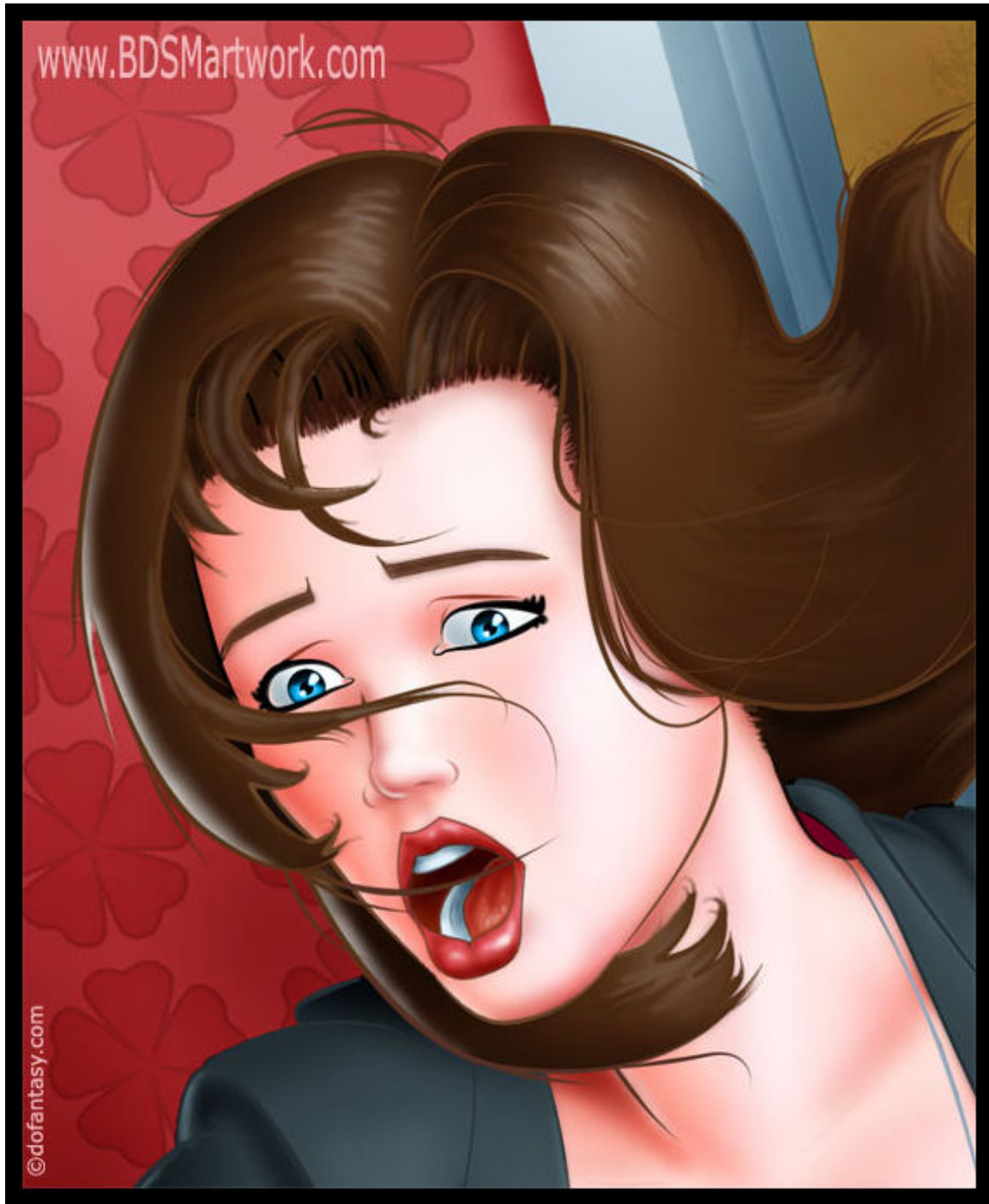


# Roomies



## Roomies

By Geoffrey Merrick  
Illustrated by Steve

Mary took another long look at herself in the full-length mirror behind the door in her room.



At first she was irritated at her constant double-checking and second guessing. What was this; like the hundredth time she checked herself out? What was the big deal, she asked herself. The answer was immediate: the big deal was that she hadn't been too lucky at love lately. It had been one dead-end relationship after another. What on earth was the matter with her? Nothing, as far as she could see...now, tonight, she had to admit that there was nothing physically wrong with her. Far from it, in fact.

Her long hands and fingers rested against her upper chest, she felt the firmness there, then let her digits move slowly down her slender, slinky shape.

As fat as she may have thought she was in junior high, her chest had never failed her. She and her roommate Rebecca had even joked about it... how they had vied for different guys in college with a war of cleavage.

Should she get a bra, she wondered, surveying the tight, white, u-necked, spaghetti-strapped, half-back leotard she wore. But as soon as she questioned herself, she heard the mental answer.

No, it really wasn't necessary. Her breasts didn't flounce the way Rebecca's did: they weren't teardrop-shaped, fleshy orbs with prominent nipples like her roommate's in place, thanks to her genetics and exercise as well as the thick lycra-cotton of the leotard.

No, she decided miniskirt with the slit up the right front thigh.

She checked her legs again. At five foot five and a hundred and eight pounds her legs were slimmer than her friends but still pretty sexy, especially in the white ankle-strap, closed toe, two and a half-inch high heels she was wearing.

She turned her leg to get a better look at the shoe and see how well it matched the color of the leotard. Not bad, she thought. Not bad at all.

Unlike most women she knew, Mary had no complaints about her feet. At size five and a half they were pretty darn dainty, especially with their red painted nails (presently unseen).

Standing straight, nodding, she looked herself right in the eye, considering her subtle, elegant makeup, and oval face. Her dark brown, almost black hair was parted on the left side, came down to her cheek, and had a small curve at the top of her neck. Some strands fell across her forehead, but that just made her look cuter.

Her nose had never been a problem. Thank heaven she took after her hated mother on that account. Lips? Long, thin, and red; perfect for shy as well as wide smiles. Eyebrows? Also long and elegant. Ears, with their one stud earring and one elegant hanging gem? Also dainty and small and perfectly shaped.

But even she had to admit that her eyes were her best feature. Although not as exotic as Rebecca's large and lustrous liquid blue-green eyes, Mary's were a bright and

deep blue, set in a magnificent half-almond shape, with the bottom lid being more or less straight.

"Mary," she told herself, "you are one sexy chick." And thankfully there was no Rebecca or even their friend Penny to inadvertently dissuade her from that opinion. Not tonight. Rebecca was finishing up her last night's work at the bistro while Penny was... who knows where. Hopefully, by the time the latter friend would invariably arrive at the apartment, Mary would be long gone. That way, at least, she wouldn't have to deal with any looks that would clearly say: "So you're hunting bear tonight, huh, Missy?" Okay...so maybe she was. But Jerry, Rebecca's boss at the bistro, had spoken very highly of this guy...in fact, he had used the oft-hoped-for words "perfect for you," and "I think you two would really hit it off." He described a handsome, well-adjusted businessman, who even invested in artwork. He did sound promising, so why not gild the lily a little? Especially when she had the lily to gild? Mary heard a knock on the door, and felt her heart leap a little. Okay, girlie, she told herself. Chill out. Play it nice and friendly....

"Just a second!" she called and swung the jacket over her shoulders, putting her arms in its sleeves as her thin heels clack-clack-clacked across the teak wood floor of the living room.

She checked the clock on the stove as she passed. It was almost exactly seven o'clock. "Prompt," she thought as she neared the door. "That's a good sign." So prompt, in fact, and she was so expectant, that she didn't check the peephole before unlocking the deadbolt and turning the knob.

It was a mistake she wouldn't have time to regret until it was much, much too late.

She opened the door, expecting a handsome prince. She was disappointed and confused when she saw a wide, hairy, hulking toad instead. "Oh!" she said in surprise. "I'm sorry. I was expecting...."



Mary's brow furrowed for a split second even as she was speaking. This wasn't who she was expecting, but somehow she recognized him. She took a nano-moment to take in his dark, long-sleeved pullover, dark pants, fanny pack, and padded walking shoes before suddenly realizing who it actually was.

Mary's head jerked up, her eyes widening. The ugly, balding man started to smile at her dawning expression, but only with his lips. His eyes didn't smile...his eyes were hungry....

This wasn't her date, she realized. This was a man who lived across the street. The man she passed every morning....! Mary opened her mouth to say something.



That's when the man slapped her across the face with one meaty paw. The blow spun her around.

It was like a thunderclap, stunning, but not really hurting her. Suddenly she was facing the bedrooms, slightly bent at the waist, her hands up, her mouth open like a fish's.



Then he was inside, the door closed behind him, and his arms were wrapping around her like a python's.

He ploughed into her back like a truck just as his hands snapped over her waist and lower face.

Mary reacted automatically, her legs snapping up, knees bent, her head going down, a scream racing from her throat.

But then she was up and off the floor, her head yanked back and her torso propelled forward. Her shriek disappeared into the sopping wet cloth, his meaty fingers trapping it. Her dainty hands slapped onto his meaty forearm, her legs beginning to drop again.

And then – that fast – they were at the couch.

He slammed her down on top of it, his body trapping her there.

If her brain had been hysterical before, it was overloaded now. One second she was answering the door; the next her mind was in full flight, overwhelmed by a literally incomprehensible attack.

Mary tried to scream, but the sound was swallowed by the thick thing over her mouth and nose. She tried to flail, but her arms were under her, crushed to the sofa cushions by hundreds of sweaty, hairy, chunky pounds.

