ma gave her a little pat on the ass, amused. "That's the good girl," she said. This was definitely a good sign.

She knelt down on one knee behind her and began to stroke her proffered quim. Randi cringed at the touch, but Ma was an expert and she soon had her crevasse loose and wet. She kept rubbing and caressing until Randi issued a long moan and then she stopped.

"Good girl," she said, laughing. "You're going to do fine. Now get up."

Now the gracious thing to do when a person has to get up from their knees and their arms are tied behind their back is to give them a little hand. But Ma was strict on this. The girl had to do it herself. There would be no mollycoddling while she was in charge.

It was difficult, especially after lying hogtied for so long, but Randi managed it, wobbling a little on her high heels. Her pussy still burned from its manipulation and she was embarrassed as she was sure that her slit was probably glistening with her juices. But Ma ignored it and crouched down and placed the manacles on her ankles. She clipped the leash to her collar and pulled her towards the door. After they

had passed through, and she had locked it behind her, she took her to a room across the hall, the room where Jimmy had taken her to pee. She unlocked it and Randi followed her in.

The room was tiled in white up to about half way up and the rest of the walls were painted white. It was about the size of Jimmy's playroom. It was brightly lit. A toilet and sink were along one wall. There were a series of white cabinets and counters with drawers along the far wall like in a doctor's office. The doors to the cabinets were made of glass and Randi could see bottles of medications, bandages, and various other medical supplies in them. There was the table she had seen when she was in here with Jimmy with the stirrups that had so frightened her. She was frightened now.

First things were first. Ma sat her on the pot. She told her not to pee yet. She took a plastic cup out of one of the cabinets and told Randi to spread her knees as best she could. When the cup was under her pudenda she ordered her to piss. When the little cup was filled, Ma let the rest of the stream hit the water, placed a lid on the cup, rinsed it in the sink and put it down on the counter. She had Randi stand and bend over while she wiped her and then had her sit back down. She washed her hands.

When Randi saw her get the enema bag out, she cringed. It looked like she was in for another humiliation. She sat there sadly on the pot while Ma put on a pair of latex gloves. She went to the sink and began to run the hot water. While it was running to hot, she squeezed a liberal dollop of liquid soap into the bag. She tested the water, sensed it was hot enough, moderated it with just a little bit of cold, and then filled the enema bag to capacity. She plugged the end, gave it a good shake and stepped over to Randi.

She was crying softly, but offered no resistance. Ma told her to kneel down on the floor and spread her legs. She reluctantly assumed the same position as before, her crisscrossed and bound hands mounted on her back. When she was in position, Ma rolled over a stand with a hook on it and mounted the bag. She used a bit of Vaseline to lubricate the nozzle and she introduced it carefully into the girl's rear hole. As it entered, Randi released an uncomfortable sigh through her gag and her hands closed into little fists. When it was seated, Ma released the clamp on the hose.

Randi issued cute little whines as she was filled. It took about 2 minutes for the bag to empty completely. Ma pressed on the bag to make sure it was completely empty and slid the hose out, replacing it with a rubber plug.

Randi's stomach cramped and soured as the warm fluid settled inside her. She closed her eyes, bit down on her gag and endured it. Ma knelt down and massaged and kneaded her belly, murmuring, "That's the good girl, that's the good girl." After about 10 minutes, when she was satisfied that the liquid had done its job, she told her to get up and sit poised over the pot. "Don't shit on the seat or I'll fuck you up," she warned her. She pulled out the plug. Randi groaned and squirmed as she tried to hold it in. "Okay, sit down," Ma barked.

It all came out in a torrent. Her stomach and intestines cramped as it exited. But when it was done, she issued a sigh of relief.

"Good girl," Ma said. "Once more for good luck."

The procedure was repeated. It seemed to Randi that she was filled just a little bit more, but that was unlikely as Ma had filled the bag to the brim each time.

When she had unfilled herself the second time, Ma cleaned her well with an antiseptic wipe, put the nozzle and plug in a plastic bag for washing later, snapped off her gloves and tossed them into a plastic lined garbage pail. She washed her hands again and patted Randi on the head and told her, "Now we don't have to worry whether you've taken a shit or not."

Randi's stomach felt strange and empty. The whole procedure had been so weird and strange, almost medieval. While Ma rinsed out the bag, she stood next to the toilet, shame and unhappiness seething through her. There was to be no part of her life from now on that was private and no part of it which would be under her control. She peered into her dismal future and suppressed a sob.

Ma next had her sit on a stool next to the examination table. She untied her arms from behind her back after clipping a chain that led from the end of the table to the back of her collar. She brought over a set of glass tubes with rubber stoppers. She placed a rubber tube around her upper left arm and tied it tight. She had Randi lay her arm out on the table and she wiped the crook of her elbow with alcohol. She patted it until a vein

popped up obediently. Once she had a needle with a little catchment on the end inserted into the vein, she put the five tubes up to it one by one, jamming it into the catchment and letting them fill with deep red blood.

“Can’t sell off any bad goods,” she informed Randi as she worked. “We need to make sure you’re nice and healthy, no aids, hepatitis, leukemia, cancer, or any shit like that.”

Randi sat there glumly as she worked. She kind of wished that maybe she had one of those diseases. Then maybe they’d let her go and die in peace. And the fact of the test brought home to her in a very real way that she was now a commodity, not a person. “Goods”. She was goods. And, for the most part, interchangeable with any other ‘goods’. As long as the other one also was pretty and had a cunt, arms and legs and other orifices. Someone was going to buy her! A well of sadness filled her. She looked at Ma. Ma just smiled at her as she filled up the last test tube and placed it in the rack. Each tube had a sticker on it with a number. Some lab would process them. Did they know they were facilitating the most heinous kind of kidnapping and all the other stuff she was going to suffer? Suddenly her little house in the outskirts of the city seemed a million miles away.

Ma placed the rack with the tubes on the counter next to the urine sample. She took out an instrument and checked out her eyes, nose and ears. She did a thorough examination of her scalp. She made her get up on the table on her knees in the familiar position and took a close look at her anus and, after putting on a glove, felt inside for polyps. She had her get on her back and after connecting her wrists to manacles at the head of the table, released her ankles and had her place her heels in the stirrups. Using a plastic speculum, she spread her vagina wide open and took a deep look with a colposcope. She took a sample of her inner fluids with a long stick with cotton on it, then broke off the end and placed it in a test tube. When she was finished she announced, “Well, you’re not pregnant, honey.”

While she had her up there, she filled a small metal bowl with hot water, and brought it over to the table. She retrieved a can of shaving cream from the cabinet and a razor from a drawer. She insinuated herself between her outstretched thighs.

“You’re going to look a lot sexier with this fuzz off,” Ma told her. “And I’m told it makes you feel more naked than naked, too. Anyways, it’s coming off.”

Randi didn’t want to watch. It was too humiliating. She closed her eyes and turned her head. She heard the, ‘ffffffft’ of the shaving cream as it exited the can and felt Ma rub it into her pubic area. She felt the scraping of the razor and heard Ma tapping the razor against the lip of the bowl as she rinsed it as it filled with denuded hair and cream. When she was done, she wiped her vaginal area with a wet cloth and then worked in some moisturizing crème. Her fingers on her bared pudenda felt strange and was, to her chagrin, exciting. And, to her further chagrin, Ma took the opportunity to rub and stroke her again until she was suppressing little moans and squirming her hips. When she saw Randi’s tear filled eyes she laughed and patted her on her belly. “Just relax and enjoy it, honey,” she said.

She asked her if she was on the pill. Randi admitted that she was. “You better not be lying honey, cause I’ll have your test back tomorrow night.”

Randi shrugged sadly. She wasn’t lying.

“Well, before you go we’ll give you one of those implants so you won’t have to worry about that for a while. Your new owner might have your tubes tied, but usually they don’t because it’ll decrease your value. Somebody might want to breed you some day and get you in milk. Some guys really like that. And you’ve got the tits for it.”

Randy received this information, like all the other things she had been told to expect in her future, with dismal sadness. She started to cry again at the idea of how little control of her own body she was going to have. It wasn’t fair. Why did this have to happen to her? She had to escape somehow! Somehow! Would somebody really breed her, make her pregnant against her will? What would they do with the baby?

The cruelty of such an act overwhelmed her. She bit down on her gag to suppress a sob, for which she would be punished. She looked at Ma. Wasn’t there a decent bone in her body? How can she justify what she’s doing? Is she really going to sell her? Make her a slave? Slavery was against the law all over the world. How could she be held in slavery? Was there something about the world that she didn’t understand? Did rich

people have that much power? Or gangsters and pimps? Where were they going to send her? What were they going to make her do? "Please, please, please, God help me, please!" she thought.

Ma took her pulse and blood pressure (it was slightly elevated, but that was to be expected), removed her gag, looked down her throat ("No tonsils," she commented), took a buckle swab so they could run her DNA and then put it back. She took her weight and height and measured around her body at her breasts, waist and thighs. ("34-24-34" she announced. "Just about perfect."). She felt under her neck for her glands. ("Normal," she said). Everything was put down on a chart. Even though she had inspected her earlier, she had her lay down on the table, first on her belly and then on her back, where she made a closer examination of her body all over looking for imperfections and feeling for bumps. She did a careful examination of her breasts, looking for lumps. Her hands on Randi's flesh made her skin crawl. On the chart there were two diagrams of a woman's body and she made little notations where she found moles. Randi had two small ones on her back that she knew of and one a little bigger on her inner right thigh. There were no birthmarks to note or anything else of any significance.

She put these mouthpieces in her mouth with a gelatinous glop in them so she could take an impression of her upper and lower teeth, and a malleable ball of stretchy clay-like stuff, which she made her close her mouth over. Randi had to stretch her mouth wide open to get it in. Ma went over her notes of the examination as she waited about ten minutes for it to harden. Then she removed it. It only came out with difficulty.

Ma reaffixed her hands behind her, placed the manacles back on her ankles and brought her over to the mirror and had her sit down on a stool in front of it.

"We're going to do something with this hair," she announced. There was a sink in front of the mirror and Ma made her lean over it. She gave her hair a thorough washing. It had become greasy and tangled and like a snake's nest since she had been captured. When she had washed and rinsed it, applying a nice smelling conditioner, she brushed it out until it was free of knots. She stepped back and looked at her.

“You’ve got really nice hair, honey,” she said. “But really long hair like you’ve got just ain’t sexy. It has pure and innocent written all over it and where you’re going you’ll be anything but pure and innocent. I need them to see the inner whore in you. It’s going to have to come off.”

Randi cried and cried while Ma blow dried her hair. When she was done, she carefully cut it off just above her shoulders. She laid the strands she cut off on a piece of wax paper carefully and then rolled it up. She put three rubber bands on it, one at each end and one around the middle.

“Somebody might want to make you a hairpiece so’s you can be a whore one day and nice and innocent looking the next,” she said. “We’ll send this with you when you go.”

Randi was so traumatized by the loss of her beautiful hair, that she had taken so long to grow and had taken such meticulous care of that she just sat there numb. She looked at Ma. What did it matter what she did to her, she thought. Her life was over anyway. And why did she have to keep talking to her like this was some kind of slumber party and she was doing a makeover on her just for fun? It was bizarre.

Ma ignored her dull stare and after covering her shoulders with a towel, got out some scissors and a comb. She proceeded to snip, snip, snip until she was satisfied. She put just a little bit of gel on her hands and worked it into Randi’s now shortened hair. She combed it so there was a part on her right side. She did a little bit more snipping here and here and then stepped back. “Now that’s better,” she announced. Randi had been sitting there with her eyes closed. She looked in the mirror.

She was surprised at what she saw. It did look good. It was precisely cut and reached down to just at her shoulders. It was cut away so that it ran down away from her face on both sides. There was even a little wave to it that she hadn’t seen in a long time. If it wasn’t for her ravaged face and her smeared makeup, she would look kind of pretty. Then she remembered why it was being done and her lips turned down and her face sagged. She remembered that she was naked and that her hands were tied behind her back and her ankles were manacled. She was a prisoner of horribly cruel people. What difference did it make whether she was pretty or not?

Ma seemed to know what she was thinking. She tore off the towel with all the little bits of hair on it and tossed it in a hamper. She placed her hand in Randi's foreshortened but still long enough hair and grabbed it tight. She looked her right in the eyes. "Listen, shitbird," she spat out at her, "you better get in the spirit of things here! I've got an investment in you and I've got a goal for your selling price. If I don't get it, I'm going to do some very cruel things to you before I send you off. Understand?"

Randi tearfully nodded her head as best she could.

"And let me tell you this, if it makes any difference to you. The more I sell you for, the more valuable you'll be. The more valuable you are, the better they'll take care of you. You could end up in some knocking shop fucking 15 guys a day, or you could end up in a high class bordello fucking clean, polite gentlemen. Or with a private owner who'll pamper you and take good care of you. Someday you'll probably hit that knocking shop. It's inevitable. But the better they take care of you, the longer you'll last as a first class whore. So think about that, shit for brains!"

The logic of what Ma had told her was shocking. 15 men a day? She might have to fuck 15 men a day! She didn't want to have to do that! What Ma said made sense. But then she didn't want to be a whore at all! She wanted to go home! She wanted her life back!

She was in a terrible, terrible quandary. Did she give up all hope of avoiding her fate? Should she actively cooperate in her own degradation? The marketing of her body and soul? Her lip began to quiver. A dreadful heaviness came over her. She looked Ma in the eyes.

Ma released her hair. "Enough of this shit!" she barked. "Get up and go over to the shower!"

Sadly, Randi shuffled over to the little cubicle at the corner of the room. She waited there while Ma started the water and made sure it was the right temperature. The shower head was on a big hose. "Get over here, shitbird," she spat out. She put a shower cap over her hair then untied her hands and placed them in manacles that hung from the top of the shower. She wet a washcloth and soaped it up.

She proceeded to give her face a rough washing. All of the old makeup came off. Then she took the hose and rinsed her whole body. She took a sponge, wetted it applied it with liquid soap and scrubbed her body from her shoulders to her toes. She made sure she washed her bare pussy thoroughly and the crack between her rear globes. She made her breasts bounce this way and that as she ran the sponge over them. She did everything roughly and quickly. When she was done, she rinsed her off and then dried her off with a thick, fluffy towel.

Next was makeup. She bound her hands behind her again and sat her down on the stool in front of the mirror and brought over another chair from the other side of the room. She opened a drawer and removed a large case. She brought it over and laid it on the counter next to the sink. She opened it up.

First she applied some moisturizer and then a light foundation. She plucked and penciled her eyebrows and applied mascara around her eyes and on her lashes. She painted her eyelids turquoise to match her sparkling blue irises. She used a bright red glossy liner on her lips, covering them widely to make her lips look fuller. She applied a light powder and a little bit of rouge. She used shadow to minimize the size of her nose and to narrow her face. She cleaned the polish off of her finger and toe nails and applied a lacquer to match her ruby red lips. She applied light rouge to the tips of her breasts and, after releasing her ankle chains, made her spread her legs while she did her love lips. She brushed her hair again. She leaned back.

“Now that’s a whore,” she said smiling. Randi didn’t like that at all. She made her look in the mirror. She saw that she was right. Looking back at her was a whore. No question about it. Her eyes filled with tears.

“If you cry I’ll give you a whipping you won’t forget, shitbrains,” Ma rebuked her.

She caught herself. “Don’t cry! Don’t cry! Don’t cry!” she thought unhappily. Ma dabbed at her eyes with a tissue.

“Okay, come over here,” Ma told her. Ma hooked a long chain to the back of her collar and made Randi stand up against a light blue background with two bright spot lights shining on her from above and to the sides. She took a digital camera out of a drawer and took several shots of her from every angle. First her face with the gag and then without. She untied her and had

her place her hands on her head while she took shots of her front, sides and back view, then round the horn again with her hands at her sides. She had her hold out her hands and took close up shots of each one, palms up and down.

She tied off her hands behind her and took several pictures of her that way, turned around with a full body view and then a close up of just her bound hands behind her. She took close in shots of both of her breasts and her loins and her toes. She made her turn around, get into position, on her knees with her ass raised and her legs spread and took a close up shot of her now decorated, hairless quim from behind, first dry and then, after she had stroked her again into arousal, with the love lips plump and dilated and her inner lips glistening. She took a picture of her little brown star.

Randi felt a little piece of her be chipped away with each click of the camera. Didn't primitives believe that when someone took your picture they took part of your soul? That's how she felt, like the camera was sucking up her soul bit by bit. Finally, Ma told her to look into the camera and smile.

"Smile?" Randi thought. "How can I smile?" But when she saw Ma's face, she knew she really meant it. She approximated a smile as best she could.

"You're going to give me a real, decent smile or I'm going to beat it out of you," Ma snarled.

A wave of fear went through her. She knew Ma really meant this too. She reached deep inside herself, tried to think of something happy, her birthday, her mother, her family, Christmas. She did her best. The camera clicked. Ma looked in the viewfinder. "OK," she said. "That'll do."

She held the camera up and reviewed the pictures. She was pleased with them.

There was a little docking station on the counter. Ma connected the camera to it and uploaded the pictures. After she put the camera away, she checked her watch and noted the time. It was 10 after 5. Plenty of time.

She went over to one of the cabinets and opened it. She took out a large plastic bottle, opened the top and shook out two white pills. She got a plastic cup, filled it with water at the sink and brought it over to Randi. "Open your mouth," she ordered.

Randi quailed. She was going to be drugged again. She didn't want to be drugged. She frowned, but opened her mouth anyway. Ma popped in the two pills and made her drink the water. She checked her mouth carefully to make sure the pills were gone.

All during their little adventure in what she guessed could be called the infirmary, she had toyed with the idea of grabbing something and clocking the old woman with it, getting the keys to her bonds and the door from her pocket and making a dash for it. There were two problems.

The first was the thought of how mad Ma would be if her escape plan failed. Just the thought of her inflicting excruciating punishment upon her made her cringe and tremble. She had to be sure she either incapacitated her or killed her. She had looked around the room for a weapon. The best she had thought of was the stand Ma had used to hang the enema bag from. It was big and heavy and she was sure she could deliver at least a knockout blow to the old lady with it. She imagined smashing the unconscious woman's head to a pulp with its base. She would take the keys from her pocket, unlock her ankle manacles, unlock the door to the room and then run up the stairs.

But that was what brought up the second problem. Where was Jimmy? He could be sitting upstairs somewhere reading a newspaper or watching TV. Could you imagine what Jimmy would do to her if she maimed his mom? He would kill her for sure, but what would he do to her first? Well, she decided, that was just a risk she would have to take.

But what really stopped her was fear. There had been a few short moments at various stages when she might have made an attempt to do it. But between the instant when she would have the chance, and the instant when she was bound or secured again, she just couldn't summon the courage to act. She would hesitate just a moment, calculating her odds, and then the chance would pass. Now, bound and manacled again, she knew that she had lost what had been probably her best opportunity to escape. A darkness invaded her, chilling her body and her soul.

"Open up!" Ma ordered her brusquely. She had the gag in her hand. Randi complied sadly. Ma glided it in slowly, careful not to smear her lipstick, and then bound it behind her head.

She attached the leash to her collar. “We’re all done here, shitbird,” she said almost gaily. She pulled Randi over to the door and unlocked it. She ushered her through and locked it again. She pulled her down the hall and brought her to a door that she hadn’t been in yet. She unlocked it and brought her in, locking it again as soon as they passed.

The room was twice as big as the infirmary. And the contrast couldn’t have been starker. The infirmary was jam packed with things, but this room was largely empty. It was painted dark blue. At one end was a kind of stage, a raised platform maybe 10’ by 10’, and kind of in the shape of a clam. It was painted black. Behind the stage was a frame built out of beige PVC piping about 10’ tall and a little wider than the stage. It curved along its sides.

The frame was covered with a black cloth. Randi was startled to see in the center of it an image of the same fire breathing dragon that was on Jimmy’s chest. It looked like it had been painted on.

On the other side of the room were two dark green easy chairs. In the middle of them was a video camera pointed at the stage. Behind the camera, on a table, was a big, black boom box. Overhead, mounted in the ceiling, were several spotlights. They were off and the room was lit by two fluorescent light fixtures.

The walls were covered with old rugs, green and brown and red, kind of just tacked on. The floor was concrete painted black.

Ma brought her to the area in front of the stage. A steel chain hung from the ceiling in its middle and ended in a little pile on the floor. Ma picked up the chain and attached it to the back of her collar. She untied her hands and released the manacles from her feet. She removed her gag. She stepped back to the area where the camera was and turned. She studied her for a moment.

Randi was overwhelmed with fear. They were going to make a movie of her, that was clear. But doing what? Would she have to fuck Jimmy in front of the camera? Would they release it on the internet so that everybody she knew would see it and discover that she was a whore? Having Ma look at her like that was creepy, like she was seeing in her mind’s eye what

Randi would look like with her heels in the air and screaming her orgasms to the camera, or maybe doggy style, looking into it. It made her think of her now bare loins.

She wanted to cover them up with her hands, but knew better not to. With the camera pointed at her she felt so naked! The only thing she was wearing was her “shitty little shoes” as Ma had called them.

Ma turned and pushed a few buttons on the boom box. Randi recognized the song right away. It was ‘Naughty Girl’ by Beyoncé. It was particularly appropriate. Ma let the song run on for a few seconds. Then she said, “You know how to dance, don’t you shitbird?”

Randi’s eyes watered. She shook her head ‘yes’.

“Okay,” Ma responded. “First we’re going to do a little practice. Kinda get you warmed up. So for now, I want you to just move your hips and sway. I’ll tell you what to do next.”

She turned the music up. Randi knew that what Ma had said wasn’t a suggestion. Immediate obedience was required. She had learned that lesson well. She suppressed a sob and started moving her hips. She closed her eyes and tried to pretend no one else was there. She left her hands at her sides and swayed and tried to shift her hips to the beat. It wasn’t hard. It was a lively tune, meant for dancing.

“Okay, now,” Ma said loudly over the music, “I want you to raise your hands to the level of your hips. Your arms should sway with the beat too. Move your hips more and sway your upper body. I want to see those tits moving.”

Randi obeyed. She had no choice. She looked at Ma and tried to decide whether she could reach her if she rushed her. Both her hands and feet were free. But as she glanced around the room, she could see nothing to hit her with but the camera and its tripod. It didn’t seem heavy enough to do much damage. And it was unwieldy. And she didn’t even know whether the chain on her neck reached that far.

A sourness spread through her body as she swayed and jiggled and ground her hips. She made kind of flowing movements with her arms. She could feel the chain swaying behind her. What was missing though was her hair. It should be swinging back and forth, kind of dusting her back. But all there was there was air. She had a new, slutty hairdo. Thanks to Ma.

And her face made her look like a whore. What were people going to think she was like? They would think she was a slut, that's what! Only a slut would dance naked for a camera, even if she was at the end of a chain.

If she had any guts she should refuse, sit down and stop all this cooperation. But she remembered the shock of the blast she received up her vagina. And the one to her rear. And the others. The thought of them, suffering them again, over and over, made her cringe and her body cold. And she knew that after one or two blasts with that wand, she would do anything she was ordered to do. She already had! So it was a waste of time to protest. Just a waste of time.

Ma was watching her intently. Randi tried to keep her eyes closed, but she had to look every little bit. Moving around with her eyes closed made her nauseous.

The version of the song that was playing seemed like it was a disco version. It was much longer than the song that she had downloaded from the Internet and played on her phone. And as a matter of fact, where was her phone? Couldn't the police detect where you were from the GPS on your phone? But then she realized that Jimmy had probably turned it off moments after he had secured her in his car. They were too experienced to let something like that slip.

She noticed a kind of fog slipping over her. She knew it was from the pills. It wasn't the kind of fog she had experienced when Jimmy had given her the candy. It was just making her body warm and feel good to move. She was feeling her anxieties slip away.

Stu had given her soapers once. They had fucked for hours, long and slow. It had been a far out experience. But she didn't like taking pills. It was too much like being a drug addict. She liked it most when they smoked a little weed. It made everything dreamy and made her nerve endings super sensitive. She didn't like to smoke too much because she usually had to drive home. Or Jimmy would drive her if he had picked her up, but he didn't like going to the house that much.

What she was feeling now was kinda like smoking weed. There was just a glow all around her. She caught herself enjoying her movements.

“That’s it, that’s it,” she heard Ma say. “Get into it. Somebody out there is going to buy you and you want them to think that you’re extra special hot.”

That made Randi open her eyes. She didn’t want to seem hot to some fucking pervert who was going to buy her over the Internet! She didn’t want to be bought at all!

“Okay, stop!” Ma barked out. She shut off the music.

“Now here’s what you’re going to do,” she said. “See this camera?” she asked, tapping on it. “You’re going to make love to this camera. I want you to run your hands all over your body. I want you to play with your tits. I want you to turn around and wag your ass. I want you to look into the camera and I want your eyes to say, ‘Fuck me! Please fuck me!’ You better make me believe that you are the sluttiest whore in the world, shitbird,” she said. “Or we’ll go back to the blue room and I’ll give you something to remember! Got it?”

Randi nodded sadly. The chain was pulling slightly on the back of her collar. Its presence couldn’t be ignored. It was so horrible to be a prisoner. That horrible woman, with her rough features and her powerful arms, were all that stood between her and freedom. But she seemed as powerful as a god. Her beady eyes drilled right into her. You could almost feel her force of will, like some poisonous mist in the air.

Ma turned and started the song again. Randi stood there for a couple of seconds. But before Ma’s stare could be turned into a frown, she began to move her hips. She shook them back and forth and made her chest shudder. She ran her hands over her hips and across her belly, and then, although it took all of her psychic strength to do it, to overcome many years of indoctrination about sex and sexuality and privacy, and what was decent and what was not decent, she moved her hands up under her breasts and lifted them towards the camera.

She was so humiliated that she had to shut her eyes. Ma barked out a remonstrance and she immediately opened them again. She stared at the dead eye of the camera, her lips trembling and her eyes filling with tears. Then she remembered Ma’s threats and she took hold of herself. If she mussed her makeup, Ma would tan her hide.

“Lean over!” Ma shouted over the music. “Take hold of your nipples and shake them!. . . Now move your hands down

your hips again!. . . Now turn!. . . That's it!. . . Shake your ass!. . . Run your hands over it!" She kept shouting commands. Randi obeyed to the letter. When she turned her back, the chain connected to her collar wrapped around it. "If I keep going I can choke myself," she thought. She closed her eyes, glad to be spared staring into that deadly eye, the eye that was going to bring her lasciviousness to the world.

"Spread your legs and bend over!" Ma shouted. "More! More!" she yelled. "Let me see your pussy!"

Suppressing a sob, Randi did as ordered. When Ma ordered her to, she snuck one hand between her thighs and began to stroke her quim, all the while shimmying her hips from side to side. She had a vision of it, her now hairless outer lips, her delicate, long fingers, the bright red of the polish on her nails.

"Finger your clit!" Ma ordered. A wave of shame passed through her, but she put the tip of a finger over her love button and began to stroke it. An unwelcome tingle went through her.

"That's good! That's good!" Ma shouted. "Now run your finger along the slit! Keep doing it until you're wet!. . . Faster. . . Faster!.... Now tickle your clit again. . . Like you mean it, shitbird!"

She kept going and going. She could feel the heat rising inside her. The Quaaludes, or whatever it was that Ma had given her, the lust pent up from Ma's teasing of her sex, made the sensations flow like a wonderful, pleasurable stream within her. She bit her lip. "Go away! Go away!" she told the feeling, but it was irresistible.

"Now take your hand away!" Ma ordered. "Grind your ass. . . That's it!. . . Give it a good grind. . . Now straighten up and turn the other way. . . Bend over and shake your tits. . . Now give the camera a big kiss and say, 'My name is Crystal. Please buy me!'"

Randi's face turned into a masque of misery. They were taking away her name! And they were forcing her to beg for her own debasement, her own destruction! She tried to form her lips into a kiss, but couldn't. She tried to get the words out, but they wouldn't come. She broke out into tears.

"All right! All right! All right!" Ma yelled fiercely. "Stop! Stop!" She turned off the music.

She strode quickly to where Randi was standing. She produced a tissue from her pocket and began dabbing at her eyes with it. “Stop the fucking crying, you stupid fucking cunt!” she yelled. She stood back. Her face was wrought with rage.

“Stick out your hands!” she ordered angrily.

Randi, shaking, complied.

“Palms up!” Ma ordered. She turned her hands over. “Hold them out straight!” Ma spat at her. “Put your wrists together!”

When she had complied, Ma walked to the area behind the camera. She came back with a 3' long, narrow rod. At the moment she got within range, she brought it mightily over her head and laid it flat across Randi's outstretched palms.

“Owwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!” Randi screamed. The pain shot right up her arms and a sickness spread throughout her body. She had to bend her knees and she drew her hands in instinctively.

“Put ‘em back out there, cumbucket!” Ma screamed. “Put ‘em back out there or you will wish you’d never been born!”

Sobbing uncontrollably, Randi extended her hands. It was a tentative motion, knowing full well what was coming around the bend.

“Straighten ‘em out, shitbird!” Ma screamed.

Randi's hands were shaking uncontrollably. She extended them out, wrists touching.

At the instant they were extended and vulnerable, Ma, lightning fast and with all her might, swung the rod over her shoulder again and landed it across the tender skin.

“Ooooooooouuuuuuuiiiiiieeeeeeeeeee!” Randi screamed again. She fell into a crouch. Her hands stung like they were on fire. She brought them into her body and hovered over them. They burned, burned, burned! It was like some vicious animal had sunk its teeth into them and was holding on, tearing at them. Her heart was beating wildly and she had broken out into a sweat.

“Get up you fucking cunt!” Ma screamed. “On your fucking feet!”

Randi raised herself right away. Her chest was heaving with sobs. “Put out your hands again!” she shouted.

Her whole body shaking, Randi complied. She put her palms out. If there had been a glass of water on them, the water would be spraying everywhere and the glass would surely fall to the ground.

Ma reached her free hand out. Randi flinched. But it was only to dab her tear filled eyes.

“Okay! Okay,” Ma said firmly. “Stop yer bawling! It ain’t as bad as all that.”

“Not as bad as all that!” Randi thought miserably. Tomorrow her hands would be swollen and ugly. There would be black and blue all across them.

“Now, shitbird,” Ma said more calmly. “Do you want another one?”

Randi shook her head ‘no’ with all the intensity she could muster.

“I’m going to give you another chance, cumstain,” she said. “Don’t fuck this up!”

She went back to the boombox and laid the rod against the wall. She turned on the music.

“Turn around and bend over,” she instructed her. “We’ll start from there.”

Randi turned away from the woman, happy not to have her in her vision. She bent over, spread her legs and started to churn her hips. Without being told, she slipped her hand between her thighs and started rubbing her sex.

Ma remained silent while she played with her pussy. The words of the song kept ringing in her ears: ‘naughty girl, naughty girl’. She was a naughty girl. As naughty as they came. Ravidly terrified of additional punishment, she rubbed and stroked her quim, tickled her pussy again and again. She closed her eyes and wished it wet, visualized it wet, visualized her fingers sluicing through her oozing crevasse. It worked and soon she could feel the incipience of arousal.

“Okay!. . . Okay!. . . That’s good!. . . That’s good!” Ma shouted out.

“Now turn!” she yelled. “Keep shaking those hips!. . . Make your tits move!. . . Now give the camera a kiss!. . . Bigger! Like you mean it!”

Randi formed her lips into a huge pucker. Her tits were swaying, free from her body, her hips were gyrating.

“Now say it!” Ma yelled. “My name is Crystal! Please buy me!”

Suppressing her revulsion, Randi said the words, the first words she had been allowed since she had been kidnapped. “My name is Crystal!” she forced out. “Please buy me!”

“Louder!” Ma shouted. “Say it again!”

Crystal repeated the terrible formula. Louder this time.

“Louder, shitbird!” Ma barked. “Say it like you mean it!”

Randi shouted at the camera, her eyes peering into the eye of death. “My name is Crystal! Please buy me!”

She felt like collapsing into hysterics. It was so degrading! It was so awful! Somewhere out there in the world, somebody would see this and make a decision that would change her life unalterably forever. Some fiend out there would press a button and her fate would be sealed. And he, or she, would base it on the delectability of her performance, the persuasiveness of her supplication.

“Hold it there! Hold it there!” Ma shouted. She eased down the volume of the music, fading it out.

“Okay,” she said. “That was better. Now we’ll run through it again.”

Randi performed again. And then again. Each time she ended her performance with those awful words and puckered lips, holding herself there until Ma said she could move. Each time she ground her hips with more emphasis. Each time, she put more meaning in her pucker. Each time something of her was eroded away.

“Okay, let’s take a break,” Ma said. “Get on your knees.”

Randi lowered herself to the floor until she was kneeling. The heels of her tan leather sandals pressed into her rear buttocks.

Ma went to a cabinet and produced a bottle of Gatorade. She cracked the top open and brought it to her prisoner.

“When your hands aren’t bound,” she said sharply, “I want them behind your back, crossed, wrist over wrist. Got that?” she said sternly.

Randi nodded and complied.

She tipped the liquid into her mouth, letting it flow slowly so Randi could drink it all without spilling any. When it was finished she went over to the camera and tossed the empty into

a can. She went to a little refrigerator like the one that Jimmy had, opened it and removed a bottle of Miller beer. She cracked the top and poured a good amount down her throat. When done, she gave a sigh. She looked at Randi. "Spread your knees, shitbird," she snapped. "And straighten your back. This ain't a party you know." Randi complied immediately.

She took another slug of beer. It foamed up nicely in the bottle. Randi felt the weird urge to ask for one. But she knew she wouldn't. Somehow the crazy idea popped into her head. She wondered, sorrowfully, whether anyone would ever offer her a beer again.

Ma chugged the rest of the bottle empty and put it down on a counter behind the camera. "Stand up, shitbird," she spat at her. Randi rose to her feet, her hands still crossed behind her. She kept her legs spread.

Ma opened a cabinet. She took something out. It was on a hanger. There was a little bag dangling from it. It took a second, but then Randi realized it was her clothes! Sorrow and self-pity and hatred ran rampant through her. They were from another world, another time, from another dimension.

Ma hung the dress on one of the pipes from the frame around the stage and opened the pale yellow plastic bag. It had 'SHOPRITE' printed on it in large red, white and blue letters. Randi gave the bag an intense scan to see if the town or city of the grocery store was printed on it, but couldn't see anything. Ma pulled out her bra and underwear. She tossed them on the floor next to her. "Put these on," she growled.

Randi looked at her underthings. When she had last put them on she had been a free woman. She hesitated only a moment, fondling the garments sadly and then proceeded to obey. She sat back on her rump and brought the white silk panties over her sandals one by one. She brought them up her legs and then lifted her rear end and pulled them the rest of the way on. The last time she wore them she had had pubic hair and there was a far different sensation now with the smooth silk against her naked pudenda. She put her arms through the straps of the bra and brought it up to her body, causing her breasts to rise slightly. She reached behind her with both hands and clipped it together expertly, as she had done hundreds of times before.

A dullness had filled her. To be reminded so starkly of the night she had been kidnapped brewed moroseness in her. She looked up at Ma, her quivering lips formed into a frown, for her next order.

“Get up,” Ma barked.

She rose to her feet, the chain on her collar clinking against itself. Ma had taken the dress off of the hanger. She handed it to Randi and told her to put it on.

She remembered buying this dress especially for the date with the man she knew as Tom. She had been so excited about it. Yellow was a good color for her and she had just loved the gold skirt sprinkled with flecks of dark blue, green and red. She lowered the dress and stepped carefully into the skirt. The zipper on the back was already down from when they had stripped her. She wriggled the skirt up past her hips and then slipped the 2” wide yellow straps over her shoulders. Again she reached behind her, like she had done a thousand times, and pulled the zipper up her back. There was a small hook at the very top that was difficult to do. Yesterday, was it really only yesterday?, her mother had done it for her. A fierce sadness stabbed her as she thought of it. “Mommy, mommy, mommy!” she thought.

She turned her back to Ma and looked over her shoulders at her. She couldn’t speak so she couldn’t tell her what she wanted. Ma got the idea right away though and she brought both hands up to the top of the dress and started to join the tiny black hook to the itty bitty black ‘O’.

“Damn these fucking things!” Ma cussed as she struggled with it. “My eyesight ain’t what it used to be and my fingers are too big,” she commented as she concentrated on her task.

Randi looked around. She could look right into Ma’s dress pocket. Right there was the key ring that represented freedom. All she had to do was to reach in her hand and slip them out. A chill went through her. Her eyes darted around the room. Maybe she could use the camera after all, she thought. She would swing it like a baseball bat; she had played girls’ softball for 3 years in middle school. She didn’t have to disable her, just stun her long enough to unlock her neck chain and then the door. And then the door after that. She would slip her hand into

Ma's pocket so she would already have them when she struck the blow with the camera.

But could she reach it? She tried to calculate the length of the chain. When she had been dancing in front of it she had been about 20' away. There had still been a little slack. "Oh, god!" she thought to herself. "Decide! Decide! Decide!" She could feel her heart beating. Her hands, which were still pulsing from Ma's assault on them had broken out into sweat. "Okay," she said to herself, 'count to 5! 1..., 2..., 3..., 4....'

Just then Ma announced, "Aw, fuck it!" and stepped away from her. The keys danced away. Randi issued a whine. Ma either didn't hear it or decided to ignore it. "You're just going to take the fucking thing off again anyways. We'll leave it open." She grabbed the hanger off of the pipe and headed back behind the camera. She looked through the viewfinder. Then she raised her head.

"Okay," she said, 'first time we're just going to go through it slowly. Sway your hips and shove out your tits. Then I want you to slowly, slowly, slowly, start removing your clothes. Remember, this is a striptease. You're not home getting ready to get in your pajamas.'

"Get in my pajamas," Randi echoed in her head. She had a pair that were sky blue and had white and yellow elephants, giraffes, lions and other beasts made to look like little animal crackers printed on it. And another pair, pink with little blue flowers. She would never see them again.

"Okay, here goes," Ma said.

The music started. Randi started shifting her hips like she had been told. She leaned over and flashed her breasts. She reached behind her, still swaying and rocking, and began to lower the zipper. She was about to begin to slip the straps off of her shoulders when Ma interjected, "Turn around and show them your back!"

Obediently, Randi turned. She could feel the dress opened behind her.

"Now shake your hips and turn back," Ma ordered. She turned back. Without being told, she flashed her breasts at the camera again. She brought one strap down to the middle of her arm and then the other. She wriggled her shoulders and the straps fell lower. Then, shifting her hips back and forth, she

began to lower the skirt from her hips. She brought it down slow, slow, slow. When she had it down to her knees, she bent over and guided it over her shoes.

“Just toss it aside!” Ma yelled.

She obeyed. She was ordered to turn around again and flash her nearly naked ass at the camera. While turned, she was ordered to undo the strap to her bra so the camera could see it and then turn to the front again. She lowered the bra slowly down her arms, shaking and swaying her breasts. Then she drew it off and tossed it aside without having to be told.

The ludes were really doing their job. Her head was swimming and she could almost forget that she was a prisoner advertising herself for sale. It was more like a game she and Ma were playing. Some kind of joke. She would play it for Stu later. He would really get off on it and then they could fuck.

The panties were next. Ma ordered her to turn again, to run her hands over her rear cheeks several times and then to begin to lower them. “Keep your legs close together!” Ma instructed her loudly over the music. “Make ‘em beg to see your pussy!”

She did as she was told and then, with her legs stretched out and together, she drew the panties down over her knees and then, one by one, over her feet.

“Now, while you’re down there, shake it a little bit!” Ma called out. “Keep shaking it as you get up... Now turn slowly. Now smile! A big one!. . . That’s it! That’s it!. . . Now start rubbing your body!. . . Okay, stop!” she yelled. She turned off the music.

“Not bad,” she commented. “You were made for this shit, honey,” Ma told her. “We’re going to run through it once more and then you’re going to get up on the stage and run through the full routine.” She looked at her watch. 6:30. On schedule.

She ran through it again. Ma had her dance around a little more with all her clothes on before she started stripping. She had her shake her tits and ass more, reminded her to smile at all times, called out, “Nice! Nice!” at the parts she liked.

At the end, she got up on the stage. The fiendish dragon on the cloth towered over her, making her feel a bit like a human sacrifice. Ma came over and shortened the chain so she wouldn’t step on it. She put on the spotlights and adjusted them

just right. They ran through the routine from beginning to end. Ma was satisfied.

“Okie dokie,” she said. “This is the real thing. I’m going to be operating the camera so I won’t be able to shout out orders like before. Don’t fuck this up ‘cause I only want to do it once. Keep smiling or we’ll stop and I’ll give you a little reminder about you duties here. And don’t fuck up the end! Got it?”

Sadly, Randi nodded her head.

“When I start shooting I want your hands on your hips and a big smile on your face... Yeah, like that. I’m going to turn on the camera and then the music. As soon as you hear the music playing, start dancing.”

She made an adjustment to the camera then held up her hand. Keeping it raised, she backpedaled to the boombox, glanced at it and turned it on. There was a 3 second delay and the music started. Ma lowered her hand and pointed at her, mouthing, “Go!”

Randi tried to forget what this was all for. She just knew that she had to get through it. If she did it right when wouldn’t have to do it again. She slowly did the dress routine, showing off her back. She looked at the dragon. He seemed to be enjoying the show certain that she would right afterwards be his next meal. It made her shiver. Then she turned back to the camera, lowering her dress, shaking her bra covered breasts and then tossing it aside with a carefree mien. She did the underwear thing, slowly, slowly, slowly removing her bra and then giving her tits a great shake all the while writhing and swaying her hips. She caressed her breasts and held them out for the camera, something Ma had added on their last run through. She turned and rubbed her rear cheeks and then bent over as she slowly lowered them until she was pretty much folded in half, her ankles together primly, her pussy just barely peeking out. She pulled her panties over her high heeled sandals. The chain was just long enough for her to lower her head to her knees. Then she turned and the show really began.

The music was really loud. Beyoncé kept telling her what a naughty girl she was. The chain to the back of her neck kept swaying and jerking as she moved. For some reason she felt free in her nakedness. The drugs made her whole body feel mellow and brought her brain a nice, soft, vein of pleasure. She

kept looking at the camera. Ma was looking through it and she could see her zooming in and out at appropriate places. When she turned and bent over and finally showed the camera her pussy, her fingers longed to stroke and pet herself. She spread her legs wide and arched her back to give the audience a good view of her hairless mons. She looked up at the dragon. It was almost as if she were worshiping it, performing obeisance, offering it her flesh, bowing down before its strength and evil. She began playing with her puss. The tingling which her clit sent through her body as she stroked it was exquisite. She almost didn't want to stop.

Then she turned again. This was the finale. She stroked her sides, her thighs, her breasts and her pussy, all the while swaying and sashaying. Finally, it was time for her announcement. Suddenly the whole evil purpose of this display resurfaced in her head. Out there, someone would be watching. He or she would become her owner. She would owe him or her absolute obedience in all things and have to bear and suffer anything they wanted to impose on her no matter how painful or scurrilous.

The eye of the camera took on a dark, fiendish aspect. Its eye was as cold as death, as indifferent to her feelings as the floor or the walls or the door. Yes, even as Ma herself. But she had to say it! She had to say it! Ma would go ballistic if she failed! She would suffer horribly! Not some future theoretical, unknown suffering, but here and now, today, this very instant!

A woeful sob emerged from her belly, rose through her chest and got stuck in her throat. Her hips were swaying and her breasts were dancing and the music was going on and on, 'Naughty girl! Naughty girl! 'Her eyes flitted to Ma, who was peering at her through the lens. She felt like her vision was shooting through her, seeing everything that she felt and thought. She was like a vengeful goddess, cruel and, by definition, inhuman. She had to say it! She had to! The words gathered in her throat and stumbled into each other. Then, in a burst of effort, they emerged.

"My name is Crystal," she shouted to the camera over the music. "Please buy me!"

Her lips were stretched into a broad smile. She held her place awaiting Ma's signal. The red light on the camera went

off. Ma raised her head. “That was terrific, honey,” Ma shouted gleefully. “The best!”

Randi collapsed to the stage floor and broke out into sobs.

CHAPTER SIX

She didn't get much time to grieve her loss of self-respect. Ma ordered her to her feet and to, "Stop yer bawling!" She came over and dotted her eyes with a tissue. Before doing anything else, she rebound her hands behind her back, reinstalled the manacles around her ankles and slid the thick prong of the gag into her mouth, pulling it tight and making her cough.

She left her standing there on the stage while she watched the video in the camera's viewfinder. Randi could see her smiling and enjoying it, her mind just measuring the dollars it would earn her. "Oh, you're good, cumbucket," she said as she watched. "Very good! I can't wait to put this up. Wait till Jimmy sees it. He'll get a big kick out of it."

The idea of Jimmy getting a big kick out of her performance didn't gladden Randi's heart one bit. What she did think of was the fact that once her buyer had seen it, he or she would expect similar performances from her. The idea of dancing naked before someone who had purchased her flesh made her wince with displeasure. She would have to pretend she was turned on. She would probably be required to really be turned on, to be ready to receive a prick or present a mouth as soon as she was done. And she would be stoking the very fires that would scorch her soul. No, she wasn't excited about the video a single bit.

And if anybody from her family ever saw it, they would think that she deserved her fate. That she had been truly a craven whore lurking in their midst. That she had no shame, no honor. She couldn't imagine her father seeing it or her brothers. And Gwen. She would relish it. She would get a kick at seeing what she had condemned her to.

Ma went around the room straightening up. She hung up the clothes again and put them away in the cabinet. Randi knew that it was the last time she would ever see them, unless when she was sold they were shipped on with her for the amusement

of her new owner. It would be a horrible thing to have to wear them for her master or mistress, a debased emblem of her past freedom.

She was starting to get hungry again. And she had to pee. She was sure Ma didn't give a fuck about the first part, but she probably did about the second. And she would skin her alive if she peed on the floor. She could only hope that there would be an occasion to go.

Ma came up to her with the leash. She connected it to her collar and patted her on her leatherbound cheek. "Good job, girlie," she said. Randi didn't appreciate the complement, although it was good from one point of view. It meant she wouldn't be punished again. But even when Ma made a pretense of being nice, anything that she said just grated on her. Her gravelly voice alone was enough to disturb her. That and the idea that behind those beady eyes lay a perverted, evil psyche.

She released the chain from the back of her neck. "Come on," she said, giving the leash a tug. "We'll get some ice on those hands."

Ma led her from the media room and out into the corridor. She locked the door and led her to a room down the hall opposite Jimmy's, on the other side of the corridor. She unlocked the door and escorted her in.

It was the same size as Jimmy's room, only you could tell that it was much better kept up. There was a queen sized double bed along the wall to her right. It was covered with plum colored sheets and two plump pillows side by side. There was a little table to the right of the bed with a cute little lamp on it, maybe 2 ½' high with a frilly, clean white shade. The walls were painted cerise. Over the bed was a painting, or rather a print of a painting, of some pastoral scene with children and dogs and sheep frolicking amongst verdant beauty.

The rug was thick, with a deep weave, a mixture of rust and white and a dark cream color. Instead of a leather easy chair, there was a very nice dresser, nothing fancy, probably off the floor at Walmart or Target, colored dark maple. It had obviously been kept well-polished and there was a round doily on top of it. On top of the doily was a collection of porcelain knick knacks, a bright green frog, a yellow colored dog that

looked like it might be an Irish setter, two pink cheeked children holding hands. "Hummel?" Randi asked herself. Her mom had a collection passed down from her mother. There was an imitation leather jewelry case, a hairbrush and a pair of handcuffs.

Like in Jimmy's room, there were two windows covered with bars and painted black.

In the corner where Jimmy had his TV, there was something ominous. A chain with manacles on the end was hanging down from the ceiling just long enough to hold someone's hands over their head. Another pair of manacles, on a short chain, was on the floor. The chain ran through a ring, obviously designed to force a person to stand in one place. Two whips hung from hooks there, one, a many tasseled thing with a bright red wooden handle and thick knots on the ends. The other was just a straight strand of what looked like leather covered steel. Its handle was made of leather.

On the floor next to the door was a little potty, like the kind that you use to potty train little kids with. Ma made Randi squat over it and ordered her to piss. Randi obeyed with mixed emotion, shamed that she had to perform this basic function when and how ordered by the old woman, but happy that she had not been forced into a crisis. When she was done, Ma wiped her with a tissue she got from the little bedside table next to the bed and tossed it in.

There was one thing that was similar to Jimmy's room. On the opposite side of the bed from the door was a steel cage. Like Jimmy's it had thin, black steel bars forming 4" squares. As Ma led her there, her heart began to pound in her chest.

Ma leaned over and unlocked the cage. She removed the leash from Randi's collar, placing it on the bed and then untied her wrists. "Get in," she said.

Randi didn't have to be told twice. She bent over and crawled in as fast as she could. She turned to look at her oppressor just as she shut the door and locked it.

"I'm going to get some ice," she announced. "We don't want your hands swelling up like balloons."

She turned, picked up the piss filled potty, unlocked the door, passed through it and locked it again. Randi was trying to prevent herself from crying. She hated being caged. It made her

feel like an animal. But even worse was the thought of why this room, as comfortable and nicely kept as it was, existed. She looked at the bed. Like Jimmy's it had manacles at its head. The bed was more formal than Jimmy's too. It had a headboard that looked custom made. It was made out of ash and had been stained to a pale sheen. There were several drawers in it. On top of the drawers was a shelf. On the shelf was a shiny, steel vibrator. It was standing straight up like a rocket ship. Randi hugged herself tightly. "Please don't let it be true," she prayed.

Ma came back surprisingly quickly. She had in her hands an actual ice bag filled with chipped ice. She opened the cage door and handed it to Randi. "Keep your palms on this," she said. And that was all she said. She locked the door to the cage again and then walked to the other side of the bed. She turned on the little lamp and then, gliding toward the door, flicked out the overhead. She left, locking the door behind her.

Was she saving her for later, Randi wondered? Was the ice a kindness or just an attempt to keep her property properly maintained? It did feel good though. Her palms had been pounding and she could sense the building up of pressure in them. It was clear that the pressure would soon be agonizing if the swelling wasn't checked. Did Ma really care about such things? Or did she have further plans for her tonight? Apparently one of them was for her to spend some time on the bed next to her as her plaything.

She grimaced as she thought of it. She had absolutely no inclinations in that area and, if she did, she wouldn't pick an old war horse like Ma as a partner. It was too revolting to consider. But that was what her life would be like from here on in. She would have no choice about who used her. She gripped the ice bag with both hands and hung her head, too depressed to even cry.

Ma putzed around the kitchen a bit. She checked out the roast she was going to cook. It needed 2 ½ hours which would be just about perfect for dinner at 9:30. She always liked to have something special on Sunday nights even though Jimmy usually worked late in the summers. It was a really good time to cruise parks and outdoor cafes.

She turned on the oven and spiced up the meat. She checked the vegetable bin in the fridge and realized that they were out of

green beans. Hal Cleaver ran a nice farm stand a couple of miles away in Olinberg, but it was a little bit late to drive out there and she didn't want to leave Crystal, as she now thought of her, alone. She picked up her cell phone and sent Jimmy a text message to stop at a grocery store on the way home. They needed bread and milk as well and she wanted some vanilla ice cream to go with the cobbler.

Jimmy always carried one cell phone for communications with her and several other untraceable ones for communicating with the targets. The phones, supplied, of course, by The Black Watch, sent a virus with every text message which lay dormant in the telephone until a coded text message was sent. On receipt of the code, all text messages were wiped out including any record of where they originated from. It also deleted pictures.

The virus was communicable too and on the issuance of the code, the girl's phone would resend it to any phone or email address it had had contact with over the last 30 days. This way if the girl had forwarded any communication between them to her friends, they would be gone too. Jimmy had sent the code to Randi's phone while he was waiting for her to come out of the house.

The phone Jimmy used would be reprogrammed via a special data link through a USB cable to the black box that The Black Watch supplied. The phone would be issued a new number and be able to be used again. The phone line carrier was ostensibly based in the island nation of Kiribati in the South Pacific, but the real data center was believed to be somewhere in Africa.

Jimmy texted back right away, confirming receipt of Ma's request. Jimmy's quick response gave Ma a warm feeling. He was such a good boy. Attached to the text was a photo he had taken of a new prospect. She was young, probably just 18. She had short, curly black hair and a somewhat round, juvenile face. Ma guessed that she was 5'2" or 5'3". She was dressed in a frilly, lacy, lavender halter top that ended at her midriff, revealing a nice flat tummy, and a pair of denim short short cutoffs. She had a kind of stoner face, reminiscent of the hippies Ma had known back in her heyday. Her breasts were large for her size, spectacular actually.

The picture was taken in an amusement park and you could see the bright sun reflected on the rides in the background, a Ferris wheel, what looked like a scrambler and a couple of colorful vendor tents. Anonymous people were walking this way and that in the background. The girl was squinting and smiling broadly, leaning on some kind of a railing, one leg crossed over the other at the ankles. She had short, but attractive legs and she looked in pretty good shape.

At least an 80, Ma thought. Probably more like 85 or so. On the other hand, she sported a couple of tattoos, one on her upper right arm of what looked like a panther, and a partially completed one on her lower left leg which looked like the outline of a tropical flower, probably an orchid. That would knock her down considerable. But some buyers liked that stuff and before they were through with her she would be covered in orgiastic and pornographic displays from her forehead to her toes. She had a ring in her nose too, through her septum. But that was okay. They would make good use of it.

“Lily and I have a date for Wednesday.” Jimmy had texted.

“That’s the good boy!” Ma texted back. Jimmy would get just enough information out of the girl, her Facebook page, her twitter account, anything. With the picture and any small detail The Black Watch could have a data file on her in 6 or 7 hours. You’d be surprised how many details about ourselves are lying around. If Jimmy, for instance, dragged out of her where she went to high school, it would be a cinch for the website to access its data banks to retrieve her school record. That would give her social security number and her address at the time. From there they could look up employers, colleges, credit cards, her doctors’ names, everything. They could do a reverse search on her cell phone number and obtain the carrier and the name and address of whoever was paying for it. They could get her email address and get access to anything she had sent or received electronically. If the Chinese can break into the confidential files of the Defense Department, then you could break into just about any data bank anywhere.

Jimmy texted that he was on his way back. He would be home at about a quarter after 9. He had been scouting up north, about 4 hours away, across the state line. It was kind of close to home, but within tolerance as far as risks go. Jimmy had created

a program for the computer in which you could plot out all your captures. It then did a calculation as to where the statistical center was. If it was too close to home, Ma would know to send Jimmy to a certain sector of their natural hunting grounds so the statistical center would move away. This way, an FBI analyst wouldn't be able to zero in on their probable location. For this reason too, they concentrated mostly on areas north, south and east of the house. Ma had run the program the other day and at present their statistical center was about 200 miles southeast of them near a town called Reddington.

Crystal would still be here on Wednesday night, the first full day of bidding. Ma didn't like to have two girls in the basement at a time. It made things too complicated and when things got complicated was when mistakes were made. But in this business you had to strike while the iron was hot and somehow they would make do.

Ma checked the oven and saw that it had reached 425 degrees. She opened it and put in the roast and turned it down to 350. She noted the time, 6:45. Thinking of food had made her hungry. She knew that the girl downstairs was probably hungry too, but she wouldn't be fed until they were through with her tonight. Ma opened the fridge and took out a hunk of white cheddar. She cut a few slices. She got out a few crackers, put them on a plate and then mounted the cheese slices on them. She thought about another beer, but decided another whiskey and soda might be nice. She brought everything over to the kitchen table and sat down. The laptop was still there as well as the iPad, which she had placed there when she had come in from the porch.

She flicked on the iPad to check on the girl. Every room downstairs had a camera mounted strategically, and her bedroom was no exception. The only time she turned that one off was when she went down to do some fucking of her own. She and Jimmy shared a lot of things, but watching his mother get naked and romp with one of the guests was a little across the line. It didn't work the other way though. Ma had a business interest in how well the girl fucked and, after all, she had wiped Jimmy's ass when he was a baby and he didn't have anything she hadn't seen before.

The girl looked ok. She was peering out of her little cage forlornly and holding the icebag in her hands. She had wacked the girl a little harder than she meant to, but it had pissed her off when the girl refused to say the tag lines for her video. She would make it up to her with some cobbler and ice cream later. Anyway, it had done the trick and her video was among the best they had ever made.

Ma ate her crackers and cheese and sipped her whiskey. She turned on the laptop and went to The Black Watch website. The laptop had a wireless connection to their router which fed through the black box the website had sent them. The router's range was really small, about 50' and so there was virtually no chance that anyone else could patch into it. Besides, the router, also provided by their Black Watch friends, was coded, not open, and you needed a special algorithmic program on your hard drive to access it

She scanned some of the postings. One of them was advertising a set of cute little blond twins. The location wasn't identified, naturally, but the girls looked European so they could be anywhere from Stockholm to Stockton California, maybe even Australia. She looked at the shipping cost to their locale and decided that they were almost certainly overseas somewhere since the cost was very high. But not too much for the right buyer. The Black Watch charged the same price to any destination in the same country. This way it would be impossible to determine where the girl was from just from the cost. A girl captured in Boston would be the same price if she were delivered to New York or to Colorado.

The girls were very attractive, but the blog lacked sophistication. There were no videos and the photographs were clearly not of professional quality. Bidding had been open for a little over 24 hours and the price had only gone to the equivalent of about \$125,000. Ma shook her head. She would have done a real workup of the girls, even if it took a little more time to put it together. She would have had them fucking and sucking each other like dogs in heat before she was through. Very few of the blogs had the professional quality of hers. Some did and it was clear that they knew what they were doing marketing-wise. But most were of a quality that could be exceeded by almost any 8th grader.

She looked at the “hot property” pages. There was everything for sale from a nice sized jet to somebody’s stolen stamp collection. There was some nice art, construction equipment, all kinds of electronics, weapons, high end cars and even a beachfront property in the Caymans. All purchases were guaranteed by the site. There was nothing that really interested her. They lived comfortably enough and didn’t need anything fancy. Although she did come across a 16th century rococo vase she liked. It was a Limoge, white and blue, with complicated floral designs. It was going for \$16,000 plus delivery.

It would look nice filled with colorful flowers in the little foyer they had by the front door. But it would stand out like a sore thumb amongst their other modest furnishings. Anyway, they would need all the money they could get when Jimmy, Sr. got out of the joint in three years if he made his first parole date. He had big plans that would require a big investment.

Ma stayed away from the “services” site, she had no interest in any of that shit even though it was nice to know it was out there if you needed it. Likewise the pharmaceuticals site. Sure, those guys lived high on the hog for a few years, but all that cash eventually made them sloppy and they either got caught or some other outfit busted them up. That was where she bought the candies that Jimmy used. She had bought a box of 500 so that she would only have to buy it once. She also bought a box of decoys so that Jimmy could eat one first to show the girl they were all right and impose on her a sense of obligation.

She closed the site and called up the video of the girl. She had had the camera on during her practice sessions. She might use a still from them when she put the final sales package together. She sipped her whiskey as she watched. It warmed a place in her loins that was responding to the girl’s sways and self-caresses. “I might be old,” she said to herself, “but the oven still works.”

She finished up her snack and put her plate and glass in the kitchen sink. She looked out the window. The sky had grown ominous and she saw a flash and heard a crack of thunder about 5 seconds later. She hoped that Jimmy got home before the storm hit big. She worried about him on nights like this since he drove, when there was no girl in the car, like his father did, foot to the floor and easy on the brake.

The whiskey had hit the spot and that little burn she had gotten in her loins from watching the girl perform had heated up. It was about time to go and quench her pussy's thirst.

When she came into the room the girl was, of course, still where she had put her. She peered out through the top of the cage, over the bed. There was little chance the girl didn't know what was coming next. She had probably been fretting about it ever since Ma had left her there. Her profile stolen from her psychologist's files had revealed a slight homophobia. Well, she would have to get over it.

Ma stopped at the dresser. There was a mirror over it. She glanced at her image. She had been quite a looker in the old days, but time was a ravager and now she looked pretty rough, as even she had to admit. It helped with working with the girls, but there was still a side of her that regretted the loss of her appeal. She had been big boned in the old days, and ever since she had turned 30 her body had begun to bulk up. It hadn't helped that before they got into their current line of work, started by Jimmy, Sr. before he got pinched by the feds for a bank job he had done in Philadelphia, she had worked for almost 10 years on the production line of the local GM plant. All that lifting and carrying had built her upper body up to what it was today. She did some weightlifting now and some aerobics to keep up her body mass.

