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PROM NIGHT

GEOFFREY MERRICK
ILLUSTRATED BY **STEVE**

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This comic contains entirely fictional work based on cartoon characters for adult entertainment. It shows no real people or events. The characters are shown participating in CONSENSUAL role-play for their own personal satisfaction, simulating activities which involve sexual dominance and submission.

No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

PROM NIGHT

a Geoffrey Merrick novel
illustrated by Steve

He watched her cross the playing field.

Bridget Thomas' smile shone amid the high school prom class like a beautiful crescent moon in the night sky. So sweet, so fresh, so vital, so innocent. Even from across the playing field he could see it. 1/ Her natural blonde hair was bouncing down to the center of her back, mirroring the strong, firm, round globes bouncing on her chest. He studied the rest of her slim, sleek, shapely figure and sparkling blue eyes as he had so many times before.

Although some of the mean girls -- with their fake tits, inflated lips, and raccoon eyes -- might disagree, she was clearly the prettiest girl in her school, and certainly the most unaffected. She was the kind of girl everyone

liked, even if they were jealous, and her smile made everyone feel good. She was the kind of girl who was avidly sought by both the track team and the cheerleading squad.

He knew that would happen the moment he first glimpsed her four years before. Yeah, he was that kind: in it for the long haul -- the kind who could obsess, stalk, and plan with seemingly infinite patience ... and masturbated ejaculate. He had first been galvanized by her face, and imagine what her body might, and did, become. Five foot six, thirty four D, twenty-three, thirty four. Oh, he knew it well. He had snuck into the school often enough to check her locker both in the halls and in the gym.

Her natural blonde hair was bouncing down to the center of her back, mirroring the strong, firm, round globes bouncing on her chest.



He wanted to steal a bra or panties, but couldn't convince himself she wouldn't notice. So he went shopping for the ones she should've been wearing instead. It was those he used. Until he was ready. Until he had no choice. Until it was just before too late. **Until tonight...**

She wore a form-fitting black velvet prom minidress, complete with a v-neck gripping-cup bodice—the kind that gathered up the balls of her breasts and presented them like a mitten holding ice cream mounds.

Wow, he thought, surprised. She was obviously planning to make a hell of a last impression.

Suffice to say that these scoops were filled to overflowing with high, firm, gelatinous balls of creamy white.

From there the black velvet swooped down across a flat stomach and swept down to hug creamy thighs of her long, perfect, teenage legs -- encased in silky, slightly shiny, bone-colored, lace-topped thigh-high stockings. Then, seemingly just to corroborate his assessment, she wore matching black velvet high heels—a breath-taking four inches high.

He realized that it was those things that kept her from hurrying from her handed-down, used car in the adjoining parking lot. She was



not usually the four-inch high heel or thigh-high kind of girl, nor the sort who would spotlight her great chest, body and legs in so obvious a fashion. He smiled, remembering the long, high necked dress and sensible shoes she left her house with. She obviously had this underneath so as not to upset her parents.

His grin widened into a knowing leer as his eyes narrowed.



He suddenly regretted not staking out her car, so he could grab shots of her changing, but his regret was appeased with the realization that she obviously fully intended on losing her virginity tonight.

And who was he to deprive her of that?

But any hint of his decision was not betrayed by his body. He remained stock still as she hurried as fast as she could on the toes of

her shoes. He saw her skirt hem, hair, and chest flounce. He saw her sparkling eyes shift and expression change from searching to certainty. He saw her preparing to make her entrance.

He only moved as she passed the thicket of trees he was hiding in. He was willing to chance someone smoking outside the gym doors seeing

something, but no one did ... especially with her trying to avoid the playing field's lights so she could "surprise" her date and her class.

But her date and class would be left to think she had chickened out as he expertly slammed the thick, padded, specially stitched, drug-soaked, amoeba-shaped cushion he had made just for her over her nose and mouth;



clamped her own arms to her tight waist, then expertly yanked her back into the bushes with one tug. It happened fast: one second she was there, the next she was gone.

He felt her surprised yelp rather than heard it. It came through the thick, padded cloth and into his clamping hand from the cunningly designed muffler, which had padding that filled her mouth and nostrils as well as adhesive that sunk into her skin.

He couldn't believe the sensations as he dragged the girl he now thought of as "his Bridget" to the ground atop him. She writhed as his legs snaked around hers, dragging them apart and down.

Her hands flailed, but he kept his face tight on her neck while clamping the back of her head to his shoulder.

For a few seconds they lay there -- her writhing like a collie trying to scratch its back on the ground.



He stared down at her heaving breasts while imagining her shocked, terrified, confused face beneath the cloth. The images in his mind and eyes made him clamp his arms, legs, and hands even tighter over hers as his erection threatened to cut between her firm ass cheeks – even through the black velvet.

Without the drug, her youthful strength and vitality might have quickly broken his grip – he was, after all, not a young man – but, as her sweet scent filled his nostrils, his scent,



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**The poisonous scent sopping the cloth,
was already weighing down her limbs
and disconnecting her brain from her
exceptional body**

He let her slide off him, savoring every feeling, then quickly looked down at her. What a beauty, he thought.

Just turned eighteen, gloriously natural, with a straight, small nose and wide, curved, kissable mouth that hung adorably lax from perfect white teeth. In the form-fitting black velvet minidress, she looked like a sexy bunny.

He caught his breath: the attack had nearly pulled her little pink nipples from the dress and nearly exposed the tip of her g-string between her glorious thighs.

As much as he wanted to ravage her right there, he knew it was time to take her away. He pulled some pliant padding from his pocket and stuffed it into her mouth, then closed her lips with off-white sealant tape. Sitting her up, he cuffed her wrists, elbows, knees, and ankles with specially sized rubber-padded steel.

Finally he hefted her up into his arms, turned, took a few steps, then slid her into the passenger seat of his car. It was parked just behind the thicket of trees he had so carefully scouted.



Slipping behind the wheel, he looked at her stimulating, captive form on the seat beside him: eyes closed, hair curtaining her sweet face, mouth sealed, arms wrenched behind her, and legs connected.

He quickly and delightedly lowered her head onto his lap, and took just a moment to rub her cheek onto his crotch. Afraid he might soil

himself, he hastily started the engine, then carefully, casually drove down the parking lot driveway.

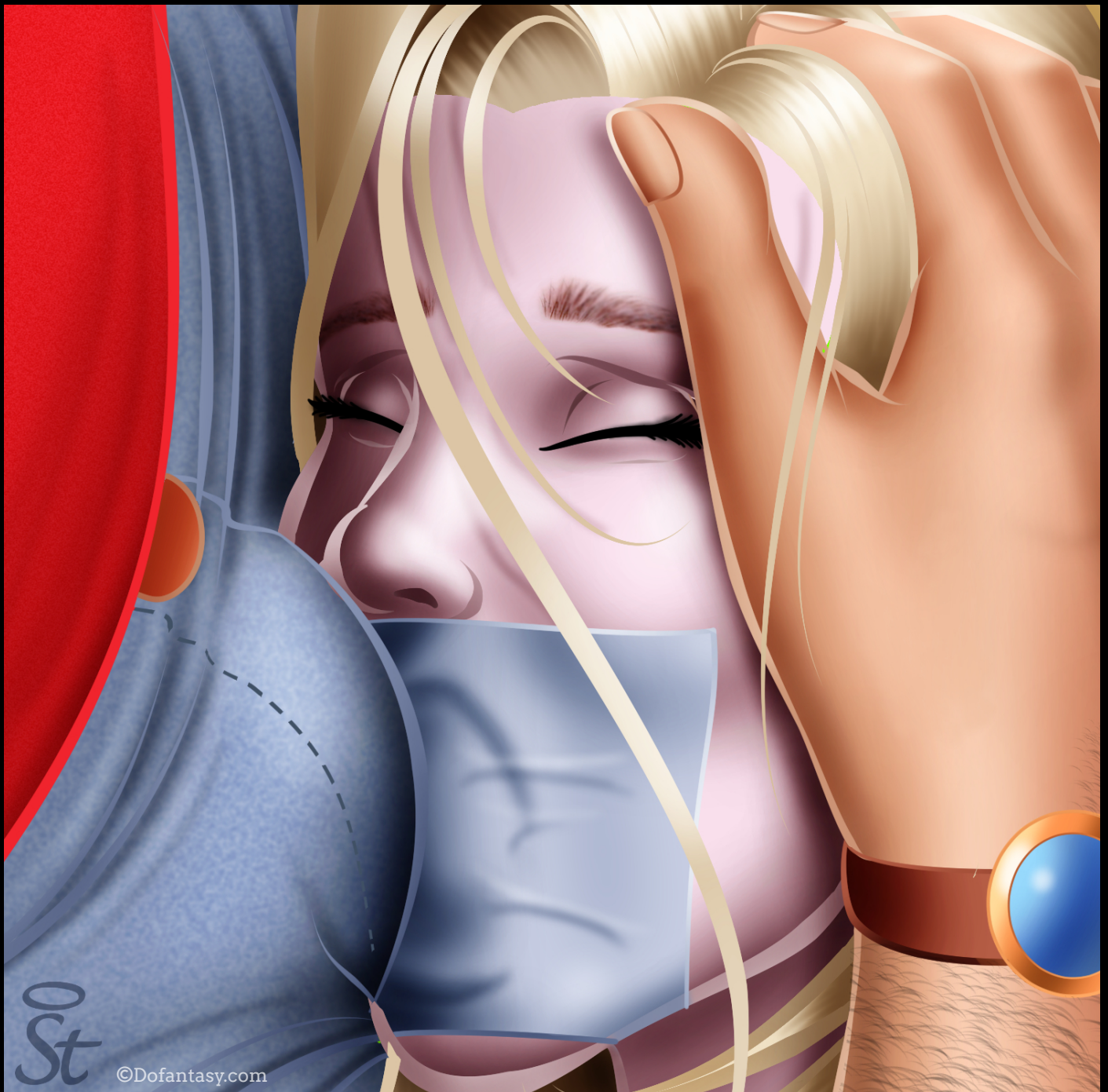
If he had taken a right, he could have quickly turned onto the thruway ramp. Instead, he took a left, and slowly drove past the school, complete with crossing guards and patrol cars. He nodded respectfully at the first guard, his fingers itching to scurry down her dress cups, but didn't want to risk anyone noticing that both his hands were not on the wheel. Then he started wondering if anyone would notice how tight his fingers were gripping or the tiny beads of sweat on his brow and upper lip.