She tried to kick, but his thick legs were on either side of her slim ones, holding them in. Only then, with her body stretched taut, to its breaking point, did she comprehend what was happening.

The fat man from across the way had found her. He had attacked her. He was on her back now, something thick, wet, and pulpous pressed over her nostrils and lips, his thumb hooked tightly under her jerking chin.

Her head was stretched up, all the way back on her long, slim throat, trying to pull away from the muffling material. She felt all the tendons on her neck stretched taut and sweat pouring down her skin. The bones in her shoulders and upper chest were all greatly prominent and her flesh was shining like melted butter.

And his fat head and wet lips by her ear....

"So firm," he was whispering, his words as heavy as his weight, his breath hot. "So firm, so smooth...so sleek, so sexy...like I always thought...."

Mary made a sound like a scream, but it ended in a gasp of despair. Then her eyes opened and closed, the sound coming from her throat like a drowning, whinnying, terrified pony.

"That's it," he whispered. "Scream. Scream for all you're worth. See if any of your friends can hear you...." Mary cried and begged. Mary tried to writhe and twist. Mary couldn't breathe.

"Oh, that's it, baby." He cooed, pressing the pulpy cloth tighter over her nose and mouth, hooking her chin deeper. "That's the way I like it...." Mary tried gulping air. She couldn't. Mary jerked like a fish on a wharf, her blue eyes huge and blinking, her head up and all the way back.

The man looked down, directly across her glistening chest skin, her round 34C boobs threatening to pop out of the tight, clinging bodice.



"Look at the lovely freckles," he murmured. "Dappled like dew...." Mary's panic was complete. She couldn't breathe...black dots were beginning to edge into her vision like boiling bubbles. Her view was turning gray and grainy....

She realized she was fainting. No! She howled at herself. If you faint you can't fight. If you can't fight, there's no hope. If there's no hope, he will...he will...! Mary's every muscle tried to hurl itself from under him. Her every ounce of effort exploded into her throat for a final moment of triumphant fury.

That's when his muscles spasmed, clamping across her like a hydraulic press. Her head was yanked back even further. His torso slammed onto her slinky frame even heavier. And his fingers clawed over her face even tighter, his fingertips sinking into her cheek like huge, fat worms.

Consciousness poured out of her like a wine bottle with a broken base. One second it was there, the next second it left her. She didn't even sigh. Between one second and the next, she simply wasn't awake.

The fat man, Bruno, felt the laxness of her muscles and the heaviness of her lovely head in his hands. Finally he became aware of the flat stomach pressing against his other arm through the silky, spangle cloth of her leotard and of how his huge erection lay between her firm, tight ass cheeks through the short black skirt.

Feeling a little faint himself, Bruno carefully lay her head down on the couch and pushed himself off her. My god, she was sexy, even on her front. But he knew her back wasn't her best feature.

With a pleasure he never thought he'd feel, he turned her quickly over. The pleasure was not just from revealing her beauty, but from the ease in which he did it. She felt weightless, like a toy doll. Only this toy doll had a lot more to offer than anything plastic.

She rolled over, her head lolling, onto her back. He found himself holding his breath. Her jacket had flopped open. Her breasts had spread, but hardly at all. Her legs were there, her right one almost totally revealed by the slit up the side-front.

Unable to contain himself any longer, he grabbed her left tit and plunged his tongue all the way down her throat, his fat, greasy lips sealing her lower face. He ground her breast like a mound of raw hamburger meat, feeling its strength and denseness. Then he was up and off her, sitting by her waist, gasping. His slobber was all around her lips, under her nose, and drooling down her chin. It was even on her breasts.



For it was as the planner had said: "You won't need any chloroform. You won't need any drug at all. Just seal her lips and nose. She'll be knocked out... naturally." But she would also wake up naturally, and that could happen any second.

He whipped the fanny pack around to his stomach, unzipped it, and plunged his hands inside.

Rebecca was singing to herself in the tiny employee locker room. It was a triangular-shaped room, with two lockers on each side of the eight foot wide enclosure, and a door to the coffee bar at the "top" point. There was a small door to a single bathroom at the other end, but other than that, nothing. No windows, no vent...just a single yellow bulb beneath a grating in the low ceiling.

Rebecca was going to be happy to leave all this behind, but that was not the reason she was singing.

"I'm getting married in the morning," she sang in a soft, quiet voice.

"Ding, dong the bells are gonna chime...!" She was hardly aware of the tune as she went through her stuff in the locker. It was amazing how it all mounted up. It was no surprise to her friends, however. Being who she was, they knew that, eventually, her locker would start looking like her closet at home. That is, bulging with all manner of clothes and shoes she brought to the coffee house so she wouldn't have to go all the way back to the apartment to change for a date after work.

Ah, but no more dates for her, she realized as she discovered all sorts of stuff inside the bulgingly full locker. She was going to be a one-man woman from now on. She would never again wear her work uniform of a sleeveless white turtleneck; tan, wool, flouncy miniskirt; and black, ankle-high Reeboks.

No, from then on, she was going to be the perfect mate, the perfect girl for her man. She'd shower him with affection...drown him with sex. The moment she saw his eyes get distant, her cool, long fingers would be on his, moving his fingers to her warm hanging breast and her hot, wet thatch of soft, dewy honey....

And in his presence, only the lowest cut shirts, the shortest skirts, the highest of heels, the sexiest of lingerie. Not that that was very much different than what she wore now....

Ah, so that was where that was.... She pulled out the thin blue acetate, long-sleeved dress that buttoned all the way up the front and clung to her every pore. And that; that light purple cocktail mini-dress with the seemingly loose v-necked front and straps that threatened to dump her boobs out with every breath....

"Rebecca?" The girl recognized the voice, so all she gave him was the merest glance as she continued to sort through her stuff. "Hey Jerry," she said lightly.

He watched her standing there, beautifully shaped legs on either side of the box. Sometimes she'd get up on her toes to reach a ball of pantyhose on the locker's top shelf, making the perfect, honey-toned gams seem even shapelier.



He watched her five foot, five and a half inch, hundred and ten pound body simply move for awhile, until she, for one, couldn't take it any longer.

She turned, suddenly facing him, her hands out like a little teapot, her expression one of impatient cuteness. "You want something?" she asked with brisk curtness "Jerry... Answer me; what do you want?"



He took in her honey-colored hair, framing her truly lustrous, liquid eyes, her slightly sloping, vaguely pug nose, and those tremulous, kissable, almost cupie-doll lips with lipstick matching her semi-long fingernails: both lavender.

"I...I just wanted to tell you how much I'd miss you," he said.

Then she did the act. You know, that faked act of consideration and appreciation where she gave a little pout and said: "Oh, how sweeeeet," then came closer, gripped his shoulders, leaned over and did a little kissy-face next to his head.

As soon as it started, it was over, and her back was turned on him again, intent only on rooting through her locker. "I know," she chirped on lightly, casually, "but you've

been an absolute dear and a great boss all these years, so I want to thank you, too." She even dared to say the last two words in a near Shirley Temple sing-song.

She was lucky he didn't slam her head into the locker. Instead he merely walked silently up behind her, wrapped one arm around her twenty-three inch waist, and clamped the drug-soaked bar rag over her nose and mouth.

Rebecca writhed like a porpoise, as he knew she would...but there was little Jerry didn't know about Rebecca after four years lusting for her. He knew her size, he knew her strength, and he knew her psychology.

He knew she would start, then surge, then undulate. He knew she would bleat, then complain angrily, then shriek in panic, her eyes wide. He knew she would first hold onto the arm around her waist for balance, then her right hand would streak up to grip his hand holding the cloth over her lower face.

But by then it would be too late. The drug the planner had given him would already be crawling up her nostrils and into her brain. She would already start to weaken and a cloud would roll over her already murky thoughts.



"It's for your own good," he moaned into her ear, months of pent-up emotion cracking his voice. "You've got to stop torturing that poor boy...and me...." Her lids started to droop, the green of her eyes deepening. Her right foot started to go up, as if she were taking a step in mid-air. Then it came down and she bent, as if trying to get up out of an overstuffed chair.

He rode her, keeping the cloth pressed tight over her lower face, his arm gripping her like the safety bar on a roller coaster.

Rebecca fell asleep in Jerry's arms as he looked up to the ceiling, knowing what he should do...but knowing what he had to as well.



"Mary?" Penny stuck her head into the apartment. "Mary, are you home?"

Penny shrugged. She slid her sandaled feet over to the fridge and checked to see if there was anything to eat. Not that she was going to eat anything...she just wanted to know.

So to the fridge she went: a shapely, sweet, sexy machine who carefully exercised and ate to maintain her 36D chest, 24 inch waist and 35 inch hips on her five foot, seven inch body.

Her body always looked fantastic in a tight sweater and simple madras skirt. Her face was adorable with a longish nose, and longish green eyes. Naturally her natural blonde hair was one of her best features, and it, too, was long, parted on the left side, and hanging down to the top of her breasts.

She watched her pink painted fingernails rooting through the foodstuffs, then she straightened, surveying the empty apartment once again.

She'd give her one more chance. "Mary?" Still nothing. Oh well, she shrugged, and headed for the bedroom. She didn't see the closet door closing as she came in.



She didn't see Mary's pale, sweaty face being pulled back as the door closed. She didn't see the meaty fist in Mary's hair yanking it into the darkness. She didn't see the swath of dark red cloth clinging from Mary's nose to her chin. She didn't see the way Mary's mouth seemed to bulge beneath it. She didn't see the network of tight, thin rope cutting into Mary's upper chest and stomach over the sweat-stained white leotard. She didn't see the way Mary's chest thrust out from between the ropes or the way her wrists and elbows twisted in the rope which cinched them behind her. And she didn't see Mary's huge, pained, blue eyes glistening with terror and tears, disappearing back into the gloom as the door of the closet silently shut.