She pulled the pins from the bun at the back of her head and let her hair drop free. She picked up the brush and brushed it out until it was hanging free down to just below her shoulders. Her brown hair was streaked with grey. Not too bad though, considering her age and all. The loose hair took away a little bit of the harshness of her face. She put down the brush and opened the third drawer down of the four drawer dresser and pulled out a jumble of straps. She put them on the bed.

When she stepped up to the cage, the girl had tears in her eyes and was looking up at her sadly. In the beginning, when Jimmy Sr. was running the place, she had had some bad moments when she thought of what they were doing to the girls and all. But that had passed, especially when she saw the money rolling in. Jimmy had liked to take nice vacations and was a big spender and a gambler so they didn't really start saving until he went off to do his 12 year bid. She still had

some sympathy for them and didn't like to torment them beyond what was necessary, but they all needed a big shot to get started down the road to subservience so some roughness was essential. Besides, fear kept them cowed and hesitant to incur her wrath.

Like now. She was going to open the girl's cage. She had probably been mulling over whether she should spring to the attack as soon as it was open. Her hands weren't tied and it was a good opportunity. But she doubted she would do it. Violence was far from second nature to these girls and the consequences of failure would be in the forefront of this one's mind. Besides, she would like to see her try. A few of the girls over the years had gotten up the nerve to attack her. One had clocked her on the head with a chair requiring several stitches. But even that hadn't caused her to go down. The girl had been severely and properly punished over several days and then shipped off like all the others.

Ma was right about what Randi was thinking. She had been thinking about it for the last hour or so. Time was running out. She could just feel it. Wherever she got sent after she had been sold, there would probably be iron tight security. She would be valuable property and no insurance policy would cover her loss. Now was the time she had to make her move. And now is when her hands were free and she might be able to launch a sneak attack.

Her leash was in a little pile on the bed. If she could stun the old woman and then get it around her neck she could strangle her. She would take her chances with Jimmy upstairs. The electric prod they used against her, last time she saw it was leaning up against the wall in the main room. She could use that as a weapon. All she needed to do was to get out of the house and she was sure her adrenalin would carry her away speedily, too fast for Jimmy to catch her.

So Ma unlocked the cage. She swung the cage open. Randi tensed her legs, ready to spring. And then she looked at her. She was twice her size with muscles like a man. The way she had brushed out her hair made it hang in frizzy curls, making her seem even more witch-like than before. And the eyes, the eyes looked like she knew what she was thinking. She looked ready for anything Randi might do.

“Move! Move! Move!” she screamed inside. But her legs were frozen in place. The swelling in her hands had gone down, but she still remembered the vicious pain. Ma had given her a slap that had rocked her teeth when she first saw her. She had prodded her repeatedly with the electric wand. She had promised cruel, medieval type tortures if she didn’t cooperate. She was mean as a cougar.

“Give me the ice bag, cumbucket,” Ma snarled.

Randi had let it lie on the floor of the cage. Gingerly, hardly daring to take her eyes off of her oppressor, she reached down for it and just as gingerly handed it up. Ma took it from her roughly, stepped back and put it down on the dresser. She stepped back to the cage. Randi was still crouched in it. But now she was shaking with fear. If the old woman had read her mind, and her beady eyes seemed to pierce her brain as if she could, then maybe she was in for a whole world of trouble. She definitely wasn’t going to move until she was told to. All of her fortitude had left her. Just the sound of the old woman’s voice was enough to remind her of the futility of any attack.

Ma towered over her. “What’s the matter, cumbucket?” she taunted her. “Don’t you want to try your luck with me? Come on, give it a try. I’ll even stand back so you can get a good jump at me. Wanna try it? What’s the matter? Are you chickenshit?” She took two steps back.

Randi’s body was shaking. She had read her mind! She could read her mind! She shook her head from side to side violently.

“Look, asswipe,” Ma said, “I’ll even turn my back on you. Like this.” She turned so that she was facing away from the cage. “Come on, shit for brains. You won’t get a better chance. Or are you just a chickenshit little pussy, too scared to try to save your own life?”

Coldness swept through Randi’s body. “Yes! I’m a coward! I’m a coward! I can’t do it! I can’t! Oh, god, please help me! Please! Please! Please!” Outside the small windows of the basement room, the storm had arrived. There was a bright flash around the edges of the blackened windows and a second later a loud crackle of thunder. It seemed like it was just outside the house. “Outside! Outside!” Randi thought. She had almost

forgotten that there was an outside. If only she could see it, believe that she had not been transported to hell itself.

“You’ve got ten seconds, shitbird,” Ma said gaily. “Then I’m going to turn around and your last chance will be gone! One,...Two,...Three,...”

Randi listened to the woman count slowly to ten. She looked at the leash on the bed. She looked at Ma’s back. It would only take a second to leap out, grab the leash and circle it around her neck. The she would pull, pull, pull, until her face turned red and she died the dirty death that she deserved! “Go! Go! Go!” she shouted to herself. But her legs wouldn’t move. They were frozen in place. “Now! Now! Do it! Do it!” she screamed inside. But each time she made an effort to launch herself a torrent of fear would pass through her body, seize her brain, turn her legs to jelly. Tears were streaming down her face. She felt sick, a sourness roiling in her belly. And cold! Cold! Cold! Cold! She just couldn’t do it, even to save her own life.

“Ten!” Ma announced. She turned quickly. Her eyes put forth their powerful beams of soul crushing venom. “Too late, cumbucket,” she said sarcastically. “You’re a cowardly sack of shit, did you know that?” she demanded.

Randi was sobbing. She shook her head ‘no’.

“But you know it now, don’t you?” she barked out.

Randi nodded her head dismally.

“You deserve to be a slave, shitbird!” Ma spat at her. “You deserve everything that you’ve got coming to you! As the years go by you will think of this moment and you’ll remember that you chose to be a slave rather than show a single ounce of courage!”

Ma’s words pierced her heart. Yes, she would remember it. She would remember it all of her days. There was now no question in her mind that her fate was sealed. That she would be the most obsequious, abject slave that ever lived. She would do anything and everything that she was told rather than experience pain. Maybe Ma was right, maybe she deserved to be a slave!

“Okay, shitbird,” Ma spat out, “get out of the cage on your hands and knees. Then I want you to turn around, get up on your knees, spread your legs and put your hands behind your back. Let’s move, shitbird, playtime is over.”

Sobbing, Randi did what she was told. She spread her legs as best she could with the manacles on her ankles. She knelt there while Ma retrieved the knot of straps she had put on the bed. Then she crouched down behind her. Randi felt a belt or something go around her right thigh, high up. Ma buckled it tightly closed. There was something hanging off of it. She did the left thigh as well. She grabbed her right arm and brought it to her side, holding it between her elbow and her hand. She felt something click around her wrist. Ma did the other one. She went to the bed and turned down the top sheet, all the way to the foot of the bed. She tossed the leash onto the floor. Then she said to Randi, "Get up on the bed, cumstain, and assume the position."

Randi, with some difficulty, rose to her high heeled feet. Her hands were confined to her thighs by short chains, about 12" long. She crawled onto the bed sadly, placed her head on the mattress, arched her back and spread her legs as far as she could. She felt Ma removing the manacles on her ankles. She gave her a fierce slap on the rump and told her to spread her legs wider. She spread them further apart, her rear cheek burning, conscious of the exposure of her hairless quim. Ma's hand dribbled across it and she muttered, "Good girl."

She heard the sounds of Ma removing her clothing, the sound of cloth sliding across flesh. Ma sat on the bed to remove her boots. She stood up again and Randi had a mental image of her removing her underwear and it made her shiver. A drawer opened and closed. A few seconds later and there was a depression of the mattress behind her. She felt the heat of another body approaching hers.

Without the benefit of her hands, Randi's face was mushed into the bed. She was resting on her forehead. She made a small moan of unhappiness and bit down on her gag. "Why is this happening to me?" she demanded of the heavens. "Why?"

Ma took a moment to enjoy the vision of fine flesh before her. She didn't do any of the girls before Jimmy was sent off to prison, even though she knew that he did. He always had plenty left over for her. But after Jimmy was sent away there was no outlet for her needs other than the flesh of the young girls who passed through the house. She would never forget the first one, a lanky red head with little tea cup sized breasts. By the time

she had finished with her she had realized that she had been missing a delightful side of life all those years.

She kept the redhead for a couple of extra days and by the end had developed an intense affinity for the aroma and taste of an impassioned pussy and an appreciation for the difference between having a female's mouth at her loins and a man's. The men were forceful, demanding, insistent, as if driving a woman to climax was a test of their virility. The girls' mouths were more delicate, patient, obedient and, most importantly, knowledgeable. Once, that is, they understood that the relative pleasantness of the rest of their stay was dependent on their performance.

Randi trembled as she felt Ma's hands slip across her rump, and up over her back. Ma's hands might be rough, but her touch was light and soft. Randi could feel her naked belly and thighs rubbing up against her. She shivered and a coldness swept through her. It was as if she had become a prisoner in her body, a body anybody could do with as they wished. The image of the heavysset, gnarled old lady melded up against her soft, tender flesh ran through her brain. "Please don't let this happen! Please! Please! Please!" she called out in her mind.

Outside the storm had erupted in earnest and a hail of rain was splashing against the windows. It was as if she were in some B level horror movie. The atmosphere in the room was taut with drama as the thunder rolled over the house, like it was part of the script.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm, you're a very nice package, cumbucket," Ma said softly, or as soft as she could with her gravelly voice. "Your skin's so smooth and nice. It doesn't seem fair, does it, that you're all nice and tender and I'm like an old dishrag." Her hands kept drifting across Randi's back and rump, the pressure increasing from an almost dainty tickling to a real passion inducing caress.

Randi felt Ma's hand take hold of the ring in the back of her collar. Come on, get up," Ma ordered sternly. Randi followed the pressure of Ma's grasp and rose up on her knees. When she was all the way up, Ma's hands slipped around her hips, slid across her belly and took possession of her full, heavy breasts. Randi cringed as she felt the older woman's breasts press up against her back. She pulled on the chains that confined her

wrists to her thighs in a vain, but natural, attempt to block the capture of her femininities.

The hands, a woman's hands, the hands that belonged to her most vile oppressor, the hands of a conscienceless, sociopathic demon, grasped hard at her mounds, their fingers digging deep into her flesh. "Ohhhhh, yeah," Ma murmured. "These are the real things, honey. The real things."

Her grasp turned into a caress. She massaged them, now gently, kneading them. She cupped them from underneath and lifted them from her. She pushed them together, mashing them softly against each other and then slid her fingers to the nipples, tweaking them, at first, softly, and then pinching them slowly, gradually, harder and harder until a soft jolt of pain ran up into Randi's brain.

Her head was over her right shoulder. She placed her lips on Randi's skin, softly dragging her tongue along the ridge until it reached the underside of her collar. She did the other shoulder, her lips hot, her tongue active. She began to whisper sweet nothings into Randi's ears, "Ooooooooooh, what a sweet baby," she hissed softly. "What a good little girl. What a pretty, pretty, little baby. Mama's going to give you something nice, real nice. I'm going to make you squeal and moan."

Her right hand released its breast and drifted down Randi's tummy. Her belly flinched as the fingers drifted lightly across it. They went lower, lower, lower, until they dribbled across her mons, once, twice, three times, and then captured it.

As chagrined as she was at the assault of the monstrous woman, Randi's nerve endings were at a high pitch. She closed her eyes and bit on her gag in an effort to resist their demands for attention. She had always loved it when Stu had massaged her breasts, it made her belly warm and tingled in her pussy. It was no different now. And these hands were not the hands of a creature intent on merely warming her engine until her motor purred so that he could invade her with his prick. These hands seemed patient, crafty, intent on enjoying the feel of her spongy hardness, the heat and heft of her orbs. They were knowledgeable, remorseless hands that took pleasure in the possession of their property.

The hands, the hands, the hands, seemed to be everywhere upon her. Fingers were tickling the divide of her hairless quim.

A hand massaged and caressed her breasts, squeezing, massaging, teasing, pinching, sliding down her belly, caressing its softness and firmness and then rising up again. The heat of the body behind her radiated like a plinth against her back, along the backs of her thighs. The fat breasts were spongy and soft against her skin. The smell of arousal wafted through the small room. Although her mind fought and fought and fought against the simmering embers of passion within her, it was rapidly losing the battle. She bit against her gag, the brutal, rude, ruthless emblem of her mistress' will, the very embodiment of her enslavement. "Ohhhhhhhh, please, please stop! Pleeceeeeeease!" she begged the void.

For it was a void. She had pleaded and begged and prayed for redemption from her torments, but out there, where there was supposed to be grace and goodness and benevolence, where the nuns and her mother had always taught her that there would be an answer, there was nothingness. Her pleas faded into nothingness, like tears dripping into a huge, fiery, churning caldron, dissipating instantly and melding into the boiling broth within it.

The hand on her puss had probed beyond the outer lips and was slip-sliding its fingers along the interior of her slit. There was a faint, chimerous touch on her bud of pleasure, almost like it had never happened, like it was a figment of her imagination. It sent a tingling through her. And then it came again. And again. And again, each time more definite, more tangible. She wanted to shake her hips to dispel it, to ward it off like you would a fly, but she had no power to do so. She was being held tightly in her tormentor's grasp, immobilized, like the prey of an amoeba, being absorbed into her possessor's passion.

When the fingers of the hand slid easily into her hole, and then spread her moisture over her stiffened nubbin, circling it, pressing on it, nibbling on it, she released a moan of passion, a moan that erupted from deep within her, plowing past the levee of will with which she had surrounded it, breeching it, and spreading its ecstasy producing venom all throughout her body.

"That's the girl, that's the good girl," she heard Ma purr. "Oh, you're a slutty little shitbird," Ma whispered.

Suddenly then hand left her quim, the other hand forwent its caresses and she felt them press against her shoulders.

“Get back down, shitbird,” Ma spat at her. Randi suppressed a groan of unhappiness and obeyed, once more pressing her forehead and face against the mattress. She felt Ma creep back from behind her and her hand slip over her rump and slide over and around and then into her puss. Thick fingers entered her and began to stroke her, back and forth, back and forth. “Ohhhhhhh, you’re ready, shitbird,” Ma cooed. “You’re good and ready.”

The hand left her. Her pussy was burning. She heard Ma fumbling with something behind her. A few seconds later she heard the sound of a low buzzing. Ma crept up behind her again. Randi cringed, hoping beyond hope that it wasn’t what she thought it was, hopes that were dashed when she felt the cool object press up against her cunt.

“Hold still, shitbird,” Ma said. Her voice was hoarse, as if she were enveloped in passion. Randi quailed as she felt the thick, ribbed, vibrating prong enter her, slowly, slowly, slowly, until it filled her length and she could feel the old woman’s belly press up against her rump. Thunder and lightning crashed outside as if in emphasis of her degradation. As the prong began its motions, electrifying her innards, she issued another long, deep moan, one of surrender and helplessness and forlornity. “Oh, god!” she cried out within. “Oh, god! Oh, please, please stop it!”

Ma’s eyes rolled back as the infernal toy vibrated up against her well-used nubbin. Oh, it felt so good. A matching, throbbing prong had been slid into her own chasm and fucking the girl would almost be like fucking herself. She ran her hands over her captive’s ass, her back, her sides. She fucked her slowly, slowly, slowly, enraptured by the buzzing in her loins and the feeling of power it gave her to dominate the now moaning prisoner. Back and forth, back and forth she slid the prong while her hands wandered the tender flesh of her back and her rear mounds. The softness of the skin, the subservience of her victim, the dim light, the aura of their conjoined bodies, the sounds of her own sighs and moans, as well as the girl’s all combined to heighten her passion.

Ma sometimes thought better of their line of work. Someday they might get caught and she would spend the rest of her days a convict, among real criminals who had robbed and murdered

and sold drugs and done things even worse. For oddly enough, she did not think of herself as a criminal. She was merely providing a service, a service that had existed since the dawn of time.

It was true that her 'services' had the effect of dragging mostly innocent young girls to a harsh life of degradation and a cruel, cruel subservience. But the way she thought about it was like she was an agent of fate, like in the Greek myths, the facilitator of the girls' destinies. They were meant to be whores and the germ of their whoredom had been planted in them even before their infant eyes saw the light of day. It germinated within them, suppurating, growing like a demonic fungus, until the dark force achieved a kind of critical mass and their natures led them into Ma and Jimmy's hands.

Ma gave out a great, unrestrained moan. The girl was moaning too, moans tintured by piteous, feeble whines. Oh, it felt so good! She looked down on the servile flesh. A thousand pricks might well succeed her and the vision of the delectable body groaning and moaning, opening its cavities to possession by a long line of callous, remorseless masters, fueled her lust.

Yes, she sometimes thought of giving all this up, cashing in their bundle and living in some quaint cottage by the seashore, mellow and content and counting time as she progressed every day further along the road to decrepitude and death. But she knew she never would. It was like she had supped of some forbidden potion, had eaten of the fruit of knowledge, had opened a secret chamber and released a terrible, ecstasy producing fire that craved, demanded, compelled its constant feeding by the cries of woe, the tormented misery, the dismal hopelessness of young, vibrant, female life forces stripped of personhood.

Ma felt her lusts surging. She leaned over and pressed her breasts against the girl's back and increased the tempo of her thrusts. The girl was moaning loudly now, as loudly as she could through the cruel gag in her mouth. As the storm still roared outside, she felt like a demonic sorceress concocting a frenetic ritual in tribute to some vicious god. She could feel the swirl of mystical like forces surrounding them, building up, growing stronger and stronger by each moan and grunt and expression of unhappiness. The girl was her acolyte, dragged

from some abject village, taken prisoner and bound to her infernal will. Both acolyte and sacrifice, both vassal and vessel.

Suddenly the girl gave out a great groan and her body began to shudder beneath her. Her body was sleek with her sweat and the odor of excited pussies inundated with lust filled the room. Ma's climax was coming too. It was building, building, building. She was pounding at the girl's body while the buzzing on her clit sent a steady stream of exhilarating pleasure traversing her flesh. When it came, her body convulsed and she grabbed at the body beneath her. "Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah! Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried out.

The woman's cries pierced the lust filled fog that had descended over Randi's brain. She had fought and fought and fought to withstand the culmination of the passion being enforced upon her. The rasping of the rigid rod in her crevasse, its incessant, madness driving vibrations, had ignited a fulmination of lust within her. It scorched her inner being to realize the dearth of control she had over her pussy. It soured her belly to think of the harsh, hellish hag who was using her so ruthlessly, filling her with her will, driving her to a miserable ecstasy.

"No! No! No!" she cried out inside. "Stop! Stop! Stop! Please! Please! Please!" she prayed. But it was no good. It was like she was dangling from a precipice and beneath her was a river of fire. She was holding onto a thin vine she had grabbed as she had tumbled over the edge. And the woman was looking down at her, her fiendish eyes ablaze, a grotesque, demonic grin on her face as she sawed at the life preserving tendril with the sharp edged prong emanating from her loins. It sawed and sawed and sawed, sending fierce ripples of soul crushing pleasure through her. Her mind's eye watched as the sawing prong cut deeper and deeper into the vine with each stroke. She wanted to reach out and grab it, take hold of it and compel its stillness if only for a moment so she could catch her breath, reinforce her fortitude, stem the flow of fiery lava that was permeating her flesh, devouring her brain.

And then it snapped, the vine snapped and she began tumbling, tumbling, tumbling down into the magma of lust that flowed beneath her. A pendency so huge had built up in her

loins that's she knew once it exploded her mind would boil and churn and dissolve all of her personhood.

And then, as if a bolt of lightning from the storm outside had slithered in and struck her loins, her pussy began to convulse and contract and pulse and churn. She screeched as the poisonous pleasure rushed to fill every cell of her body. She wanted to scream out the misery of her loss, but all she could release were high pitched squeals, like a teapot which had reached the boil. She fell into the fire and it consumed her as the devilish, vibrating prong kept going and going and going.

Ma was on the boil too! A fierce need filled her. Her orgasm had fired up every cell in her body, releasing an insatiable need for more, more, more! She loosened the strap on the girl's gag and tore the penis like stem from her mouth. Then she pulled the prong from her belly and gave her rear a powerful, vicious slap.

"Roll over whore!" she yelled. "On your back! Now!"

It took a second or two for this command to pierce Randi's lust filled brain. The blow to her rear stung like she had been bit by a wasp and she screeched.

"I said now!" Ma roared again. She gave her another mighty slap and the girl howled. She lowered herself and frantically turned her body so that she was looking up at her tormentor. Her face was wild as if hell had loosened a demon on her. It was the very image she had imagined, the grotesque visage, the fiery eyes, the ghoulish grin.

Ma pushed her legs open and began to address the shuddering prong to her loins. A wave of misery flowed through the girl as she realized that her ordeal was to continue. Her brain filled with self-pity and despair and fear, fear of what the old woman was turning her into. She was sorry as soon as it happened, was mystified as to where it had come from, was convinced that it emerged from no volition of her own. It was as if her very soul, her essence, the life force within her had risen up and spoken.

"Please! No more! Please! Please!" she called out desperately.

Ma's eyes expanded as if she were about to transmogrify into a beast. Her lips quivered and her nostrils flared.

“Shut the fuck up, you stupid cunt!” she yelled. She reached out and gave Randi’s breasts a vicious slap. With her right, with her left, with her right and with her left again. All the power of her lust and rage went into them and Randi screeched and screamed and cried out as the blows drove thick, throbbing pulses of pain into her. “You’re just a fucking cunt!” she yelled. “A stupid, fucking, spineless piece of meat!” She grabbed her hair and shook her head wildly. “I’ll fuck you for ten hours if I want to! I’ll parade a hundred cocks through here and make you fuck and suck them all! You are property now and no one is ever going to give a fucking shit about what you think again! You hear me! You hear me, you stupid fucking cunt!”

Randi tried to nod her head in desperate affirmance, but the hand in her hair prevented her. She was bawling and sobbing voraciously. The enraged woman released her hair. She pushed her thighs as far apart as they would go and aligned the prong with her entrance. She gave the girl a fierce stare, a fiendish grin on her face, and then pushed the prong in.

She started pounding away at her pussy furiously. Immediately the nerve endings of Randi’s puss resounded with an exquisite protest. After the fifth or sixth stroke, her need was on her again, a need she despised and hated and cursed even as it fevered her brain. Ma leaned over, onto her. Their breasts mashed. Her breath was on her face. Her hands were in her hair, grabbing at it fiercely. Her lips came down onto hers, pressing against them and splitting them apart. A second later her tongue was inside her, thrusting and curling and swirling frenetically. Ma was pounding at her hips.

The heat of her mouth, the torment of her loins, the weight and force of her body, the demonic need of her oppressor unleashed a violent tremor within her and her pussy erupted yet again into turmoil. At each rabid contraction of her vagina she released a fevered groan into the old hag’s mouth. Her hands were spread wide, her fingers apart and if being stretched out by an invisible force. She tugged and yanked at her bonds, desperate to evict the remorseless, vibrating wand from her body. Her mind wanted to beg the firmament for mercy, for succor, for rescue, but the surging, forceful pleasures from her loins held dominance there, cutting her mental pleas short, as if strangled at birth.

Ma gave a great roar into her mouth. She was pressing her lips on hers fiercely, as if she were trying to force her whole body inside her. Her long, thick tongue had captured her own and mesmerized it into devilish dance. Now it was Randi's body and brain that screamed, "More! More! More!" And, as if demonic forces had been poised above her, awaiting her moment of weakness, awaiting the rent in her will, torn by her body's selfish needs, it poured into her, subsuming her, transmuting her now feeble resistance into a mighty wave of lust.

This supplication, alone out of the hundreds she had poured out to the void since her capture, was rewarded. Her pussy began to churn and pulse again. Her legs curled around the old woman's and tried to force her deeper and deeper into her chasm. Ma was thrusting and shuddering and groaning and grabbing so hard on her hair that she thought it would be torn out. The little room was filled with the cacophony of their lusts. And then, in synchronicity, like two combatants who had at the same instant reached the perigee of their resources, they both released mighty groans, their bodies went rigid and then they sagged into each other's, spent.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The faux cock continued to buzz in her pussy as Ma lay still upon her. It was buzzing in Ma's too and after a few moments she drew her hips back, reached her hand down and turned it off. Randi gave a sigh of relief.

Her mind swirled with self-approbation as she recalled her lustful display. Ma just looked down on her, a bright smile on her face. She stroked her head a few times and said, "You're a hot one, honey." She leaned down and gave her a messy kiss on the lips. Then she slipped the evil device from Randi's quim and rolled over onto her back beside her.

"That was just about all right!" she said enthusiastically. She reached down and unhooked the apparatus from her hips. Randi watched as she pulled the thick prong from her own pussy. Unlike hers, which now looked like a little girl's, Ma's cunt was strewn with wild, unruly brown hair. It was matted with their mutual discharge. She had a bright red tattoo of a little, mischievous looking devil holding a pitchfork on her hip just below her waist. Ma saw her looking at it.

"I got that at the State Fair back in '68 when I was 14," she said. "Pretty daring for its time, but nothing like you gals today. I'd say that about a third of the girls we bring through her nowadays have got a tattoo somewheres. Damn shame what some of them girls do. They don't think about what it'll look like when they're 50."

She raised her ass and drew the belt for the dildo device from around her hips and brought it down her legs. This was the first that Randi actually saw the old bird naked. Her breasts were large and full, but not droopy. They just hung a little low. Her belly had a small roll to it, nothing spectacular. Her thighs, pasty white like the rest of her were solid as rocks. And her shoulders were broad as a man's. Her wispy, dry hair, thin and brown with a tinge of grey, hung down to her shoulders.

When she pulled the straps from around her feet, she held up the twin pronged device to Randi. "Clean that off, cumbucket,"

she ordered sternly. Randi hesitated. My cum is on that thing, she thought. And worse yet, Ma's is on the other end. The prongs were black as night and had a slick sheen on them.

"You're already in deep shit, fuck brains, for speaking out a little while ago. I'd get busy sucking this thing if I were you," Ma warned nastily.

Randi raised herself quickly and leaned forward. Ma presented the prong to her lips and, when she opened them, slowly pushed it in. "Now get your lips down on it tight, shitbird," she said. "I want it clean as a whistle."

The prong spread her lips apart and filled her mouth. It was longer than the gag and the edge of it breached the entry of her throat, making her cough. She closed her mouth around it and held it tight while Ma drew it in and out. It was ribbed with thick veins and they trilled across her lips. She cringed at the musky taste. She couldn't tell which of the prongs had been in her and which in Ma and her stomach quailed.

When Ma was satisfied that the first prong was clean she presented the other to Randi's mouth. Obediently, she spread her lips as Ma ran it in, slipped it back and forth a few times against her tightened lips and then pulled it out. She wiped them dry with a tissue from the bedside table and then, after telling Randi to stay put, got up off of the bed and dropped the apparatus into the bottom drawer of the dresser. She had tossed her Winstons onto the dresser when she disrobed and she grabbed them now, shaking out a butt. She took hold of it with her lips and pulled it from the pack. She flicked the dark red disposable lighter and fired up her smoke. In the faint light, the flash of the lighter illuminated her face, casting dark, ominous shadows across it. She took a deep drag and then exhaled the grayish blue smoke into the room.

Randi couldn't keep her eyes off of her although repelled by what she saw. Her breasts were really big and flouncy, like some teenager's wet dream. There didn't seem to be hardly an ounce of fat on her. It was all muscle. She looked forbidding as hell. Randi realized now that she wouldn't have had a chance if she had jumped her. She would have tossed her around like a toy and then visited some fiendish retribution on her.

With the butt in her mouth, as she took her first, powerful drag, she looked hard indeed, like she had braved a thousand

travails and come out on top each time. Even at an unposed pause, when there was hardly any expression on her face at all, she looked like a ferocious rage lurked inside her. And she, Randi, was under her power. What chance would she ever have against her?

There was a narrow closet by the door and Ma opened it. She took out a glass tumbler and a half full, fifth bottle of Seagram's whiskey. With the cigarette dangling from her mouth like a cheap gangster's moll, she brought them both back to the bed and placed them on the small bedside table. She opened a small drawer and pulled out an ashtray. It was made of clay and roundish rather than round. Its color was lime green and the inside was bumpy and uneven. She saw Randi looking at it. "Jimmy made this in 3rd grade," she said, smiling. "Kinda cute ain't it."

She propped the pillows up on the bed against the headboard and then plopped herself back into the bed. She put the ashtray down on the bed next to her on her left. She placed the cigarette in the ashtray, picked up the whiskey and poured herself about 3 fingers' worth. She put the bottle back, took a long sip, sighed, and then put the glass back down on the table. She picked the cigarette back up and took another 'healthy' drag.

"Come on," she said to Randi, "scoot up here next to me."

Randi thought that there was nothing less that she would like to do. But she had heard what Ma had said about getting punished. And it wasn't so much what she said but the tone in her voice. She didn't want to make her any madder. She turned to her side as best she could with her hands still confined to her thighs. She edged her body over. Ma leaned down, placed her right arm under her shoulder and back and pulled her up so that she was scrunched up against her, her head about at the level of her bulging breasts and her legs pressed up against her thigh.

"That's good, get nice and comfy now," Ma crooned. "You're such a sweet little thing. I could eat you all up." Holding the back of Randi's neck in the crook of her powerful arm, she pulled her head closer, leaned over and planted a kiss on her lips. It was an insistent, forceful kiss and Randi had no choice but to spread her lips and let the woman's thick tongue enter her. She swirled it around Randi's mouth, twisting it against her own. She so much wanted to pull away, but there

was nothing she could do about it. She hated it, but the heat of the intruder twirled around her chest and descended to her loins.

Ma broke the kiss. "You're a tasty little cunt," she said smiling. She picked up her cigarette from the ashtray and took a deep drag. The cigarette smoke curled around her head as if she were being crowned by some demonic force. She blew the smoke from her lungs and sighed.

"My old man Jimmy would've gotten a kick out of you, that's for sure," she said kind of wistfully. "He'd have fucked you every which way but Sunday, cherry ass or no cherry ass. I'm going to enjoy having you around for a few days."

She pulled her head close again and gave her a thick buss on her lips. Then she pulled her tighter against her. She put the cigarette down and picked up the glass of whiskey. She took a pull and kept it in her left hand.

"Yeah, Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy," Ma said, sighing. "He's doin' a stretch now down in the Federal pen in Atlanta. That's Jimmy junior's dad you know. They look a lot alike, but Jimmy Sr. is a lot bigger, and, I have to say, a mite meaner too." She took another drink.

Randi's left breast was pressed against the bigger woman's side. The heat of her body was so repulsive to her that she felt like crying again. Her body reeked of sweat and pussy. She had realized that Ma was a sociopath, but here was a stark example of it. This minute she was making small talk to her like some kind of lover. A minute from now she might decide to mount her on the whipping stand in the corner and belabor her with the ferocity of a barbarian. She had said that she had earned a punishment. Just the thought of it and what it might be made her blood run cold.

"I was just 16 when I met Jimmy," Ma continued, talking to the ceiling more than Randi. "He was 24. He was known all round the county as a hell raiser and my friends said to stay away from him, but there were was something about him I couldn't resist. We run off that summer. He took me all over the place, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis. We'd hole up in some motel and he'd pull a few jobs and then we'd split. It'd be party city until the cash ran out and then we'd do it again.

"We headed out west. After about a year like that, I guess he got kind of tired of me. He sold me off to this Mex whorehouse

in Tucson. I learned a lot there I can tell you that. A year later or so, though, he came back for me. That old Mex that run the place didn't want to let me go. I was a big moneymaker. Jimmy set him straight and off we went again."

Ma took a deep pull on the whiskey. She put the glass down on the bed and picked up her cigarette and breathed it in. She stubbed it out in the ashtray and then picked up the glass and finished it off. Leaning over to her left, she put it down on the table. She had to release Randi to do it. She put three more fingers of whiskey in the glass, took a big sip and put it down. She turned back to Randi. She shuffled herself a little bit down on the bed, so that their bodies were almost even and snaked her arm around the back of Randi's neck again, pulling her close.

Randi was more or less lying diagonal on her side and Ma was poised over her. She ran her left hand down over her breasts and belly. Randi cringed at the touch. "Yeah, you're a nice one, honey," Ma said. "You're going to do real good, don't worry. Somebody's going to take real good care of you. And just think, you won't have to work; you'll probably get a lot of nice things to wear. Maybe some jewelry too. And you'll do a lot of fucking. It seems to me that's right up your alley."

At this prediction, Randi released a sob and started to cry in earnest. "I don't want to be a whore," she thought miserably. "Please let me go, please!" she begged inside.

Ma saw her tears. "Poor little girlie," Ma said sympathetically. She gave her a little kiss and squeezed her tight. "It'll be hard at first, but you'll get the hang of it," she continued. "All you got to do is look pretty, do what you're told and fuck like a Jezebel." She saw that that didn't make Randi any happier. She laughed. "Poor little girlie," she said again. She pulled her face over to her and kissed her on the eyes. Then she kissed her cheeks and then her lips. For a second, Randi felt oddly comforted by it. Then Ma forced her lips apart and invaded her mouth again. She kissed her deep and hard. Her left hand floated over her belly and pushed her thighs apart. She took hold of her mons and began to stroke it.

The kiss went on and on. The hand in her puss was stroking her between her labial lips and she could feel her juices begin to flow. The kiss, as repulsive to her as if she were being kissed by

a rat or a dog or something, nonetheless sent tendrils of passion through her. Her hands pulled at her bonds uselessly. Ma released her from the kiss and then leaned over and took each of her nipples into her mouth in its turn and suckled at them long and hard. Her finger had found her clit and she was teasing it, flicking her finger across it again and again with proficiency. Randi squirmed and closed her eyes. She gritted her teeth. But a fire was being lit down below and eventually she released a moan that she couldn't fight off.

Ma raised her head and laughed. "Yeah, you're going to have a hot time, honey," she said. Her hand abandoned its post. She took hold of the hair on the back of Randi's head and brought it forward. "Now you do mine, shitbird," she said. "Give 'em both a nice kiss."

Randi's stomach turned as she obediently subsumed the teat of one of Ma's heavy jugs in her mouth. She remembered the whips she had seen and the punishment she was owed. She kissed the nipple with as much fervency as she could muster. Ma's hand had a tight hold on her hair and was pressing her head down hard. Her breast was mashed up against her face. Ma held her there awhile. "Ohhhhhhhh, that's good. That's good," she said. And then after a while she said, "Now do the other one!"

She shifted her torso and moved Randi's head so that she could reach her left teat. Randi slipped it into her mouth. Ma's teats were long and thick. They were standing up thick like little pricks. Randi swirled her tongue around it, suckling hard. Her own pussy was purring. "Oh, please stop this! Please! Please! Please!" she thought.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh, honey, yeah!" Ma moaned. "You're good at this shitbird. I'll have to put it on your resume," she said breathlessly.

She pulled her head off of her teat and gave her another heavy kiss. Still holding onto her hair, she leaned over and got her glass again. Then she leaned back on the pillows and forced Randi to snuggle with her again.

She took a sip of the whiskey. "Mmmmmmmmmmm," she hummed, "that goes down good."

"So like I said, me and Jimmy hooked up again. I got to show him some of the stuff I'd learned. I was kinda sore about

bein' made a whore and all, but Jimmy was so nice when he wanted to be, and he fucked me so hard it made me cry. So I got over it.

"Jimmy's pa owned this place and we came to stay for a while. Jimmy had made a big score off a burglary he did so we got to lay low. I knew something funny was going on. They kept goin down to the basement and coming up hours later. Jimmy's pa would go out for a few days and come back in the middle of the night. Sometimes I heard what I thought was a girl crying. But I kept my mouth shut. Neither Jimmy nor his pa were guys you close questioned. One night I heard this awful ruckus and I went down the stairs. Seems they had these two girls tied up and all and Jimmy was fucking one of them. Pa had just finished giving the other one a fierce whipping and she was screaming and sobbing like all get out. Jimmy's pa was about to haul off and let me have one when Jimmy tells him it's okay, that I can take care of the girls and all from now on. So's that's how I got started. I got me a job on the line at the GM plant while Jimmy and his dad ran the business. I fed and cleaned the girls up at night."

Ma took a big pull off the whiskey. She hugged Randi a little bit closer. "They started out getting a girl every couple of months or so. They'd keep her down in the basement for a few weeks and then load her up in the trunk of Pa's Eldorado and peddle her somewheres. They never said where.

"This went on for a long time. Jimmy'd disappear for a while and Jimmy's pa would work it alone. Then he got a little old, with his rheumatism and all. Some girl bopped him on the head with a rock when he was making a snatch and got away. He was never the same after that.

"In between, I had Jimmy, Jr. It didn't seem right doing all that kidnapping and shit with a baby in the house. I was afraid I'd get sent away and he'd go to some foster home like I did. So everything kind of cooled off. When little Jimmy was 12, Jimmy got pinched for a job he did in Lewisville and he went off for 18 months. We got married first sos I could go visit and get conjugal and all.

"When Jimmy got out, Jimmy, Jr. was about 14. When he come home he started talking about this sweet set up. See the thing that really held Jimmy and his pa back was there were

only just so many places you could peddle pussy. There was plenty of pussy, but no place to offload it. Well Jimmy learned from a guy in the state joint about this organization that did all the distribution for you. You didn't have to peddle a girl from whorehouse to whorehouse lookin' for the right buyer who'd give you a fair price. You just put the girl's picture up on the Internet and, 'poof', in a few days you'd have a buyer. You dropped the girl off at a rendezvous point and, 'presto' the money'd show up in your account a few days later.

"Jimmy made the hook up with the organization. They checked him out and made sure he wasn't a fuck up. And then we got into the business again. This time the only limit was how fast we could pick girls up." She took a swig of the whiskey and then looked at Randi. "Girls like you shitbird. Stupid fucking girls who didn't know which end was up. But not all of em are as nice as you, though."

She gave Randi a squeeze. Randi was appalled at the callousness and the pervasiveness of the woman's evil. She thought of all those girls who had gone before her. It was like she had thought, Ma and little Jimmy had been doing this for a long time and never been caught. None of the other girls had escaped or apparently ever been heard of again. So if that was true, what chance did she have for escape? None!

She started crying again. Ma looked at her. "Poor little girlie," she said. She lowered her head again and took possession of Randi's mouth. She kissed her hard. Her tongue, like some evil pollywog, swirled round her mouth. Randi squirmed and tried to fight it off. Ma just took hold of her hair and held her head still. She broke the kiss, tossed back the rest of the whiskey and put down the glass, all the while still holding fast to Randi's hair, which she had left just long enough for this purpose.

She sidled down again. Randi was on her back, crying and Ma was on her side, her breasts poking into Randi's torso. Ma took hold of a breast with her left hand and started to massage it. "Don't give me all that crying stuff, shitbird," she said harshly. "It don't work with me. You're just a piece of meat I'm supplying and for a very good price too. You've got great tits, a pretty face and a nice body. But all that stuff don't belong to you no more. And right now it belongs to me. And don't be

such a hypocrite. You love being fucked. I seen you with Jimmy, fucking up a storm. And you didn't do too bad a little while ago neither. I bet I could have you moanin and groanin in a under a minute. Want to see me do it?"

Her hand ran down her belly and back up to her breasts. She stroked one and then the other. She leaned over and took possession of her mouth again. Her tongue inserted itself and began to swirl and dance. Randi tried to lie there passively. But the hand and the tongue and the hot body next to her wouldn't let her.

The hand slid down her belly again and this time kept going. It found her puss and began to stroke it. It only took a few seconds for her divide to get slick. Ma slipped and slid her fingers along her gash, rubbing them over her little nubbin again and again. Randi's knees were spread wide and she yearned to pull them together, to deny the woman her prize, but she was too frightened to do it. The tongue just kept swirling and dancing and the hand just kept stroking and petting. She could feel her blood getting higher and higher. It was so awful to be denied the use of her hands, which kept fruitlessly straining at their confining chains, desperate to ward off the evil women's touch.

Ma broke their kiss, but her hand was as active as ever. "So you don't think you're a whore, shit bird?" Ma said acerbically. "You're a good little girl that went to Catholic school and took First Communion in your pretty, little white dress? You're not just a slut waiting to happen? Okay, okay, see if you can stop me from making you come. If you're such a nice, good, wholesome girl, you oughta be able to stop that, right? So just try. Let's see how long you last."

Randi's mind revolted at Ma's taunts. "I'm not a whore! I'm not! I'm not!" she thought. She closed her eyes and tried to concentrate, to offset the drumming of Ma's fingers on her purse. "Go away! Go away! Go away!" she told the feelings that were creeping up her loins. It was as if some kind of disease was spreading out along her body from her cunt. She had to push it back! She had to! Because she knew that once the disease had encompassed her she would be lost and everything that Ma had said would be true.

But it kept spreading and spreading. It was inching up her belly and down her thighs. Ma leaned over and took a breast in her mouth. She suckled hard on her teat, sending a message of welcome to the advancing tide. She did the other and Randi had to struggle hard to keep back a moan. She raised her head and captured her lips again and thrust her tongue deep in her mouth.

In the meantime, the hand just kept stroking and petting and caressing. A finger dawdled over her love bud and started flicking at it *rápidamente*. A trilling vibration was sent out from her pussy that flowed through her body out to the tips of her fingers and the end of her toes. She squirmed and curled her back digging her high heels into the mattress. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" she cried inside.

Ma broke their kiss again. "How's it going shitbird?" she asked tauntingly. And then harsher, "Open your eyes when I'm talking to you, cumbucket!" she snarled.

Randi opened her eyes. She saw the face of her tormentor six inches or so away from hers. She could smell the whiskey and cigarettes on her breath. Her pussy was growing hotter and hotter. The disease had reached her breasts and down to her knees. "No! No! No! No!" she thought desperately.

Ma was smiling at her now. "Come on, shitbird," she said, cooing. "You know you can't fight it. You're just a slutty little whore who can't resist it when anyone touches her cunt. In fact that just what you are. You're just a transport system for a cunt. A red, hot steaming cunt that owns your soul. Your cunt is all that you are. A cunt! Just a big cunt walking around and talking like a human being. Come on, cunt! Come on and give it to Mama!" she challenged her, her hand busily active, driving her passion. "You know you want it! Just let go and let your cunt take command! You can do it!"

"No! No! No! No!" Randi cried out inside. Tears were flowing down her face. She was sobbing. Her mind was in turmoil. And her pussy was growing more and more demanding. The border of its dominion had spread across her chest and down to her ankles. Her thighs were shuddering and her heart was beating like a big bass drum. She could feel the oozing product of her whorish cunt spreading up over her chin. It covered her mouth and she found she couldn't breathe. The hand just kept going and going, stroking, petting, fingers

thrusting madly in and out of her chasm, fingers circling and teasing and pinching her clit.

The miasma crept up to her eyes. She tried to keep them open, but the slime generated by her loins spread over them and despite Ma's command, closed them. Her orgasm was seconds away! She could feel it growing and growing and growing in her loins. She reached down into her very depths and drew out all the strength she possessed to fight it. A great groan emerged from her belly, rampaged through her chest and erupted from her mouth. The disease had covered all of her except for a little spot on the top of her head and the tips of her toes. Her toes curled in her high heeled sandals in self-defense. The heels dug into the bed. Her back arched. Her brain froze. And then it came.

"Auuuuuuuugh! Auuuuuuuuuuugh! Auuuuuuuuuuugh! Auuuuuuuuuuugh!" she screamed as her pussy commenced a riotous series of convulsions and contractions. Ma was running two of her thick fingers in and out of her depths while her thumb was flicking at her electrified clit.

"Auuuuuuuugh! Auuuuuuuuuuugh!" she continued to cry. It went on and on. She couldn't breathe. Her brain was boiling. Her whole body shuddered and convulsed. Her pussy just wouldn't stop, egged on by the cruel, remorseless, expert hand that was tormenting her.

"Auuuuuuuugh! Auuuuuuuuugh! Auuuuuuuuugh!" she cried out again.

And then it wound down. Her pussy tired. Her muscles relaxed. Her toes uncurled and her back lost its arch. Ma was stroking her pussy lightly, easing out a few last pleasure giving spasms.

Ma released a belly laugh. "You're too much, shitbird!" she said. "You come like a freight train, but you don't think you're a whore. Well, good luck with that. Come and see me in a few years and let me know how that works out." She laughed again. She released Randi's pussy and rolled back to her pillows. She poured herself another whiskey and lit a smoke. Randi felt like rolling up into a ball and dying. A torpid gloom had descended upon her. Just a day ago she had been a free person, able to do

what she wanted when she wanted and with whom she wanted. Now she was being turned into a whore.

Strange, cruel people had possession of her. And tomorrow, or the next day, or the day after that, they were going to sell her to some other strangers. Strangers who would beat her and whip her and do all kinds of cruel things to her if she didn't do what they wanted. They would make her fuck and suck and do every nasty thing you could think of and she would have to obey them to the letter. And there was no way to avoid her fate. There was nothing she could do to save herself. And the likelihood of anyone else coming to save her was nil, nada, nothing.

And her cunt! Her cunt had betrayed her! Her cunt was evil and vicious, selfish and salacious. Ma was right! All anyone had to do was touch it, give it a little tickle to wake it up and it would grow to demonic proportions and subsume her whole body, her brain, her soul, everything. She suddenly felt like the loneliest person in the whole world.

Ma snaked her arm around the back of her neck again and drew her close. Her cigarette was down in the ashtray and she had her whiskey in her hand. "Come on, snap out of it!" she said not quite harshly. "Bein' all sad and depressed ain't goin' to help you one bit. You're a whore now and there's nothing you can do about it. You oughta be grateful you've got such a great snapper. At least when they fuck you you'll get something out of it. Here, take a drink."

She leaned over and put the edge of the glass to Randi's mouth. Randi kept her lips pressed together, the saddest, most forlorn look that ever existed on this earth on her face.

"Open up, shitbird," Ma said curtly. "When I say have a drink, you drink, got that?"

Sadly Randi nodded her head. She opened her lips. Ma began to pour the golden liquid into her mouth. She tilted her head back to take it. Her mouth came alive as it entered. She tried swallowing a little bit of it, but it just kept coming and coming. Her throat burned. Ma had the glass tilted all the way up. Randi opened her throat and it came pouring down. She started coughing and gagging. The glass was taken away. "That's the stuff," Ma said gleefully.

She leaned over and poured herself a replacement. "Okay now, shitbird," she said when she leaned back, "you've got

some work to do.” She took hold of her hair and began to pull it. “Get in between my legs and lie on your belly.”

A pit opened in Randi’s stomach as she realized what was going to happen next. The liquor had gone right to her head and she felt dizzy. She let the hand lead her and she crawled over Ma’s thigh as best she could with her hands still confined. She lay down on her stomach, her high heeled feet dangling over the edge of the bed. Her mouth was about a foot away from Ma’s twat. She could smell it. A chill went through her.

Ma rearranged the pillows behind her and she leaned back and spread her thighs. Her pussy was pointed at a slight upwards angle. “Get closer, shitbird,” Ma snapped.

Reluctantly, sadly, Randi scooted herself up the bed until she had to lift her head to prevent making contact with the cruel woman’s loins.

“Okay, shitbird,” Ma said. “You know what to do. And you better put your all into it or I’ll fuck you up good.”

Randi’s mouth released a whine. She looked at the beast in front of her. She hadn’t seen another woman’s pussy up this close since that time with Gwen in sophomore year. But Gwen’s was nice and clean and soft and she had downy brown hair over and around it. Ma’s cunt was fat and had slimy, wet, wrinkled skin in between her labia. Her hair was snarly and matted. Her hole, open and yawning, stared at her like the den of a serpent ready to jump out and sink its deadly fangs into her face.

She reached forth tentatively. Cringing with revulsion, she stuck out her tongue and began to lightly stroke the inner lips. The scent of Ma’s arousal was overwhelming. Lying flat on her belly like this, her hands chained to her thighs, she felt like all there was to her was her head, the only part that could move. Her tongue recoiled at the taste. “How am I ever going to do this?” she asked herself.

Suddenly Ma sat up. Randi sensed her moving. She leaned over her and then a fierce pain erupted on her buttocks. Ma reared her hand back high and slapped her again and again and again, making the mattress shake, pounding into her rear globes. Randi screamed with pain and shock. Her back side burned like someone had set fire to it.

“You better get to work you fucking stupid cunt!” Ma screeched out. “I’ll whup you till the cows come home! You’ll be begging to lick my pussy when I’m through with you! Now get started and don’t let me have to tell you again!”

She leaned back. Randi was sobbing. She darted her tongue forward and made hard contact with the musky aromaed flesh. She pushed her face forward so that her nose was butting up against Ma’s belly, just over her stiffened clit and she licked and licked and licked. She licked down to the bottom and up again. She licked all over the sides. She steeled herself and slipped her tongue into the hole and twirled it around, mashing her face into Ma’ mush. She gave Ma’s cunt a long lap and ran her tongue over her nubbin.

Ma sighed. “Ohhhhhhhh, that’s better shitbird,” she said softly. “Go real slow, we’ve got plenty of time.”

Randi heard Ma light another cigarette and the odor wafted over her. Ma’s thighs were spread wide and her breathing was heavy. She was releasing a humming sound, and every once in a while a languorous sigh. Randi captured her pinky sized clit with her mouth and suckled on it gently. Ma placed a hand on her head and released a groan.

She went on and on. Her tongue was getting tired, but she knew that she dared not falter. Her face was wet with Ma’s discharge. The odor of passion was overwhelming.

Ma started to grind her pussy against Randi’s face. She had apparently abandoned her cigarette as she had placed both hands now on her head, pressing her in and guiding her up and down. “Ohhhhhhhh, yeah,” Ma groaned. “Ohhhhhh, that’s it! That’s it! Put it in my hole! Swish it around! Lick the top, yeah, yeah, like that! Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, yeah,” she moaned. “Suckle my clit! Harder! Harder! Now flick it with your tongue! Faster! Faster! Ohhhhhhhh, god!” she moaned again.

Randi felt sick and gross and fervently dismayed at how Ma was using her. She had a hard grip on her head now and was pushing her face down hard on her cunt, sliding it up and down and pressing her mouth on her clit. Her knees came together, capturing her shoulders between them. She ran her heavy feet up and down her back. Her groans and moans were getting louder. Her hips were grinding at her face. Her hands were

grasping tightly at her hair as if she were afraid that her head was going to fly away.

“Oh fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” Ma shouted out. “Ohhhhhhh, suck it, you fucking cunt! Suck it harder! Harder! Ohhhhhhhhh, you cunt! You fucking cunt! Give it to me! Give it to me! Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Oh yeah!” Ma shouted at the top of her lungs. And then, “Auuuuugh! Auuuuuuuugh! Auuuuuuuugh!” each time longer, and then, “Augh! Augh! Augh! Augh!” a dozen or more times, pressing her pussy and Randi’s face together so hard that Randi, for a moment, was afraid she was trying to stuff her inside.

And then she fizzled down. She kept rubbing Randi’s face up and down over her pussy, but the pressure had relented and her motions were slowing. Finally, she stopped. She paused as if taking a deep breath. Then she pulled on Randi’s hair, urging her upwards.

“Come on up here and give Mama a big kiss,” Ma said. She pulled Randi up between her legs as Randi struggled to keep up with the pressure on her hair. When she was lying flat upon her body, breasts against breasts, belly against belly, Ma pushed her head forward and placed her lips on Randi’s. She forced them open and her tongue swirled inside. Ma moaned and she circled her left arm across Randi’s back, pressing them closer. Her right hand pushed on her buttocks, forcing their pussies to rub together. She circled her legs around Randi’s thighs and held them close.

Randi felt like she had been enveloped by a beast. She whined and gurgled as the tongue assaulted her and she strained against the mighty limbs that were holding her close. Ma’s body was hot and soft and hard, and each point of contact, all along her body it seemed, reciprocated. Ma was sweaty and slick and her breasts were two lumpy mounds against her chest. Her slimy pubic hair slid across her now bare puss as Ma rotated her hips, frictioning their pussies together.

She was disgusted with herself by the obsequious way she had lapped at her tormentor’s loins. Her face felt slimy and dirty and she was overwhelmed with self-pity. The pressure of Ma’s mighty breasts against hers, the strangeness of their pussies rubbing together, the tightness with which she was

being held, the heat of Ma's ample, hard flesh, the fiendish, hot tongue in her mouth, all combined to make her head swoon.

Never, ever, ever, ever in her life had she thought that something like this would ever happen to her. She knew that being sexually assaulted by men was one of the risks every woman ran. Darla Gibbons had been attacked last year as she was getting out of her car at her house and dragged into the bushes. She had never been the same afterwards.

Yes, she knew that she was running those risks, like every other girl in the world. But this? To be captured and forced into being a sex slave? To be sold like an animal? To be assaulted by a 200 pound woman old enough to be her mother? To be electrocuted and tied up and all the rest? Never! Never! Not even in a fantasy! And now here she was! She had lost everything she had in the world, her past, her present and her future. All that was left was her uncontrollable pussy! They could have it! They could cut it out and have it, if only they would let her go! "Oh God, please! Please! Please help me!" she thought madly.

Ma relaxed her grip and released their kiss. "Oh, you honey," she said. She stroked her hair. "You've got a great mouth. You were made to be a whore. But now Mama's got some things to do. Slide off and get into your position."

She pushed Randi's body off of hers and got out of the bed. Randi, tearfully, sorrowfully, got up on her knees, spread her legs and placed her head on the mattress. She raised her hips and arched her back as she had been told. Her elbows were drawn back behind her by her thighs as if she were about to take off into flight.

The overhead light went on, filling the room and making it as bright as day. The storm outside had diminished and there was only a light tapping of rain on the window. She listened as Ma pattered about the room, conscious of her proffered sex, her disobedient cunt. Ma turned out the little lamp, dumped the ashtray into a lidded, silver waste can and put it back into the drawer and picked up the glass and bottle and restored them to the closet. Then there were the sounds of her getting dressed behind her. She heard cotton sliding on skin. She felt the bed depress as Ma put her shoes and socks back on. Ma got up and a few seconds later she heard the sound of her brushing her

hair. She was humming some kind of tune, obviously pleased with the way things had turned out.

There was silence for a while as if Ma were looking at her. Randi wanted to shrivel up and blow away. She felt the eyes, hostile, hungry eyes scouring over her flesh. Ma came around and sat on the bed to her right, their hips about even, Ma facing the foot of the bed. She felt Ma's arm circle her waist from above as she slid herself closer. Then her other hand ran over her rear mounds, stroking them, caressing them. The hand descended to her pussy and began to stroke it. There was a deadly silence in the room as Ma's fingers played with her flesh. She felt her slickness as Ma ran her fingers up and down her slice.

There was nothing in the world but her pussy and Ma's hand on it. Randi cringed and shuddered as she felt the tingle of her arousal. Ma gently, but firmly insinuated two of her fingers into her chasm, slowly, slowly, slowly, waiting patiently for it to expand. Then she ran her fingers back and forth, again and again until finally Randi moaned. Ma laughed. "You are such a slut!" she said. "Don't worry, we're not done yet, not by a long shot. Just for now. Next time I'll lick your pussy until you crawl up the walls and beg for mercy." She gave her ass a big swat that stung and burned. "Okay, cumbucket," she said. "On your belly."

Sadly, Randi maneuvered herself until she was on her stomach. Ma went to the end of the bed and she felt the manacles attach to her right ankle. "Move your legs together, whore," Ma spat out. Randi complied and, to her sorrow, her legs were bound together again with the 18" long chain.

Ma climbed onto the back of the bed and shuffled herself forward until she was sitting on the back of Randi's legs. She felt her right hand released from its chain and the belt undone around her thigh. Then she did the left one. It felt so good to have her hands free. But it was only momentary.

"Put your hands behind your back, dipshit," Ma said curtly. A hole opened in Randi's chest as she moved her hands behind her and crossed them obediently. As she felt the leather going around them a wave of woe went through her. She buried her face in the bed.

Ma shuffled herself further up, until she was sitting on the top of her thighs and reached forward for something. A hand went in Randi's hair and her head was pulled back. "Open up, shitbird," Ma spat out. Disconsolate, her lips quivering, Randi opened her mouth. The business end of the gag traversed her lips and went to the back of her mouth, pressing against her throat. Her head was pushed down and she felt the straps being fastened tightly behind her. It seemed that Ma gave them an extra hard yank as the shield of the gag jammed hard against her lips and the prong seemed to edge a little deeper. Ma tapped her head playfully. "There, that oughta do ya," she said merrily.

She slid herself off and then ordered Randi to her feet. She made her stand over by the cage while she put away the straps and then straightened out the sheet. She pulled the top sheet up and folded it back neatly. She plumped up the pillows. She gave a look around the room. She spotted the leash on the floor. She picked it up. She was standing by the dresser. "Come here, dickwad," she said.

Randi sadly shuffled herself over. Ma snapped the leash to the front of her collar. Randi looked to her right. She saw herself in the mirror. Her beloved hair was gone. Half her face was obscured by the dark brown leather shield of the gag and it was pressed so hard against her lips that it made her cheeks bulge out. Her eyes were red from crying and her makeup was all smeared. There was a collar around her neck and a leash was attached to it. It made Randi so sad that her knees felt like they were going to give way. Ma crept into the mirror next to her.

"See, like I told you, a whore. Only a fucking stupid, cuntlicking whore would look like that." She flicked a finger at her nose. "Maybe your new owner will give you a fat little ring here so he can lead you around by it or use it to chain you to the floor. Or maybe he'll tattoo something appropriate on your forehead like 'slut' or 'whore' or 'please put your dick in my mouth'." Ma laughed. Ma tousled her hair. Randi saw her reflected eyes fill with tears. "Poor little girlie," Ma said as she laughed again. And then she gave the leash a tug. "Come on, fuckbucket," she ordered.

She led her to the door and unlocked it with the key from the pocket of her dress. She tugged her into the hall and then closed the door and locked it. She led her to the bathroom, which she

unlocked and brought her in. She sat on the pot first, drawing down her old lady's underwear and jetting her piss noisily into the bowl. Then, after reaching behind and wiping herself, she made Randi get on. Randi was glad of the opportunity to release her water. Whatever was going to happen next, she was sure she was going to be affixed to something or caged, or maybe hogtied in the blue room, as she thought of it. Then she would beg to be able to piss.

Ma wiped her, dropped the paper in the toilet and flushed it. She washed her hands and then led Randi back into the hallway. Randi shuffled after her dolefully.

She brought her to the bottom of the stairs. Randi looked up. There lies freedom, she thought. "If only I could think of a way to get there."

Ma centered her under the place where she had been when she first came down the stairs. She told Randi not to move a muscle. There was an old stained bureau in the hall. Ma opened a drawer and pulled out a rope and a bar. Randi was staring straight ahead and could not see her.

She tossed the rope onto the floor and then crouched down by Randi's feet. She undid the manacles and tossed them aside. "Spread your legs, shitbird," she said churlishly. Randi spread them a few feet apart. Ma gave her ass a fierce swat. "Ooooooooooummmmmmmpf!" Randi screeched.

"Further apart, dickface!" Ma shouted.

Tearfully, Randi obeyed. Her legs were splayed wide, about 4' apart. She felt something cold attach to her right ankle. Then Ma took hold of her left ankle and drew it a few inches more apart. Then something cold attached to her left. Randi looked down and saw that Ma had affixed a spreader bar to her. Her heart went cold.

Ma picked up the rope and tied one end around her wrists tightly. Then she looped the other end through the rafter above her. She tugged hard on the rope and Randi's wrists went high up on her back. She squealed. She was bent over, leaning forward. Ma tied the other end of the rope off. She picked up the manacles and put them on the bureau.

Then she came back. She came in front of her. Randi raised her head and looked at Ma piteously. Ma played with her dangling breasts a bit, cupping them in her hands and tossing

them up and down. Then she pinched the nipples so hard it made Randi screech. Ma laughed and tapped her on the cheek. "Poor little girlie," she said, smiling. "You've got a punishment coming. Bad little girlies who don't do what their told have to be punished. Stupid, cuntlicking, dickbrained cunts like you get punished when they open their fucking mouths!" Her voice was getting louder and louder and her outrage greater and greater. "Dumb fucking cunts who get themselves caught don't have the right to open their fucking mouths and talk like a human being!"