He acknowledged the chaperones, proctors, and guards as he carefully followed their silent instructions and all posted signs. He was tempted to engage one in conversation, but didn't want to risk any one coming close enough to notice the sexy shape on the seat.



As he finally passed the school, he allows his right palm to lower – resting on the silky rich blonde hair, pressing her taped mouth even more firmly on his pants bulge.

He was pleased with himself that he only looked down once to see the chest swelling in the bodice, and the long, creamy legs across the seat and passenger floor.

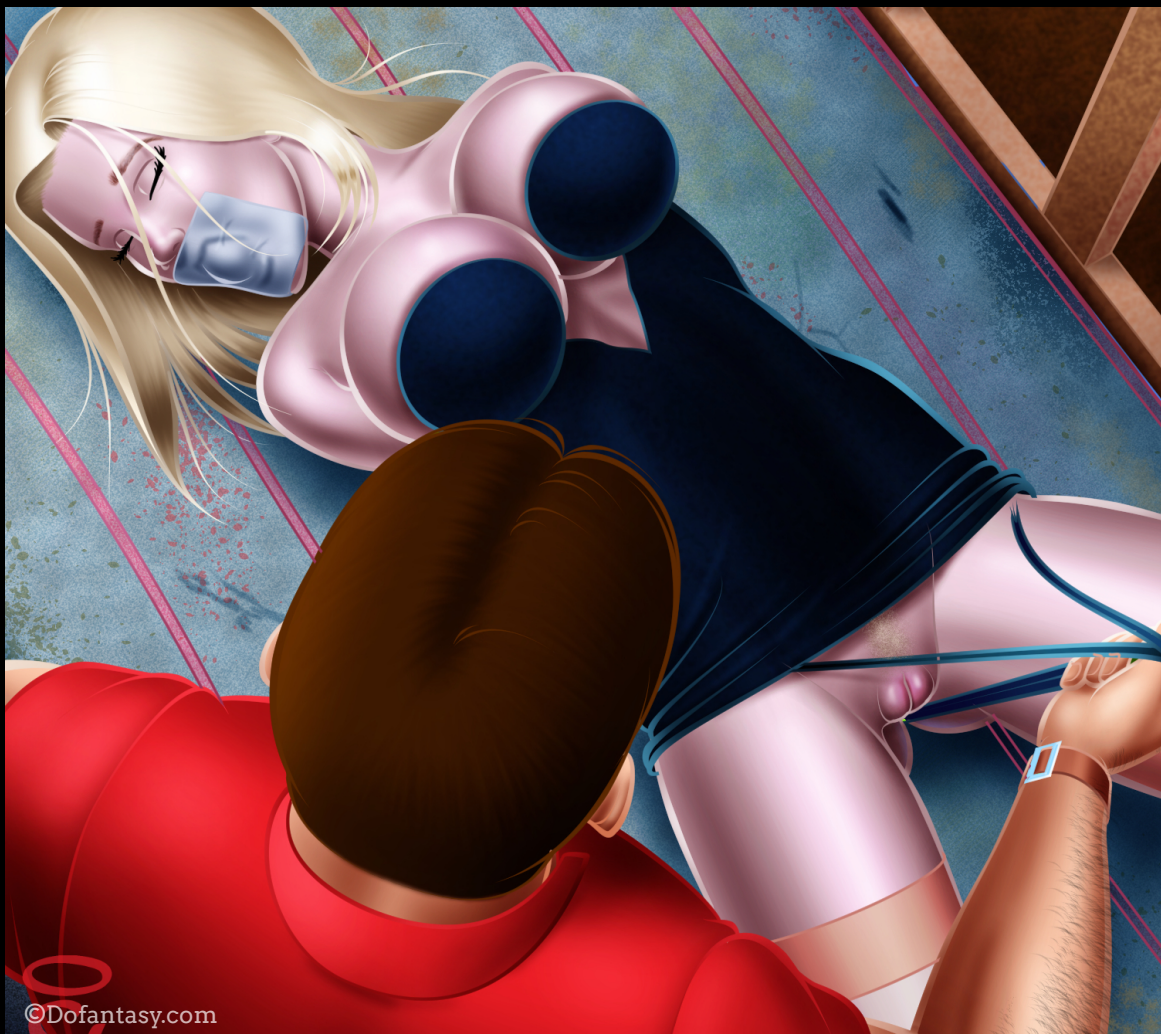


He had watched Bridget completing her senior year—enjoying her busy schedule, her weekly boyfriends, her excitement about going to college, and her prom plans. On that fateful day, he watched her finishing some sport events and her finals, before rushing home, where she changed for the dance.

Now he brought the car home because her fingers were beginning to twitch. He quickly drove to his step-mother's garage. She was away—either on a vacation or back in the hospital -- so he pulled into the one-car

enclosure, stopped short of the mattress he had put there years ago, re-tapped the garage door opener on his visor, hopped out of the driver's seat, ran to the passenger side, and opened the passenger door in triumph.

Bridget, he thought. My Bridget. He realized he was holding his breath. How could he not? Bridget Thomas: the prettiest, brightest, nicest, sexiest, girl he had ever seen. Laying on his car seat in a black, low-cut, micromini dress – her tits bulging to over-flowing, her long legs just obscuring her velveteen cunt...!



Suddenly he was grabbing those long legs, his flesh exulting in her smooth skin, dragging her out to the mattress. Within seconds, he had uncuffed her elbows and legs.

Seconds later, she was on her back on the mattress, spread before him, her blonde mane fanned out, her legs open.

The black lace panty was sweet but even as he was acknowledging that, his fist had it and was tearing.

Then, there in the darkness of the garage, her soft blond tuft was exposed. He stopped breathing again. His hands spasmodically searched for the special rubberized muffler he had put there. All but swinging and slapping it across her lower face, he wrapped it over her stuffed, taped mouth, then anchored it, knotted, around, and in the middle of her lovely throat.

Bridget Thomas felt something tearing in her mind. She felt submerged in her sleep, as if buried alive. Her lovely forehead crinkled, her eyelids narrowing. Then her blue eyes opened.

She saw herself. Laughing on the school field in her gym shorts and t-shirt. Applauding in her cheerleader uniform. Singing in the chorus at a school concert. Walking home from school in a sweater and skirt. Trying on some

lingerie through a crack in a store dressing room curtain....

Bridget started in place as she realized they were pictures. Pictures among many other pictures, all tacked or taped or glued to the walls and ceiling of what she quickly realized was a small garage. She felt the fetid pad she lay on. She felt her wrists joined behind her. She felt the cock thrusting inside her.

She instantly tried to scream, but only choked and convulsed. Her remarkable body snapped straight, her head craning back on her neck, tears popping from her eyes like juice squeezed from a fruit.

"Awake, huh?" he grunted, still thrusting, still mauling her tits like bread dough. "Good." Then he gripped her shapely shoulders, started slobbering down her cleavage, and began to rut in double time.

She started to twist and shake hysterically, her high heels spasmodically thudding into the dirty mattress.



He merely pinched her nose shut, still thrusting, until she dropped heavily onto her back, her chest heaving. He did that every time she got a little too feisty, completely enjoying the sensations of his shaft in her. He looked down to see her eyes glowing in the darkness, unable to fully comprehend where she was and who was doing this horrible thing to her.

She tried to talk, then to beg, then to scream, but it was what the tape and muffler was doing to her voice that finally drove her to

frenzy. He let her thrash. His weight and the mattress prevented anything from escaping the enclosure, until he erupted. Bridget felt it, cringing in horror, then contorting, the tears now streaming out of her eyes like polluted waterfalls. He collapsed atop her, then started to grunt out humiliating barks of laughter.

"Hey Jet," he growled, using her family's nickname for her, and grabbing her jiggling left breast. "Great to finally meet you in person."

Before she could completely digest the words, he suddenly dragged her up, then slammed her face first on the hood of his car. There, he forced his body between her arms, and rammed back into her from behind.



Her shoes left the dirty cement floor, her back arched, and a moan of misery emerged from the skintight muzzles.

"Yeah," he grunted. "Been watching you awhile. "You were the cutest tween, but I knew you'd be a knockout teen."

He felt her stiffen, and imagined the growing horror infesting her face, then concentrated on the task at hand. Her dress was still on, albeit barely. He squeezed his hands into her top's stiff breast cuffs, filled his fingers with her milk-dough, and slobbered in her ear. She kept trying to scream and slither away, but it was no good; he had her pinned and impaled.