Bruno sat her on his lap, dooming her.

Had he sat her on the floor, she could've made noise. Had he pressed her to the wall, she could have made noise. But on his rolls of fat, her ankles tied to her thighs, his meaty hand clamped over her already triply gagged mouth, nailing the back of her head to his shoulder, his bulk would absorb any move she made.

Not that she could make much movement. Both he, and she, when she woke up, was amazed by the size of the huge rubber ball he fit inside her mouth.

Only the planner had been certain, and was correct. Mary's jaw was opened to its snapping point, her oral air all but cut off.

Then, over that went the thick, red, reinforced plaster tape, and over that, the spongy, dark red, cotton lycra cloth that reached her flaring nostrils...making it hard for her to breathe, to fight, or even to think.

And now his hand was pressing against all that, clamping her lips further shut, forcing the back of her head tight against his shoulder, and squeezing her face like a toothpaste tube.

His other arm was bear-hugging her around her 22 inch waist, further threatening to pop her tits from the low slung bodice as she desperately sought air to remain conscious.

In the dark warmth of the closet, tears streaked down into her mouth and sweat covered every pore of her body. She was still wearing the shoes and skirt, though now the very tuft of the leotard's crotch seemed to glow in the gloom like a pearl.

Bruno stared down at it and grunted with pleasure. Then he surveyed his captive; tiny and taut against his girth, her eyes huge with apprehension.

"Don't worry, dear," he said so only she could hear him in their private box. "She'll be gone soon...." She tried to lurch off him. "Now... Now, be still; we don't want her to find you in here. It'll be the death of her and you. So, be quiet."

She slumped against him in surrender and despair, knowing her destiny had already been sealed.

He just chuckled and held her tighter.



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"Now what is that doing there?" Penny wondered, noticing the black jacket on the floor. She retrieved it. "Hmph, it's one of Mary's favorites.

"That's not like her...." In fact, that was very much un-like her. Every one of her friends knew that Mary was a neat freak. She would no sooner drop a jacket on the floor than nail gun an otter.

But Penny wasn't the kind of person to ruminate on any question too long, nor was she the kind of person that wouldn't allow a person to change.

"Oh well," she said. "I'll just hang it in her closet."

Mary almost went insane. She shifted on the fat man's lap, fighting his stench that reached her nose through the gagging cloth, but he pressed her face even tighter and savagely squeezed her solar plexus, forcing what little air was left out of her. Mary jerked like a strung bow, unable to get air into her lungs. Then her head lolled and her body collapsed.

Penny's hand was on the closet doorknob when she heard a knock at the front door. She looked at the jacket in her hand, looked at the closet, then shrugged and tossed the jacket lightly onto the bed.

She strode out of Mary's bedroom and checked the peephole. It was Charlie, one of the guys from across the hall.

"Hey," she said, letting him in.

"Hey," he said. "Seen Mary?"

"She's missing in action...out on her hot date." She enunciated the last two words.

"Yeah," he snapped a bit too quickly. "You going over to say bon voyage to Rebecca?"

"I don't know. Maybe. It's not like we're not going to see her ever again, you know."

"That's true." he agreed. "Seen Jerry?"

"Naw...he's probably in seclusion, pining."

Charlie laughed. "What do you say? Let's go keep him company."

Penny looked around the empty apartment, and wished Mary was there. At least she could have explained the mystery of the fallen jacket...

"Say 'bon voyage' to Rebecca, eh?" Actually that wasn't such a bad idea....

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The closet door opened when the front door closed.

Mary dropped out first, comatose. She landed lightly on her side. He wasn't going to let her get damaged at this stage of the game...not after all the preparation.

She breathed raggedly through the cloth which covered her lower nose and face, her eyelids fluttering...as if she were having a terrible nightmare.

Then Bruno stepped out. He looked down at her: arms straight down the center of her back...chest thrust out...ankles tied to thighs...skirt just barely covering her tight butt...

Then he decided to see what she would look like without the skirt....



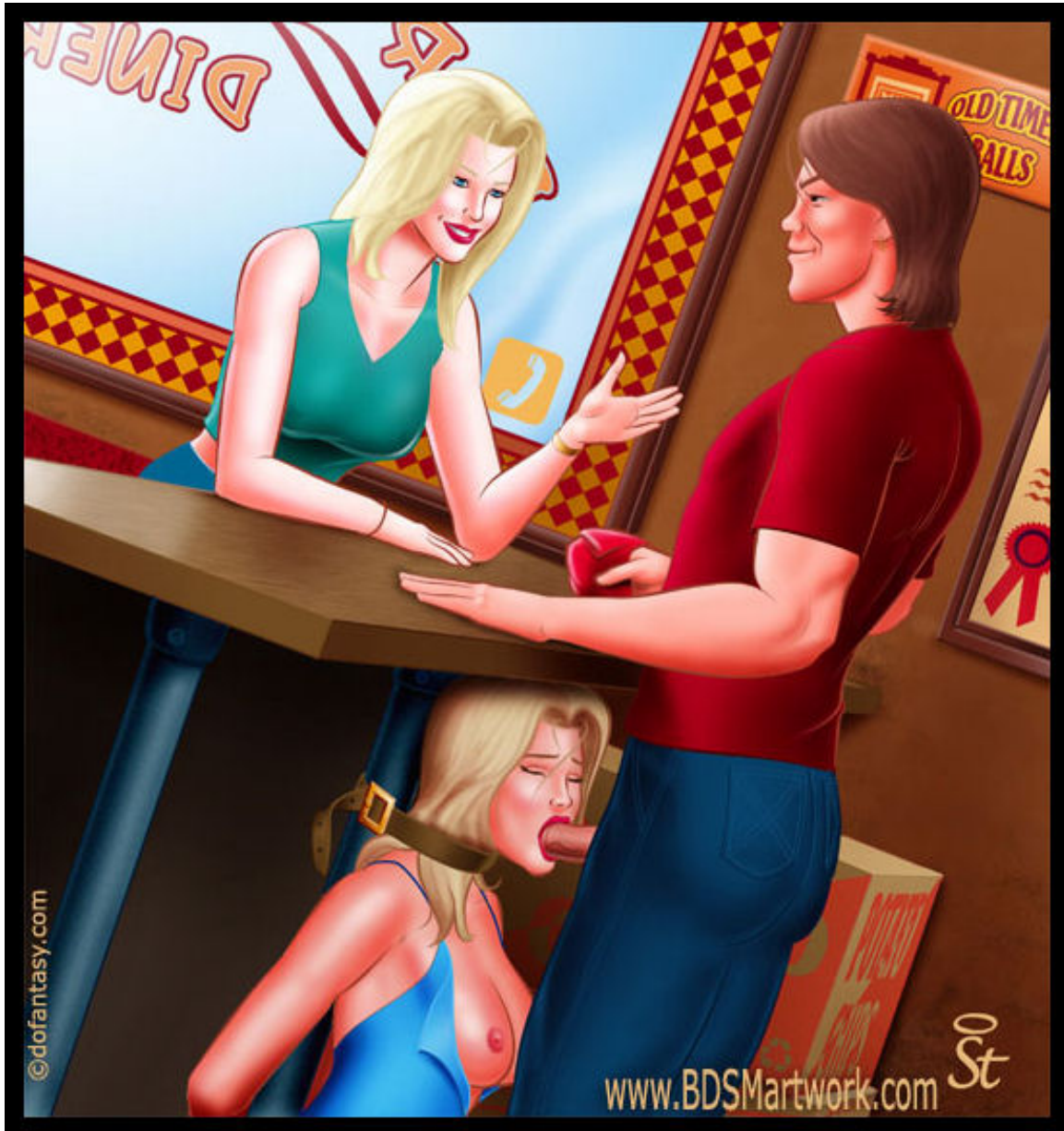
"Oh, hey, Jerry. You seen Rebecca?"

He was behind the bar. It was pretty late, so almost no one was in the place.

"Yeah...I let her go a little early. You know...her trip 'n' all...."

Penny stood on the other side of the bar, leaning over slightly, oblivious of Jerry catching a couple of peeks at her quivering cleavage. She was an unknowing cock-teaser, like Rebecca. And like Rebecca, Penny was just the kind of free spirit who was truly unaware of her effect on dangerous men.

She was also unaware that Rebecca was just below her fingers.



Rebecca was under the bar, unconscious, being held in a kneeling position by Jerry's belt tightly cinched under her chin and around a bar support in the middle of her back.

Her ankles and knees were tied together with rope and her wrists were crossed and tied behind her.

Pink, four inch high heels were wedged on her feet and the blue acetate dress was bunched around her, only three buttons across her stomach were attached. Her 34C breasts hung down in the deep opening, bobbing with each breath.

His cock was deep in her lolling mouth, just out of Penny's view.

"That was nice of you," the blonde said earnestly.

"Sure, well, you know, anything for Rebecca...."

Penny's smile widened. "You like her, don't you?" she asked brightly.

"Well, yeah," Jerry said, thrusting forward. "Doesn't everybody?"

Penny automatically ignored the little gurgling sound coming from under the bar, immediately relegating it to plumbing.

"Yeah," she said, "but it's extra special for you, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I guess," Jerry shrugged sheepishly. "Hold on a second, I've got to turn a tap off." He reached under the bar, grabbed Rebecca's right nipple and gave it a savage twist. She moved a little in her drugged stupor, sucking up on his erection.

"There," Jerry hissed. "That's it."

"Everything okay?" Penny asked.