She grabbed her hair and shook her head. "Are you a dumb fucking cunt who got herself caught?" she shouted.

Randi, tears flowing, did her best to nod 'yes'.

"Are you a human being?" she shouted again.

Misery flowed through Randi's veins like a sickness, permeating her whole body. Was she a human being? She wanted to scream, "Yes! Yes! Yes! I am a human being! You have no right to do this to me! Let me go! Now! Now! Now!" But she knew deep down inside that that would be wrong. She wasn't a human being anymore. They had stolen that from her. She was a slave, with no rights, no humanity, nothing!

Ma looked like she was about to explode. Quickly, Randi shook her head 'no'.

"That's right, dickwad!" Ma snapped back.

"And are you allowed to speak like a human being?" she queried angrily.

Randi, bawling, shook her head 'no'.

"And so when you speak and pretend that you're a human being you need to be punished, isn't that right?"

Panic had taken hold of her. Something terrible was about to happen! It was moments away! As soon as Ma stopped talking something awful was going to happen! She didn't want to be punished. She wanted to beg and plead and promise to be good. It didn't seem fair that she couldn't. But then again, that would be a human right. It would be the humane thing to do, to give her a second chance. But you didn't need to do humane things to creatures that had ceased being human. You could do anything you wanted with them.

But something refused to let her say 'yes'. Something deep inside that protested at her treatment. Something derived from

20 years of being taught that she was a human being, that she had rights, that it was wrong to do things to harm her, to steal her away and make her a sex slave. One last surge of insistence that she was Randi! Randi! Not Crystal, not dickwad, not shitbird. Not any of the names they had been calling her.

She shook her head 'no' and then steeled herself for the blow she knew was coming. But Ma just laughed. She laughed and laughed and patted her on the face.

"You've got a lot to learn, shitbird," she finally said when she could catch her breath. "But you're smart. You'll learn it. Out there in the world, wherever you're going, you'll find an even greater taskmaster than me. He'll teach you to grovel and crawl and beg to be allowed to serve as a slave. You'll fear him like God himself, and treat every word, every syllable that passes over his lips like a ukase from the almighty. So I'm not going to punish you for saying 'no'. You are going to pay for holding on to your pride; I'll take some comfort from that. So for now, I'll just punish you for speaking, not for being a dumb fuck who doesn't know when she's been beaten."

Ma had something in her pocket. She pulled it out. Randi saw that it was some kind of a clamp, with vicious looking teeth. Ma grabbed her right breast in her free hand, squeezing it harshly. She gave Randi a grin and she closed the clamp over her teat. The teeth bit deep into her flesh. Randi stiffened and howled. Then Ma did the other breast. Randi was struggling and whining and begging Ma with her eyes not to do it. When the teeth closed around her other teat she gave another howl.

Ma looked at her with satisfaction. Randi sobbed and squirmed and twisted as best she could with her arms so high behind her and her ankles cruelly confined.

"This next bit is not as a punishment for not knowing when you ought to be punished, but just for being a dumb fucking cunt," Ma said.

She pulled something else from her pocket. It was a fishing weight, like for deep sea fishing. It was big and looked heavy. It had a little chain attached. Ma hooked it to the clamp on Randi's right teat. She smiled and released the weight. It fell and jolted the chain. The clamp dug deeper into her teat and she screamed. Then Ma did the other one. Randi screamed again when the weight was released. Ma stood there smiling.

“I hope this teaches you a lesson, shitbird,” she said. “You just stay where you are for a little while. Jimmy’ll be home soon and I’ve got to finish making dinner. We’ll be back down later and we’ll have some more fun. Okay?”

Randi wanted to beg and plead not to be left like this, and she had to use all of her willpower to remain silent. She just looked at her oppressor piteously.

“I’ll take that as a ‘yes’,” Ma said and she laughed again. She turned and trudged up the stairs. At the top, she unlocked it, passed through it and then slammed it shut. Randi heard the lock turn and then hung her head and sobbed.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Ma checked the roast. The thermometer was at rare, just like Jimmy liked it, so, using the large Pillsbury oven mitts he had gotten her for Christmas when he was a kid, she pulled out the pan and plopped it on the stove. The bottom of the pan was covered in nice drippings. She used a big two pronged fork to place the roast on a cutting board and then covered it with tin foil to keep it warm. She poured the juice into a measuring cup to let it sit while she made the potatoes. After the peeled and sliced spuds were boiling in a pot, she scraped the fat off the top of the juices and plopped it into a sauce pan. She heated it up while whisking in some flour. When it was whisked into a nice rue, she stirred in the rest of the juices, added a little water and mixed it all up. She dipped her pinky in and decided to add a little salt. She tasted it again, smiled, and turned the gas off under the pan and lidded it.

Just then she heard the sound of Jimmy's Camaro pull into the driveway. You couldn't mistake the purr of that 396 cubic inch engine anywhere. Jimmy gave it a few revs and then shut it off. A minute or so later, she heard him walking up the front porch. The screen door opened and slammed.

"Hey, Ma!" Jimmy exclaimed. He had a large grocery bag in his arms set atop two cases of beer, one a case of Miller bottles and the other a case of Iron City cans. He set the whole thing down on the counter. He came up to Ma and gave her a big kiss. "So you like Lily?" he asked. He was dressed in an old pair of stone washed blue jeans, a black Def Jam t-shirt and black boots. He had the golden earring he sometimes used in his left ear.

"She's a beaut, Jimmy," Ma replied. "You sure you can't put your date off a couple days so's we can get Crystal on the road first?"

"Nah, Ma," Jimmy answered. "She's hot to trot. And she has guys all over her. She's such a scatterbrain I don't think she'd even remember who I was past Wednesday."

“Okay, I guess we’ll have to make do. We’ll put Crystal in the green room. Maybe we can do a twosome on Thursday before the bidding runs out on her, spice it up a bit.”

“I don’t think you’ll be teaching this girl anything new,” Jimmy said. “She’s pretty wild.”

“The wilder the better,” Ma replied. “Now get washed up. I’ll put the groceries away. Dinner’s just about ready.”

Jimmy went off to the bathroom. Ma pulled the grocery bag off the cases of beer and put the beer in the back hall. She took one six pack of each and put them in the fridge. The grocery bag contained a bag of green beans, a gallon of Breyer’s French vanilla ice cream, a loaf of Arnold’s Country White bread, two cartons of cigarettes, Winstons and Newports, a jar of Peter Pan crunchy peanut butter, three packages of Tasty Cakes and a can of Planter’s salted cashew nuts. Ma smiled. Jimmy was such a good boy. The cashews were among her favorites.

She put the peanut butter, Tasty Cakes and the cashews away in the larder. The ice cream, of course, went in the freezer. She opened the bread and took out several slices and put them on a plate. She cleaned the green beans and started a pot of water to cook them in. She turned the heat back on at low under the gravy and took out a big carving knife and started to slice up the roast.

Jimmy came back and started to set the table. He didn’t even have to be told. The kitchen table, they rarely used the dining room, was separated from the kitchen by a counter. It was maple and had a white plastic table cloth on it decorated with bunches of colorful tulips and daisies and other flowers all in a nice pattern.

Meanwhile, Ma forked the potatoes and, seeing they were nice and soft, poured them out into a colander and dumped them back into the pot. She threw in a large lump of butter, mashed them all up, poured in some milk, a few dashes of salt and then whisked them up nice. The water for the green beans was boiling and she dumped them in.

Jimmy took the gallon of milk from the fridge and poured some into a country styled pitcher and put it on the table. Ma insisted that Jimmy drink milk with dinner. She put the sliced roast beef on a platter, the gravy in a gravy boat and the green beans and mashed potatoes in bowls. Jimmy helped to carry

them over to the table. He had set the table nice using the special paper napkins they used on Sundays.

Ma checked to make sure the oven was off and came to the table. Jimmy sat at the head, since he was the man around the house, and Ma sat next to him, on the side of the table to his right, her back to the kitchen. Ma took hold of Jimmy's hand, bent her neck and closed her eyes. Jimmy did the same.

"God," Ma said quietly, "thanks for all the good things you've given us. Remember Jimmy Sr. down there in Atlanta and keep him safe so he can come home to us. And thanks for that beauty downstairs. She's a nice piece of work and we appreciate her. Please continue to protect us and bless us. And as to that girl Lily, we thank you in advance for her too. Amen."

"Amen," said Jimmy. Then, "Pass the meat, Ma."

They ate in silence for a while. Jimmy liked to get the edge off his hunger before he started talking and Ma respected that. Eventually, chewing a piece from his second slice of meat, Jimmy asked, "So how'd the video go?"

"Perfect," Ma replied, soaking up a bit of the gravy from her plate with a piece of butter laden bread. "One of the best. You can see it after dinner if you want while I'm cleaning up."

"Sure, Ma," Jimmy said.

"And how'd it go today, aside from Lily," Ma asked.

"It was a slow day in the parks with the rain coming and all," Jimmy answered. "But I did make a good connection in Amberton. You know that park by the lake?"

"Yeah, I know it," Ma replied. "That's where we got that red headed girl two years ago, ain't it?"

"Nah, that was in Florence."

"Oh, then maybe I don't know it."

"Yeah, it's a big lake with all kinds of sail boats and all. Anyway, I picked up this girl called Irena. She's a little older, maybe 23 or 24. But she's got everything that counts. Good looking, tall, long legs and a nice set. She'll take some work. I might have to meet her a couple of times for coffee and something. She's pretty smart and a little skittish. I got her phone number and an email address though."

"Good work, Jimmy," Ma said. "Would you like some more potatoes?"

“No thanks, Ma, I’m stuffed,” Jimmy replied.

“So what’s this girl Irena interested in?”

“She’s an artsy type. She likes folk music and films and stuff like that. She works for an advertising agency as a copy editor.”

“Does she live alone?”

“Nah, she has a roommate. She’s pretty hot too. She came along just as we were breaking up. Seems they were going to dinner together. I think they had dates.”

“Did you get a picture?”

“No, no picture. I think she woulda thought that was creepy.”

“Yeah, better to play it safe. Do you think maybe it’s worth trying to get both of them at the same time?”

“Well, the roommate was pretty hot. She’s a brunette, nice sized tits, not as big as the blonde’s though. She was wearing a short skirt and her legs looked great. She was pretty and she had a great laugh.”

“I can see what Cal is doing these days. We could use the van, pick ‘em up late at night, maybe 3 in the morning, while they’re sleeping.”

“I don’t know,” Jimmy answered. “Depends on the neighborhood and the setup of their apartment and everything. I’d have to get inside and check it out and I don’t think that’ll be easy.”

“Well, let’s see how things go. I’ve got girls scheduled for the next few weeks anyway so we might as well take our time. I might be able to get somebody from the Black Watch to check the place out decked out as an exterminator or a repairman or something. It’d cost, but it sounds like it may be worth it.”

“I thought you didn’t like to have two girls downstairs at once?” Jimmy asked.

“Sometimes it’s worth it. We’ve done it a few times.”

All during dinner, Ma kept the iPad open and standing up so she could keep check, making sure the girl was okay. She could see that she was doing a lot of sobbing and crying, although she had turned the sound down so as not to disturb their dinner. She really didn’t like to see the girls suffer like that, but they had to learn somehow and anyways, this girl deserved it, talking out like that when she had been warned a couple of times. And she

had to learn that it was no business of hers who fucked her from now on or how much.

She had to admit though that the girl showed some spunk. Someone was going to have a lot of fun with her. If they were smart, they would let her keep just that smidgeon of pride. It would give them plenty of reasons to punish her and she made such an exquisite victim.

“By the way, we got a letter from your father yesterday,” she said. “He’s doing okay. He got moved from the laundry to the woodshop. And he thanked us for the money and the books and cake we sent. He wants us to come down and see him. I figure we can take a break in a month or so and fly down there. Waddya say?”

“Sounds good, Ma. Can I read the letter?”

“After we’re done downstairs,” Ma replied. “And I want you to write down everything that was said when you talked to the blond girl so I can use it when I send her an email.”

“Yes, Ma.”

“And you’ve got to burn Crystal’s purse tomorrow. I checked it out and posted the credit and debit card numbers and other info on Black Watch. They’ll bust them out and we’ll get a nice little commission. One looked like her father’s and that should have a nice credit limit.”

“Okay, Ma,” Jimmy replied. He pushed himself away from the table. “That was great, Ma, like always.”

“Thanks Jimmy,” Ma said. “You’re a good boy too. You did a great job with that Lily and that blonde and her friend sound like a good deal too. Help me clear the table and you can watch the girl’s video while I clean up.”

“No, Ma,” Jimmy protested. “I don’t mind helping out. You do everything around here. The least I can do is help with the dishes.”

Ma smiled. Jimmy was such a good boy. “Okay, but I’m going to make some peach cobbler and you can watch while I’m cooking.”

Jimmy smiled at the prospect of Ma’s peach cobbler and got up from the table.

With the two of them working, it didn’t take long to clean up. Jimmy washed the pots and pans and Ma dried. When it

was all done, she shooed him from the kitchen. "You can play it on the iPad," she told him.

She put on a pot of coffee and proceeded to make the cobbler. Jimmy sat down at the table, picked up the iPad and pushed a few buttons. It kept the view of the girl downstairs in the upper right hand corner. She was looking up at the door pleadingly. When he saw the clamps on her teats he knew that she must have done something to make Ma mad. Well, he warned her, didn't he?

He really enjoyed the video. He played it three times. "Ma, this is really good," he said.

"Thanks, Jimmy," Ma replied. "The girl is a natural."

"I'd say," he agreed. He flicked through the still pictures Ma had made earlier too. He had to squeeze his cock a couple of times they were so hot. He couldn't wait to get back downstairs.

Ma brought over the big pan of cobbler and the gallon of ice cream. She brought over the freshly brewed pot of coffee and set it down on a trivet so that it wouldn't melt the tablecloth. The milk was still on the table. Jimmy reached over to a little cart they kept nearby and brought out the sugar. He wolfed down two servings of the cobbler while Ma had one. She told him she was saving some for the girl so he wouldn't eat it all. They lingered over their coffee talking about this and that. Jimmy promised he would start installing the new locks on the doors downstairs right away.

He asked if it was all right if he went with some of his buddies to the stock car races on Monday night. Ma said, 'sure'. As long as he didn't get drunk. And Tuesday night he wanted to go out to a club over in Hardiston. It was ladies night. They had male strippers from 8 to 10 and then they let the guys in. Ma was reluctant, but said okay. She had been thinking that it would be a good thing if he got a girlfriend. Taking care of your Ma was good and all, but he needed to get out on his own a little bit more.

She warned him though not to bring any girls home. Hardiston was a little too close to be doing any recruiting there and she didn't want any girl he was dating to get the wrong idea about her that she would let him bring a girl home and fuck her right here in the house. She had been thinking of building a little apartment over the barn for Jimmy to live in. Once he had

his own place it would be different. For now he could do what the rest of the guys did and take her to a motel.

It was a quarter to 11 when Ma looked at the clock. Where did the time go? They had work to do before they went to bed. She put the ice cream and cobbler away while Jimmy put the dessert dishes in the dishwasher. Then they headed downstairs.

* * * * *

Randi, at long last, had ceased her sobbing. The pain in her teats had subsided a bit, but there was a dull throbbing that she couldn't think away. It seemed like a long time that Ma and Jimmy were having dinner. She was terribly hungry, only having had a bowl of soup this morning. She wondered what they were having and whether Ma would bring any down for her. She prayed that she would, but knew that there was no way for her to communicate her need. She was sure, though, that Ma was well aware of how hungry she was. They had done this to dozens and dozens of girls it sounded like from what Ma had said. It was undoubtedly part of their routine to make the girls hungry and weak and willing to do anything to get some food. She knew that she would do anything, anything, that they told her.

Standing there in her high heeled sandals had made her feet sore. She kept trying to shuffle them so she could get some relief, but the spreader bar more or less forced her to keep them just where they were. Besides, the fact that she had to lean forward to relieve the pressure on her uplifted arms, meant that she was always a little off balance, like she was leaning over a cliff. She had to pay attention every moment. If she did fall, her arms would be pulled way up behind her and she would wrench her shoulders. A couple of times she almost slipped, sending a bolt of panic through her.

She had been wondering why they had kept her high heeled sandals on all this while. It seemed odd. But then she realized that it was just another way to humiliate her. The whole reason to wear high heels in the first place was to make your legs look long and sexy and to make your boobs stand out. Thus, by keeping them on, they were emphasizing the fact that her body would be always on display, an object of desire. And second, it

was a way to have a continuous reminder of their power over her. If she wore anything at all from now on it would be at the behest of those who owned her, no matter how ridiculous or incongruent it seemed.

And the third, and maybe the worst, it reminded her of how she had prettied herself up when she thought she was going on a date with that soft spoken, nice guy, Tom. It was a reminder of her foolishness and her own responsibility for getting herself into this mess. And fourth, it was just another form of torture. Standing in one place with all of her weight on the balls of her feet was generating a fierce ache. Her efforts to shuffle them or to lift one at a time, so as to ease the discomfiture, didn't help at all.

She tried to keep her head pointed down, but it was impossible not to look up at the door from time to time, to beg and plead with the universe that some moment soon Ma, and Jimmy, she knew he was home since she had heard his car and his footsteps upstairs, to come through it. Something bad was going to happen then, she knew it, but anything seemed better than having to stand here so helplessly and in such pain.

She cried a lot. She tried not to, but things were so awful and her future so bleak that it was hard to prevent it. That thing Ma had said about a ring through her nose and having 'slut' tattooed on her forehead had really gotten to her. Yes, they could do that and a hundred more things to her. Things she could not even think of. And the image of her crawling and begging to be allowed to be a slave, she could see that happening. Ma said she owned her, but there was a certain limit on what she could do to her being that she was holding her for sale. Her buyer, for example, wouldn't want her all marked up and all. He would want to do that himself.

She could hear the murmur of them talking upstairs. What could they be talking about? Well, part of it was undoubtedly about what cruel things they were going to do to her later. And how much money they were going to make off of her. And how much fun they had already had with her. She thought she heard the sound of the music in the video she had made a couple of times. She cringed when she heard it. How many people would see it? Dozens, hundreds, thousands? The thought made her quail. She hoped and prayed that it would not find its way to

You Tube or anything like that where it would go viral and millions of people, including people she knew and loved, would see it. In the end, she decided that that was unlikely, because it would give clues to where she was being held. If the police ever did catch Ma and Jimmy, they would come downstairs and see the little studio and know that she had been held here.

Mostly, she just said to herself over and over that this couldn't be real. She couldn't be standing there all naked and bound, clamps on her nipples, a bar between her ankles. She couldn't have been kidnapped and electrocuted and used the way she had been. It just couldn't, couldn't be real! She went over every moment she had spent with Tom, or who she thought was Tom, up to the point that she had passed out. Yes, maybe it was a dream. She was still passed out in Tom's car. He would wake her soon and the sleep would have done her good. They'd have dinner, the paella he had been talking about. A nice bottle of wine. Dessert, and then home again. Soon, she would wake up. Wouldn't she? Wouldn't she? She just had to! It had to be a dream! Please! Please! Let it be a dream! Please!

When she heard the lock turn in the door, she knew they were coming. Jimmy came down the stairs first. She saw his black boots and then his jeans and then him. He was smiling. "Hiya, cum dump, remember me?" he said. Ma was right behind him. She was still dressed in her wizard-like dress and forbidding black shoes. They both stood in front of her for a moment. Ma took hold of the weights on her teats and jiggled them. It felt good to have the pressure off, but Randi was terrified that she would drop them again like she did before. She looked at her pleadingly.

"Learned your lesson, shitbird?" Ma said finally.

Randi nodded vociferously.

"Okay. We're going to have some more fun now. I want your complete cooperation. Is that understood?"

Randi nodded vigorously again.

"I keep a little book of things upstairs of nasty things I can do to stupid little girls like you that are a lot worse than this. Got that?"

Randi nodded again.

“Okay then,” she said flatly. To Jimmy she said, “Go get yourself ready. I’m going to touch up the shitbird’s makeup. It’ll only take a minute or so.”

She let the weights down easy. They pulled at Randi’s teats and she hissed with the pain. Ma reached out and took hold of one of the clamps. “This is going to hurt, shitbird,” she said. “So get ready.”

Ma unclamped one of the clips. A rush of pain entered her teat. She whined and bit down hard on her gag. She was trying desperately not to make any noise. Then Ma did the other one. She hissed and bent her knees and closed her eyes as the pain shot through her. When she looked back at Ma, her eyes were brimming with tears. Ma tousled her hair. “Good girl,” she said.

She retrieved the manacles from the dresser and crouched down and removed the spreader bar. She made Randi put her feet together and she put the manacles on right away. After putting the spreader back in the dresser, she came back and released the rope that had connected Randi to the rafter. She eased her arms down and then untied the rope. She put the rope back in the dresser and slid the drawer closed. Taking up the leash, she led Randi to the door to the medical room where she had been before. She unlocked the door, led her through and locked it again, placing the key in the pocket of her dress.

She sat her down before the mirror again and took a wet cloth and wiped away all the smeared makeup. She put a little more foundation on her upper cheeks and relined her eyes. She took off the gag. Some of the lipstick had smeared around her mouth. She wiped away the smears and retouched her lips. She stood back and looked at her. “Good enough for government work,” she said lightly, smiling, and tousled Randi’s hair again. She brushed it out so that it was nice and then reinserted her gag. She didn’t strap it quite as tight as before so as not to mess her lipstick.

“Stay there, dipshit,” she said curtly as she stepped away to one of the glass windowed cabinets. She opened a door to one and retrieved a tube of ointment. She came back to Randi and smeared the ointment over her bruised teats. It stung just a little bit and Randi flinched. Ma just gave her a look and patted her on the cheek.

Ma led her back into the hallway and down to the door to the room where the video had been taken. Randi cringed as they entered the room. She didn't want another video taken, that was for sure. Jimmy was there. He had changed into a pair of black sweatpants and a black t-shirt. On the front of the t-shirt was a copy of the dragon that was painted on the cloth on the stage. It was the same dragon that was tattooed on his chest. Something was going to happen and it involved Jimmy. Randi suppressed a whine and a wave of coldness went through her.

Ma led her over to the stage. She told her to kneel down. She removed the gag. She attached the same chain she had worn when she did her little dance to the back of her collar.

"Okay, here's how it going to go, shitbird," Ma told her coldly. "We're going to make another movie. This time, we're going to start with you on the stage. You're going to be looking at the camera. You're going to give it one of your biggest smiles. Then Jimmy is going to come into the frame. He's going to take out his cock and you're going to give him one of the best blowjobs you've ever given. Got that?"

Randi received this news with great distress. She felt herself starting to cry and then held herself back. Her bottom lip curled in dismay, she nodded her head. There was no sense in resisting or in not cooperating. Besides, what if Ma had been saying was true? What if the higher the price she obtained for her flesh, the better she would be treated? On the other hand, the idea of dozens, if not hundreds, or thousands, of strangers watching her give a blowjob was not a happy prospect.

Once, when she had been sucking Stu's cock in his bed, he had gotten out his phone and taken a picture of her with her mouth full and looking up at him. She had spat out his cock had given him a fierce whack with her hand. She shouted and screamed at him and made him give her the phone. She deleted the picture, got dressed and made him take her home. She didn't see him for a couple of weeks after that. But he apologized and they got back together. After that, whenever they went to bed, she made sure that the phone was left in the living room.

"And when he comes, Jimmy's going to pull out. You're going to open your mouth wide and he's going to spurt his jizz inside. Then you're going to turn to the camera, show 'em

Jimmy's load, swallow it and give 'em another one of your pretty smiles. Understand?"

Randi's face morphed into a huge frown. She looked at Jimmy, who was grinning at her. She looked at Ma. She wasn't grinning. She had her fiercest face on, promising hours and hours of torment if she fucked this thing up. Randi nodded unhappily. She could feel the tears coming, but she fought them off.

Ma went over to the video camera. She looked through the visor. "Move a little bit back, honey," she called out, waving her hand to her left. Randi dutifully edged herself back.

"Okay, Jimmy, get up on the stage and get into position. I wanna make sure I can frame you both right."

Jimmy came over and jumped up on the stage. He gave Randi a leering look. Ma looked through the viewfinder again. The giant dragon loomed over them, exactly centered. "Okay, that's perfect," Ma said. "Now get off the stage and wait for my cue."

She looked up at Randi. "Now let me see you smile, cumstain," she ordered.

Randi's stomach soured. Smiling was about the last thing she wanted to do. "What if just refuse to cooperate?" she thought to herself suddenly. "They can hurt me all they want, but they can't force me to do this."

Ma must have been reading her mind. "Get up there and hold her by the hair, Jimmy. Our little cunt needs a little inspiration."

Suddenly, Randi was stricken with fear. "She's going to hurt me! She's going to hurt me!" she thought desperately. "I'll smile! I'll smile!" she tried to convey to the woman. She tried to put one forward, but Jimmy got behind her and took hold of her hair with a fierce grip. Ma was on her way over. She had in her hand the rod she had struck her with before. Randi's weak attempt at a smile collapsed. She wanted to shout out, "Please, no! Please, no! I'll be good! I'll be good!" but she knew that that would only bring greater travail.

It only took Ma four determined, fiercely angry strides to get to her. When she was within range, without hesitation, she swung the rod in a big arc and struck Randi right across her already wounded nipples. Randi screeched with pain.

“Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeiiiiioooooouuuu!” she called out. She erupted into sobs.

“Give me a fucking smile, dickwad!” Ma hollered. “Now! I mean now!” she screamed again.

Randi struggled to adjust her face in the desired configuration. She could see Ma’s arm twitching, ready to bring the rod back again and whup her tits again. Through her tears and sobs, she drew her lips together and forced the ends to rise up. She looked at Ma hopefully. She saw her relax, just an iota. She paused. And then said, “You can do better than that. Show me some teeth.”

Randi forced her lips open.

“Okay, that’s better,” Ma said calmly. “Sheesh! All that over a little smile! You better get that brain of yours working, shitbird,” Ma said. “Or you’re going to be one sorry motherfucker!”

She went back to the camera. Jimmy used his hands to straighten out her hair. On Ma’s instructions he dashed over to the counter behind her and got a tissue which he used to dab Randi’s eyes. Then he went over to the side again. Randi watched as he placed a black balaclava hood over his head. When he pulled it down, the only thing that could be seen was his eyes and the outlines of his mouth. He looked like some kind of horrid supervillain. Randi’s whole body went sour. She looked at the evil eye of the camera. Then she looked back at Jimmy. Then back at the camera. “No, this isn’t really happening,” she whined inside. “Please, please, don’t let it happen!”

“Okay, now,” Ma said again. “Let me see that smile, shitbird.”

Randi looked at the evil eye. It was like looking into a prism and on the other side was her forlorn future. Somewhere out there watching would be the person who would buy her. Someone at least as cruel as Ma, although perhaps not quite so crude and uncouth. A shiver went through her. She didn’t want to get beaten again. She did the best she could. She upturned the muscles on her mouth and showed her teeth. Her lips were trembling. She held her pose, straining not to break out into tears.

The music started. It was a jazz number, something Randi was unfamiliar with. It was lively, with nice piano work and a saxophone. Randi knew that it was supposed to make what they were going to do seem lighthearted and fun. But it certainly wasn't lighthearted and fun to her.

Ma raised her hand and pointed to Jimmy. He took this as he cue to advance onto the stage. He climbed up, gave the camera a salacious grin and then looked down on her. He slipped open the fly on his sweatpants and released his rubbery member. Randi looked at it, looked back at the camera, looked back at it and then, releasing a piteous whine, subsumed it into her mouth.

It was hot and salty and still soft. She suckled on it dutifully, closing her eyes in remorse and shame. Jimmy gave her face a not tender slap and told her to open them. Blinking back tears, she complied.

The wand in her mouth quickly began to stiffen. She reared her head back and suckled on the knob for a bit. Jimmy was issuing little sighs of satisfaction. When the prick had hardened to its maximum width and length, she pushed her head down, giving the shaft the benefit of her tightly compressed lips.

She worked the cock assiduously. She was afraid that if she didn't give her best effort Ma would halt the proceedings and give her another lash across her already sore and throbbing teats. She tried to think away the camera and the hordes of eyes that would eventually view her performance, but it was too hard to drive the thought out of her mind. She had a vision of herself, her cheeks pushed out, her mouth covering Jimmy's tool. She had seen pictures on the Internet of women sucking men's cocks and she had always felt the images grotesque. Now that she would be one of them, it made it even worse.

She pushed her face down until the member was at the edge of her throat and then pulled herself back slowly. She did that again and again. Then she suckled the end, running her tongue over the little slit and then went back down again. She picked up speed, establishing a rhythm, down and up once, twice, three and four times, holding onto the stem tightly with her lips, using her tongue to caress the shaft, then she would suckle the end for 10 or 15 seconds, and then start again.

She did that for several minutes. Jimmy was moaning and groaning and his hands were resting on her head. Then she shifted again, doing long, slow strokes, nibbling on the end, giving several fast ones, and then another slow one, nibbling again on the rod's helmet.

She didn't know how long Jimmy would hold out. For a guy who probably got his cock serviced virtually every day for years and years by different woman every week, he probably had a lot of stamina. And Ma would want a nice long video for her prospective customers to enjoy. But she wanted her ordeal to end. Just thinking of the camera, the evil eye of the world, taking in each moment, each stroke of her mouth made her innards roil. She imagined Ma changing views, from one full one of her kneeling at Jimmy's feet, her bare breasts swaying with her efforts, Jimmy's leering, grinning mouth and eyes above her, to close ups to where the rubber met the road, so to speak, a detail of just her hard working lips surrounding cock. Or of her full face as she stared up at her oppressor, tears brimming in her eyes, thick flesh rotating in and out of her mouth.

Now she went fast, jamming her face up and down. Every few strokes, she would throw in a long, slow one that would make Jimmy moan and his knees weak. Then she would speed up again. Then she concentrated on his glans, giving rapid strokes that descended just past it, licking the tip. She gave him messy, slovenly slurps, she pressed his cock to the edge of her throat. She did just about everything she could think of to give him pleasure and to move him along the road to completion.

All the while, she kept thinking of the insult to her mouth, her body, her psyche his cock was producing. It was invasive and hot and firm. Like a will of iron. She had no ability to oppose it, to spit it out, to deny it entry. She had enjoyed sucking cocks before, the sense of power it had given her, the satisfaction of hearing her lover groan and moan in appreciation. And she had swallowed willingly, as if the boy's product was an elixir that guaranteed her comeliness, her allure, her seductiveness.

But this was different. This was an invasion. A crude, rude object was occluding her inner space, occupying it, using it for its own purposes, without regard for her revulsion, her shame,

her feeling of powerlessness. She wanted to chomp down in it, destroy it, cause its bearer indescribable pain to match the psychic injury it was causing her. But her shame and revulsion and bitterness at how she was being used was underlain by a broad stratum of fear. Fear held her mouth in place, fear was the engine which propelled her head up and down, fear was the barrier that prevented her from ranting and raging in protest. Radiating waves of fear emanated from the very flesh in her mouth and permeated every cell in her body. "Oh, God, please help me," she whined inside.

Finally, he began to thrust back. His grip on her hair grew tighter. She knew she had him on the ropes. And then she thought about Ma's instructions. She would have to pull back and leave her mouth wide open while Jimmy dumped his load into her. There would be no mistaking that she was receiving it, no faked orgasm. Her degradation would be complete.

Jimmy was moaning and groaning with abandon. He took control of her head, using her mouth as a source of hot, moist friction, up and down, up and down again and again.

Then he gave a great groan. He pulled his cock from her mouth and started stroking his shaft rapidly, gripping it tight. Obediently, her stomach doing sour turns, her mind screaming its shame, her lips quivering in self-pity, she opened her mouth and tilted her head back.

The first spurt splashed across her face, leaving a thin trail from just above her right eye, over her cheek and to her upper lip. The next hit her in the middle of her forehead, a bigger glob this time and it began to seep down onto her nose and to its sides. Then Jimmy seemed to get his aim straight and his cock began to pump a boatload of hot, viscous white jelly right onto her tongue. She shivered and shuddered as she imagined the camera honed in on the display. Jimmy just kept coming and coming, a young man in his prime. He was moaning and groaning as he pumped and pumped and pumped at his cock.

Finally, he gave a long sigh and his motions slowed. The final dribbles of his cum ran down his cock and onto his hand. He released his cock and, with his other hand, turned her face to the camera. Randi quailed as she looked back into the lens, knowing that within hours, certainly no more than a day, there would be people on the other side of it, cruel, remorseless

people, weighing her suitability for their needs and desires, anxious to have her lips on their cocks, have their cum resting on her tongue, her body available for their torment.

And Ma, she was there behind the camera. If Randi didn't get this right she would erupt into a paroxysm of rage. She would have to wait hours and hours before Jimmy could produce another load like that again. In the meantime Randi would suffer some terrible punishment. No, there could be no holding back, no squeamishness could detract from the fulfillment of her instructions. Dutifully, her body and mind rife with shame and humiliation, she spread her lips wide and showed the world what she held in her mouth. It was warm and viscous and salty and had a sour taste.

She held her pose, letting the camera take in the full extent of her degradation. Ma raised her hand with three fingers up. She pointed them at her; then there were two. And then there was one. And then she made a signal with her clenched fist. Unhappily, Randi closed her lips and swallowed Jimmy's copious spume. Jimmy was still holding her head fast. When the glop had slid down her throat, making her nauseous, she opened her mouth again to show that it was empty. She paused to let the camera linger and then smiled, the tears flowing down her cheeks, belying her face's expression. Ma held up three fingers again, then two then one and then a fist. She raised her head from the camera, a wide grin on her face. Randi broke out into sobs.

"That was terrific!" Ma said excitedly.

"Oh, yeah!" Jimmy agreed. "She really knows how to suck a cock! I almost blew my nuts out!"

"Come here and take a look!" Ma proffered.

Jimmy stepped from the stage, leaving Randi there alone. She had slumped back down, resting her rear cheeks on the heels of her shoes, her shoulders rounded, her back hunched, a vision of despair and sorrow.

Jimmy looked up at her as he took up position behind the camera. "What the fuck are you doing?" he yelled out at her. "Kneel up straight, cumbucket, or I'll shove a rod up your ass!"

Immediately, Randi drew herself up to her maximum height. Her lips were blubbing and she felt sick.

“Stick out your tits, you lazy cunt!” Jimmy ordered. Randi arched her back so that her breasts were more prominent.

“Don’t let me catch you like that again, dick brain!” Jimmy said angrily. “You’re not on fucking vacation, you know!”

“No, I’m not on vacation,” Randi thought miserably. “I’m in hell.”

Ma played the video for Jimmy. He gave out a few hoots and hollers, demonstrating his enjoyment. He got especially excited at the end when he was coming. “Look at that, right in the eye!” he announced. And then, “Okay, show us what you’ve got, fuckface, show us Jimmy’s cum!” Then he laughed loudly.

Ma clapped him on his back. “Good job, Jimmy,” she said smiling. “Almost makes me wish I had a dick myself!”

Ma shut off the camera and Jimmy drew off his mask. He went to the little cooler and brought out a can and a bottle of beer. He handed the bottle to his mother. She cracked the top and took a big swig, releasing a big sigh afterwards. Jimmy popped the top of his can of Old Milwaukie and chugged down at least half of it at one swig. When he drew the can away from his lips he was still grinning.

They sat down on the green easy chairs that sat against the wall behind the camera. Jimmy drew his smokes out of his pants pocket while Ma produced her pack of Winstons. They both lit up, filling the room with the grayish blue smoke.

“Hey Jimmy,” Ma said, “put your willywacker away, willya?”

He looked down. His rubbery cock was still protruding from his pants. He laughed. “Sorry, Ma,” he said sheepishly. He stood up, tucked it back in and zippered up the fly. He sat back down.

They exchanged pleasantries for a little while, drinking their beers. Randi just watched them. She held her body stiff as ordered, but she couldn’t help trembling from time to time as sorrow flowed through her. How many days would she be held prisoner, she wondered. And would her life hereafter be any better or would it be even worse?

Jimmy finished his beer and tossed the can into a wastebasket. He got up and popped another one. Randi watched him as he glugged a good draft from it. He caught her looking at him as he lowered the beer from his mouth.

“What are you looking at cumbucket?” he said nastily. “You’re just a nosy little cunt, aren’t you?”

He went to a drawer in the counter along the wall and pulled out something black. He strode over the Randi and put his beer on the floor. She saw that he had a small black bag. Before she knew it, he had opened it and placed it over her head. He pulled it tight around her neck. Everything went black. He leaned over and picked up his beer. “There’s nothing worse than a nosy cunt,” he murmured as he stepped away.

Randi knelt there in darkness as Ma and Jimmy continued their little chat. They were reminiscing about the various girls they had had in this room. Jimmy reminded Ma of the skinny blond girl they had and how, after she had swallowed his load and smiled for the camera, she had vomited all over the floor. He and Ma laughed. Ma had made her lick it all up. There were others too. Ma reminded Jimmy about the little black haired girl, only 4’8” tall. She had laughed when Jimmy had carried her inside the house. She had dressed her up in little girl’s clothes for her strip show. Her mouth had been so small she could barely get more than the head of his cock in it. Ma noted, though, that they had gotten a very good price for her.

They kept talking as if Randi was not there. And perhaps she wasn’t. Randi was a girl who had lived a free and happy life. Maybe she was still out there living it and she was some kind of clone that somehow Ma and Jimmy had cleaved from her. They had given her a new name, hadn’t they? It gave her a little bit of comfort to think that there might still be a Randi out there. Maybe tonight she was over Stu’s house and they were knocking back a bomber joint before jumping into bed. Or maybe she was home in her room fast asleep, her mother and father downstairs watching TV. Maybe if she thought hard enough and prayed hard enough there would be a miracle and she would be rejoined with her, like a wandering spirit come home at last.

Her body wavered as a pulse of misery went through her. No, there was only one Randi. And she was here, her hands tied behind her with a bag over her head, her ankles chained, forced to listen to her oppressors enjoying themselves and regaling each other with reminiscences of their past depredations, as if

stealing young women from their lives was just another form of sport.

Finally, she heard the sound of Jimmy's beer can landing in the trash. She heard the chairs shuffle as if they were getting up from them. Something was going to happen. Jimmy asked if there was time for him to take a piss and Ma said, ok. She heard the door unlock and lock again. There was time for Jimmy to take a piss? Time for what? What were they going to do to her now?

Ma came over and took hold of her arm. "Get up, shitbird," she said curtly. Obediently, Randi came to her feet. Ma brought her down off the stage, telling her to watch her step. She brought her a few feet away from the stage. Randi shuffled along carefully in her high heeled sandals. She heard something being lowered above her. Then Ma was behind her untying her hands. She brought them up above her and fastened them in manacles that were hanging from the ceiling. It forced Randi onto the balls of her feet. Ma crouched down behind her and removed the manacles from her ankles. Randi felt a rope being tied around her right ankle. She was becoming more and more frightened. Something was going to happen and it wasn't going to be nice, she knew that for sure. She tried and failed to suppress a whimper. Ma gave her ass a big, painful swat and told her to "shut the fuck up!"

She tied off the other ankle as Randi sobbed silently. When Ma got up, she tried to move her ankles and realized that they had been tied to a ring that was on the floor. What did they need her still for? What were they going to do? She hoped and prayed it wasn't what she thought.

Jimmy came back and locked the door again. She heard him tread across the floor. There was the sound of a cabinet opening and then closing.

"You ready, Ma?" he asked.

"Just let me move the camera back a couple of inches so I can get a full body shot," Ma replied.

There was a pause. Music came on. It was a different music, low and foreboding, like the score of some horror movie. Randi took a deep breath. Her body began to tremble.

She heard Ma say, "Four..., three..., two..., one!"

A moment later she felt Jimmy approach her. He came real close. She could feel his body's heat.

"I've got a present for you, cumbucket," he whispered in her ear. She felt something drape across her breasts. It slid from right to left. It was scratchy and long. She realized right away what it was. It was a whip! They were going to whip her! She issued a pathetic moan and clenched her teeth together. "Please don't! Please don't!" she begged in her mind.

Jimmy's hands went to her neck and she felt the black bag loosened. He drew it off slowly and tossed it aside. Randi looked at him, her eyes piteous, tears brimming in them. She had never been so frightened in her life. Jimmy had restored his mask and he looked like some devil's agent, or like a medieval torturer from some grade 'B' movie. The greenish dragon on his chest looked ominous and fiendish. It was as if he were about to perform some evil ritual for a satanic cult. He smiled broadly.

He glided about her, draping the long thongs from the whip over her breasts, her rear, her back, her belly. She had started to sob again. She looked at the camera. Would anyone who watched this out in the world have any pity for her? Or would they be raised in their seats, their interests piqued, their juices commencing to rise? Would there even be one? Just one? Somebody, somewhere who would see what she was about to endure and be filled with sympathy at her plight? And that as yet unknown person who would own her, body and soul, would he fantasize himself in Jimmy's place, belaboring her body with extreme cruelty, anxious for the time he could do it himself?

She broke out into loud, piteous sobs. There was no pretension of joy, no smiling at the camera. All of her expressions would be real, unfaked, authentic. It was the ultimate in reality TV.

Jimmy stopped moving. He was behind her. She wanted to turn her body and look at him, but was too afraid to move. She closed her eyes, gritted her teeth.

There was no warning. By the time her ears recorded the swish of the flails, they had already made contact with her body. A fiery pain emerged from her rear mounds. Her eyes popped open. Her body stiffened. It was worse than she had feared. She released a loud, piteous wail.

Jimmy made a circle around her again. She looked in his face, or that part of it she could see. His eyes were alive with some kind of fever. His lips were spread in a demonic grin. He circled in front of her, passing right to left. Then he was behind her again and she steeled herself for another blow. She closed her eyes again. He rear was still burning, as if he had covered it with acid. Again, she heard the slight whoosh of the whip virtually instantaneously with the sensation of jagged glass being drawn against the front of her thighs. Her body stiffened and she screeched, “Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeiiiiiii!”

He came around her again. Tears were flowing down her face in cascades. Her eyes searched out his for some sign of pity, some sign of humanity and, to her fervid dismay, found none.

The music kept on its dirge. She looked at the camera. Ma was bent over behind it and the passionless, remorseless eye stared back at her. She had lost track of Jimmy and then she felt a screed of burning pain erupt along her back. She screamed again.

She wanted to beg him to stop, to promise anything if he would stop. She would do another dance, sexier and better this time. She would suck his cock for hours and hours and hours. She would fuck him like a beast in heat, over and over again, as many times as he wanted. But of course, they already had these things.

“I’ll do anything you want! I will! I will! Please! Please, don’t whip me again! Please! Please! Please!” she begged in her mind as he crossed in front of her again. She turned her head as he went behind her to the left. She quickly turned her head to the right so that she could pick him up. But he surprised her. He had reversed direction. Before she could move her head back, a stream of agony erupted across her breasts. This time she howled. Her body shook and she strained at her bonds. She began blubbering. Tears poured down her cheeks. Her throat strained with the words of supplication that were stuck there. She wasn’t allowed to talk. And she feared that releasing even one little word requesting, begging for mercy, would prolong and intensify her ordeal.

After he struck her breasts, things just started to take off. He increased his pace around her, striking whatever part of his

body his whim informed him to. Her buttocks again, her belly, her legs, her back, her breasts and all over again. The pace kept getting quicker and quicker. Her howls and screeches were constant now, one long expression of misery and pain. Finally, she could not hold back. "Please! Please!" she screamed at the top of her voice. "For the love of God, Please stop! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh, please, please stop! Aieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

He paid her no mind. It seemed as if he were striking her harder and harder. Her skin was afire all over her body and each blow felt worse than the last as it met already tormented flesh. She looked at the camera. Fiendish eyes were peering at her from inside it. Callous, gleeful eyes, relishing her torment. She had never had such a direct and intense sense of evil as she had at that moment. God had not helped her, and maybe he didn't exist. But the devil did! He was prancing about her with a whip. He was peering at her through the little viewfinder of the camera. He was a thousand bodiless eyes staring at her from a thousand points all over the globe.

She didn't see Ma raise her hand, three fingers displayed, then two, then one and then a fist. Jimmy paused, stared her in the face, grinned evilly, and gave her one more tortuous blow across her breasts. She was still howling as he came up behind her. He whispered in her ear, like he had before. His body was pressed up against her back.

"Say it, cunt!" he growled. "Say it or I'll whip you until you're a ball of fire! Say, 'My name is Crystal! Please buy me!'"

Randi was having a hard time processing his words. She had just about caught it when he said it again. "Say it, you fucking worthless cunt!" he growled again. "Say, 'My name is Crystal! Please buy me!', or you'll wish you had never been born!"

Suddenly it struck her. All she had to do was force out those words and her ordeal would be over! The keys to redemption here in her own hands, in her own throat, so to speak. All she had to do was to say the repulsive words and she would be done. She looked at the camera, grievously. She was blubbing and crying and even though she had formed the words in her brain, even though they had taken shape in her throat, ready to burst out in a maniacal stream, her sobbing was getting in the

way. She bit her lip; she steeled herself against her agony. She strained and strained. "Say it!" growled Jimmy, more fiercely than before. "Say it you stupid cunt!"

A fierce desperation seized her. She knew that if she didn't say it he would start on her again, and beat her again and again and again until she finally enunciated the words. With all the effort her terror and sadness and forlornness could muster, she opened her mouth. "My name is Crystal!" she shouted. "Please buy me! Please! Please! Please!" and then she broke out again into sobs.

She didn't see Jimmy give a big grin behind her. She didn't see Ma flash her fingers again, three, two one and then close her fist. She didn't see Jimmy give Ma an excited high-five. She just closed her eyes and sobbed, sobbed, sobbed.

CHAPTER NINE

Randi just hung there as Jimmy went dancing excitedly through the small studio flashing the whip this way and that, going “Zap! Zoom! Zing! Zang” Ma just looked at him indulgently. He always got excited when he did a whipping. It was what made him so good at it. She had done a few when they had started out, dressed in a black leather costume with one of those Zorro masks, but she hadn’t been able to generate the same enthusiasm as Jimmy and the videos she made were kind of flat. Besides, Jimmy wasn’t a very reliable camera operator. He got too excited and forgot to adjust the viewfinder to do close ups and to vary the shot a little bit.

“Okay, Jimmy,” she finally said, “we’ve gotta wrap up. Curb your enthusiasm and get changed.”

“Okay, Ma!” Jimmy returned excitedly. “Zap! Zoom! Zing! Zang!” he sang out again as he worked his way to the cabinet where they stored the whips, swinging his weapon to and fro at an imaginary target. When he got there, he opened it up and hung the handle on the hook set aside for it. There were some other whips there as well, like the thin, leather encased, steel pony whip, the one he liked to call the bludgeon, a heavy riding crop, a real horse whip, which they had only used once or twice and a special whip when a real punishment was in order, a flail, with three foot long studded thongs. Ma didn’t like to use that one because it cut the girl up pretty bad. The last time she had used it was on the tall, well-built black girl from Monroe Jimmy had picked up two years ago. She hadn’t told him that she was a student at the local police academy. It took them two weeks to break her. The cops didn’t stop looking for her for weeks.

Once he had put the whip away, Jimmy proceeded to undress. He tossed the sweaty t-shirt aside so that it could be washed and, after removing his boots, hung the sweatpants in the closet. His blue jeans and Def Jam t-shirt were hanging there and he put them back on.

Randi watched him indifferently. She was too traumatized by her beating to generate any hate for him. Right now she just wished that they would take her back to the blue room and tie her up so that she could be alone. Anything was better than being in the company of these two psychopaths.

Ma approached her. She gave her a pat on the head. "You done good, shitbird," she said almost kindly. "I promise that if you're a good girl you won't get any more whippings. That was just for the benefit of the buying public so they could see how you held up and such. And if I'm any judge, that little performance will generate a whole lot of interest."

Randi looked at her piteously. Her lips were trembling. Her whole body still burned from her ordeal. The thought that how she reacted under the whip would be a big selling point was distressing, to say the least.

Ma tousled her hair and then stepped off to get her gag. She told Randi to, "Open up," and she jammed it in tightly. Randi gave out a sorrowful cough and whine as it pushed up against her throat.

Ma told Jimmy to make sure he emptied the trash can and the ashtrays and then led Randi from the video room. She took her down the hall to the medical room and brought her in, locking the door behind her. First she let her take a pee. Then she pulled out her gag and washed her face, removing all of her makeup and then applied a nice moisturizer to it. After regagging her, she led her to the smooth, white examination table and had her lie on her belly. She connected her wrists to the ring at its top. She took out a large plastic bottle of antiseptic skin cream and proceeded to apply it to all the tormented portions of her body.

Randi just kept sniffing and crying quietly. She resented Ma's hands all over her, over her buttocks, legs and back. But oddly, the strong hands, which took the opportunity to massage her muscles, caress her skin, was somewhat comforting. She closed her eyes and tried to pretend that she was in some fancy salon and that an attendant was giving her massage therapy. But an attendant wouldn't give her ass a fierce slap and tell her to "Roll over, shitbird." She did as she was told and exposed her front to Ma's attentions.

The front was much different than the back. Ma's hands lingered longer over her breasts than they had to and she made Randi spread her legs and caressed the inside of her thighs, all the way up to her coosh. She did her belly and brought her hand down to her hairless pudenda and spread the cream all over it.

"We've got to keep you nice and soft, shitbird," Ma told her softly as her rough but tender hand continued to caress the sensitive flesh. "The redness will go away mostly overnight. We wouldn't want to deliver you all marked up if we can help it. And you were such a good girl, I thought I might give you a little reward. I'm not going to punish you for calling out. Frankly, if you hadn't I would've kept Jimmy at it all night until you did. It was a golden moment."

She told Randi to raise her knees and spread them out. Her hand was doing a little dance on her quim. Involuntarily, Randi's body was already slightly fevered from all the touching. She knew she was wet when Ma ran her thumb up and down between her labia and slid it into her hole. Ma smiled at her. "You're such a slut, shitbird," she said. "I'm beginning to think we're doing you a favor. You're going to get a lot of attention and I bet your going to end up getting your rocks off 3 or 4 times a day. You just wait and see."

Her thumb had moved up to her clit. It rubbed her moisture around it, pressing it down, sliding all over it, and then commenced a little, rapid flicking move that sent a tendril of need from her pussy right to her brain.

As the thumb went on and on and on, her lusts began to rise. She squirmed her hips and bit on her gag. She looked at Ma forlornly. She closed her eyes and tried to wish the titillating impacts on her love bud away. But it was like a bumble bee had snuck inside her little nubbin and was buzzing away as fiercely as it could. She curled her toes and flattened out her spread legs. She shifted her hips. She clasped her bound hands tightly. For a second or two, the buzzing stopped. She opened her eyes just in time to see Ma's head bending down. A moment later, her mouth seized her clit and began a hot, sensuous slurping and suckling on it.

Her passion expanded exponentially. She was revolted by that thought that this woman who had introduced so much pain into her life was able to produce so much pleasure. Her mind

began to fight it off, trying to introduce some virtual barrier between her love bud and the rest of her nervous system.

But then, she asked herself, why? She had suffered terribly when she was being whipped. Why not now enjoy the pleasure? There was no way she could avoid it; she had certainly learned that much. The mouth felt so good! And Ma's hands, cruel hands, hands that brooked no disobedience, imposed the most brutish punishments upon her, these very same hands, were sliding and gliding delicately up and down her thighs, across her belly, caressing, stroking, accentuating the trills that the mouth was sending her.

And just this thought, this moment of uncertainty, this little iota of sluttish inclination, was enough to demolish, almost instantly, any and all forces within her dedicated to opposing her abuse, dedicated to preserving her self-respect, dedicated to resisting the forces that were advancing her to whoredom.

She gave a great moan as a powerful lust subsumed her. "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" her mind thought. "Oh, bring it! Bring it! Bring it!" her mind screamed. Her knees began to twitch and her thighs to vibrate. Pleasure radiated from her pussy to all parts of her body. Some little piece of her brain was still screaming, "No! No! No!" but it was drowned out by the orchestra of lust that was playing in her quim.

Ma raised her head and her thumb resumed its place. It started a ravenous flicking at her central core.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhuuuuuuurrrrrrrggghhhmmmmppppff!" she moaned through her gag. It felt like she had been plugged into an electric socket and 110 volts of energy was soaring through her body.

"Come on, shitbird! Come on, shitbird! Come on, shitbird," Ma was saying loudly, egging on her rapacious lust as she motored on her trilling button. "Give it to Mama! Give it to me! Give it to me you fucking whore! Give it up!"

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhmmppppff! Ohhhhhhhhhhhmmppppff! Ohhhhhhhhhhhmmppppff!" Randi called out through her gag.

She had clamped her eyes shut again. "Look at me, shitbird!" Ma barked out. "Look at me, shitbird or I'll tear your clit off! Open your eyes!"

Randi looked up. Ma was grinning devilishly. Her thumb was jiggling her clit at a hundred miles per hour. She felt like

her body was a caldron filling with liquid lust, the level within it growing higher and higher and higher, until, when it reached the top, and could be filled no more, it would tip over and spill boiling, churning, intolerable ecstasy throughout her body.

That little voice in her brain, that last little vestige of pride and integrity and decency that remained there released a screech within her wholly out of proportion to its size. “Whore! Slut! Slattern! Strumpet! Jezebel! Harlot! Doxy! Cumbucket! Shitbird! Dickwad!” all the names they had called her and every synonym she had ever heard for a dirty, disgusting, prideless, shameless whore came pouring into her consciousness. But it was too late! Much too late!

When her orgasm erupted, she arched her back and released a deep groan. Her sandals beat down on the white Formica table. Her hands gripped so tight they threatened to implode. “Uuuurgh! Uuuurgh! Uuuurgh! Uuuurgh! Uuuurgh! Uuuurgh!” she grunted through her gag. Ma’s appendage went on and on, tormenting her nubbin, drawing out fierce convulsions within her. Her mind was overwhelmed with sensation, and yet that little voice kept screaming, “Whore! Slut! Slattern! Harlot! Tart!....” and on and on and on.

Finally, Ma withdrew her hand. Randi released an anguished sounding sigh and collapsed on the table. She looked up at her tormentor. She was smiling down at her. She gave her pussy a little pat. “How was that, shitbird?” she asked. “Almost makes it worth being whipped, don’t it?”

A wave of misery and self-revulsion flowed through her. “Maybe I deserve to be a whore,” she thought to herself miserably. “Maybe I deserve everything that has happened to me.” She felt like she could never face any of her family again. She could never look her mother or her father in the eye. She could never be around respectable people again. And if God had abandoned her, right here was the proof why. She was bad. Bad to the foundation. Bad to the core. Rotten through and through.

“Okay, shitbird,” Ma said merrily. “That’s enough fun for now. Tomorrow, I’ll make you beg for mercy. I’ll make your pussy feel like it’s been set on fire.”

She laughed. She picked up the manacles from the floor where she had dropped them and ordered Randi to put her feet

together. Once they were on, she went to the top of the table and released her hands. She told her to flip over on her belly and put her arms behind her. She tied off her wrists tightly with a thong and then helped her slide off of the table to the floor. Randi was crying again, tears of remorse and sorrow for what she felt she had lost forever. Ma attached the leash to her collar and led her to the door. She unlocked it and brought her out into the hall. Jimmy was there, dressed in his regular clothes, smoking a Newport and drinking a can of beer. He was leaning against the dresser where Ma had gotten the spreader bar. His legs were straight out and his boots were crossed. He had a wry look on his face. He had obviously been waiting for her.

Ma led her to the center of the hallway, under the rafters where she had been confined before. The stairway to freedom loomed above her.

Ma laid down a folded over bath towel on the floor. "On your knees, shitbird," she commanded.

Randi sunk to her knees, certain that she was due for another round of abuse.

"You just wait there. I've got a nice surprise for you," Ma said, smiling. She turned and went up the stairs, unlocking the door with her key, passed through it and locked it from the other side.

Randi felt like breaking out into sobs again. So far, Ma's surprises had been yet another round of torment, something she would remember to the end of her days. She looked up at the door miserably. She wanted to bend over and curl up and sob, sob, sob, but she knew that Jimmy was staring at her from behind and that he would say, or even do, something mean to her if she did. So she knelt up straight, like someone not on vacation, and just trembled. At least Ma had put down something soft for her to kneel on. But she knew that it was certainly not out of concern for her discomfiture. She just probably didn't want her knees all torn up on the cement when they shipped her off.

Jimmy's silence behind her was ominous. Something was lurking in his brain, she was sure of that. She could almost feel his eyes lecherously scouring her body. The blue room, where she had lain hogtied for so long, was just off to her right. She was actually yearning to be restored there, where she could at

least lay alone and be free of the presence of her tormentors. It didn't matter to her if they hogtied her or hung her upside down from the ceiling. At least she would be free of the vicious eyes drinking in her nakedness, her abjectness, her debasement.

She heard the lock turn in the door above her. A second later it opened, was locked again, and Ma's black boot-shoes could be seen trouncing down the stairs followed by the rest of her. She was carrying something covered by a dishtowel. It peaked up in one place as if there was a bottle or a glass underneath it. Under her arm she had what looked like a placemat. She was smiling.

"I know you're hungry, shitbird," she said, "so I got you something to eat, something special."

Randi was, in fact, famished. With everything happening around her she had had little time to think about it. Just the mention of food made her stomach growl. But what could it be? Something special, Ma had said. Special as in something nice, like the soup she had given her earlier in the day, or something special meant to demean and degrade her even more, like dog food or something like that? A sourness spread through her as she realized that whatever it was, she was going to be forced to eat it.

Ma placed the towel covered tray on the stairs and laid the rubberized placemat on the floor in front of her. It was bright orange with bright yellow flowers around the edges. It was the kind of thing she would expect Ma to have in her kitchen, something she had bought at Wal-Mart or Target, or someplace like that. She probably considered it high art, Randi thought. It was garish and incongruous atop the cement floor.

Ma went back to the stairs and removed the towel from the tray. There was a steaming bowl on it. She picked it up and placed it in front of Randi on top of the placemat. The bowl was large, but kind of flat, ceramic, maybe even Corningware. It was white with blue lines around the rim. In it was a conglomeration of what looked like steamed peaches mixed in with what looked like crumbled biscuits. There was a double scoop of vanilla ice cream on top. Randi just stared at it in wonderment.

“It’s my special peach cobbler,” Ma announced proudly. “Jimmy goes crazy for it. You’ve been such a good girl I thought I might give you something nice as a reward.”

Randi looked up at her. Was she crazy? Was she really stark raving mad? She had read in college about people with mental defects like Asperger’s Syndrome, who really didn’t have full human emotions, but nonetheless approximated them so that they could fit in. Was she one of those? Or maybe just a complete sociopath? Was this meant as another kind of torture, to give her something sweet and homey, just to remind her how dismal her future was going to be? Her body was shaking. She could feel her eyes watering. She looked down at the concoction again. The ice cream was melting into a thick pool and soaking into the biscuit pieces. The whole thing was covered with a sprinkling of what looked like cinnamon.

Ma came closer and reached behind her head, releasing the belt to the gag. She pulled it from her mouth and stepped back. “Dig in sweetie,” she said gaily.

Randi knew that a suggestion from Ma was actually an order, one that brooked no hesitance or disobedience. She knew that she could shift from a sort of kindly old lady type to a vicious marauder in a matter of seconds. She looked up at Ma and then back at the dish. She could feel Jimmy’s eyes coveting her from behind. Suppressing a sob, she spread her knees, sidewalking them bit by bit until they were as far apart as they would go, and then bent over slowly until her lips came into contact with the dessert.

She scooped up a bit of biscuit covered with cream. She brought it into her mouth. She closed her eyes and held it there for a moment. The flavor burst upon her. It was soooooo good! She savored it and she chewed it, and had a little thrill as she passed it down her throat. After all she had been through, it was like winning the Irish Sweepstakes to have something so sweet and delicious in her mouth. She started to cry. She looked up at Ma. She was smiling.

“I knew you’d like it,” she said, beaming. “I add a little nutmeg to spice it up a bit. It’s my little secret. Eat up now, like a good little girl.”