"Yeah," he hissed into her ear. "Do you see what I saw? How your body shaped, how your face got even cuter, how these things inflated?"

He squeezed her chest like rubber balls as she recoiled. "Yeah," he continued, grabbing her mane like a leash. "I'm your non-fairy godfather, baby. I been watching out for you forever. I'm the one who's gonna save you from all those sloppy, immature assholes...."

Bridget bawled in terror as he dragged her back, plopped the drugged cloth over her nose, and held her shaking little body against his.



"Yeah, breathe, dear, just breathe it all in. Daddy's sending you off to sleepy-bye so we can get you away from all those nasty, lusting boys and bitchy girls...." He felt her shudder, and, eventually, slump.

Carefully molding her breasts back into the cups, and smoothing the skirt down just over the exposed, dewy, cum-dripping cunt, he cinched her elbows with clear tape, and lay her on the back seat. There he taped her knees and ankles, then used the seat belts to hold down her legs, waist, and neck. Regretfully covering her with a blanket from mane to shoe, he returned to the driver's seat.

He only got a few miles down the road before he couldn't resist fucking her again. Pulling into a dark section of the train station parking lot, he crawled into the back seat, undid her legs,

slipped between the lace-topped thigh-high stockings, wrapped his arms underneath her shoulders and rammed his erect cock back into her.



He might as well have been an alarm clock. Her head went back, screams strangled by the thorough gag, and then her left tit was popping into his scooping, waiting hand. He kneaded it intensely while thrusting hard, ignoring her muffled shrieks and the high heels kicking at the door and windows.

The claustrophobia in the back of the car was heady—a gorgeous blonde teenager gripped spasmodically to him, unable to fight off his assault or elicit rescue. No, she was no further away from freedom than a sheet of windshield glass and a car door, but for all the strong, young girl could do, his cock was still scraping her inner-most sanctum and his fingers still crushing her proudest gifts. They both froze when they heard the commuter train coming.

The engine's headlight actually raked through the car's windows, but, much to his delight, the glass was fogged, blocking any commuter's view of the rape in progress. Bridget shrieked at the light and tried desperately to crawl past, around, or over him, but his cock still plugged her, and he was still using her luscious tit and golden mane as restraining handles.

She stared at him in horror and anguish.



He simply tightened his hand and slowly, with building strength, pulled her sobbing head inexorably back, under the bottom of the car windows, as the commuters streamed from the open doors of the momentarily stopped train.

Her breasts bobbed from her despair, her body wracked with sobs, but he just kept rutting, faster and harder, pounding his meat all the way inside her. His hand came off her tit and pressed down on her gagged mouth ... hard—his torso pressing down on her soft, shapely whiteness like a granite slab.

People were getting into their cars all around them as he came inside her again; trapped beneath him, her legs uselessly flopping around. She screamed in muffled, useless, agony, her head snaking from the seat toward the floor, every muscle taut, but no one heard and no one saw.

Then he simply punched her in the stomach.

She doubled over, then slammed into the side of the seat. Before she could react with anything more than shock, he slammed the drug-soaked pad back over her nose, pressing her even tighter into the corner—her bright, wet blue eyes pinballing around their sockets, staring in disbelief at the assault and the shadows of the oblivious business people all around her.

He crushed her in the corner with his body, the pad tight over her nostrils, his free hand grinding her right breast. She turned her pained, disbelieving gaze on him, weeping in agony.

Then her eyelids fluttered, and the sound diminished to a soft, despairing moan. The moan lengthened as he slid over, grabbed her wonderful hips, and slid her to the seat. She lay there, across the back seat, eyelids fluttering. Then, keeping careful note of the movement around him, he started peeling off her gags.

By the time the last commuters were in their cars and starting to drive away, his cock was in Bridget's mouth, his hands crushing her tits.

**He used her lax,
drooling mouth like a
cunt, sliding his cock
across her tongue and
down her throat.**

He watched the businesswomen getting into their Volvos and Lexuses as he leeringly abused a hostage beauty that could have been any of their daughters.

He came into her mouth and onto her face, neck, and cleavage as the last of their cars drove away.



She couldn't believe it when she woke up. She was in the front passenger seat. It was all the way back, so she was practically lying down.

He had wired her ankles to the base of the seat, so her legs were open, her feet cringing in the high heels. Her wrists were wired to the sides of the chair, so she could reach no further than the center of her stockinged thighs.

Around her throat was a strap holding her down to the headrest. Her mouth was refilled with pulpy material, a strap between her teeth holding it in, and an incredibly tight band of reinforced cloth sealing her lower face. And then, over that, was another strap, this one made of rubber, holding her face to the headrest.



Her brow furrowed and her eyes shook as she realized that there was more horror.

A studded dildo was all the way in her, the wire coming from its base plugged into the cigarette lighter.

Bridget started to writhe and thrash, her fingers clawing at her skirt.

He merely smiled, reached over and clicked on the vibrator before filling his hand with her quivering breast—knowing the reclining, writhing, captive was just out of sight of any passing vehicle.

“Okay,” he told her calmly. “You know you’re snatched, you know you’re fucked, so now you’re going to where you belong...” He was going to tell her more, but her look of fear and confusion was so potent that he left it at that. But not for long....



They were parked in the back of a closed supermarket, an exhausted Bridget forced to sit on his lap, her back to his front.

Her ankles were tied to her thighs, her legs spread on either side of his. Her arms were wrenched behind her, and behind him, to be handcuffed behind the driver's seat.

One of his hands was in her hair, yanking her head all the way back. His other was abusing her tits, yanked all the way out of her prom dress' neckline. She gasped and choked and groaned as he kept shoving his erection into her cunt lips, the hem of her velvet micromini just barely keeping the rape from view.

Her eyes strained in her head, looking every way for another car, but none ever came. She kept trying to reach the car horn with her smooth, flat stomach. But by the time a late night delivery truck arrived, he simply started the engine and drove to the empty front parking lot with her screaming for help on his lap.

He came before he braked, pressing her down on his lap by her right tit.

Then, as she screamed into her gag, writhed, and sobbed, his hands closed around her long, creamy, elegant throat....



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"What's the hold up, officer?" he asked, handing over his driver's license at the road block.

"Prom night, sir," the cop said casually, only glancing at the plastic card.

"Do I look like a drunk teenager?" he asked with humorous in-credulousness. "That's the most complimentary thing I've heard all year!"

The officer smiled grimly, checking the interior of the car with his flashlight. "High school students under the influence aren't our only concern," he said. The flashlight stopped at a sodden square of tape on the floor of the back seat. "Excuse me, sir," the cop said in a monotone. "Could you open the trunk of your car for me please?"

They were soon looking in the trunk at a curvy shape beneath a ratty blanket.

"Excuse me, sir," the cop said. "What is that?"

He stared at where he was pointing the flashlight—where two mounds stuck up high in the covering. "Humph," he uttered. "Damned if I know." And, with a flourish, he pulled the cover back.

They stared down at the bunched pillows beneath—one long one and two small ones poking up at "chest" level.

"Fuckin' bitches," the spikey-haired teenager said again, taking another swig of the whisky.

"Yeah," agreed his frustrated pal with the slicked back hair.

They both moved unsteadily into the wooded area behind the supermarket.

"All that money, all that time," muttered spikey. "Fuckin' tux, fuckin' corsage...."

"And no fuckin'!" slick laughed bitterly.

"Not so much as a hand job...," Spikey slurred. "She wouldn't even let me cop a feel ... cunt...!" He kicked at a can, which bounced off a mound of leaves between two trees – a mound of leaves that jerked and moaned.

"Yeah," said Slick. "Stupid cunts..."

"Hey," said Spikey, stopping short. "Wait a minute. Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"That moan..."

"What're you talkin' about, man? Hey, give me another swig...!"

Spikey handed the bottle over, staring at the space between the two big trees. He looked down to see another rock, and kicked it at the mound of leaves.

The leaves moved more than they should have.

"Fuckin' bitches," Slick

continued, feeling the whisky burn down his throat. "We shoulda just grabbed 'em ... let 'em scream ... by the end they would've been thankin' us...!"

"Shut up, shut up," Spikey said, still staring at the mound. "Hear that?"

Slick did as he was told, sniffing the warm night air. Then he heard it: a humming ... a grunting ... a muffled cry...

"Shit," said Slick.

"C'mon," Spikey said, running forward. He kneeled and started sweeping the leaves around. Beneath them he found a gray sheet covering something. Pulling that off he found a zipped-up sleeping bag, its edges tightly tied to the above-ground roots of each tree.

"What the fuck...?" he murmured, grabbing the zipper. He unzipped the sleeping bag a foot. The two stared in stunned amazement. They were bound legs. Bound, sexy legs.

Spikey unzipped it a bit more.

Tight around shapely, velvet-covered hips were more ropes—one tight strand sawing deep between blond tufted cunt lips.



"Holy shit!" Slick exclaimed.

"Shut up, shut up," Spikey hissed, looking quickly around for anyone else. Then he unzipped some more. The neckline of a velvet dress was pulled down—ropes crushing proud, round, firm tits.

"Shit ... on ... toast," Slick breathed.

By now, Spikey's lips were pulled back into a wolf's mirthless grin. "Shit's got nothing to do with it," he said in a hush, then unzipped the sleeping bag all the way.