"Great," Jerry choked out, pressing himself against the bar again.

"Boy, it's worse than I thought," Penny said. "You're a little emotional, aren't you?"

"Well, you know," he said, forcing Rebecca's left tit between the bar wall and his knee. The drugged girl made a small sound, capped off by Jerry's cock.

"Gee, that was a weird hiccup," Penny noted.

"Pipes," Jerry agreed, reaching for his bar rag. "They can get a little hot this late." He reached down, sliding his erection out of Rebecca's slightly working mouth, and pressed the sopping rag over her lower face.

"Well, I guess I better go," said Penny. "I bet you wanna close up?"

Jerry felt Rebecca's face muscles become lax beneath his grip. "No, it's okay. Everything's all better now." Then he plugged Rebecca's slack mouth with his penis again.

"Still, I better go. Thanks, Jerry."

"No problem," he said, wiping off the bar with renewed vigor. Penny really appreciated the passion Jerry put into his work. Why, he was even twisting and grinding his hips as he stood there pushing the cloth back and forth over the counter. He was definitely focused on getting the top clean....

Penny only got about a half a block from the coffee shop. “Why, hello dear sister,” she heard an unmistakable voice say.

Penny rolled her eyes and began forming her reply even before she turned. "Hello, Vicky," she said flatly. "What do you want?"



Vicky's horsey face took on an expression of mock, exaggerated, hurt.

"Why, can't an ugly girl say hello to her own beautiful sister without getting the cold shoulder?"

Penny put on an equally pseudo show of concern. "Yeah, like, well, not counting all the cold shoulders I've gotten from you."

"All right, all right," Vicky agreed with strained sweetness. "But can't we start anew?"

Penny rolled her eyes again. "What do you want?" she repeated.

"Hey, hey, hey," Vicky reacted defensively, holding up her hands. "I just thought, after Charlie left you high and dry, that you might like a ride rather than walking all the way home."

"What, have you been watching me again?" Penny said tiredly. "I didn't see you offering me a ride in all that time...."

"Okay, so I'm late." But then Vicky leaned out the window, resting her head on her crossed arms. "Look, Pen, I'm sorry, okay? You know me, so you know how tough that is for me to say. I've acted like a real bitch all these years, and I suddenly realized that there may not be much time left...so can you cut me a little slack...and help me make up for all the time we've lost?" It was perfect. Vicky knew Penny wouldn't be able to deny that heartfelt confession.

"Yeah...okay. I am kinda tired...."

"Come on in then," Vicky said, getting out of the passenger side and opening the back door.

As she hiked up her own long skirt and bent down to get inside, Penny noticed Vicky was wearing a dark blue turtleneck, black jeans, and black kid leather boots.

She had her foot up on the van floor when she noticed the driver. Funny, she hadn't seen him before. Penny started to move inside, noticing more and more of the driver, who wasn't turning around. In fact, he seemed to be taking no notice of the sisters at all. Light brown hair...thin...wiry...young...bland, blank face....

That's when Vicky pressed the zapper against Penny's tight butt and hit the switch. Penny fell to the floor of the van on her side, twitching, making an uncontrollable "ungh, ungh, ungh" sound.

Vicky immediately nailed her sister there with a knee in her stomach and smiled sickeningly down at the electrocuted blonde. "Thanks, bitch," she said. "You couldn't have made it easier."



Then she pulled Penny's sweater aside, revealing her right breast, and plunged the zapper deep into it. She thumbed the trigger again.

Penny jerked up from the waist, her legs scissoring, mucous splashing from her mouth. She flopped down again, jerking in place. She kept going "ungh, ungh, ungh" until Vicky, with a disgusted look, tore off Penny's sweater completely and started stuffing it into her working mouth.

"Shut up, shut up, shut up!" she said, watching how Penny's fine, wide, hanging tit-bags lurched up and down, making her narrow waist look even smaller on her creamy torso.

She suddenly became aware of the driver staring at her.

Vicky looked back at Penny's quivering, choking form and noted her big pink aureoles and the little, pink pimple-like nipples at the center of them.

"Nice, huh?" she asked the driver.

The guy licked his lips. "Yeah...nice."

Vicky looked back at her spasming sister, then suspiciously back to the young man. "You're gonna fuck her, ain't ya, Timmy?" He looked at her guiltily. "Oh come on," she complained quietly. "You've got to fuck her, Timmy. Not just stalk her, okay?"

Tim seemed hypnotized by Penny's desperate, helpless movements.

"Okay??" Vicky seethed.

"Okay, okay...!" He said, not needing to be convinced. He'd wanted this girl since he first laid eyes on her.

"That's better," Vicky said pleasantly. "Now get in here and start your worshipping, Timmy. I don't want her to make a sound or a move until we finish this little trip."

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The van pulled around to the side of the bistro a half hour later. Vicky hopped out and pulled open the side door as Jerry "helped" a young woman take the one step to the vehicle.

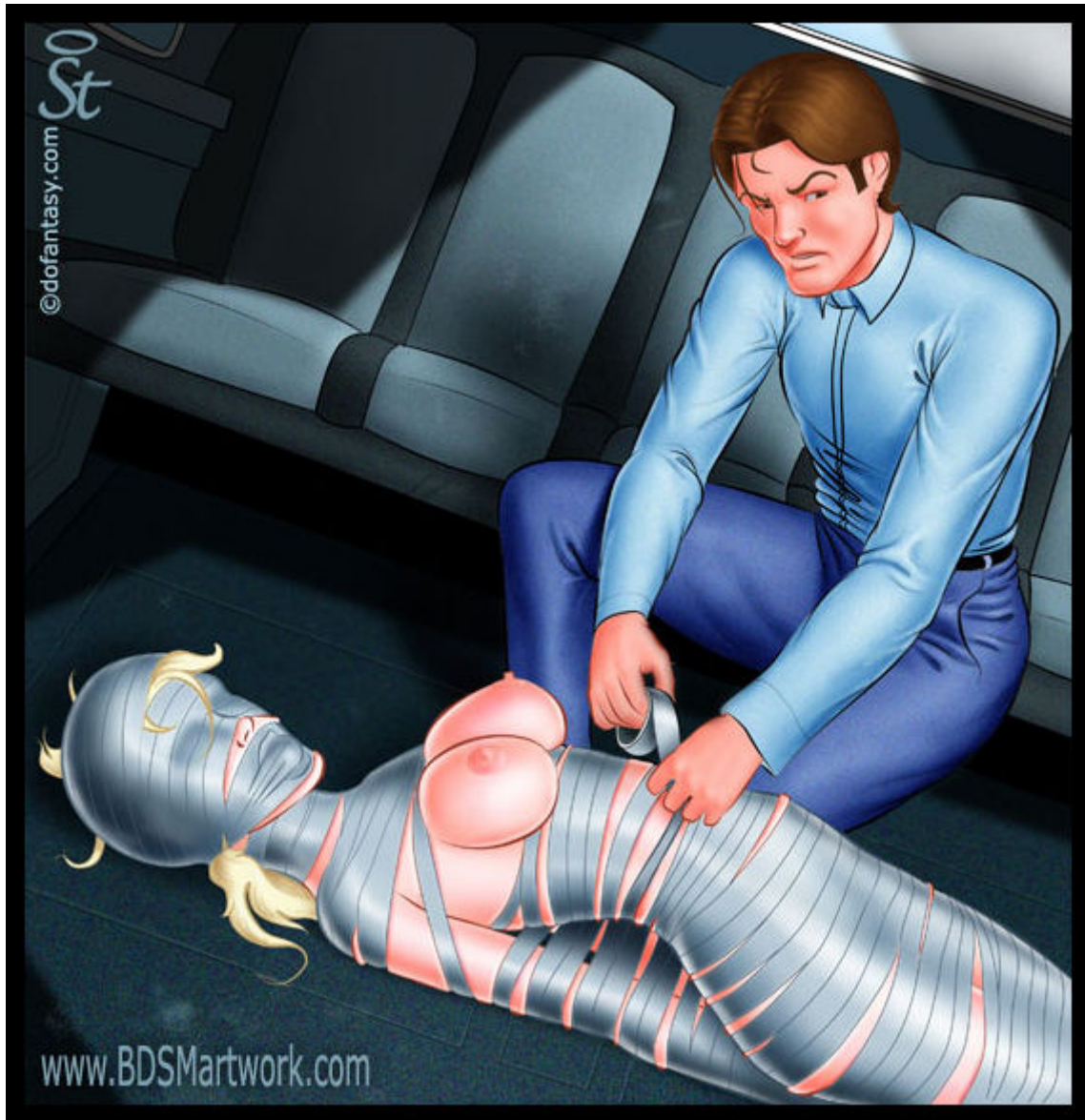
If anyone had been watching, she would have appeared drunk, strangely supplicant (since she kept her hands behind her with her wrists crossed), and practically falling out of the blue acetate dress she was barely buttoned into. Jerry laid the groggily sedated girl on the van floor next to the door, and then reached back in the building to retrieve a large, wheeled traveling bag, obviously crammed to the gills with clothing and shoes.

"Shit," Vicky hissed, looking down at the anesthetized girl with her wrists wired behind her. She slapped a penis-shaped prod gag into the man's hands. "Gag her, will you? She's got the biggest mouth of all." It was at that moment Rebecca gave a slight, unconscious cough...and semen began to come out of both sides of her mouth, drooling down her cheeks and into her ears and hair.

Vicky looked at Jerry with satisfaction before hopping back behind the wheel.



Jerry began forcing the pliant plastic into Rebecca's slack, cum-coated mouth, when he glanced up and saw Tim laboring over something in the very back.