Randi lowered her head again and seized a peach slice. It was warm and delicious, layered in melted sugar. She took one

little bite, then another and another. She tried to chew them slowly, to enjoy every little morsel, to maximize the delight they were sending her. She knew that each time she lowered herself to the food Jimmy got a bird's eye view of her hairless coosh. But it didn't matter. Relief, sweet relief from all her travails was all that mattered.

Ma took a seat on the stairs and lit a smoke. Everything was quiet except for her slurps. The ice cream was wonderful and the peaches felt so good going down. She tried to forget that she was eating like a dog, a naked, forlorn prisoner under the very eyes of her tormentors. The cinnamon and the fruit and the sugar and the wonderful creamy taste all mixed up with the soggy biscuit, was like a restorative elixir. For a while, just a while, she was human again.

When every piece was gone, her heart fell. She licked and licked and licked the bowl, not wanting this moment of relief to end. Finally, Ma called out, "Okay, that's enough shitbird. If you're good, I'll give you something nice tomorrow too."

She had put out her cigarette in an empty soup can and put it down behind the stairs. She lifted the towel off of the tall object on the tray and Randi saw that it was a glass of milk. Ma picked it up and poured it into the bowl. "Drink up, honey," she said. "It's good for you."

Randi looked down on the whiteness. Her belly was full, but she knew that she needed the liquids. But lapping up the milk seemed to be even more dog-like than eating from the bowl for some reason. She hesitated. Then Ma said, "Okay, if you don't want it," and moved to pick the bowl up. Randi quickly dipped her head and started licking as fast as she could. Ma laughed. "I thought so," she said.

Jimmy had come around to the front, standing over her ominously. Ma had resumed her perch on the stairs. A wave of unhappiness ran through her. Eating the dessert had allowed her to forget for a moment where she was and what had happened to her. But drinking the milk up, all naked and bound, with her evil captors overwatching her brought it all back. She could feel her breasts dangling and swaying, her naked back was arched. Her hands twisted in their bindings behind her. A whole day had gone by now with her as a slave. A whole day! And then there would be tomorrow, and the next day and the next and the

next. And this was only a way station to her as yet unknown real destination.

She finished the milk and knelt up. Jimmy was leering at her impatiently. Ma was all smiles. "That's the good girl," she said, giving her hair a tousle. She wiped her face clean with a damp paper towel. She had her gag in her hand and told her, "Open up, shitbird." Randi sadly opened her mouth and the thick, long object slid in. Ma stepped behind her and bound the straps together, giving them an extra pull to make sure that the prong was buried as deep as it would go and the leather shield smashed up hard against her lips. Randi issued a cough and a small whine as she completed her efforts.

Ma put the bowl on the tray with the glass and covered them up again. "Okay, Jimmy, you can put her to bed now. Make sure she's good and snug." She laughed again. "Good night, shitbird. I'll see you tomorrow."

Ma trudged up the stairs, opened the lock and passed through the door. It slammed shut behind her and then there was the sound of the lock turning.

"Up there! Up there!" Randi thought as she stared at the closed door. "Up there is freedom. I've got to get up there somehow. I've just got to!" Her body was flooded by a surge of sorrow as she realized how impossible it seemed. She looked at Jimmy. They were experts at keeping prisoners and if they made any mistakes, a big if, there would probably be only one. She swore to herself that she would be ready.

"Okay, cumstain, on your feet," Jimmy spat out at her. He was going to put her to bed. She wondered, fearfully what that would be like.

He connected the leash to her collar and led her down the hall. The first door on the right going away from the stairs was what Ma and Jimmy called the medical room. Next to that was Ma's bedroom. There was another door and, a short distance later, the video room. On the left, the first room was the blue room with the Mexico poster where Randi had lain bound for so long. There was another door next to that. Then another door and then one to Jimmy's room on the end. The first of those two doors was the laundry room which also held the furnace and the hot water heater. Jimmy led Randi to the first door, the

door right after the blue room. He opened the lock and dragged her through, locking it again after they entered.

The room was about 15' wide and 12' deep. It had a brownish rug on the floor. The walls were painted green. There was no window. On the left side of the room was what looked to Randi like a long cage, about 2 ½' in height. She didn't get much of a chance to look at it because as soon as they were in, Jimmy disconnected the leash from her collar and told her to get down on the floor and assume the position.

Randi knew that Jimmy had been hanging around for a reason and she was pretty sure that it wasn't so that he could have the privilege of putting her to bed. As she knelt on the floor, her forehead pinned to the rug, her knees spread wide, her back arched, she was confirmed in her suspicions. Any doubts were dispelled when she felt Jimmy removing the manacles that bound her ankles. She didn't need to be told to spread her ankles apart.

Jimmy tapped her on the ass and said, "Good girl." She heard him removing his boots and then the rest of his clothes. Her stomach was churning at the thought of what was coming. Jimmy had fucked her once today and, out of all the sexual acts she had been required to perform, this had been, to her, the worst. Somehow having him in her mouth, as degrading as that was, or having the dildo that Ma had used on her sunk deep in her pussy, did not measure up. The idea of his foreign, unwanted flesh piercing her innards, the coating of her deepest places with his foul jism, was worse than everything else. When he came in her mouth, she swallowed it and took some comfort that her stomach acids would destroy the little fishes that his jettison contained. It would be dissolved in an acid so intense that if you burped it up it would ravage your throat and mouth.

Bitches who were covered by dogs not of their own breed were never considered pureblood again. For the rest of her life she would have to think of Jimmy's cells having become part of her own, an adulterant to her being. And as she listened to Jimmy undress, she thought of the dozens and dozens, if not hundreds and hundreds of other men, cruel, anonymous men, who would jet their spunk into her with the same result. She would become an amalgamation of all of their poisonous cells.

As Jimmy knelt down behind her, she suppressed a whine. She gave a little jump when she felt his hand drift across her obscenely presented sex. "Easy girl," Jimmy said softly. "What's coming is coming, so just relax and enjoy it. You got me all hot watching you dance to my whip and it's your duty to relieve me of the consequences. We're going to do a lot of fucking over the next couple of days so you better get used to it."

A knot formed in Randi's belly at this news, news that, when you got down to it was old, since it was the same thing he had said earlier that day. But it was a reinforcement of her deepest dread. Her body felt chilled and she could feel it shaking. The hand drifted up and down over her quim several times. Then he ran his hands over her upturned buttocks, down the outside and inside of her thighs. "Mmmmmmmmmmm," Jimmy moaned. "You're so nice and soft. You're just made for fucking, cumstain. Someone's going to have a lot of fun with you. I expect you'll be in this position a lot."

The knot in Randi's belly sent a fierce stab of unhappiness up into her chest, up her neck and to her brain, and shot out to the extension of her limbs, souring her whole body. Jimmy's finger ran along the inside of her outer labia and stroked down to her little button. It lingered there for a moment, circling it lightly, and then ran up again. His hand covered her quim while his finger ran up and down, up and down, each time lingering on her nubbin a little bit longer. She knew she was wet when she felt his finger easily insert itself into her narrow channel, and then two, and then three. She tried to close her mind to them, but soft tendrils of arousal were drifting up from her pussy, meandering along her belly and her chest and up into her mind, following the same path as the sourness that her proceeded it, negating its memory.

"I'm a cunt! A whore! A slut! A cumstain! A slattern! A shitbird!" she accused herself as the sensation of Jimmy running his fingers in and out of her hole and then circumambulating her sex, caressing her little nubbin, sent a poisonous heat all through her.

Then Jimmy's hand withdrew. She felt the head of his cock press against her flesh just over her clit, and then work its way back to her now steaming channel. The head pressed open the

elastic flesh, its way having been prepared by Jimmy's fingers. It found lodgment and then slowly, slowly, slowly sank inside. Jimmy gave out a long, pleased sigh. His hands were on her hips, gripping them lightly. A surge of sadness went through Randi's body as she felt the iron hard appendage stretch her flesh and descend deep inside her belly.

Jimmy's movements began slow. Each traverse of her channel felt to Randi like it was eroding away just a little bit more of her dignity, her personhood, her integrity. In this position, the conscienceless probe, in its long, languorous movements, rasped across her trilling little love button, sending radiations of fleshly delight all through her.

"I don't want this! I don't want this! I don't want this!" he brain kept repeating. The idea of him, his flesh, his will, being so deep inside her, piercing her to her very core, made her squeamish and sad. The fact that she was powerless to halt, or even slow, the constant, remorseless, passion inducing scouring of her private, sacred place, chilled her psyche. The fact that it could be done against her will altered irremediably the entire universe, turned it from a warm, inviting, beautiful place where she could flourish and grow and love, to a dark, dismal hole that she plunged deeper and deeper into with each stroke of her assailant's cock.

If only she could grab it with her hands and stop it! She visualized it slipping and sliding along her channel. Her mind tried to forestall it. "Don't! Don't! Don't! Don't!" she kept repeating in her mind. But she was powerless. It kept going on and on as if it had a life of its own, was some strange creature that lived off the shame and humiliation of its host, a demon sent to punish her for her prior lascivious behavior, a totem sent by some dark wizard intent on obeying its master's command.

Jimmy had picked up his pace. "Ohhhh, yeah! Ohhhh, yeah! Ohhhhhh, that's good! That's good! Ohhhhhh, yeah!" he kept calling out. Randi felt her passions growing and the voice that had been calling out, "No! No! No!" was becoming fainter and fainter. A little voice, a subtler, insidious voice had sprung up.

"Remember?" it asked. "Remember when Ma stroked your pussy just a little while ago? Remember how you gave in, how you let your protestations fade and die away? Remember how

good it felt? Remember the pleasure oozing through your body, suffusing your brain, absorbing your whole being? Remember that? All that can be yours again! Let go! Let go! Let go!” And then the voice seemed to be joined by a dozen more. “Let go! Let go! Let go!” the voices chanted, growing louder and more insistent as Jimmy’s friction inducing cock went on and on.

“Oh, you cunt!” Jimmy exclaimed. “You mother fucking, dick licking cunt! Come on! Fuck me you fucking whore! Fuck me harder! Ohhhh, yeah, take it! Take it! Take it you fucking dirty, slimy, whorish cunt!”

He was thrusting harder now. His hands gripped her hips tightly, painfully and he was counterpointing her loins against his thrusts. The ‘no’ voice had diminished to a tiny little squeal, like the noise the tiniest mouse you ever saw might make and the other voices, the ones that had begun so low and insidious that it had crept into her mind without her really knowing it, until it was too, too late, and been joined by a thousand confreres yelling, screaming now, demanding without respite, “Let go! Let go! Whore! Doxy! Cunt! Shitbird! Cumstain! Jezebel! Harlot! Let go! Let go! Let go!”

And let go she did. At the instant of her surrender, a voracious current of pleasure stormed through her body. Each stroke of Jimmy’s cock sent another wave of excitement through her. Her orgasm was building, building, building. She was moaning loudly. She felt like yelling out, screaming her pleasure to the world and was not surprised to hear her muffled voice roaring, “Ohhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhmmmpf! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhmpf!...uck!...uck!...uck! ...uck!.uck ...eeeeee!...uck ...eeeeee!...uck ...eeeeee!”

Jimmy gave out a great groan and a series of ravenous grunts. He was banging his hips against her as if he were attempting to shatter her. Her pussy convulsed and contracted and pulsed and sent jet after jet after jet of ecstasy through her.

And then it wound down. Jimmy slowed and then ceased his thrusts, releasing a great sigh. Randi’s pussy sent her three or four languorous pulses of pleasure and then retreated into a glowing warmth. Immediately the sourness returned to her body. Shame and humiliation overwhelmed her. The words rang out again, this time not an encouragement to pleasure, but

as reproach, “Harlot! Jezebel! Cunt! Whore! Cumstain! Shitbird! Cumbucket!”

Jimmy slipped his cock from her innards and slapped her on the buttocks fiercely. “That was awesome, cumbucket! You’re a natural!”

She heard him get up. She heard him getting dressed. Her belly had turned sour again and she was sobbing. There would be days and days of this. And after that, there would be years and years, until she was all used up and no one wanted to fuck her anymore. And what then? They would strangle her or smother her or turn her over to someone who would take joy in eking out every last ounce of pain and horror from her. And then she would be dumped somewhere where nobody would ever find her and there wouldn’t be a trace of her left in the world except for some cruel, remorseless person’s reminiscence about that pretty whore he used to fuck and whatever had ever happened to her.

She heard Jimmy moving next to her. She heard him open the cage next to her on her left and then he placed something on the floor next to her.

“Get up, cumbucket,” he ordered her churlishly. “Get up on your knees.”

Slowly, unhappily, Randi raised herself. Her thoughts were on Jimmy’s jism and how it had been jettied deep inside her. She could almost feel it sliming over her inner self.

When she was raised up, she saw that a long, padded board, about 2’ wide and 6’ long had been placed on the floor next to her. It looked like it was made of light stained maple and the padding on it was a deep blue. There was what looked like a pillow on one end. It was like one of those rescue boards the Red Cross used.

“Sit on this with your feet to this end,” Jimmy told her. He pointed to the end nearest him. Randi, obediently, with great trepidation, kneeled herself over to the board and then turned and sat down on it facing Jimmy. She looked up at him. He had a pleased expression on his face. The board had matching blue straps all up and down it. “Straighten your legs and put your ankles together, cumbucket,” Jimmy spat at her. Her ankles were right over one set of straps and once they had been placed together, Jimmy pulled the straps closed, tightening them with a

cinch. Her ankles were firmly pressed together, her high heeled sandals touching each other, and fastened to the board.

He went behind her and released her hands and told her to lie down. To Randi's dismay, he tied her down with straps around her legs just below her knees, over her thighs, around her waist and around her chest, just over her breasts. He took her hands and tied them down with loops at the sides. Then he connected the rings on the sides of her collar with tiny chains to the sides of the board. From a shelf he retrieved what looked like a big foam 'U', also in shiny, blue vinyl. He placed the base of the 'U' over the top of her head. The stems went along the sides of her head, pressed hard against her cheeks and jaw, and connected to the board. It held her head solidly in place.

He stood up above her, straddling her. "Comfy?" he asked, looking down and laughing.

She couldn't move a muscle. She looked up at him unhappily. "Please don't leave me like this," she begged with her eyes. Jimmy saw her forlorn look and laughed again. He crouched down and played with her breasts. "We need to make sure you don't try and run away from us while we're sleeping, cumstain. You're a very valuable piece of merchandise and we wouldn't want to lose you."

Randi quailed as the foul hands massaged and caressed her breasts. There was nothing she could do about it. Her breasts were just another toy for them to play with. She bit down on her gag. "Please don't leave me like this," her eyes begged him again.

He stood up and took up a position to the now left of her. He reached down and took hold of the straps round her chest and knees and lifted the entire board up into the air. He moved her over slightly to her now right and she felt herself descending. The bars of the cage rose around her. He had opened the top when he had taken the board out of it.

"No! No! Not in the cage, please!" she begged in her mind. She issued a doleful whine and tried to shake her head. It would only move an inch or so to each side.

The board hit the bottom of the cage and Jimmy released it. Randi was overwhelmed with panic. She squirmed and struggled in her bonds and whined and moaned for mercy. Jimmy leaned over and took hold of one of her wounded

nipples and gave her breast a playful shake. “Nighty night, cumbucket,” he snarled. She winced with the pain. Her eyes filled with tears. He closed the hinged top.

Randi looked above her at the cruel, remorseless bars. “Please don’t leave me like this! Please, please, please!” she thought madly. She tried to turn her head to look at Jimmy. She could hardly move it. He went to the foot and locked the top in place. There were two more locks on the side, to Randi’s left, and one at the head. He locked them all. He stood up and looked at her for a second, smiling contentedly. Randi looked back at him. Was there a single ounce of mercy or kindness inside him, she asked herself miserably.

He turned and went to the door. The light had a dimmer switch and he lowered the brightness until the room was shadowy. Without comment, or looking back, he unlocked the door, passed through it and locked it from the other side. Then there was silence.

CHAPTER TEN

In the morning, Jimmy was the first to come down. Randi had no idea what time it was. She had laid there for hours and hours, as still as a statue, virtually as still as if she were dead. All she could move were her fingers and toes, and, of course, her eyes. She tried to keep her eyes closed so she would not have to look up at the relentless bars that crisscrossed above her, stark black against the shadowy grey light of the room. She didn't want to be reminded that she was in a cage. But it was impossible. The bars were about 4" from her face. She would keep her eyes shut for what seemed like the longest time, trying to remain calm, to not let panic and fear and despair fill her whole body with cold, queasy sensations, but, when the emotions built up inside her, like a tea kettle ready to boil, her body would be seized with an intolerable forlornness and her eyes would spring open and she would scream inside, "Please! Please! Please save me! Please! Please! Please! Please!"

It took the longest time for her to fall asleep. She kept thinking about Jimmy's spume coagulating inside her, and recalling the sensation of being whipped, an experience which taught her a whole new level of misery and unhappiness. It was so horrid to feel the vicious strokes on her body and have no power to avoid them or stop or mitigate them. If Ma and Jimmy had been seeking some information from her, or her agreement to some dastardly design of theirs, she would have given it to them in a second. You can talk about being brave and steadfast and loyal, and all those things, but you don't know what it's like to be in the hands of ruthless people unconcerned with what agonies you suffered, no, even more, who delighted in those agonies, with no power on earth able to intervene and no chance that they will ever be called to account.

She would have given up anyone, confessed anything, agreed to whatever evil proposal or scheme they had in mind, if only they would have stopped. And then, to have nothing to give, to be obligated to suffer torture with no power of

amelioration, no limit on your tormentor's cruelty except what your body might be able to endure, spawned a despair so deep, so penetrating to your psyche, that it would leave you forever changed, having been made aware of how powerless, how unworthy of sympathy, of how undeserving of humane treatment you were.

She did sleep though. When she felt her consciousness slipping away, her mind gave thanks to the universe for that small indulgence. She woke up several times, having had horrible, unsettling dreams, piteously unhappy to find herself exactly where she had been left. There were times, Ma or no Ma, for she knew that they could see and hear her if they wanted, she could see the camera up in the corner pointed straight at her, she would scream and jerk her body, strain every muscle at her confines, rant, rave, roar, growl, scream, but none of it had any effect except to make her sink even deeper in despair.

And then she would think how useless her efforts were. Had she the ability to free herself from her bonds, bonds Ma and Jimmy probably had used a hundred times, so even that likelihood was virtually zero, if she had, she would still need to get out of the cage somehow. Jimmy had locked it all around. She would have to break 2 of the locks at least, more probably at least 3 to get out, if not all 4. Then there would be the locked door. And if she got past the locked door, she would have to get past the door to the upstairs. And who knew what kind of security arrangements they had there. There was probably an alarm of some sort. That's what she would do, and so if it occurred to her it certainly would have long ago occurred to Ma and Jimmy.

She was awake when Jimmy unlocked the door. The sound of the key in the lock made her jump. She started to whine and shiver when she saw him. Suddenly the cage, which had been serving as her confinement, seemed more like a barrier to Jimmy's depredations. As long as she was in the cage he could not get at her. Her protection was only temporary though, as the first thing that Jimmy did after turning up the light was to unlock it.

He leaned over, again taking two of the straps in his hands and lifted her out. He laid the board down on the rug and started

releasing the straps. When he had freed her hands he made her sit up with her ankles still bound and tied them behind her back. Once her ankles were free, he restored the manacles and made her stand up.

She watched as he placed the board back in the cage and lowered the top. She was happy to be freed of it, but dismal when she thought that she would be spending at least a few more nights in it. Tears came to her eyes as she realized that her living conditions wherever she was going might be even worse. And as cruel and harsh as Ma and Jimmy were, her new master might be even crueler and meaner. “No! I’ve got to get away! I’ve got to! I’ve got to!” she thought.

Jimmy attached her leash and brought her to the door. He unlocked it, led her through and locked it again. He brought her down the hall to the medical room and brought her in. There, he made her sit on the toilet and pee. She was ashamed and chagrined in having to do it in front of him and even more shamed and humiliated when he had her stand, turn and bend over so he could wipe her.

He brought her across the hall to the blue room. Once inside, he ordered her to her knees. He removed her gag. She knew what he wanted and her stomach soured. But he surprised her by opening one of the cabinets and removing a bottle of Gatorade. He cranked open the top and held it to her mouth. She opened it and gladly let him pour the contents in. It was slightly cool and felt good going down. When the bottle was empty, she actually felt a little refreshed. She looked up at him. His feverish eyes looked down at her. He was dressed in the same blue jeans he had worn yesterday. He was sporting a big, brass Jack Daniels belt buckle. His t-shirt was different. It was Kelly green with a big orange picture of Puff Daddy on it, his hands all up and around him showing gang signs, his grin wide and snarky. Jimmy tossed the bottle onto the floor, lowered his fly and removed his cock. Randi cringed as she saw it, ruing that she had been right after all. He didn’t even have to give her the order. As soon as his cock was loose and free, she subsumed it into her mouth.

It was long and rubbery when it entered, but it quickly stiffened and thickened as she gave it her attentions. Last night she had decided that the worst thing was when Jimmy fucked

her, but now she wasn't so sure. The cock was an evil, unignorable presence in her mouth, something that dominated her whole being and garnered her full attention. She felt that chilly feeling that you get just before you break out into tears, but she held them back. A wave of unhappiness flowed through her so intense that she found it difficult to maintain a steady stroke.

Suddenly his hand grasped her hair tightly. He pulled her face off of his cock. She only saw the hand coming an instant before it made contact with her face. He gave her a solid slap which rocked her brain and delivered an intense burning pain on her cheek. She shrieked.

“Eeeeeeeeiooooouuuuuuuiiiieeee!” The tears she had been fighting now came pouring out.

“Pay attention to what you’re doing, you stupid cunt!” Jimmy yelled as he shook her head. “I could jerk off better than that! Just because Ma said she wouldn’t whip you doesn’t mean you can’t be punished, cumwad! Now get back to work and give me a blowjob like you mean it! I’m in a hurry and I’ve got things to do!”

Tears flowing down her face, a sourness permeating her being, Randi took hold once again of his cock with her mouth and, as Jimmy had ordered, went to work. She pumped and pumped and pumped her head. She slurped on the end, she pushed it down to her throat. The evil monster plowed in and out of her mouth, scouring her lips, making her nauseous. She worked and worked and worked as fast and as hard as she could.

Finally, Jimmy took hold of her hair and started pumping her head on his cock. He pushed his cock so hard against her throat it made her gag. Her brain shook as he thrust her head up and down as fast as he could. He started moaning and groaning. She kept her lips tightly around the shaft, as tight as she could make it, and kept her mouth small to increase the friction. He gave a great groan and pushed her head down as far as it would go, her nose against his belt buckle. His cock popped into her throat and she started to gag and choke. He held it there for about 10 seconds and then started pumping her head again rapidly, groaning and moaning, thrusting himself so hard back at her that it bruised her lips.

Her mouth filled with his spume. She tried to swallow it, but her head was moving so fast and with so much force that she couldn't get it down. It bubbled and oozed out of her lips, flowing down her chin and over her breasts. She whined and cried and prayed, prayed, prayed for her ordeal to end.

When Jimmy was sated, he eased his grip and slowed her motions. He kept her head steady for a few moments as he gave her mouth a few more desultory thrusts. Randi was sobbing and crying. He pulled her mouth free. He shook her head. "Cut the shit, cumbucket!" he spat out. "You better get used to sucking cocks shit for brains! I'll be back later today and you better give me the blowjob of a lifetime or you'll be a very, very sorry little dipshit! Got it!"

Randi nodded her head vigorously. He picked up the gag from the floor where he had dropped it and jammed it into her mouth with so much force it rattled her teeth. He came behind her and fastened it, drawing it tight and deep into her mouth.

"Get on the floor, cumstain!" he snarled.

She fell to the floor, sobbing. He released the manacles from her ankles, crossed them and tied them with a thong. Then he raised them to her hands and connected them.

He crouched down and grabbed her hair. He pulled her neck back as far as it would go. Randi whined with fright. Her eyes bulged out and widened.

"Are you going to give me the best blowjob you ever gave in your life when I get back?" he demanded.

Randi tried to shake her head 'yes'.

"Like Ma said, there's a little book she has upstairs and it's got a hundred ways to punish a stupid cunt like you. Just because we can't whip you doesn't mean we can't hurt you! You better wake up and smell the coffee, dipshit! You're a fucking whore now and you better start acting like one!"

He released her hair and stood up. He picked up the bottle and put the cap back on it. He turned and left, slamming the door after him.

Randi sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. Jimmy's words echoed in her ears. "You're a whore now and you better start acting like one!" She was a whore now. Reticence or reluctance or lack of enthusiasm was not allowed. She was nothing more than a thing to dump cum in. A possession, a belonging, which,

like some machine which wasn't working properly, you gave a good kick to get it started. Jimmy would be back. He would fuck her mouth again. He would fuck her again like he did last night. Ma would fuck her, they all would fuck her, and then hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of others. They would revel in her usage, her debasement, her shame, and then toss her aside like a dirty dishrag.

Her mouth was sore and she could still taste Jimmy's cum. She looked up at the camera. Ma was up there. Soon, she would come down. And something horrible would happen to her then too. It was so unfair! It was so wrong! "Help me! Help me! Help me! Help me!" she screamed in her mind.

* * * * *

Ma was indeed upstairs. She was just finishing her shower. It was a little past 7. Ma liked to get up early, especially when Jimmy did. He was on his way to Elmington, a fairly large town, although it called itself a city, in the neighboring state about 4 ½ hours away. She had woken Jimmy up about 6:15 and by the time he had showered and come downstairs, she had made the coffee and eggs and bacon for him. He didn't like his bacon cooked to a crisp so Ma was always careful to take them out of the frying pan before they were well done. He also liked his fried eggs over medium since he hated seeing the white part all runny.

Once she had seen Jimmy off, after his refresher with Crystal, she had gone back upstairs to shower and dress.

She had watched on the iPad while Jimmy got his blowjob, just to see how the girl was doing, you know, and she had approved of the mighty slap Jimmy had given her. There was not much worry about swelling up her face now that the pictures had been taken.

She stepped from the shower and began to towel herself off. She looked in the mirror. She looked very different with her grayish brown hair all down and wet. It kind of accentuated the wrinkles in her face and her oldness. Still, she thought she looked pretty good for 58. Her tits were a little draggy, but that was to be expected. By the time Jimmy, Sr. came back home she would be 61. She wondered if he would still have any

interest in her. Fucking the girls was more than okay, but she missed having a cock every once in a while. She had a passing thought about Jimmy Jr. this morning, his cock all rigid and thick. But no, she would never go that far. Looking was enough. It reminded her of the old days with his father. They would fuck so hard you would think they were going to bring the house down.

After blow-drying her hair, she brushed it out until it was smooth and shiny and then pinned it up again into a bun. She didn't use much makeup, just a little foundation to smooth out some of the wrinkles and just a little blush. There was no one to really dress up for, but she didn't want to look like a hag.

Back in the bedroom, she chose another shirtwaist dress, this one grey with black pinstripes. It kind of reminded her of a prison matron's uniform, but that was okay. Dressing dourly helped keep the girls on their toes. It made her look more fearsome and ruthless. If they only knew how soft she really was inside. She thought of them kind of as the daughters she never had. And as a mother-like figure, she had the duty to see that they were prepared to be launched into their new life. Every time she saw one off, as they were loading her into the crate they used for transport, and she watched Jimmy lower the top and carry the crate upstairs, she felt a little pride that the girl would make a good showing on the other end. She almost wished she could look them up after a few years or so to see how they were doing.

She went downstairs. No bacon and eggs for her. She poured herself a bowl of Special K's, added some blueberries and poured some 1% milk into the bowl. Before carrying her breakfast out onto the porch, she checked on the girl on the iPad. She was hanging her head dolefully, but was otherwise ok. She cast her eyes up briefly to the camera in the corner of the ceiling, looking at it piteously, showing it her gagged face. "Oh, she's so cute," Ma thought.

The day was bright and cheery like it had been yesterday, although the forecast was for it to go up into the 90's. There was just a little traffic on the road in front of the house as the commuters made their ways to work. Ma sat on the glider, the bowl of cereal in her lap and ate it calmly and peaceably. Two robins were hip hopping themselves across the lawn looking for

food and the squirrels that lived in the big oak were jitterbugging back and forth doing the same. There was hardly a cloud in the sky.

She had brought out a mug of coffee and she drank it slowly, thinking about her day. She had to upload the girl's pictures and video to Black Watch. On Mondays she usually washed the kitchen floor. It was also the day she changed the sheets and did the laundry. There would be emails to answer and, of course, there was the girl to be looked after. She would be hungry, but it was best that she waited. The girls spent much of their time laying around so it was better if they were not fed too much or they would start to put on some weight.

Once she had a smoke and finished her coffee, she went inside, cleaned up the dishes and started the dishwasher. Then she went upstairs, stripped the beds and gathered her and Jimmy's laundry. She brought the sheets and laundry down to the basement, opened the door to the laundry room and started a load of whites.

Back upstairs, she headed for the computer room with her second cup of coffee. Before attending to the videos, she checked on the girl again. On the 19" monitor Jimmy had gotten her a few months back, she looked as large as life. She was crying. "Don't worry, Crystal, I'll be down soon," she thought, amused.

She switched to the videos. She edited into the beginning a 5 second shot of their logo. Jimmy had copied it from some card game he used to play in high school. It was called the Laughing Dragon, so they adopted that name too. Since the videos were straight run-through shots there wasn't much editing to do except at the beginnings and ends. She went through the whole things anyway just in case there was something that needed to be excluded, but there wasn't. Watching the girl do her little dance and give Jimmy a bj all over again made her kind of hot. The whipping scene was exciting too, though she didn't go in for those things as much as Jimmy did. It was moving to see her crying and all. The girl had a lot of spunk; the videos really made that clear. They would get a lot of views, even from folks who weren't strictly buyers. Once they were up, they would run for 24 hours before bidding would open and then for the 2 days

during which bidding would take place. She would start it off at \$50,000, although she knew it would go much higher.

She took a little bit more time editing the stills. Some of them had to be cropped a little bit and she deleted a couple where the focus had been a little off. She usually took a few shots of each pose and it took some time deciding which were the best ones. Once she was done with the pictures, she uploaded the girl's vital information on the form the web site provided. The results of the blood tests would be in by tonight and she would add them to the posting once it was up and running. She would upload the actual lab results with the name and address of the provider blacked out. Black Watch would guarantee the results to the buyer and Ma would have to make a full refund, together with penalties, if they proved false, which they never did.

It was the comments section that proved most difficult, as always. You didn't want to say the same thing about all the girls and she tried to avoid banalities, like 'pretty', 'compliant' or 'fulsome'. She ran through a couple of drafts and took some time to observe the girl on the iPad for a while to try and cement her ideas. She watched her strain and struggle with her bonds, hang her head, sob, and shake her body as if someone had dipped her into an Arctic pool. Poor little thing!

Finally, she decided on the following:

“Crystal has been with us for several days and we have been very pleased by her passion and strength of character. Her eyes glint pleasantly with anger and sorrow when she is disciplined and she bears her predicament with an admirable, if tearful, stoicism. Her breasts hang heavenly, full and pendant. She has confirmed that her rear portal remains virginal under circumstances which guarantee reliability, and it has remained so. She succumbs to unwanted caresses with proper alacrity, and will be a delight to torment. Orgasm denial, either temporary or permanent, would render her especially succulent and needy. Well-honed male oriented oral skills. Has been introduced to cunnilingus. Pale skin that marks

pleasingly. Her Gor score is a confident 93; a higher score would be warranted but for a slightly over long nose, which could be easily corrected. No scars except for a small 1½", faded line just below her left knee; no significant birthmarks or other deformities. Crystal is well disposed to serve multiple partners daily of either sex, or to remain the prized possession of a private collector. She receives our highest recommendation."

Ma reread what she had written and smiled. That was Crystal in a nutshell. Oh, there was so much more she could say about her, about how pleasant she was to cuddle with and how her eyes communicated her unhappiness in an especially pleasing, soul wrenching way. But you couldn't say everything. The blurb was long enough as it was.

She looked down at her again through the iPad. Maybe one more shot would be appropriate. It was hard to convey into words how delightful she was to torment. She waited until the girl was staring up at the camera pleadingly, her eyes brimming. She captured the shot and then cropped it so that her tearful, gagged face was highlighted but you could still discern that she was hogtied. She loaded it up as the thumbnail to the site. "Now that will attract viewers," Ma thought.

She quickly ran through all the postings. The girl's hogtied picture would be listed as a thumbnail on the site above their logo and the name they identified themselves with, "The Laughing Dragon". Satisfied, she clicked on the "upload" button. The screenshot changed to a notation, "Posting Pending...."

It was about 10:15 a.m., 3:15 p. m. Greenwich Mean Time. The posting would go up within 4 hours. She had set the posting to start accepting bids at 12:01 a.m. GMT Wednesday morning, 7:01 p.m. Tuesday night here. Bidding would close at 12:01 a.m. GMT on Friday, 7:01 p. m. local time, Thursday. The successful bidder, verified for adequate solvency, would be required to post the sale price and shipping cost within one hour of the close of sale. The drop off for the Black Watch turnover would be at a time and place to be set by the website, one of

several precleared, secure locations, all within 5 hours drive, sometime later, in the early morning hours on Friday, but no later than 3 a.m. Once a sale was final and payment was made, it was best to get the girl off and moving right away since, in essence, title to her had passed, if not yet actual possession.

She shut down the website and got up from the chair. She locked the door behind her on the way out. In the kitchen, she cut up some of the roast she had made the night before into small, bit sized pieces, placing them in a large mixing bowl. She added some of the leftover mashed potatoes and some cut up green beans. She heated up the gravy in the microwave until it was pourable, mixed it into the bowl and then stirred everything up. She then heated up the whole concoction for a minute and a half, just enough to take the chill off of everything, and then spooned it all out into a large, low bowl, like the one she had used last night for the peaches. Jimmy had already given the girl a Gatorade and so instead she poured her an 8 oz. glass of milk.

She checked the time. It was 10:35. Oprah came on at 11 and she hated to miss her.

Randi heard her coming down the stairs. She wanted desperately to eat something and, hopefully, to be released from the horrid hog tie, even though it would just mean the substitution of some other form of abuse. She tried not to get her hopes up too much though. She had heard Ma come down the stairs about an hour ago and had expected her to open the door. She heard her, instead, move down the hall and open a different door. A few minutes later, the water pipes up above her started to sing and a little later she heard the rumbling of what could only be a washing machine. She broke out into sobs when she heard the feet going back upstairs.

She hated herself for all this crying, but she just couldn't control herself. What was happening to her was so terrible that it only took some little thing to scrape away the thin veneer of fortitude she was able to muster. And the fact that it was happening essentially parallel to the acts of normalcy that occurred upstairs, family meals, doing the laundry, toilets flushing, watching TV, made it all seem so bizarre. She had been listening to Ma moving around upstairs all morning. She imagined her performing the droll tasks of housekeeping. She

had heard it when the dishwasher started. She imagined a sordid kitchen with decrepit, broken down, country style cabinets and a pitted, cheap, linoleum floor. She saw an old, black gas stove full of grease and cinders, dirty dishes and pots and garbage strewn around. She imagined the house, at least two floors, with maybe, a creepy, cobweb filled attic, some old Victorian style building like the house that that Norman Bates character lived in in Psycho, covered by a myriad of poisonous, crawling vines. She imagined the house surrounded by creepy woods, maybe even a swamp. The house would be decrepit and old and evil seeming, with falling down, rotten shutters, a snarly, weedy lawn, with the detritus of their hillbilly life strewn all over the yard. The place probably had a local reputation as being haunted, just to keep nosey kids away. She imagined it high on a hill, with a long, winding driveway with big stone lions at the entrance and a sign that said, 'no trespassing', maybe even a large, wrought iron gate, rusty and foreboding.

Of course, Ma's house was nothing like that. They had had the kitchen remodeled four years ago, with nice maple stained cabinets and a vinyl tile floor. Ma had had them build out the back porch and knock down the outer wall so the kitchen could be expanded about 5', making it more than roomy. There was a nice Formica covered island that she used for cutting and chopping and for rolling out the dough when she was baking. The kitchen sink had a modern style faucet that detached from the spout on a hose you could use as a spray, a Møen, guaranteed for life. The stove was even newer, electric, copper colored, with a double oven, a sparkly clean glass top and a fan that vented outside. The kitchen table where they ate their meals was old, but it was a well-cared for, heavy piece of furniture. There were six matching chairs, although they only used four, the other two being stored in the barn.

The living room was vast with a brand new, 12' long, crushed velour, turquoise colored sofa and two matching easy chairs. There was a long, glass topped coffee table and a nice set of glass shelves along one wall, with brass fittings, where she had most of her knick-knack collection set out. A large picture window sat over the sofa with a wonderful view of the back yard and the verdant woods beyond.

The dining room was elegant, with a dark stained, shiny table, a massive, matching china closet and an elegant chifferobe. The chairs were all covered with silk encased padding. The table was covered with a 6' long Irish doily and there was a glass centerpiece with stained pine cones and a brilliant fern leaf.

Both the living room and dining room were covered by plush rugs. There was a den, or library, if you wanted to call it that, with extensive shelves full of books and a matching leather sofa and easy chair, Jimmy liked to watch football games in there with his friends, and a Florida room that caught the light well and was perfect for sitting and watching the sunset in the late afternoon. There were two half baths on the ground floor.

The bedrooms upstairs, four in all, were roomy with large closets and expensive furniture. There were 2 full bathrooms upstairs, both spacious and lush, one in the hallway and another in the master bedroom where Ma slept. She had a nice reading lamp beside the bed, she made it a habit to read every night for at least a half hour before she went to sleep, and good stuff too, not those trashy romantic novels, (she was a member of a classics book club that met in the local library every other Friday night; this week they were reading *Madam Bovary*), and a 32" flat screen TV mounted on the wall at the foot of the bed.

Outside, the house was surrounded by well-tended shrubbery and flowering bushes. It had been painted just last year, a nice greenish grey, and new black shutters and white aluminum gutters had been installed. There was a new roof. The lawn was kept bright green, thanks to the sprinkler system Ma had put in about 7 years ago. Jimmy took good care of it, cutting it, fertilizing it and keeping it free of crabgrass and dandelions. She had a rose garden in the back and the walk up to the house was always lined with bright and colorful annuals.

And there was no need to interrupt their business affairs while any workmen or guests were on the site. During the day, when anyone else was present, (Ma was a member of a bridge club and she hosted every 8 weeks or so) they just kept the current guest caged in the green room, where Randi had slept last night. There was no window and the walls and ceiling were specially soundproofed, the door made of solid oak. Even if she

somehow managed to get the gag out of her mouth, the girl could scream all she wanted and nobody would ever hear her

All this was, of course, unknown to Randi. Certainly the basement failed to give out any hint of the relative luxurious surroundings upstairs.

She heard Ma coming down again. This time, though, she steeled herself for disappointment, since she already knew that Ma was busy doing the laundry. And, in fact, she heard her opening the door of the room next to her. Sadness flowed all through her nonetheless.

After a minute or so, Randi heard the sound of what only could be a dryer. Then the washer started again (Ma was doing a load of darks). She heard the door to the laundry room slam and waited for the sound of Ma's steps on the stairs. She was somewhat surprised when she heard the sound of the lock in the door to her room being turned.

Ma came in holding a tray. She locked the door behind her and slipped the key into the pocket of her dress. Randi thought that she looked even more foreboding than yesterday with her gray pinstriped dress. It looked like a prison uniform.

"Howdy, girlie!" Ma said somewhat enthusiastically. "Hope you're hungry!"

She set the tray down on the floor and removed Randi's gag. Like yesterday, with the soup, she didn't bother untying her, but just uncovered the bowl that held the food and slid it under her face.

"Eat up, shitbird," Ma stated curtly. "Oprah's on in exactly 12 minutes, and I never miss her."

Randi suppressed a sob as just the idea that there was still a world going on out there without her deepened her gloom. Just thinking of Ma sitting there and watching her show, oblivious to the cruelty she was suffering, made a well of rage surge up within her.

"Don't look at me, cumbucket!" Ma ordered. "Eat! Or I'll take it away and you can go hungry for all I care."

Randi realized that this was no idle threat. Immediately, despite her revulsion over her degradation, she lowered her face to the bowl.

The food was still warm and much more substantial than what she had gotten yesterday. The peach dish had been nice,

but it was basically all just empty calories. This had meat and potatoes and green beans.

She ate as fast as she could. Chewing the meat took the longest, but she made sure she got every piece, rooting around in the bowl with her extended tongue and then pressing her face down and scooping it up. Her face was getting messy, but she didn't care.

She had almost everything down when Ma called out, "Time's up!" Randi quickly lapped up the remaining gravy and potatoes as Ma slipped the bowl from under her. She poured in the glass of milk and slipped it back.

Randi sucked and lapped as fast and as hard as she could. She quickly had all of the sustenance consumed.

"Good girl!" Ma remarked as she put the bowl back on the tray. She took a cloth and wiped Randi's face thoroughly and then reinstalled her gag. "See you in about an hour," she said merrily.

Randi watched Ma leave. When the door slammed shut and the lock was turned, she gave out a shout of rage as loud as she could through her gag. She pulled and yanked at her bonds, she shut her eyes and raged inwardly. It was so unfair! Unfair! Unfair! Unfair! "Please help me! Anyone! Anyone! Please! Please! Please!" she begged the void.

She settled down after a few moments. She knew that if she made too much of a fuss the food she had just eaten might come bouncing back and she would literally drown in her own vomit. She had actually thought about trying that last night as she lay motionless in her cage. She had rejected it though. She still believed that somehow she would get out of this; that she would be able to solve the riddle that all the other girls had not. They would make a mistake, they had to. And then she would pounce. She vowed to stay ready, no matter what happened.

She heard the TV coming on upstairs. Even though it was faint, she could make out Oprah's voice. The audience clapped and cheered. So this is what evil people do when they are not committing evil, she thought. They do the things that everyone else does. In fact, in that studio audience there might be several normal appearing people who sold drugs or tortured little babies for a living. You really couldn't tell from the outside.

The food felt good in her belly and it actually made her kind of sleepy. She nodded off a couple of times, but jerked awake each time that her head fell. It was so horrible to be tied up like this! Her shoulders were sore and her knees ached. And the time kept tick, tick, ticking along. Wouldn't it be great if you could fast forward your life so you could skip over the dull or unpleasant parts? She could close her eyes, a whole hour would pass, and then Ma would be back at her door. Only this time she would untie her, let her stretch her whole length out, stand, move from point to point.

And it would be even better if you could rewind. She would rewind to that moment she was about to get into the car and tell herself to run back to the house and call the police. Or better yet, to that moment in the Starbucks that that good looking guy had started chatting her up. You should be able to do it at least once! You should be able to make at least one mistake without having to pay for it for the rest of your life! Just a little bit of forgiveness! When Ma came to untie her she could explain that she decided to use her mulligan, as they called it in golf. Ma would look disappointed, but she'd have to let her go. She wouldn't be able to lick her pussy until she was crawling the walls as she promised yesterday. She wouldn't be able to sell her, and she would never have to suck Jimmy's cock again, or give him that once in a lifetime blowjob that he had told her he was expecting from her next time.

And she could still go back and smash Gwen's face in for betraying her like she did!

She heard the TV upstairs turn off. It had been a very long hour, it seemed to her. But maybe she shouldn't be too anxious to get to what was next coming. Maybe it was a mistake to ask providence to have Ma come down and untie her. Be careful what you ask for, isn't that how the saying went?

Ma opened the door and saw the girl looking up at her sadly. "Poor little thing," she thought. She had had her lunch, tuna fish salad with melted white cheddar cheese, while she was watching Oprah and was raring to get on with her day.

She untied the girl's ankles from her hands and let them down slowly. Once she had untied them, she massaged her thighs for a minute or so, letting her get back her circulation. Then she slapped her on the ass and told her to get on her feet.

Randi was surprised when Ma didn't put the manacles on her ankles, but instead laid them over her shoulder. She did hook up the leash though, and then tugged her to the door and then out into the hallway. She had her stand under the joists where she had stood yesterday. She went back to the dresser behind her and brought out a length of rope. She tied one end to her wrists and the other to the joist above her, just enough to raise her hands slightly. She came around to her front. Randi's stomach quailed when she saw that she had a whip in her hand. It was a thin length of leather covered steel, about 4' long, with a black leather handle.

"Okay, cumbucket," Ma said curtly. "It's time for your daily exercise. I'm going to count cadence and you are going to lift your knees one by one as high as you can. If you disappoint me, you're going to get a stroke of my little friend here. And if you really fuck up, well, I'll think of something good. So here goes. Ready? 1..., 2..., 3..., 4,..." she started to count slowly.

Randi hadn't been ready. She was too busy thinking about the whip and how frightening Ma was with it in her hand. She had promised she wouldn't be whipped!

Ma's wrist flicked sharply, instantaneously. The whip struck her on the right thigh, on the side, about half way up from her knee. It stung like the blazes! "Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeak!" Randi screeched.

"Didn't you listen, shit for brains?" Ma demanded loudly. "You like being whipped? You like it? Well here's another!"

She turned and slapped the steel against her left thigh in about the same place. Randi screeched again, "Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeak!" She gave a little jump and started to cry.

"Now are we going to get it right this time?" Ma wanted to know.

Randi nodded fervently.

"I tell you what," Ma said. "I'll give you a little practice first. Lift your right thigh."

Randi lifted it as high as it would go, balancing on one high heel shod foot.

"Good!" Ma commented. "Now your left."

Randi put the right leg down and lifted the left. She balanced herself. Having her hands tied to the ceiling helped.

“There! That’s good,” Ma observed. “Now get ready and we’ll do it again slowly. On my count. 1.....That’s good, now, 2.... . Okay, good, now, 3..... Good, good, now, 4..... .”

Randi lifted her thighs each time to Ma’s count. She watched her whip hand warily.

“Okay, you’ve got it. Now this time it’s for real. And you better keep time too, understand?”

Randi nodded vigorously. Her thighs still burned.

Okay, then, ready, set, go, 1.... .”

Ma counted slowly, 1 through 4, 1 through 4, 1 through 4, and Randi kept time with her thighs, reaching them high in the air. It seemed stupid to be doing this, all naked and bound and all, but she dared not disobey. It reminded her that she was a valuable piece of merchandise, livestock, and just like a prized horse or dog, it was important to give her exercise.

Ma speeded up. Randi speeded up. Her breath was starting to come a little hard. But the count was still slow enough that it didn’t strain her. Then Ma sped up again. Randi kept pace. Her knees went up and down like the pistons of a strange machine. She could only breathe through her nose and she was starting to have a little trouble.

Then Ma went faster again. Now it started to get hard. She was having trouble getting her thighs high and she was snorting through her nose. Her breasts were bobbing and swaying. “Please don’t do this!” she thought unhappily as she glanced at her tormentor.

“Get those fucking thighs up!” Ma barked out between counts. She gave her a sharp cut on her buttocks. Randi screeched again, but kept going. “I said higher!” Ma barked again and gave her another swat. “Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeak!” Randi screeched through her gag. She could feel her heart beating. Her breath was getting strained. Ma just kept going on and on! “Please stop! Please stop!” Randi called out with her mind. “Please stop!”

And then the count got quicker again. Ma was ambling all around her, tapping the whip against her palm. Randi was crying and straining. Sweat was pouring out all over her. She could feel her thighs getting heavier and heavier.

“Come on, shitbird!” Ma yelled. “Faster! Higher! 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4....” she went on and on at a rapid pace.

Randi was practically running in place now. A couple of times her ankle turned as she was placing the high heeled shoe on the floor and she squealed in pain. "I can't do this! I can't do this! I can't do this!" she screamed inside. Ma brought the whip down on the top of a thigh. Randi screeched and started blubbering. "Come on you lazy shit!" Ma yelled out. "Get those fucking thighs up! Faster! Faster!"

Randi was leaping and jumping as fast as she could. She bit down hard on her gag. Her lungs were screaming for more air. She didn't know how longer she could keep it up! "Eeeeeeeeeeeeeee! Eeeeeeeeeeeeeee! Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" she screeched in fear and frustration.

Then, suddenly, Ma called out, "Stop!"

Randi came immediately to a halt. She was panting heavily. Her thighs were burning. Her skin was slick with sweat. She bent over and spread her legs. She wanted to crouch down, but her bound hands wouldn't let her. But at least it was over. She looked at Ma. "She's insane!" she thought. "She's totally insane!" Ma was grinning.

For a minute or so nothing happened. Her breathing was recovering. Her heart rate was slowing. And then she heard Ma say, "Okay, again. 1, 2, 3, 4...."

Randi was too surprised to do anything. Was she for real? The whip screamed out, once! Twice! Right across her thighs. Randi screeched and she started her thighs in motion once again.

"1..., 2..., 3..., 4..., 1..., 2..., 3..., 4..., 1..., 2..., 3..., 4...." Ma counted. Slow, again, at first, and then faster and faster. It didn't take long for Randi to begin snorting and heaving her chest for air. Her breasts were jolting up and down. She was crying and blubbering and praying for some savior to jump through the walls. Faster and faster Ma went. Her thighs burned and she was virtually suffocating from lack of air. Ma lashed out a few more times, drawing piteous squeaks from her when she slowed or her thighs didn't rise enough.

She called a halt once again. Randi leaned over and struggled to get a deep breath. Her heart was pounding in her chest. "Please, no more! No more! Pleeeeeeeease!" she though desperately.

Then, after a minute or so, Ma began again. Randi was ready for her this time, although it became difficult to raise her knees almost instantly. She danced and cried and snorted and sobbed. She looked at Ma pleadingly.

“Come on you lazy shit!” Ma called out. “Get those fucking thighs up high!” She saw Ma move to the wall. She picked up the zapper that had been leaning against it since Sunday morning. Randi cringed inside. That was all Ma had to do was pick it up. From some deep well inside her, she found the strength to go on and on and on. “Don’t zap me! Don’t zap me! Please! Please! Please!” she screamed inside. Ma went on and on, faster than ever. Randi was practically sprinting.

And then she shouted, “Halt!”

Randi let out a deep sob as she heard the word. She leaned over again, straining for air. Her knees were wobbly and she sensed herself falling. She immediately felt the strain in her shoulders and she groaned and straightened herself up. Sweat was pouring down her skin.

“Good girl!” Ma exclaimed. “You’re in pretty good shape, sweetie,” she said happily. “Show ya what working out will do for ya. Most girls couldn’t do half that. I’m impressed.”

She stepped away and went into the blue room. She came out with a bottle of Gatorade. She twisted off the cap and put it down on the stairs while she undid Randi’s gag. When she brought the bottle to her lips and the cool fluid started pouring into her mouth, Randi felt a wave of relief pass through her.

“Not too much,” Ma said as she pulled the bottle away. She placed it back on the stairs and reinstalled the gag. She picked up the switch again. “Okay, ready?” she asked.

“No, not more! Not more, please!” Randi thought desperately.

“1..., 2..., 3..., 4..., 1..., 2..., 3..., 4..., 1..., 2..., 3..., 4...” Ma commenced. Sadly, her stomach sour, Randi began to pump her thighs. It started slowly like before, but accelerated quickly. Randi whined and cried and sobbed as she was forced to the limits of her endurance. “Come on, shitbird!” Ma called out as she slowed. “Faster you stupid cunt or I’ll cut you all to ribbons!” She laid a blow across the back of her thighs and Randi screeched.

Then there was a minute's pause again and then the count began once more. Ma kept shouting and yelling and belaboring her body with the whip. Randi cried and sobbed and wheezed and snorted as she did her best to maintain the pace. "She's a fiend! A monster! A witch!" Randi exclaimed in her mind. "Help me! Help me! Help me!"

There was another rest and then they began again. Randi was having difficulty keeping up. Her whole body felt wringed out and exhausted. Randi had slowed to almost a crawl when Ma brought the zapper to bear. She expertly shoved it between Randi's thighs and pulled the trigger. Randi screeched through her gag and her body jerked and shuddered. She released a loud sob. She felt herself falling and barely kept her balance.

"You're not done, shitbird!" Ma shouted. "Get those fucking thighs up in the air! Come on, or you'll spend the afternoon tied upside down with the zapper in your cunt! Go! Get going! Now! 1, 2, 3, 4....1, 2, 3, 4....1, 2, 3, 4...."

Randi pressed herself beyond her limits of endurance. She was operating purely on fear. She didn't want to be hung upside down and she knew by now that Ma didn't make idle threats. Her breasts were jolted up and down violently; she gritted her teeth as best she could on the gag. She sobbed and wheezed and snorted and screamed. Ma just kept going and going. "I'm going to die! I'm going to die! I'm going to die!" Randi exclaimed, part of her hoping that it was true. Her head pulsed with the heavy beat of her heart, jetting her blood through her body.

And the Ma called her to a halt. Randi stumbled and wept. Her chest was heaving. Her legs felt like soggy noodles. She didn't think she had a single ounce of strength left. She looked at Ma piteously. Ma looked back, grinning. "Excellent, shitbird!" she commended her. "That's it for today. You did good."

She drew the gag again from Randi's mouth. Randi drew in a deep breath. She was still panting. Ma brought her the Gatorade bottle and this time she let her drink the whole thing. She tossed the empty into a small waste can by the stairs, in the corner. She approached Randi.

"See, cumbucket," she said, "all this lying around ain't no good for you. So we need to give you a little exercise. And you

need a release for all that young energy you got in that pretty little body too. So it's all for your own good," she said giving Randi's unhappy face a little pat. "Now open up," she told her more curtly.

Sadly, Randi spread her lips and received the gag again. Ma went around behind her and retrieved the manacles from the top of the dresser, where she had put them when she got the rope.

"Feet together, shitbird," Ma ordered. Randi brought her feet closer. She knew well by now how close they had to be to get the manacles on. She felt them enclose her ankles and give out little clicks as Ma tightened the cuffs. Ma stood up and patted her on the ass. "Good girl," she said softly.

She released the rope affixing her to the joist and put it back in the dresser. She attached the leash to Randi's collar and pulled her to the door to the medical room. Randi wobbled unsteadily as she took the three or four steps necessary. Ma unlocked the door, towed her in and locked the door behind her.

She was brought directly over to the shower. Ma untied her hands and affixed her wrists in the manacles that hung from the ceiling. She took the shower head out of its cradle and turned the water on, letting it run on her hand until it got warm enough. Then, starting with her head, she proceeded to inundate Randi's body with the pleasantly warm stream.

Randi sighed and closed her eyes as the water cascaded down over her head. It felt so good after her ordeal. She welcomed the flow as it covered her breasts and belly and reveled in it as it covered her thighs and rear. The places where she had been whipped stung a little bit, but only at first. The wounds were not so deep and would heal quickly.

Ma soaped up the large sponge she kept there and applied it all over her body. Randi kept her eyes closed, wanting to imagine that some magical fairy was washing her, someone who loved and cared for her, rather than a cold, calculating slaver intent on preserving her investment. But Ma's roughness did not fit the fantasy very well and after a few moments she cast it aside and descended once more into gloom.

She paid especial attention to the divide between her rear cheeks and her pussy. She removed the manacles and made her spread her legs wide so that she could get inside the inner lips. When she was done, she ran her bare hand over her pudenda.

Just a little bristly, sweetie,” she remarked. “We’ll give you a little shave when we’re done.”

After washing and rinsing her hair, Ma turned off the water. She placed the manacles back on her ankles and then led her out of the shower where she dried her body. Before blow drying her hair, she made her turn around and retied her hands behind her back. She took out the gag, brushed her teeth and made her gargle, replacing the gag afterwards. She led her to the examining table and affixed her hands to the top and had her lie down on her belly. Like yesterday, she gave her an expert rub down and applied soothing skin cream to her body. She paid special attention to massaging her troubled thighs. When she had her turn over, before doing her front, Ma undid her manacles again and made her spread her legs. She lathered her hands up with soap and covered her lower belly and pudenda with it. She brought out the razor and gave it some light strokes, carrying away all the nascent hair. When her pudenda was all smooth and bristle free again, Ma gave it a little pat and then bent down and kissed it. When she rose, she looked down at Randi and smiled. “You’re so cute I could eat you all up!” she said, grinning.

Again, as she applied the skin cream to her front, as she did yesterday, she spent extra time rubbing her breasts and her pussy lips. She had her spread her legs again and did the insides of her thighs. While her legs were open, she gave her nubbin a little tickle and ran her finger up and down her divide. Randi looked up at her anxiously. Ma smiled. “No,” she said, “we’ll save that for later.”

She ordered Randi to roll over to her right side. She scissored her legs open, pulling her right one back and her left one to the front. She tied off her left leg, which was uppermost, to a ring in the side of the table. She wrapped a leather strap around her right thigh just above the knee and then tied off each end to rings on either side, fixing it in place. She took another strap, thinner, and wrapped it around Randi’s right ankle, just above the foot. She fixed this off to the sides as well.

A sourness filled Randi’s belly as she watched the woman step over to the cabinet and remove some kind of complicated apparatus. There was a little table on wheels and Ma placed the apparatus on it and rolled it over to the table by the foot.

Although it was closer now, Randi could not get a good look at it over her shoulder, but she was sure it was not something nice. She whined and pulled at her right leg, but it was held firmly in place. Ma rolled the chair she had been using over to the foot of the table and then went over to the sink and washed her hands. She took out a pair of rubber gloves and snapped them on. She came back to the table. A second later, she heard the machine spring to life. It made a loud vibrating sound. Ma put on a pair of glasses. She wiped a segment of her bound right leg, down by her ankle, just above the straps, with something wet. Something scraped over it like a razor.

There was a pause. Something was taped to her leg. Randi whined and squirmed. A feeling of deep foreboding went through her. She had been with her friends Ruth Gering and Sandy Oppenheimer one night. They had been out drinking down in the bar district downtown in the city. When they passed a tattoo shop, Sandy announced that she was going to get one. She had gotten a little bluebird on her inside ankle. The machine the guy had used, a scraggly, unshaven, longhaired guy with a red bandana around his head, made the same sound as this one. He had shaven Sandy's leg and wiped it with alcohol. Sandy had stripped off her jeans down to her underwear and laid on a table and spread her legs just like Randi was now. The guy hadn't strapped her leg down, but had told her to keep it perfectly still. Sandy had cried and held on to Ruth's hands tight while the guy did it. Afterwards, she had shown it off proudly. Randi learned later that Sandy's father had given her holy hell about it, but what could he do? It was a permanent fixture, indelibly etched into her flesh. Sandy would wear it the rest of her life.

Randi started to cry. She could hardly imagine what Ma was going to tattoo on her body, but she knew it would be something terrible, like, 'WHORE' or 'SLUT', or maybe 'SLAVE'. Her hands were tied off above her. She could twist and turn onto her back, but her legs were pinioned in position. She knew she would be punished severely if she did it, but she gave her right leg a yank anyway. To her dismay, it didn't go anywhere. "Please don't do this! Please! Please! Please!" she called out silently.

Ma reared her hand back and gave her a vicious slap on her rump. "Keep your fucking leg still, you stupid cunt!" Ma yelled. "If you make me mess this up I'll tattoo 'cunt' on your forehead. You got that?"

Randi didn't answer, but instead closed her eyes and began to sob. The machine noise picked up in pitch and a second later, she felt a stinging pain in her leg.

Ma had made this tattoo many times by now and was well practiced at it. She leaned over to her task, peering intently at the unresisting leg. The dyes went easily into her delicate, pale white skin. She had to change colors three times, getting up each time to clean out the electric pen. All in all, it took about 25 minutes. Ma went slowly and carefully, making sure she got everything right.

She had started tattooing the girls about 4 years ago. She knew that brand identification is everything and she was proud of the quality of girls she and Jimmy selected. She had practiced on pig skin she bought on Amazon. The first couple were a little cloudy and smudged, but by now she had it down to an art.

When done, she leaned back in the chair and admired her work. The tattoo was a little over 4" tall and about 3" wide. It was the smiling green dragon, red and yellow flame emitting from its mouth. It had a deep blue dot for an eye, with a bright red rim. It was perfect. She lit up a smoke and started putting the tools away, cleaning the pen with alcohol, washing away all the ink. She put it all back into the cabinet and then tossed her butt into the toilet where it made a little hiss. She went back to the girl. She had stopped sobbing after a few minutes, but she still looked up at her piteously. No matter. What was done was done. Now everywhere she went, no matter how many times she was sold, her new owner would know that she had been sold and processed by one of the best slaving outfits in North America, The Laughing Dragon. It made her proud just to see it.

