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posted March 14th, 2014

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TALES OF THE WSN

by Geoff Merrick. All rights reserved.
Illustrations by ARCAS

In honor of Geoffrey Merrick's new website whiteslaver.com, we present an original exclusive: a rare story of the White Slavery Network.

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TARGET & ACQUISITION: BREE

Bree Wetherly was blissfully happy as she walked along the country road. For fans used to seeing her in red carpet finery with her long bleached blonde hair, she was virtually unrecognizable. She let her hair return to its natural color, and decided, what the heck, to cut it, too, in an extensions-less, easy-to-manage, bob. And it was such a relief not to teeter in the vicious high heels and display as much skin as the studio deemed fit.

No, now she was delighted to cover her five foot two, 34D, 23, 33-inch shape in a simple blouse, flowing wool skirt, and suede boots. But she hoped she looked even better unsullied by the usual raccoon eye make-up and exaggerated lipstick. Now her lips – the ones that had been called everything from “bee-stung” through “kewpie” to “kissable” -- were now their natural shade of pink, and her big blue eyes shone sans contact lenses.

She was finally away from the madding crowd in L.A., and was loving the blissful tranquility of spring up north. It made her a little less careful than usual. So she really didn't pay any attention to the dingy van that was dogging her steps...until it was too late.



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Panic nearly paralyzed the shapely little redhead when hands grabbed her. One clamped over her mouth as if trying to crush it. Another twisted its fingers in her hair as if she were to be scalped. Others grabbed her wrists and wrapped around her waist as if they were shackles. Before

she fully knew what was happening, she was yanked back into the dented van as if by a steel cable. Then the door slammed heavily shut, the engine roared, tires squealed, and it was as if she had never been on that country road.



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If anyone else had been on the lane, had they just looked away for a moment, they would have missed the abduction, and turned to see a plain, scuffed, van making its slow way along the

narrow road. The only thing that remained of her existence were her glasses ... now lying cracked in a ditch by the side of the road.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

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But inside the vehicle was flailing, muffled chaos. Bree was smashed flat on her back on a stained, thin mattress, her legs kicking frantically -- revealing her shapely limbs as well as her bra.

Her arms were striking out at the people holding her down, covering her mouth, grabbing at her swinging fists, and nailing her to the pad by her throat.

"Shut her up, shut her up, shut her up!" one growled as he gripped her left wrist tightly, following the swings of her right fist as if preparing to swat a fly.

"She won't be saying shit," rasped the one clawing her throat, cutting off her air.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

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Hands scrabbled across her lips, neck, chin, and hair, trying to keep her mouth shut long enough to seal it. More hands went up her scissoring legs to try to diminish her kicks, but, despite her size, Bree's energy couldn't be easily contained.

"Ah, fuck it," said one, and punched her sharply in the solar plexus.

Bree's beautiful eyes bugged, her mouth snapping open as her limbs jumped as if she were falling backwards into a swimming pool. Almost as if diving in after her, they crammed her mouth full of cloth, slapped tape across her lower face, then handcuffed her wrists in tight shackles attached to a belt they tightened around her slim waist. It was over in seconds ... as if her attackers were rodeo cowboys and she was a frightened calf.

Then her attackers sat back, surveying their handiwork as she blinked at them. They all wore ski-masks, but she could tell it was two guys – one burly, one weaselly – and a mean, boney girl. Somehow, through the terror, she realized that meant they weren't planning to kill her. Why hide their identities if they knew she's never get the chance to talk?

But then she saw the burly one kneeling directly in front of her, holding her legs down by her thighs. He wasn't looking at her face. His eyes were focused about six inches south. Bree quickly followed his gaze to discover that her shirt had shifted during the struggle, and now her bulging bra could be plainly seen.

"Man," the burly one grunted. "Who woulda thought they'd be that big on...!"

"Shut up!" the girl snapped, jerking forward to grab a fistful of Bree's hair. "Yeah, we snatched you, snatch," she hissed in Bree's pained, cringing face. "Why don't you say something about it, bitch?"

She pulled sharply on Bree's hair, eliciting a muffled, sobbing squeal. The girl who gripped her hair put her other muscular hand across Bree's lovely mouth and shook it, laughing. "You're going to have to do better than that, bitch!" she gloated. Then she threw the tiny, shapely redhead onto her back on the mattress.

Her eyes tearing, Bree again could only see the hulking shadows of her captors before a blindfold was slapped over her big, beautiful, widening blue-green eyes, sending her mind back into doubt and fear. They didn't want her to know where they were taking her....

"Love your new do," she heard her tormentor sneer. "Perfect for gags and blindfolds ... doesn't get in their way ... like you wanted to be gagged ... bitch!" Then the mean girl slapped her across

the face, and started tearing off her shirt and skirt. Bree started as the burly one tightly grabbed her ankles, and his hands started to wander up her legs. Bree heard another sharp sound and the hiss of the mean girl.

“Not now, asshole. We’re paid to grab and dump her. If we do it fast enough, then, maybe...!”

Bree’s mind reeled as the mean girl pushed her back down to the floor by her face, and she just lay there, her mind reeling, as the van drove on and on. Eventually, it parked in a deserted portion of the woods, away from the picnic and camping areas. They had even driven off the dirt path, so they were away from both the main road and the hiking trails.

Bree started and began to struggle when their hands touched her shoulders and scalp, but another short, sharp slap made her stiffen. Still, she managed a soft moan through the padding and tape.

“None of that, bitch,” sneered the mean girl threateningly as she tightly buckled a leather dog collar around Bree’s slim throat. Without another word, they yanked her out of the van by a leash.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

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She stood, still blindfolded, before them, shivering in the gathering afternoon gloom.

"Man, she's a sexy little thing, ain't she?" said one.

"Yeah," said another. "Get a load of that bod!"

"Shut up," snapped the mean girl, yanking on the leash. "Come on, bitch."

They walked, the men behind her. The woman, of course, tended to Bree. "God, you're a slut," the woman whispered with envy as she yanked the bleating, blindfolded girl along. "But if you don't fuck with me, maybe you won't get what's coming to you...."

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TARGET & ACQUISITION: BREE

||

"Hey guys, what are you doing here at this hour?" called a friendly park ranger.

"Nothing, sir," said one of the men with a casualness which bespoke familiarity. "Just hiking."

The woman sniggered. She had clamped onto Bree's throat like a vise as soon as they saw the ranger's shadow approaching, dragging the blindfolded, bleating girl behind a wide, old tree trunk, away from the park ranger's view.

The men heard the bleats choke off, as if by a spigot, as they pulled off their ski masks and turned to face the approaching shadow. Behind them and the wide old tree, the mean girl had one strong claw clamped tightly around Bree's elegant throat as if trying to squeeze her head off.

"Just hiking, huh?" she heard the park ranger say. "Way out here?"

The mean girl tensed, her fingers clawing even more, but one of her men laughed. "Of course way out here," he said.

"Why go hiking if you don't go where others don't?"

The ranger smiled back, stopping some ten feet from them. "Good point," he agreed.

The mean girl smiled too, but it was a wolf's grin. "Well, isn't he the good park ranger?" she whispered into Bree's ear

as she shoved the blindfold off her captive's bulging, reddened eyes. "You wanna see his friendly face, bitch? Wonder what he'd say if he saw you?" Then her free hand quickly pulled her bra up, making Bree's beautiful breasts bounce. "Wonder what he'd say if he saw those?!"