It was obviously a woman. That much was plain from the shape and the big tits which were hanging out naked. It was obviously a blonde girl, from the strands of hair which somehow made it out past the swatches wrapped around her head. But other than that, the female was obscured by the cocoon of plastic tape.

Jerry looked closer. He could just make out two nostrils which poked out from the tape. He could tell the girl's arms were as one down her back. Other than that, though, she might as well have been sealed in a sarcophagus.

The bland young man looked straight back at Jerry. "I'm very serious about my work," he said quietly.

“Hey!” Vicky interrupted. “Let's plug 'em up and get 'em out of here.”

“We've got another couple of stops to make, you know...!” Jerry reminded her.

---

What Bruno saw when the van pulled up to the apartment house was a plain vehicle, and through the tinted windows he could see a blank-faced young man on the rear bench seat, a vaguely punkish guy on the middle bench seat, and an ugly, dirty-blonde girl in a dark blue turtleneck sitting in the driver's seat.

What they saw when they pulled up was a fat, balding, sweating man, holding the strap of a large military duffel bag, which lay on the ground.

When Vicky opened the van door, it was another matter, however. With Bruno's bulk blocking all other eyes that might be looking out windows, the fat man could see a big breasted mummy lying at the feet of the bland guy, her ankles and throat taped to the legs of the bench seat.

The figure lying at the feet of Jerry was a little more overt...



Bruno could see Rebecca's elegant hands coming out of the small of her back, meaning her wrists were wired to their opposite elbows. Her ankles were wired to her thighs, but her knees were spread, the right wired to the back leg of the second bench seat and the left wired to the rear leg of what was to be Bruno's seat.

She wore no panties, and her honey triangle was staring directly at him. He could also see her braless tits lolling around her chest inside the wide open acetate dress. Her mouth was covered and sealed with tight, white brown leather, a strap around the back of her head, cinched so tightly at the back of her neck, it squeezed her cheeks like her head was a balloon. Her panties, however, were taped over her eyes.

Bruno climbed into the bench seat behind the driver's area, sliding the duffel between the rear of the driver's seat and the front of his. He rested his feet on the luggage, which jerked suddenly.

Vicky looked at Bruno knowingly, then closed the van door, skipped over to the driver's seat, got in, and started the engine.

Ten minutes outside the city, along Route 69 North, the boys started to get a little bored. It started when Jerry pulled out his already lubricated dick and started slowly massaging it while staring at Rebecca.

Bruno noticed it, then lazily reached down to the duffel bag and started to unzip it. Mary's sweat-matted, feverishly colored head emerged like a drowning woman breaking the surface. The red cloth was practically a shining eighth layer of skin by now and her chest was heaving to stay alive. Bruno casually and calmly reached down, slipped his sausage-like fingers inside her leotard, gripped her left breast like a handle and pulled her all the way out.

Vicky almost lost the lane in appreciation for Mary's perspiration-coated legs completely exposed by the French-cut leotard with its back pulled all the way into the girl's ass crack.

Bruno quickly laid her on the floor, one tit still exposed, then reached for his own zipper.

Tim did them both one better... He got up and sat on Penny's stomach, plopping his cock between her tremulous tits.



The blindfolded Rebecca couldn't see what was coming, but Mary could, and her expression was gratifying as she stared up in wide-eyed horror as Bruno's penis got bigger and longer and thicker.



Penny couldn't see it coming either, but she could feel it, bleating like a sheep being dragged to shearing as Timmy slammed his meat between her mashed mounds a second time.

"Toll, boys, toll," Vicky warned, quickly turning on the radio and slowing the vehicle.



Mary shrieked in agony as Bruno knelt down and, holding his rod like a hose, spurted into her frenetically shaking face.

Jerry leaned over the oblivious Rebecca and shot his wad down her dress, creaming everything between her tits and snatch. He then handed his bar rag to Bruno.

"Here," he said. "You never know. You might need it." In the back, Timmy nearly sealed Penny's nostrils with his cum. She jerked in place like a harpooned mermaid.

Vicky looked in the rearview mirror with growing pleasure as she neared the toll. She purposely chose one with a human toll-taker, just to drive Mary nuts.

The brunette's face was framed in the mirror, her anguish and distress growing with each passing second as the van neared the toll and Bruno pressed her face into the bar rag.

Four cars to go, and Mary's elbow and wrist cinched arms strained to reach the cloth that was clawing at her nostrils.

Three cars to go, and Mary's legs surged in their bonds, causing her to lurch in Bruno's grip...but the rag remained clamped over her nose.

Two cars to go and she drew in all the air she could for one lung shredding scream.

One car to go, and her bright blue eyes began to darken and her eyelids lower.

Vicky pulled up to the tollgate as Bruno shook Mary's head like a dick which had one drop left to go. Then he slowly, carefully, laid Mary's lax body and jism-splattered hair back on the floor at his feet.

Vicky thanked the toll taker and the van drove on.

When they were a full minute away, Tim pulled the bunched-up long skirt away from Penny's straining lower face. Only then did her cries become truly audible again over the radio music.



By then Jerry was lying atop Rebecca, her last three dress buttons ripped wide. His arms were stretched out, his hands were braced on the floor just above her shoulders, and his cock was completely inside her, plugging her lush girlhood like a cork.

He thrust like an oil drill, uncaring as to the others, grunting like a pig. Rebecca, having been drugged twice, was just coming around, making a low lament in the back of her throat, as if she wasn't quite aware the assailing sensations were happening to her.

From under the seat, Tim watched intently while Bruno couldn't quite get his bulk around to see exactly what was happening. The noise gave him a pretty good idea, however.

He stared meaningfully into the rearview mirror, so Vicky grinned wickedly back at him.

"Still some time 'til landing, boys," she said. "Smoke 'em if you got 'em."

A short while later, Rebecca was awake, her blind, silenced body wracked with great wrenching sobs. Her fingers clawed, her body arched, and every few seconds she would stretch in her bonds, trying to scream in torment.

Jerry was still thrusting, slowly, and then faster, but his hands gripped her head, his mouth tight on her ear, whispering, whispering, always whispering.



"You're mine now. You've always been mine. You belong to me. My cock is inside you. You are one with me; my seed fills you and marks you. It coats your soul and makes you my slave, my vessel, my cocksucker, my cock-holster, my cock-sheath, my cock-scabbard, my fucking slut, my sex whore... mine...."



Timmy kept watching intently while fondling Penny's tits and masturbating her. He had cut a hole in the tape at her cunt and shoved his fingers up her. She moved like a plank with a two joint waist. She would gasp and groan, her rump jerking up, then falling heavily back down to the van floor again.

Bruno watched the road...and listened, while thinking of all the ways he wanted to abuse Mary.



He leaned forward, gripping Mary's hair in one fist and roughly kneading her left breast with the other. Mary's blue eyes were closed. The drug was still working. The dark red cloth was lying by her knees on the van floor. The tape was lying on the seat next to Bruno. The big ball gag hung under her chin. And Bruno slid her head back and forth, his erection going in and out of her open mouth.

"Okay, gentlemen," Vicky announced. "I drove as slowly as I legally could, but we're almost there now." She pulled the van off the main street and took a left down a narrow, winding suburban road.

Bruno gripped Mary's hair in both hands and used her like an oar.

Jerry sat up, grabbed Rebecca's hips in both hands and slammed her onto him like a rap dancer. She sheathed his cock nicely with her hot, moist cunt.

Timmy gripped Penny's right breast and labia as if he were trying to burst a balloon and pop a pimple. The noise inside the van sounded like a laundry room with a long, wailing screeching dryer.

Bruno came in Mary's mouth, immediately letting her head loll back. He watched with pleasure as the creamy liquid drooled out of her mouth along both cheeks. He then stuffed some of her skirt into her mouth, squeezed her lips shut with a gagging hand and kneaded her right tit until Vicky parked.

Jerry gripped Rebecca's hair in his hands and came inside her as she squealed, her every muscle taut. He collapsed on top of her, bearing her to the van floor, his hand over her wailing mouth.

Unseen by the other men, Timmy carefully crawled forward, grabbed the edge of the bar rag and drew it back into the vehicle's rear. As the others occupied themselves, he carefully and firmly pressed the rag over Penny's nostrils...as she wrenched in place, terror-stricken.

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It was a small, simple cabin, placed about fifty yards from any other cabin in the hilly, rustic area. It had a small, windowless bedroom, living room, bath, kitchen, and recessed loft. It didn't have a basement, but it had a porch and a space beneath the house. A side door led from the house onto an enclosed and covered portico; another door led from the portico to the outside. This door was obscured by bushes and shrubs. It was as close to this door as Vicky could get that she parked the van.

By early that morning, the first roomie was taken from the van in the predawn darkness.



The fat man bear-hugged Mary from the back and carried her in. The leotard was still barely holding in a nipple and was still all the way up her cunt and ass crack. Her ankles were still bound to her thighs. Her shoes were still tightly wedged onto her dainty feet. Her wrists and elbows were still tied behind her. Only now her mouth was pried open by a penis gag so large, long, and thick that she had to keep her head all the way back to keep from choking on it.

So all she saw was the ceiling until she was laid, gurgling, on her back in the bathroom. Then she only saw the washer and dryer along the wall behind her until the suitcase from her room was dropped by her head. It popped open, covering her face with vinyl, latex, and leather.