Randi would be shipped with detailed instructions on how to care for her new tattoo. Ma used surgical tape to fasten a plastic covering on it for now, although later it would be allowed to breathe. She put away the tape and the scissors and gave the girl

a friendly pat on the rump. “All done sweetie. I’ll let you get a good look at it later. It’s a real beaut!”

She released her legs and told her to lie on her belly. She placed the manacles back on her ankles, released her hands and tied them off behind her back. Once she was on her feet she attached the leash and towed her out of the medical room and over to her bedroom. Randi’s stomach soured as Ma unlocked the door. She wasn’t looking forward to another session of lovemaking with her tormentor. She was almost glad when Ma towed her past the bed and over to the cage. Ma unlocked it and removed the leash. “Get in,” she said simply. Randi crouched down, got on her knees and shuffled herself in. Ma had the door closed and locked before she even had the chance to turn around.

“I’ll be back later,” Ma said. “Have yourself a little nap.” She chuckled. Randi watched her go to the other side of the bed and turn on the table lamp and then step to the door. She turned out the overhead light and exited.

The room was plunged into semi-darkness.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

It was about 3 in the afternoon when Ma had finished her chores. The laundry was all put away, the beds made. She had swept and washed the kitchen floor and wiped down all the counters and cabinets. She Windexed the glass top of the stove. She cleaned the downstairs bathroom. Every once in a while she checked on the girl downstairs on the iPad to make sure she was okay. She deliberately kept the light on in her room so she could see her. Otherwise she would have turned them all off. There was no sense wasting electricity.

On Tuesdays she vacuumed and dusted the other rooms on the first floor and cleaned all the windows in the Florida room. Wednesdays was for upstairs, vacuuming and dusting, cleaning the bathrooms. Thursdays she usually did the shopping. Fridays and Saturdays she reserved for outside work and on Sundays, she rested. There were usually a lot of other things to keep her busy too. There were the emails to be monitored and responded to and there was usually a girl downstairs that needed attending.

Randi had dozed on and off, as best she could, all bound and all. Her waking moments were spent dreading Ma's reappearance and in miserable self-pity at her fate. She kept thinking of the movies Ma had made and the fact that they were going to be shown on the Internet. And someone who watched them would buy her. It curdled her stomach just to think of it and what horrors she might be subjected to, so she tried not to think about it too much. She thought about her family and friends and how Gwen had betrayed her. She thought of school, her desires for a career and all of her belongings, clothes, books, her laptop, DVD's CD's, all her childhood possessions. It was as if a raging forest fire had swept through her life consuming everything she owned and everyone she knew in its path. All she had left was her naked flesh and the silly sandals with the pink and yellow flower on the top that she still wore. And off in the closet in the movie room were the clothes she

had worn when she was kidnapped, although it could hardly be said they were hers anymore.

It still burned where Ma had tattooed her. She wanted desperately to see what she had put there, but the bandage prevented that. It made her feel much more like a chattel than before. She was marked like you might do to a cow or a horse or a dog to enforce your ownership. She had read that they could take tattoos off now, and for sure when she escaped she would want to get it off, whatever it was, right away. But even then there would probably always be a scar. And as to the escape part, that really wasn't 'when', was it? It was a big fat 'if' that seemed remoter all the time.

The sound of the key in the lock didn't so much startle her, as send a message of unhappiness through her. She had been in the cage for what seemed hours and hours. The dim light made everything seem foreboding. She was cramped and thirsty and had to pee.

Ma closed the door and locked it and circled around the bed. "How you doing, shitbird?" she asked loudly, smiling." Time for our little tête-à-tête. You're going to remember this a long time!"

Randi cringed at Ma's message. She looked up at her dolefully. Ma went over to the dresser and took her hair out of the bun and shook it out. She removed her dress and all of her underclothes. She sat on the bed to remove her boots. When she was stark naked she came back to the cage. Randi had contemplated momentarily springing out at her when she opened it, but the fact that her hands were bound behind her made that seem suicidal. And now, when she looked at Ma in all her naked musculature, her heaviness, her broad shoulders and her evil grin, she knew she had made the right decision.

Ma unlocked the cage and ordered her out. She crawled out as best she could. Her knees and thigh muscles strained at the movement. She made her turn around and she applied the same straps to her thighs as she did yesterday, untying her hands and imprisoning them there. Then she had her stand and do a few slow knee bends until the cramping went away. She took out of the closet the little port-a-potty she had sat on yesterday and made her use it again, wiping her with a tissue afterwards from the nightstand. She took a bottle of Gatorade from the closet

and, removing her gag, made her drink it. Then she ordered her up on the bed on her back.

Randi crawled onto the bed in a state of grave misgiving. She felt herself just on the edge of breaking into tears. She turned around and lay down on her back. She gave Ma a supplicative look, but she ignored it. She crawled up onto the bed and crept up Randi's naked body, her legs astride her and sat on her thighs. She took hold of her breasts. She gave them both harsh squeezes that produced a light whine from behind Randi's gag. Ma massaged the mammaries, flicking her thumbs at the nipples. "Ohhhhhhh, you're so cute," she murmured. "I'm going to eat you all up."

She lowered her torso, releasing Randi's breasts and placed her forearms on the bed on either side of Randi's head. She pressed her lips against hers and her tongue gently forced them apart. Then it descended into her chamber, wrestled with her tongue and scoured the inside of her mouth.

Ma kissed her a long time. Randi's body squirmed under her captor as the heat of her tongue generated an unwanted tingling throughout her. From fear of retribution, she did not withdraw her own tongue, but forced it, despite her repugnance, to flit and gambol with Ma's. Ma was moaning and pressing her plentitudinous breasts against Randi's chest, mingling their mammaries. Their bodies were exchanging heat. It felt to Randi as if some monster had climbed aboard her and was suckling her life force right out of her. "I don't want this! I don't want this! I don't want this!" she screamed in her mind. Ma was grunting and moaning and mashing their lips together, her rapacious tongue squirming like a poisonous snake inside her mouth. Her weight laid on her like a deadly burden. Finally, Randi moaned back. She clenched her hands into little fists and squeezed her thighs together. "Stop it! Please stop it! Please! Please! Please!" she thought.

Ma pulled her head back and released a passionate sigh.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm, you're a good one," she murmured. She gave her lips a sloppy kiss and then kissed her around her face, on her chin, her cheeks, her forehead, over her eyes, her lips loose and wet, her tongue scouring her skin. Then she parted her lips again, gave her a long, feverish kiss, sliding her tongue all around her cavity.

She drew back. She gave Randi a malicious grin. "I'm going to make you crawl the walls, shitbird," she hissed. "Get ready."

She reached above her captive and took hold of a chain that led from the head of the bed. Taking hold of Randi's hair, she lifted her head with one hand and affixed the chain to the ring in the back of her collar. Then, sliding her body off, she crawled off of the bed and stepped over to the dresser opposite. Randi watched unhappily as she opened the second drawer and pulled out two long lengths of soft rope.

Ma crawled back up on the bed at its foot. Randi watched helplessly as she tied the end of one rope on her leg just above the knee. She did the other one. She slid down and released the manacles that bound Randi's ankles together and stepped off of the bed again. Taking hold of the rope connected to her left knee, she moved to the head of the bed and slipped it around the bedpost, pulling on it, causing Randi's left leg to rear back and out. She tied the rope off tautly. Then, giving her captive a sardonic smile, stepped over to the other side and tied off the rope to her right leg in a similar manner.

Randi's legs were pulled back and wide apart. It had the effect of raising her rear end slightly so that her coosh was almost parallel with the ceiling. Her hands, attached to her thighs, dangled there helplessly. Ma crept back up on the bed and inched herself up. She was kneeling up, tall and mighty, and placed her hands on Randi's widened knees. Randi looked up at her. To her, Ma seemed like some powerful, evil goddess bent on enforcing her will upon her. A coldness swept through her. Tears formed in her eyes. "Why is this happening? Why? Why? Why?" she thought. She pressed her lips together and felt her body tremble.

Ma leaned forward and seized her breasts, squeezing them. She massaged them gently for a moment or two, and then took hold of her nipples, giving them both a vicious pinch that made Randi whine. She moved her body back, sliding her hands over her belly, down to her crux, and then drifted them up and down her distended thighs.

Her touch was light. She moved her hands down and up and down and up several times. Each time her touch became just a little bit firmer, more determined. She was smiling. Randi could detect her arousal from her stiffened teats, the deepness of her

breath, the glistening in her eyes. Then she crouched down and moved herself back. She slid her hands down Randi's thighs and surrounded her mons. She squeezed it, making the outer lips press together. "What a pretty, little pussy," she cooed. "So soft and pale and tender. It begs for wounds as much as for kisses," she said. "Someone's going to have a lot of fun owning this. Maybe they'll pierce it with rings so that it can be all tied up when it's not being used. Or put a big ring through your pretty little clit so they can tie you down or lead you around. They'll whip it every night until it's crisscrossed with stripes and then fuck it until you scream. They'll lend it out to all their friends, and if it doesn't perform to their pleasure, beat it until it's all black and blue. Ohhhhhhh, I'm going to miss this little pussy."

She leaned over and let her tongue slide between the puffy lips, all the way from her perineum to her little bud. She lingered over the now stiffened little nubbin, flicking her tongue over it lightly again and again. Randi felt a tingling there, which spread over the insides of her thighs and went straight up to her knees. Ma's hands slid up and down her thighs as her tongue explored all around her mound, again and again tantalizingly and then slipped up her gap again, reaching the very top.

Randi clenched her teeth together and jammed shut her eyes. But she could not deny the glowing of her organ, the tendrils of need that were flowing from it. When Ma took her bud between her lips and began to suckle on it, the pleasure flowed from her coosh all throughout her. She felt her back arch and a shudder went through her. The tongue went on and on, tormenting her, bringing her unwanted, pernicious delight. Ma wriggled her tongue into her cavern, thrusting deep inside and lapped its point against the roof, causing Randi to shiver. She suckled her clit again, flicking her tongue across it, sucking it deep into her mouth, swallowing it with her mouth's wet heat.

Randi began to pant and moan. She tried fruitlessly to pull her thighs together. Her hands strained at her bonds. She felt her hips wriggling and shifting, her pelvis pressing up towards the mouth that was consuming her, all of their own regard. A sinister pressure was building in her loins. Ma lapped her widened tongue up along the breadth of her gap again and

again. Then she captured her clit again, suckling on it softly and tenderly. Randi felt the woman's hand caress the bottom of her vulva, the fingers pressing aside her lips, and then she felt them enter her, two, maybe three, and begin to draw themselves back and forth. She released a deep moan. "Ohhhhhhh, please stop! Pleeeeeeeeeeease! Oh, pleeeeeeeeeeease!" her mind called out. But her body reveled nonetheless in its wonderful agonies.

Suddenly, Ma knelt up. Her fingers were still deep within her cavern, sliding back and forth. Her thumb commenced a lazy caress of her nubbin. Randi looked up, her lips quivering, tears in her eyes.

"Ohhhhhhh, sweetie," she said softly, "I want to remember you just like this. You're a delicious piece of meat. Hold still, I'll be right back."

She slid off the bed and opened the top drawer of the dresser. Randi winced as she saw her produce a small digital camera. Ma checked it out to make sure it was working and then turned back to the bed.

"You're pussy's open like a little flower, shitbird," she said. "Nice and pink and wet." She crouched down to get a good angle. "Raise your head a little bit, I want to get your face in this."

A wave of shame went through her. She clenched her teeth. Ma's hand reached out to her pussy, sliding her fingers again inside and placing her thumb on her clit. "Do what I tell you, shitbird," Ma said sternly. "I could do you a world of hurt down here."

Sadly, Randi lifted her head as much as the chain on her collar would allow. "That's it! That's it, shitbird," Ma exclaimed. She gave her pussy a few more caresses and then retreated again into her couch. Randi cringed as the flash went off once, twice, three times. Then Ma pulled the camera away from her eye and looked down to review what she'd gotten. Randi burst into tears and began to sob.

"Ohhhhh that's good! That's good!" Ma said enthusiastically. "They're perfect. Your cunt is all nice and juicy. I'll have to post this one later. It'll make their mouths water."

She placed the camera back on the dresser and turned back to the bed. "Now let's see," she said, "where were we? Oh, I know. Right here!"

She lowered her lips once again to Randi's puss. This time, her efforts seemed to go way beyond the stage of mere teasing. It was as if taking the pictures had ignited an eruption of lust within her. She soon had Randi moaning and whining and wriggling her hips. "Get it off! Get it off! Get it off!" Randi exclaimed within, referring, of course, to the mouth that was consuming her. As the tongue and lips energetically pursued their goal, Randi felt a tidal wave of lust rising within her. "Oh, go away! Go away! Go away!" she protested inwards. But it kept rising and rising.

Suddenly, she was on the brink. The cresting of a mighty crescendo was unmistakable. She shook her hips and strained at her wrists. She clenched her teeth and jammed her eyes together. The foretaste of her ignominious shame riddled her mind. She prayed with all her might, "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"

And then it stopped. Ma lifted her head from her loins. Her fingers were still within her cleft, but her mouth was just above it, smiling lugubriously.

"Ohhhhhhhh, god! Don't do this! Don't do this!" Randi screamed inside. Her need was voracious. Her nubbin yearned for attention. Her eyes met Ma's, torn between gratitude that her prayer had been answered and a dreadful urge to beg her mistress for more! More! More! Ma laughed. Keeping her eyes pinned to Randi's she gave her clit a little tickle with her tongue. It was like she had poked a needle into her pleasure center and jiggled it around. Randi sighed and whined. Ma tickled it again and Randi groaned deeper. Her lips were quivering.

"Beg me, shitbird!" Ma spat out. "Beg me to make you come! I can keep you like this for an hour if I want. You'll beg me sooner or later, shitbird, so why not do it now? Eh?"

Randi's mind revolted against the command. "I won't! I won't! I won't!" she exclaimed inside.

"Okay, shitbird," Ma replied to her silence. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

Ma lowered her mouth to Randi's puss. She suckled her clit, ran her tongue up and down her slit, punctured her depths, ran

her hands up and down her trembling thighs. The crescendo began to build again. Randi's whole body was reverberating with need. She pushed her pussy up against the mouth that was tormenting it. She gave a great, deep moan as the tingling in her puss became unbearable, her crisis moments away.

And then Ma's mouth withdrew again. Randi whined and squirmed. Ma's tongue gave her clit an agonizing little squiggle. She looked up at the girl. "Tell me what you want, shitbird," she teased. "Just say, 'Please, please make me come, Momma.' Just say it and I'll send you pleasure you've only dreamed of. Come on slut, just say it, beg me to let you come."

Randi whined and squirmed. Her pussy was throbbing with want. Her blood was red hot. The words had formed in her mouth. They were straining to come out. All the little people of her conscience, her pride, her integrity had attached ropes to them and were straining with all their might to restrain them. "Hold on! Hold on! Hold on!" her mind screamed.

And then Ma lowered her head once again. Once again her mouth and tongue commenced their tortuous efforts. Her lips subsumed her engorged clit and her tongue flitted *rapidamente* across the screaming nubbin. Randi's hips convulsed. She moaned and whined. Her hands were gripped into tight little fists. Her jaws seemed about to grind her teeth into little nubbins. The momentous instant drew closer and closer and closer. Her whole body teetered on the edge of a rabid explosion. "Don't stop! Don't stop! Don't stop!" her whole being screamed.

And then, the head rose again. Ma's tongue, formed into a point, flicked slowly and gently on her clit, as light as if a butterfly had landed upon it. Randi's hips ground upwards, seeking apotheosis. The tingling in her clit was so exquisite that it felt like some divine force had entered her. She opened her mouth and groaned, "Ohhhhhhhhhh, god! Ohhhhhhhhhh!"

"Say it cunt!" Ma demanded. "Say it, you fucking worthless fucking slut! Come on! Say it! Say it!" Ma commanded loudly.

The strain on the little people holding back the words was beginning to tell. Hordes of them had lost their grasp and collapsed, exhausted, defeated. The words kept edging closer and closer to the edge of her lips. An irresistible, demonic force was drawing on them, like some kind of futuristic tractor beam.

Randi's mouth formed an "O". The little people were collapsing like flies. Ma leaned back down and gave her clit a little tickle, her lips gave her a few slurps. Ma raised her head and her thumb took its place, flicking madly on the little nubbin.

"Say it, cunt! Say it! Say it now!"

With a great surge of force, the words rushed out of her mouth as if they had been ejected.

"Oh, god! Please let me come! Please! Please! Please!"
Randi screamed out amidst her sobs.

"No, cumbucket," Ma demanded. "Say, 'Momma, please let me come! Please! Please! Please!'"

The thumb went on and on. The words formed right away. Some of the little people rose to forestall them, but they were swept away like villagers before a flood. Out the words slipped, as if on greased skids.

"Momma, please let me come! Please Momma, Please! Pleeeeeeeeeease!"

Ma laughed. "Okay, cumbucket," she said, "here it comes!"

The mouth went to work right away. The tongue, widened and firm, lapped across her button again and again. Randi squirmed and moaned and whined. She called out and groaned. Her brain froze as the exquisite neediness subsumed every cell of her body, every synapse of her brain, every aspect of her being. For a moment, Ma ceased her lapping and began to tickle the very tip of her clit. Randi, her very soul craving ecstasy, roared out, "Ohhhhhh, Momma! Please! Please! Pleeeeeeeeeease!"

Ma seized her bud with her lips and her tongue flicked against it at a hundred miles an hour. Randi screamed as her orgasm exploded within her. Her pussy throbbed and throbbed and convulsed and contorted. Her thighs strained at her bonds. Her hands pulled away, her back arched. Her chest heaved and her body convulsed.

Ugggggggh! Ugggggggh! Ugggggggggggh! Ugggggggggggh!
Ugggggggggggggh!" she groaned.

Her groans softened. Ma eased her efforts. When her lips abandoned their post, Randi's pussy gave her a few more, rounded off, post orgasmic throbs. Ma knelt up and ran her hands up and down her thighs. Randi, her eyes filled with tears

of shame looked back up at her. "Want some more?" Ma asked slyly.

Randi shook her head no.

"Oh, I think you do, shitbird," Ma replied. "I don't think you're finished yet at all."

Randi released a groan of dismay as Ma bent her mouth again to its task. She started off tickling her clit lightly with her tongue. The nerve endings screamed as the tongue flicked across it. As Ma began to lick and slurp up and down her divide, along and across her outer lips, her tongue thrust deep once more into her cavern, Randi squirmed and moaned. It didn't take long for Ma to have her driven to the edge. She bit her lip and tried desperately to pull her crux away, tried to shift it right and left, tried through the exercise of her strongest mental emittances to fold her pussy in upon itself, to draw her tormented love button inside her, far away from the demanding tongue and lips.

Stu had become pretty good at sucking her pussy after the first few disappointing tries. But he had never gotten as good as this. It was startling to see how easily Ma had re-elevated her lusts, especially after so dramatic and intense an explosion. She was soon panting and whining and demanding inside for the lips to keep going, to not cease and torment her as before. But just as her loins' surge approached their pinnacle, Ma stopped again. Randi frowned and whined. It wasn't fair! It wasn't fair at all!

Ma smiled. "I think we'll try something different," she said slyly. She slid away from between Randi's thighs to her left and a moment later had reversed herself and was sliding a leg across her chest. She crouched with her knees by Randi's upper arms. Looking up, Randi could see her proffered quim, hairy and moist. Ma lowered it until it rested on her mouth, slick and odiferous. Randi shuddered as she inhaled her arousal.

"Give me a good licking, shitbird," Ma commanded hoarsely. "When you make me come, I'll stop."

She lowered her face onto Randi's purse and began to address it as before. Randi's whole body shivered as she took hold of her clit and commenced an intense suckling. Her lusts began to rise immediately.

Ma began to slip and slide her juicy quim over her mouth, her chin and her nose. As the tingling rose in her loins, Randi realized that her torment would continue on and on and on until she obeyed her mistress's command. Shunting aside her revulsion, she stuck her tongue upwards and began to lick the slit as it passed over her lips. Ma moaned and she ground her pussy hard down on her lips. Her mouth seemed to shift into high gear.

Randi whined and moaned as Ma assaulted her fore and aft. She did her best to gemauch the slipping, sliding pussy above her, suckling the apex when it came within range, pushing her tongue hard against the length of the crevasse as it slid by. At first, her revulsion had pushed her lusts aside, the musky aroma, the slime covering her face, the weight of her oppressor upon her. But Ma's mouth was demanding, energetic, incessant, and soon she felt her passions beginning to peak once more.

She tried to fight it off, but despite all her efforts, her pussy exploded again. She shouted her exclamations of passions into Ma's crease. Her pussy's throbs had barely subsided when she felt the blood begin to boil down there again. Her clit was so energized that the slightest touch of Ma's tongue sent excruciating sensations all throughout her.

"Make her come! Make her come! I've got to make her come!" Randi thought madly. She lapped and suckled and poked and subsumed as best she could at the moving target. At one point Ma mashed her clit into her mouth, shouting, "Harder! Suck it harder you fucking slut! Harder! Harder!" And then she resumed her assault on Randi's puss.

She came again and the pleasure was so tormenting that she began to sob and sob. The tongue and lips wouldn't stop. She was doing her best. She could tell that Ma was getting hotter and hotter by the elevation of her moans and the intensity of her movements. Her pussy was hot and gushing. Ma pressed it against her face, covering it with her discharge. Randi cried and whined and groaned and energetically performed her duty. When Ma made her come again she screamed and cried out, her voice muffled by the oozing organ above it. She wanted to cry out, to beg Ma to stop, to promise anything, to plead for forbearance, but she knew the consequences that would befall her and she was able, just, to hold her entreaties in.

Then Ma's grunts became louder. The pressure of her hips down on Randi's face grew more intense. She was rocking herself back and forth, sliding her cunt over Randi's face, subsuming her nose, her mouth and her chin.

"Come on, fuckbucket! Come on! Come on! Do it! Do it! Suck my cunt, you fucking shitbird! Suck it like you mean it!" she called out as she pressed her engorged clit into her mouth. Her own lips descended again and her tongue began a rapid drumming on Randi's button. Randi cried and moaned and squirmed. She didn't think she could withstand another explosion of her crux, but knew that she was going to soon find out. She mouthed Ma's purse as best she could. Then she heard Ma moan, "Uhhhhhhhhhhh! Uhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Uhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Oh, yessssssss! Yessssssss! Oh you fucking slutty cumstain! Do it! Do it!" and then, "Urrrrrrgh! Urrrrrrgh! Urrrrrrrrgh! Urrrrrrrrgh!"

Her thighs tightened around Randi's sides; her pussy pressed down so hard, Randi thought she might get drawn within it. Her mouth went back to Randi's twat and began to devour it with renewed intensity. As Ma's cunt poured forth its juices and she moaned and groaned with animalistic intensity, Randi's puss boiled over once more and she shouted and groaned and moaned, her body twisting and turning, her thighs shuddering, her mind pierced with ecstatic jolts.

Ma released a great groan and her body slowed to a halt. She mashed her cunt across Randi's face as she enjoyed the aftershocks of her completion. Her mouth had fastened on the flesh surrounding Randi's bud and was suckling it languorously. Finally, with a great sigh, her movements ceased and she eased herself off of Randi's body.

Randi was too overwhelmed to cry. She lay there listlessly as Ma released her knees from their ties, letting her legs drop to the bed. She didn't struggle as Ma, after plumping up the pillows behind her, drew her limp body upwards and encircled her with a one arm embrace.

She pulled her head back and planted a messy kiss on her lips. She probed her mouth with her tongue, releasing a satisfied moan. She pressed Randi's body against hers.

"Ohhhhhhh, you're a good one all right," she said, sighing. "I could do this with you seven days a week."

She lay there a few moments and then she gently pushed Randi aside. "Stay there," she said as she got off the bed.

Randi watched ruefully as Ma went over to the closet and retrieved her whiskey bottle and a glass and put them on the nightstand. She went over to the foot of the bed and drew her Winstons from the pocket of her dress and lit one, filling the dimly room with grayish smoke. She picked up the camera she had used from the top of the dresser and came back to the bed. She put the cigarette in the ashtray on the nightstand and poured herself three fingers of liquor. Then, placing the ashtray on the bed, she leaned back on the pillow, her glass still in her hand. She took a deep sip of the whiskey, a long toke of her cigarette and sighed. "Come back up here, sweetie and snuggle with me," she said softly.

Reluctantly, Randi obeyed. The chain on her neck was just long enough for her to lay her head on Ma's right shoulder. Ma put her arm around her and squeezed her. "Good girl," she said smiling.

She placed her glass down on the nightstand and picked up the camera. "Want to see what your cunt looks like?" she asked almost merrily. She brought up the pictures she had taken and showed them to Randi one by one. Randi quailed as she looked at them, her belly turning sour. They were in stark, bright color. She was grotesquely bound, like some slutty bondage model. Her pussy reminded her of an opened gardenia, just like Ma had said. It was mushy with her fluids and her pussy lips were spread open, revealing the pinkish inner lips. Her face looked so sad that it brought tears to her eyes.

"Someone will look at that and take delight from it," she thought. "Someone who will want to see me like that again and again. And do even worse things to me. They'll enjoy the sadness on my face, relish the tears in my eyes and want it again and again, hurting me worse and worse until I have no feelings left. Then they'll sell me to someone else and it will start all over again." She felt herself becoming overwhelmed.

She looked up at Ma who was examining her closely. Ma put down the camera and rustled her hair with her left hand. "Poor little girlie," she said softly, almost caringly. She grabbed Randi's hair and pushed their lips together, invading her mouth. She kissed her long and deep. Her right hand seized her breast

and massaged it gently, holding it like a little bird that had flitted onto the bed. Randi felt a well of sadness erupt in her. When Ma broke their kiss, she burst out into sobs. Ma laughed. "You're so cute," she said, and hugged her to herself again.

She let Randi sob into her shoulder as she smoked her cigarette and sipped at her whiskey. When she had crushed out her smoke, she leaned over and filled her glass again. This time, she tilted Randi's head back and put the glass to her lips. "Have a little drink, sweetie," she said. "It'll make you feel better."

Obediently, Randi opened her mouth and let Ma pour the liquor in. She poured it in slowly but continuously, making Randi swallow and tilting her head back further so she could get it all. When the glass was empty, she gave her a mushy kiss on the lips and leaned back. She held Randi tightly against her. In a few moments, Randi could tell from her rhythmic breaths that she had fallen asleep.

Her head was swimming from the alcohol, but she was still able to maintain her senses. "This is my chance," she thought desperately. The key to the door was in Ma's dress pocket, lying on a chair near the bed. It was at most maybe 15' away. She only had to get up and grab it and dash for the door. But her hands were affixed to her thighs and she wouldn't be able to reach the lock. And her neck was chained to the bed so she couldn't even get up. And if she moved a muscle, she knew that Ma would awaken and there would be hell to pay. Despondency seized her. She tucked her head against Ma's chest and sobbed softly. Instinctively, Ma drew her closer. Within a few moments, she too had fallen adrift.

She awoke with a start. It took her a second to realize where she was and whose flesh she was leaning against. Ma was awake too and had given her shoulder a little shake. "Wake up, shitbird," she said sharply. "You can sleep on your time, not mine."

Randi frowned. She looked Ma in the eye and wondered how she could do what she did to another human being. What kind of sickness lurked inside her? It was clearly more than a business, Ma devoted too much time at making her presentations perfect, took too much enjoyment from her submission. Why did God put such people in the world? What divine purpose did they serve? Was it just to send misery to

people like her, to test her, like Job in the bible? If so, she had failed the test because she had lost all faith in divine righteousness. She didn't hate God, curse and detest him. It was just that his stature had diminished and now seemed to her more like a character from a fairy tale.

Ma stretched herself. She took hold of Randi's hair and forced her face towards her and planted a sloppy kiss on her lips. Then she leaned her back and kissed one teat, sucking and slurping upon it, and then the other, while her free hand drifted over her belly and ran down to her crux. She drifted her hand over it a few times and then directed her attention back to her lips, this time slipping her tongue into Randi's mouth and swirling it around.

"You're a nice piece of work," she said merrily when she pulled back. "But it's time to get up. Jimmy'll be home soon and I've got to make his dinner." She ordered Randi to roll over to her belly and then climbed aboard her. She released her hands from her thighs and tied them off behind her and then reapplied the gag. She slid down her body and affixed the manacles to her ankles. She gave her a great slap on her rear that made Randi whine. "Up on your knees, shitbird," she said. "Assume the position."

Randi brought herself to her knees and spread her legs as far as the manacles would allow. She laid her head down and arched her back. She listened to the sounds of Ma dressing behind her. A great sadness overwhelmed her. She had been a prisoner for two whole days, three if you counted Saturday, and with each passing hour her redemption seemed to be slipping further and further away. There didn't seem to be a single moment when she wasn't bound or fixed to something or disabled in some kind of way. And there were always the locked doors. She tried to conger up in her mind the vision of a key, a small, otherwise incidental piece of metal, with intrinsic worth of a penny or two, if that. But the one in Ma's pocket, not more than 5 feet away from her, was, to her, the most valuable piece of metal in the whole world. If only she could get her hands on it! "Please, please, dear God, let it materialize in my hand, free me from these bonds, strike down my oppressors. Help me! Please! Please! Please!"

Ma got up from the bed where she had sat to put her boots on. She stamped the lightly on the floor to set her feet more comfortably within them. She came around to the side of the bed and released the chain that had connected Randi's collar to the headboard and ordered her off the bed. Obediently, Randi slid herself down to the foot and stood up. Ma came up next to her and stroked her hair. Randi's eyes were brimming with tears. "Poor little girlie," Ma said sympathetically. "Don't worry, we're going to find you a nice new home. You'll settle in and all this will seem like a dream. Just a couple more days and you'll be off. In the meantime, just let yourself relax and enjoy yourself. There really isn't any other choice, you know. The more you feel sorry for yourself the worse it will all be."

Randi stared up at the older woman. "You bitch! You cunt! You motherfucker!" her mind screamed. "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" And then she burst into sobs. Ma stroked her hair some more. "You're so cute," she said. "I'd like to eat you up!"

She affixed the leash to her collar and, after unlocking the door, led her from the room. She brought her to the medical room and, after peeing herself, let her pee and gave her pussy a good wipe. She brought her across the hall to the blue room, unlocked it and led her in.

"On your belly now, shitbird," she said scornfully.

Unhappily, knowing what was in store, Randi sank to her knees and then to the floor. She laid there passively as Ma removed the manacles and tied her crisscrossed ankles together and then affixed them to her wrists. She went to the cabinet and removed a Gatorade bottle. She placed it on the floor and then removed Randi's gag.

"Here, drink up, sweetie," she said pleasantly. Randi knew that the drink was good for her, at least in the short run. She really didn't like the idea of consuming all those chemicals. But the liquid was cool and drinking it refreshed her.

When she had finished the bottle, Ma reinstalled the gag, strapping it tightly in place. Randi released a little gurgle as it edged up against her throat. "That's the good girl," Ma said as she tapped her lightly on the head. "I'm sure Jimmy will be down for a little BJ once he's had his dinner. I'll come down

and feed you later. Jimmy's going out and he'll put you to bed when he comes home. So just relax and have a little rest."

Ma put the top back on the empty plastic Gatorade bottle. Randi watched intently as she reached into her dress pocket for the key. It was on a little ring which also carried the little key that unlocked her manacles. "Please, God, please let me have the key," she thought. Ma went to the door, slammed it shut behind her and locked it again. She hung her head and held back her tears.

Ma went back to the bedroom. She made up the bed, emptied the ashtray and put the booze and the glass back in the closet. She took the little port-a-potty to the medical room, poured its contents into the toilet and washed it out. After putting it away back in the bedroom, she locked the door and went upstairs, trudging up the steps.

She had taken a package of hamburger meat from the freezer earlier today and she tested it to make sure it had defrosted. It was a quarter after five. Jimmy would be home around 6. He would want to wash up and eat. The races started at 8 and the track was about a 45 minute drive away. There was just enough time to make a nice meatloaf.

Ma was sitting on the porch reading *Madame Bovary* when Jimmy pulled up. When he came up the porch he leaned over and gave her a little kiss on the cheek.

"Dinner's just about ready," she told him. "We're having meatloaf."

"Oh, that's great, Ma," Jimmy replied.

"I'll have it ready in 15 minutes," Ma said. "Anything interesting today?"

"Nah, nothing much. I had a chat with a nice looking girl in Brattenburg, but she wouldn't give me her info. I stopped by the garage in Jefferson and took the Chevy out for a little run."

"That's the good boy," Ma said. "I worry about you out there and it's nice to know you're keeping the safety cars all tuned up."

"Thanks, Ma," Jimmy said. "I'd like to go back to Brattenburg maybe next week to see if I can find that girl again. She was quite a looker with long, sexy legs. I think she works in an office near the park and eats lunch there when the weather's good. She was all dressed up with a pretty little skit."

“Okay,” Ma said. “Make a note of it.”

Jimmy smiled and went in the house. Ma marked her place in her book and followed him. She had made the mashed potatoes and left them warming in the right side oven. She pulled out the meatloaf. The baked off fat was sizzling. She cut open a small slice to make sure it was done and then, using two pairs of spatulas, lifted it onto a platter. The table was already set except for the butter and milk. Jimmy came down, his hair still wet and wearing a nice red, blue and yellow striped sports shirt and the same jeans he had worn that day. He wolfed through the food, wiped his face with a napkin and gave Ma another kiss. “That was great, Ma,” he said. He headed downstairs. Ma would eat later.

Randi heard the boots on the stairs. Even though Ma seemed to be a bit heavier than Jimmy, Jimmy’s footsteps seemed harder and louder. She heard the lock turn and the door opened.

It had been a long wait. She had tried to put out of her mind what was happening to her and what would happen to her later, but it was impossible. She mentally recited all the prayers that she knew, which weren’t a lot. She closed her eyes and tried to meditate, something a friend had taught her. She tried to just empty her mind and concentrate on her breathing and ignore the aching pull on her shoulders, her nakedness, the massive prong in her mouth, and the fact that soon Jimmy would be coming down to fuck it. It worked a little, but only for a little while.

Mostly, she stared at the Mexico poster and imagined herself dancing away to the guitar music, shouting, “Olé! Olé!” and snapping her fingers over her head. If only she could get the man to move. She was sure he would help her. He looked so kind and friendly. But when she looked at the lady, the stern look in her eyes told her that she wouldn’t let him. She would squawk and yell at him in Spanish and the man would sheepishly shrug his shoulders in apology and slink away. It made her cry.

Jimmy came waltzing in. His short sleeved shirt exposed the intricate tattooing on his lower arms to the open air. He had the shirt unbuttoned to just below his sternum and she could see the head of the dragon he wore on his chest. He had on the same jeans as this morning with the big Jack Daniels belt buckle. His

hair was wet and had been combed back, making him seem like some punk from a 50's movie.

She didn't relish the idea of sucking his cock again, but at least it would give her some respite from the hogtie. He would untie her and bring her to her knees. She could relax her shoulders and thighs. She could give her neck a rest. But it didn't happen that way.

"Hiya girlye," Jimmy announced when he came through the door. "Did you have a nice day?" He laughed. "How's Ma's pussy treating you?"

She looked up at him forlornly. She wondered if Jimmy sometimes watched his mother fucking the girls. She wouldn't put it past him. And Ma watching him. They were so perverted that she thought it a distinct possibility. Surely getting a blow job right in front of your mother and putting it on film was high on that list. She cringed as she thought that the cameras probably didn't just keep an eye on her. They were probably recording too. A coldness swept through her and her belly soured at the thought that Jimmy would watch the movie of Ma sucking her pussy. Or her sucking hers back. And Ma watching Jimmy plow her quim. Maybe on lonely, cold nights in the wintertime they sat and watched some of the recordings of their misadventures with their favorite victims together in the living room upstairs, drinking beer and smoking cigarettes and then fucked there on the rug. She wouldn't put it past them.

Instead of loosening her ties, Jimmy lowered his fly and undid his belt. He lowered his pants and underwear to mid-thigh and then knelt down in front of her. Randi looked at him unhappily. "No! Not this way!" she thought. When the belt to her gag was loosened and the thick prong slid out of her mouth, she realized that this was the way it would happen and she had nothing to say about it.

Jimmy smiled and tapped her face. "Make it good, dickwad," he told her. "Or you'll be very unhappy later when I tell Ma you were dogging it."

He lifted his tumescent but still soft prong and gave it a few tugs. It started to harden in his hand. He shuffled his knees forward until they were on either side of her face. "Open up," he told her sharply.

Saddened, Randi obeyed. He placed his cock on her lower lip and then shifted his hips forward. His cock slid along her tongue, filling her mouth with its heat and hardness, and pushed against the back.

“Keep your mouth nice and tight, cumbucket,” he told her. “And I want to feel that tongue hard at work. Got it?”

Randi sniffled, holding back her tears, and did her best at nodding her impaled head. Jimmy didn’t respond other than to commence sliding his cock back and forth over her lips.

She kept her lips tight as the invader traversed her tongue and mouth again and again. Each time the prong pulled back, she let her tongue wash over the head. Jimmy wasn’t going fast, but he wasn’t taking his time either. It was like she was just a pleasurable stop on his busy schedule, as if he had allotted 15 minutes to this and he was going to enjoy every one of them and at the same time, be ready to dump his load when the timer went off in his head.

A couple of times he pulled his cock back so just the head was in her mouth and he ordered her to suckle it while he moaned and sighed. A few times he pushed himself all the way forward so that his cock breeched her throat, her nose against his belly, making her choke and gag. He held himself there for a long time, reveling in the full encasement of his meat and the tightness of her throat. Each time he only pulled back when she really began to chortle and whine. He would give her a few seconds to take a deep gulf of air, and then push himself back in.

Randi was constantly comparing the gradations of her degradations. Sucking Ma’s twat yesterday had been high on the list. Eating from the floor like a doggie was up there. And of course when Jimmy had ordered her to her knees to suck him off in front of the camera had been awful. But this was about the worst so far. It placed a stark emphasis on the fact that her mouth was just another hole to be used. To be all tied up so grotesquely, unable to move a single muscle but her tongue and her neck made it clear that her body was not to be hers anymore, but someone else’s, who could confine it, control it, use it any way they wanted.

She began to sob. Jimmy’s flesh was streaming now back and forth across her lips with alacrity. She kept her mouth

sealed against it. His hands were on her head, holding in just the right position. He was grunting and moaning. His cock was like an evil piston, going back and forth. He shoved it deep into her mouth, banging against her throat and making her go “Gaaaaaw! Gaaaaaw! Gaaaaaw!” each time he did it.

“Oh yeah, cunt! Oh yeah, cunt! Oh you motherfucker! You motherfucking cunt! You motherfucking, cocksucking cunt!” he was yelling. “Suck it! Suck it hard! Oh, you cuntfaced, motherfucking cocksucker! Here it comes! Here it comes! Take it all you cunt! You fucking cunt! You shitfaced, birdbrained, cocksucking cunt!”

And then his cock exploded, jetting his essence into her. He was going so fast that she didn’t have time to swallow it. It just sort of churned up into a froth and forced its way up into her nose. She had to loosen her lips so some would come out, coughing and gagging, but Jimmy slapped her fiercely and told her to tighten them. She gurgled and sobbed and wallowed in her misery as he went on and on and on.

Finally, he was finished. He pushed his now still cock deep into her mouth, letting it soften within. When he finally pulled out he realized that some of his cum had spilled out on his upper thighs and he made her lick them clean. Then he shoved the gag back into her mouth and fastened it tightly behind her head.

He stood up and raised his pants. “Thanks, cumbucket,” he said snidely. “I’ll be back around 1 and we’ll fuck. So keep your pussy nice and wet for me.” He laughed. He turned, went to the door and, without saying more, let himself out, slamming the door behind him.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Ma came down about an hour and a half later with some chopped up meatloaf mixed with mashed potatoes and broccoli. She watched Randi scarf it up patiently, sitting in the little folding chair they kept there and smoking a cigarette. When Randi was done, she filled the bowl with cold milk and let Randi lap at it until it was all gone. Then she put the bowl back on her tray, regagged her and without comment, left, locked the door and went back upstairs.

About 20 minutes later, she came back. This time she had a big bowl of chocolate ice cream. She put the bowl in front of her, and before releasing her gag, gave her hair a little affectionate tussle. "This is for being such a good girl, shitbird," she said softly.

Once she had released the gag, Randi lowered her face and began to lick up the dreamy substance. On the one hand she knew that she should reject Ma's purported act of kindness, spit in the bowl and curse her to her face, but on the other, her existence was so miserable now that the slightest joy seemed like some kind of munificent redemption. Oh, the chocolate was so good. It was not as nice as the warm, fresh baked cobbler had been yesterday, but chocolate was her favorite, even better than vanilla, and each slither of its flavor across her taste buds was heavenly. She tried to ignore Ma, who was crouched down next to her and kept stroking her head.

She licked the bowl clean, sorry that it was all gone. It had made her stomach pleasantly satisfied though. She looked up at Ma who was still stroking her hair. She wondered, for an instant, whether there was any combination of words or sounds that would soften her heart and cause her to let her go. They could drop her off in the middle of nowhere and she would never tell anyone anything about what had happened to her. She would make the most ironclad, binding kind of promise you could ever make. She felt her eyes watering and her lips

beginning to tremble as she stared into Ma's inscrutable face. There was a strange kind of softness there, you could tell. Some little chink in her armor. She had been a sex slave once, when Jimmy's father had dumped her in a Mexican whorehouse. Didn't she remember how awful it was? Didn't she know how wrong it was? Or did she think that since she had somehow survived it, that it was okay to sell others into bondage because somehow it would all turn out well in the end? "Oh, please, please, please let me go," Randi's mind whined. "Pleeeease!"

Ma, as if she were reading her mind, smiled warmly. "Oh, you're such a good little girl," she said softly. "I'm going to miss you."

It was not the message Randi wanted to receive and she started to cry. Ma leaned down, pulling gently back on her hair, and kissed her on the forehead. "Poor little girlie," she said sympathetically. She pulled her head back even further and lowered her lips to hers. Randi tasted her hot breath and obediently let the tongue enter her. Ma took hold of her chin with her left hand, circling her fingers around her upper neck, holding her head in place, while her right hand descended gently down her back and over her rear cheeks, caressing them.

She kissed her long and hard. Randi didn't fight it. She let the heat of the tongue and the firm but gentle hand on her buttocks stoke her desire. A thought crossed her mind. Maybe if she was good enough, slutty enough, enthusiastic enough, Ma would decide to keep her. Being prisoner here was better than being held prisoner maybe thousands of miles away. Somehow, she just knew it, either Ma or Jimmy would make a mistake. Then she could get away. Who knew what confinements she would be subject to once she was sold? How far away from home she might be. Maybe even in a foreign country.

"Yes, kiss me, need me, want me," she thought, "don't ever let me go!"

Her pussy was all tingly when Ma finally broke their kiss. Her loins were stirring. Ma pulled her head back and tousled her hair again. "You're so cute," she said, smiling.

She slid the gag back in again, nonetheless. She pulled it virtually as tight as it would go, as usual, seating the edge of the prong nearly in Randi's throat. So much for her theory, Randi thought unhappily.

She was somewhat relieved when she felt Ma releasing the bond that connected her ankles to her wrists and then lowered her feet slowly, rubbing circulation back into her thighs. She put the manacles on her ankles again and ordered her to her feet. Randi worried that they were going back to her room for another debauch and her belly soured a little. Ma marched her from the room, the leash fastened to her collar and brought her to the medicine room. She sat her on the toilet and let her pee. When she was done, she wiped her thoroughly and then brought her back to the hallway. When they passed her bedroom, Randi realized where she was going. Jimmy had said he would see her later. They were going to Jimmy's room.

Sure enough, they stopped outside Jimmy's door and Ma unlocked it. She turned on the overhead light, brightening the messy interior. She marched Randi around the bed to where the cage was. She opened it up and told her to get in. Once she was in, she locked it behind her.

Ma looked around the room. "That Jimmy's a good boy, but he's a bit of a slob," she said, as if this was something important for Randi to hear. She left the room for a few minutes, carefully locking the door behind her. When she returned she had a bottle of Windex, a small white and a big green plastic bag, a pail of steaming water and a vacuum cleaner. She emptied the beer can filled waste basket into the green bag, for recycling Randi presumed. The ashtray was emptied into the little white one. She took a soapy sponge and washed down the big leather chair that Jimmy liked to sit in, washed the top of the little table near the chair and wiped the ashtray clean. She wrung the sponge out in the pail several times and then wiped down the small refrigerator. She looked inside and gave a couple of 'tsks', and then closed the door. She wiped down the little table on the other side of the bed. The vacuum made a loud groaning sound as she went over the rug with it. Lastly, she spritzed the Windex onto the TV screen and wiped it dry with a paper towel she took out of her pocket.

When she was done, she gave a good look around. "That's much better," she commented to no one. She gathered all of her utensils and carried them from the room. Ma had left the overhead light on and the room seemed stark and cold. There was a sense of grotesque normalcy in how Ma treated Jimmy.

There was something painfully absurd about it. It was as if the laws of the universe had shifted and it was perfectly okay to enslave young women as long as you did it in the privacy of your home. Some inspector might come by once a month or so to make sure they were treating their slave right, like the animal officer or something. You would have to get a license to keep her from city hall, like any other pet. But life itself would go on just as it did in the normal universe, where doting moms spoiled their boys right up through adulthood.

Randi thought that Ma had left her for the night, but about 5 minutes later she heard the door unlocking again. Ma was carrying a six pack of beer cans, a bottle of Gatorade, a small bowl and an air freshener. It was one of those electric ones and Ma plugged it into the wall. She loaded the beer cans and the Gatorade into the fridge. The bowl, which contained some salted, mixed nuts, she put down on the table next to the chair.

She stood tall and smiled, her hands on her hips. She looked at Randi. "The Gatorade's for you for later," she said. "Jimmy'll be home a little after 1 probably. Make sure you give him a real good fuck. He's a good boy and deserves it. I'll see you tomorrow."

Randi watched as Ma went around the bed. She turned on the small light. When she went to the door she turned off the overhead. She didn't say anything else, and exited the room without looking back.

There was little for Randi to go by to tell what time it was. While in the blue room she had watched the little slivers of light that made it through the sides of the painted windows subside until they were wholly dark. It had to be after 8 p. m. , didn't it? Maybe later. Perhaps. That knowledge made her belly go sour and her body to chill. She wasn't looking forward to fucking Jimmy again, but it meant that she would have to spend about 4 hours in the little cage, all cramped up and all. Longer if Jimmy was a little late or it was earlier than she thought. She bit down on her gag and stifled her tears. There was nothing she could do but wait.

Strangely, there was something comforting in it being the last stop of the day. After Jimmy got done with her, he would put her to bed in the green room. Then, for a long time, no one would bother her. Laying there perfectly immobile was better

than being hog tied, if only marginally. And it was much better than being scrunched up in a little cage.

The thing that bothered her the most, however, much more than the fact of being bound and caged like some kind of untrustworthy animal, was the fact that the day was coming to a close. Nobody had said how long they would keep her, how long it would take to sell her, but both Jimmy and Ma had said that it would be a matter of days, not weeks, or even one week. Thus she was one more day closer to being shipped out to the great void where some awful fate awaited her. She had been a prisoner two whole days and not one opportunity worth mentioning had presented itself for escape.

That video was almost certainly up on the Internet by now and strange, evil people all over the world were probably looking at it. The shame of that thought brought on a sourness that permeated every pore of her body. Maybe Stu would come across it and decide that he was better off without that slutty whore. Maybe Gwen would see it and laugh. Maybe her parents or brothers, or all of her friends would see it. Her mother was bad enough, but her father would spit on the ground and curse her and order everyone not to mention her name in the house ever again.

Randi closed her eyes and began to sob.

Upstairs, where it was indeed a little after 9, Ma had made herself a cup of decaf and had cut herself a slice of the Sara Lee cheesecake she had taken out of the freezer earlier that day. She brought them into the den where she put them down on a side table next to the nice, comfy couch. There was an antique, brass floor lamp next to it with a hand painted glass shade. She turned it on and then turned off the ceiling light. Jimmy had given her an iPod last Christmas and she had loaded a lot of her favorite music on it. Tonight she was in a classical mood and she put on a Brahms symphony. The iPod was connected to a set of nice speakers.

She sat down on the couch, put on her reading glasses and opened her book. She had brought the iPad with her and she checked out the girl. She saw that she was sobbing. Ma grimaced and shook her head. She wished that there was something she could do. She was such a nice girl and really didn't deserve to suffer. Wherever she was going they could

keep her fucked up all day on smack or coke, or both if they wanted. Some places, she heard, kept their girls on huge doses of Zolofit or Valium or something like that. If they did it was their business. Ma didn't believe in using drugs if she didn't have to. It wasn't healthy. And what fun was it to fuck a drugged up whore anyway? And it was nicer if the girls were still their actual, real selves when they arrived at the buyer's. What they did to them afterwards wasn't really any of her business.

She propped up the iPad on the sofa next to her, turned off the volume, took a big bite of the cake, a swig of the coffee, and got down to her book. Mrs. Bovary had just arrived in Paris.

Ma awoke with a start. She realized that she must have drifted off while reading. Her first thought was to check on the girl downstairs. She was hunched over in her cage and it looked like she had drifted off too. Ma looked at the nice brass ship's clock that was mounted on the wall. It was a quarter to 12. The dainty 11:45 chimes were just ringing. The book was lying open on her lap. She closed it, marking off her place with a bookmark. She put the empty coffee cup on the cake plate with the fork, turned off the floor lamp and, with the book in one hand and the plate in the other, the iPad under her arm, ambled off sleepily to the kitchen. The cup, fork and plate went into the dishwasher. She put in the soap and turned it on. A second or two later, it began to hum. When they were remodeling the kitchen she had replaced the old, clunky one with the quietest one she could find. It cost extra but it was worth it.

Grabbing the iPad and the book, she trudged upstairs. Once in the bedroom she doffed her dress and underwear and put on a lightweight, pink nightgown with frills around the collar and at the end of the half sleeves. Outside, the weather was stifling hot and muggy. But inside, thanks to the central air unit, it was cool. She pulled down the bedspread to the foot of the bed, leaving on the light blanket and the top sheet. She crawled into the bed, propping the iPad up on the nightstand. She took a last look at it. The girl was still sleeping. It was good that she could get a little peace, she thought. She pulled up the covers and turned off the lamp on the nightstand, plunging the room into darkness.

As she lay on her back, her mind recalled the delicious episode she had experienced with the girl that afternoon. Her coarse hand slipped unconsciously down her torso and over her thigh. The picture of the girl's legs spread in the air and her cute, hairless, gleaming little pussy sprang into her mind. She pulled the nightgown up to her hip and her hand slid over her belly underneath it and then down to her crux. The echo of the girl's moans and cries from that afternoon rang through her head. She closed her eyes, recreating the scene. Her fingers found her needy clit and began to rub.

Jimmy got back about a quarter to 2. The races had been thrilling. It was stock cars and the souped up Chevys, Mercurys and Fords had gone roaring around the track. Ma had warned him not to get drunk, but it was near impossible. After the race, he and his friends hung out in the parking lot for a while drinking and smoking weed. Manny Wiseburg had brought his shiksa girlfriend, Fran, a busty blond wearing a too small t-shirt and cut off denim short shorts. She had colorful, flowery tattoos up and down her arms. As he drank and smoked, Jimmy couldn't help wondering what she looked like naked. She was lively and boisterous and drank like a man. Kenny Pagano had brought a pint of Jim Beam and when they passed it round, the girl took as big a swig as anyone.

One of the downsides of being in the female slavery business was that whenever he saw a desirable girl he mentally placed her down in their basement all hogtied and naked. Or on her knees, with her lips spread into a tight little circle. He couldn't help thinking about Fran the same way and the fact that Manny was going to fuck her tonight. Driving home, careful to keep down his speed and to keep the wheels all on the right side of the single white line of the roadway, he had to squeeze his hardened cock several times.

Ma was right. He needed a girlfriend. Someone he could show off to his friends and boast about. He couldn't very well tell them that he had had literally hundreds of pussies and that there was a beautiful, compliant prisoner at home in his basement awaiting his return. Tomorrow night was the ladies' night at Boomers', a rip roaring rock club, and he made a promise to try and meet someone nice there.

He pulled into the gravel driveway next to the house and shut off the engine. It was hot outside and he never used the air conditioner in his car, so he was all sweaty. He powered up the windows and then removed the keys. He got out of the car, easing the door shut so that he wouldn't wake Ma, and strode to the backdoor of the house. It opened to the kitchen. Ma had left the stove light on for him and the backdoor light on. He switched off the outdoor light and entered the kitchen. The door to downstairs was right off of it, but he headed to the bathroom first. He stood there, his cock half hard and rubbery and streamed a heavy flow into the bowl. He swayed a little as he jiggled the end to let loose the final drops. He was woozy, but a good woozy, not a bad.

When he went back into the kitchen, he opened the fridge door. There were still a few slices of the roast left from Sunday and he took them out. He took out some bread and some mayo, some salt and pepper and made himself a sandwich. He popped open a beer and sat down at the table.

The roar of the speedway was still in his ears and Fran's jiggling tits each time she leapt up and cheered was in his mind's eye. He ate his sandwich slowly, relishing the taste, washing it down with large swigs of Iron City. He wondered, idly, whether Ma might consent to make an exception and let him snatch her up. Maybe they could keep her around a month or two so he could fuck the shit out of her and train her right to suckle him just as he liked. They could finish off the tattooing of her pale, swelling flesh. He had often lobbied Ma to keep one of the girls around permanent-like. She could help Ma with the chores and be around during the slow times to fuck. But she had always said no. It was too risky.

As he finished his sandwich, his mind drifted to the girl downstairs. She was a honey and one he would have liked to keep around for more than a few days. He imagined her all naked and bound and awaiting him in his little cage. He imagined her smooth, hairless pussy, her fine breasts and her very able mouth. His cock began to harden again. He looked at the kitchen clock. It was 5 after 2. There was no time like the present to go and get his dick wet. He got up from the table, carrying his plate and his nearly empty beer can. He rinsed off the plate and put it on the counter near the sink. He wiped down

the counter where he had made his sandwich and put away the loaf of bread. He often had a late night snack, and didn't like to leave a mess for Ma to discover in the morning. He took the last swig from the beer can, rinsed it out and dropped it into the recycling container Ma kept under the sink. He went to the door to the cellar, took out his key, opened the door and descended the stairs, making sure to lock the door behind him.

When he opened the door to his private room, he realized at once that Ma had cleaned the place. He really wished that she would leave his room alone. It was, besides his bedroom upstairs, the only place that was truly his. He locked the door behind him as he entered. He could see the sleeping girl in her cage, snoring lightly. He sniffed the air and realized that Ma had put an air freshener in the room. He traced it to an outlet on the near side of the bed. He walked over and pulled it out, tossing it into the garbage can. He immediately lit a smoke and blew its grayish output into the air all around him.

He took a beer out of the fridge. He saw that Ma had restocked it and, for that, he was grateful. All the trash had been removed and the ashtrays were empty and wiped clean. It was nice that she did that stuff, but it was as if she had erased all trace of him. He didn't like it and promised himself that he would speak to Ma about it again in the morning. He saw the nuts on the table, grabbed a small handful and popped them into his mouth.

After taking and releasing long tokes of his butt, he went over to the cage. He couldn't see how anyone could sleep like that, all crunched up and all, but somehow the girls all did the same thing. It was probably something about the stress they were under. He had read something about that in a magazine once. It must have been at a doctor's office or something since he never read anything at home. All those words kind of hurt his brain. He liked doing things with his hands more. "Or with my cock," he thought as he perused the girl's charms. Time to wake her up.

He gave the cage a solid kick. "Hey!" he yelled. "Wake up fuckbucket!"

The girl's body shuddered as if she had experienced an electric shock and her eyes sprang open. She looked up at him fearfully.

“Sleeping on the job,” Jimmy spat out accusingly. “I ought to give you a good whipping for that!”

The girl cringed and her eyes filled immediately with tears. Jimmy chuckled to himself. This was so much fun!

The key for the cage was mounted on a hook on the wall facing the cage, some 15’ away. It was always delicious to think of its occupant gazing up at it longingly. One girl, years ago, had cleverly figured out how to maneuver the cage to just under it by leveraging the bars in just the right way, causing it to fall on its side again and again until it was under the key and against the wall. The ring for the key was about 5’ off of the floor. The cage was 4’ high and the key, on a little leather strap, had been just out of her reach. Her hands had been free at the time, another mistake, and when Jimmy came in he could see them pushing up desperately from the bars, her fingers stopped inches away from their goal, the girl sobbing and moaning maniacally. The girl was properly disciplined (Ma was hopping mad!), and the key was mounted higher and on a short ring. The cage, and the cage in Ma’s room, were shortly thereafter both bolted down.

Jimmy pulled the key off of its hook and stepped over to the cage. After unlocking it, he swung the door open.

“Come on, get out, fuckbucket!” he snapped. “I don’t have all night.”

Sniffling and morose, the girl shuffled herself out on her knees. He took hold of her collar and made her knee walk to the foot of the bed. “Stay right there,” he said needlessly.

He proceeded to strip right in front of her. Her head was hanging down, her eyes to the floor, her shoulders hunched, so he slapped her hard and told her to kneel up. “I’m the most interesting thing in the room as far as your concerned, cumstain! You look at me!”

Sobbing now, the girl nodded.

He already had his shirt off. He sat on the bed and pulled off his boots, not without some effort, and then dropped his pants and slid them off together with his gray boxers. He stood in front of the girl, facing her and pulled on his tool a couple of times. “Bennie here wants to get warm and wet,” he told her snidely. “Which hole do you want it in?”

The girl looked at him miserably. Her bountiful and firm breasts swayed as she shivered in fear. He loved how nervous they got once they had been smacked a few times, as if his hand could come flying out at any second for the least little sin, or none at all. Well, if they thought that, they would be right. He liked to alternate right and left so they would never know which way it was coming.

It occurred to him that there was something he hadn't done yet. After putting the beer on the small table next to his chair, he stepped over to the small closet and opened it. He took out a large box from the bottom and began emptying things out of it, a shirt, some racing magazines, game boxes, and other junk. When he got to the bottom, he pulled out a large, yellowish binder with a glossy, padded cover and a Polaroid instant digital camera.

He came back to her and tossed the binder and camera on the bed. He reached behind her head and loosened her gag, pulling the prong from her mouth. He tossed that on his chair. Ma had scolded him once when she found it on the floor. He lowered his zipper and pulled out his floppy dick. He took a big swig of his beer and then picked up the camera. "Okay, shit for brains, get to work."

The girl frowned, her eyes all forlorn and she edged herself toward him on her knees. She looked at the camera unhappily. It didn't take a Rhodes Scholar to figure out that she was about to have her picture taken. Her degradation was about to be memorialized once again.

Timidly, she took hold of his cock with her lips and kind of gobbled it in. She issued an unhappy whine, but got down to business right away. He rested his right hand in her hair, the camera in his left, and closed his eyes as the warmth of her interior made pleasure ooze from his member. At first, she kind of suckled and licked at his semi-hard crank. Once it began to harden, she commenced a slow, steady traverse of its length, moving her head back and forth.

"Ohhhhhhh, that's good, cumbucket," Jimmy moaned. "That's good. You're a good little cocksucker. You're going to make someone very happy."

He still had the smoke in his mouth. He put the camera in his right hand and took hold of the cigarette with his left. He

picked up the beer can from the table just to his left, lifted it to his mouth and drained its half full content all at once, all the while reveling in the hot mouth performing on his tool. He put the empty down, took a last drag off of his Winston and the dropped it into the can where it made a little hiss. He then turned his attention to the girl. His cock was nice and hard. It was tempting to let her keep going, but he knew that it was unlikely, given his state of inebriation, that he had more than one load in him and he truly wanted to fuck the shit out of her before he went to sleep. No, this was for posterity only.

He moved the camera to his left hand and took tight hold of the girl's hair. "Okay, hold it right there," he told her. "Look up at me."