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But just as Bree was about to manage a squeal, the mean girl's fingers gripped her throat so tightly that Bree thought

she'd go under. To make matters even worse, she popped the back of Bree's skull against the trunk with an audible thunk — keeping the gorgeous, writhing little starlet locked into place. Bree tried to break free, scream, run, or even fall -- all her muscles stretched taut, sweat pouring down her shining, exposed skin, every tendon on her neck and face bulging. It was no use. All she did was quiver in place -- her young, strong breasts jiggling.

"I'm here!" she screamed in her head. "I'm right here!"

"Okay," she dimly heard the ranger say. "Just be careful out here, will you, guys? Don't get lost. People have a bad habit of disappearing out here if they don't know what they're doing."

"Don't worry," she heard one man replay.

"We know what we're doing," said the other. "Thanks."

Bree choked in horror, hearing the footsteps moving away. Her female captor giggled, then stuck her snake-like tongue into Bree's ear while letting her other hand find Bree's right tit.

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TARGET & ACQUISITION: BREE

III

With their reblindfolded prisoner growing more desperate with every step, they made short work of their journey. When they reached the deserted, rotting, old log cabin deep in the remote woods they dragged, pushed, and almost carried the cuffed and gagged girl inside. The mean girl tore her blindfold off without ceremony.

"Won't be needing this anymore," she snorted. "Doesn't matter what you see now."

Bree blinked in disbelief at the dark, dank, old place, then saw a fairly new rug, oak chair and camp bed in the middle of the refuse-strewn room. Her beautiful eyes widened in fear at the words and the sight, then turned to see that all the men were staring at the mean girl, not her.

The mean girl shrugged. "You made good time," she drawled knowingly. "You deserve credit."

Before the words were even all the way out of the mean girl's mouth, Bree felt their arms on her. She was yanked and hurled onto the bed, practically even before she fell back down, a hand had grabbed her panties and torn them off like paper.

"Omgod!" one blurted as he jumped at her. "Bald beaver!"

The biggest guy fell on her, sneering, "Oh, my poor plain pussy! We'll just have to camo that, won't we?"

And with that, they were all on her, their hands and mouth everywhere, unbuckling the belt and even opening the handcuffs. Almost before she knew it, her wrists were clamped by meaty palms and they started tearing at the tape over her mouth.

"Hey, hey, hey!" the mean girl snapped. "No bruises, remember? She's supposed to be delivered unmarked!"

"Or what?" one guy jeered, eyes only for Bree's great bod.

Suddenly the mean girl's bony hand was in his hair yanking back, her other hand gripping his balls. "Or they'll kill you, asshole," she hissed into his pained face. "And I'm not gonna risk my payday 'cause you ain't satisfied with just starpoon...!"

The object of the discussion hardly heard it because the biggest man was already covering her with his thrusting body, his hands carefully on either side of her head, his log already surging inside her.

Soon, the mean girl was wiping Bree's brow with the remnants of her panties as the men took turns. They jammed their cocks inside, before laying atop her, slavering. Even so, every once in a while, they would glance at the mean girl with expressions that communicated their insidious desire for even more.

The woman gripped Bree's head, then leaned down until her mouth was right next to the girl's ear. "You will not bite or I will break a bottle in your ass. You will not bite or then we will take you out to the lake and fuck you while you drown. Understand?"

She didn't wait for a reaction. Instead, she gripped Bree's head by the hair and chin. "Okay, boys," she said, and, before Bree could even gasp, one man's cock was jammed down her throat.



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TALES OF THE WSN

She gagged, writhed, heaved, and made tight, yanking fists...but she didn't bite.

When a penis wasn't there, the woman's hand or a sodden cloth was. When their tongues weren't there either, pushing her head deep into another soiled mattress, the woman held Bree's head up, so she could see the disgusting men ramming their unwashed cocks into her smooth snatch. They reared up and came into her ... once, twice, three times ... then let the mean girl force the missing actress to clean off their cocks with her slobbering tongue.

Finally they yanked her legs up until they were on either side of her head. They roped her ankles tightly to the steel headboard, then cuffed her wrists around her knees and behind her back until she looked like a sexual contortionist.

"Aw man," said one as he grabbed her left tit and shoved his cock into her. "Ain't you limber?"



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

Then they fucked the famed starlet until she was choking on their cum while the mean girl shook her head by her throat and poured streams of hatred into her ear. Bree was never sure which pushed her faster into darkness. All she knew was that, for her, at least this part was over. She welcomed unconsciousness like a dear friend.

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TARGET & ACQUISITION: BREE

IV

Bree awoke, slumped in the rough wooden chair, dazed and amazed she was still alive. Her arms were wrenched behind her, wrists crossed and bound to the second slat. Her bare legs were wide, knees and ankles bound to the chair legs. Her bare feet barely touched the dirty cabin floor.

A small, dirty man's undershirt was all she wore. Its deep u-neck barely covered her chest and its hem barely covered her soiled beaver. Drool, mucous, tears, and sweat dripped down her face and splattered her cleavage. The gag had been replaced with her own blouse, knotted, shoved deep in her aching maw, and tied so tightly around her head it felt like a mis-aimed noose. Thin straps were tightly wrapped around her head and neck, reminding the tormented girl of her captor's words: "love your hairdo ... perfect for gags...." Yes, there was little hair to get in the way of the equipment. Incredibly, they left her there after the mean girl had checked the time and motioned for the others to retreat. She was alone, fuck-fatigued, moaning, in the gathering sunrise coming through the high, small, broken windows of the cabin ... but not for long.

She didn't hear him or see him. Instead, her head snapped up and her eyes snapped open when she heard the sharp, unmistakable snap of a knife opening. Then heavier, stronger fingers grabbed her hair and yanked her head back. She blinked up, her own beautiful eyes wide, into the coarsened face of a huge, pock-marked, bearded man. He was at least six-foot-six and more than two hundred and fifty pounds. He wore a biker's classic regalia: t-shirt, leather jacket, and black jeans with boots.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

"I've been watchin' you, babe," he grunted. Then he let his other hand slowly fall until the tip of his knife touched her left nipple.

Bree started to cry, her head twisting in his grip, and her lovely eyes closing, but he completely ignored her reaction. He started indolently fiddling her hanging orb while staring down at her beautiful, distended face.

"I been watchin' you," he continued, "since you got here. The peaceful atmosphere made you stupid, so I got to thinking , 'yeah, maybe a little movie star poontang might be gettable at that...."

Bree continued to cry, but started straining in her bonds as his kneading became rougher and more insistent.

"You had no bodyguards, like nobody up here would know who the hell you were. But I got news for you, baby." At this, he leaned down closer to her sobbing face. "Even if you weren't famous, you'd still be my cunt."

Bree tried to tear herself out of the chair, screeching. Saliva splashed out of her mouth, choking her.

The man still hardly reacted at all. He twisted her tit and stood straight again. "Yep," he said. "You that purty."

He waited until Bree collapsed in the chair before he quickly grabbed the back of the t-shirt and tore it from her.

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TARGET & ACQUISITION: BREE

V

"Here!" came the voice from the woods. "Here's a shack."

The rangers came running through the trees. It was almost mid-morning and they had been looking for Bree most of the night ... ever since the hotel crew had discovered her missing.

"Do you really think she'd be in there?" came a complaining voice.

"It's worth a look!" said the sheriff.

The deputy burst in, only to be disappointed.

The sheriff came in after him, needing his flashlight to illuminate the gloom. All they saw was a rotten old bed and a broken chair on its side.

"Not here," the deputy said disappointedly. They shuffled around the cabin, kicking at the garbage.

Bree heard them above her, her wide eyes pinballing around in their sockets. She screamed at them again, but they couldn't hear her ... not with the way the man's huge, heavily muscled hands clamped tightly around her throat.