The face was obscured with cloth and reinforcing adhesive—eyes and mouth taped, covered and taped again—but there was no mistaking the teenager.

Her blonde hair was pulled back and tied to her bound wrists, which were yanked high up her back. She made little sounds of addled, exhausted desperation.



"Holy shit ... it's, it's ...!" Slick said in a choked voice, before a leer began to grow across his face. "Why, it's little miss goody two-tits...!"

Spikey leaned back and punched Slick in the stomach, bringing the kid down to the unzipper's level. "From now on," he hissed in Slick's ear, "nothing you say is louder than a whisper, get me? And no names, right? I don't want her to hear it and I don't want anyone else to hear it, either. Understand?"

Slick stared in wonder at the beautiful young girl bound and gagged, helpless, before them, her cunt and tits hanging out, then tore his eyes away long enough to nod at his buddy.

Then they both stared in lecherous hunger at the captured girl. "Shit," Spikey breathed. "Bridget Thomas ... the best babe in school. Little miss smiley face ... little miss charity ... little miss abstinence"

"Uh ... uh, what're you gonna do?" Slick asked stupidly.

"What do you think?" Spikey replied easily, pulling out his Swiss Army Knife and sliding forward. "This bitch's no position to say

'no,' and as long as she doesn't see us, it's like it never happened, right?"

Bridget started to writhe when his hands grabbed her hips, but Spikey didn't let it delay him. Feeling a freedom he had never experienced before, he didn't even hesitate when grabbing the crotch rope and sliding the knife blade between her smooth, sweaty skin, and the cord.

She started, then started to fight as the hemp slid coarsely out of her snatch, but her legs were so dead and the rest of the bondage so stringent, it was useless. In fact, her contortions and cries only got the boys hotter.

"I want her tits," Spikey breathed huskily, whipping out his hard-on and grabbing her wonderful hips again. "Cut her tits free, man!"

Slick didn't need to be told twice. His knife was out and he was sawing away at the ropes crushing through the center of her breasts as Spikey rammed his cock into her blond tuft.

Bridget screeched, going stiff as the cock pushed inside her.

But then the tit rope snapped. She slammed to her back as her mounds jiggled and rippled and spread—the rope marks deep and red in her chest flesh.

"Oh, man...!" Spikey moaned, feeling her young sweetmeat clamp on his member while watching her beautiful boobs spread below him.



He fell on her, his hands sinking deep in her chest.

Bridget's captive beauty and Spikey's plugging of her gorgeous cunt nearly drove the drunken Slick insane. Grabbing her face, he started tearing the tape from her mouth. "Look, bitch," he hissed into her ear. "You're gonna blow me, okay?" He pressed the blade of his knife flat against her throat. "Feel that? Feel that? That's naked steel, bitch, and if you bite or scream, I'm gonna tear your fucking head off, okay? So when it comes in, you suck, bitch, you hear me? You suck, bitch, or you die!"



And with that, he pulled the tape from her lips and yanked the stuffing from her mouth. Incredibly, as soon as it cleared her teeth, the blonde began to gasp huskily even though Spikey was still plunging into her cunt again and again.

"Yes...yes...I'll blow you...just untie me, okay...?"

"Shut up, bitch!" Slick hissed and then his cock was jammed into her mouth.

With her head yanked back by her hair being tied to her wrists, he was able to use her entire throat as a coating. For many stunning seconds, the only sounds in the mini-forest just out of sight of the supermarket were the wet, pumping noises of flesh inside flesh. And the only vision was of a truly lovely blond girl in second-skin black velvet—covered by two thrusting boys who mauled her breasts like bread—being plugged from the face and in between long, black high-heeled legs.



The men rutted and porked, growling and grunting as they further despoiled her. She slobbered and groaned, choking and contorting as they had their fetid way with her. Finally Spikey slammed his meat all the way inside and came repeatedly. Bridget wailed into Slicks' prick, just missing chomping down on it with a supreme effort.

Instead she sucked on it for all she was worth, eliciting a second invading eruption.

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Bridget flopped in place beneath them, the cum threatening to choke her. Slick reached under Spikey to clamp onto one tit, moaning in pleasure at the setting moon. Spikey collapsed on her, filling his hand, then his mouth, with her

other breast.

"Yes," she gasped as soon as Slick's cock crown cleared her teeth. "Yes...you guys are great...! Please...please take me with you. I want to...I want to have sex with you all the...!"

Only then the boys had changed places.

Bridget gurgled in agony as Spikey's cock pushed into her mouth, and her fingers clawed the ground as Slick's still erect prick was rammed unceremoniously into her cunt.



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Her breasts were grabbed again and the fucking continued into the morning.

Her lovely left leg kicked out repeatedly, the high heel scraping the fallen leaves and twigs, as Slick lifted her right leg to get more ramming ballast.

Spikey groaned in ecstasy as she coated his cock with her own saliva and Slick's leftover cum, slobbering and licking for all she was worth.



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Whatever effort the teen rapists had expended, her incredibly innocent sexiness more than made up for. It was only a matter of endless minutes before they came into her again, coating her insides, mouth, and face in drooling cream.

"Ugh," she coughed desperately. "Agh, oh god, please don't leave me here. Take me with you. I want to get you off all the time. Take me with you...!"

"Shut up, bitch," Spikey spat, grabbing her mouth with one hand and pushing his knife against her throat with the other.

Bridget screamed beneath the fingers, her body spasming repeatedly.

"Hey, hey, wait a minute," said Slick.

"Huh?" Spikey looked over at his buddy, frozen for the moment, still clamping the bawling girl's mouth shut.

"Hey, come on," Slick said intensely.

"Look at her, would ya? Look at her! When are we gonna get a prime piece like her again, huh? We can keep her in the basement or attic or something...even the Hotchkiss barn...."

"Yeah, genius," Spikey complained, "what are we gonna do with her then? Let her go? I got news for you, Einstein...the first words out of her mouth ain't gonna be about how great we are!"

"Hey, hey, hey," Slick soothed.

"What are we gonna do with her then? What are you going to do to her now? At least my way we get some more fucks out of her...!"

Despite himself, Spikey thought about it. He had to admit he loved the way her magnificently natural body felt writhing beneath him....

He nodded...there was a cough...and he nodded again. Then he kept nodding as he dropped forward.


"Ted?" Slick said in surprise as his friend fell beside him, the back of his spikey-haired head wet with dark liquid....

Bridget heard another cough and then Slick fell even heavier onto her bound body, but his fingers on her cum-coated mouth were loosening....

"Guys?" she called quietly. "I'll...fuck you, okay? Anytime. I swear...I won't tell anyone...!" Then pulpy material was shoved back into her shrieking mouth.

"No, cunt, you won't be telling anyone, all right?" said the ugly woman with the silenced .22 automatic in her left hand. Bridget twisted and slid in the dirt, her mouth filled to bursting with gagging polymers. "Not when I get through with you...."



A dark, stylized illustration of a woman with her mouth gagged and a man's face in the background. The woman is in the foreground, looking upwards with a distressed expression. Her mouth is covered with a dark, rectangular object. The man's face is in the background, looking towards the woman. The overall tone is somber and unsettling.

Bridget Thomas sobbed hysterically in the back of the van, unblindfolded, wedged between Slick and Spikey's dead bodies.

Her arms were wrenched up her back, her wrists brutally lashed together. Her hair was still attached to the knots, yanking her head back and her jaw open. The better to gag her with; her mouth was filled, strapped in, taped over, and a cloth muffler knotted at the base of her neck.

What was left of her thigh highs and high heels were still on, but the prom minidress was in a ragged heap by her head. Fastened to her body instead was a stained white satin waist cincher, which adhered to her torso like a tattoo. The ugly old woman had quickly and neatly laced it up on her as if tying a baby's shoe.

"I liked that, darling," drawled the female fireplug of a driver as the van made its way upstate. "I mean, that bit about the boys being great lovers. Nice touch...."

Bridget cried in terror and tried to roll away from the open-eyed corpses. Her knees were bound, her ankles crossed and bound to the steel base of the passenger seat. Wedged up her cunt was Spike's rigor-stiffened cock. Up her ass was Slick's.

"Yeah, I gotta hand it to you," the driver carried on conversationally. "You knew you had a better chance if they untied you...then, when that didn't work, you knew you might be able to convince them to let you go if they took you with them, huh? Humph...that golden tongue of yours... Well, darling, I got news for you...that golden tongue will only be good for one thing from now on...!"

Bridget screamed and screamed again, uselessly, into the sound-strangling layered gag, as she writhed and twisted anew, trying to get away from the necrophilia-rape.

"I'll tell ya," the driver marveled. "My man sure knows how to pick 'em. He must a fucked you...what?...three or four times...then these guys come along and fuck you twice more, and look at you! Fresh as a daisy and ready for more..."

Bridget collapsed in wide-eyed horror, her bountiful, cum-smearred, chest heaving.



Bridget flopped around like a fish out of water.

They stopped long enough for the woman driver to attach weights to the boys' ankles and drop them over the side of a lake. Bridget was sitting on the rear bumper—arms still bound, ankles crossed and bound—head down and sobbing into the tight gag.

"Oh come on," the woman driver grunted, dragging Spikey like a scarecrow. "At least you proved an old adage: 'the dead don't come.'" After letting the boys sink under the surface, the woman came back and gripped Bridget's chin with fingers of iron. "And I got more news for you, prom queen. If getting fucked by dead men is the worst that happens to you on this trip, count your lucky stars."