The girl, her mouth full of male hardness, obediently, if sadly, tilted her head back and looked up. "Move back a little," he told her as he guided her by her hair. "No, too much," he corrected her. "A little bit forward. That's right. Perfect," he said as she inched her mouth just a little bit closer to him. "I need to get just the right amount of cock in the shot," he told her by way of explanation.

He put the camera up to his eye after making sure the flash was on. He held it with both hands and pointed it downwards. The girl was trembling and her eyes were filled with tears. It was perfect. She exuded a sadness that was both piteous and exhilarating. "Don't blink, cumstain," he said. "Hold it steady." And then he took the shot.

The flash illuminated her doleful face for an instant. He brought down the camera and looked in the viewing panel. He laughed. "Perfect!" he announced happily.

He pulled her head off of his cock and sat on the bed. The camera whirred and spat out the physical picture. He waited impatiently while the photograph cleared and then gave a big smile. "That's it!" he said merrily. "One shot perfect." He looked at the girl. "Wanna see?" he asked her.

Her mouth was downturned and tears were flowing down her cheeks. She looked like she was too afraid to shake her head 'no'. He showed it to her anyway. Her frown got deeper and she drew in her breath as if trying to stop herself from breaking out into sobs.

He brought the picture back and looked at it again. Her eyes were just perfect, drawn upwards slavishly. Her dismay was clearly evident. Her lips were pursed around his cock, with about 3" or 4" of it showing. You could see just a bit of his thick, black pubes. Her tits were a little blurry, but you could see a hint of them on both sides of his cock.

He picked up the binder and opened it to the last page. It had a picture of a faded, pinkish rose and the word, 'Memories' printed on the cover in script. The pages were self-stick and he placed the picture down next to the last one, about half way down the page and towards the middle. He took a moment to enjoy it. There, on that page, were 13 photos of miserable, pretty young women, their mouths ensconced on his cock, all looking up unhappily, their eyes brimming with tears.

Leaning over, he showed the page to the girl. "See," he said, "you've taken your place of honor among all the rest. That one there," he said pointing to the photo just before hers, "was the one just before you. She was a little skinny and she didn't suck cock nearly as good as you. She cried and bawled the whole time and I had to give her a good whipping to get her to stop. This one here, from a couple of months ago," he said, pointing to a black haired beauty, "was almost as delicious as you. Her name I think was Marcy or something like that. We got a good buck for her. She had nice big, fluffy tits."

He started flipping the pages. Row after row of unhappy young girls, all looking up miserably, was set on them. In some you could detect a hint of murderous hatred, but most were just dismally sad. White girls, black girls, Asian, Hispanic, all the various breeds. There were redheads, brunettes, blondes, girls with raven colored hair. One girl had hair that had been dyed pink. Narrow faces, broad faces. A couple of the girls had their upper cheeks spread with freckles. Blue eyes, brown, hazel, a few even green. They were all different, but all had Jimmy's thick crank stuffed between their lips.

"I only started this about 4 years ago," Jimmy told her. "Ma doesn't know about it. If she knew, she'd flip her wig. If the cops ever busted us, this would be state's exhibit no. 1. But I figure we'd be fucked anyways, so what's the difference. I like to look at it once in a while to try and keep track of the girls

we've handled. Otherwise, they just merge together in a big blur."

Randi looked at the pictures miserably. Someday soon, probably within a few days, Jimmy would be telling the next girl about her. And then there would be one after the other, as the months and months and years and years of her captivity went on, as more and more girls were added and she was just a blur, or maybe someone of note to be pointed out to some unhappy girl as the 'girl who really knew how to suck a cock', her name forgotten.

Jimmy took a long last look at the most recent picture. His hand went to his cock, now softened a bit, and gave it a few pulls. He looked at her. "Get up on the bed," he said curtly.

While Jimmy put the camera and scrap book back into the bottom of his box, Randi crawled up onto the bed. She assumed the position she had been taught, her ass up, her vagina displayed. Her feet were still manacled so she couldn't spread them apart very far. When Jimmy got up on the bed, he told her to lay on her belly. He sat astride her thighs, untied her hands and captured them in the manacles that led to the headboard. He slid down and undid the chain from her legs and dropped it onto the floor with a rattling 'clunk'. "Roll over," he said.

Randi shifted to her back, her hands chained loosely above her just loose enough so that she could move her elbows out and so her arms weren't jammed up against her ears. Jimmy was back astride her thighs. He took hold of her breasts and squeezed them, gently at first, and then harder and harder until she moaned. That made him smile. He leaned over and took her nipples in his mouth, one and then the other, suckling them, slurping over them again and again, hard and gentle hard and gentle, slithering his tongue over them again and again. Randi felt an unwanted pull in her loins.

He moved his mouth up and captured her mouth. Yesterday, when he had kissed her and she had not responded he had given her a vicious slap, and so, mindful of the pain and, what was worse, the demeaning memory of being corrected like a naughty child by some callous stepfather, she moved her tongue along his, swirling it and slithering it as he pressed his lips down hard against hers. She could taste the beer and the tobacco, and it made her stomach nauseous. But the effect of

the hot tongue in her mouth, the naked flesh against hers, the knowledge and unhappy anticipation of their upcoming copulation and the inevitable passion and despised pleasure it would produce, her pussy began to warm and tingle. As the kiss went on and on, her legs started to tremble and she pressed them together hard, clicking her ever present sandals against one another.

Jimmy broke their kiss and released a long sigh. He inched himself further up on her body, coming to rest over her belly. He took hold of her breasts and moved them apart and let a long string of drool drop between them. He looked at her, a sneering smile on his face. He pushed his cock between her breasts and then forced them together over it.

Stu had tried tit fucking her once, but she didn't like it and she had told him so. To her it was like being reduced to a mere physical thing, a warm object to jerk off on. It brought her no pleasure. She had always had a bit of ambiguity about her breasts. She loved how they weighed against her chest, swayed and moved when she did. She loved the impassioned attention that her few lovers had paid to them and once, when she had fucked Paul Conrad that one time, he had suckled and played with them for so long and so passionately, that she had creamed then and there.

But the other side of the coin was all the stares she got from all kinds of men, some good looking, who she didn't quite mind taking notice, but many, many more of them had been fat and unshapely, old geezer types, creepy wiseass guys, even young teenagers. It seemed like every man she passed on the streets looked first at her tits and then at her face. In class, her male teachers looked at them, especially when she went up to them with some kind of question or other. At Dalton's, the drug store she had worked at during high school, all the men looked at her tits, especially Mr. Dalton. Sometimes she wished she could wear them just when she wanted them, on a hot date, or in bed with a gorgeous man. She could keep them in her closet and take them out on special occasions or even when she just wanted to look at them herself and admire them. Or when she wanted other girls who were not so blessed to look at her jealously.

To have them fucked like this brought out all the bad feelings. It was like, rather than being appended to her, she was appended to them, not necessary except to carry them around. All these feeling swept through her as Jimmy fucked them, easing his cock up and down between their mashed sides, their pathway facilitated by his spit, a thing gross in and of itself. Jimmy moaned and pressed her breasts together so hard that it hurt. Men would use her this way, and every other way. She was a thing now, reduced to semi-autonomy, subject to command and allowed to motivate and move herself only under the strictest guidelines. She closed her eyes, trying to block out the sensation of the hot rod slipping up and down between her mammaries, the panting breath of her user, the weight of him on her belly.

He gave a great moan and pulled himself back, releasing her breasts. He paused for a few moments, as if trying to exercise control over his passions, prevent himself from coming and cutting short his enjoyable use of her. After a while, he looked up at her again and smiled. The dim light made all his tattoos seem demonic and threatening. That dragon on his chest seemed ready to pounce on her.

Jimmy edged himself forward again. As he did, Randi realized what was coming. His thighs captured her arms and pushed them up against her head. He leaned over and put his left hand on the bed above her. His right had hold of his tool. He pushed it towards her lips. Allen Gaston had done this to her at a party. Everyone had gotten drunk and they had gone upstairs to one of the bedrooms to make out. They had been kissing on the bed and she had his cock out and was fondling it. All of a sudden, it happened so quick that her drunken mind did not have time to react, he was over her face and was slipping his cock into her mouth. He only had the chance to shove it back and forth a few times when she had pushed him off and gave him a resounding slap. She slipped her bra back down over her breasts, buttoned her shirt and went right back downstairs. Judy Somerville's mom picked them up and took them home.

But there was no pushing Jimmy off. First of all, she did not have use of her hands. Second, even if she did, he would visit holy hell on her if she even tried. Third, Jimmy was no drunken

college sophomore. He was big and strong and used to using young women's bodies any way he wanted. For a second she thought of jamming her lips together and denying him entry. She pressed her lips together and whined. Jimmy's hand took hold of her hair and shook her head violently. "Open up, cunt!" he growled. Her belly souring and a coldness sweeping through her, she obeyed. His cock came plunging in.

At first, she just lay there, her mouth open, whining and crying, as he pressed his cock again and again against the back of her mouth. Then she heard him say, "Suck it, cunt, or I'll whup your ass good!" Tears streaming down the sides of her face, she closed her mouth around the fleshy iron-like bar and began giving it slave-like attention.

He moaned and groaned as he fucked her mouth. She cried and writhed her naked legs, pressing her high heels into the sheets, kicking them out, her thighs trembling as he penetrated her throat, holding himself there until she became desperate for air. Her pussy seemed abandoned, all alone and neglected. It seemed to know its turn would come though because, despite her frantic unhappiness, it was purring and tingling, seemingly screaming, "No! Here! Put it here! Put it here!"

She cried and whined and moaned and gurgled and choked as he drew himself up and down again and again. When he pushed himself in as far as he would go, his balls rode on her chin and his wiry, sweat laden pubic hair rode up against her face.

The prospect of him jetting his spume directly down her throat dismayed her, but she was praying and begging in her mind for him to come so as to end her ordeal. "Come! Come! Come!" she begged. She made sure that on each upward and downward stroke she pressed her mouth's interior hard against the shaft, her lips tightened against it. Each time the head came within range, she slavered it with her tongue.

"Ohhhhhh, you're good! You're good!" Jimmy was saying again and again. "Ohhhhhhhh, yeah, suck it, suck it you fucking cunt! Suck it! Ohhhhhhhh, yeah!"

Suddenly, he yanked back on his hips and tore his cock from her mouth. His buttocks were resting on her breasts. His breath was deep and anguished sounding. After a few moments, he said, hoarsely, "You almost had me there, cumstain. But I'm

not done with you yet.” He tapped her a few times on the cheek with his heavy hand. “I’m going to fuck you until your eyes roll back,” he announced.

He crept back down her body, taking the opportunity to suckle at her breasts as he went by. He pushed her thighs apart with his knees and lowered himself until his face was even with her loins. His hot hands pressed her thighs down. He lowered his mouth and drifted his tongue along her cleft, from bottom to top. Randi closed her eyes and gritted her teeth. Her violated mouth felt like his cock was still in it; her throat seemed to reminisce its presence.

He lathered his tongue up and down her crevasse. It was definitely a man’s tongue, heavy and insistent. He stopped on occasion at the apex of her slice to worry and suckle on her clit, making her moan. The feeling was so exquisite that she had to draw her thighs back and lift her hips.

He captured her love bud between his lips and fluttered his tongue over it rapidly, causing an intense buzzing to rise from her pussy, up her backbone to her brain. She felt a crisis coming and rued it, while her pussy seemed to pant excitedly, like a little doggie waiting for a bone.

When she let out a deep moan and arched her back, Jimmy abandoned his post. He rose above her and pressed the head of his cock at her entrance. Without ceremony, he jammed it right in causing little lights to begin sparkling in her mind. He was through playing around. He pounded at her as if trying to drill a hole through her. She gasped and moaned and jammed her feet down on the mattress. Her feet rose and crossed over the back of his shins either trying to frustrate his pounding motions or to encourage them, to jam him even deeper and harder into her cleft. She couldn’t tell.

He started growling and roaring. He pressed his lips against hers and forced his tongue in, scouring her cavity, pressing hard against hers. She began to whimper and whine and a throaty moan arose within her chest. He broke their kiss and slammed hard against her, growling and groaning, once, twice, three times and then again and again. Her pussy exploded with demonic force, pulsing and convulsing and sending powerful waves of disreputable joy all through her. Finally, he roared,

long and hard, thrust against her three more times and then collapsed.

Randi's puss continued to throb and pulse for a long while. She cringed and squeezed the body above her with her thighs. Her contractions wound down slowly, getting smaller and smaller until they disappeared like a bird over the horizon. Awful remorse filled her at once. They had done it to her again. She was powerless to control her own body. It disobeyed her as if there was another brain buried deep in her cunt which took over at the slightest touch or kiss or caress and then disappeared into its hiding place like a naughty little girl, leaving her to deal with the consequences.

Jimmy's head was down over her shoulder on her right. He was still moaning in a desultory way. His weight was laying on her heavily. She kept waiting for him to get up, wanting nothing more than to be brought to the green room so that she could lay unmolested and secure behind her bars. But then she heard him snoring. He had passed out! He was laying on her and he had passed out! "Please, no," she whined inside. She didn't want to have to lie this way all night! She was having trouble breathing. "Please get up, please, please, please!" she begged.

But Jimmy did not get up. She didn't know how long she lay there. She dozed off a couple of times, but she awoke each time with the sensation that she was suffocating. Her hands twisted and turned in her bonds. She drew her feet back and forth on the mattress. She knew that with the sandals on her feet if she gave him a fierce kick he would awaken. But what would happen then? He would be madder than a bulldog, that's what. So she lay there miserably, bemoaning her fate, ruing the passion he had driven her to, pleading for some powerful, invisible force to come and sweep her away. She thought of her picture in that book, her face obscenely and grotesquely displayed among all their other victims. How many were there? There looked to be ten or twelve pages of pictures. There had been five pictures in the row above hers.

There were five rows. 10 pages x 25 pictures, plus 13 on her page. That meant about 263 pictures. 263 young women captured, kidnapped and sold off as slaves in what, about 4 years, maybe more. That was a little over one every week. Once a week for the last four years some oblivious young woman was

swept off the streets, torn from her life and sold into a nefarious stream of commerce to end up God only knew where. And none had come back! None had come back to identify their kidnappers, to exact justice. None! None! None! That meant she never would either! She was lost! Lost! Lost! She began to sob and then caught herself. Jimmy would be pissed if she woke him. So she turned the misery inside where it churned up her gut, soured her heart, deadened her brain. All was lost! All! All! All! Forever and ever!

Eventually, Jimmy did wake up. He moaned and groaned and then propped himself up on his elbows, looking at her as if he were surprised to see her. After a few moments, his brain went into gear. He got off of her and applied the manacles to her ankles. Then he had her turn on her belly while he released and retied her hands. Then he reapplied the gag, driving it deep and tight. Naked, he fished around in his pants for the key to the door. He didn't bother with the leash, but just took hold of the hair at the back of her head and dragged her along, forcing her to bend over and follow him as best she could with her ankles so confined.

First he took her to the medical room where he sat her on the pot. She released a long, heavy stream of water. Jimmy got impatient and shook her head, telling her to "Hurry the fuck up!" When she was done and he had forced her to bend over so he could wipe her, he took his turn, holding his softened crank in one hand and her hair in the other, bent over, her head at his waist level.

He got her to the green room and once inside laid out the blue board for her. She sat down on it without being told. He released her manacles from her ankles and then tied off her legs. He didn't say anything, but seemed struck with a torpor that made it seem that all he really cared about was getting back to bed. He made her bend over and, reaching behind her, untied her hands and made her lay down. When she was fully strapped in and immobile, he lifted her up and dropped her in the cage. The board landed with a jolt. He closed the cage and locked it all around. On his way out, he stumbled drunkenly against the wall and then, instead of lowering the overhead light, turned it off. Once the door was slammed shut and the lock turned,

Randi, enwrapped in a darkness deeper than night itself, closed her eyes and cried.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Late in the afternoon the next day, a little after 6 o'clock, Tuesday, Randi was lying in the Mexico room hogtied and gagged. The day had been spent much like the day before. She had lain in the green room, alone, afraid and dismally unhappy, affixed to the board until late in the morning. The utter darkness had made it impossible to track the time. This time she had been released not by Jimmy, but by Ma, Jimmy apparently sleeping late. The enema of the first day had been repeated. Then she was exercised, showered and fed in that order and left to lay in the blue Mexico room for several hours. Ma had taken the bandage off her tattoo and she had gotten her first look at it. Ma had lifted her foot and showed it to her, exhibiting not just a little pride in how well it had come off. Seeing the now familiar green dragon with red and yellow flames emanating from its mouth permanently etched into her skin, Randi was, of course, quite dismayed and fell into a deep funk all morning.

Jimmy came down around 11 and took her off to his bedroom. After coming in her mouth while she knelt before him, he regagged her and ordered her up on the bed. She assumed automatically the mandated position, her ass in the air, her legs spread wide while he played a video game. The noises sounded familiar to Randi and after a while she realized that it was the Warcraft game, the same game that Stu played seemingly day in and day out. It made her sick in her stomach to realize that and, for some reason, made it seem like Stu was complicit in her capture and abuse, although there was no reason to believe he had been involved at all. It made her think of the hours she had spent at Stu's apartment reading a book or a magazine, or merely watching the screen full of armed combat and blood and explosions and simulated massacres, either revolted or bored out of her mind, or both.

The whole time she knelt there, her hands bound behind her back, her forehead pressed against the bed, she was distressingly cognizant of her bare pussy displayed so

wantonly. Jimmy had taken off the ankle manacles so that she could spread her legs wider, and she seemed to feel Jimmy's eyes creeping over it from time to time whenever there was a pause in the game, especially when he got up to replenish his beer, giving her pussy a few playful strokes as he passed by, or giving her buttocks a fierce slap just on principle. The room stank of cigarette smoke and beer, which made her queasy. She couldn't help thinking that time was crawling inexorably by and that her journey to her unknown fate was growing nearer by the second. She went through bouts of tears, anger, fear and docile acceptance.

Finally, Jimmy crawled up on the bed behind her and, without even disrobing, played with her coosh until it was juicy and loose and then entered her from behind. His blue jeans rubbed up against the backs of her thighs. She couldn't stop herself from coming twice before Jimmy shot his load into her giving off loud grunts and moans. He slapped her hard on the ass when he was finished and said, "Thanks for the fuck, fuckbucket," the first words he had said to her that day, all his other commands having been communicated by gesture.

He left her like that for another hour or so while he resumed his game playing until there was a knock on the door. Jimmy shouted out, a loud, almost resentful, "Yeah?" and then she heard the sound of the door being unlocked and Ma entering. She took Randi off to the bathroom, fed her lunch on her knees in the hallway at the bottom of the stairs, and then restored her to the Mexico room. About 3, she came back down again, let her pee again, and led her to her own room where they fucked and sucked for 2 hours or so, spending the time between their two bouts cuddling and napping.

The first time, Ma had used the dildo again, making Randi scream and screech her unwanted pleasure. The second time, after forcing her to lie close next to her for 40 minutes or so, while she dozed off, she made Randi play with her quim with her hand, a very distasteful procedure that made Randi cringe with disgust, and then made her crawl between her knees and finish her off with her mouth.

About 5, Ma got up so she could make Jimmy's dinner, leaving Randi standing at the foot of the stairs, her arms tied off

behind her to the rafter above, making her lean over just enough to be uncomfortable, and affixed her ankles to the spreader bar.

At 6 she came back down. She had made Jimmy a dinner of franks and beans, one of Jimmy's favorites, with a side of spinach salad smothered in Caesar dressing, and she brought some down for Randi. Rather than force her to the floor, she spooned her meal right where she was standing after removing her ever-present gag.

"Good girl, good girl," she kept saying as she watched her chew the cut up franks and beans. Each time she swallowed, another spoonful would be at her lips within a moment, as if Ma was on some kind of schedule. When she was done with her meal Ma had her drink a large glass of milk and then wiped her face with a damp cloth and restored her gag.

Ma went back upstairs and, after cleaning the dishes (there were no leftovers), she came back down. It was about 20 to 7. Jimmy had gone off to a friend's. They would be going to the rock club together, but in separate cars in case they got lucky. She stood in front of her gagged and bound, naked prisoner for a moment, just looking at her and smiling. "She's so cute!" Ma thought. It almost made her want to take her back to her basement bedroom and fuck her some more, but she had an ironclad rule on that: once a day and no exceptions. She reached out and took hold of the girl's nipples and shook her breasts, making them shimmer and wobble. She leaned over and suckled each of them in turn while stroking the girl's quim, until she released a muffled moan and her hips began to shift. Ma leaned back up and laughed. "You're a real piece of work, honey," she said. She tapped her a couple of times affectionately on the cheek.

"I've got a special treat for you, cumstain," she said. "We're going for a little walk upstairs, so you best be on your best behavior or I'll lay a shitstorm on you. Got that?"

"Upstairs?" Randi thought. "Upstairs? She's taking me upstairs?" Immediately, desperate thoughts of escape ran through her mind. Upstairs was the door to freedom. One little slip on Ma's part and she could be flying out of it, screaming at the top of her lungs, running as fast as she could, much faster than Ma, she was sure of that. There was always the possibility

that Jimmy was there, but maybe not. He went out last night, why not tonight too!

A surge of hope passed through her. She nodded emphatically, 'yes!' Her heart began to beat excitedly. What happened next dimmed her hopes.

Ma reached in to the pocket to her dress and removed a black cloth. Once she had shaken it out, Randi saw that it was a hood. She would be hooded and blinded when she was brought upstairs. "But," she thought, "if she's bringing me upstairs there must be something she wants me to see or do. She'll probably have to take the hood off at some point. Hopefully then I'll have my chance."

Ma didn't say anything as she expanded the hood and pulled it over Randi's head. There was a draw string at its base and she pulled it tight around Randi's neck. She went behind her and exchanged the spreader bar for her manacles and then untied her bound hands from the rafter above. Randi was finally able to stand straight up after several hours. She felt Ma fiddling with the bottom of the hood in front, lifting it up slightly, and she felt the leash being attached to her collar. Ma gave it a little tug. "Come on shitbird. Move real slow and I'll tell you when to lift your feet."

Ma guided her up the stairs, one step at a time. She told her to lift the right one and place it on the step ahead of her and then to bring up the left while she pulled gently on the leash in encouragement. There were 11 steps. Randi counted them carefully. She stood still on one of the top steps while she heard Ma unlock the door. Her heart was beating at a hundred miles an hour.

The door opened. She was brought up one step, then another. She became lightheaded. The floor was smooth, like tile or linoleum, she could tell from the little clicks the heels of her sandals made. There was the smell of a kitchen. She was brought forward a step or two and the door closed behind her. She was here! She was upstairs! She was probably maybe 20 to 25 feet from freedom at the most. Anything could happen! "Please! Please! Please!" she begged providence.

"Okay, walk along, shitbird," Ma said as she pulled more firmly on the leash. Randi obeyed, shuffling her feet as best she could with the manacles on. They walked about 10 feet or so

and they made a right. She was on a rug now, she just knew it. They walked along about another 15 feet or so. They came to a stop. She heard the sound of a door unlocking. She was pulled through it and maneuvered to a spot a few feet in. The door closed and was locked again. Ma took hold of the leash up near her collar, pulling it tight.

“There’s a chair behind you,” Ma said. “Lower yourself slowly so you can sit in it.”

Randi was afraid of falling, but she leaned back and began to bend her knees. Ma guided her down by her leash. Then she felt something smooth, cool and hard on her buttocks. She let herself go the rest of the way. She was sitting in a wooden chair. It had no arms. She leaned back and her hands got squashed, so she leaned forward again. Ma disconnected her leash. A second later she felt something pull at the back of her collar. She was being affixed to the back of the chair. Ma came around and tied her ankles to the feet. Instinctively, she tried to shuffle the chair, but realized that it must be bolted down. Suddenly, her hope turned to fear. Something was going to happen and she had an idea she would not like it at all.

Ma loosened the drawstrings to the hood and lifted it off her head. It took a second or two for Randi to adjust her eyes from near complete darkness to the bright light. She was in a small room. The walls were covered by a flowery wallpaper. A glass shade covered light fixture was in the center of the ceiling. There was another chair next to hers, kind of an office chair. It was on wheels and had gray padding. The big surprise, however, was right in front of her. It was a 27” black computer screen. It was apparently in standby mode. It sat on the back shelf of a white ash desk about 4’ long. Next to it, to its right, was a standard sized Dell computer tower. There was a mouse and a mouse pad on the desk along with a black keyboard. A small printer, an HP, was on the other side.

To the left of her, lengthways along the wall and tucked into the corner was a three drawer file cabinet. Papers were strewn a bit pell-mell along the free parts of the desk and on the file cabinet, not enough to be messy, but enough to demonstrate that the room was well used. There was no window. The floor was a dark stained maple with a plastic pad under the office chair to prevent it from being torn up when it was moved. On

the wall behind her was a large print of a movie poster for “How Green was my Valley”, one of Ma’s favorites, starring Walter Pigeon and Maureen O’Hara.

On the wall to her left was a calendar showing a beautiful summer scene of a high mountain lake, the lake was shimmering and was varied in color from navy blue to a vibrating turquoise. Snowcapped mountains stood in the background. Verdant trees surrounded it. It reminded her of a trip that her family had taken when she was 13. She had hated it, camping out and all, and had been bored stiff since her mother and father had forbidden any forms of electronics. But over the years she had come to treasure its memories.

The photo was crisp and almost life like. The freedom it depicted made Randi’s stomach flutter. Would she ever see such a scene in real life again? She looked at the dates. Saturday had been the 23rd of July. Today was Tuesday, the 26th. Two whole empty white boxes stood between those dates. She had been a prisoner all that time. And after today, there were 3 more boxes until it was Saturday and she would have been a captive for a whole week. And on the next page 31 more, and then 30 in September and 31 in October. She would be a prisoner all those days too! And then on and on and on! A slave to someone out there in the void! A wave of sorrow passed through her. She tore her eyes away, not wanting to think about it.

As Ma settled herself in the chair, Randi turned her attention again to the computer screen. What was this all about, she wondered fearfully. Was Ma going to show her scenes of torture and abuse to remind her of her prospective fate? Was she going to show her newspaper articles telling about her disappearance and how the police were baffled? Maybe a video of her mother pleading with her kidnappers to free her and send her home and, above all, not to harm her? Whatever was coming, she knew it couldn’t be good.

Ma made herself comfortable in the chair and tapped the space bar to the keyboard. The screen sprang to life as the computer tower whirled. There were a couple of dozen icons all bunched to the left. The background was of a field of yellow tulips and a bright blue sky with fluffy clouds floating across it. There was a box asking for a password. Ma scrambled her

fingers along the keyboard and the password box turned into the word 'welcome' and then disappeared.

Ma, using the mouse, tapped the cursor on an icon in the midst of all the others. It was done too fast for Randi to see what it was. A moment later, a black screen appeared asking for another password. Ma typed something in and another black screen appeared asking for a security code. Ma moved her left hand to a black box on the left side of the desk. She typed in some numbers. It whirred and beeped and a code appeared on a small black screen. Ma carefully typed the code into the computer, consisting of letters and numbers and a few symbols. It was about 10 digits long. Ma hit 'return'.

An icon swirled for a few moments on the screen and then the black background disappeared. In its place was another screen. It was bordered in black and had a red, square center. In the middle of the red square was a pair of crossed medieval styled battle axes. Over the symbol were the words, in bold italic script '***THE BLACK WATCH***'. Ma clicked on the icon on the middle and a menu appeared. Above the menu were the words, '*The Laughing Dragon*'. Ma scrolled down the menu until she reached an item called 'Pending Sales'. She clicked on it. Another menu opened up. There was only one entry. There was a thumbnail picture. Randi, perversely fascinated by what she was seeing, leaned forward and squinted so she could see what it was. It was a picture of a young woman, clearly hogtied, her face looking upwards frantically. Her eyes were filled with tears. A leather shield covered where her mouth and chin should be. She had short brown hair. The face looked familiar.

A coldness swept through her when she realized that it was her. Ma looked at her. "Nice shot, huh?" she asked rhetorically. She clicked the cursor on the picture and the screen opened to another page. Its background was one of the pictures Ma had taken of her on her first day. It was the one where Ma had ordered her, under threat of dismal consequences, to manufacture a smile. She was naked, of course, her legs spread wide, showing off her hairless cleft, and her hands were bound behind her. You could see the collar around her neck and the golden ring that hung from it. She was wearing her new haircut. She had had only a glimpse of it in the mirror when Ma had cut

it and seeing herself that way now, all her lovely, long brown hair gone, was a shock.

The focus of the camera had been perfect and her breasts seemed lifelike, hanging so delectably and full, her areolas a deep, blood like red. Her face was made up perfect, just like a model's. Her smile was a bit crooked though, just enough to hint at its enforced nature.

Randi bit down on her gag to suppress a sob. There she was in all her glory, for anyone to see. She felt so humiliated that she thought she might break down. She held onto herself though. She needed her wits about her.

Down the right side of the page were three square thumbnails. One was of the same picture as the background and under it was the word 'Stills'. Next down was an icon of her standing and presenting herself to the camera in the video room. Underneath that there was, naturally, the word 'Videos'. The last box looked like it was a form of some kind. Under that there was the word 'Vitals'.

At the bottom of the page, to the far right, was a little black box with some numbers in it. Underneath it was the word 'Views'. Ma pointed it out.

"1,452 views!" she announced proudly. "Most of them are just curiosity seekers, though. There's probably only 8 or 9 hundred real buyers on the site. But that's a good start!"

Randi quailed. 1,452 views! While they were looking, the icon changed to 1,453 and then to 1,454. All those people were looking at her naked body! Some of them right now as they sat there! All of those people were ogling what only a few people in the whole world had ever been allowed to see. Randi's body went cold and her stomach felt sick. It was so horrible!

"It's all here, honey," Ma said as she clicked on the first thumbnail. An array of thumbnails presented themselves. Ma hit on them randomly. Each time she did, a large size photo of her would appear, kneeling, standing with her front or her sides or her back to the camera. In that last one you could see her bound hands. The worst was the one of her kneeling on the floor, her head down, her back arched with her legs spread. Now she saw what Jimmy saw when she was up on his bed. Her gash was prominently displayed. Her pussy was plump and

her outer lips smooth. They were parted slightly and you could just see a bit of the wrinkled pink skin within.

She had never seen herself like that. She looked at it intently with a kind of morbid curiosity. The picture was so sharp you could see the glistening amidst her folds, like a whore in heat. Tears started streaming down her face.

Then Ma showed her the videos. "Is that really me?" she thought. The girl in the movie was beautiful and enticing and even graceful. That evil song played in the background, "Naughty girl! Naughty girl!" When she watched the striptease she was mortified at what she saw. The part where her fingers played with herself as she was bent over made a deep void open up inside her. She watched herself turn back to the camera, the chain hanging from the back of her collar, and heard herself say the dreaded words, "My name is Crystal. Please buy me!"

Watching the video of her sucking Jimmy off made her feel ill. She looked like such a slut! A whore! Men would see it and want her to do it to them. Men would watch it and decide that they just had to buy her, to have her, to own her. She would have to do it a thousand times. More, probably! Two thousand, or five, or maybe ten! Ten thousand times before she became old and worn out and no use to them. What would happen to her then? How long would it take? Years and years and years!

Now she started to sob. Almost 1500 people had seen this. 1500 people had seen her degradation. It had probably raised their blood, their passions. Maybe they had made copies so that they could see it again and again. When she saw herself turn her head and show the camera the pool of Jimmy's spume in her mouth, she closed her eyes, too mortified to watch herself swallow it.

She had to close her eyes during the whipping video. Hearing her own screams made her blood run cold. She could feel the lashes striking her skin. In the video, you could hear them. And those words again, "Buy me! Buy me! Buy me!"

"Pretty good, huh?" Ma asked her when the video ended, oblivious to her woe and sorrow. "These are about the best we've done. I'd show you some of the others if we had time. None of them compare to yours. You were just great!"

Ma looked at her and saw the tears flowing down her face. She reached over and tousled her hair. "Poor little thing," she

said sympathetically. “But remember, it’s just like I told ya, the better the presentation, the more you’ll go for. And the more someone pays for you the more valuable you’ll be and the better they’ll treat you. You may not think it, but I’m doing you a favor.”

There was a clock in the room on the wall. Ma turned to look at it. It was 6:58. Ma clicked out of the videos and back to the main page. “Look right here, honey,” she said as she moved the cursor towards a little black box. It said: ‘\$50,000’. Next to it was a timer that said 23:58:35 and then 36 and then 37. It was counting upwards to 24:00:00, midnight, Greenwich Mean Time.

“Two minutes to go and the bidding opens,” Ma said excitedly. “I started you off at fifty thousand. I wouldn’t sell you for a penny less.” She patted Randi on the thigh. “I love this part!” she said. “It’s like watching dollars begin to start rolling in!”

Randi stared at the box with horror. Suddenly, the fact that she was going to be sold became all too horribly real to her. Out there in the universe, someone was going to type a number and it would appear in the box. And just like that she would be sold! She would be someone’s property! “No! Please don’t do it!” she screamed inside. “Stop it! Stop it! Don’t let it happen, please, please, please!” Maybe no one would bid! Maybe no one would buy her! They would let her go then, wouldn’t they? She would have no more value for them then, would she?

But then the 1500 views jumped back out at her. It was actually up to 1,522 now. The approaching bidding had piqued interest. It hit her hard that with 1500 views it was virtually impossible that no one would bid for her. Her body started to tremble. She strained at her bonds. She bit hard down on her gag. “No! No! No!” she screamed inwards.

The timer went inexorably on and on. It was under a minute to go now. Randi watched the seconds mount up with horror. How could this be happening? How could they maintain a website like this where you could buy and sell people? Who was the Black Watch? How could they do this?

And then the timer went to 23:59:40. Then it was 23:59:50. Then 56 and 57, and 58. Randi screamed through her gag. “Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.... !eeeeeeeeee! Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn....!”

The counter turned to 24:00:00, and then 00:00:01. Randi looked quickly over at the box on the left. It was still at \$50,000. A well of hope sprung up inside her. And then, suddenly, it was at \$55,000. Then a few seconds later at \$58,000. Then \$60,000. Then \$62,000 and then \$62,500. It just kept going up and up. Within a minute it was up to \$80,000. Ma clapped her hands. “Wooooooooooie!” she exclaimed. “Look at it roll!”

A minute later it was up to \$92,575.

And then the bidding fell off. Ma leaned back in her chair. “That’s just the bidders feeling each other out,” she said knowledgably. “They place a bid as a kind of marker so they can keep tabs on it. The numbers will go up some more in the next couple of days, but the real time to watch will be Thursday night when bidding ends, starting at about 6:30. Then the pikers will be left behind and the real bidders will take over.”

The bid went to \$93,250 and then to \$93,350.

Ma turned and slapped her lightly on the thigh again. “Well, honey, technically speaking, you’ve been sold. If something happened and the bidding stopped right where it is now, I’d have to send you off. You’re officially a slave now. It’s tough luck, I know, but you’ll make it through it somehow. All the girls do. No one’s ever complained about our product and we’ve never given a refund. And wherever you go, they’re going to be very happy with you, I’m sure of that.”

These words drove through Randi’s mind as if a freight train had entered her head and had mashed up all of her brains. Her whole body was trembling. She felt like she had to pee desperately. She looked at Ma. Somehow, she appeared in a new light, as if she had been transformed.

And then she realized that the temporary nature of her captivity here had just been made very real. One of the people who had already placed bids on her was probably going to be her new owner. In two days she would never see Ma or Jimmy or any of the cells downstairs again. And as her captivity went on for weeks and weeks and weeks, months and months, years and years, her imprisonment here would just be a little blip, the relative time miniscule. Her next owner would be her true owner, not someone hesitant to impose her full will on her lest

she damage the goods. They would be in it for the long term and would do anything they wanted to her.

She broke out into sobs again as the room began to spin around and the floor seemed to fall away beneath her feet. She closed her eyes, trying to blot out the image on the computer screen, her nakedness, the desirability of her charms, the lust inspiring half smile. She was adrift in some kind of twilight zone, darkness all around her, cold, cold, cold and oh so lonely. She felt lonelier than she had ever felt in her life. Everything that had come before was permanently and irrevocably gone.

Ma patted her on the thigh again. "Come on, buck up, honey," she said almost sympathetically. "There's nothing you can do about it. So it's better if you start accepting it now. That's why I brought you up here, so you can see. I do it for all the girls so they can start to prepare themselves for the future. There'll be some adjustments you'll have to make, but you'll get used to it. And you'll get a lot of fucking and you can't tell me that you don't like to fuck."

Randi opened her eyes and looked at Ma. Outwardly she seemed almost normal, but inwards she was an evil sociopath. She acted as if she had just shown her where she was going to go off to boarding school, and she, an unhappy little girl who would miss her friends and her home. Randi looked at the counter again. It was up to \$93,800. The views were up to 1,653. Now 1,654, and then 1,657. And back at the money counter again. It had changed to \$94,500.

A sorrow filled her so vast and so limitless that she felt like she might dissolve right there in the chair. She had stopped sobbing, not from lack of misery, but because all the energy had been drained right out of her. All she wanted now as to go back downstairs and be put away somewhere where she didn't have to look at her degraded self and could be alone to process her unhappiness. Ma sensed it. It was probably how all the girls reacted.

"Let's get you back downstairs, honey, where you belong. I'll mix up a nice treat for you later. Okay?" she said.

Randi looked up at her. A poisonous hatred for the woman welled up inside her. "Somehow I'll get away!" she thought. "I'll get away and call the police and you'll go away to prison for the rest of your miserable life! Or, no, I'll come back and

kill you, and Jimmy too. I'll shoot you in the belly so you'll suffer and then hack you to pieces, but slowly, an arm or a leg at a time! I'll smash your face to smithereens! I'll throw your miserable, ugly body into a garbage truck and let them haul you away to the dump where you belong! That's what I'll do!"

Ma saw Randi's face light up and her eyes burning. She laughed. "That's the spirit honey," she said. "You've got moxie, that's for sure. They're going to love you." She laughed again and gave her face a pat. "Now, come on, let's get you downstairs." Then she looked at Randi seriously. Randi's eyes still glowed with enraged ferocity. "If you mess this up I'll fuck you up good. Got it?" Ma said sternly, her voice rough edged and tinged with dire warning.

Fear quickly quenched Randi's ire. She sat back and her stomach went sour. There would be no escape. And she was so, so much worse off now than when she had come upstairs. She had been right; something horrible had happened.

Ma untied her feet from the chair and then manacled them. She placed the bag back over her head, unhooked her collar from the chair and made her stand up. She reconnected the leash to her collar and then escorted her out of the room.

Randi didn't give Ma any trouble, even though she knew that each step took her further away from possible freedom. Going down the stairs to the basement was a little harder than going up. Randi could not help the feeling that she was about to tumble down them. But what if she did? Maybe it was better to take a dive and break her neck than to live as a slave. But Ma kept a tight hold on her leash, holding it right next to her collar, making sure she didn't fall. A great wave of sorrow went through Randi when they reached the basement floor. Ma escorted her to the bathroom to let her pee and brought her back to the blue Mexico room where she had her lay on the floor and hogtied her. She left the hood on.

"Try to rest up, honey," she told her as she tapped her head. "You'll feel better. In a little while I'll bring something down that's nice." A moment later, Randi heard her exit the room and lock the door behind her.

She broke into a loud, resounding wail. She didn't care if Ma heard her or not. She didn't care if she was beaten for it or not. The sorrow in her was so intense, it had expanded to the

limits of her internal self, spread to every portion of her body, from the tips of her toes to the tips of her fingers, from deep in her intestines to the center of her brain. Only a prolonged, miserating howl could alleviate the pressure and prevent her body from exploding. She had been sold, or virtually so, was now property, officially so, and no more a mere captive. Cruel, corrupt, deviant people were leisurely perusing her physical attributes, the servile personality revealed by the videos, enjoying them, becoming enflamed by them and maybe contemplating idly whether they wanted to invest in her, buy her so they could visit their depraved lusts on her or turn her into a whore to serve a thousand nameless, faceless men.

“Oh, God, please help me wherever you are! Please! Please! Please! Save me! Save me!” she screamed. All that escaped her gagged lips and emerged from under her deadening hood were muffled exclamations.

Gradually, she calmed down and her explosive misery eroded down to mere despair.

About 3 hours later Ma came back as she had promised. She had been puttering around upstairs. Earlier, she had collected some red beauty apples from their little grove behind the house, and she had cut them up and baked a nice apple pie. While it baked, she had herself a nice, strong whiskey and soda, read a couple of chapters of *Madame Bovary*, watched *South Park*, one of her favorites, and then caught an episode of *Law and Order*, checking on the girl downstairs from time to time on the iPad.

She had heard her screaming, or at least the muffled sound of it. Technically, this was a primary offense, but she understood what a blow it was to be so dramatically exposed to her fate. Sometimes she had to physically beat them and zap them in order to get them back downstairs, but she thought it only fair that any doubts that the girls had concerning the reality of their position be blasted away. She had noticed that, for most of the girls, it deepened their sense of bondage and made them all the more tractable. And it usually made the task of actually preparing them for shipment a little easier since the inevitability of their fate had been previously been brought home.

Besides, it was fun to see the horror in their eyes as they watched the dollars accumulate. They always reacted the same

way and it gave her a little laugh each time. She knew it was mean, but what was the sense in being in this business if she couldn't have a little fun?

After the pie had cooled, Ma cut out a nice, still warm slice for the girl, mashed it all up to make it easier for her to eat, and placed two scoops of French vanilla ice cream in a bowl. She brought it downstairs on a tray and, after unlocking the door, brought it into the Mexico room. The girl's hooded head bobbed and weaved when she entered.

Ma knew that it was cruel to keep the girls hooded like this. That's why she usually held off until the bidding had begun and the girl had technically been sold. It was important, though, for the girls to learn that everything that they experienced from here on in was at the whim of their masters. All sensory experiences would be under their control, including whether they had any at all. Besides, the fun time was, for the most part, over. It was good to get some separation from the idea of the girl as a person and the girl as a commodity. Seeing her hooded deprived her of all personality. She was just a poor, unlucky dumb fuck with tits and a pussy, virtually interchangeable with all the rest, all those in the past, and all those to come. It made it all the more easy to ship them off when the time came.

The girl would remain hooded now, unless it needed to be removed for some utilitarian reason, like so she could eat or they could use her mouth. For the girls it was a clear demarcation from the time that they had not been sold and when they had. It forced them to concentrate even deeper on their new status. And, frankly, it was fun to see them weave and bob their featureless heads futilely and see their grateful, tear filled eyes when the hood was removed. It always gave her a little twinge of pleasure.

This time was no different. When she pulled the hood off of Randi's head, the girl looked up at her doe eyed, tears brimming. "Poor little girlie," Ma told her softly, smiling

It had been a horrible few hours for Randi. They had gone slower than usual. She had before rued the lack of variety in what she saw while she laid here for hours and hours, the floor, the walls, the door, the corny poster. But during these three hours she had begged the world for even a small glimpse of them, some glimpse of light, something other than the

suffocating darkness. Why did they have to be so cruel, she asked herself despairingly. She had been obedient. She had done everything they had asked. She hadn't given them any trouble.

Why, oh why, oh why were they so mean? But of course, to ask the question was to have the answer. She wouldn't even be where she was if Ma and Jimmy didn't have mean streaks a mile wide in both of them. It was clear that they enjoyed their captives' misery. Everything they did was to add to her unhappiness. Even the name calling, which was steadily eroding her sense of self-worth. She had to keep repeating in her mind that she was not shitbird or fuckbucket, or cumdump, or any of those names. She was Randi! Randi! Randi! And especially not Crystal! That was some slutty go-go dancer's name, or some porn star's. She would never think of herself as Crystal! Never! Never! Never!

Yet, knowing all this, knowing how mean and cruel and depraved Ma was, how much enjoyment she received from her suffering, she looked up at Ma hopefully when the hood was pulled off, praying that she would not find it necessary to put it on again.

Ma removed Randi's gag, placing it on the tray, and then dumped the apple pie into the bowl. She stirred it all up with a fork, getting the ice cream to begin melting and then sprinkled a little cinnamon on it. She placed it on the floor in front of the hogtied girl.

"Here you go, honey," she said. "Like I told you, something nice. Eat it up, it'll make you feel better."

Randi looked down at it. She struggled to suppress a sob. She knew she should refuse it, maybe preserve a shred of self-respect, but it looked so good and she was so sad. A dull wave of despair flowed through her body as she gave up her pretense of self-worth. She lowered her face to the bowl and started to nibble up the delicious dessert.

She ate slowly, determined to enjoy every single molecule, trying to ignore the fact of her degrading bindings, her aching joints and the ever present, watchful eye of her tormentor in chief. The coolness of the ice cream and the warmth of the just baked apple pie brought joy to her mouth and belly. After each

bite she closed her eyes and raised her head letting the wonderful taste suffuse all through her.

Ma had broken out the folding chair and was sitting there watching her, smoking a cigarette. She liked to show the girls a soft side. After all, she did feel a little sorry for them. And who knew how mean they'd be treated once they got to wherever they were going. She had heard some pretty horrible tales. And with all the weirdos out there, anything terrible you could imagine might happen probably did happen at one time or another. It was the least she could do for them.

Randi licked the bowl clean. She was sorry that it was all gone. She could have eaten a mountain of it. A bit of sorrow went through her as Ma took up the bowl because she knew that she would be gagged again. She would never get used to having that cock-like prong in her mouth. It was an ever present reminder of her powerlessness and the now primary utility of her oral cavity. Sometimes she bit down so hard on it she thought her teeth might break. But it was impervious to her efforts to destroy it. Her stomach soured as she watched Ma pick it up from the tray.

Despite her revulsion, she opened her mouth to receive it. She closed her eyes to allow herself to revel in the sweet heaviness of her belly. When she felt the hood going back over her head, she was jolted from her reverie and issued a mournful whine.

Her unhappiness was alleviated somewhat when she felt Ma untying her ankles from her hands. Ma let her legs down slowly, rubbing and massaging her aching thighs. The aching of her shoulders and thighs had become so constant that she hardly noticed it now except when she was released and the dull agony was relieved.

Ma gave her buttocks a hard slap. Randi squealed. "On your knees shitbird," she told her. "And spread your legs. You know the position."

Randi raised herself to the standard configuration. Darkness all around her, she imagined Ma peering at her proffered, hairless mons. A chill went through her as she felt Ma kneel down next to her and run her hand over her buttocks.

"You've been such a good girl that I thought I'd give you something nice, shitbird," she said as she caressed her flanks.

“You know some people out there don’t allow their slaves to have an orgasm. So you better enjoy them while you have the chance.”

This news was bittersweet to Randi. She hated the degradation of being forced to come against her will. But the thought of being used again and again and again with never having the prospect of any enjoyment out of it, only unsatisfied, frustrated lust and desire, was horrifying. Was Ma right? Should she enjoy them while she could?

She cringed as she felt Ma’s rough, large hand drift cross her labia. She was uncertain what to do. Should she just relax and let the inevitable feelings come? Or should she resist, fight them off as long as she could and preserve at least some dignity and self-respect?

Ma’s hand quickly provided the answer. For such a rough lady, she had a light, winsome touch. She fluttered her fingers over her outer lips, up and down, up and down, and then ran her hand back up over her buttocks and down her thighs. It made her shiver. Then the fingers were back at her crux, delineating the gap between her lips, sliding up and down, probing deeper and deeper.

Her other hand reached under her and took hold of a breast. It squeezed it gently, caressed it, fondled it. After only a short while, the urge to moan came upon her. The little men of her conscience were holding it back, restraining it with all their might. And, on the other side, a gang of unruly, raucous men were pulling on it, urging it on towards her mouth and out. As the fingers went on, now occasionally lightly stroking her tingling bud, as the other hand tweaked and pulled at her nipples, first one breast and then the other, the men holding back her moan started to weaken, falling aside in exhaustion one by one.

And on the other side, the evil men, the men spawned by her whorish needs, grew stronger. Clusters of them arose as if by magic and joined the struggle. They pulled and pulled and pulled, inching her moan forwards. While the good men groaned and grunted, screeching with dismay as their strength gave out and they collapsed, the evil men shouted out their impending victory with glee.

Suddenly, a breaking point was reached. The bad men stood aside as her moan slid down her tongue towards her lips. They roared with delight as the muffled sound rumbled from her lips, “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhmmmmmpf!”, so loud and intense that the sound escaped the leather dam over her mouth and emerged through her shrouded head to fill the room.

“Oh, that’s the good girl,” Ma said hoarsely. ‘That’s the good girl. Let it flow. Let it go. Mama’s going to give you a great big, wonderful orgasm. Just let it go. Let it all flow right through you.’”

Another moan emerged from deep within her and rose through her throat. The fingers were delving deep into her crevasse, stroking her, rubbing her innards, and emerging to stroke and rub and caress her now burning nubbin. The hand on her breasts was mauling them, squeezing them hard, and pulling tightly on her nipples, pinching them again and again so that delightful messages of pain sped towards her core.

The good men, the men who sprang from self-respect, modesty, chastity, the guardians of all civilized norms, rose to their feet, making a desperate but vain attempt to stop it. The men of lust, wantonness, desire, sinfulness, easily won out, sending the moan on its way and, as it passed, drew their swords and fell upon the exhausted advocates of correctness and slaughtered them as they fled for their lives.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhmmmpf” Randi moaned. And again, “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhmmmpf!” And again, “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhmmmpf!” Her hips began to grind against the hand behind her. She tried to look into the darkness but saw nothing but black. It was as if her head and her mind were in another dimension from her body. An ogre had taken possession of it and was tenderizing it before dropping it in the pot. She groaned and moaned, arched her back, thrust out her mons. “Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes!” her mind screamed. A finger had descended on her love bud and was twiggling it incessantly. A terrible buzzing was erupting from it, electrifying her whole body. Her wrists twisted and turned in their bindings. She moaned and groaned as her blood grew hotter and hotter. She bit down on her gag. An unrelenting, wonderful, awful, intolerable feeling of aliveness flowed through her from her

pussy to her brain and down to her toes. “Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!” she repeated again and again.

And then her orgasm burst upon her. She groaned. She moaned. She cried out. She sobbed. Her pussy convulsed and convulsed, each contraction forming a dreadful, fearsome knot inside her, twisting rapidly tighter and tighter only to explode into ecstasy.

“Come on, whore! Come on you dirty fucking whore, give it to me! Give it to Mama! Come on slut, give it, give it, give it!” Ma shouted. Each shout of degrading encouragement encapsulated the gnawing knots inside her puss, squeezing them all the tighter and making the resulting, reactive explosion of pleasure more dreadful, more wonderful, more ecstatically terrible.

Finally, her explosions wore down. The hands that were tormenting her slowed. Her body slowly remerged into the same dimension as her head. Her heart was beating wildly and she was struggling to regain her breath. Ma softly stroked her quim as body shaking aftershocks ranged through her.

“That’s the good girl,” Ma murmured. “That’s the good girlie. You were born to be a whore. You’re going to do fine. Once they’ve seen you come, I don’t think anybody’s going to want to give that up.”

She removed her hand from her still throbbing, exhausted cunt and gave her backside a heavy slap. “That ought to do you for a while,” she said merrily. “I wish I had someone to work my pussy like that. Maybe I’ll keep then next girl around for a little while longer and train her. We’ll see.”

She pushed herself to her feet and stretched. Her pussy was burning now and she resolved to go upstairs, put on a video of one of the girls they had sold, and bring herself off. No waiting until bedtime tonight. She ordered Randi to lie down again and she tied off her ankles to each other and then again to her hands. “I’ll put you in Jimmy’s cage before I go to bed,” she told Randi. “He’s out tonight at some ladies night thing and I’ll bet he’ll come home hornier than a toad. You best give him a good ride if you know what’s good for you,” she said.

Randi heard her turn and step towards the door. She unlocked it, passed through and slammed it closed. The lock turned and she heard her trudging up the stairs.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Jimmy did come home hornier than a toad. He had met this cute little brown haired chick. They had spent some time dancing. She had excellent boobs for a girl her size, maybe 5'2" or so and she was in great shape with a flat belly and a nice round but firm rump. She and the girl had gone outside for a smoke and he had given her a long, deep kiss. She had gotten real hot, he could tell. She had even given his cock a few strokes through his pants. But when he went to feel a tit she had gotten pissed off and stormed back into the club. That had been the highlight of his night.

Randi took the brunt of it. He was more brutal than usual, slapping her around a few times. He dragged her out of the cage and practically threw her on the bed. He ranted and raved about stupid fucking cunts, slapping her breasts and rear and then, without removing her hood, which she had spent hours and hours wearing, fucking her brutally from behind.

After that he calmed down a little. Randi finally got to have the hood taken off when he lay back on the bed and made her suck his cock for about 20 minutes while he smoked a couple of cigarettes and drank a couple of Iron City's. He replaced the hood with a black blindfold that fit over the contours of her eye sockets and refused all light. He made her go on until her jaw was way past achy and tired, stopping and starting her and yanking her head back by her hair and slapping her hard when he thought she was slouching off. When he was ready to come, he made her lay down and, mounting her, pushed his cock way down into her throat, making her choke and gag and cry. When he hooded her again, he left the blindfold on.

She was glad to be put away in the green room despite being hooded again. She cried and cried and cried after he left the room, slamming the door and locking it. Tomorrow, Wednesday, would probably be her last full day here, she just

knew it. Once her sale was final they would want to send her off as quick as they could to make room for their next victim.

And now that the bidding had started and, as Ma had said, she was technically sold the moment the first bid came in, they would be more careful about security than ever. She had probably let her last best chance at escape fly right by. But she couldn't think of a single moment when she had had a real opportunity except for that one time, the first day, when Ma had challenged her with the cage door open and her back to her. Ma was right, she did rue her cowardice. She should have at least tried, even though failure would have precipitated Ma's pent up fury. She cursed herself for being so stupid. Her hands had been free and the chain had been right there. It had been a thousand to one shot, but that was at least better than a million to one, which is what she felt she had now.

It seemed that everybody's attitude had changed to her since the bidding had started. Jimmy usually had a bit of snide repartee with her as he used her, even a moment or two of tenderness, or if not tenderness, at least gentleness. Tonight he treated her like the lowliest whore you could ever find. And Ma had been curt and sharp with her when she brought her down to Jimmy's cage. She hadn't said much to her, but yanked hard on the leash when she wasn't moving fast enough and called her a stupid fucking cunt more than once.

It was the hood that made all the difference, she was sure of that. With the hood on, she was just a naked body. She wasn't Randi anymore; she wasn't even Crystal. She was just warm flesh, valuable warm flesh, but really just another commodity to be marketed and sold.

Even to her the hood made a change. It was like she had been wiped out, erased from the world. Her connection to the world was broken. Everything had gone away. There in the utter darkness, tied to the board, she knew there was a world around her, the bars of the cage above and around her, the maybe 12' by 10' room, the cellar outside and the house above, but her universe had been reduced to what was in her brain. Everything else acted on her as if emerging from another dimension, the slaps, the rough handling, Jimmy's cock, even her body, which she couldn't see or touch.

The next morning was no different. She was led to the medical room to pee and then taken off to the Mexico room all without being able to see even a smidgeon of light. Once she had been hogtied, Ma pulled off the hood so she could release her gag and feed her a bottle of Gatorade, but the blindfold kept everything dark. Jimmy came by for his morning blowjob and did just the same, reinserting her gag and putting the hood back on when he was through with her. He didn't even say a word to her, just removed her gag and pushed his cock against her lips. She released a whine and opened her lips automatically.

Ma did take the blindfold off when she fed her breakfast, a bowl of hot oatmeal with milk and brown sugar in it. And there was one moment of at least softness, if not kindness. After Ma had wiped her face and replaced the gag, she spread the blindfold open in preparation for putting it back on her. Randi just burst into sobs when she saw it. She wanted to beg and plead, "Please leave it off! Please! Please! Please! I'll be good! I promise! Pleeeeeeeeeeeease!"

Ma patted her on the head and gave her a little kiss on the forehead. "Poor little thing," she said almost tenderly. "I know it's hard, honey," she said as she rubbed her head softly, "but it's for the best. I've been doing this a long time, so trust me on this. It's better that you stop thinking of yourself as a human being with rights and all that. We'll fuck later and I'll make you come real good. I promise."

The blindfold went back on and the personality erasing hood went on over it. When Ma left, Randi sobbed.

Later, Ma came down and forced her to do her exercises with the blindfold still on, driving her to her extreme of endurance, whipping her fiercely when she slacked off. She did remove the hood to make it easier for her to breathe. She left the blindfold on when she gave her her shower but reinstalled the hood before she gave her her rubdown and applied the skin cream to her body. She took the hood off so she could feed her lunch, a thick stew. She made her kneel down in the central room and sat on a chair in front of her and spoon fed her like she had the hotdogs. When she was done, she regagged and hooded her and installed her in the cage in her bedroom to await their late afternoon session of lovemaking.

All day long Randi carried inside her an almost paralyzing, dismal woefulness. Ma's comment about her not being human anymore had really hurt, and the fact of being blind to everything that was going on around her brought home to her the correctness of Ma's statement that she had no more human rights. "This is the way they treat spies and terrorists," she thought unhappily. It was so they could break them down into little pools of worthlessness. Being deprived of sight made her more conscious of the sounds all about her, the television in the kitchen, the vacuum cleaner, people walking around and the shuffling of chairs. She had heard Jimmy working on something outside the Mexico room earlier in the day, the definite sound of a drill and hammering. She guessed though that Jimmy had gone off somewhere since he didn't take her to his room like he did yesterday.

All the day long, too, she kept thinking about those counters on the computer screen and the vision of her naked body with the crooked smile that everyone who went to Ma's web site would see. In her mind the views counter kept rising and rising, probably well past 3 thousand by now, and the money, who knew how high that had gone? While she laid helpless in the Mexico room, or scrunched up in the cage in Ma's room, and the clock on the screen ticked, ticked, ticked ever onwards, inexorably to the moment of her doom, perverted people all over the globe were leering at her naked body, enjoying her degradation, sitting about in their comfortable, luxurious homes or offices, drinking aperitifs or smoking cigars, pondering idly if she was worth a few more thousand and how they would use her if they won. The thought of it made her skin crawl.

Every minute brought her closer to that very doom she dreaded with all her being. She gnawed at her gag, shook her hooded head, pulled at her bonds, moaned and whined and howled and sobbed. Part of her wished that it was over, that the bidding would be finished tonight so that she could be shipped out and on her way. All kinds of horrible things were going through her mind about what would happen to her, what they would make her do, and it seemed better to know those things for sure rather than to have to engage in fearsome speculations.

As promised, Ma did come down late in the afternoon to use her. She tied her up like she had the second day and licked and

suckled her into several mind blowing orgasms, which were made all the more strange with darkness all around her. In an interesting turnaround, Ma made her get on top and fuck her with the two pronged dildo. When Ma came, she wrapped her arms around her so tight that she thought she might suffocate and crossed her legs across her rear, pushing the dildo in as deep as she could. The buzzing in her own pussy was relentless and she came twice more, moaning fervently into Ma's hungry mouth as she kissed her. She was all spent when Ma, having come a few times of her own, finally pulled it out of her.

When they were done, Ma pulled her up so they could cuddle and nap. She had taken the hood off so that she could kiss her mouth, but left the blindfold on. She had loosened her hands as well so that she could use them for balance while she fucked her from on top.

Randi hated to have to snuggle up with this female demon. She hugged her tight and kept laying sloppy kisses on her, exploring her mouth with her tongue and playing with her breasts while she drank and smoked, until they both fell off into slumber.

Something made Randi spring awake. She couldn't think of what it was at first. Ma was snoring lightly. She had had a few tumblers full of whiskey and seemed dead to the world. It was just like prior days. But something was different. Something had woke her up.

And then, her heart beating like a base drum in her chest, she realized what it was. Ma had forgotten to retie her hands when they had finished fucking! Her hands were loose and free for the first time since that first day!

She looked at the door. All that stood between her and freedom was that deadbolt lock. And the key to the lock was in the pocket of Ma's dress which lay over a chair next to the dresser and opposite the bed. If she could just sneak over and grab it, she could be out in the main room in an instant.