She tried to scream once more, only her tiny, choking, cry ended in a raw grunt and gasp as he pushed the huge log of his penis into her yet again.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

He had staked her wrists and ankles wide in the ground. He lay atop her now, choking, and silently fucking, her as the sheriff's men searched just above them ... the only thing separating the rescuers from the violated victim being a simple span of six-inch floor boarding.

"Aw, she ain't here," complained the deputy. "I told you, sarge, she probably twisted her ankle or somethin' on the trail. The others'll find her. Or maybe she went home. You know how those spoiled cunts are."

Bree tried to call out "no" and shake her head, but the big biker simply tightened his grip on her throat and shoved his huge cock up to the hilt again. She choked, her eyes screwing shut and her sexy little body jerking in the dirt.

"Yeah," said the sheriff's man. "I guess you're right."

Bree tried to get her breath to shout "no" again, pulling at the ropes and opening her eyes wide, but just then the deputy stepped on the board directly over her, and a small cascade of dust fell directly into her face.

Bree tried to shake her head, blinking furiously, her screech turning into a tortured croak. Her captor almost laughed, but, instead, he clamped both hands back around her throat, reared up until the top of his head almost touched the bottom of the floor boards, and started

thrusting like a piston.

Bree's eyes nearly crossed before sweat and tears exploded from her face. She made a strange, continuous, gurgling-gargling sound as her streaked, yet still stunningly sexy, body shook across the stones, shards, and roots beneath her. She just managed to hear the boots of the policemen moving toward the cabin door.

"Just a couple more seconds...." she heard her rapist whisper.

Despite the pain, she opened her eyes, looking at him in shocked disbelief as her body was pushed again and again by his plunging. Her fear grew even greater as he merely smiled benignly down at her and kept ramming.

"Well, I gotta spurt before they leave, don't I?" he whispered to her.

Bree choked, kicked, and writhed just out of sight—staked out in the middle of the ground in the center of the area beneath the house—as the officers walked away. Had they just kneeled, or bent, down they would have easily seen her ... but they didn't.

The sheriff's man turned and looked back at the house—just at the moment the big biker started to shudder, pushing his log all the way in the luscious little girl, and doing a push-up off her neck.

The officer had a glancing thought about the area beneath the house — just as the rapist's cock was engorged and started to billow with blood — but how could a movie star wind up underneath a shack like this? If she could do that, she could crawl into the place instead.

The sheriff's man shrugged and turned away ... just as Bree's ravisher shot a thick blanket of gooey semen deep inside her straining, spread-eagled body.

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posted May 23rd, 2014

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TARGET & ACQUISITION: BREE

VI

The quiet afternoon in the Canadian woods was interrupted by a strange rustling noise. It happened once, then again a few seconds later, then again. Suddenly Bree's head started appearing from under the lip of the cabin.

A few seconds later, there was another rustling, and Bree's face appeared: eyes screwed shut, forehead creased in agony, gag still deep in her luscious mouth. Incongruously, a daddy long legs spider crawled across her forehead and into her hair. Then her naked body slid a few inches more through the dirt and fallen leaves.

Only when her mauled, shaking tits appeared did the truth start to become apparent.

Bree's sexy little body moved again, the man's head appearing. Her repulsive rapist was pushing her out from under the cabin using only his cock ... in her cunt. Bree was pushed out a few more inches on her back, the truth finally exposed to the diffused sunlight: his big, engorged hard-on, hidden almost completely inside her, her vaginal lips stretched out, straining to take it all in, her vagina unwillingly wet and dirty.

Her wrists were now tightly tied in front of her, but he was between her arms, forcing her to embrace him. Although her legs were untied, they did her no good, since her nearly eighteen hour ordeal had rendered them nearly useless.

He thrust his hips again, pushing her all the way out into the yard. She groaned and cringed in spite of herself, feeling the sunlight on her skin. She nearly bent one leg, her head going back, and then he did the impossible.

He stood up.

Her hips jerked upward as he swept his feet under him, and then, before she knew what was happening, he rose.

Bree's eyes snapped open as if she had just dropped over the first rise of a rollercoaster. She felt her torso surging up, and then, to her shocked disbelief, she felt her legs leaving the ground. She started to shriek, but then the ride was over.

He stood, holding her a foot and a half off the ground by only his impaling pole and her own, forcibly embracing arms.

Bree's cry turned into a despairing rattle, then wracking sobs, as she sunk down completely on his meat shaft, hanging off him. Her eyes shut again, her gag like mummy bandages, as they both stood naked in full daylight.

He smiled at her perfect, youthful, female form, and felt his power.

She groaned in agony, floating yet anchored, sexual alarms exploding in her head.

Yet that was not the worst. The worst came, eternities later, when he carefully, almost tenderly, took her by her shoulders ... and started to move her up and down on his erection like a full-size flashlight.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

Bree's eyes snapped open, staring in disbelief and despair at his smug, satisfied face. She cried out in torment to him, shaking her head no, but he merely nodded back and kept masturbating himself with her.

Then she had to stop shaking her head, only having the strength to let it fall back, her full breasts quivering, as the alarms inside her became even louder and more shrill. She tried to scrunch down, she tried to fall off him, but he was too strong and his erection was too big. He slid her up and down six, seven, eight inches, leaving plenty to spare, as his cock just kept getting thicker, warmer, and wetter.

Bree felt it coming. Worse, she felt herself coming—the amazing position finally unleashing a repugnant release.

Her knees started to bend, her legs started to kick, her torso started to flop around in a desperate last-ditch attempt to avoid the coming

explosion.

But he held her...and moved her...and the sexual tsunami grew in strength.

Bree threw her head back and screamed into the gag. Her rapist grabbed her upper arms in a spasm and shoved her down like a detonator. His cry was a guttural bellow of a beast as he thrust his own hips up to lock into hers.

Then they came.

Bree jerked repeatedly in place, her legs achingly reaching for the ground, and her tightly packed torso twisting in his iron grip. He just fired and fired and fired cum inside her, coating her vaginal walls like whipped cream.

Finally the fireballs died down. Bree longed for unconsciousness, but it would not come. Instead she had to face her rapist, still impaled on his cock.

She went crazy, but even that didn't help. The big ugly man merely grabbed the back of her shaking head and forced her contorting face against his shoulder. He wrapped his other arm around her jerking torso, and held her kicking, spasming body tightly against his hard bulk; even then refusing to remove her from his cock. In fact, he held her on it even more tightly.

Only then did he turn toward the cabin and slowly mount the steps—Bree's swinging legs and pointed toes just missing the rotting wood surface. Locking the hysterical beauty to him that way, he brought his despoiled, repeatedly violated prize out of the light.

Now all he had to do was make sure this monstrous miscarriage of justice was never discovered....

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posted June 6th, 2014

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TARGET & ACQUISITION: BREE



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

The deputy was surprised by the motorcycle that sped by police headquarters in the small, backwoods town. "Whoa!" he called from the parking lot to the sheriff's man, who was sitting on the steps. "Did you see that?"

"What?"

"That bike! What a beauty!"

"Was he speeding?"

"Him? Them. And no, I don't think so ... cutting it pretty close, but ... I don't know."

"Should we go after them?"

"Geez, I don't know. They were playing it safe ... all leather outfits ... helmets covering their entire heads ... I couldn't even see their faces!"

"So what were you shouting for?" complained the sheriff's man, turning away. He was depressed that they still hadn't found the missing tinseltown princess.

The deputy's mind was taken off their failure by the sight of the bike. "You shoulda seen it, man. Huge, powerful ... now that's what I call the whole hog!"