Bridget searched for any pity in the woman's steel gray eyes, then started crying anew.

"Oh, geez," the woman complained, then hit the girl on the side of her head, grabbed her hair, jumped into the van, and dragged a dazed Bridget to the space between the van's seats.

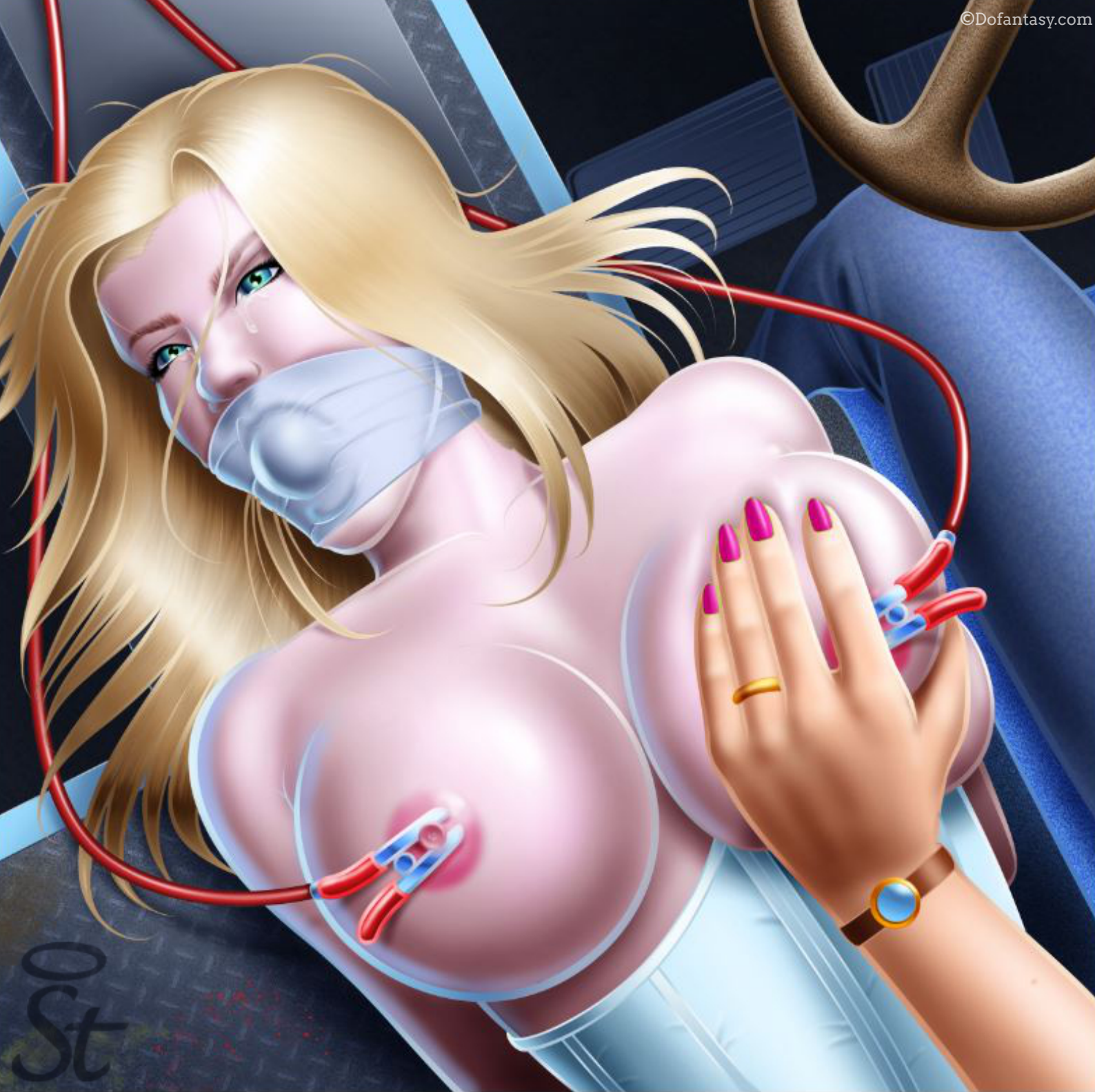
She cinched a black belt around the young girl's tight waist, pushed a nine-inch lubricated, studded dildo into her raw vagina, and tightened it on the other side of the belt.



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She expertly pinched Bridget's nipples, then clipped them to wires emerging from the cigarette lighter. Bridget stared, bug-eyed, shaking her head frantically, until the woman jumped into the driver's seat and turned the key.

That's when all the invaders came on.



The way her chest swooped down to her curved torso and flat stomach; the way her hip bones emptied out to a wonderful pelvis, all attached to extraordinary legs and a firm, hard, round tushy. And that face, that adorable face! Now she was theirs, all theirs...!

The driver reached down and gave Bridget's tit a reassuring squeeze. "Almost there, honey," she whispered with pleasure. "Almost home...."

He was waiting when his step-mother pulled the van into her condo garage.

She filled him in on the delicious irony as he sat Bridget up in the side door, carefully pulled the drooling vibrator from her cunt, and finally pulled the nipple clamps from her aching breasts.



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"So, you see, everybody'll think she went with the teenagers!" the woman reported. "And none of 'em will ever be found. Great, huh?"

As the awful woman collected salves, lotions, and medications, Bridget tried to focus through smoky, drooping lids. Her aching, exhausted, shell-shocked eyes widened at the sight of her abductor's workshop -- walls, cabinets, tables, and benches full of the things he had stuffed and sealed her mouth with, as well as the things he had affixed her limbs with.

But then he was in front of her, blocking her view. He merely held her head up with a hand under the back of her hair, happily feeling its sheen and heft. "Yeah," he agreed, only having eyes for Bridget. "Great, huh, baby?"

Then he sunk his lips onto her neck, kneading one swollen, red tit as she wept.




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He fucked her right there in the van doorway, her legs on either side of him, her high-heeled feet on the garage floor, her wonderful torso lying on the padded van floor.

He came into her yet another time, reveling in it as much as he had the first time—despite the fact that she was so far gone that she probably wasn't even aware of it. Her vaginal muscles sure were, however.

He looked smilingly down at the incredible beauty, his cock still plugging her soft blond cunt.





"How long before she's sold?" he asked.

"This one?" his stepmom replied.

"Natural blonde teenager, real tits, a body this succulent, a face this sweet?" She harrumphed. "Whenever we put her on the market." She joined him in staring at the abducted, multiply raped, captive treasure. "We've hit the jackpot on this one, for sure. We're talking millions here."

"How long?" he asked again, his voice hoarse.

She smiled wickedly. "What do you have in mind?"

He smirked in return, then pushed

the poor girl into his parent's arms before marching to his car. He yanked a large full duffel bag from the trunk and held it out before the old woman's wide eyes and the abducted, assaulted girl's drooping ones. He emptied out all the cum-crusting lace, leather, and Lycra lingerie, dresses, shoes, and accessories he had collected.

"How about four years worth of fantasies?" he asked hoarsely.

Bridget began to twitch in the old woman's grip as the crone's grin widened. "Let's see how long you can keep it up," she challenged knowingly.

The old lady didn't make it easy on him, from the very first night.

As he forced the girl onto his bed, lovingly redressed in a skimpy pink and white lace two piece lingerie set that barely covered her bulging chest, cunt, and ass

His step-mom invited in her bridge circle. As Bridget looked up over the thick cleave gag knotted between her lips and teeth – her wrists handcuffed around a headboard slat above her head, and her ankles cuffed wide to the baseboard posts – he grinned incredulously down at her ... as he slowly pressed one hand onto her quivering mouth and tightened the

other around her elegant throat.

"Yeah," he drawled quietly. "These fucking condos' got walls and ceilings of paper. If these old biddies hear you, ain't no question they'll be blabbing all over town that I got a muffled, moaning bitch up here. But they hear a cry for help? The cops'll be here faster than you could say, 'no, don't.'" Their eyes locked. "So you better start trying to get their attention, little girl, or it's gonna be a long night...!"

Downstairs his stepmother smiled, but resisted glancing upwards whenever she heard creaking, humming, grunting, or groaning. She even thought she heard a choking cough at one point. But as she looked at her guests, they went on burbling happily.

Poor baby, the woman thought, imagining how Bridget must have been straining and struggling beneath her boy. How was she to guess that these card players were all hard of hearing?

But stepma checked in just before she went to bed.





Her snoring boy was plastered atop the lovely young lady, his cock still plugging her while his hands were filled with her hips and right tit. He was drooling on her neck.

The old woman could see the girl's big blue eyes glowing in the darkness, her graceful fingers clawing for relief.

She looked down, letting Bridget follow her gaze, until she saw a ring gag in the old lady's hand.

"Let's give him a little surprise, shall we, dear?" the stepmother whispered as she

neared. "Feel free to complain. Only difference it'll make is whether you get a breather or're fucked all night...."

The old lady took the remains of Bridget's lingerie on the way out. With a reassuring smile at the miserably quiet girl with the now pried-open mouth, she slowly closed the door.

"I'm not sure what your problem is, ma'am," the plumber called from the shower stall. "I can't find any blockage here...."

The old woman stared down the sunlit hallway as she answered. "Not sure what it is, sir," she called back, looking for any sign of disruption. "I just thought the drainage was a little slow...."