Rebecca was next, her clothing already changed. She now wore a black, strapless, fitted, bustier top made of stretch patent leather, a material that clung and shone. Its inner boning, contoured waist, and zipper front closure literally took her breath away and thrust her bosom into bulging claw-like cups. Adhering to her hips was a matching micro-miniskirt which just barely covered her cunt and rear. And on her feet were matching, ankle-strap, six-inch high heels. In her mouth was a big black ball gag, and over that, strip after strip of black tape, stretching from ear to ear and from just under her nose to the edge of her chin. Her wrists were crossed behind her and also taped in back. Her elbows were likewise cinched. Her knees were cinched with a black strap. And completing the ensemble was a studded black leather collar. From it, Jerry held a leash.



With a jerk, she was out of the van, her heels clacking on the portico's concrete floor, her balance lurching, her wild eyes looking for a way out. Jerry gazed at her desperate face, then at her bobbing, jiggling breasts barely held in by the bustier. Now they were big balls on her upper chest, like ice-creamed jello mounds being presented to him by black patent claws. With another two tugs she was inside and on her way to the bedroom. With a simple push she was on her back on the mattress, her boobs nearly popping free. All of this gave Jerry a huge erection.

Tim waited until the other men were both safely inside. Then he sullenly looked at a smiling Vicky. "They both have changes of clothing for their bitches," he complained softly. "What about me?"

Vicky's smile never wavered as she reached in front of the passenger seat and pulled out an overnight bag. "She can use some of mine," she said brightly. "I think our sizes may be similar...!"

It was almost dawn when Tim emerged from the van again. Kneeling by the van door, he carefully surveyed the neighborhood. Seeing no one, he reached back into the vehicle. With one long, steady tug, Penny's head emerged, her chin in his hand.

Vicky watched with glowing-eyed appreciation through a small circular window from her vantage point in the corner of the living room. She saw that her sister's eyes were squeezed shut, in uncharacteristic agony.



Her mouth was wrenched wide by a harness gag which adhered to her head like Rebecca's bustier adhered to her tits. Tim kept pulling, and Penny kept sliding out. Her newly bulbous breasts were barely held in by a wonderful summer gown, which was really a cunning merry widow corset with a filmy chiffon top and skirt attached. The merry widow was old-fashioned, multi-colored in pastel shades, and had both clips and laces which allowed Penny's waist to be cinched to a malicious 23 inches. It started just under her breasts and ended just over her cunt. Both were barely covered by swatches of off-white chiffon. In the case of the top, they served as shoulder straps, leaving a deep v-neck, from which the blonde's breasts were bulging. The skirt, if you could call it that, was just swatches of chiffon that had been rudely sliced twice, to reveal her long, long legs encased in lace-topped thigh-high white stockings. The last thing to emerge from the van were her well-shaped feet, each encased in white, lace-up, shin-high, granny boots with wicked five and a half inch heels.

Vicky could see her sister writhe in exquisite anguish like a new born filly being ejected from its mother's womb. Then, as quickly as she had appeared, Penny was gone... dragged whole under the porch like a rare morsel being tucked away by a treacherous snake.

---

"Hello? Neighborhood welcome wagon! Anybody home?" The flush-faced woman from next door stared through the screen door, holding a bundt cake. All she saw was a seemingly empty living room while hearing the radio blaring out some music. Just as she was becoming aware of some thumping noises, a young, ugly but friendly blonde woman appeared in the doorway.

"Yes, who is it?" she said, finishing buttoning a sleeveless sweater over a long madras skirt. Both were strangely stained in places.

"Hello!" said the nosy neighbor, brightly. "I couldn't help noticing you moving in, so I thought I'd welcome you to the neighborhood. I hope I'm not interrupting anything...."

"No," said the dirty-blonde girl, smiling tightly. "I was just doing some laundry."

"Oh," said the woman. Well, that at least explained the stains.... "I don't hear the washer...."

The blonde stared at her for a moment; then spoke in a monotone. "I was just putting a load in."

"Oh...I'm sorry...."

Tim stared up, trying to see the intruder through the slats of the porch, but could only glimpse vague shadows through the slices of light that filtered down. Even so, he held onto Penny's quaking head for all he was worth, one hand pressed hard over her mouth, the other arm wrapped around her throat from the back.



It had to be from the back because Penny was spread-eagled, face down, in mid-air. Her exposed nipples, the chiffon yanked back, barely scratched the dirt as she hung, arms and legs out, her ankles and wrists tied with rubber-coated wire to the four small pillars beneath the porch. Tim was wedged, kneeling, between her thighs, his cock forced deep inside her snatch from the rear, leaning on her back as his arms wound around her head and neck. Her wet green eyes rolled and crossed as the air was cut off from her in his spastic clutching. She throbbed, but with each moan he grabbed her tighter, so she just hung there, trying to breathe, her flesh crawling, her boobs jiggling.

Vicky looked knowingly at a spot between the neighbor's feet, then back up to the meddling woman's face. "Won't you come in while I start the load up?"

"Oh! Thank you...." Vicky brought the woman into the living room. "Please wait here while I get it started." Then she strode quickly to the bathroom.



Inside, Bruno had Mary's head in his hands as he lay on his back on the lav floor. The bound brunette was seated on his haunches, his cock all the way up her. One hand held the back of her head tightly, forcing her face down deep into a sodden towel he held clamped there, suffocating her. The huge ball gag back in her mouth didn't help.

As Vicky walked quickly past them to the washer/dryer, she noticed with satisfaction how Mary's elegant fingers clawed at the air and how her hands jerked in the leather nooses which hung from opposite shoulders, bending her slim arms so far up her back they were practically scratching her cerebral cortex. She also noted how the rubbery, skintight, sleeveless, red latex micro-mini-dress clung to her body, and how its

deep, deep U-neck thrust her round, trembling breasts forward. Finally, as she passed, she nodded at the way Bruno's heavy legs bore down on Mary's slim calves, keeping her bent legs and feet (buckled into red patent leather shoes with five inch high heels that had straps from the base of her red-painted toes to her ankles) from making any noise. Vicky said nothing as she just went forward and turned on the empty washer, causing Mary to try surging upright, only to shudder wrenchingly in Bruno's grip.

The nosy neighbor put the bundt cake down in the kitchen and considered the plain cabin interior. Well, that was odd, she thought. Why should this single woman have her bedroom door shut tight? It made the place awfully stuffy. Well, while she's starting her laundry, I'll just do her a favor and open that door a crack....



Jerry lay atop Rebecca on the bed, smiling down at her exhausted, dazed, upset, sweat-covered face...at least the face he could see above his two hands pressing down on her underwear-filled mouth. The bustier and skirt were on the floor, replaced with crotch-less lingerie made of second-skin stretch lace with a demi-cup which scooped and presented Rebecca's mounds to him.

His chest crushed those mounds now, his butt between her outstretched naked legs, his cock filling her cunt, with her ankles and wrists tightly tied spread-eagled to the solid bed's base and headboard.

Her feet, still in the black high heels, and her hands twisted in mid-air as if trying to understand "why," while he raped her for the second time that morning. He looked down benignly at her, thrusting slowly...carefully...silently ...feeling the deep luxury of her honeyed walls.

He vaguely heard the door open behind him but didn't even pause.

"Where are you going?" Vicky asked with a big smile, stepping in front of the neighbor. "The front door is that way." She pointed at the front of the house, standing in the slightly ajar bedroom doorway, considering the nosy woman with a knowing expression.

"Oh! No, I was just...," the woman started quickly.

"Helping me to air out the room?" Vicky pressed briskly, still not closing the door. "Oh, how nice of you! You really are a considerate neighbor!"

"W-why, t-thank you...," the woman stammered with embarrassment, looking anywhere but in the bedroom.

"No, thank you. Gee, I've been hoping a helpful person would come by and say hello, because I have so much to do here. Now that the bedroom's aired out, come on... I still have to check the septic tank."

"Oh, no, I couldn't...."

"No? Well, okay, could you spot me on the ladder? I still have the gutters to clean out."

"Really, I have to get home...," the woman said quickly, moving quickly toward the porch. "I just dropped by to say welcome."

"Well, thank you so much again," said Vicky with a big excrement-eating grin. She took a quick look over her shoulder, at Jerry raping Rebecca, before quietly closing the door again.

"Sure I can't get you to stay? I still have to check for wasps' nests...."

"Maybe later," the woman said, practically tripping down the front steps. "Maybe next time...!"

Tim could see the old biddy much better through the cross-hatched slats at the front of the porch. So could Penny until her stalker dropped her head, and tore off a section of the skirt.

Penny's head craned on her neck, her teeth chewing the ball between her lips, trying to get enough air to call, but then the chiffon was wrapped around her lower face, and was being tightened at the back of her head.



Only then, after the helpless, abused blonde was further muzzled, did the repressed man grab the waist of her corset and start drilling into her golden-haloed cunt in earnest.

Penny tried to raise her harness-gagged and chiffon muffled head again because she couldn't bear to see her life-giving breasts alternately mauled and swinging free, scraping against the dirt. She felt his cock throbbing in her, growing thick and hot with blood and semen. She pulled desperately on her wrists and ankles, but the bonds wouldn't budge. She just had to hang there and take it, her head dropping, her tresses whisking the dirt.

Tim fell heavily on her back, grabbing and squeezing her tits like he wanted to tear them off. She gasped and jerked as his hips ground against her round rear. His head came up and he groaned like a bent board as he came inside her.

She felt his thick semen pumping into her as she continued kicking and punching uselessly in her bondage, sobbing in defilement.

Mary didn't sob. She bellowed in muffled torment as he came in her overstuffed vagina, one meaty hand holding down the prominent bone of her left hip, the other hand squeezing her exposed right tit like a juiced grapefruit.



Rebecca's eyes were tightly shut; her head turned away, her hands white-knuckled fists, as Jerry came in her again.