She would close the door behind her, lock it and head for the cellar stairs. One turn of the lock on that door, maybe 20' or 30' more and she would be out of the house! She would run and run and run! There had to be something nearby, another house or something. She had heard the faint sounds of cars going by

through the windows. She could stop one of them! Certainly almost anyone would stop for a naked, hysterical girl!

And Jimmy! She hadn't heard anything that sounded like Jimmy in the house since just before lunch. She knew his footsteps well and being blinded had made her more capable of discerning them. He was definitely not home.

She turned her blinded head towards Ma and listened. She was in a dead sleep. She had to move slowly and carefully though. If Ma awakened, she would spring like a tiger at its prey and horrific things would happen. But this time she was not going to be a coward! This time would take the chance. Even if there was only an infinitesimal prospect of success she would try, and she definitely had more than that.

Ma's arm was around her shoulder. She slowly, slowly, slowly lifted it off, holding her wrist so delicately, as it were made of gossamer. She placed it behind her. Ma had connected a chain to the rear of her collar when she brought her up to nuzzle. She reached behind her neck and unclipped it. She rose slowly to a sitting position. She reached up and slipped the blindfold off of her eyes and put it down softly on the bed. She could see!

It only took her a moment to adjust her eyes to the low light. She looked at Ma. She was propped up on the pillows, her head tilted back, her mouth open. Her chest, with her billowy, magnum sized breasts, was rising and falling steadily. Her bearish body was languidly sprawled out, her legs wide open, revealing her hairy, brown bush and her slickened coosh.

Randi started to ease herself down the bed. She was careful not to come into contact with Ma's flesh. She was about halfway down when Ma released a snort and her body shifted. She brought her arm down, as if searching for something or someone, and then it flopped over her belly. Randi had been holding her breath. She was ready to spring forth in a fraction of a second if she saw Ma stirring. There would be nothing left to lose. She was determined to get out the door somehow and was willing to suffer if necessary. She resolved that she would fight Ma like a cat in heat, scratching and biting and kicking and doing everything she could. She would not go quietly.

But Ma didn't stir. Her chest thundering, blood rushing in her ears, her mouth dry, her body trembling, she inched her way

down the bed. When she got to the end she gently put her sandals on the floor and gradually rose up on them, keeping one eye pinned on Ma and the other on her dress which held the precious key. The bed rose slightly when she got off of it, but Ma still did not stir.

The chair with the dress on it was only a step away. She went directly to it. First casting a look back at Ma, she then lifted the dress off of the chair. She was feeling desperate now, like what was happening was too good to be true. She felt like her scheme might come tumbling down like a house of cards any second. She was so scared that she couldn't help a small whine escape her lips. Her body was cold, cold as ice.

She reached for the pocket to the dress. At first, she got the wrong side. Then she turned the dress and found the right pocket. She lifted the key ring out. It made a little tingle and her heart jumped. But she looked at Ma and the cruel woman had not recorded it. She put the dress down and tiptoed to the door. There were two keys. The first one wouldn't go in and she realized that it was probably for the door to the upstairs. The second one slid right in. As she went to turn it, she felt like breaking out into tears. She turned the lock. It made a discernible 'click!'

She looked at Ma. Suddenly, her eyes opened. They went wide as if she could not believe what she was seeing. Randi screamed as the heavyset woman tried to stir herself. She pulled out the key and quickly swung the door open. Her last view was Ma lumbering across the bed. She slammed the door shut with a loud 'thud!' and, in a remarkably cool effort, one springing from adrenaline and desperation, as if in answer, finally, to her prayers, the key slipped easily back into the lock and she turned it. Just as it clicked, there was a bestial roar from the other side and a loud, 'thump!' against the door. Ma had slammed her body against it, but it was too late!

A wave of joy filled her. She felt like dancing across the floor. She had done it! She had done it! It was only a few short steps to the stairs and freedom. Ma pounded on the door a few times and screamed something, but Randi paid it no mind. She dashed across the hallway and darted up the stairs. She looked at the keychain and selected the one that hadn't worked in Ma's

room. She looked up, her heart pounding, her ears ringing, her brain near to exploding, to put the key in the lock.

But something was wrong! She looked and looked to see if she was mistaken. She looked and looked again in desperation. There had to be some kind of mistake! Something was wrong! There was no keyhole! There was only a faceplate and a box with pushbuttons in it. Each pushbutton had a number. There were 10 buttons.

She looked back at Ma's door. It was still closed, but Ma was no longer pounding on it. She looked back at the lock. No! I couldn't be true. It had been there just yesterday! She had heard Ma put the lock in and turn it. Both ways, up and down! She had to be dreaming or something! God couldn't be so cruel! Could he? Could he?

And then she remembered the sounds she had heard earlier in the day. There had been a drill and a hammer. Jimmy had been installing the new lock. She looked at it miserably. She knew she was defeated. Her body sickened and a great sob of woe passed her lips. She threw the keychain away and pounded at the door. "No! No! No! No!" she screamed.

Then she turned. There had to be another way out! There had to be! She was just about to run down the stairs and pick up the keychain when, to her horror, the door to Ma's room opened up. Out strolled Ma, as confident as a lion. She was fully dressed. She was smiling. And you could see the simmering anger brewing up in her. Of course! There was an extra key hidden in the room just in case something like this happened. Randi released a wail and collapsed on the stairs. She hung her head in her arms and began to sob uncontrollably. She was lost! She was doomed! There was no hope of escape now! None! None! None!

Ma strolled up to the bottom of the stairs. She looked up at Randi disdainfully. "Too bad, shitbird," she said caustically. "You see, I've been after Jimmy to put those new gizmos in all summer. He promised me he'd do it this week. And this morning, he started to keep his promise. He only got to one since it was more complicated than he thought, but he got the most important one. He's a good boy, like I been tellin' you."

She let this sink in. Randi was looking at her, her body shivering with fear and unhappiness. "Please...", she started to say.

"Shut the fuck up, you stupid cunt!" Ma roared. "Nobody gave you permission to talk! You're in enough trouble as it is! I'm going to fuck you up good, but it will be all the worse if you break any more rules!" She stepped over to the side of the room where the zapper was leaning against the wall. She picked it up and slapped it into her other hand. "You're going to come down those fucking stairs, shitbird, and you're going to assume the position right here in front of me. If you're not down here in two seconds, you'll wish you had never been born!"

Randi, still sobbing woefully, hesitated. "Now!" Ma screamed.

Releasing a forlorn wail, Randy scrambled down the stairs. Her body was all unsteady from fear and she slipped on the last step and came crashing to the floor. Ma lost her patience and jammed the zapper into her side. She pulled the trigger.

'Zap!' it went and Randi howled. She poked her again and the prod spat out another vicious charge.

"Oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooowwww!" Randi wailed. She curled up into a ball and looked up at her tormentor piteously, sobbing madly.

Ma tapped a spot right in front of her. "Right here, cumbucket," she hissed threateningly. "Ass up, head to the stairs!"

Sobbing, Randi crawled to the spot. She looked up at Ma beseechingly as she turned so that her hindquarters faced her. Then, seeing no pity, no remorse, no emotion but her raging ire, she lowered her head to the floor, arched her back and spread her legs.

"Hands behind your back, cumstain!" Ma ordered.

Randi moved her arms behind her and crossed her wrists. She had stopped sobbing, but was awash in misery. She had gambled and lost and now she would pay the price. A lump of fear formed in her belly as she imagined Ma placing the zapper up against her sex and blasting her. But it did not come.

"Stay right where you are, shitbird," Ma spat out contemptuously. "Don't move a fucking inch!"

She heard Ma step away. She was trembling all over. Her forehead was pressing down on the cement floor. "Oh, please, oh, please, oh, please, someone help me! Pleeeeeease!" she prayed.

Ma came back. She straddled her rear end and leaned over her. Randi felt the leather thong go around her wrists, lengthways, then horizontal and then lengthways again. Ma did it swiftly, as she had done it hundreds of times before. Then she tied it off, tight. Very tight, with three solid knots. Randi felt ill as her hands were once more denied her. Next the manacles went onto her ankles. Each one closed with a deadly, 'click!' Ma's hand went into her hair and she yanked on it hard, pulling her up onto her knees. Randi squealed at the pain. A second later, the tip of the gag probed at her lips. She hardly had the time to open them, knowing full well that resistance was futile, when Ma jammed it back hard, pushing it against the back of her mouth.

The straps went together tightly behind her head, tighter than they had ever been, as if Ma had imposed all of her strength on them, pushing the tip of the prong into the edge of her throat. Randi gurgled and whined and started to sob again. But it was when the blindfold went back over her eyes that she really felt it. A vast tide of woe filled her, deadly, deadly woe that struck to the bottom of her soul. A second later, the hood was installed, finishing off her dehumanization.

She was right where she had been, a helpless, anonymous prisoner. Only now she faced her captor's untrammelled wrath.

Ma grabbed the ring at the back of her collar and yanked at it sharply. "Stand up, dickwad," she ordered churlishly. Randi, squealing from pain and fear, struggled to her feet. Ma maneuvered her over to where she had been bound before and abandoned her there for a moment. Randi knew the stairs were in front of her. She didn't know whether it was worse to be able to see them, the only avenue out of this hell, or not. But the thought of them looming there before her and the joy with which she had climbed them only minutes ago made her heart ache and a well of bitterness rise up in her. If there was a god, he was definitely not in control down here. Or if he was, he was a son of a bitch. If she had made her break for freedom yesterday, she would have been out of the house and on her

way to freedom. The same if Jimmy had waited one more day to please his mother. The planets had had to converge exactly right in order to frustrate her dash for freedom. Now she was going to be a whore for sure! At that thought, her knees went weak and she thought she was going to fall.

Ma came back with the rope she had used prior. She tied one end around her bound wrists and looped the other end through the rafter. She pulled on the rope until Randi's arms were pulled high behind her, making her lean forwards as if prepared to take a nose dive. Randi squealed at the pain to her shoulders. She was going to be punished, she knew that. Jimmy had said that Ma had a book with a hundred ways to hurt a girl without it showing. Whether there was a book or not, that didn't really matter. What mattered was that Ma was as mad as a Tasmanian devil and would soon hurt her very bad.

Ma looked at the bent over girl. Her ass was proffered nicely. She already knew what she was going to do, but decided that she would wait awhile. She had a strict rule. Never impose punishments when you were mad. It might make you lose your judgment. No matter how bad a girl was she was still a valuable piece of merchandise. Even the least appealing of them, and Jimmy had brought home some dogs, especially in the beginning, had a market. The gangs in the inner cities took almost any girl for their knocking shops and the least they had ever gotten for a girl was a little under \$30,000.

So she left her as she was for the moment and went back into her room to clean up. "It was really my fault," she confessed to herself as she made up the bed. She chided herself for getting too attached to the girl. She was such a sweet thing, though, and she was hard to resist. The thought that she would be gone in a day or so was kinda sad. She was the best they had had for a long time and even Jimmy had a little soft spot for her. He had as much as said so this morning at breakfast. He would be getting home late tonight with the new girl and would be tired, not really in the mood for a fuck fest. So Ma had promised him some time with the girl tomorrow even though the new girl would be needing attention. This was exactly why she didn't like to have 2 at the same time.

But like her or not, she needed to be punished, despite the fact that Ma blamed mostly herself. The girl had been clever

and had gotten closer to escaping than even that blond girl several years ago she had to tackle in the hall upstairs. No one but her was home and if the girl had gotten past the cellar door it would have been ‘good night Irene.’

They had a plan for that. Ma would send Jimmy a one worded emergency text message. The laptop and the hard drive for the desk top, they always used a standalone drive for just this reason, and the black box would be tossed into a barrel of acid they kept in the garage. She would take the white Toyota that she used and boogie out of there. There was a thick bundle of hundreds in the trunk along with several false identities, a suitcase with some emergency clothes and a black, long haired wig. She would change cars at one of Jimmy’s stash garages about an hour away, and she would meet up with Jimmy at a motel outside of Evanston. There would be no more phone conversation between them. If neither showed up by the morning of the next day, the other would take off for Mexico, courtesy of the Black Watch, it was one of their services, where they could live like kings off of their bitcoins for years and years. Jimmy had made her swear on her mother’s grave that if he did not show up she would not wait or come back for him no matter what. Ma made Jimmy swear the same.

Ma finished cleaning up the bedroom and came out with the used tumbler and the bottle of whiskey she had been drinking from just before the escape. It was a good lesson for her. She would leave the alcohol upstairs from now on, except for a beer here or there. What happened today could never happen again. Once the new locks were all put in it wouldn’t be much of a problem, but the girl still might take advantage of her snoozing to bop her one on the head, or even break the liquor bottle over the bed stand and slit her throat with it. Every lapse in security had to be taken as a lesson. And this lesson was: no more drinking after sex.

She took the liquor and the glass upstairs. She stopped at the new-fangled lock and punched in 2246122. The lock made 3 beeps and clicked open. “Jimmy’s such a good boy!” she thought warmly. And another good thing. When you closed the door, it locked automatically. She waited on the other side, pushing the door quietly closed and gratefully heard the locks click into place. “Cool!” she thought.

She puttered around a bit, trying to get in the mood to administer the girl's punishment. She knew she could hardly blame the girl for trying to get away. Anybody would have done the same thing. And it was all her fault for giving the girl the opportunity. It was her responsibility not to put such temptation in the way of the girls after all. But it was really the point of the thing. She knew she was breaking a rule, several really. And she had to be deterred from similar, future conduct. They owed that to her future new owner, whoever it was to be. She would send a note along with the girl so that her new owner could take proper action on his end where she could really be taught a lesson.

Besides, she wanted the girl to remember her establishment as a place where fair was fair and not some place that let important things slide. And she certainly didn't want the girl thinking she had gone soft. Word got out about those things somehow.

It was about an hour later that she came back downstairs. The girl started up sniffing and whining as soon as she heard her coming down the steps. "Damn right!" Ma thought, the feeling of anger at the girl's audaciousness and disobedience all over again. But now it was a cold kind of anger, controlled and directed.

She went right past her to the medicine room. In there, she retrieved what she needed and reemerged quickly. She had this special bottle of pepper oil she had concocted that she used sometimes when a girl had been really bad or was resisting training. She brought it over to the old, beat up dresser they used and put it on top along with a pair of rubber gloves. She had also retrieved a small bedpan which she brought over to the girl.

"Okay, shit for brains," Ma said, "it's time to pay the piper. I'm going to give you an opportunity to pee first. I'd advise you to take advantage of it. If you pee all over my floor I'll double your punishment."

The girl's whines increased in volume. Ma gave the girl's rear cheek a mighty slap that resounded through the basement and told her to spread her legs. The girl let out a howl but obeyed. She placed the pan under her sex and told her to let loose. A few moments later, the girl's bladder released and the

pan filled up with yellow fluid. When she was done, Ma placed the half-filled pan carefully on the old bureau and used a tissue to wipe her clean.

She put the rubber gloves on and picked up the bottle of pepper laced oil. She opened the bottle and approached the girl. “Here comes part one, honey,” she said disdainfully. “You’re going to love this!”

She poured a nice dollop of the oil on her right hand and began to rub it over the girl’s buttocks. It only took a few moments to cover them all completely. She placed an oil laden finger just on the outer entrance to her bowls. The little star recoiled slightly from the touch. She put the bottle back down on the bureau and recapped it. She used a tissue to clean up any spillage on it and then threw the tissue and the gloves into the small trashcan in the corner by the stairs. She brought the bottle and bedpan back into the medicine room. The bottle went back into the cabinet and the urine down the toilet. She washed and dried the bedpan and put it away.

It took the oil a little while to do its stuff. By the time she had emerged from the medicine room, the girl was whining and moaning steadily and her ass was rotating with her hips. Ma smiled. She watched as the girl started to sway and bend her knees, pulling even harder on her arms. Ma went back to the bureau and opened the bottom drawer. From inside she pulled a 2 foot long tawse. It was made from mahogany and was stained dark. It’s handle was leather covered. On one side it had a maroon, thin leather pad attached, for decorative purposes only. On the other, the business end, were embedded round topped steel bolts.

Ma had picked it up at an erotic goods store on one of her rare trips away from their immediate neighborhood, in the city about 3 hours away. She had laughed to see all the bondage gear so readily available. She had picked up the gags that they used, which were much better than the ones they had, and a couple of handy whips there as well.

She approached the bent over girl. She was whining now with real earnest and shaking her ass back and forth. The skin had turned reddish. Ma laid her hand on her buttocks and could feel the heat emanating from them. She gave them a little tap

and the girl's whines deepened. Good. The tawse was going to hurt like hell.

She went around to the front and addressed the hooded head. "Okay, shitbird," she said, snarling, "here comes part 2. I want you to think of this moment whenever you remember us in the years to come. It just goes to show you what comes from being nice. Maybe we should have had this little discussion your first day here. But that's just spilt milk. Now this is going to hurt like hell. As you experience it, just keep in mind that it's only a fraction of what your new owner will impose if you ever try anything like this again."

She walked around to the back. The girl was sobbing already. Her legs were shuffling around and she was rocking back and forth. "Poor little thing," Ma thought as she readied the first blow. "Well, she earned it," she thought. "I'll do something nice for her later."

She reared her hand back and brought the tawse forward quickly and forcefully. It made contact with her buttocks, mauling the flesh. The girl's whines paused and then she released a mighty scream. Even though muffled by the gag and the hood, the sound resounded around the basement, echoing off the walls.

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaahhhhhhhmmmmmmppppfff!" she cried out. Randi had never experienced pain like this in her life! Her parents never even spanked her. The pain went down her legs and up her back, piercing her brain. It drove out consciousness of all other things. Her buttocks felt like they were on fire.

There was a pause before the next blow. The shock of the first stroke dissipated somewhat but the fire continued to burn. She was finding it hard to catch her breath after her terrible scream. "Please, no more! Please, no more! Please, no more!" she thought desperately.

Ma regarded the deep red wound she had inflicted. It would be there for a week at least, but it couldn't be helped. Her new owner would understand. Things like this had to be nipped in the bud. She reared back her arm again and brought the tawse forward at a mighty speed. At contact, the girl released another long, piteous, wailing howl. She swung back and forth, stretching her arms. Her legs did a little dance. When the howl

trailed off it was followed by a series of woeful sobs. She landed another and another. Each time the girl released long, pitiful howls. The chain between her legs was drawn taut. Her hands were writhing and twisting. Her hooded head was bobbing and weaving and her body swaying.

One more. The girl deserved one more. It kind of tugged at Ma's heart to hear her wailing so, to know that the girl was suffering untold miseries. But when she had entered this business she had known that she would have to be strong and ruthless. It was for times just like this when she knew she had a duty to fulfill but the feelings of sympathy she had for her victim threatened to overwhelm her and weaken her resolve. No, she couldn't send the girl off half baked. She needed to be broken. If was for her own good, after all. It would save her untold suffering on the other side. Her new owner wouldn't tolerate any reticence or disobedience. The only way to insure that she wouldn't fight against her new status was to inculcate in her a dreadful fear of punishment.

She reared her arm back. The girl's sobs and moans had not surceased since the last blow. Sounds almost like words were emerging from her gagged mouth, too much like words for Ma's liking. Some people might enjoy hearing their victim beg for mercy, but it just pissed her off. "Okay, girly, here it comes!" she thought. "You earned this and you're going to get it!"

She swung the tawse so hard she almost left her feet. The tawse landed amidst the dark red hued, already mauled flesh. There was a moment's silence and then a terrible howl emerge from the girl. Her whole body shook. She screamed and screamed and screamed.

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaawwwwwwwwwwwmmmmmpf!"

Ma took a deep breath. All the tension had left her. While the girl continued to wail and howl, she put the tawse away in the bottom drawer. She went back into the video room and retrieved a Miller and took a deep chug. She lit a smoke. She stood there, behind the girl, letting the smoke curl around her head. "Poor little thing," she thought. It was too early to give her any comfort. She would have to soak in her juices for a while. Let it really sink in.

The girl's buttocks twitched as she held her thighs close together. Even in that pose her generous labial lips stood out. It made her want to possess them. She stepped forward and, holding the beer and the butt in her left hand, slid her finger over the tender and unharmed flesh. The girl shivered and whined and did a little dance. She jammed her thighs even harder together.

"We can't have that," Ma thought. She put the beer down on top of the dresser, put the cigarette in her mouth and retrieved the spreader bar from the middle drawer. She stepped back to the girl and bent down. She released the manacles and tossed them to the side.

"Spread your legs, cumstain, or I'll light up your ass all over again!" she threatened. Despite her deep moans and sobs, the girl apparently heard her and she moved her sandaled feet wide apart. Ma applied the spreader bar to her left ankle and then patted her on her right inner thigh, instructing her to move it a little further apart from the other. When she had complied, she affixed her right ankle to the bar. She stood up. The cigarette was dangling from her lips. She took a drag and took hold of it with her left hand. She took a generous tug from her beer and then stepped forward again. She ran her hand lightly over the girl's ass. She stiffened and whined. It was red hot. She then drifted her hand to her crux. She rubbed it a few times and drew her finger along the labial divide.

"She's a nice piece of work all right," she thought wistfully. "Too bad she's going off tomorrow." She manipulated the girl's crux until it was wet and then slid two fingers into her hole. She slid them back and forth a few times while the girl whined and squealed. She took a deep drag of her cigarette and released a great cloud of grayish smoke." Yeah, too bad," she thought.

"Oh well," she then thought. Jimmy was bringing another one home tonight. She looked like she would be fun too. Each one had their particular delight. That thought reminded her that she had some emails to send. She had started a dialogue with the blond haired girl Jimmy had met on Monday. And there were a couple of other girls in play as well. She stubbed the Winston out in the ashtray on top of the dresser and finished off her beer. She walked past the moaning girl without comment, sniffing her finger, enjoying the scent of her musk. At the top of

the stairs she punched in the code. The lock went, ‘beep, beep, beep,’ and sprang open. She smiled. Jimmy was such a good boy. She passed through the door and closed it behind her. The lock slid closed with a little, ‘whrrrrrrr’.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Jimmy had had a hard time with the new girl. He had picked her up in the Acura at a corner near the park where they met about 8:00 just as she had agreed in Ma's email. For some reason she was sulky and morose. She had been told that he had tickets to a Mudwonks' concert. She was dressed in a very tight pair of jeans onto which all kinds of colorful beads had been sewn, a pair of leather, high heeled sandals and a bright yellow tank top with spaghetti straps. As soon as she got into the car she had lit a joint. Now Jimmy was not adverse to smoking pot, as we have learned, even though Ma disapproved, but he never smoked dope when he was on a job. He didn't have much choice though, or the girl would think that something was up.

After they had exchanged a few hits, he had offered her a mint, but she refused. He tried to have a conversation with her, but she just kind of stared at him blankly and shrugged her shoulders, frowning disdainfully. She had a green, blue and yellow beaded rucksack with an army green shoulder strap and she pulled her iPhone out of it. There was a white set of earbuds attached and she put them in and fiddled around with the screen for a few seconds. Then she just laid back in her seat and started nodding her head to the beat. Jimmy had had the radio on to some wonky college station Ma had picked out. He hated what they played and there was no sense in leaving it on now that the girl was immersed in her iPhone. He turned it off.

She was sitting on the passenger seat Indian style, with her legs tucked into each other. She wasn't paying any attention to where they were going, just texting away as they rode along. Her face was expressionless except for the occasional squint or look of disgust when she read something she didn't like, which would start her off texting furiously back.

It would have to be the old engine trouble routine, Jimmy thought. He didn't like to use it in the summertime when there were so many people out. You never knew who would be

watching while you struggled to keep the ether laden cloth over the girl's face. But the way she was sitting he couldn't use the old jab to the belly routine.

There was a dial he had installed on the console that controlled the richness of the feed of gas to the engine and he turned it down a bit so that the engine would start running funny. The girl didn't even notice it. Her dirty blond hair fell down around her face, obscuring it, as she leaned over and played with her phone. Her full breasts jiggled nicely. No bra, of course.

Jimmy tapped her on the shoulder. She looked up at him, startled. She pulled the bud out of her left ear. "What the fuck did you do that for?" she asked angrily. "Who said you could touch me?"

"Sorry," Jimmy said, trying to hide his rage. "I've got to pull the car over. There's something wrong with the engine."

She looked through the windshield as if she could diagnose the problem by just gazing at the car's hood.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"It's probably something to do with the gas meter," he said. "It probably needs a little adjustment."

There was no such thing under the engine, but the girl wouldn't know that.

"What did you bring this piece of shit for?" she asked disdainfully. "What happened to the hot Camaro?"

"It's in the shop," Jimmy replied.

"You sure got a lot of crap cars," she said. "Are we going to be late for the concert?"

"No, don't worry. This will just take a minute. The engine just needs a little adjustment."

He pulled into a lonely looking street. He had gone this way, through the factory section, just in case he had to do something like this. There was an old, dirty red brick warehouse like building on the right. It had a large parking lot which was empty. He pulled into a sector that the lights of the building didn't shine into. The girl was back at her iPhone.

He pulled the lever for the hood release. He would have liked to shut off the engine and taken the keys. He didn't like running the risk of the girl just hopping over into his seat and taking off. Ma had run her background and she had a few

juvenile charges, loitering, a drug charge, a violation of probation, and one adult one since she had turned 18 three months ago for disturbing the peace. But if the car was turned off, she wouldn't be able to lower the window, which was closed because of the air-conditioning.

The girl didn't seem to notice him getting out. He circled around to the front of the car and pulled the hood open. He took the can of ether and the cloth that he used out from the special compartment. Keeping his head back, he poured some of the ether out into the cloth. He put the can down on the engine and then moved towards her side of the car.

He rapped on her window. She didn't look up. He rapped harder. She either didn't hear him or was ignoring him.

"You fucking cunt!" Jimmy cursed. He went around to the driver's side. He got into the seat. She looked up. "What's that fucking smell?" she asked, her face crinkled up in disgust.

Jimmy didn't answer. He shifted the cloth from his right hand to his left and leapt at the girl. Her eyes widened and she leaned back. Her arms went up to protect herself.

"What the fuck!" she screamed. "What are you fucking doing?"

She flailed her arms so fast that Jimmy had trouble getting the cloth over her face. The car was filling up with the odor of ether. He reared back and gave her a stunning blow to the side of her head.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh!" she moaned. "You fucker! You fucker! You hit me!" she screamed. Her hand went to the door handle. Jimmy leaned back and pushed the button that froze all the locks. He came back forward. She had pulled something from her purse. She was just about to spray him with it when he knocked it out of her hand. He jumped over on top of her. She squirmed and squealed and fought him. He grabbed her hair and slammed the ether laden cloth over her face. She screamed into it, flailing her arms and legs. In a few seconds, though, her efforts slowed and then stopped.

Jimmy quickly scrolled down the window and tossed the cloth out. He was getting woozy. Being as high as a kite didn't help. The girl was moaning and starting to stir. He quickly had one wrist locked down and then the other. He crawled back into his seat and then did her ankles. She was awakening. He took

the collar out from the console and was about to put it around her neck when she came back to life.

“You fucker! You fucker! What are you doing! Let me go, you fucking freak! You fucking faggot! Eieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!” she screamed. “Eieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!”

He slid over on top of her and forced the collar around her neck. Holding her by the hair, he was able to fasten on the little chain in the back. Still sitting on her, she was still screaming and writhing her body, trying to toss him off, he got out the roll of duct tape. He pulled off about 6”. She looked up at him. Now she was scared. “Don’t so that!” she begged him, quieter now. “Please don’t do that!” and then as he began to move forward, louder, “No! No! You fucker! You pervert! You fucking queer! Don’t do that! I don’t want it! Don’t do it!”

She didn’t have much room to move her head, but she did the best with what she had. He knew he wouldn’t be able to get a candy in her mouth, so he didn’t even try. He grabbed her cheeks with one hand and tried to hold her head still. She kept trying to shake it from side to side. The tape was in his left hand and he pushed it against her mouth. It went down haphazardly, crooked across her mouth. “Shit!” he cursed.

He tore off another strip. She was still screaming, but it was quieter now. Her eyes were drilling hate filled holes into him. He reared back with his right hand and gave her a mighty slap with it. She screamed, muffled, and he dove at her with the tape with both hands. He placed the heels of his hands against her cheeks and held her head still. She was yelling “...uckr!...ooo ...uckr!...ooo ...uckg ...ockuckr!” But he got it on. She moaned powerfully and squirmed her tight little body as best she could. She kept screaming, “...uckr! ...ooo ...uckr!...ooo ...uckr!...et...eeee ...ohhhh!...et eee ...ohhh!”

“Not a chance cumstain,” he told her, smiling. He got off her quickly. He lowered the window to his side of the car and the back windows too. He stepped from the car. He almost fell over from dizziness. He had to brace himself with one hand on the door. The girl was still screaming in the car and struggling with her bonds. “She’s a hot one!” he thought.

He went around the front and recapped the ether bottle. He quickly retrieved the cloth and shook it out, getting the dirt off of it. He restored both to the compartment and closed the hood.

He got back in the car. He reached across the girl and lowered the back of her seat so no one could see her. He took out the sticky blindfold they used, peeled off the back and, after some struggle, placed it over the girl's eyes while she screamed and cursed at him. He then adjusted the gas mix to normal, put the car in gear and pulled away, quickly, but without haste.

He knew exactly where he was. He got back on the main road and drove about a half mile where he had to stop at a light. While driving, after the car's air had all been cleared out, he had powered up all the windows. He waited impatiently in the far left turning lane for the light to turn green. His left blinker was on. A big red, shiny, jacked up GTO pulled up to his right. It was high off the ground. There was a guy driving it, older, with a dark cowboy hat on. He was grizzled and chewing something. He only gave Jimmy's car a glance. The intersection was well lit with a gas station on two corners and a strip mall on one of the others. If he had looked straight down he would have been able to see the bound and gagged, blinded girl struggling in her bonds. His window was open and he had his elbow out of it. He was wearing a dirty white tee shirt.

Although gagged, the girl's screams were still loud. Jimmy clicked on the radio and turned it up. He and the other driver made eye contact and Jimmy nodded at the guy with a half smile. He nodded back. When Jimmy looked at the light, it had turned green. He tapped the gas and edged into the intersection. There was a line of cars coming in the other direction and he had to wait. One was a cop car that just glided past, the cop giving Jimmy a suspicious look but proceeding on. The GTO just pulled away. A few seconds later, he was able to make his turn. He drove just over the 35 mile an hour speed limit about 2 miles and there was the entrance for the Interstate. When he got on it, heading south, he released a sigh of relief.

After about 5 miles, he found another place to pull over. It was a little rest stop with picnic tables and a small brick building with some bathrooms. There were no cars. He had to be quick because sometimes state troopers patrolled places like this looking for kids getting high. He turned off the headlights. The girl was still yelling and fighting and it was getting to be a great pain in the ass. He took one of the candies out of his pocket and removed the wrapper. The girl was yanking and

pulling at the handcuffs and at the manacles over her ankles. Turning towards her, with his left hand, he gave her a quick, measured jab in the belly. She released a moan and then started snorting and whining as she struggled for air. He leaned over her and grabbed her face. He tore off the duct tape. The girl opened her mouth to pull in a rush of oxygen, wheezing and whining. He grabbed her cheeks hard, holding her mouth open.

"Listen, you little cunt," he said harshly, "I could do this all day. Are you going to quit fucking around or what?"

She whined and nodded her head as best she could.

"Okay then," he replied. "Now just relax and take things easy," he said. He waited a few moments until she had caught her breath. Then he popped the candy into her open mouth and jammed her jaw closed. This started another round of screaming and struggling. He was able to replace the tape over her lips. He sat back and watched the girl shake her head rapidly from side to side and resume her loud whining. That was okay. It would all be over in a minute. He put the car back into gear, turned on the lights and pulled back onto the Interstate.

Her panicked exertions continued for a few miles, but then slowed and then stopped. He switched the radio station back to his favorite. They were playing an Allman Brothers song, 'Rambling Man'. He pulled out a Newport and lit it up.

* * * * *

About 9 p.m., Ma decided to go back downstairs to see how the girl was doing. She had been watching TV and eaten a pot pie. She had cooked one for the girl as well. She took it out of the cardboard pan and put it in a bowl where she mashed it all up.

Randi was still bent over and hooded and issued a disconsolate whine when she heard Ma coming down the stairs. Her shoulders and feet ached miserably. The fiery pain in her buttocks had raged for a good hour or more, but had eventually subsided. Despite her gross discomfort, the greatest misery she was suffering was the thought that she was going to have to live at the mercy of people like Ma and Jimmy for the rest of her life. She had been so close to escape she had been able to taste freedom. Now it was as far away as it had ever been, even

further as Ma and Jimmy would certainly be more wary of security issues.

Ma put the pot pie and the glass of milk she had brought down on the stairs and approached the girl. She stood over her a moment, letting her presence register with her and letting the fear in her suppurate for a moment or two. Then she went around behind her and examined the evidence of the girl's discipline. Her ass was still tinged bright red, but when she touched it, much of the heat had left it. The girl flinched just a mite, but remained silent. By this time tomorrow, most of the redness would be gone, which was a good thing since she didn't like to send the girls off all marred and such.

She loosened the tie from the ceiling which enabled the girl to lower her arms. She started to whine and cry, relieved, no doubt, that her punishment was over. She lost her balance and fell to her knees. She put her hooded head to the floor and sobbed.

Ma let her go on for a bit. It was only fair, after all. "Poor little thing," she thought.

After a minute or two, the girl's sobs subsided. Ma gave her a little kick with her boot and told her, "Come on, shitbird, kneel up straight and quit your bawlin'."

Randi heard Ma's voice as if from afar. She didn't want to kneel up. She never wanted to do anything again. She just wanted to stay as she was, crouched over and sobbing quietly for the rest of her life. She wanted somehow to stop time, to freeze it right where it was. Every second brought her closer to an unimaginable future of torment and slavery. What was the use of doing anything? Anything she did would just lead to more misery. She wanted to scream at her callous tormentor, "Leave me alone you fucking witch! Fuck you! Fuck you!"

Ma kicked her again, this time a little harder. "Come on, shitbird!" she said angrily. "You wanna go another round with the whip? It don't matter to me. In fact, I kind of like it, so just give me a little excuse and I'll be waling on your ass all over again!"

At this, Randi was yanked hard out of her mournful state. She would do anything to avoid being whipped again! It was a large part of her fear for her future, for she knew now, in advance, that she would engage in any scurrilous act demanded

of her, wherever she was destined to go, just to avoid it. It seemed she was a natural slave, obsequious, fearful, cowardly. All of her conceptions of herself had been stood on their head.

All this passed through her mind in an instant, an instant's revelation to be mulled and stewed over in the hours ahead, hours when she would be isolated, blinded, muted, and left solely to her mental activity as stimulation. Hours in which horrid thoughts would run through her mind again and again and again in a continuous stream.

She struggled to raise her torso. When she was upright, she felt Ma tying the rope from the ceiling to the back of her collar.

"Higher! Kneel higher!" Ma spat out. "Straighten your fucking back, cumstain. You're not at a party, you know!"

Suppressing a whine, Randi lifted herself as high on her knees as she could go. She felt Ma tighten the rope to her collar, making it depress into her throat, causing a little gurgling sound to emerge. Ma gave the insides of her knees a little kick. "Spread those motherfuckers," she demanded. She moved her knees as far apart as they would go. The collar pulled even tighter on her throat. She whined into her hood. On the other hand, she thought miserably, maybe it would be better to be sent on her way. Could any future master be as cruel and demeaning as Ma? She hoped not.

"Stay like that, shitbird or I'll fuck you up good," she spat out at her.

She moved around to the front. There was a little stool on the side of the stairs and she dragged it over. She released the girl's hood and drew out her gag, leaving the blindfold in place. She picked up the mashed up pot pie from the tray on the stairs and sat down.

"Okay, shitbird," she said softly. "It's time for dinner. Open your mouth, you're gonna like this."

Randi blindly spread her lips. She hadn't noticed how hungry she had been. And, in her isolation and darkness, the stimulation of eating was almost heavenly.

Ma spooned the first bit in. It was cool, not hot, but the flavor shot through her. Creaminess and something crunchy, like pie dough. And a lump of something meaty. Chicken? It was saltier than she was used to, but it was delicious.

She chewed and swallowed the first batch and opened her mouth again. She was rewarded with another spoonful. That creaminess again, salty and somewhat bitter, some more crust and something like a potato. She chewed and chewed, determined to masticate every little bit. "A pot pie?" she wondered. It made her remember that there was a normal world out there somewhere. A wave of unhappiness ran through her which was soon dissipated by the next mouthful of food.

"That's the good girl," Ma told her. "Finish it up like a good girl and I'll have a nice surprise for you."

Randi wasn't so sure she wanted whatever Ma had for a surprise, but she didn't mind eating at all, even if she was being fed like a little baby. Kneeling straight up, with her torso fully stretched and her legs apart was a strain, too. "Why does she have to treat me so mean?" she wondered unhappily.

She knew she was close to finishing when she heard Ma scraping the bottom of the bowl with the spoon. The last mouthful was almost all sauce. She swallowed it down and then felt Ma pat her on the head. "You're such a good girl," she said. "I'm going to miss you."

"I won't miss you, you motherfucking bitch!" Randi thought. At the same time, she was disconcerted to be reminded that in about 24 hours her sale would be complete and she would be sent off to an unknown, new hell. A surge of sorrow filled her. Ma couldn't see her tear filled eyes, but she did notice her quivering lip and the tremble of sorrow that went through her.

"Poor little thing," she told her as she patted her cheek. "Don't worry. You're going to do just great. I can tell."

This made Randi even sadder. She would rather Ma just be mean and callous rather than have to suffer through her psychotic tenderness. If she felt all that sympathy for her, why didn't she just let her go? It was all so cruelly strange.

"I've got a nice treat for you, honey," Ma said as she continued to pat her cheek. "You're going to enjoy it. You were a pretty bad girl a little while ago, but I wanted to show you that bygones will be bygones. I guess I can't blame you for wanting to escape and all that, but you've got to see it from my point of view too. There'd be hell to pay if after listing you for sale I let you slip away. And you'd certainly go to the police and me and

Jimmy would have to take it on the lam after all our hard work setting this thing up and all.

“And the irony is that even if you got away and the cops put me and Jimmy in the bag, the Black Watch people would make sure that someone snatched you up again sooner or later. After all, you’ve been listed for sale on their website and people have put up bids. They couldn’t just let you get away. I’d be bad for business. The Black Watch never reneges on a deal and they always deliver. That’s what makes them so special.”

This news made Randi’s sadness even more intense. She had sensed a dramatic shift in the world when she saw people bidding for her on the computer upstairs. But she wasn’t aware how huge that shift had been. Even if she escaped from Ma and Jimmy’s clutches, she would have to hide in fear for the rest of her life. These Black Watch people seemed worse than anything she had heard of, worse than the Mafia or those Russian gangs she had read about. She closed her lips and whined, sorrow channeling through her, and she unthinkingly tried to sit back on her heels. All she got was a sharp jerk on her throat. That made her sadder still.

“There, there, girlie,” Ma cooed at her. “Mama’s got something nice for you. Just relax and let things happen. That’s all you can do anyways. You’re a slave now and only an act of God can change that, and I ain’t seen no acts of God ever in my whole life. So don’t expect one now.”

“Yes,” she thought sadly, God was not going to save her. That was clear. And there was nothing she could do to escape. Relax and let things happen! That was easy for Ma to say. She didn’t want to surrender, to give up all hope, even though her situation seemed hopeless. She needed desperately to believe in her redemption. Unconsciously, she twisted and turned her bound wrists behind her, attempting to pull them apart. But it was useless. If there was one thing Ma knew, it was how to tie knots.

She heard the rumpling of paper in front of her. A second later, Ma ordered her to, “Open up.” Fearfully, she complied. What choice did she have? “Wider,” Ma insisted. She extended her lips as far as they would go.

Then something small was placed in her mouth. It was squarish and cool. She closed her mouth on it. It started to

dissolve. And then, like a bolt out of the blue, she could taste it. It was chocolate!

She slid the object around on her tongue. It was heavenly! Wonderful! The idea of how piteous her life had become that a small piece of chocolate would bring her such joy slipped through her head, but she suppressed it. Nothing was going to stop her enjoyment of the moment.

“You like that?” Ma asked. “I got a whole bar here, one of the big ones. You should know I don’t treat all the girls this good. It’s just because I like you and think that you’re kind of sweet yourself. Sweets for the sweet. Kinda funny, ain’t it?” Ma laughed.

Randi didn’t feel like laughing, she just wanted to revel in her gustatory sensations. She finished off the chunk of chocolate and opened her mouth again, hoping for another. A second later she was rewarded and, as she closed her mouth on it, she released a little moan of delight.

Everything was so intense since she had been captured. The sex, the pain, the sorrow, the fear. And now the taste of chocolate subsumed her body as if she had been given a magical elixir that enlivened every cell.

Ma sat there on the stool admiring the girl’s form. She was so sweet looking when she opened her mouth expectantly for another piece and she could sense the elation she experienced as it dissolved in her mouth. Her breasts jiggled nicely as she breathed deeply, relishing her reward. Her belly tapered sensually towards her crux. Her thighs were graceful and long. She was going to miss her, that was sure. But she would have the pictures and the videos to assuage her loss. And tonight, Jimmy was bringing home another delicious morsel who would have delights all her own.

“Here’s the last piece,” Ma said as she loaded it up on the girl’s tongue. Her closed mouth squirmed and squiggled under her blindfolded eyes as she devoured it. Ma rolled up the remaining paper from the Hersey bar and tossed over and into the trashcan in the corner. It hit the wall, ricocheted against the rim and dropped in. “Two points,” Ma thought to herself.

She looked back at the girl. She had swallowed the chocolate and was now just kneeling there expectantly. Ma stroked her head softly and whispered, “Good little girlie.” The

lips were parted slightly, as if expectantly, and they and her full, round firm breasts were enticing. For a moment, Ma thought about taking the girl back into her bedroom for another fuckfest. Jimmy wouldn't be home for 3 hours or so. But no, once a day was the rule. You had to have rules, something she was always going on about with Jimmy, or else you courted disaster. But there was nothing in her self-imposed rules which prevented her from enjoying the girl's charms. Or watching her come.

Ma leaned forward slightly and cupped her left hand around the back of the girl's head. She brought her lips to the girl's inviting mouth. For a second or two, she left their lips barely touching, inhaling the girl's sweet breath. The girl released a small whine of protest, a cute little thing. Her body shuddered. The whine grew deeper as she passed her tongue over the girl's lips and entered her mouth.

She gave her a deep, long kiss. Ma's left hand slipped from behind her head, wafted over her shoulder and took hold of a heavy breast, while the right one slipped over the girl's hip. The girl was dutifully, if unhappily, kissing her back, muted moans of unhappiness vibrating in her throat. Ma's right hand slid over the girl's hips and between her thighs. Its fingers traversed lightly over her mons, making the girl draw her hips back slightly, as if to avoid them.

She drew back from the kiss and released a deep sigh. The girl was so delicious! She squeezed and caressed her breasts while her other hand flitted lightly over the inside of her thighs, over her belly and down to her crux again. The girl's lips were turned into a frown and were trembling.

"Just relax and enjoy it, girlie," Ma hissed at her. "You're a whore now and you're not allowed any shame. Your body's just a thing to be played with. You better get used to it. You have no more choice about when you're going to come than when you're going to shit or eat. Just forget the old you. She doesn't exist anymore."

Ma's right hand was stroking the girl's outer lips now, up and down, up and down. The girl moaned and whined and compressed her lips. When Ma slid her fingers down along her crevasse, nudging the outer lips aside, she was not surprised to find the girl already lubricated.

She stroked her fingers up and down, up and down, pausing to thrust themselves into her giving chasm, or to circle and rub at her stiffened nubbin. Her other hand kept its work up on her breasts, kneading them, stroking them, pulling and pinching at her distended nipples.

“There you go, girlie, there you go,” Ma whispered to her. “You’re a cunt now, a big, fat juicy cunt. All the rest of you is just surplusage, an attractive but irrelevant support system. It’s the only thing about you that matters. Give into it. Experience it. Live in it and live for it. Let it rule you. Obey it and worship it.”

Randi tried not to listen to the woman’s offensive, demeaning suggestions. “I’m not a cunt! I’m not! I’m not!” she ranted in her brain. But the rivulets of pleasure that her organ was transmitting to her body and brain said something else. She took in a deep breath when Ma began flipping her finger against her little bud. And when Ma kissed her again, thrusting her demanding tongue deep into her mouth, the dam she had been trying to construct between her accursed sex and her soul, collapsed like it had been made of sand, collapsed and washed away, allowing the torrent of need that had been arising behind it to flood her belly, her chest, down her thighs.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmpffff!” she moaned unhappily. “Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!” she begged.

But Ma was right. Her cunt was ruler here. Ma’s fingers were plunging in and out of her while her thumb worried her nubbin. She yearned to free her captured hands so that they could force a halt to the cruel woman’s ministrations, but even though she twisted and turned them, they would not come free. Darkness surrounded her, a darkness so deep and complete that it seemed that she was no longer a physical presence, but some kind of essence, a soul that yearned for freedom but which had been captured by a demon intent on its torment. Ma’s hands and tongue maintained their steady assault on her and her body trembled and shook as she absorbed the ecstatic flow from her purse.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmpffff!” she moaned again, this time a product not of her dismay and shame, but from her building lust and need. Yes, she was a thing now, a toy. If you pushed the right buttons, she would perform for you. And she

would never, ever, ever have the right again to refuse a caress, a kiss, the entry of fingers or tongues or pricks into her body.

Ma broke their kiss again. She was rubbing the girl's cunt furiously. "Come on, shitbird! Come on! Come on! Give it to Mama! Give it to me! You're a cunt, a whore, a doxie, a slut, a slave. You can't hold back! You can't stop it! There's nothing you can do! Live for it! Yearn for it! Need it! It's all that's left you now! Let it go! Come on! Come on! Come on!"

The torment of the hand was excruciating. A vibration was filling her whole being, a vibration so strong and demanding that it threatened to liquefy her brain. She felt her body sag as she succumbed to it. Ma's demanding rant filled her with disgust and shame and sorrow. Her brain denied her imprecations, spurned them, rejected them, but a creature deep inside her a creature with independent desires, needs, wants, had control over her and ruthlessly stamped out all resistance. "You are a whore! You are a slut, a doxie, a slave!" it raged. "It is I who rule now! Your soul is mine! I spurn it! I detest it! I devour it!" the voice shouted.

And then, just as her raging need forced open the floodgates of rabid pleasure, the creature tore her soul into shreds and began to consume it. As each fierce throb of her cunt's wall sent freshets of physical and mental pleasure all through her, the creature's jaws crushed and mauled and desiccated her very essence, her oneness, her selfness until, as the spasms of her consummation went on and on and on, encouraged and enforced by the relentless, conscienceless hand, as one set of spasms subsided and immediately gave rise to another, she screamed and moaned and cried out, her voice echoing all throughout the basement room and surrendered to the greater power within her, the demon, the creature, the dark lord of all her wants and needs.

After the second set of spasms, Ma relented. She let her hands slip and slide all over the girl's defenseless body, kissing and cooing to her, as the ecstatic sensations faded.

"Good girl," Ma whispered. "Good girl. You're a good little shitbird. You're going to make a terrific whore. Like I said, you're all cunt now. Just a big, 115 lb. cunt with arms and legs and a useless, fucking brainless head."

Yes, that was how she felt. Her whole body was a cunt, or if not a cunt, a system tributary to it. Ma gave her another kiss, thrusting her tongue deep inside her mouth once again and swirling it around. Then she withdrew and gave her nipples a mighty pinch that made her squeal.

“Somebody’s going to be real happy to have you, shitbird,” Ma said enthusiastically. “Last time I looked the bidding was up to \$110,000. I think that you might set a record. You’re the best we’ve had in a long time.”

“The best in a long time,” Randi thought as she began to recover herself. The best whore, the best strumpet, the best cunt. “That’s what I am. A cunt! A cunt! A cunt! Oh, God, why did you let this happen to me? Why! Why! Why!”

Ma gave her a little pat on the face. “I’ve got a few things to do, shitbird. Jimmy’ll be here in a couple of hours. He’ll be wanting a blowjob, so keep yourself ready for it.”

She had put the gag down on the tray with the food and now she picked it up. She tapped Randi’s cheek once again. “Open up, shitbird,” she ordered. Randi knew what was coming and did not resist it. She opened her mouth and a second later experienced the leathery taste and thickness of the gag as it slid across her tongue to the back of her mouth. Ma pulled the straps tight, closing her mouth around it and forcing the cock-like prong even deeper. She released a little cough and a gurgle and a whine. Ma ignored it, replacing the black bag over her head and drawing it closed around her neck. Without ceremony, she picked up the tray, climbed up the steps and punched the secret numbers into the lock. It gave a little, “Beep, beep, beep,” as it opened. And then another, “Beep, beep, beep,” when she closed the door behind her and the bolt slid home again.

* * * * *

Jimmy pulled in at about 1:30. Ma was sitting in the living room sipping a glass of 25 year old whiskey and reading Madame Bovary. All the lights were off except for the floor lamp next to the comfy, blue upholstered chair she was sitting in. Her feet were up on a matching hassock. She had just started to drift off a bit when she heard Jimmy’s car pull in the driveway. She heard the clanking sound of the large garage

style door to the barn rising. Jimmy would probably need some help. She put her marker in the book and downed the remnants of the whiskey. She needed to shake herself into full wakefulness when she rose from her chair. "These bones are getting old," she thought. All the more reason to take her pleasures when she could.

She strode quickly through the kitchen and opened the back door. It was a cloud-filled, moonless night and everything was pitch black. They had installed dim little foot-high lights every 25' or so along the walkway between the barn and the house and Ma turned them on.

Jimmy was standing outside his car when she entered the garage. The car radio was blaring some punk rock tune. The lights were on, making everything seem stark. Jimmy was finishing off a Newport. Ma looked inside. Jimmy had turned off the overhead light before he had picked up the girl and Ma had to flick it back on to get a good look at her. She was moaning and squirming slightly. You couldn't see much of her face with the gag and the blinders on, but the rest of her looked scrumptious. Her breasts shifted side to side as she squirmed. There was the panther tattoo on her shoulder and some sort of saying tattooed in script letters in several lines across her upper chest. Ma got close and read it. It read, "The giving and the receiving of pleasure is a need and an ecstasy." The name Khalil Gibran was written under it surrounded by green, red and blue flourishes. Ma laughed. It seemed apt and appropriate for the girl's new life. She was going to have fun tattooing the rest of her. She had picked out a few things already.

The girl had graceful thighs, enwrapped in denim. She was a little on the short side and a might diminutive, but she would do fine. Ma turned the radio off.

"Why do you play it so loud?" she asked Jimmy. "Are you hard of hearing?"

It was a familiar routine. Jimmy had learned to ignore such things.

"You know it's bad for your ears. When you're my age you'll have to walk around with a hearing aid," she added, frustrated, as always, by Jimmy's lack of response.

Jimmy changed the subject. "How do you like the girl?" he asked.

“She’s a pip,” Ma replied. “I can’t wait to get at her.”

The girl’s diminished consciousness must have registered something, since her moans got louder and she began to pull at her bonds.

“I didn’t want to give her another candy so close to home,” Jimmy explained.

“That’s okay,” May answered. “Let’s get her in the house before she wakes up any more. I don’t want a fight on our hands.”

Jimmy nodded and made as if to toss his cigarette butt on the floor. Ma looked at him sternly. There was a bucket of sand on the floor by the side of the overhead door which was now closed. He stepped over, took a last, deep drag and dropped the remnant in where it joined a host of its fellows.

He went to the passenger side of the car. Ma crept in and crouched on the driver’s seat. They released the ring at the back of her collar first and then undid her hands. The girl started flailing her arms weakly, muttering curses behind her gagged lips. They pulled her forward until she was leaning over. They pulled her hands behind her back. Ma held them firmly in place, crisscrossed at the wrists, while Jimmy administered some duct tape around them. The girl was crying and sobbing.

The feet came next. Normally they would just pull her out and Jimmy would sling her over her shoulder at this point, but since she was so close to wakefulness Ma insisted that they tape her ankles together too. Once that was done, Ma went around to the passenger side and they both pulled her out. The girl screeched and shook her body. Jimmy bent over, placing his shoulder at her midriff and then lifted her into the air. Ma gave the girl a fierce slap on the ass. “Good job, Jimmy,” she said.

Ma opened the side door to the garage and flicked out the light. Jimmy passed by her. She closed the door and followed him along the dimly lit walkway to the house. He waited at the bottom of the back steps while Ma climbed them and opened the back door. The girl was squirming and had begun making a lot of noise. Once the door was open, Jimmy scooted up the steps and went inside. Ma turned off the lights.

When the door to the downstairs beeped open, Randi gave a start. She had been kneeling in place, extended to her highest by the rope attached to her collar and with her knees spread for

what seemed like hours. All sorts of dim thoughts had been racing through her head, most of them tinged with the hopelessness of her predicament. She hadn't actually dozed off, but had finally found a zone of near thoughtlessness that had been comforting. All she could think when she heard the feet on the stairs was, "Here comes Jimmy's blow job."

She was surprised when she heard a distinctively young female voice. It was moaning and screeching. She realized that the pair had kidnapped another girl, her replacement, and that they were bringing her down the stairs. A dreadful sense of doom filled her. When Jimmy had shown her the blowjob pictures she had had a sense of the transitory nature of her presence here, but knowing that her successor was already here struck home. She issued an involuntary whine.

Ma and Jimmy slipped past her and to her right. She heard them unlock the door to the blue room and enter it. They left the door open and she could hear them struggling with the girl as they were undoubtedly in the process of disrobing her.

The girl screeched and wailed loudly. Randi heard Ma curse and Jimmy laugh. "She's a real tiger!" she heard Jimmy say.

After a while she sensed Ma leaving the room. She crossed the hall and Randi heard her unlocking the door to the medicine room. A few seconds later she came out again and recrossed the hall.

The girl was still screeching and yelling, her voice muffled, but loud. Randi heard Ma say, "Come on, Jimmy. For Christ's sake, hold her down!"

Jimmy laughed again. "I'm doin the best I can, ma," he said.

Then the girl released a shrill yell. Then there was silence for a few seconds. Then the girl started to sob noisily.

"Well that's that," Ma said. "When she calms down, tie her up good. Ya hear?"

"Sure, ma," Jimmy replied.

"Extra special tight," Ma said. "I don't want this cunt getting loose during the night."

"Sure, Ma, sure," Jimmy answered.

Randi heard Ma emerge from the blue room and cross the hall again. She went into the medicine room and emerged a few moments later. She patted Randi on the head. "Don't worry,

honey,” she said lightly, “she’s not as nice as you.” She laughed.

Randi released a sob of misery. Tonight was Wednesday. Tomorrow was Thursday. By this time tomorrow, she would be on her way and the new girl would be doing a dance in the music room. Or Jimmy would be fucking her. Or she would be all trussed up in the green room. Where she, Randi, would be, only God knew, if he was still watching, or cared to notice.

Jimmy emerged from the blue room and locked the door. Randi sensed him come in front of her. He leaned down and removed her hood and then her gag. He patted her rudely on her cheek. “Come on fuckbucket,” he told her harshly, “open up. I’ve got a raging hard on you need to take care of!”

Randi obeyed and cringed as the man’s rigid meat passed over her lips. She had been kneeling there for hours and her knees were complaining of soreness and her back ached. Dutifully, though, she closed her mouth around Jimmy’s member and formed a wet, warm tunnel for it.

Jimmy took hold of her hair and rocked her head back and forth. “Ahhhhhh, that’s good, fuckface,” he moaned. “That’s good. Nice and tight. Yeahhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhh!”

Randi did her best to restrain her sobs. Having the new girl come had heightened for her sense of hopelessness. The ever present darkness all around her was oppressive and frightening. Her travail here had always had a nightmare quality, but now it had become even worse.

Jimmy just sawed back and forth, oblivious to her whines and moans. At one point, her sorrow just overwhelmed her and she released a series of forlorn sobs that interrupted the smooth sailing of Jimmy’s hot, thick, offensive meat.

He yanked himself out of her mouth and a second later her face was jolted by a ferocious slap from his right hand.

“Watch what you’re doing, you stupid cunt!” he screamed at her. “I heard what you did to Ma today! You’re lucky I don’t beat you silly! Now pay attention and do your job!”

Randi’s sobs exploded virulently. Jimmy shook her head fiercely. “Cut the shit, cunt!” he yelled.

Terrorized, Randi fought mightily to bring herself under control. She formed her mouth into an obedient ‘O’. Her chest was heaving and her body was shaking. Jimmy pushed his rigid

rod through the quivering, rounded lips and jammed its end against her throat. Quickly, sobbing and choking, Randi formed the little tunnel that he needed and began to move her head back and forth. Visions of Jimmy belaboring her body with some fiendish club kept rolling through her head as she did her best to accommodate him.

Jimmy began to move her head back and forth again, his hand gripped in her hair. He was matching her movements with thrusts of his own.

“That’s better, cuntface,” he snarled. “That’s better. Keep that up! Keep it up! Ahhhhhhhhhhh!” as he pumped away, Randi heard Ma near them twisting the cap off of a bottle of Miller. She heard her issue a satisfied sigh as she sucked down a great slug. A second later, she heard the snap of a lighter and the odor of a freshly lit Winston wafted over her.

Jimmy had fucked her mouth in Ma’s presence before, but the horrid novelty of having another person, a woman no less and a mother, witness her performing such an intimate sexual act had not worn off and Randi quailed and sickened inside as she felt Ma’s eyes crawling over her.

“Hurry up, Jimmy,” she heard Ma’s scratchy voice say. “I want to put the cunt to bed.”

“Ohhhhhhhhhkay, Maaaaaaaaa!” Jimmy moaned as he picked up his pace. “I’mmmmmmm almost therrrrrrrrre! Oh, yeahhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhh! Ohhhhhh! Yeahhhhhh! Yeahhhhhhhh! In a second! In a second! Ahhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhh! Here it comes! Here it comes! Ohhhhhhhhhh, yeahhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh!”

Jimmy’s cock exploded in Randi’s mouth. He was pounding away at her lips now, her hair gripped fiercely in his fist. He grunted and groaned as his cock pulsed a continuous stream of his jism into her cavity. It was coming too fast for her to swallow it and she choked and sputtered and felt it rising up into her nose. She kept her lips desperately clamped down on the raging meat, terrified lest she disappoint the cruel man. He pushed his cock past the entrance to her throat and held it there while his thighs quivered and he groaned.

“Ahhhhhhh! Yeahhhh! Ohhhhhh! That was great! Ohhhhhh, yeahhhhhh!” he intoned. Randi was choking and coughing and whining as her lungs screamed for breath. When

he finally pulled back, she opened her mouth and drew in a deep breath, but quickly resealed her lips on the oppressive, hot, still rigid organ.

Ma laughed. "You've made a mess of her, Jimmy," she said. Jimmy pulled his meat from her mouth and tilted back her head. His jism was oozing from her nose and had spilled from her lips all over her chin. He laughed too.

"She looks good like that, Ma," he said. "Besides, it's good for her skin." His hand scooted over her chin and smeared his goo all over her cheeks, chin and nose. Randi was holding back her virulent sobs.

Ma chuckled. "Okay, okay," she said. "Put your johnson away and go to bed. I want the rest of these new locks put in tomorrow. It's a good thing you did the one door today or else we'd be in a load of shit right now. Maybe you'll do as I say from now on."

"Okay, okay, Ma," Jimmy answered somewhat petulantly. "I get it. I'll get to work on it first thing."

"And no fucking tomorrow until you're finished!"

"Okay! Okay!" Jimmy replied.

He released Randi's hair. She heard him turn and trudge up the stairs. She heard the, 'beep, beep, beep,' of the new electronic lock. The upstairs door opened and shut and the door went, "beep, beep, beep," again.

There was silence. She couldn't see, but she felt Ma staring at her. She clamped her lips together and suppressed a sob.

She heard the sigh of Ma's breath as she finished off her beer. Then there was a 'hiss' as, she assumed, she dumped the butt of her smoke into the bottle.

"I'm going to miss you, honey," Ma said suddenly. She stepped forward and Randi felt her caress her head softly. "I'm sorry about the whipping today, but you know that you deserved it, don't you? We can't have girls running around wild like that. And you've got to get shit like that right out of your head."