The sheriff's man shook his head. "If your description is accurate, you couldn't afford something like that anyway...."

"Not on my salary," the deputy agreed, looking back down the narrow road, lined with trees, in the misty, gray, afternoon. "Had to be at least seven grand...."

His brow furrowed ... did he imagine it ... or was the girl rider sitting in front of the guy? As hard as he thought he couldn't quite recall seeing her arms anywhere. Weird. Were they sitting with her back to his front?

There was no question the second rider was a girl. Although her legs were swathed in laced-up and buckled leather, and her boots were tight on the rider's stirrups, her top left no doubt as to her sex—that thing looked like leather but it had to be rubber the way it molded her great tits and shapely torso.

It didn't even occur to him to mentally match her great shape with the great shape of the missing actress. After all, the missing actress was last seen wearing cotton and wool, not leather and rubber. Besides, the missing actress was a strawberry blonde. The biker chick was helmeted, with big safety goggles. To him, she might as well have been bald.

The deputy shrugged and turned away as the biker drove a frantic, bound, gagged, blindfolded, and fucked Bree out of town, literally before their eyes.

She was, indeed, sitting in front of him, her tightly packed little body pressed against his. Her arms were wrenched behind her, in a vicious single glove, trapped between their torsos. Beneath the helmet, with the one-way visor completely covering her famous visage, Bree was gagged even more stringently than before.

The leather boots were covered in straps — some for show ... and some to bind her shapely, long legs to the bike. And, he had, indeed, encased her struggling shape in black, dully shining, form-fitting poly-rubberized leather, which had been a joy for him in and of itself.

Only what no other person could possibly notice was the way the brown leather laces on her upper legs knotted tightly together with the ones on his thighs ... holding her affixed to his lap.

And what no one could see, even if they stuck their heads an inch away, was the triangular hole in the bottom of her rubber/leather pants ... and that his fly was open....

With every bump ... with every surge of speed ... with every turn ... in full view of every other vehicle and every passing pedestrian ... the biker fucked the bound, struggling, gagged, blindfolded little Bree as she silently screamed and screamed and screamed and screamed....

TO BE CONTINUED....

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posted July 10th, 2014

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TALES OF THE WSN Part 2

by Geoff Merrick. All rights reserved.
Illustrations by ARCAS

In honor of Geoffrey Merrick's new website whiteslaver.com, we present an original exclusive: a rare story of the White Slavery Network.

TARGET & ACQUISITION: JULIE

|

Julie Conrad thought she had left Hollywood behind. She thought no one on these northern islands would care about her past. She looked over the ferry's side as it coursed its way from the island to the mainland, smiling with barely restrained joy. No one was pointing at her. No one was staring at her face, slack-jawed, or ogling her body, drooling. She wished this anonymity could go on forever.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

It didn't. She was stunned when a hand slammed over her mouth just as she came out of the ferry bathroom. Before she could even comprehend the sudden attack, she was swung into the doorway of the engine room and dropped.

It was that simple: one moment she was walking a narrow hallway between the on-board eatery and the main cabin, about to rejoin literally hundreds of oblivious people; and the next second she was dropped into a veritably secret, steaming hell.

She screamed, but the clanging of the big metal door and the throbbing of the huge engine drowned out any sound from the rest of the passengers.

She landed on her sneakers but needn't have worried about falling. More hands were there, ten feet below the door and welded metal ladder, to catch her. Those hands spun her back toward the door and gripped her arms in a half nelson.

Julie gasped in pain and shock just as the man who grabbed and dropped her landed on his feet before her again. Gripping her thick mane of lustrous mahogany hair, he unceremoniously rammed a thick rag into her mouth.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

Yanking her mane so she was thrust upright, he looked into the pained, terrified, dark jade eyes of her sweet, yet sultry, face.

"Hi babe," he said. "I'm your biggest fan."

Then he jammed one leg between her jeans, and slammed his hand onto her shirt.

Julie's modest print top was of no use as he ground her bulging tits through it. The man before and behind her tore at her clothes, and wrestled her to the slatted steel floor of the engine room. They ripped open her jeans. They shredded her blouse. They tore, and yanked off, her bra.

The man in front slammed his booted foot down between her legs and started kicking her jeans down her thighs. The man behind her gathered her arms up in one of his arms, then started wrapping heat and water resistant anti-splashing tape – woven cloth combined with aluminum wire -- around her lower face.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

Within seconds they were standing above her paralyzed, heaving, five foot six form, everything from her thighs up naked save for the silver tape imprisoning her mouth and the ropes cutting into her flesh.

"Will all passengers please return to their cars for disembarkation." Even Julie heard the words since it was broadcast through the ferry ... even into the engine room. Her two attackers grabbed her car keys, and turned toward the door, finally leaving her alone.

Her mouth was now also stuffed with her underwear, and sealed from below her nose to her chin to her ears with the silver sealant. Her

wrists were crossed behind her and expertly knotted with thin, strong hemp, tied beneath her 23 inch waist. Her upper arms were tied wide, rope going above and below her lovely, bulbous 34 double-d chest and across her back. Her ankles were crossed and tied.

The only other thing she wore was a new, hemp, panty. It went over her perfect hips and sunk deep into her cunt, rubbing it raw with her every move.

Her gagger looked down at her quickly. "Okay, baby," he said. "Time for work." To her amazement he started up the ladder—which was welded to the steel ceiling and floor. The man behind her stepped over her rich, luscious form and added, "But we'll back soon. Don't go anywhere ... you might get hurt."

Julie started, partly sat up, and stared as they went up the ladder, opening the thick steel door between her and freedom.

Her gagger paused just before he left the area and looked down. He saw a truly beautiful young lady, her tremulous breasts with their big pink/brown aureoles and nub nipples hanging, her stomach muscles defined, and every centimeter of her skin covered in perspiration. He saw her binds and her gags, her rich mane of the darkest auburn hair, and her huge, deep, unbelieving eyes.

"Loved all your movies" he said. "Why did you quit?" Then he sealed her inside.

To Julie's terror, the man was right. Her escape attempt was so danger-fraught that she was unable to get far. First, her body was awash in sweat, making her skin and the steel all around her as slick as ice. Second, the heat was so intense and the gag was so filling that she could hardly get enough air. Third, the metal ladder leading up to the iron door was extremely steep.

To her credit, nearly naked and bound as she was, she tried anyway—crawling to the base of the ladder, struggling to a seated position, grabbing the rung with her bound hands, and fighting to put her knee on the first step up.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

As soon as she stretched her aching legs, the crotch rope was pulled even tighter. It dug between her vaginal lips like a garrote sunk into her mouth. She gasped in sexual pain, jerking in place, making it rip across her clit even more.

Julie's head went back in an aching, horrible scream. She was already nearly unconscious. Her head hung back down, her mane in dripping curls. Her wonderfully ample breasts sagged, beads dropping off her erect, trembling nipples.

She concentrated on that, trying to ignore the sawing insistence between her shivering, bound legs. On the second rung, the entire ship shuddered, throwing her from the ladder. The ship had docked. Julie hit the steel slats on her side, her body spasming, the wind knocked out of her. And as she landed, her whole body went erect, the crotch rope practically cutting her in two. Her vaginal lips closed around the hemp with a sexual screech.

She vibrated in place as if being electrocuted, her succulent tits jiggling. With increasing agitation, she realized she was going to faint. She tried to scream, she tried to fight, but all that came out was a small, stricken "help." Then she gasped and her eyelids fluttered.