She stepped forward when she spotted a spot, then a swash, of wetness on the thick hallway carpet just outside the linen cabinet.

"Well," she heard the plumber announce, "there is some blonde hair here in addition to the grey and black, but not enough to warrant a snake...."

The old lady opened the closet door with a smile – a smile that immediately became wider when her vision was filled with a wet, shining

**shapely, naked,
blonde girl – her toes
barely scraping the
carpet nap**



her fingers fluttering behind her beneath the rubber cord binding her wrists, her beautiful breasts jutting up again and again, and her tongue poking out between her kewpie lips in her flushed, mottled face.

Her boy was behind her, strangling Bridget in a choke hold.

"Well, do what you think best," she called back to the plumber, imagining her boy's panic when she announced the plumber's arrival a few minutes after he had forced the blonde into the bathroom.

The stepmom looked at her boy's annoyed, incredulous expression as she slowly laid one hand on Bridget's trembling right tit

while balling a washcloth in her other hand.

"I'm just glad you were willing to do a house-call this early in the morning."

"No problem, ma'am," said the plumber from around the corner as the old woman tapped her son's choking arm while meticulously stuffing the cloth into Bridget's lolling mouth.

"Careful dear," she whispered, "you could hurt a girl that way...."

"Excuse me, ma'am?" the plumber called.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," the old woman called back. "Just talking to myself...."

Her boy eased up on the blonde's throat as the puffy white cloth was stuffed in further and further.





As he left, her son eased his forearm off Bridget's throat, but he kept his palm tight over the washcloth in her mouth as he lay atop her on the closet floor.

His stepmom had kindly used two more rubber hoops to affix the blonde's ankles to her thighs so there could be no kicking. He smiled down at the despondent, exhausted girl.

"Enough cleaning," he murmured. "Time to get this party started."

"Do you hear it?" the old woman asked the electrician.

"Yes," the man replied in the cellar, listening intently while frowning.

"Kind of an 'ungh, ungh, ungh' sound, isn't it?"

"Yes," the electrician said slowly, using his flashlight to scour the pipes. "But it's not consistent...."

"No," the old woman agreed, silently cursing her son's rhythm. "Not consistent...."

What was left of a black lace, cum-dried, demi-cup bra, waist cinch, garter belt, and stockings clung to Bridget's amazing body, as did a laced-up single glove, ballet boots, and, finally, a reinforced,

combination neck-and-face posture collar and scold's bridle that turned her hysterical screams into grunts as he thudded repeatedly into her standing shape

not twenty feet away from where the electrician prowled.

She was strapped to a basement upright under the stairs, behind a simple, unlocked door. He had dragged her from the living room when the electrician's van had driven up. He looked up into her wet, suffering eyes, appreciating the way her high, stuffed, cheekbones were bulging above the face-clamping boning of the gag. Then he rammed his shaft all the way into her again.

"There it is again," the old woman told the electrician.

"Where is it coming from?"

"Wherever it is coming from," the electrician said somberly. "It's gone now."

"Is it?" the old woman asked innocently. She craned her neck and made an exaggerated face of intent as her son backed away from Bridget's slumped, shining body – both the flesh and black lace covered in semen, sweat, and saliva. It drooled off her eyelashes, nose, nipples, and thighs. "Why, so it is."

"It's not loud, or regular, enough to cause any real concern," the electrician told the old woman, "but I'll double check everything just to make sure."

"Thank you, thank you," the old woman assured him. "if you need me, just give a call. I have to go finish something."

The electrician nodded, and the old lady waited until he turned before quietly slipping into the room under the stairs. There her stepson turned abruptly from mauling his comatose captive just in time to catch the thin cord her stepmother tossed him.

"Let's see how well we work together," she hissed as she kneeled between Bridget's long, shapely, legs.



The blonde's eyes snapped open and she stiffened erect as the old woman's tongue and fingers began working on her clit and g spot.

Bridget juddered like a frightened pony, a high-pitched squeal starting to emerge from her

bridle, when he tightened the cord around her throat.

"Teamwork," he heard his stepmother's whisper. "Teamwork. Just enough to keep her quiet. Just enough...."

So, as the electrician checked every pipe above, below, and around them, the two practiced their sex-and-breath play on the prettiest, sexiest girl they'd ever seen. He would learn to tighten or ease up by the way the blonde's eyes would widen or flutter, her veins emerge or recede, her skin coloring darken or lighten, her muscles tighten or loosen, and her breath pant or flow.



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The old woman didn't need to learn. She already knew, and brought the poor girl to an astonishing, silent, body-shuddering, multiple orgasm.

"Ma'am?" the electrician called.

"Yes," the old woman answered, motioning her head from her stepson to

the insensible girl drooping against the pole, ejaculate running down her inner thighs

to mingle in a puddle of drool, perspiration and semen she unsteadily stood in. He quickly leaned against the blonde, one hand tight in her hair, and the other bulging her right breast.

The old lady appeared behind the electrician, the staircase door still ajar. "Sorry to keep you waiting. Ran out of breath."

"Of course, of course," the electrician replied sympathetically. "Happily, there's nothing to report."

"Nothing?" the old lady said as she led him to the stairs, her body blocking most of the view through the slightly open door.

The electrician got a peripheral glint of something wet and fleshy with hints of black streaks, but there had been no sign of mold anywhere else, so it quickly left his mind.

"Well, there was a very strong vibration I felt through the floor and walls just before I called you," he told her as they made their way up the stairs, "but that could've been anything happening next door or even down the block...."

"Yes, yes," the old lady assured him. "We get that every now and again." She smiled at him from the back door as he went toward his van. "I dare say we're getting used to it."



"It's a terrible world we live in. Terrible."

"Whatever do you mean, pastor?" the old lady asked the weak-chinned bald man who sat at her kitchen table as she poured him some more tea.

"So entitled, so spoiled, so decadent," Pastor Linguist intoned, nodding gratefully. "I don't want to overreact, but it wouldn't surprise me if we were nearing the end of days, it really wouldn't."

"Now, now, pastor," the old lady chided. "What makes you say that?"

The pastor rolled his eyes, took a sip, and tried to gather his thoughts. "Nothing concrete," he decided. "Just little feelings ... vibrations ... sensations...." He suddenly leaned in and pinioned the woman with his gaze. "Did you hear about the missing girl?"

The old lady raised her eyebrows.

"Missing girl? What missing girl?"

"A high school senior," the pastor immediately retorted. He leaned back, eyes searching the ceiling. "A remarkable girl. Remarkably pretty but also remarkably nice. Her parents attended services regularly...."

As the pastor prattled on, the old lady allowed her gaze to graze the pantry door.

Inside that remarkably pretty girl hung by her wrists from a hook in the ceiling



her hands mittened, and the tips of the white patent leather, ankle-strap, high heel sandals barely touching the floor. Her step son grabbed Bridget's firm ass through the torn, cut, ripped, skin-tight, white communion dress they had forced her into as he positioned his cock crown directly on her unprotected vaginal lips.

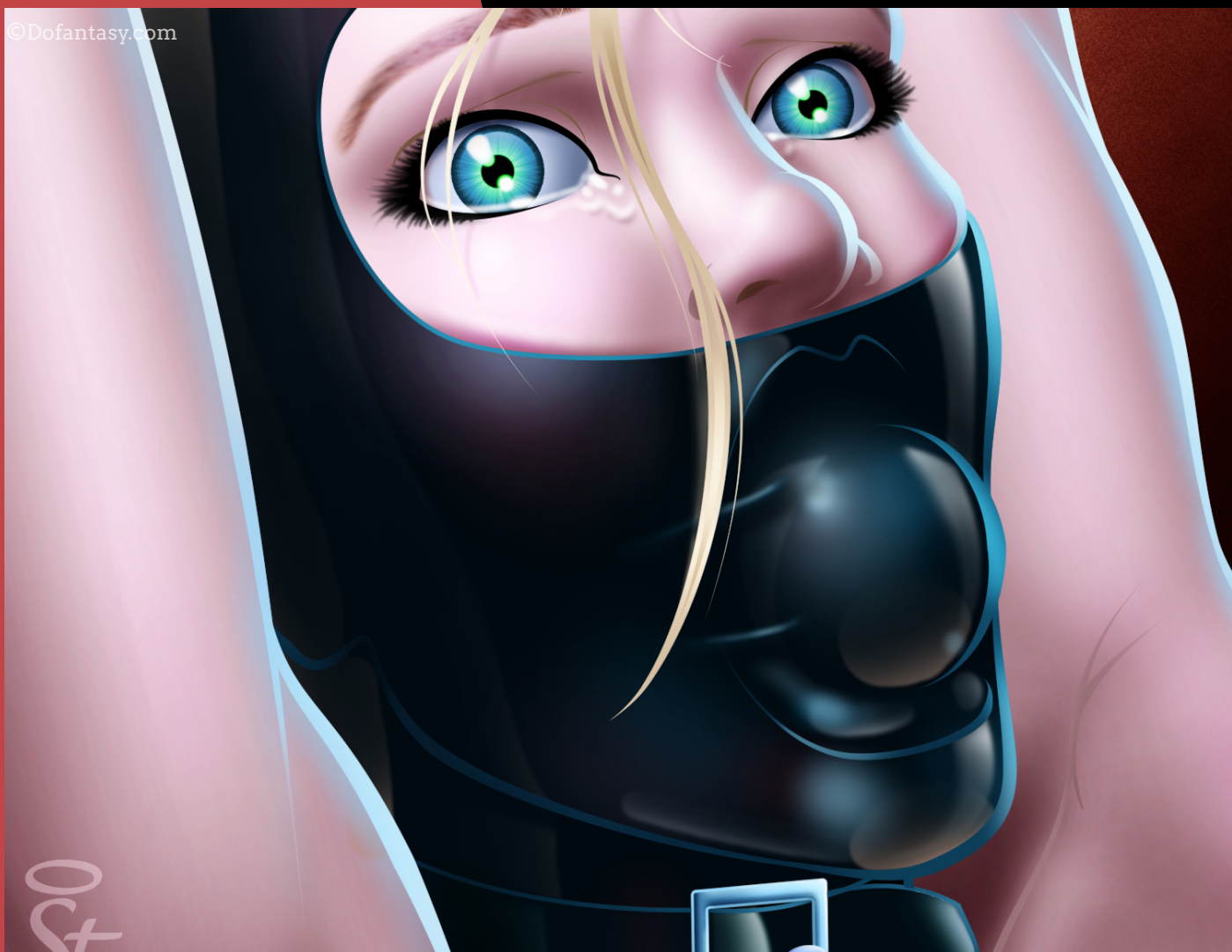
Their eyes locked as he impaled her, feeling the pulsation as she tried, once again, to scream. He was quietly thudding into her extraordinary body, but her mouth and most of her head was gone – sealed in the most effective gag the old woman could make – just for their young guest.