A sourness flowed through Randi. She knew that she had probably lost the best chance she would ever have of avoiding her fate. She knew, as Ma had said, that even more extreme punishments awaited her if she ever tried it with whoever her new owner should be. Unless, that is, whoever would end up as

her purchaser had acquired her for the purposes of torturing her and murdering her, which she had not discounted as a possibility, and which, when she thought of a lifetime of degradation and sexual servility, seemed at times the best of all alternatives.

Ma leaned over and tilted Randi's chin. "Let's make up and be friends," she said softly. "Give me a little kiss."

Randi's felt the heat of Ma's face descend and then the pressure of her lips on hers. Trembling, her innerness imbued with rage and sorrow and revulsion, she opened her mouth and allowed the demented woman's tongue to enter. She kissed her for a long time, reaching down and caressing her breasts. The she broke off and stepped back.

"I'm going to let you make it all up to me, honey," she said, her voice almost hoarse. Randi heard the sound of fabric sliding down flesh and the sounds of Ma raising and lowering her boot like shoes. She felt her creep near. She released the chain from the back of her neck. She felt pressure on her head and she obediently bent her neck and lowered her body. Ma stepped closer. She felt Ma flick the edge of her skirt over her head and her naked loins pressed close to her face.

"Give me a good licking, honey, and we'll call it even," Ma said.

Randi shuddered. If her eyes had not been covered by the blindfold, tears would have been cascading down her cheeks. She knew she had no choice but to obey. There was not an ounce of resistance left in her. She tilted her head upwards, crouching down and arching her back. The aroma of Ma's arousal overwhelmed her. She pressed her face forward until she felt her pubic hairs against her face. She pursed her lips, extended her tongue, and after a 2 second search, located the woman's juicy sluice. She went to work.

Ma started groaning and moaning right away.

The slushy, musky organ overwhelmed her. She licked its length and nibbled at the thick, hard nubbin at its apex. She twiddled it with her tongue, she delved her tongue deep with the gap, thrusting it into the hole and twirled it around. Ma, her hand buried in her hair, firmly, but not forcefully, guided her mouth up and down while she delivered instructions to her in a hoarse voice. "Lick it good! Ohhhhhhhh, Yeeeeeeeah! Suck on

my clit! Harder! Harder! Now twiggle it! Faster! Faster! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhh!

Ma's hips pressed against her face. When Randi had her nubbin in her mouth, she ground her hips in little circles, moaning and sighing. At one point she seemed to be reaching her apotheosis, and Randi rejoiced that her ordeal might end soon, but Ma pulled her head away sharply. "Not yet, dickwad! Not yet!" she exclaimed. And then she brought her head back.

"Slowly now, nice and slow," she almost whispered. "Do it like you love it. Nice and easy and soft."

Randi obeyed. She drifted her tongue lightly along the rim of her divide. She tickled the lovebud with the tip of her tongue. She inserted her tongue in the gap and drew it down, slowly, slowly, slowly, until she reached the entrance to Ma's tunnel and then she ran the tip of her tongue lightly around the rim.

It was hot and steamy under Ma's skirt. Her face kept brushing up against Ma's wiry, now sodden morass of hemp like hairs. The smell and taste, a semi-sourness, fecund and earthy, made her swoon. She hoped and prayed that a woman didn't buy her. She would be forced to do this again and again. There was a ragged edge to Ma's cruelty that wasn't present in Jimmy's. Jimmy was gruff and mean and oblivious to her feelings and dismal humiliation, but Ma's cruelties somehow crept up inside her and pierced her to her very bone. A man wouldn't care what was in her head as he probed her body remorselessly, and then he would cast her aside when he was done with her. A woman would ensure that every ounce of her being was devoted to her worship. She would be more than a mere slave, more like an acolyte, a devotee, a carefully watched and measured tool of her mistress's psyche, hot-wired to her id. And, worse of all, she would have to worship at her cunt, a thing that seemed so wrong and perverse that it sickened her.

"Ohhhhhhhh," Ma moaned. "Ohhhhhhhh! Yeah, yeah! Faster now! Harder! Harder! Harder and faster! Do it! Do it! Lick me hard!"

Ma's voice was getting louder and more insistent. Her pelvis was shuddering and Randi sensed her body above swaying. Randi gave her clit a long, hard suckle, making Ma groan, and then slavered the rigid bud with her tongue several times. When she started flitting her tongue hard, again and again and again,

across the nubbin, Ma gripped her hair even tighter under her skirt and pushed her face fiercely against her crotch.

“Ohhhhhhhhh! Yeeeeeeeah! Suck it you fucking dick faced shitbird! Suck it like the fucking low lifed, scum filled, dirty whore that you are! Suck it shitbird! Suck it! Suck it! Ahhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhh!”

Ma’s body rocked to and fro. She moaned and groaned and her thighs shuddered. A flood of cumjuice oozed from her depths, covering Randi’s poor face. Her nose was jammed up hard against Ma’s belly, deep into her matted hair and she was unable to breathe. But she kept suckling and suckling and twitting the tip with her tongue again and again and again.

Suddenly, Ma released a great groan and yanked her head away from her loins. “Ohhhhhhhhhhh, god! Ohhhhhhhhh, fuck a fucking duck! I’m going to miss you shitbird!” she called out. Her voice was hoarse and heavy. “You’re a natural whore, honey! You’re going to have lots of fun!”

Ma’s skirt fell back from Randi’s head, freeing her face. Ma’s grip on her hair relented. Ma stepped back and she breathed a deep sigh. “That was quite all right, shitbird,” she said. “I won’t have time for you tomorrow with the new girl and all, so that will have to be our swansong. But it was a topper, all right. “She patted Randi on the head.

She laughed. “Look at your face, it’s all gooey! I can’t have you going to be like that. “She stepped closer. Randi felt Ma press the edge of her dress against her face and give it a good wipe. “That’ll have to do,” she said curtly. “I’ll give you a nice shower tomorrow before your send off. By the way, I checked the bidding a while ago and it’s up to \$115,000. I bet it’ll go over 150 before it’s through. You’re a nice little moneymaker and I’ll give you a nice reward tomorrow before you go.”

Randi didn’t appreciate the news. Sure, like Ma said, the more valuable she was, the better her new owner would take care of her, theoretically at least, but also the more that he or she would make sure that she didn’t escape and cost them their investment. She would be held in a confinement as tight as the tightest prison in the world. A deep, sour ball of despair and horrid sadness formed in her belly.

Her sour reverie was disrupted by pressure on her lips. “Open up, shitbird,” Ma barked. Randi obeyed. The gag was

shoved deep into her mouth, as always, and poked against her throat, making her cough and gag. It was so big and round that it felt like a fist had been rammed in her mouth. Ma affixed the straps behind her head and pulled them tight, tighter, it seemed, than normal, as if that was possible.

Ma unclipped the chain from the back of her neck and made her stand. Her thighs groaned at being stretched after so long confined and she felt wobbly on her high heeled sandals. She felt her breasts jutting out. Ma gave each of her nipples a little tweak. "You're a nice package, all right," she said. "You have a really nice set. Somebody's going to have a lot of fun whipping them, I'll bet. "She gave each breast a firm caress, squeezing them and kind of bobbling them in her hands. "I'd do it myself if you weren't leaving tomorrow. Or watch Jimmy do it again. But we don't want you all marked up for your new master. He'll want to do that himself."

Ma attached the leash to the front of her collar and brought her into the medical room. She sat her on the pot and let her peep she wiped her good with a lanolin laced sheet and then towed her down to the green room. She unlocked the door and dragged her in.

Randi stood there sullenly as she heard Ma lift the top of the cage and bring out the long, wide board, placing it on the floor. She didn't give Ma any trouble as Ma ordered her to sit on it, guiding her with the ring in her collar and a hand on her shoulder. She bound her up as Jimmy had done, tightening the bonds just a little bit tighter. With a grunt, she lifted the board by the straps over her chest and thighs, she had to struggle to get her fingers under them, they were so tight, and then placed her in the cage, dropping her at the last instant so that the board gave a little bounce as it hit the bottom. She heard the top being closed and locks being installed all around. She suppressed a mournful sob. What was the use?

"Okay, snug as a bug in a rug," Ma said gleefully. "Sweet dreams."

Randi heard Ma flick off the light as she left. It bothered her that she would be in complete darkness, even though with the blindfold over her eyes she couldn't see anything anyway. It was more the principle of the thing and the thought that she would be surrounded by a deep dark cloud of nothingness.

When the door slammed and the lock turned, Randi's mind went suddenly into a paroxysm of woe. She wailed into her gag. She twisted and turned her firmly bound and immobilized body, or at least tried to. She scrunched her hands into vice like fists and curled her toes, about all the real movement permitted her. She tried to arch her back, turn her head, raise her knees, but had no success. Finally, she let her whole body sag, as if in death, and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Randi couldn't tell if she slept a long time or not. The green room, insulated against outside sound, was as silent as a tomb. She slept and woke up, slept and woke up, it seemed a dozen times. Each time she woke a stab of panic would go through her as she tried to think of where she was. When the reality sank in, a few seconds later, she would cry and whine and struggle to no effect all over again.

It was a long, long, long time in the dark before she heard the lock on the door turn and the door open. Then there was a voice, Jimmy's. "It's just me, dickwad," Jimmy said cheerfully. "Gotta put in the new locks. Then we can fuck. Okay?"

Randi whined and squirmed. No, it was not okay. It was about as far from okay as it could be. Today was the day. She didn't know what time it was, but she figured it was early since Jimmy would want to get all his work done so that he could fuck her. So maybe 7, 8 o'clock. That meant she had maybe 12 more hours to go. Twelve hours of dread and sorrow and anguish. She tightened her body and moaned.

She could hear the drill's whine as Jimmy made a hole for the new lock. There was some banging, some whirring, like an electric screwdriver. Some soft cursing as Jimmy fitted the mechanism to the hole.

After a little while, Randi heard something emerging from the hallway behind Jimmy through the open door. It was Ma's voice, as harsh and as evil as she had ever heard it. Like the first day she had been here. A little bit later, she heard the distinct sound of a 'zap!' and a blood curdling scream. The new girl was getting her orientation.

"Ohhhhh! God! No! No! No!" she heard the girl scream in a shrill, tortured voice.

"Shut the fuck up, you stupid cunt!" Ma screamed.

'Zap!' and then 'Zap!' and then 'Zap!', she heard. The voice screamed loudly. "Ahhhhhhh! AiyeEEEEEEEEEE! AiyeEEEEEEEEEE! Oh

god, please stop! Please stop! You bitch! You bitch! Stop! Stop! I'll kill you, you fucking cunt! I'll kill you! AiyeEEEEEEEE! AiEEEEEEEEie!"

"I'll teach you, you dumb fucking whore!" Ma yelled angrily. "Open your mouth! Open your mouth!" There was the sound of a violent slap, and Ma screamed again, "Open your fucking mouth you dumb, fucking cunt!"

There was heavy sobbing, loud and desperate, that a second later became muffled and faint.

"We'll see how you like the whip, shitbird!" Ma yelled furiously. "I'm going to teach you to keep your fucking mouth shut if it takes me all day!"

There was silence, except for the girl's muffled sobbing and then Randi heard a loud, 'crack!' There was a loud, piteous, barely muffled scream. And then again and again and again, Ma cursing and yelling, the girl screaming and moaning.

Jimmy laughed. "She's a tough cookie, this new girl," he chuckled. "Not like you. Ma's going to have a lot of fun with her. She'll pay for mouthing off, that's for sure."

Randi squirmed and cried and shivered as she heard the girl being tortured. No, she had given in right away. She was a coward, she knew that now, even though she had always thought of herself as brave. This new girl was brave, but she knew that sooner or later they would break her and, as Jimmy said, have a lot of fun while they did it. And she would never escape, never, never, never.

"Let's see how we did," Jimmy said lightly. She heard the door shut and then there was the three toned sound of the door locking. A moment later, there was the three toned sound of it opening again, 'beep, beep, beep.' The door opened. "Looks good!" Jimmy said happily. The girl was still screaming through her gag out in the hallway and Ma was yelling fiercely. Randi released a deep sob.

"See you later," Jimmy said musically. The door shut again, and then there was, 'beep, beep, beep,' and the sound of the bolt going home. Then, once again, absolute silence.

Time dragged on with a million negative ideas floating through Randi's head. She had to pee desperately and she was thirsty as hell. And hungry too. When were they going to let her out?

They didn't for a long, long time. Randi knew that she would be punished unmercifully if she peed, and she was filled with terror as it got harder and harder to hold it in. Finally, there was the 'beep, beep, beep,' of the door and it opened. It was Ma.

She didn't say much, just came over to the cage and unlocked it. Randi was excruciatingly grateful when the board was lifted and she was taken out. Ma unbelted her thighs and knee and ankles and told her to spread her legs and arch her back. Randy did as she was told. Something was shoved under her vulva. "Okay, pee," Ma sort of snarled.

Obediently, Randi released a steady, hurried stream. Her belly felt wonderfully empty when she finished. She felt Ma wipe her. Then the brace was taken from around her neck and her head lifted so the gag could be removed. "Open your mouth," Ma said hoarsely. The lip of a bottle was pressed to her mouth. A half second later a slow, but steady stream of liquid began to pour in. It was cool and a little sour. Gatorade. Randi was so happy that her thirst was being assuaged, she forgot for a moment that she was where she was. It was just wonderful.

"Okay, that's enough," Ma ejected. The bottle was pulled away. Randi opened her mouth automatically when the gag was pressed to her lips and gagged, as usual, when it was tightened behind her head. She waited for Ma to loosen her hands and the straps across her chest and waist, but that didn't happen. Instead, the bolster was replaced around her head and locked in place.

"Put your feet back together," Ma growled. Randi released sob. What it meant was that she was going to spend how long she didn't know, more interminable hours locked into immobility. For a second, she thought of rebelling, but the sound of the other young woman screaming echoed in her mind. No, she didn't want to feel pain. And what was the use. She would do it eventually anyway. She closed her legs, releasing a muffled sob. Her ankles and knees and thighs were belted in again.

She heard Ma's voice. "Sorry, honey, but we've got to keep you locked up today. I'm working with the new girl and you'd just be in the way. And sorry, no food. You've got a long trip tonight and I don't want to gamble with you throwing up in

your gag or anything. I'm sure they'll feed you on the other end if you behave."

The ache in Randi's belly got ten times worse. She released a muffled moan and tried to shake her head. No dice.

The board was lifted again and dropped the last few inches into the cage. The cage slammed closed and the locks were put into place. The door beeped open and then closed. And again there was silence.

Jimmy came and got her later, much later. He put the hood back over her head. She wobbled on her high heels as he brought her to his room. The door, beeped, beeped, beeped, as it opened and shut. He had her get right up on the bed on her back. She cried while he fucked her, but he was an expert and she was a slut, and soon she was panting and moaning with unfeigned sexual delight. He made her come twice before he dumped his load into her. He kept her hooded the entire time.

When he was done, he made her assume the position while he smoked and drank beer and watched TV. She felt his eyes wander over her revealed and open, slimy sex from time to time. Head down, knees spread, back arched, her hands bound above her and her forehead on the bed, she trembled and shook as she felt the time slipping away to her hour of doom. All over the world clocks were tick, tick, ticking, inexorably eating up her remaining time. Somewhere, out there was a cruel, heartless world, where people were watching her do her little dance, sucking Jimmy's cock, dancing to the whip, admiring her pictures and mulling over, callously, whether she was worth more than what had already been bid.

Jimmy got up on the bed again and released her hands. He made her kneel up and strapped her wrists to a leather belt he wound around her waist and removed her hood and gag, leaving the blindfold in place. He shuffled up to the head of the bed and laid his back to it and then pulled on her collar until she was bent over between his knees. He gripped her hair and guided her mouth to his cock. She subsumed the semi-erect member dutifully.

He made her suckle him for a long time. He moaned and egged her on, calling her all the scurrilous names she was now used to. They hurt her to the quick nonetheless. After a while, he lifted her head from his cock. He pushed her to her side on

the bed and lay lengthways opposite her. He lifted his right leg and guided her head once more to his cock. When she had recommenced her long, dutiful, narrow mouthed suckles, he lifted her right leg and dropped his head to her belly. His lips and tongue found her slice and he hungrily went to work.

Randi moaned and sighed and groaned as he expertly gemaunched her. His thick rigid log pistoned back and forth in her mouth. His hand rested on her head, guiding her. She was doing her best to make him come before she did, but it didn't happen that way. The little men she imagined guarding the sluiceway of her passion put up a brave defense when the invaders, sparked by Jimmy's deft tongue and lips, attacked and overcame him. With a shout of triumph the ragged barbarians slid open the gates. The forces of her passion, the liquid fire that would soon immolate her veins, was gathered up in flood stage behind them and gushed out in a mighty swale to the cheers and celebrations of the invaders.

She groaned and her body shuddered and her pussy throbbed and convulsed. Jimmy's agitation of her clit, suckling, licking, rubbing, tormenting, drew spasm after spasm from her tortured organ. She sucked and caressed his cock with desperate intensity, using her tongue, when she could, to accentuate her pleasure giving lips. When her crescendo peaked, she was so overwhelmed that she had to stop and just clamp her lips down as hard as she could on the hot, ramrod-like flesh that filled her mouth. Jimmy's hand took hold of a swath of her hair and he began to piston her head back and forth fiercely, as he growled, "Come on you fucking dickwad, keep sucking!" When he was satisfied at her obedience, he loosened his grip and sank his lips once more onto her pudenda.

The little barbarians watched the fluid buildup against the sluiceway gate as they sat around joking and laughing. Her defenders were nowhere to be seen. The pressure built up intolerably in her loins and Jimmy's agitating tongue and lips drove her mad with lust. She moaned and cried and her mind filled with despair as she felt the fiery fluids rising. The men were smoking and drinking and laughing while they watched it. Finally, the leader, with a great, plumed helmet on his head, tossed his cigar into the stormy, stifled flow behind the gate and

gave his men the sign. “No! No! No!” Randi screamed. The man just laughed.

The gates opened and another torrent of ecstasy flooded her. She squirmed and shuddered and cried and moaned and desperately, desperately suckled at Jimmy’s crank. Jimmy’s thrusts into her mouth took on an immediacy. He groaned into her muff. His grip on her hair tightened again. And then his cock burst into spasm, drenching her mouth with its spume, coating her tongue and her teeth and sputtering out between her lips. He thrust her face down hard on his loins, entering her throat and held her there while he groaned and groaned and groaned and thrust madly into her. Randi’s orgasm was still raging and the hot fluids just kept flowing and flowing and flowing.

Finally, the river in her loins slowed to a trickle. Jimmy released her head and let her come up for air. The men at the sluice gate laughed and slapped each other on their backs, shaking their hands, while the gate was closed again. The leader looked up at her with a sneer and laughed, waving his hand as if to say, see you again soon.

As soon as his now limp but still tumescent prick plopped from her lips, Jimmy had the penis-like gag reinstalled. It was like it had never left. He rehooded her and guided her by the ring in her collar to the cage next to his bed. He made her get in, giving her a little shove with his bare foot when she was slow to obey. He slammed the cage door shut and locked it.

She heard him dress and leave. Time slowly edged by. A sourness and sickness filled her. What time was it and how closer was she to her demise? What would it be like when they sent her off? Would they tie her to the car seat like when she had been kidnapped and drive her to somewhere where those people from the Black Watch would take command of her. Or would they show up tonight and toss her into the trunk of their car, after perhaps copping a blowjob, or two if there were two of them. Or would they cage her in the back of a truck, or ship her in some crate? What would it be like where they were taking her and what would her new owner be like? Would it be in the United States, or Mexico, or South America, Colombia, Ecuador, Brazil, or China, Malaysia, Kazakhstan? Or Nairobi, Kinshasa, the Congo? Or would she end up in some Arabian

harem? Or tortured to death in someone's basement torture chamber?

She cried for a while. Her pussy took a long time to stop humming. She thought of Jimmy's spume lolling inside her, oozing into her blood. She thought of the young girl they had caught. What was she like? Maybe they had made a mistake this time and the police would be at their door soon. Maybe a giant meteor would strike the house, or an earthquake or a flood and someone would rescue her. Maybe it was all a hoax, a cruel game played on her by Stu and Gwen. Or maybe a terrible dream that she would wake up from. Or maybe, maybe, maybe, it was so horribly, horribly real and no one would save her, not the police, not a force of nature, not God.

It was Ma who came to get her, what seemed hours and hour later. She poked her with her foot, urging her out of the cage once she had unlocked it. She had her stand, letting her get her balance back. She released the belt around her waist and tied her hands behind her back. She affixed the chains to her ankles. She attached the leash to her collar and gave her a little tug. She hardly said anything, giving out merely one or two word commands.

She brought her down the hall. She heard and sensed the sniffing, gagged other girl affixed to the rafter in the middle of the room, as she had been, feeling the heat of her body as they passed by, grazing her with her shoulder. Randi wondered if the girl could see her, a docile, hooded, bound, obedient prisoner, shuffling along like some Alzheimer's victim. The thought of it made bile rise in her throat.

In the medical room, Ma removed her hood and gag and blindfold. She affixed her wrists to the chain in the shower and gave her whole body a good clean. She washed her pussy thoroughly, jetting water inside with a nozzle. She brushed her teeth and washed and combed her hair. To Randi's surprise Ma applied carefully a coat of makeup, taking her time to get it exactly right. She brushed rouge on her nipples. When she was done, she patted Randi's face affectionately and smiled. "You look nice, honey," she said.

She carefully reapplied the gag, leaving it somewhat looser than normal. She brought her over to the examining table and made her lie down on it. She affixed her ankles to the corners at

the foot and her hands over her head. She shoved a pillow under her hips.

She shaved her loins carefully. She applied a soothing cream to her pudendum, rubbing it in softly and lovingly. Too lovingly as she soon had Randi squirming her hips uncomfortably.

Ma put away the cream and shaving implements and came back. She had a gleam in her eyes that Randi didn't like. She smiled. "Here comes your present," she said merrily.

She was dressed in a black and white, checkered shirtwaist dress that fell below her knees. And her boots, of course. And her grayish brown hair was bound up in a chignon behind her head. She looked mean and tough, as always, cold and hard, but there was a motherly glint in her eye, a ameliorating half smile on her face.

She came up to the table and crawled up onto it on her side next to Randi, on her left. There was just enough room. She smiled and wrapped her right arm above Randi's head. Her left hand slipped lightly over her breasts and belly, over her uplifted hips and down to her outstretched thighs. Randi whined softly.

Ma laughed. "You know you love it, shitbird," she said. "So don't pull that whiney stuff on me. Give me a kiss."

Ma leaned over and took Randi's lips. Her breath was hot, if somewhat sour. At first, she just gave her lips a little buss, but after a few seconds, she forced her lips open and entered her with her tongue. She kissed her lightly and delicately and soothingly. Randy, obedient to the last, engaged her tongue.

Ma's hand slipped over her breasts and belly, down to her loins. It drifted over her sex, tickling it briefly and then returned to give each of her breasts soft, tender, but firm caresses. She tweaked her nipples softly and then harder and harder, and then very hard until Randi moaned and squirmed her hips. Ma broke their kiss and laughed. Then, as her hand descended, washed over her belly, sex and thighs, floating among these body parts softly and lightly and then firmer and firmer and firmer, she took Randi's nipples in her mouth and suckled them one by one, making Randi moan with unwanted delight.

When she felt the finger traverse within her outer lips down below, her body stiffened. Ma paid it no mind as she continued to suckle her breasts. The hand took possession of her mons,

squeezing it, caressing it, dribbling its fingers along it. Randi knew she was moist when the finger slipped deep into her crevasse and poked itself into her little hole.

Ma released Randi's teats and brought her face close to hers. The finger had risen to her little nubbin and was tickling it softly. It was like there was a little wire down there and it was conveying a tantalizing, buzzing current all the way through her.

"You like it, shitbird? You like it? Come on, tell your mama. Is it good? Does it feel good?"

Randi looked at Ma. Her hips were squirming. The little man with the plumed helmet had come waltzing out from nowhere, whistling a little tune. He smiled at her and sat on the sluice gate, looking at the viscous fluids gathering behind it. He looked back at her and winked.

"Come on, shitbird," Ma repeated. "Tell your mama. Does it feel good? Don't make me whip you now."

She looked at Ma. She hadn't been allowed to talk since she arrived other than when she had been whipped by Jimmy. And on the video. Her lips trembled. Tears floated to the corner of her eyes. The finger was going and going, tenderly teasing and rubbing her clit, touching it so lightly that it seemed like she was dusting it with a feather.

She didn't want to be whipped, and she knew Ma would do it, customer or no customer, but neither did she want to give Ma the satisfaction of an answer. All of a sudden, the finger took on a new life. It began to twiggle *rapidemente* across her clit. Ma's body was hot and heavy next to her. She arched her back and pressed her lips together. Her ankles and wrists strained at their bonds. Ma spoke again.

"Come on, shitbird," she said almost sweetly, "tell Mama. Tell Mama you like it. I know you do. You know you do. Come on, give it to Mama. Tell me."

A vocalization emerged in her belly and floated up to her chest like a big bubble of gas. It entered her throat and pushed its way onto her mouth. She pressed her lips together hard to suppress it, to prevent its release. She looked at Ma desperately. Ma was smiling knowingly. The finger kept going on and on and on. Suddenly the bubble erupted.

“Oh, yes, Mama! Oh yes! Oh yes! It feels good! It feels good! Oh, please stop! Please! Please!”

Ma laughed. “Not on your life, honey,” she said. The finger went on and on. A raging fire had broken out in her loins. She saw the little man. He was gazing at the fluid behind the gate. It was raised almost to the top. It was sloshing over the gate as if a virulent storm was churning it. The man looked up. He smiled, cruelly. He placed his hand on the lever that opened the gate. He motioned to it teasingly. Randi’s need was excruciating.

“Yes, do it! Do it!” she yelled out loud so that both Ma and the little man could hear her. “Oh, please! Please! Please!” she screamed.

It seemed for a moment as if the man and Ma were exchanging knowing, amused glances. The man looked at Ma expectantly. Ma smiled and gave the man a little nod. The man pulled the lever. The rollicking, hot, syrupy fluids came flooding out.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!” Randi screamed. “Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god! Please stop! Please stop! Ohhhhhhhhhhh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!”

The finger went on and on. It was like some viper had latched on to her clit and was pumping some ecstasy producing venom deep within her. The flow ebbed. The man shut the gate. He looked up at Ma. Ma smiled again. The finger continued. The viper sank its fangs deeper. Randi pulled and yanked at her bonds. “No! Please, Mama, please! No! No! No!”

Ma laughed. She lowered her head and pressed their lips together. Her tongue entered her mouth and began prancing and writhing and flowing within her. It was like some switch had been turned. Randi’s body squirmed and pulled and shuddered as she kissed her cruel mistress back. The finger buzzed and buzzed and buzzed. The man by the gate watched as the fluid built up rapidly again. He gave her a knowing smile, a wide grin. His men were back and they were laughing and joking and grinning, leering at her, reaching under their kilts and pulling at their pricks as if awaiting eagerly their chance with her. Randi groaned and moaned into Ma’s mouth as her brain shorted out. “Do it! Do it! Do it!” she urged the menthe leader gave her a little salute and pulled on the lever. Her raging passions surged out. Her hips bucked, her knees quaked. Her tongue frantically

sough the heat and moistness of her mouth's invader. She groaned and moaned and screamed.

She didn't register it at first when the finger ceased its buzzing. She was reveling in the mouth that subsumed her, letting her body's tensions ebb. Her loins felt fecund and heavy with exertion. Her pussy glowed and was receiving echoes of her virulent spasms and convulsions. Then Ma broke their kiss and raised her head. Randi closed her lips and began to cry. Ma had done something terrible to her. She felt like something had cracked within. That the men would be back again and again, together or alone, ever ready to loosen the flood of her passion. There was something wrong with her. She was a slut, a doxie, a whore, a slattern, a cunt, a shitbird, a dickwad, all of those things. And wherever she was going, they would discover it and make cruel use of this knowledge again and again and again.

Ma smiled and patted her on the cheek. "Don't cry, shitbird. Just consider yourself lucky you're such a whore. It's going to make things a lot easier for you."

She got up off of the table. She returned with a tissue and dabbed the tears away from Randi's pretty, made up eyes. She removed the smears of her lip liner and touched it up. The she eased the gag back into her mouth, covered her eyes with the blindfold and reinstalled the hood.

She stepped away from the table and came back a few seconds later. Randi felt her wipe something cold just below her hip on her raised buttocks. A second later, there was a sharp sting. Randi moaned and whined as she realized that she had been given a shot. They wanted her docile and compliant when they shipped her off. It must be almost time. She bit down heavily on her gag and moaned again.

"Just relax, shitbird," Ma said. "I'll be back in a little while."

She heard the beeping of the lock and the door opening and shutting. The door beeped again and the bolt shot home.

A wave of laziness and fog wafted through her. She tried to fight it off, but it was no use. She let her body sag. Her pussy emitted a dull trill. A fierce anxiety welled up within her and then subsided. She heard a faint scream outside the door. At first she thought it was her, but then she remembered the other girl. It went away quickly. Sometime later, how long she didn't

know and didn't care, the door opened again. She heard Jimmy's voice. "What's it up to, Ma?" he asked.

"148 five," Ma answered. Jimmy whistled.

"Never mind about that, let's get her on her feet," Ma replied.

Hands took hold of her ankles and released them. Another set released her wrists. She was pulled to the side of the table and urged to her feet. She made an effort at resistance, but it was feeble and her hands were quickly tied behind her back. They led her to the toilet and made her pee. Only a little trickle flowed out. She had had barely anything to drink all day. They wiped her and stood her up and she felt the chain reconnected to her ankles. Hands gripped her elbows on either side and she was escorted to the door. It beeped, beeped, beeped and she was pulled outside of it. It beeped, beeped, beeped closed.

She was pulled to the center of the room and her hands were freed only to be lifted over her head and connected to the chain that came down from the rafter. Her ankles were loosened and the spreader bar was connected to them, forcing her legs wide. She swayed and struggled to remain standing.

"How long, Ma," Jimmy asked.

"About an hour," Ma replied. "Come up and get your dinner."

"Okay," Jimmy answered. Randi felt a hand take hold of her right breast and give it a not gentle squeeze. A man's hand. Jimmy's hand. "Nice," he said.

There was the sound of boots going up the stairs, the door beeped, opened, closed and beeped again.

Randi just hung there. Her mind was swimming. About an hour. An hour from now she would be on her way. An hour from now she would be bought and sold. Somebody, some cruel and callous person out there would own her. It couldn't be happening! It couldn't! Something had to happen! Something! "Please! Please! Please!" she begged no one.

The hour went slowly. She could hear the faint sound of chairs scraping upstairs, people walking back and forth, a TV or a radio on. She thought she heard the whining sounds of the girl in the blue room to her right, but that might have been her imagination. She twisted and turned her hands desultorily,

shuffled her bound and spread feet lazily, but nothing happened.

Panic rose and fell within her. Clouds drifted along in the room into one ear and through her head and out the other. She bit on her gag, not hard, but just for something to do. She shook her hooded head from time to time to try and clear it, but that just seemed to make things worse. She fell into a vague sleep.

All of a sudden, the little men were standing all around her. They weren't little now, but big and strong and mean looking. The leader was standing in front of her. He had black hair under his red plumed helmet and what looked like three days' worth of growth. His face was sweaty and he was grinning. His eyes were black and bore into her. He stepped closer to her. She could smell his sweat and his lust. He reached his hand down and, giving her a sickening leer, started playing with her pussy. "No! No! No!" she begged through her gagged mouth. He tickled and caressed her, his body's heat up against hers. She couldn't stop her moan which snuck past her mind before she even knew it was there. The man laughed. There was something familiar about it. And then a voice.

"Wakee, wake, shit for brains," the voice said. "It's time to go bye-bye."

It was Jimmy's voice and Jimmy's hand. She had not heard the door to the upstairs opening and closing or him coming down the stairs.

"Okay, Jimmy, enough's enough," she heard Ma say, "Go get the box and let's get going. It's a long drive and I don't want you to be late and get caught speeding."

"Okay, Ma," Jimmy said disappointingly.

A long cold icicle pierced Randi's belly. It was really going to happen! It was really going to happen! "Oh, God, please, no! No! No!"

She felt a warm body come up to her. Hands surrounded her breasts and gave them a squeeze. Women's hands. Ma's hands.

"It's a record, honey, she said. 157 five. Congratulations. You did good."

Randi didn't feel like she had done 'good' at all. In fact, she felt like she had done terribly. She cursed herself for her ill luck, her stupidity, her cowardliness. She should have found some way to escape! She should have! And now it was going to

be too late! Unless, somehow, she could escape when they were transporting her. They might make a slip and she would take advantage of it. If only her head wasn't so woozy.

She felt something long and round being rubbed between her legs along the line of her crevasse.

"Don't get any ideas, shitbird," Ma told her. "If you give us any shit, 'I'll zap you into kingdom come. Got it?"

The words bounced up against her ears and got all jumbled up and had to straighten themselves out, entering in single file before she understood what Ma had said. "Oh, please don't do that," Randi cried within. "I'll be good. Please, oh please don't hurt me!" she thought madly. She tried to nod her hooded head so that she would be understood.

Jimmy was back and he put something down on the floor in front of her. It sounded like he opened it and put its lid by its side. Ma and Jimmy released her ankles from the spreader bar. There was a moment's pause while they put it away. Her hands were loosened. Her arms were gripped firmly, almost fiercely. She was edged forward and made to turn to her left. She was backed up a step or two. She felt something bump up against the back of her shins. A shiver of terror went through her. "Fight! Struggle! Scream! Do something!" her brain shouted. But her body ignored it.

"Get on your knees, shitbird," Ma growled.

Randi's knees obeyed and she felt her body sink to the floor. She was kneeling on something cool and hard, smooth, like steel.

"Okay, on your belly," Ma spat out.

The hands on her arms lowered her slowly until she was lying on her stomach. She was half on and half off of the sheet of steel. Her left arm was released and grabbed by someone in front of her. Ma? Two hands grabbed her thighs and she felt herself being pulled back. Her thighs spread and she felt some kind of a pole between them. Her ankles were released and then one was lifted up, bent back against her thigh and fastened to something. A padded ring was enclosed around it. And then the other. Her legs were bent back towards her head and her thighs were lifted slightly off of the steel. She tried to move them, but they were held firmly.

Jimmy came around to the front. He took her left wrist from Ma and brought her arm back behind her straight, pulling harshly on her shoulder. When it was back, it seemed, as far as it could go, her back arched, a ring of padded steel surrounded it and was locked into place. She started to panic. Too late she pulled and yanked at her free arm, suddenly loosening Ma's grip on it. It came free and she wailed and wailed and waved it about as violently as she could. She heard Ma and Jimmy laugh.

"Too late, shitbird," Ma said, amused.

She caught the arm without too much trouble and a second later it was being bent back behind her. She pulled and pulled and pulled, but could not resist it being locked into the padded ring. They let her go.

Randi whined and cried and shook her hooded head. She pulled and pulled at her ankles and wrists, but they did not move an inch. Her shoulders were pulled painfully back and her breasts and chest were pulled up off the platform of steel. "Please don't do this! Please don't do this!" she thought desperately.

"The coffee should be ready, Jimmy," Ma said as they both stepped back from her. "Go fill the travel mugs and take them and the sandwiches and put them in the Blazer. Open the rear gate and start the engine and the compressor. I'll finish up here."

"Okay, Ma," Jimmy answered.

Randi heard Jimmy mount the stairs, the little, 'beep, beep, beep, and the door open and close. And the 'beep, beep, beep'.

"Jimmy sure did a good job on those locks," Ma said to no one. She looked at the girl. She was bobbing and weaving her black hooded head and whining and moaning. The contraption was the end result of much trial and error. Jimmy had tinkered, tinkered, tinkered until he had got it just right. The steel plate was about 4' long and 2 ½' wide. About 1' from its stern end a sturdy, 3" wide tube had been soldered to it, about 2 ½' high. When the girl was pulled back, it pressed against her pussy. Jutting out from its sides at about 6" from the base, and running perpendicular to the length of the platform, were two more tubes with the ankle bracelets attached, jutting out to near the edge of the platform, forcing the thighs wide. A bit higher there were two more tubes, shorter, closer in towards the central tube,

for the wrist bracelets, forcing the wrists almost together. Thus the hands were pulled back past her feet and between her ankles, forcing the girl into a fierce hog tie and raising her torso, letting her breasts hang free.

But things weren't finished.

Ma stepped up to the girl and removed her hood. It had served its purpose, dehumanizing her sufficiently to get her past the mild pangs of remorse Ma sometimes suffered at what they did to the girls. Crystal here was a case in point. If she could have, Ma would have kept her for a month. She was cuddly and obedient and passionate. Her attempt at escape had been forgiven and had actually earned her a little respect. She removed the form fitting blindfold. The girl looked up at her piteously, which was to be expected. Ma gave her a little rub on the top of her head. "Good girl," she cooed.

Tears started to flow down the girl's face. Ma always used the water proof mascara when she was shipping the girls off for just this reason. She wanted the girls to look their prettiest when they arrived at the Black Watch's way station. It was a matter of private pride. Ma bent down and released the girl's gag and removed it. The girl's lips were trembling and downturned. "Poor thing!" Ma thought. She went over to the beat up old dresser where she kept the whips and things. On top was a small plastic bowl holding what looked like a deformed rubber ball and next to it a jumble of straps. She picked up the ball and brought it over to the girl. The girl looked up, and at her hand, and at her face again.

"Pleeeeeeeeeeease!" she eked out in her tiniest, whiniest voice. "Pleeeeeeeeeeease don't do this to me! I won't tell anyone if you let me go! I promise! I swear! Please don't do this! I begging you, please! Please! Please!"

"I'm sorry, sweetie," Ma said gently. "There'd be hell to pay if I let you go now. Besides, you're too good to let go. You're going to make a swell whore. You've got everything that it takes. And if I let you go, I'd have to let every girl go. We'd have to close up shop and work our hands to the bone like all the other wage slaves. I have too much fun doing this to quit. And you've just made me a pile of dough. So just get that thought out of your pretty little head and go with the flow."

Randi released a fierce howl. She started to sob violently. She shook and pulled at her bonds. "Pleeeeeeeeeease! Pleeeeeeeeeease!" she screamed.

Ma knelt down beside her and grabbed her by the hair. She yanked her head back hard. "Shut the fuck up, shitbird!" she snarled. "I'll get out the zapper and really give you something cry about! Now open your mouth wide or I'll zap you into next week!"

Randi's face turned into a masque of misery. Tears were flowing down her cheeks in rivulets. Trembling, panicked, fearful to her very bones, certain that Ma would inflict horrible, insufferable pain upon her, she opened her mouth. Ma shook her head. "Wider, cumstain!" she yelled. Randi spread her lips as wide as they would go.

Ma took the ball she had in her other hand and pressed it to Randi's opening. Half went in right away, but the rest seemed too big to cross the threshold. But Ma knew better. On Randi's first day, she had taken the mold of Randi's mouth. It had been difficult, but she had gotten the mold out. So she knew she could get it back in. She pressed hard, holding her other hand against the back of Randi's head. All of a sudden, the ball popped in.

Randi's eyes spread wide with terror. The ball, misshapen and somewhat unsymmetrical, filled the whole of her inner mouth. Her tongue was pressed down hard, trapped. Her cheeks bulged. The ball went right to the back of her mouth, almost in her throat, which made it tickle and made her feel that she was just about to gag. She whined and screamed as loud as she could. Barely a murmur escaped, and that through her throat. Ma patted her on the head. "Good girl," she said. "I'm going to miss you."

She shook out the tangle of straps. It was a harness that fit over Randi's head. There was a thin, leather shield that conformed to Randi's mouth and had a little cup that went over her chin. Her lips were spread by the force of the ball and this covered them up completely. There was little chance Randi would be able to spit out the ball. It had a little tag on one end that jutted out between the teeth so that, with a fierce tug, it could be removed. It was the only way of getting it out. But just to make sure, the shield covered the mouth and sealed the hole.

Ma pulled the harness hard tight at the back of Randi's head, jutting the shield firmly against her lips and pulling her chin up, clamping her mouth even tighter around the ball. Randi's pretty eyes looked up piteously and a dull rumor of a sound was humming in her throat. Ma took a strap at the back of the harness and pulled it back, forcing Randi to raise her head. She attached it to a ring in the tube, right between Randi's struggling wrists. There was no way her fingers would ever be able to reach it. She had two more thin straps. They clipped onto the sides of the shield at a little ring. Ma pulled them back. There was an adjustable slide on them. She hooked the free end to the ring between Randi's wrists and then moved the slide on each one, a little bit on one side and then the other and back again so that they would stay even, until they were as taut as the central strap. Randi would not be able to move her head from side to side.

A fourth strap hooked into a ring at the top of her head. Ma pulled it back, connected it to the ring and tightened it with the slide. This would prevent the girl from nodding her head up and down, at least not more than an inch or so.

Now, everything was done, except for the sealing in bit. They always did that at the last minute to make sure the girl didn't suffocate. There was a small intake and exhaust hole on the front of the cage. The compressor in the truck would pump in a soft, steady stream of fresh, cool air.

Ma moved to the stairs and lit a smoke. She wanted to have a beer, but there would be no drinking until the job was done. Besides, she had promised Daisy Bell, that was what she decided to name her, another good whipping tonight and she wanted to be clear headed for it. This girl was going to be a challenge. That was fine with her. It would help her to get her mind off Crystal, who she was beginning to miss already.

Randi realized that her thought that she might have an opportunity to escape while she was being transported was only a fantasy. There was not an iota's chance that she would be able to escape these bonds. She could just turn her head an inch or so and could see out of the corner of her left eye the black, heavy cardboard cover that would go over her in a few minutes. That would seal her in completely. She would never get out until she was released god knows where. A virulent sickness

went through her. She turned her head slightly the other way and looked at Ma out of the corner of her right eye. She gave her the most piteous look she could conceive. But there was not much emotion you could convey with your face covered from your chin to your nose and out of the corner of your eye. Randi trembled and shook, and cried and cried and cried. She rested her eyes straight ahead. A strap from the shield went up between her eyes. It was thick and partially obscured her vision. There was a little hole for her nose.

They would not blindfold her. There was really no point to it, except to cause the girl more discomfort and, let's face it, she would suffer enough as it was. Besides, when she got to the exchange point, the cover would be removed. The Black Watch guy would be able to see from the girl's darting, piteous eyes that she was okay. When Ma had been taking the girl's measurements and fingerprints and all that, she had shot a special camera into her right eye. It made a digital image of her retina. The Black Watch guy would shoot a similar device into her eye at the exchange point. If it matched, the deal was sealed. If it didn't the girl would be rejected as a substitute and there would be hell to pay.

Ma smoked her cigarette slowly. There was no rush. The girl released some whines and her body shuddered a few times, but that was only normal. They could have given her another shot, the old one was about worn off, but it was generally thought that it was better for the girl to be alert during the ordeal of transport so that she would get a good understanding of the permanency of her position. She would have a lot of time to think about obedience and to kind of simmer in her terror. It made them most tractable at the other end.

Ma put the cigarette out in the soup can they kept by the stairs. The door above her beeped, beeped, beeped, and Jimmy came down the stairs. Ma got up and got out of his way.

"All set?" she asked.

"All set," Jimmy answered.

"Okay, seal her up," Ma ordered.

Jimmy went over to get the top. Randi saw the movement and had heard the words and she struggled and whined and screamed, but, all in all, didn't make very much noise. Once the

cover had been placed on, she could scream as much as her heart desired and it would be impossible to hear on the outside.

While Jimmy got the top, Ma crouched down in front of Randi. She took hold of her breasts, cupped them and gave them a little jiggle. "Good luck, honey," she said. "And I really mean it. You're the best and we've enjoyed having you. Bye-bye."

She stood up, a trace of a tear in her right eye. Randi looked up at her miserably. "Poor little thing," Ma thought.

Jimmy stepped over and brought the lid above the girl. Ma helped him guide it over her. Randi was releasing muted screams that were like little whines. As soon as the top was married with the base, they were silenced.

Jimmy and Ma crept around the shipping box clamping the lid in place. There were four clamps on each side and two each on the ends. One or two of the clamps might fail, but never all of them. When they were done, they walked around and rechecked them. One of Jimmy's was not set right. Ma reopened it and did it again. It clicked solidly in place.

Ma stood up. She shook her head sadly. "Poor little thing," she thought. And then, "Oh, well, that's the way it goes," and shook it off.

Jimmy went into the closet where they kept the ice machine and emerged with a hand truck. Together, Ma and Jimmy stood the box up on its stern. Inside, Randi felt the whole thing shift and she screamed silently in panic. Ma tilted the top side of the box back while Jimmy slipped the blade of the hand truck under it. Ma lowered the box slowly until it rested snugly on the back of the truck. Jimmy had bought the truck off a mover and there were two straps, one high and one low. Ma and Jimmy wrapped them around the case and fastened them so that it would not slide off during the move. Jimmy rolled the box to the stairs backwards. He took a couple steps up while Ma got at the bottom end. The whole thing weighed maybe 130 lbs. or so, maybe a little less, but Ma didn't like the girls to be all bouncing around.

They brought the case up the stairs as gently as they could. Randi was weeping and sobbing inside, virtually unable to move a single muscle, frightened of the dark and the future. The swaying and jolting of the box told her that it was being

brought up the stairs. Soon it would be out of the house and they would bring it to the truck which Jimmy had already started and was waiting, its rear gate open, outside. "Please don't do this! Please! Please! Please!" Randi thought and prayed fruitlessly. Her whole body went cold and a feeling of disabling doom swept through her. "It can't be real! It can't be real! It can't be real!" she thought again and again.

Randi didn't hear the beeping of the door lock. She did feel the box being rolled across the kitchen floor and towards the back door. She felt it being turned around when Jimmy maneuvered it so it could be lowered down the back steps, which he did alone, but very gently in deference to Ma. He was a little sad too. This one had been a hot one. And, he had to admit, she was kind of nice. It was too bad they had to do this to nice girls, but they were mostly the innocent ones and often the prettiest. Girls like the new one, well that was a different story. He would especially enjoy breaking her in and shipping her off to some foul whorehouse in Africa or something, especially after she had been so rude to him. But the nice girls always made him a little sad, like maybe they were doing something wrong, against nature.

On the other hand, he had gotten to fuck a couple of hundred different girls and how would he ever be able to do that if they didn't kidnap them. No nice girl would ever even talk to him unless he put on a big show like Ma had taught him. Manny's girl the other night, the real hot one, had looked at him like he was something on the bottom of her shoe. And then there was the fun of the chase, the thrill of their sobs as you slapped them around and made them suck your crank. Their dismal, pretty eyes, and the fun videos Ma made and the chance to give them all a good whipping. Where else would he have gotten that?

He rolled the shipping box out to the truck in the garage. Ma had turned on the small lights along the walkway. The truck was running, the garage door was open, and the lights were out. You couldn't see inside the garage from the street, since it was turned sideways to the road.

Ma followed him into the garage. He laid down the handtruck letting the case right itself. He and Ma unstrapped it. Together, they lifted it over the lip of the back door to the Blazer and slid it forward. Ma went around and opened the rear

driver's side door. The tube from the compressor was there. She put it by her mouth and took a breath. It was working fine. She connected it to a grommet on the front of the box near the bottom. She went around the back and opened the stopcock that would let out the exhaust. It was baffled so no noise would escape from inside. Not even a peep, even if the girl was screaming in abject terror.

Jimmy clamped the box into place. Ma checked the clamps to make sure the case didn't slide.

"Okay," she said. "You got the GPS?"

"Yeah, Ma," Jimmy said.

"Did you take a piss?"

"Yeah, Ma." Jimmy replied, exasperated.

"You got enough smokes?"

"Yeah, Ma, yeah!" Jimmy said.

"Tank's full?"

"To the brim, Ma, like always."

"Okay, okay," Ma said, shuffling from one foot to another. It always made her nervous when she sent Jimmy out. If anything happened to him, she would just die.

"Well, be careful. Don't speed and don't go too slow neither. You got all the paperwork, your license, the registration and all?"

"Yes, Ma, yes!" Jimmy said, exasperated. "Now will you quit the shit?"

Ma resisted the urge to slap him. "Don't use language like that with me!" she said angrily.

"Okay, okay," Jimmy said. "I'm sorry,"

"It's just that I worry about you."

"I know, I know, Ma," Jimmy replied. "Don't worry. I've done this a hundred times. Everything'll turn out all right."

"I pray you're right," she responded. "Now give me your hand."

Jimmy obeyed. Ma held his hand tight and closed her eyes. "Lord, protect my Jimmy and bring him home to me safe. And thanks for the girl and the 150 thou and the new girl too. She's a pip. Amen."

"Amen," Jimmy repeated. Ma bent over and gave Jimmy a kiss on the cheek. "Good luck, Jimmy," she said.

"Thanks, Ma," Jimmy answered.

He got in the front of the Blazer and shut the door. He lit a Newport. He turned and backed the truck out of the barn with it dangling from his lips. He made a half a 'k' turn and pointed the truck to the road. Ma was standing there. He could just make her out in the dark. He gave her a little wave and saw her body motion similarly. He pulled forward, slowed to a crawl at the end of the driveway, and then pulled away. Ma went back to the house, turning off the walkway lights. She went into the kitchen. She decided that the new girl's whipping could wait. She poured herself three fingers of 25 year old whiskey and sat down in the den. She turned on a Tchaikovsky symphony on the iPod. She took a stiff gulp of her drink.

She leaned back and closed her eyes. "Good luck, Jimmy," she thought.

They rode and rode and rode. At first, when they had sealed her into the box, Randi thought that she might suffocate, which, if she had given it any real thought, she would have discounted since it was certain that Ma and Jimmy had transported countless girls safely. But she was really not thinking straight at that moment. When she felt the box being loaded into the truck, she broke out into sobs again, silent ones that even she could barely hear. She didn't hear the hiss of the compressed air being introduced, but after a few seconds she noticed that the air had gotten fresher and realized that at least she didn't have to worry about that.

When the truck began rolling out of the barn, a deep, dismal hole opened up inside her and her whole psyche tumbled into it. "Pleeeeeeeeeeease don't let this happen!" she moaned inside. She noticed when it slowed for a second and then noticed when it speeded up again, even faster this time. She knew they were on the road and her whole mind went blank with misery.

The drive was long, like Ma had said. She tried to let the gentle rocking of the car soothe her, and she did nod off a couple of times, but most times she just lay there subsumed with abject misery and fear. Sometimes she struggled at her bonds, but that was really totally useless other than to give herself something to do. She wanted to move and turn her head most desperately and the fact that she couldn't sickened her. She couldn't move anything except her toes and fingers. Not even her tongue. And she could move her eyes up and down

and side to side, but that was useless too since she couldn't see even a speck of light.

She cried a lot, but eventually gave up on that as one more useless thing. She tried to bring her mind somewhere pleasant and peaceful and she reveled over a few pleasant memories a bit, but they soon turned sour when she remembered that she probably wasn't going to have any pleasant experiences ever again. Unless you could count coming. But Ma had said that some people liked to deny that to their slaves. That would be totally, totally cruel. She would rather be whipped than never be able to come. That is, she thought she would prefer it, but when she remembered the whippings Ma and Jimmy had given her she thought maybe not.

She was ravenously hungry. Her fear had pushed that away most of the day, but now it was about 24 hours since she had eaten and she was really, really hungry. And thirsty too. She didn't have to pee, because she had hardly had anything to drink.

How far? How far? Where are they taking me? Who has bought me? What will he be like? Or she? Please don't let it be a she! Maybe it's someone who will fall in love with me and let me go. He'll pay me a million dollars and beg my forgiveness and let me go. I'll come home and slit Gwen's throat, or maybe pay some guys to beat her senseless until she's crippled and has to spend the rest of her life that way. Yeah, make her suffer all her life.

But maybe it'll be some cruel sociopath, like Ma and Jimmy, who'll make me fuck 20 or 30 guys a day until I'm too worn out to be any use to anybody, after years and years and years of terrible misery, and then he'll slit my throat and dump my body in a deep, deep hole somewhere.

\$157,500! It was a lot of money. Were whores that profitable? Or was she just particularly desirable? Maybe the fact that they could do anything they wanted to her, torture her, beat her, maim her, kill her, and nobody would ever complain or seek to arrest them or hold them responsible. That must be it, she thought. I'm a dismal, whore, a sex slave that you can do anything you want to. Like Ma had said, they could tattoo something like "I like to take it up the ass!" on her forehead, or

something like that, and there was nothing she could do about it.

She wished that they had given her another shot. That would have made this a little more bearable. Maybe like Ma said, they'll hook her on drugs and keep her high all the time. That would be better than having to live through whatever was awaiting her with a clear head.

They would whip her. Ma had said that they would probably want to whip her right away to teach her who was boss and she thought that that was what was awaiting at the end of her ride made her all the more miserable. What Ma said made sense. She promised herself that she would be the most obedient and eager slave girl in the world so that they wouldn't beat her too much. Just like tune ups from time to time, she expected. But some guys, like Jimmy, liked to do it for fun. That was why they had made the video of it. That thought scared her even more.

Her thoughts just keeping going round and round. Sometimes she got so tired and miserable from being so totally, totally immobile, a fiendishly held prisoner, worse than the held the meanest convict, other than that guy in that movie about the sheep, and she hadn't done anything like the things that guy had done, murdering and eating people. She hadn't done anything except fuck a little, do a little weed. Last Lent she had given up chocolate, but had broken her vow several times. And she had had a steak on Good Friday. But those weren't such horrible sins, were they? She didn't deserve to be punished so severely for that, did she? Other people had done much worse things, like Gwen, for instance. She was the one who deserved to be turned into a sex toy!

Or was she being punished for something she had done in a prior life? Maybe that was it. She didn't know if she believed in that stuff, but maybe there was something to it. It would be one explanation. It must have been something really horrible to deserve what was happening to her though. Maybe she had been a guy who sold girls into sex slavery. That would account for it.

But that wasn't what she had learned in school. God was forgiving. God was good. God and your guardian angel would protect you. But where were they now? Where were they now?

Where were they now? Randi strained and shook at her implacable bonds, cursed the darkness and broke down into tears all over again.

They had left the house a little after 8. It was now 1:45. Jimmy was just pulling down the familiar side road that led to the warehouse they used sometimes. There were four or five different spots they used. Sometimes they changed all of them all of a sudden and started to use five or six other spots. Jimmy had been to this spot maybe six or seven times.

He had told Ma that he had taken a piss before he left but that had been a lie. And the coffee didn't help even though it kept him alert. Jimmy finally had to piss in the empty travel mug since he didn't want to stop. It was sitting now in the cupholder. The road twisted a bit and then went down a little slope. The small warehouse looking building was at the bottom. He pulled the truck up to the door on the right, as per instructions, and rolled to a stop. The door rumbled open right away. When it was all the way up, Jimmy pulled inside and shut off the engine. The door rolled closed behind him. When it was shut, he got out of the truck. A dim light came on.

A dark blue van was sitting next to him. A guy was standing by the side where the button was for the door. He was a little over 6' tall and broad shouldered. He was dressed in a plain, dark t-shirt and black jeans. He wore regular looking work boots. His face was tough looking, his hair cropped short. He approached Jimmy right away. "Stand up against the truck," he snarled at Jimmy. Jimmy turned and assumed the position. The guy had a little wand and he waved it at Jimmy. It beeped at his front side pocket. "What's that," they guy asked roughly.

"It's my phone," Jimmy said.

"Pull it out," the guy ordered.

Jimmy reached into his pocket and handed it to the guy. He looked at it, played with it a bit, and then handed it back.

"Okay," he said, a little more relaxed. "You're ten minutes late."

"I got behind a big truck about fifteen miles back," Jimmy said. "He was going really slow and I couldn't pass him."

"You're lucky. I almost took off. Show me the code."

Jimmy fiddled with the phone and a barcode emerged on the screen. The man took his phone and pointed the screen at

Jimmy's for a second. Then he looked at the phone. The word, 'confirmed' was blinking on the screen.

"Okay, let's unload the goods." The man said.

Jimmy went to the side door and released the compressor hose from the box. Then he opened the back and he and the guy slid the box out and placed it on the floor. Jimmy got down and unclamped the top all around. There was a handle on the top and, taking hold of it, whisked it off.

"Ta da!" he said merrily.

"Cut the shit," the man growled.

"Okay," Jimmy replied.

Randy scrolled her tear filled eyes up. To the men the light was dim, but to her it was as bright as sunlight. She blinked several times and released a muffled whine, too low for the men to hear. She saw the gruff, mean looking man. It was true! It was true! It was really going to happen! "Oh, God, please don't let it happen!" she prayed.

The man squatted down and placed his thumb on her eyelid, pulling it up. He peered into one eye and then the other. "She looks okay," he said. He reached under her and grabbed her breasts. "Nice set," he commented as he squeezed them. Then he took the nipples and gave them fierce twists. Randi's body stiffened and she emitted a scream. It wasn't very loud. The man was looking into her face. "Yeah," he said, releasing her teats. "She looks okay."

Randi was sobbing. "Please don't do this! Please don't do this!" she begged madly.

The man stood up and took a device from his pocket. He squatted down again and pointed it at Randi's right eye. Randi was terrified. She darted her eyes around so she wouldn't have to look into it. The man grimaced and took hold of her right teat again and gave it another powerful twist, worse than before. Randi screeched and her body jumped.

"Now cut the shit, cunt, and look into the camera. You may be all trussed up, but I'll be I could hurt you plenty."

Randi, still moaning and whining, let her eye point forward. The man released her nipple. She sobbed.

"Now look into the camera, you dumb cunt," the man said.

She looked into it. It flashed briefly, just like Ma's had done. The man stood up. He punched a button. Another, earlier scan

came up, the one Ma had sent. A green light came on. The guy nodded and put the small camera like device away. "Okay," he said.

"Lock her back up," he told Jimmy.

Jimmy smiled. He bent over. "Good bye, shit for brains," he said. Randi screamed and tried to shake her body. Nothing gave.

The man helped Jimmy drop the lid over her and the lights went out again. She heard the clamps being locked around the sides. A few seconds later, she felt the box being picked up and moved. A short moment later, it was dropped onto something flat and pushed forward.

She didn't hear the van's rear door slam shut. She didn't hear the side door open and the man attach the compressor hose. She didn't hear it closed again.

The man came over to Jimmy, who was standing there expectantly. The man fiddled with his phone again. "Okay," the man said.

Jimmy fiddled with his phone. The sales price, less 20% commission, was confirmed as being deposited into their bitcoin account. Jimmy smiled. "Okay, he said.

It was protocol for the other guy to go first. Jimmy always assumed that there was another guy somewhere who made sure that Jimmy didn't follow him. Jimmy pushed the button to open the left side bay door. The man turned on his engine. Randi noticed it inside her box from the mild tremor that it caused. She hadn't stopped crying, but now burst into sobs. She sobbed harder when she felt the van move. When she felt it stop, and then speed up in the other direction, she screamed and wailed and pulled and twisted at her bonds, so violently that she almost fainted. When the van kept picking up speed, she bit down on her gag, the evil rubber ball, as best she could, her mouth was filled and stretched so much. She jammed her eyes closed as hard as she could and screamed, "No! No! No! No!" Outside her box there was nary a sound.

Jimmy leaned out the door of the warehouse and watched the van pull away. It scooted up the small hill. All Jimmy could see were its rear lights. They glowed brighter for a second as the van braked for the curve and then disappeared around the bend.

“So long, shitbird,” Jimmy thought. He backed the truck out of the warehouse and went back in and punched the buttons that closed the doors. He went into the truck and dumped the piss on the side of the driveway. He jumped back into the truck, put on his seatbelt and then took out his phone. He texted a one word message to Ma. “Okay.” He lit a smoke, turned up the radio and gunned the engine, speeding up the hill. He barely slowed for the curve. In a minute, he was back on the main road heading home.

Back home, Ma heard her phone give a little twerp. She had kept it by her side. She looked down and saw Jimmy’s message. She smiled. “Good boy,” she thought. She tossed back the remnants of her third whiskey. She got up, dropped the glass off in the kitchen and headed downstairs. It was time to give Daisy Bell her whipping.

The end.