Her lush body shuddered, and was still. All around her, on the other side of the walls, her possible rescuers were leaving the ferry.

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TALES OF THE WSN Part 2

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In honor of Geoffrey Merrick's new website whiteslaver.com, we present an original exclusive: a rare story of the White Slavery Network.

TARGET & ACQUISITION: JULIE

||

Julie awoke with the crotch rope gone.

A thick, swollen cock had replaced it instead.

She reared up, screaming, but most of her shirt was now in her mouth, held there by the wicked sealant that never loosened, no matter how much she sweated. Her wrists were still tied behind her, still tied to her torso. But her legs were untied, although her ankles were retied, wide, to slats of the metal floor.

Now she was completely naked, only this time her large breasts were covered by her rapist's hands, and her cunt was filled by his knobby erection. She started to scream at him, but she was still exhausted and it was still unbearably hot in the engine room.

Her head fell back. But in addition to hitting steel slats, it was splattered by semen from her second attacker.

To her horror, his pants were gone. His cock stood directly next to her head like a tree trunk. She immediately tried to jerk up again, but his fist was in her mane.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

"Ooooo," he said, dragging her face back down. "I've always loved your hair. It's as silky and smooth as it looked in your third film ... you know ... the one where you was nekkid?"

Julie reared back and screamed uselessly into her new gag as one man continued to fuck her and the other started jacking off with her hair. They loved the way her deep, dark eyes looked over the stained swath as they assaulted her.

They took turns. One jerked his cock in her warm cunt while the other used her hair to make his prick a cum fountain—which splattered in her mane and on her face.

Then they untied her from the floor and tied her standing, cringingly, to the ladder. Her arms were along the ladder's steel sides, bound at the wrists. Her ankles were wrapped wide to the ladder's base. Her neck was bound to the nearest rung so she couldn't butt them with her

skull.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

Then they took turns either standing in front of her, fucking her while slobbering over her lovely face and exquisite neck. And when they weren't slobbering or licking or biting, they were telling her how much they loved her movies. Then they retied her so they could get to her fine, firm ass. She faced the ladder, with the unyielding metal ladder rung grinding into her precariously balanced knees, as most of her weight was supported by ropes rigging the base of her tits to a rung far above.

When the ship finally docked again, they climbed over her limp, sex-stuffed form to get to the ladder, but stopped halfway over her nodding, wearied head.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

"You know," mused one, looking down at the sagging mane, which still didn't obscure the fine hanging sacks, "we really shouldn't leave her like this."

"You know," said the other above the engine's din, "you're right. We really should leave her something to remember us by."

So saying, they did. When they finally sealed the door behind them, Julie was screeching in midair.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

They had had her aching knees on a steel rung, and a rope tight around her lovely throat. More rope around her waist held her tight to the ladder, and her rope panty was back, sealing in their fetid cum.

But that was not the worst of it. The worst were the ropes that were tied impossibly tight around the base, and over, her tits and nipples – crushing them two ways. With this "bra and panty," every breath was obscene torture.

Julie cried out, moaned, and wailed, her face a mask of anguish. The gag and the engine noise swallowed up every drop ... as, once more, any chance of rescue drove or walked away. Minutes afterwards, they were back, and soon she was looking at the empty metal walkway behind her -- but there was no escape there either.

She grunted through the crushing tape gag, but tried desperately not to moan. She also fought the hysterical urge to look up at the way

they were defiling her luscious body. She wouldn't give them that satisfaction. Their satisfaction was already so high.

One man had sat on her torso as she lay on her back on the steel floor, molding her luscious tits around his cock. The other kneeled between her spread legs, moving his cock in and out of her cunt, since her ankles were tied to the third rung of the ladder behind him—raising her hips to exactly the right fucking level.

They took turns at this as well. First cum cream-coated her canal while more spurted into her face, chin, and hair, then they switched places.

"Never...thought...I'd...get...to...taste...these," her tit-fucker grunted as he used her abused breasts to caress the length of his erect member. "Not after she quit acting at the height of her powers...." He turned his head for a moment. "How is it back there, brother? Sweet?"

His associate looked up from the curving, contorting legs and smooth tuft of brown hair to gruntingly leer. "Sweet isn't the word, bro! Let me just...let me just...ahhhh!" He grabbed her hips in a passionate embrace and thrust as hard as he could.

The other turned back and rode her form like a bucking horse, slamming her bulbous mounds down to grease him. Julie could no longer help herself. She achingly moved her head back and screamed uselessly into the gag and the engine's throbbing din.

Suddenly the tightness at her crotch was gone and the hands were not on her breasts. She looked up in surprise ... and got a blast of cum full in the face.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

It splattered into her eyes, stinging her — covered her nostrils, choking her. She shook her head frantically, but not before the other one rammed his cock back into her cunt and nailed her to her full length. He began to jerk her onto his hard-on again as she sputtered and cried.

"Got her, bro!" she heard someone cry in triumph. "Got her good!"

Then she was ejaculated into again.

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posted August 8th, 2014

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TALES OF THE WSN Part 2

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Illustrations by ARCAS

In honor of Geoffrey Merrick's new website whiteslaver.com, we present an original exclusive: a rare story of the White Slavery Network.

III

Two more men came on the ferry at its penultimate crossing for the night. Both wore casual, tailored suits, and carried doctor's bags. Both were unexceptional looking: one older, slimmer, and silver-haired, the other bearded, bespectacled, and burly.

They drove a new four-wheel drive vehicle which was partly a range rover and partly a van. All the windows were opaque and all the surface amenities were expensive.

Instead of going upstairs with the rest of the passengers, they waited until the parking bay was empty, then moved casually toward an innocuous metal door near the throbbing engine area.

The bearded one knocked in an unusual rhythm as the other made sure no passenger took that moment to check their cars. They heard the locks slide back and the exit door of the engine room swung open, revealing a stunning sight.

Julie stood in all her glory before them, dressed only in rope, save for her eyes, which were covered by a rag tied around her head.

Her attackers had affixed her to the metal ladder welded to the floor nearest the second door. Her wrists were tied behind her and then to a ladder rung. One ankle was tied to the second rung behind her, so her leg was bent and she needed the other to strain for balance. In her mouth was a thicker, anchor rope, pulled so tight that her jaw and mouth were stretched their widest.

Then there was her new "bra"—tied so tightly at her breasts' base it looked as though they'd pop. Her only other "clothing" were hundreds of fat, rolling beads of sweat which poured down her like rain. Her hair was a mop of slowly dripping curls.

She was unbearably, unspeakably beautiful.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

The men moved quickly and silently inside the dimly lit hothouse and closed the door quietly behind them.

"We thought it best if she didn't see you," said one of her abductors. "Just in case...."

Silver-hair nodded in approval. Bespectacled put a finger to his lips. Then they moved forward and went to work.

Silver-hair expertly tested Julie's sexual reflexes. He untied her tit rope and massaged her breasts until Julie started. Then he pushed, pinched, and stabbed at her nipple until she moaned. He then stepped back and nodded at Bespectacled.

He crouched and carefully moved his fingers between her legs until Julie jumped. Then he cupped her crotch, put a hand on her shoulder, and nodded at Silverhair.

"We need to examine her more fully," the gray-haired one said quietly, but even above the throbbing engine, they heard him.

"Sure," one of her rapists said while they both nodded. "Sure, go ahead."

Bespectacled and Silverhair then quickly untied the shapely brunette's legs until she stood on her own two feet, mewling in sorrow. Then, to her attackers' amazement, Silverhair quickly tore the silver sealant from her face.