"It's more than the mouth," his stepmother had told him as she had affixed it

on the lightly sedated girl. "It's the jaw, too, but, most importantly, the larynx, the voice box, and the breath."

The thing didn't just contain her skull, it sealed it, filling her mouth, clamping her lips, locking her jaw, and encircling her head both vertically and horizontally.

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The only thing left uncovered were her eyes and nostrils. Then came the matching neck strap, which perfectly pressed to limit her air to just enough. The final straw was the literally breath-taking corset which erupted her breasts out of its cleaved bodice.

He sucked one nipple into his mouth as he started rutting her in earnest.

"Oh, some say she ran away," the pastor prattled on. "It was prom night after all. But I can assure you she wasn't that type of girl..."

"Oh?" the old woman interrupted mischievously, leaning in as if she really cared. "What type of girl was she?"

The pastor blinked, then struggled in his description. "Oh, you know. Like I said. Very nice. Kind. Caring. Sweet." His face clouded for a moment, as the old lady was certain it might. "Well, perhaps just a bit too pretty for her own good..."

"Really?" the old woman said conspiratorially. "What do you mean by that, pastor?"

"Oh, you know," he rejoined. "There's just something about a nice girl that is more potent than a naughty one, isn't there? Especially one who was so ... so ..."

"So?" the old woman urged.

"So fit," the pastor decided. "So full of life and energy."

"Oh yes," the stepmother said, leaning back. "I know exactly what you mean. Someone whose entire being inspires the eye, mind, soul, hormones, genetics, and ... dare I say it ... libido. Yes?"

The pastor blushed. "Well, now, really my dear. But yes. I mean, I may be a pastor, but I'm still human...!" The old man looked around. "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" the old lady asked innocently.

"That ... that..." The Pastor looked all around the room – the back door, the dining room door, the cellar door, the back stairs door. The old lady shifted slightly to block the pantry door from his sight. "It's like a ... choking sound."

"Choking sound?" the old lady echoed. "I don't hear anything like that."

But the pastor just kept searching the air. Not to locate the sound, the stepmom realized, but to identify it.

"Like ... like a distant angel weeping," the pastor decided.

"Wow," the old lady laughed. "That's too much tea for you, pastor. I think your rectory is calling you!"

The pastor met her eyes and shook his head sheepishly. "Yes, yes," he agreed. "Sometimes my imagination does get the better of me. I best be getting back."

The old woman saw him to the door, and just as it closed, the pantry door swung open

Bridget Thomas came clacking out, her mittened hands trying to claw at her own sealed face, her breasts bouncing against the dress and corset bodice.



Her entire legs flashed from beneath the torn taffeta micro-mini, the patent high heel sandals locked to her feet, as she charged the back door.

When the old woman didn't catch her, her stepson stopped laughing. "Stop her, ma," he blurted.

"Why?" the old woman sneered as the girl tried to get the knotted mittens around the door knob. As she failed, her head went back, her eyes horrified, frustrated, and beseeching.

"Ma," her stepson spat, stepping forward. "She's going to head butt the window...!"

But his stepmother stopped him. They both watched as Bridget slammed her head into the back door pane with all her might ... and bounced off it.

"So?" his stepmom grinned evilly as the beautiful blonde in the torn communion dress staggered back -- her arms shaking, her nostrils flaring urgently. Bridget Thomas stood unsteadily in the middle of the kitchen -- light flooding in from everywhere, her vision filled with the sight of the pastor getting into his car and driving away



then her eyes rolled up into her head, her lids closed, and she crumpled to the tile floor.

"The choker?" his stepmother said as they kneeled on either side of the sexy, despoiled, shape. "The corset? Poor dear hardly had the strength or breath to get this far, let alone even crack my bulletproof, one-way glass."

But her step-son was already climbing on top of the girl, his hands finding her tits and his cock finding her cunt as if magnetized.

When Audrey finally put Bridget up for sale, despite her ordeal, she sold in six seconds, and for an industry record.

He sedated her personally just before her shipment, using the drug-soaked cloth he had stitched for her all those weeks ago. He held her to him, forcing her head up so he could stare down into her tormented, dread-filled blue eyes. He held himself tight against her spectacular body, her arms behind her back, tied at the wrists, her lovely fingers scrabbling to get away from his crotch.

She teetered on six-inch, high-heeled knee-boots, which set off her luscious legs, nearly totally revealed by the cunning black latex micromini dress that also exposed her entire back while bulging three-quarters of her creamy balls forward. His cock was all the way up her from behind. He came just before she went out.

"Bye-bye, Jet," he whispered. "It was fun while you lasted."

He jerked his last drop of jiz into her

anesthetized form, then dumped her into the back of the van for the long trip to her new owner.

He watched his stepmother brutally rebind and regag the teen with shiny black, wire-enforced, cement-enhanced tape around her mouth, throat, wrists, elbows, and ankles until she looked like a silenced, imprisoned, flesh and rubber sex goddess.



He closed the door on the sight then watched the van drive out of sight – his fists clenching and unclenching.

Who knew what mischief his stepmother might get into, and onto, the girl's body prior to arrival ... but he was certain she'd video the whole thing for him.

Only then did he go up to his room to take Bridget's pictures down, including the many they shot during her captivity. The dichotomy of her happy, unawares, smiling, pre-snatch face and her desperate, cum-smearred, gagged, post-snatch face made him increasing hard in the process. But he didn't come until he started tacking and taping the new pictures up.



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He had spotted the adorable brunette and elfin redhead just a few months before.

Both were promising, so it would be interesting to see who would blossom first, and by how much....

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All characters are 18 years old or older.

This comic contains entirely fictional work based on cartoon characters for adult entertainment. It shows no real people or events. The characters are shown participating in CONSENSUAL role-play for their own personal satisfaction, simulating activities which involve sexual dominance and submission.