Only then did Vicky come to them, steaming washcloth in hand, placing the drug-soaked pad over their noses, and whispering what they had to do next.

It was late afternoon before they were recovered enough from the new mixture to be readied. Rebecca was in her light purple cocktail dress and matching four-inch pumps, lying across the sofa, hands cuffed behind her, ankles crossed and strapped, and mouth covered in silver duct-tape. Mary was likewise bound and gagged, kneeling before the couch in her sexiest dance dress: shining silver sleeveless stretch micro-mini-dress with deep u-front, and matching ankle-strap four and a half-inch high heel pumps. Penny lay naked save for a tight polyester knit shirt with wide collar, buttoned only at the navel...



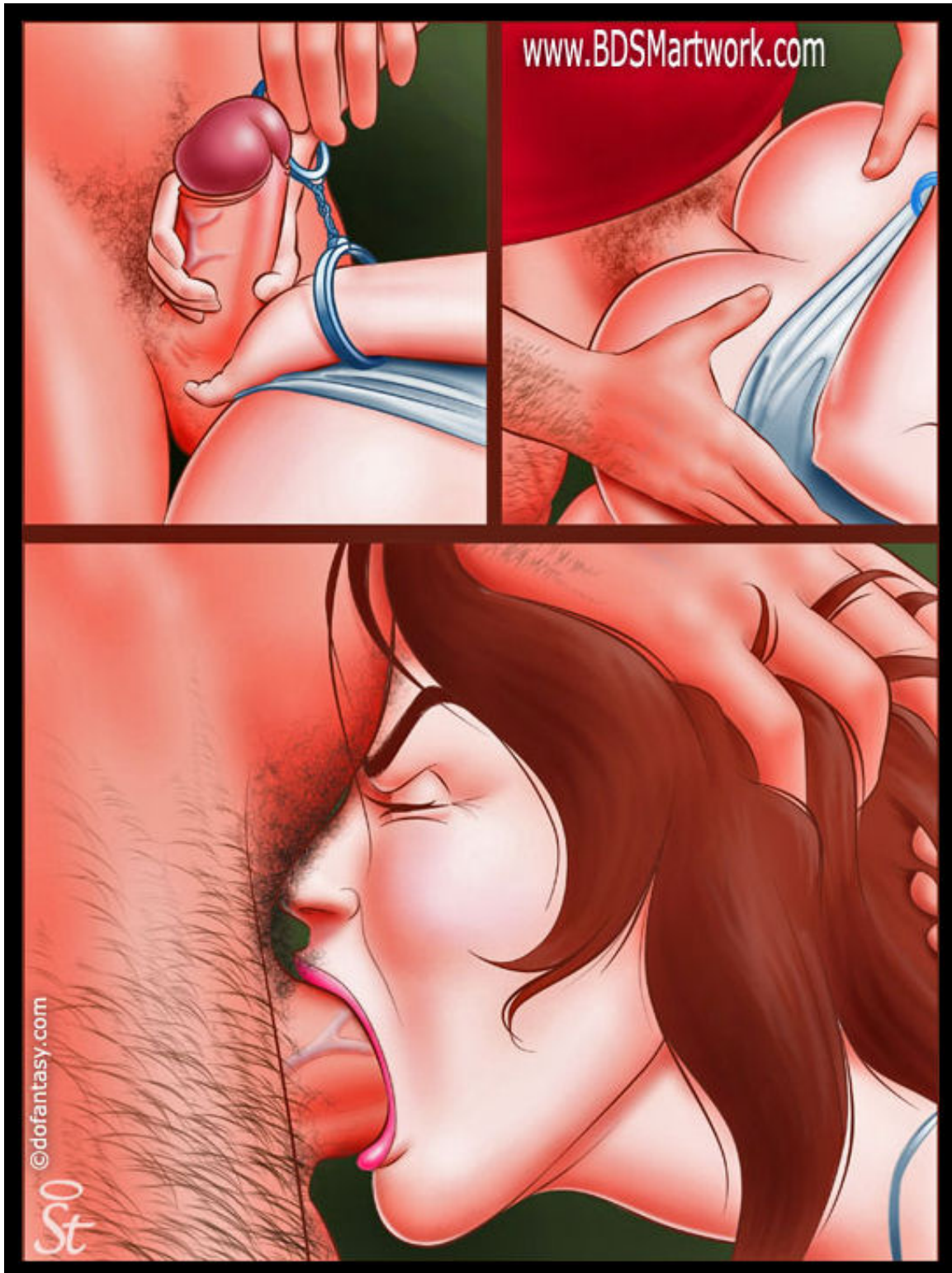
The blonde sat on the floor, a thick bit-gag clamped between her teeth, her elbows and wrists tied behind her with thin rope, another rope wrapped around her waist, then pulled deep through her cunt lips, and more ropes wrapping her knees and ankles. Her head rested between Vicky's naked thighs, the sibling now wearing only her dark blue turtleneck, making it a micro-mini dress. One of her hands was tight in Penny's hair. The other held a butcher knife against her throat.

"Okay," Vicky said mildly to the other two girls, who watched her with eyes as wide as half-dollars. "You know what you have to do, and you know what happens if you don't or get silly. So let's go...we haven't got all day...."

The naked Jerry walked over to Mary from the rear. He undid her ankles. She started, trying to bleat when his hands pressed against her hips, but then Vicky pushed the knife blade against Penny's throat. Penny mewed and Mary stiffened as Rebecca began to weep, her tits shaking.

Mary let Jerry pull her to her feet by her hips, bending her over forward. He pulled up her skirt and slid his lubricated finger into her anus. Mary's head twisted on her neck, groaning, but she didn't turn to look. Instead she stared at the naked Bruno, coming at her from the front, holding a small, silenced gun in his hand. He let his meat bounce near her face before lightly pressing the gun barrel against the side of her neck, and then he started to pull the tape from her mouth.

Tim moved at her from the side, placing a gentle hand on her forearm, which lay on her back. He guided it over to his erection, which nearly touched her side. The give of the handcuffs allowed her the leverage to do this. Then he wrapped his fingers around hers, forcing her to grip his shaft.



Jerry pushed his cock all the way up her ass. She jerked forward, her cry cut off as Bruno's cock pushed into her mouth, the gun pressed over her ear. Even though her eyes were screwed shut, she could see the image of the knife at Penny's throat, the blonde's horrified expression appalled but pleading. Mary started concentrating on sucking and

stroking as the men made man-noises; softly talking dirty to her, urging her on, and panting about how good it felt....

Jerry kept his hands on her hips, but Tim kneaded her left breast as Bruno manhandled her right. The surprise didn't come when Tim came, spurting across her arm and side. The surprise didn't come when Jerry came up her ass. The surprise came when Bruno came in her mouth.

He expertly hit her on the back of the head with the gun butt. She saw stars and started to topple. She was barely aware of Rebecca's muffled cry, and then something thick and moist was being pressed over her lower face, sealing in the cum which drooled into her cheek and down her throat....

Jerry leaned back after tying the drug-soaked pad over Mary's nose and mouth with some rope. This slightly altered mixture would do its job: keep her quiet and still, but not quite unconscious.



Jerry surveyed Mary's sexy shape. She was lying on her side with cum-coated hands cuffed behind her. Her silver dress was pulled below her reddened tits and over her hips which were shining with multiple drops of semen. Then he turned to look at a wide-eyed, wet-eyed, wild-eyed Rebecca contorting on the couch.



It took three tries before she could do it. She would either collapse, begging incomprehensibly, sob uncontrollably, or both.

It was only when Vicky started to move the knife toward her that she managed to get Jerry's shaft into her mouth. After that, it was easy for Tim to slide his cock into her cunt from behind, and Bruno to slap his erection into her palm.

Rebecca sucked and slobbered with fevered intensity, her hand yanking on Bruno's crank, her body jerking maniacally.

Vicky watched the men's increasingly angry faces as Rebecca's panic and hysteria grew. She threw Penny to the floor and raced over.

Rebecca nearly got a scream out as she jerked straight up and tried to bolt, but then Vicky slammed into her, propelling her back to the couch, and rammed another drug-soaked hand towel over her lower face.

Reading her expression as she bore Rebecca down beneath her, Vicky hissed; "Oh no, darling, you're not getting off that easy...there's a lot more left for you to do...."



Penny, in a semi-conscious state had watched in misery as the men went at Rebecca. She was forced to lay on her back on the sofa, her head back over the armrest, giving Jerry a perfect receptacle for a mouth fuck as he kneaded her right tit under the dress' bodice.



Tim walked over and was on top of her, ramming his cock up her cunt, while his right hand was busy mashing her left breast.



And Bruno...Bruno was inside Penny...on top of her...crushing her...her arms reaching up under his, her wrists bound at the center of his back...her legs up on either side of him, her ankles crossed and tied at the top of his crack. The remaining button on her shirt had long since popped off.

Vicky had forced her to embrace Bruno as he fucked her, knocking the wind out from under the thick bit gag with his every thrust.

Jerry spurted in Rebecca's mouth. And, Tim finally came in her cunt.

Bruno came in Penny as Vicky lay beside her sister's head, pressing the drug-sodden hand towel over her face.



Both the fat man and the sibling watched the blonde lose the battle with the anesthetic as her loins clamped on the vile jism which was invading her.

The four abductors stood to survey the fruit of their labors.



Penny lay on her back wrists and ankles tied. Her legs were spread and semen glistened on her thighs.

Rebecca lay half on the couch, one leg over the side, one foot on the floor, her dress top askew, her skirt yanked to her waist, and her hands cuffed behind her. Her head lolled back, cum slowly dripping from her mouth, over her upper lip, into her nostrils, across her closed eyes and into her hanging hair.