But before she completely realized the obstruction was gone, Silverhair had gripped her jaw, turned her head toward him and sealed her mouth with his own.

It couldn't really be called a "kiss," although that was what it was. It was more like mouth to mouth resuscitation, although, in this case, it became mouth-to-mouth stimulation.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

Silverhair quickly pulled off her blindfold, and her two assaulters could see — through her eye movements and expression — Julie trying to understand what was now happening to her. There would be a look of surprise, then confusion, then her eyelids would flutter or her eyes roll back as if a wave had hit her.

Bespectacled took that as a cue. He kneeled down between her legs, whipped off his glasses, and sealed her vaginal lips with his own mouth.

Julie jerked in place and tried to bring her legs together, but by then it was too late. Her eyelids fluttered again, closed, and she was lost.

Silverhair kept one hand on her jaw while the other snaked down to her left breast. Bespectacled kept one hand on her thigh while the other rose to her right tit. Almost at the same time they started working on her chest like milking machines.

The two captors stared at the tableau for what seemed like minutes—the pros' actions moving in rhythm to the throbbing of the engines—until Silverhair removed his mouth from hers and quickly replaced it with a gagging hand. He did not, however, stop his other hand working her tit.

Julie, for her part, kept her eyes closed.

"How many times did you rape her?" he asked calmly.

The kidnappers' eyes bulged and they stammered, "W-w-what? What do you mean?"

Silverhair waved that away lightly. "No accusation, gentlemen. I just need the number. Six?"

The others tried to remember, then nodded in amazement. "Yeah. Six times," one grinned goofily, remembering the feeling, then shook his head. "Hey, how did you know?"

Silverhair shrugged, as if it came with the territory.

"Why?" asked the other raper. "Why do you need to know?"

"Balance," said Silverhair simply. "Six rapes, so she needs six releases." Then he quickly resealed her mouth with his own, and the two suited men continued their ministrations on the bound beauty.

The others watch in stupefaction as over the next half-hour, the sweet-faced, but sultrily sexy brunette orgasmed six times. Every five minutes she came, building in intensity with each one.

Her curved, richly sexy body would grow warm and deepen in color. She would rise up on her toes and her spine would arch while her head went back. Every muscle would stretch and every tendon showed while her neck got red, and the color spread across her chest. Her nipples would harden and grow, and liquid that was thicker and whiter than sweat would start to crawl down her inner thighs.

Then she would spasm, repeatedly, her stimulators moving with her. It happened again and again and again until it looked to the others like the seductress was going insane. No matter how forcefully she came, these men wouldn't stop. The stimulation simply continued, ever more insistent, across her lips, in her mouth, on her chest and between her legs.

She wanted to collapse, but their hands and mouths and ropes wouldn't let her. The others watched as her eyes opened, widened, and then narrowed in terror—her brow furrowing—as the men continued to suckle her every sexual orifice without mercy or rest.

Her struggles to get away intensified, but they just held her tighter and pushed their mouths and hands harder. The three jerked in almost every direction over the remaining minutes, but her treatment never stopped.

She only froze when the orgasm was coming. Then her struggles became taut and automatic, her own body and mind no longer in control. By the fifth time she was hard as a rock, then exploded into butter.

At the start of the final assault she was limp in their hands, but grew in firmness as the inevitable neared. She thought she'd die ... she honestly did, as a sexual conflagration the likes of which she had never even come close to experiencing threatened to overwhelm her.

She was entirely out of control...entirely in theirs. She was drowning, millions of years of heredity and genetics using her as a poster child. Julie started to scream into his mouth, gaining volume with each cry. Lightning lanced down from her brain and up from her cunt until the bolts met and set off a current that made her dance.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF THE WSN

The fire built and built and built until it filled her—and then blew her apart, tearing her mind, heart, and soul.

To the others it looked as if she was going to break in two. Her head and back was bent all the way over between rungs and her feet were nearly off the ground. When she came, it looked like her body had become a wave, rolling from her toes to her scalp.

At that moment a knife had appeared magically in Silverhair's hand and he cut her free from the ladder. She dropped into Bespectacled arms, completely comatose.

Bspectacled gently cradled the buttermilk beauty on his lap as she murmured, gasped, and sighed, shivering. Then he slowly removed a small plastisine sack from his pocket and lovingly wedged it into her slack mouth.



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posted August22nd, 2014

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TALES OF THE WSN Part 3

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Illustrations by ARCAS

In honor of Geoffrey Merrick's new website whiteslaver.com, we present an original exclusive: a rare story of the White Slavery Network.

DELIVERY: BREE & JULIE

|

The incredible "hog" came on board on the last ferry run of the evening. That was not surprising since it took a couple of hours to drive from the border. The engine room guys admired the great motorcycle, noting that the only unusual item on it was a four-foot long Indian rug tied diagonally across the back. But the rest of the bike was so big, as was the rider, that the other passengers didn't pay undue attention.

As before, they waited until the parking bay emptied and everyone went upstairs to look at the scenery, eat, pay their fares, or read. Only then did the two suited men approach the biker.

"How can I be sure you are who I heard you are?" he asked, not with hostility, but with a caution born of experience.

Silverhair didn't quibble. He shrugged, as if saying "easy," and motioned toward Bespectacled, who stood by the engine room exit door. He slowly opened it to reveal a miraculous sight: Julie Conrad in all her splendor.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF WSN

She was dressed all in white, in a micro-minidress. It was made of fetishette polyurethane, which molded and enhanced her form—ending just below her crotch while bunching, rounding and thrusting forward her barely covered breasts in a combination "v" and deep "u" neck. She tottered on the metal slats in white ankle-strap high heels.

And all over her luscious, lovely body was professional bondage equipment: a white glove which held both her arms behind her from shoulders to fingertips, ending in a silent little chain which hung down to ankle bracelets. Lace thigh-hobbles, which looked like dainty garters, held nearly invisible monofilament wires a few inches between her legs.

And over her mouth was a gag harness, strapped behind and over her head, holding in a huge cushioned, sponge-coated, pear gag which

kept her sex-soaked complaints to an absolute minimum. At the very top of her head, a padded chain went from the gag harness to the welded ladder behind her. Otherwise she moved, her eyes blinking, trying to adjust to this new, horrid reality, like a newly hitched colt.

The biker sucked in his breath — recognizing the lusted-after captive — then regained control. "All right," he said as Bespectacled almost shut the door. "I'll see your fuck toy, and raise you one."

Naturally, he untied the rolled up Persian rug from the back of the bike. He carried it over one shoulder as if it weighed ten pounds, then walked to the door. Bespectacled opened it for him and Silverhair followed behind.

When they all were inside, the biker carefully laid his burden down, then rolled it out with a flourish, as if it were a red carpet.

Bree Wetherly was revealed -- bound, gagged, and dressed in lace.

On her legs were white thigh-high lace stockings. On her torso was a white, short-sleeved, u-necked, second-skin lace t-shirt. Otherwise she was naked, except for the straps.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF WSN

Her arms, elbows, and wrists were secured together along her spine. Her legs were completely bent double, her ankles strapped to her thighs, and her knees and ankles bound together. Her fingers were taped together, as were her hands, which were secured over the soles of her pointing feet.

Her lower face was swathed in white tape so tightly it seemed to be her skin, making her look as if she had been born without a mouth. It was wound all the way around her head so even humidity — and it must have been hellishly hot in the thick blanket—couldn't loosen the silencing gag.

She was barely conscious, and hardly moving. Silverhair and Bespectacled checked her over quickly. They both looked up at the biker with something mixing recrimination and admiration.

"How did you keep her still?" one asked.

"How did you keep her quiet?" asked the other.