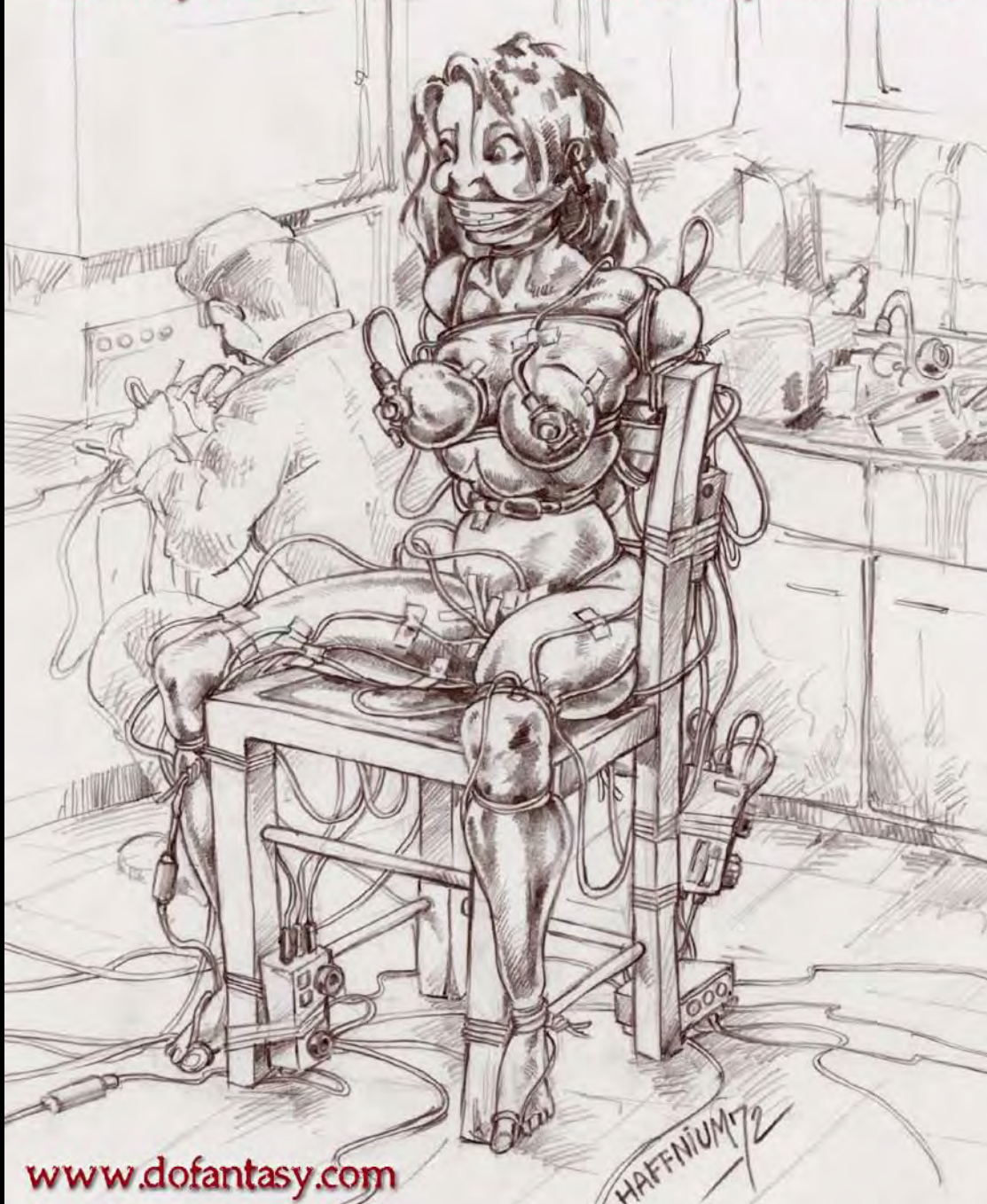
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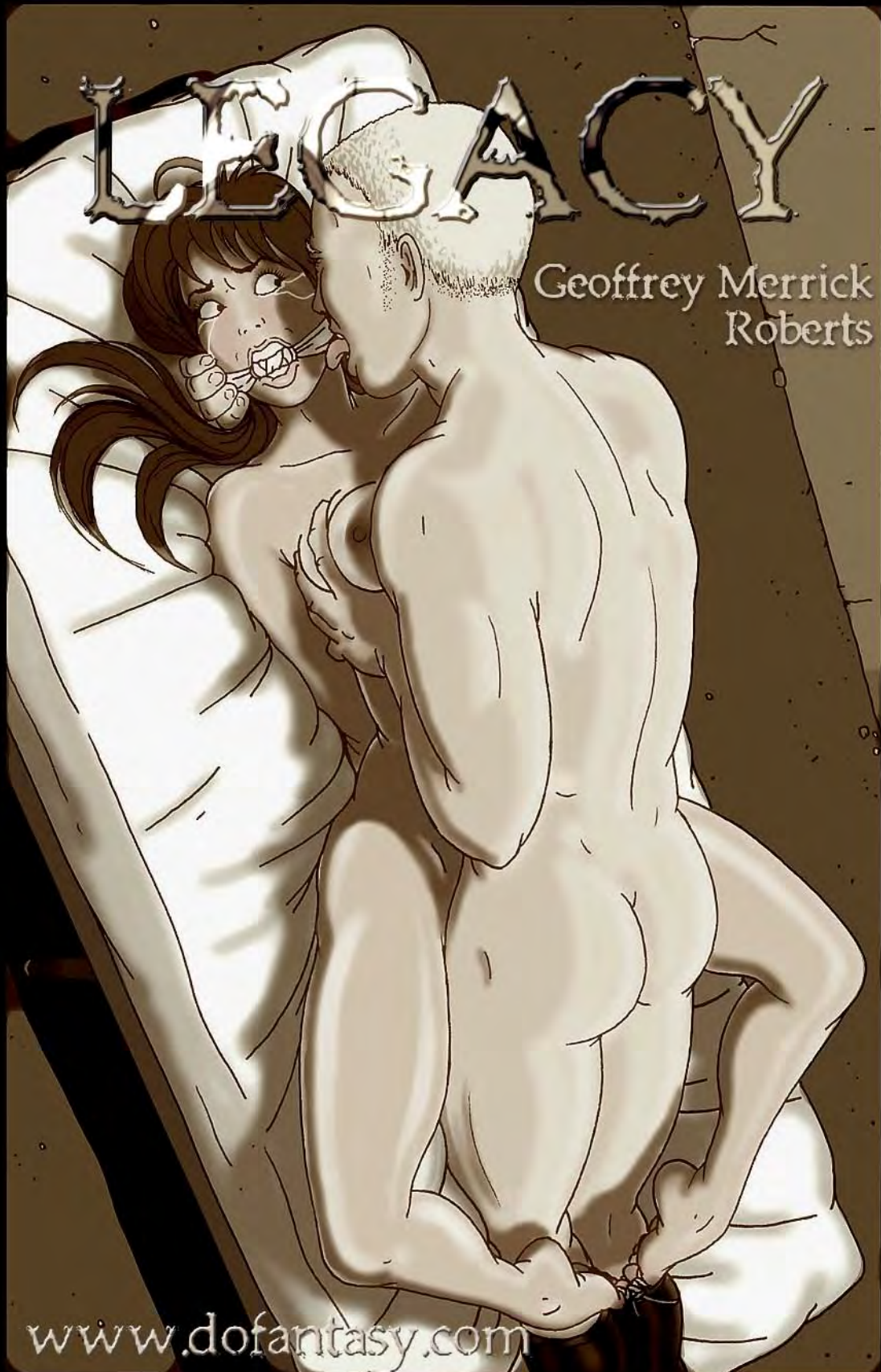
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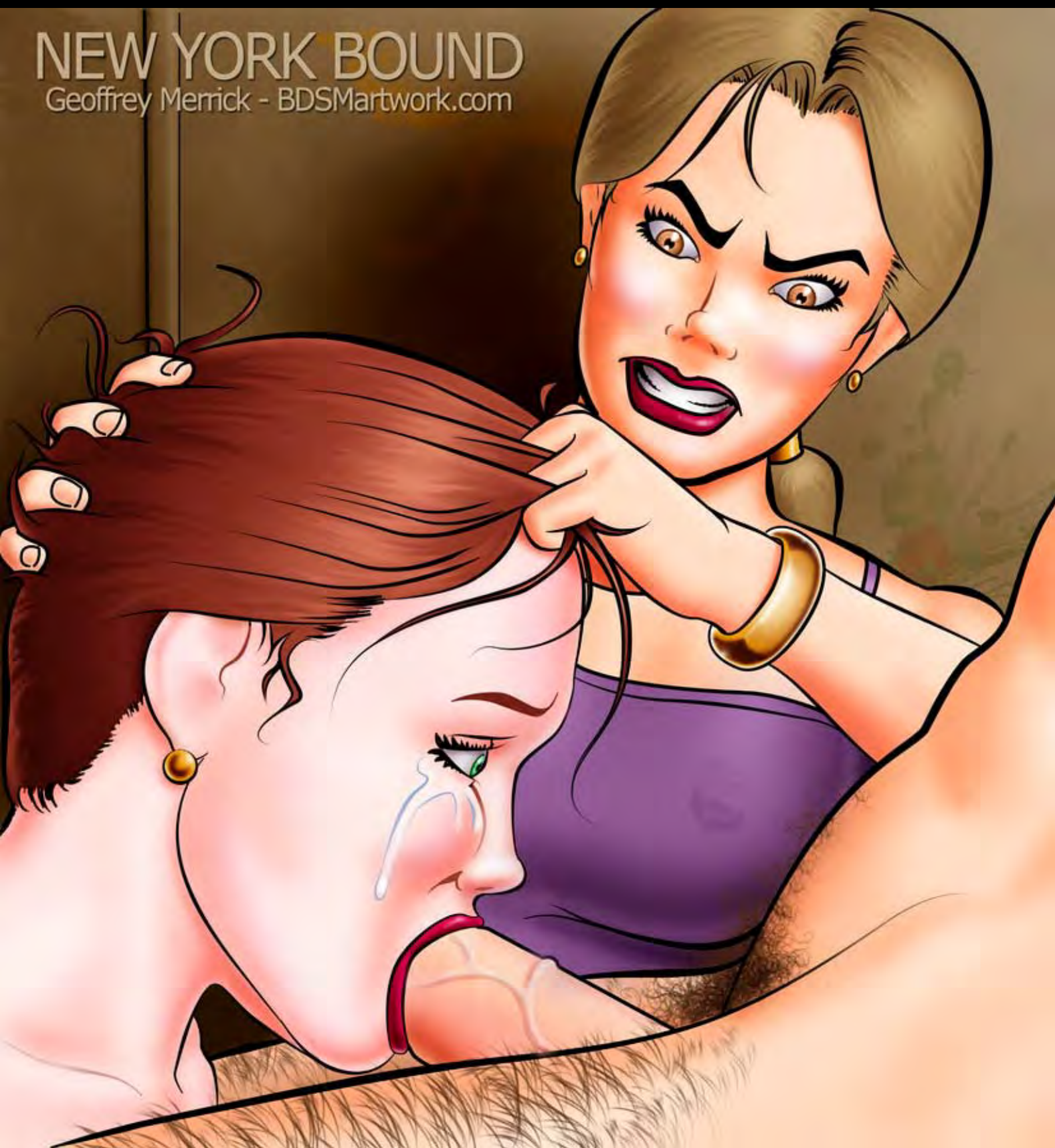


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