Mary was still on her side on the floor, towel tied over her lower face, eyes closed, half out of her clingy dress.

Vicky looked at the men staring at the captive girls and smiled, knowing her plan was nearly complete. "Okay, gentlemen," she said softly. "Help me get these bitches back into the van before the husband of that busybody from next door gets home."

---

They worked swiftly, knowing that the real preparation would start when they reached their final destination. So the next car trip was no big deal.

After Vicky took care of some female plumbing concerns, they merely dressed each unconscious girl in matching lace cat suits. Tying their hands behind their backs as tightly as possible, they bound their ankles to their thighs, tied their knees together, then shoved big ball gags into their mouths, taped them over, wrapped them in turn with clipped bandages, and then tied a towel around their heads.

After restraining them, they shoved each girl into Bruno's duffel bag, dumped them onto the van floor; then, bundled in after them and drove away before the sun set.

The subsequent two hour ride was uneventful. After all the ejaculations that had erupted the previous ten hours, they had to save some for later. They merely gazed lovingly at their charges, marveling how wonderfully sexy they looked in sleep, even after all they had been through....

Finally, Vicky pulled into a long driveway and parked beside a colonial house on a hill overlooking a small town. It was not really that far from the girls' city apartment, but it might as well have been a world away. Even so, other homes were just across the street and in complete sight down the hill. Into the duffel bag each girl went again, and soon they lay beside each other, still bound and gagged, on the bearskin Quaker and Oriental rugs which covered the floor of the low-ceilinged library in the quaint, well-decorated house.

"Run along now, boys," Vicky said merrily. "I've got a lot of cleaning, painting, and dressing to do. You go get ready for tonight, alright?"

Jerry and Bruno looked reluctant until Tim said quietly. "Come on...I'll show you the property...."

---

Mary woke up first, realizing she was leaning on something curvy and yielding. For a split second she didn't remember anything. In the next second there was a lightning thought that something terrible had all been a dream. Her eyesight was fuzzy, but she felt comforted by soothing colors and shapes which danced in her vision. She was focusing on something rich and warm.... Then she felt the pressure beneath her nose, under her chin, at her shoulders, elbows, and wrists, and she knew. Her deep blue eyes snapped open. She stared out at a sumptuous room decorated in paneling, books, and solid New England-style furniture. She tried to look down. To her eternal fear, she couldn't. She jerked her head to the right. She saw her terrorized reflection in Rebecca's big blue-green eyes.



They had huge white balls in their pried-open mouths, covered and held in with one band of industrial strength clear tape which mashed their red painted lips. They wore tall stiff white patent leather collars, which stretched from under their jawbones to the very bottom of their necks, forcing their heads up.

They couldn't look down, so they looked over at Penny, who was slumped beside them on the bench, not quite awake yet. A short, slim bar went from the back of her collar to her cinched elbows. She, like them, was wearing white lace gloves which reached her upper arms. She, like them, had a white ball wedged in her mouth, held in with a brick of clear tape. She, like them, had her wrists tied behind her. They were all wearing white. Stunning, sexy, white lace bustiers with underwire cups, boning, lace-up fronts, adjustable lycra backs, straps, and garters. They wore sheer white stockings and six inch white high heel pumps. Their ankles were crossed and tied, the ropes were also holding their shoes tightly on their feet.

No one wore panties.

Penny shuddered awake only when the music started...a recording of the wedding march. All three girls tried to scream and get up. But Vicky was there, dressed in jeans and t-shirt, pushing them back down, purposefully slapping their almost exposed tits with her open bare hands. Stung, reeling, they fell back, twisting and struggling.

"But this is what you wanted, isn't it?" Vicky laughed over their mummphed cries. "I thought the one thing you wanted, more than anything else, was to have husbands...." They stared at her in shock...then the shock turned to unmitigated terror at what they saw behind her.

It was their "betrothed," in tuxedoes...their zippers open.

Tim grabbed Penny as she managed to writhe to her feet. "Easy, baby," he cooed tentatively. "Easy...easy.... You got no reason to worry. My dad's rich. Uh...he left me this inn...complete with honeymoon cabins in the back...."

Jerry sat on Rebecca's lap as she slumped, torturously weeping, on the bench.

And Bruno nimbly caught Mary as she hurled herself toward the floor. "Oh, no," he told her. "I can't have you hurting yourself on your wedding night," he said, gathering her up in his obese arms. "...Especially not when you have so many years of coital bliss left."

Mary looked at him in revulsion, shaking her head in disbelief. Her expression and muffled pleas saying, "No...no...no!"

"Yes," he replied, smiling. "Oh yes, yes, yes. Didn't I tell you? Don't you know what I do for a living?" He waited until her head stopped shaking, leaning as far back from him as the collar and bondage would allow. He stared into her infinitely deep blue eyes and told her with consummate pleasure. "I'm a justice of the peace...."

Vicky watched from the front door as the three companions stood, resplendent in their white lace finery, struggling desperately with their captors in the dark, ornate den.

"Do you, Rebecca, take this man....?"

Rebecca couldn't stop crying, moaning in cosmic angst as she writhed against Jerry, who held her tightly by his side. When the time came to say "I do", Jerry grabbed her hair and jerked her head up and down, cupping her chin as she wailed.

"Do you, Penny, take this man....?"

Penny just stared in trauma from the intoning Bruno to the innocuous Timothy, seemingly hoping to explode her bonds and eject her gag by will power alone.

It didn't work.

When the time came for her to agree, she continued to stare in disbelief as Tim reached into her bodice, cruelly pinched her right nipple and twisted it like a child-proof cap. Finally, Penny threw her head back and shrieked. All present nodded and took that as her saying, “I do”.

"And do you, Mary, take your man...?"

He locked his eyes with hers as he clutched her to him, remembering all the times they had spied on him, made jokes about him, and derided him. And now he had kidnapped her, raped her, and was making a sadistic mockery of the most important day of her life.

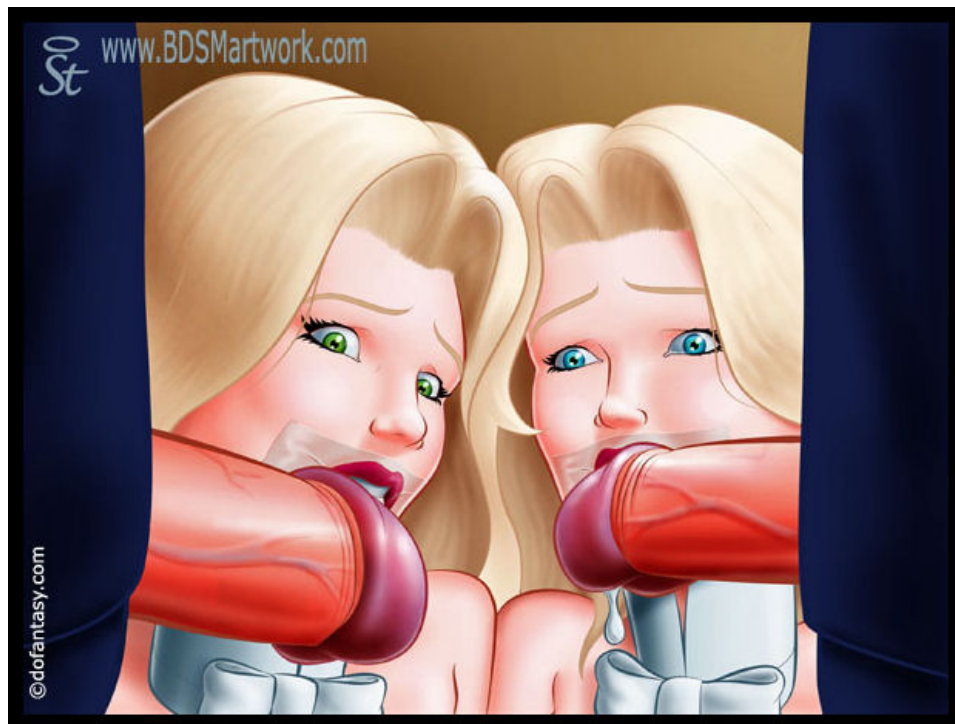
"...in his sickness and your health...." She smelled his fetid breath and body odor. "...for your richness and his transfer of your funds...."

She now imagined how their families and friends would look for them...how Vicky would "help" them...how, by the time they were found, if that were possible...it would be too late...how it was already too late.... She began crying and trembling.

"...for as long as he feels like screwing you?" Mary's eyes rolled back into her head and she collapsed in his arms, her head bobbed up and down once from the impact.

Bruno looked at the others. "You saw it. I guess that means 'yes.'" He then laid her down on the floor and rose for his final pronouncement.

"As a duly sworn and authorized Justice of the Peace, I pronounce you and myself the husbands of these wretched sluts. You may now fuck your bride."



Vicky grabbed Penny's hair and pulled her head up, kneeling by her face as Timothy fucked her up the butt while she was bent over the back of a chair. “Thanks for the inheritance the folks left to you, Pen,” she sneered. “I’ll be able to easily get durable Power of Attorney on your behalf. Then your fortune will be mine to do with as I please. But don’t worry because Tim will take care of you...oh, and how he will.”

“It should also be child’s play to convince Rebecca’s boyfriend that she changed her mind yet again, and couldn’t bear to threaten his real happiness. And, naturally Mary couldn’t let her go into exile alone...” She looked at the others. Bruno was crushing Mary on the floor as she kicked the carpet feebly. Dropping her sibling's hair, she spoke her parting words.

“Have fun, girls,” she said, skipping toward the door. “I’ll say hello to your friends for ya....”



THE END