"Don't worry, boys," said the biker, crossing his arms. "I made sure she was plumb tuckered out before I got her wrapped up."

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posted September 5th, 2014

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DELIVERY: BREE & JULIE

||

He remembered the "rest stop," taking his "biker chick" to the lav for a "pit stop." He had untied the leg laces a few yards away, then unstrapped the boot bonds just outside the unisex bathroom door. He grabbed his saddle bag and, with one big step, they were in.

They had to go so bad they didn't even take off their helmets.

Only once inside, the biker had nimbly undone the handcuffs behind his back, pulled off her helmet to reveal her still tightly gagged face, and grabbed her wrists.

"Let me see your eyes, whore," he demanded as his exhausted, defiled victim cringed. She looked askance at her torturer, trying to stay as far away from him as possible in the cramped space.

But he could see in her expression, and feel in her arms, that she still wasn't ready for her fate yet.

Foolishly, one or two other people tried to use that bathroom in the next few hours, but they always got the same reply when they knocked and couldn't budge the locked door.

"Occupied," they heard, and there was something about that vibrating growl which sent them scurrying away.

Inside the biker was on the toilet. Bree was naked — a small, sexy figure — either sitting on his lap with her back to him, his huge cock up her butt, or sitting facing him, his huge cock in her small, tight, abused vagina.

Either way, her wrists were bound behind her—embracing him while he used her tits as handles while she was ass-fucked, or being embraced by him while she was cunt-fucked.



GEOFFREY MERRICK

TALES OF WSN

If she tried to make a sound, or unconsciously made a noise, he'd clap his huge hands around her throat, and squeeze. One time he cun-fucked her from the rear, the whole time holding the back of her head on his shoulder by her mouth while his other hand moved from tit to tit.

But anyway he did it, her feet never touched the floor and her body touched no other surface but his fetid flesh. That way she could truly raise no alarm.

Eventually even he got a little tired, so he tied her ankles to her thighs and expertly, urgently, masturbated her — holding her vaginal lips wide with one hand and diddling insistently with the other. He held her neck and part of her lower face under one arm, so he didn't mind her moaning and gasping. It let him know he was hitting the right nerves.

He didn't care if she came. He just kept going.

Finally she couldn't think, couldn't see, and couldn't stand. He turned her around to find liquid pouring out of her eyes, nose and mouth, despite the gag, with her pupils rolled back in her head.

Only then did he take the straps, tape, and lace clothing out of the saddle bag.

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posted September 26th, 2014

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TALES OF THE WSN Part 3

by Geoff Merrick. All rights reserved.

Illustrations by ARCAS

In honor of Geoffrey Merrick's new website whiteslaver.com, we present an original exclusive: a rare story of the White Slavery Network.

DELIVERY: BREE & JULIE

|||

"What happened at the border?" Bespectacled wondered.

"Nothing," said the biker diffidently. "They took one look at me and let me through. It's not like they hadn't seen me before."

Bspectacled looked at Silverhair. "He has a reputation as a peace maker amongst the bikers," the other professional informed his bearded associate. "They're not going to mess with him."

The two suited men continued their examination of the flushed, sweat-covered, but otherwise remarkably healthy young starlet. "Youth," Bespectacled said in respect. "Nothing like it."

Silverhair leaned back, marveling at the evidence he saw. "How many times?" he wondered to the biker.

The peace maker merely shook his head. "Don't worry," he assured them. "Oh, she came, all right."

A seemingly short time later, the three rapists took their last look at their victims.

In the otherwise empty parking hold of the ferry, Bree and Julie sat in the back of the professionals' non-descript van. Its floors, walls, and even ceiling were padded. Its windows were one-way. And the only seats were for the driver and his associate in the front.

The beautiful girls wore only black, dully shiny, rubberized latexed leather bondage. On their torsos were skintight "slaver-vests" designed to augment and assist whatever restraints and muzzles were used. It was a cruel, sexy alternative to a photographer's or fisherman's vest.

"Wouldn't it be better to keep 'em zipped up?" an engine room guy asked huskily, licking his lips. "Less distracting that way."

"Oh," Bespectacled commented lightly, kneeling inside to tape capsule-like vibrators to the girls' nipples, "with them outasight, it might

give them a feeling of modesty.”

Silverhair tsked quietly, his eyes on the prizes. “Wouldn’t want that.”

Bree and Julie moaned in despair and stimulation as the vibrations at their nipples only added to their imprisoned violation. They were blinded by padded coverings. They were silenced by a combination of a mouth-filling, lip sealing gag and a slaver’s collar, that could be pumped tighter to find the right constriction.



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TALES OF WSN

The men’s eyes drifted downward noting the cunning mittens and boots that both trapped their fingers and toes while offering many ways to wield the girls’ limbs together. Then came their “panties” – slim leather straps digging deep in their hip groves, holding what looked like a

funky watchband over their crotches. Bree stretched in complaint, but instantly regretted it with a gasp, as the strap tightened mercilessly between her legs, practically splitting open her lower lips.

"Looks like you got something else in there," a ferry worker rumbled. He grinned wickedly at the others. "But we're a hard act to follow."

Silverhair snorted. "Indeed," he said softly, stepping forward for a last check of the restraints. "But these insertions are therapeutic...."

"Believe it or not," Bespectacled interjected.

Silverhair nodded, gripping the redhead's mane. "The client likes them warm and wet, not dry and raw. We've spent years developing a balm that will do just that." He grinned mirthlessly at the girls. "And a cunningly designed device to massage it in." Then he gave Bree's ass a slap and pinched Julie's nipple. The girls' muffled, choked-off, mewls seemed to be music to his ears. He hopped out to stand alongside his associate. "And anal plugs, of course," he concluded.

"Mustn't have them messing up the van," the biker interjected.

"The smell is more dangerous," Silverhair interrupted in return. "Our experience is that the authorities might ignore humming, whining, or even shaking, but they will always investigate something that stinks."

Bspectacled took a last look at the girls' legs. Convinced that no effective kicking could be accomplished, he put a hand on the door, then tore his eyes away from their new acquisitions.

"Well, thank you, gentlemen. We'll contact you if there happens to be another product in your jurisdiction, but for now...." He looked back at Julie and Bree, who stared in dread. "...Would you care to leave the ladies some DNA to remember you by?"

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TRANSPORT: BREE & JULIE

|

"Nice night, huh?" The state policeman at the airport security kiosk seemed bored, lonely, or both.

"Indeed," said Silverhair, handing the man his i.d. "A very nice night."

"Got anything to declare?" he asked absently.

"Yes," he said calmly. "We've got two beautiful young women in the back, who we kidnapped and are selling into white slavery."

The policeman looked up. "Really?" he asked sarcastically.

"Really," chimed in Bespectacled, leaning down to grin at the guard. "A blonde and a brunette ... dark red, really."

"A blonde and brunette, huh?" the guard said drily. "And I suppose you got 'em knocked out."

"Oh, no, no, no," Silverhair replied. "Their buyers wouldn't like that. We have them bound and gagged so you can't hear them."

The cop snorted. "Oh please. You see those shows where the girl has her handcuffs in front of her and just a rag between her teeth? Ridiculous, she could tear the gag out or scream her head off even with the gag still in."

"Yeah, like a silenced revolver, right?" Bespectacled countered.

"Right!" the cop agreed. "You can't silence a revolver!"

"Right," Silverhair laughed along. "Well, we better get going. Got a plane to catch."

"Right," said the cop, handing back Silverhair's i.d. "Wouldn't want to keep the blonde and redhead waiting, huh?"

"Exactly," said Silverhair, who glanced at Bespectacled as he checked his smartphone.

Silverhair drove through the gate, waving at the guard as Bespectacled watched Bree and Julie strain, struggle, sweat, and try to scream just inches behind the men – their beautiful breasts jiggling and the vibrators throbbing on and in them.

||

The vehicle drove up to the private jet. Two steamer trunks and two big suitcases were loaded on board. The aircraft taxied and took off without incident.

But even after the plane reached cruising altitude, the two redressed and refreshed passengers remained seated, with their seatbelts securely fastened ... around the bodies and even heads of two perfectly cleaned, fluff-dried, impeccably coifed, expertly made-up young starlets.

They had been removed from the trunks shortly into the flight, and were dragged into the aircraft's extra large lavs to be cleaned of the semen their abductors had coated them with in the back of the van. With the help of a sedative sprayed into their nostrils, they were redressed in tight, impossibly, high heeled, low-cut, blue, latex stewardess outfits.



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The stimulants the men spray-injected into form-fitting outfits made their bodies tingle, and the cutting-edge aphrodisiacs that were forced down their orifices made their insides throb. But if they thought their sexual ordeal was over, they were grievously mistaken. Here, at 30,000 feet, they could make all the noise they wanted without alerting possible rescue, but neither slaver wanted to hear what they had to say.

They kept the new "stewardess trainees" mouths otherwise occupied. They also kept them restrained. There was no telling what suicidal or homicidal mischief two desperate, defiled, starlets might get into if their arms and legs were left to find emergency exits or fire extinguishers.

So "the trainees" pinioned fingers stretched in their bounds and their pried-open, ring or dentifrice gagged mouths had to swallow wad after wad of jiz ... or be forced to blow-job them again and again until they did.

"Normally," Silverhair commented, apropos of nothing, as he calmly, almost diffidently, forced Julie to her knees, "product would be kept pristine for the client."

"But the way we look at it," Bespectacled said as he forced Bree's head down with a hand planted on the top of her strawberry blonde hair, "we have to compensate for the way you were sorely treated by our suppliers."

"And prep them for their new lives," Silverhair added facetiously before smiling and leaning back as Julie's pried-open mouth was filled with his member.

"Oh yes, of course," Bespectacled commented, sliding his cock down Bree's recoiling tongue.



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Bree had to do it twice, then Bespectacled kept her on his lap, an airline pillow clamped over her mouth — her head pulled all the way back — as he reached into her plunging neckline and filled his other hand with her bulging right breast.

Julie had missed a drop the second time. Silverhair forced her head up and down on his shaft until he finally spurted a third time down her frantically swallowing throat. She threw her head back as if gargling, desperate not to do it a fourth time.

"Enough foreplay," Silverhair announced sarcastically, grabbing Bree by the mouth and breast before dragging her over to him. "Time for the inflight entertainment."

The squealing, trapped, struggling captives were then half dragged, half carried —mouths sealed with clamping hands, arms wrenched up

their backs — to the first class compartment. There regulation airline seatbelts were strapped tightly around their tiny, curved waists, their wrists on the armrests, their ankles on the recliner seat bases, and even deep into their mouths between their perfectly straight, white teeth.

Then the men freed the girls' great breasts from their elastic v-necks, sliced open their stretchy, clingy miniskirts; and took turns, side by side, expertly fucking their captives' brains out for the duration of the six hour red-eye flight.

Silverhair actually laughed as he looked down into Julie's pained, reproving eyes. "Yes, yes," he exulted in her snatch. "You don't need a gag, do you? I can hear what you're thinking!" Then, horribly, he did a vicious impersonation of her sweet, throaty voice as he rutted away inside her. "But I thought you were supposed to keep our delicate girl-dom unsullied!" He suddenly grabbed her tits and pounded into her. "Haven't you figured it out by now? Your buyers' tastes are ... shall we say, demanding."

Bspectacled smirked down at Bree, who cringed beneath him, trying to crawl away with just her heels and shoulders, her bound hands crushed beneath them. He grabbed her tits, too, and yanked her back to his cock. "They'd have to be to target you," he explained. "What, you think we want attention by snatching two known stars?" Then he grabbed Bree's hair, fell on her and shoved his erection all the way to his balls.



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"No, no, no," Silverhair grunted in rhythm to his thrusts. "They paid way above and beyond to make us get you! So a mussed coiffure and just a few more uninvited deposits are nothing compared to where they're planning to do to you!"

"So enjoy it, girls," Bespectacled grunted as he spurt. "This may be the last time anyone cares how you feel!"

As the private jet was landing, the passengers were not in their seats, their chairs were not in an upright position, nor were their tray tables stowed. Instead they were stretched agonizingly across the carpet, struggling frantically as their captors were latched onto their bodies like ticks, sedative-sodden pads clamped onto their mouths and noses.

Not because Bespectacled and Silverhair had to do it that way. The slavers could have easily used a spray bottle or even an anesthetic patch. No, any observer could tell from their faces they wanted to subdue their "companions" that way. And you could tell from Bree and

Julie's faces that they did not.

It was three in the morning when the jet rolled up to the disembarking spot — long after the limos stopped running and the lobbies emptied out. The men's aircraft had its own small hangar, so no one but the slavers saw the glory that came out of the jet's hold. Bree and Julie were attached to hand-carts by the wrists and ankles of their mittens and boots. They were still blindfolded and had their collars constricted to barely breathing tightness.



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Their nipples were still being abused and their loins automatically fueled. Only now their moans were like music as a red, tubular bit gag oozed a viscous milky white liquid down their throats to keep them slightly sedated and aphrodisiaced. In that condition, the men moved the girls into the final van of the trip.

"Seatbelt them in," Silverhair told his partner. "It's the law."

He strapped them both in tightly across their torsos and over their waists. Then he crossed their booted ankles and cinched them together with a clear packing strap, snipping off the ends to make them even harder for any toll collector to see in the vehicle's gloom. Finally, using a hooked elastic restraint already under the seat, he snapped their ankles back so there would be no kicking.

"Ready to go?" Silverhair inquired in a sick satire of a family outing.

"Ready," said Bespectacled, getting back into the passenger seat.

"Next stop, home sweet home," Silverhair said over his shoulder as he started the van's engine. "And your new life."

Despite the tape crushing their swollen breasts, Bree and Julie threw their heads back and moaned.

Uselessly.

Any driver who passed them and bothered to look past the window's shading, saw a pair of dark figures straining in the back seat. They never knew that two of the world's most beautiful, desired, and lusted-after young actresses were bound and gagged right in front of them.

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EVALUATION: BREE & JULIE

SUBJECT J

DELIVERY: 10/2, PORT JEFFERSON NY. Repository examined and approved.

NOTES: Client satisfied. Final payment received. Client promises occasional updates as to subject's progress, reliving and reenacting scenes from her most famous roles, only "ending the only logical way this time," as the client stated. Subsequent surveillance of client's extensive property gave no visual or audio hint as to activity within. Neighbors unaware of subject's existence or plight.



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SUBJECT B

DELIVERY: 10/10, TOKYO JAPAN. Repository examined and approved.

NOTES: Client delighted. Final payment received. Client branded subject and provided secure feed of nightly webcasts portraying subject in various, increasingly intense, scenarios incorporating Japanese tropes, memes, anime, manga, and videogame characters. Reportedly paid subscriptions to these nightly feeds are already projected to surpass his payment price within three months. No surveillance of client's property required, given its palatial grounds. There are no neighbors to become aware of subject's existence or plight.

Both clients have made mention of possible future acquisitions....



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